



188 Huge difference.

Arwen's squeal was at once muffled when Aiden tilted her chin upward before capturing her lips in another kiss that was anything but teasing. It was deep, intense, and filled with a kind of passion that left her breathless yet craving more. 1

Her heart raced and she melted in his embrace as her hands instinctively pressed against his bare chest.

Aiden's hands trailed down her waist, caressing in the same sensual way Arwen had memorized last night.

His intentions were clear and the hunger in his gaze were perfectly matching his action. But just as the moment threatened to spiral into something more. Arwen pulled away, her cheeks flushed and her breathing unsteady.

"No, husband," she murmured, placing her hands firmly on his shoulders to create some distance between them. "We are not doing this again. Not now, at least."

"Are you sure?" Aiden asked, his lips twitching into a teasing smirk as he reached out to tuck away a wild strand of her hair. "Because your actions just now were telling me something else. You seem to be already getting excited and —"



Arwen pressed her hand over his lips, stopping him from speaking anymore. Her cheeks burned, and though she tried to hide her embarrassment, it only became more evident.

"Have you lost all sense of decency, Mr. Winslow?" she asked, narrowing her eyes at him, though her voice betrayed a hint of laughter.

Aiden pulled her hand away from his lips, his fingers curling around hers gently. "If I continue to stay decent with you even after last night, wouldn't you question my love for you?" he quipped, his tone laced with playful sincerity.

Arwen blinked at the loss of words. She was anyway trying hard to resist him, yet he was adding more difficulty to it. How could she resist him when he act like this?

Pursing her lips, she leaned down and pressed her lips against his, letting the kiss linger for a moment longer before pulling away. "Blame yourself. You left me all sore and sensitive. We are not doing this again until I recover."

Aiden raised a brow, clearly looking amused by her boldness. "Oh? So now you are asking me to blame myself. That's quite a turnaround considering it was you who wanted all of of it last night. Remember, how you were screaming my name and begging me to give you harder?"

"I wasn't begging!" Arwen shot back, her voice rising an octave as her cheeks deepened in color.

"Oh yes, you weren't begging." Aiden chuckled, moving his hand to rest behind his head as he lay comfortably beneath her. "You were commanding. There is a huge difference."

What difference? She couldn't find any.

Not knowing how to save her embarrassment, she decided to give him the taste of his own medicine.

"Look, who is talking," she scoffed subtly before teasing, "The one who claimed to not be gentle the whole night. If I have to command you to give me harder, that means you weren't enough, and —"

Her words were cut short by a squeal as Aiden flipped her on the bed all easily in the blink of an eye.

"You are saying, I wasn't enough?" Aiden's deep voice vibrated against her as he leaned over her, tugging her chin up. His dark eyes locked with hers, and the intensity made her stomach flip. "Are you sure about that, Moon? For, as far as I remember, it was you who begged me to let you rest when the night was close to dawn. Or else —"

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"I — I don't remember," Arwen stammered, swallowing hard.

Aiden raised a brow, his lips curling in a devilish smirk. "You don't remember?" he repeated, his voice dripping with mock patience. "Which means it's my duty to help you recall every detail. With all pleasure, Moon."

Before Arwen could process his words, Aiden raised the duvet and disappeared under it. Her breath hitched as she felt his hand moving slowly over her stomach, his touch and kisses feather-light.

"Aiden, w-what are you doing?" she asked, her voice shaky as his fingers began drawing lazy circles over her skin, torturously slow.

At her question, she felt his lips form a smirk over her skin as he pressed a little harder, yet soft enough to come in the category of gentle.

"What am I doing, Moon?" he murmured, letting his warm breath ghost over her stomach. "I am just helping you remember."

Arwen squirmed beneath his touch, her body betraying her attempts of resistance. His teasing kisses against her stomach sent jolts of anticipation through her, and playful nips and kisses only heightened her frustration. She wanted to have more, but was too flustered to

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ask.

"Aiden," she whined, her voice barely a whisper as his lips hovered just above her navel before moving down, just above the waistband of her flimsy shorts.

Aiden chuckled softly, knowing he was pushing her buttons. "What is it, Moon? You seem restless. Am I not being enough, again?"

Arwen couldn't hold herself from weaving her fingers through his hair, while pressing his head move into her skin, to feel it better. But he was being a tease, deliberately.

"You are cruel," she said, pouting, her cheeks flushed.

"Cruel? I thought I was being considerate." Aiden replied, trailing his fingers along her sides, making her shiver in anticipation for him. "Didn't you say you were sore? I am just being patient for your sake."

Arwen glared down at him, though the effect was dulled by the way her lips trembled.

"Patient? You are torturing me! Intentionally."

"Torturing?" he asked, repeating. Lifting the duvet slightly, he let his smirk be more visible. "I didn't know it was torturing for you. I thought you wanted it gentle and I wasn't enough to give you that. Should I stop then?"



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"No!" the word slipped out of Arwen before she could even stop herself and her eyes widened in mortification. "Don't you dare stop. Complete what you have started. Now." 2



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