

171 Flaunt a little.

Arwen's brows knitted in slight concern when she noticed the nurse hesitating to answer her even after several seconds. "What's wrong, sister? You can tell me. If not, I can always ask Dr. Clark about it. It's not a problem." She wouldn't press the nurse if she didn't want to talk. 1

The nurse hesitated for a second but then shook her head. "It's not that I don't want to tell you about it or am hiding anything, Mrs. Winslow. It's just that I am a little confused?"

"Confused?" Arwen asked, her curiosity piqued.

The nurse nodded. "We might have overthought the situation yesterday. Seeing Mr. Winslow so worried and Dr. Clark's brows furrowed deeply, we assumed it was something serious. But now that I think about it, even your medicines are just vitamins."

Arwen relaxed upon hearing that. "Dr. Clark told me I am fine and fainted due to low blood sugar. There is nothing serious. They might have just been overly worried about me."

The nurse smiled and nodded, "This only shows how much your husband cares for you, Mrs. Winslow. He looked ready to take on the world if

even the slightest harm came your way. He must love you very much."

Did he really love her? Arwen never seriously considered that possibility, but the idea wasn't unappealing. If something as strong as love developed between them, she wouldn't object. He was her husband, after all, and she took her marriage very seriously —especially when Aiden possessed all the qualities she admired and women beg for in her partner. 1

Arwen's cheeks flushed at the thought, and just then, the door to her room was pushed open again.

Aiden entered, his eyes scanning the nurse briefly before settling on Arwen. "What's wrong?" he asked, his voice calm, yet commanding.

Even though Aiden barely spoke, the nurse felt a cold shiver down her spine. Lowering her head, she explained her presence there. "M-Mr. Winslow, it was time for Mrs. Winslow to take the medicines. I just came to do my duty. Now that it's done, I will take my leave."

With that, she gave a small bow to him, then turned to do the same to Arwen before hurrying towards the door. Just as she reached it, she glanced back briefly and sighed, murmuring to herself, "He looks better than gods. What a pity

that one can't enjoy such superior visuals." She then closed the door after her and left.

Arwen had noticed the expression the nurse had at the door and she couldn't hold back her laughter at that.

When Aiden saw her laughing like that, he approached her side and asked, "What are you laughing at?"

"I don't know. Maybe at your antics, I guess," Arwen replied, her laughter growing, and Aiden narrowed his gaze at her.

"My antics?"

Arwen nodded. "Have you looked at yourself in the mirror husband?"

"I didn't look ugly when I last checked," Aiden replied coolly, his gaze locked on her as though seeking her confirmation.

Arwen shook her head. "Definitely not! Your handsome looks could even put the best models to shame, husband. But what's the use when you are simply wasting it?" She chuckled, looking away.

"I am wasting them?" Aiden asked, placing a finger under Arwen's chin before lifting her face to him. "How? Care to explain, Mrs. Winslow?"

Mrs. Winslow!

When the nurse addressed her with that, it hadn't felt significant. But now, hearing him call her that made the butterflies of her stomach flutter uncontrollably. She tried to move away from his gentle touch, but he held her firm, not giving her the chance.

"Since you laughed so much over it, you should at least take the responsibility for explaining it to me, Mrs. Winslow," he added, leaning closer, moving his face inches from hers. "If not you, who else will guide me?"

Arwen felt his breath fanning her face, slowly, making her heart flutter with every passing second. "What I meant was that since you have such great looks, you shouldn't hesitate to flaunt it a little."

"And how should I do that?" Aiden's eyes traced her features with an intensity that sent warmth flooding to her cheeks.

Arwen's breath hitched under his gaze. "You shouldn't carry that cold, aloof expression everywhere. It leaves women crying when they can't dare to stare at you for even another second. Just now, you even scared the nurse. She nearly cried at the door. " 1

"Did I?" he asked, closing their proximity while brushing her grazing her cheek with his nose. Arwen felt herself losing at that. "What to do? I

can't encourage them. The last when I checked my wife stated her possessiveness too clearly. Just to impress some random women, I can't afford to upset my wife." 1


Arwen's chest rose sharply and she was about to respond when Aiden pulled away, looking back into her eyes, raising his brows, "But things can change if my wife agrees to it now. The nurse must not have walked away, we can still call her and ask her to stare at me to her heart's content. But the question is, will you agree to it, Mrs. Winslow?"

It clearly unsettled Arwen. Though it was an idea she initiated, still she never wanted him to accept it so easily. Not even for her. "You wouldn't dare."

"Do you want me to show you?" Aiden asked, intrigued, sounding almost ready to prove to her how wrong she was to doubt that. "I can just —"

With his words, Aiden has already started to straighten himself up, showing his intent to walk to the door next to call back the nurse who had earlier left. But just when he would have risen to his full height, Arwen acted on her swift reflexes to grab him by the collar before pulling him down to her once again.


"I dare you, Mr. Winslow. Try me." Not giving him even another second to respond, she pressed

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her lips on his, hot and demanding. 1

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