

180 Take me to the bed.

Arwen stared into his eyes, her words sounded more like a challenge, making Aiden's gaze darken. 1

"I won't let you run away this time," she added again with a smirk. A playful yet daring smile tugged at her lips as she allowed them to brush against his like a feather. The touch was fleeting, so swift and smooth that it nearly shattered the fragile restraints Aiden was clinging to.

His fingers twitched at his sides, making him fight the urge to pull her closer, to lose himself in her completely. "Moon," he started, his voice low and strained, "don't test my control. It might not be as strong as you think."

Arwen's lips curved up into a teasing smile. She rose on her tiptoes, drawing closer to his ears. "I don't recall ever asking you to hold back around me, husband. We didn't sign a marriage with terms and conditions. This ... between us was real from the first day," she whispered, her fingers curling tighter into his shirt, pulling him a little closer so that he could feel her breath on his ears, more strongly. "Have you considered that I have been waiting for you to lose control?"

Her words might have sounded playful and easy, but they were exactly what snapped all the



threads of restraints Aiden was holding onto. His eyes darkened, his pulse roaring in his ears. "Moon —" he started but before he could speak another word, Arwen pressed her lips to his, tugging on his collar to draw him close enough to leave no space in between.

The kiss happened with such intensity that it ignited a fire that burned through every ounce of control Aiden had taken years to train himself to. It wasn't just fervent; it was consuming, filled with unspoken emotion they had harbored once again.

Aiden could no longer hold himself back from responding. Matching her fervor, his hands wrapped around her waist, pulling her flush against him before deepening the kiss. He poured his everything into that one moment — his love, his longing and all the unspoken promises that he had made and yet to make.

Arwen felt them as well. Her fingers tangled in his hair, and a soft hum of passion escaped her lips, igniting something primal within him. His hands moved to her back, rubbing and pressing her more as if desperate to feel every inch of her.

They lost themselves in that moment, yet it didn't feel enough. Breaking the kiss for a moment to give her time to fill her lungs, Aiden



rested his forehead against hers. "You don't know what you are doing to me, Moon," he murmured, his breathing uneven and voice rough with emotion, evidencing the fiery moment they just shared together.

Arwen gave a satisfied grin before shaking her head at him. "Maybe you are wrong here, husband. I know exactly what I am doing," she replied her tone a perfect blend of confidence and affection. "I am showing you that you don't have to hold back with me anymore. Ever."

Her words triggered something within Aiden. Without giving her any prior warning, he lifted her effortlessly, turning and pressing her back against the cool, solid wall.

When Arwen felt the cold wall pressed against her back, she gasped softly in surprise, but the passion she held in her eyes never faltered. Her legs instinctively wrapped around his waist, pulling him closer. "Aiden," she called softly, her voice filled with equal parts of vulnerability and fire. "I —"

She was about to say something, but he silenced her with another kiss, his lips capturing her with tenderness at first which quickly faded away leaving just the raw passion. He knew she had something to say, something to ask, but it was unneeded because all that she had to say, Aiden could easily read in her eyes.



His hands roamed feeling her side, and Arwen felt his every touch setting her skin aflame. She responded with equal fervor, moving her fingers to trace the strong lines of his jaw, his neck, his shoulders before moving to the buttons of his shirt, slowly trying to unbutton it. She didn't know why but there was a building urge inside her to claim him as hers.

She had successfully unbuttoned the two buttons when Aiden finally broke the kiss, his chest heaving as he stared into her eyes. They were slightly misty with passion and full of trust that undid him all over again.

"Moon," he said, his voice hoarse. "If we don't stop now, I won't be able to."

"Then don't," she whispered softly, making Aiden's brows furrow deep. Noticing which, she smiled, before leaning down to press an assuring kiss over his nose. "Take me to the bed, husband."

She might have said it softly, but it awakened the beast in Aiden that was no longer in the limits to the cage, not by him, not by anyone, not even by Arwen.

A low growl rumbled in Aiden's chest as he pushed her off the wall, carrying her effortlessly through the hallway and up the stairs, heading straight to the room—all the while keeping her

caged in between his arms.

Arwen clung to her, fearing that she might lose her gravity if she ever let him go. Her breath hitched, her heart raced and for a moment she even felt dizzy from the anticipation that started to build in the pit of her stomach with every step.

Her eyes stared up at Aiden. He had always seemed gentle to her, but now he seemed ... untamed

"It's too late to regret your boldness now, Moon." As if he could hear her inner thoughts, Aiden replied, before looking down at her. His eyes were all dark with the desire. "You unleashed something I have warned you about. Now it's time to take the responsibility."

Arwen bit her lip, her bold exterior cracking ever so slightly. She didn't want him to stop but her heart racing with a mix of exhilaration and nervousness was hard to take.

When she felt him stop in his steps, she turned to look around briefly, noting they were finally in their room. Her breath caught up when her gaze caught the bed, spread in front of her, all neatly done.

Visions of them rolling there popped in her thoughts, and she looked away, trying to hide the hue of redness on her face.

"Having second thoughts?" he asked.

Awen looked up at him, shaking her head. "You have always treated me tenderly. I trust you," she said softly.

"Don't trust me on that, Moon," Alden murmured, his jaw tightened as he slowly lowered her onto the soft mattress with care. Leaning over her, he cupped her face in his hands before staring into her eyes. "I can't be tender with you here, on the bed —not tonight and maybe not ever." 1