



218 Epitome of sexuality.

In the evening, Arwen had just walked out of the closet when she paused in her steps. Her gaze locked on the man who stood in front of the mirror, adjusting his cuffs before moving to smooth his collar. 1

She wouldn't call him overly dressed, for he was just wearing what he usually did, yet somehow it felt different tonight. Clad in black and grey, Aiden looked dashing handsome — like one of those morally grey men she often read about in the novels. The kind whose mere presence could shatter every ounce of self-control you thought you had.

Her heart thumped hard inside her chest as she stood frozen, forgetting even to blink for several seconds. Her trance only broke when his deep voice reached her ears.

"I guess you would need to wipe it off," he said casually. 2

She blinked, confusion flickering across her face as she glanced at him through the mirror. "Huh?" she asked, furrowing her brows.

"Your drool," Aiden replied, his tone laced with amusement. He gestured towards her face, his



sharp eyes meeting hers in the mirror. "You wouldn't want anyone else to see that, do you?"

Though she was still partly entranced by him, it took Arwen only a second to realize what he meant. Her face turned crimson with embarrassment as she instinctively reached up to wipe near her lips, only to find her skin dry. 1

It hit her then —he was teasing her, again.

"You —" Arwen's eyes narrowed, her lips pressed into a thin line as she stared at him in the reflection.

Aiden raised his brows. "What? You weren't drooling?" he asked unapologetically. "Strange! Your expression just now felt like it was in awe looking at me."

Arwen's eyes narrowed further, the glint of a challenge glowing in her gaze. After a brief second, she spoke, her tone laced with defiance. "So what?"

She resumed her walk, closing the distance between them without a hint of hesitation. Standing right in front of him, between his frame and the mirror, she tilted her chin defiantly. "So what if I am drooling over your looks?" She reached out to trace a finger on his



jawline, her movement slow but deliberate.

"You are my husband," she said with tone firm and steady. "And I —only I —hold the rightful right to drool over you. Who told you to look like this tonight." Her voice softened slightly, teasing. "You know today, you look like the men I often fantasize about in my dreams."

Aiden's expression that was about to get on a smirk, shifted instantly. His gaze narrowed at her, sharp enough to pierce through her soul. "You fantasize about a man in your dreams?" he asked, clearly bothered.

Arwen noted that and shrugged the seriousness in his words intentionally, her expression casual. "Mhm-hm," she humed nodding, "I have been doing that for a long time. And it's not 'a man', it's 'men'. You know, the ones I often read in the books." Her tone though sounding casual, her her eyes holding the hints of tease.

If he could tease her, she would also go to any length to give him the taste of his medicine.

She loved it when she saw the smirk disappearing from his expression. That only meant she succeeded. But what came next made her breath hitch in response.



Aiden's hands shot out, gripping her waist as he effortlessly lifted her and set her down on the dresser behind her. "Dare to repeat that again?" he demanded, and Arwen swallowed at his commanding tone. It gave her the urge to submit to him.

She tried to shift back, to create some breathing space between them, but his held his arms firm around her, making it impossible for her to move. Instead, her attempter went against her because the moment she tried to move away, he pressed her further forward towards him.

"You can't escape me, Moon," he warned. "So it would be better if instead to escaping, you focus on answering me instead."

Arwen's heart raced, but when she saw into his eyes, courage filled her guts and she let go of struggles. Sitting there, she instead moved her hands to on his shoulders before letting it go around to wrap around his neck. "What answer do you want, husband? It's my dream, I barely have control over it. You can't blame me having them. After all, those men the epitome of sexuality, hard to ignore and most of the time incomparable."

Aiden's depression darkened further. He had



always known the kinds of book Arwen read. It always intrigued him to that how it felt reading those romance novels but today he knew what it might feel, if he read one.

Every time he would read it, he would feel nothing, but pure jealousy. The thought of envying someone who don't even exist was insane, but this woman was sitting in front of him, defiantly stirring him up, held all the powers to make him go crazy.

"Epitome of sexuality, 'hard to ignore' and 'incomparable,'" Aiden repeated, his deep voice dripping with an edge that made Arwen's breath hitch. Each term rolled off more dangerously than the last, leaving her unable to form any coherent response.

He leaned closer, his eyes dark and piercing, locking onto hers like a predator zeroing on its prey, "It seems, he murmured, his tone laced with unspoken intent. "I need to help you redefine those terms, Moon. After all, can't let my wife fantasize about anyone but me."

Before Arwen could process it, his one hand moved to the back of her neck, pressing her forward to capture her lips in a kiss that left nothing for argument. It wasn't soft or tentative—it was a kiss intended to claim her,



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demanding every ounce of her attention.

It carried his jealousy, raw and primal, letting her know the kind of possessiveness he carries for her —only for her. He didn't just mean to kiss her; he intended to consume her.

"Moon, no man —no men are allowed to touch you like this. Not even in your dream.



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