

189 An important call.

The command in Arwen's tone was unmistakable, and it only made Aiden's smirk grow wider. Pride gleamed in his eyes as he gazed at her flushed face, the fiery determination was making her look even more captivating. 1

"But aren't you sore and sensitive?" he asked, his voice laced with mock concern, carrying the hints of tease.

Arwen furrowed her brows at him, narrowing her eyes at him. "We will take care of it later," she replied with a resolute tone, her cheeks still tinted pink. "I am sure you know plenty of ways to heal me, husband."

Aiden chuckled lowly, his dark eyes gleaming with amusement. He glanced down at her belly. "You seem so sure," he murmured before dipping his head to press a kiss against her navel his lips brushing lightly against the sensitive skin. "How can I disappoint you?"

His voice though came soft, it carried a dark edge of desire that sent a shiver down Arwen's spine. Her breath hitched at the sensation, her body responding to him even as her mind protested that she needed rest.



Not able to bear it any further, she grabbed his head and pulled him back up to meet her gaze. Her fingers tangled in his hair as her fiery eyes locked with his. "Don't test me anymore, Aiden. I don't want to beg for something that I can have with one command."

Aiden's smirk faltered as his gaze darkened further. Their silence spoke volumes, something that even their words didn't.

"Then give the command, Moon, he murmured, his voice as low as a rumble filled with promise. "And I shall fulfil it as per your orders."

Under the spell of his words, Arwen felt she owned the whole world. Tilting her chin up slightly, she spoke with all authority. "I command you, husband," her voice came intoxicated, "to satisfy the craving you have ignited in me. Show me exactly what I am asking for."

Her gaze burned with both challenge and desire and that was all Aiden had been waiting for. Once he received her demand, he didn't hesitate. His lips descended upon hers with a fervor that took her breath away, creating another passionate moment with her.

Arwen didn't know for how long she had slept.



But she knew she had enough of it and it was time for her to finally leave the bed. Slowly, stirring awake, she stretched her arms lazily. A small wince escaped her lips as the ache in her muscles reminded her all.

Although Aiden had drawn her to the warm bath later, ensuring the soreness in her muscles was soothed. Still, there was a lingering ache which wasn't unpleasant but a sweet reminder of the passion they had shared. 2

Opening her eyes, she glanced around the room. Aiden wasn't there, but the sound of the running water in the bathroom told her well that he hadn't left yet.

Shaking her head at herself, she sat up, running her fingers through her dishevelled hair.

The sound of the bathroom door opening drew her attention. When she turned, she saw Aiden emerge, a towel slung low around his waist but it was the droplets of water clinging to his toned chest that got all her focus. His chest seemed so firm muscles that she had the urge to move her fingers over it.

"Don't look at me like that, Moon."

She heard him say and Arwen blinked before looking up at his face, totally oblivious to what he meant. "Huh?"



"Don't look at me like that until you want to spend the rest of the day tucked in the bed," Aiden said, his deceptively soft tone doing little to hide the danger lurking beneath his words.

Realizing what he meant, Arwen clutched the sheet to her chest and quickly said, "You are my husband, don't behave like a hooligan." 1

"Hooligan?" Aiden chuckled at that. "I never knew a hooligan was capable of messing up with you like that."

"You —" Arwen tried to retort, but Aiden's gaze was too hot to allow her to think anything that could have her get back at him the same way.

When her lips pulled in an involuntary pout, Aiden couldn't resist. He crossed the room and pinched her cheeks gently. "Fine, I am not teasing you anymore," he said, leaning down to press a soft kiss of adoration on her forehead. "Get up and freshen up now. You need to eat, to regain back the energy I have made you lose the whole last night and this morning."

He said it so seriously, that for a moment, even Arwen didn't realize that he was teasing her. But her oblivion didn't stay for long. Once she understood what he meant, her pupils dilated and she flung her arms to hit him. "You —"

But Aiden caught it right in time. Kissing her



knuckles, he said. "That was the last, trust me." He winked.

Arwen's gaze again darted to look at his chest. But this time, she blinked away before Aiden could even notice. "Instead of teasing me here husband, you should better get on work. I want to have my favourite, Fettuccine with Alfredo sauce. Either you cook it or make your chefs cook it just the way I like it." She demanded, knowing well that she was acting spoiled and unpleasant. But again, even though she was acting like that, she knew it was with the right person —one who wouldn't mind catering to her spoiled attitude.

She didn't know when she developed this side around him, but it felt good to have someone with whom she could act like this. 2

Aiden smiled dotingly before nodding, "Right on your command, Your Highness." then tucking her strand softly behind her ears, he said, "I will keep it prepared for you. Take your time to get freshen up."

Arwen nodded and he turned to walk to the closet to get dressed. Once he was gone, Arwen fanned herself a little before getting up to do her routine. But right when she was about to walk into the bathroom, she shouted and said, "Oh yes, husband, when you go down, leave your phone here. I have an important call to make."

