



## 181 How dare you?

Before even Arwen could react, Aiden's lips captured hers, pushing her back on the mattress. This time there was no hesitation, no restraint. His kisses trailed down her neck, his hands exploring her with reverence that left her trembling beneath him. 1

Arwen might have hesitated for a moment, but all her doubts melted away when Aiden's hand slipped around her waist, pulling her closer as his lips found a sensitive spot just below her ear.

Though his every touch gave her a burning sensation, she couldn't help the shiver she felt down her spine every time she felt his breath near her ears. She hadn't realized the full extent of the power he held over her until now. The way he kissed her, touched her, made her feel —left her completely undone.

Matching his intensity, she responded to his kisses with equal fervor. Her hands slipped beneath his shirt to feel the warmth of his skin. The sensation sent a thrill through her, once again making her bolder.

In her desperation, she let her instinct take charge. She didn't realize what she was doing until she heard the sound of the button popping and hitting the floor. That small sound was not



important, but still, it stilled her momentarily, her breath hitching in surprise. 1

Her wide eyes met with Aiden's, and for a second something close to embarrassment flickered in her gaze.

But Aiden didn't mind it at all. Instead of giving her words of assurance to not stop and continue ahead, he leaned down to brush his lips against hers before trailing lower, letting her feel the small things such as that don't matter at all.

And Arwen felt it too well. His kisses and touches made her forget it all over again. While she remained lost, their clothes disappeared piece by piece. Each of them was discarded carelessly, leaving them bare and vulnerable yet utterly safe with each other.

She shivered feeling the cold air, but just before she would have complained, Aiden covered her with the blanket.

The intimacy that followed later was not just physical —it was something deeper that molded their hearts together. Aiden's moves were deliberate yet consuming —his touch gentle yet possessive.

Arwen didn't falter anywhere. She met him with equal passion, whispering the pleas to urge him on.



While they stayed lost in each other's arms, the world outside felt fading away. To them, only that moment of passion was what existed. 4

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Meanwhile, back in South City Hospital, Delyth sat on the bed, scrolling through the internet feed with a growing sense of irritation. Her mood which had already been terrible, seemed to be worsening with every passing second. No matter, how much she tried to distract herself, the bitterness gnawed at her relentlessly.

When Ryan had posted the public statement in her defense, she had felt a moment of victory, finally feeling that she had won over Arwen. But, she never knew that her happiness would be such short-lived.

Not only did she lose it again, the tides had turned against her in ways she hadn't imagined.

Not only did her attempt to tarnish Arwen's reputation fail, but she also lost Ryan's trust.

Since that night, she had called him countless times, but he hadn't answered even one. Her desperation was making things even worse. Ryan was the only anchor in her life, she couldn't bear to lose him, not when she had lost everything else.

With that thought, she tried to call him again,

but similar to every other time, the call went unanswered. *How could he do this to me?* She thought bitterly, her fingers tightening around her phone.

Right then, the door of her room was pushed open and a nurse entered, carrying a tray of medicines. "Ms. Ember, it's time for you to take the medicine?" she said politely, not minding the agitatedly depressed air of the room.

Delyth shot the nurse a withering glare. "Get out," she snapped coldly. 1

The nurse paused, frowning at her outburst. She had grown used to Delyth's tantrums over the past few days, but her patience was wearing thin. "Ms. Ember, I can see your mood isn't great, but you need to take your medicines for your recovery," she said firmly, before placing the tray on the bedside table.

"I said, get out!" Delyth barked again, her voice rising. "I don't need your lectures here. Just leave me alone."

The nurse pursed her lips. If it had been in her control, she wouldn't have even cared to come here. But given the ethics and the compulsions she was bound with, she can't leave without fulfilling her duty. Hence, calming down herself, she pulled her lips in a small smile and then politely urged. "Ms. Ember, please don't make it



difficult for me. I can't leave until you take the medicines."

With that, she extended her glass of water, but instead of taking it from her hand, Delyth pushed her.

The nurse hadn't expected that hence when it happened, she lost her balance and fell backward. The glass shattered on the floor, its shards piercing the nurse, and making her bleed.

"Ah," she winced in pain, but Delyth didn't feel any sympathy.

Glaring at the nurse, she instead said, "I told you to leave. You brought this on yourself." Saying that, she then shoved the tray of medicines down as well.

The nurse couldn't take it anymore. She had endured Delyth's tantrums for days, but this was the final straw. "Ms. Ember," she began, her voice shaking with fury. "You are not the only celebrity who's ever been admitted here. We have treated patients from all walks of life —rich, poor, kind, cruel. But I have never encountered anyone as spoiled as you. Seems like what the internet is saying is true. After all, only a mistress or a homewrecker would behave like this."

Delyth's eyes widened in shock. "What did you

say?" she hissed, her voice trembling. "How dare you? You are just —"

Before she could say more, the door to her room was pushed open, revealing Ryan's frosty appearance.

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