



219 Be ready to be a mess as well.

"Moon, no man —no men —are allowed to touch you like this. Not even in your dream." Aiden murmured, his voice came as a low growl as he rested his forehead against hers, letting his breath mingle with hers. 1

Their eyes were closed, but their senses were attuned to the fire of passion coursing through their veins. Arwen never knew she would ever feel this alive. But with Aiden, every moment felt so vivid and so complete, as though nothing else mattered. In his arms, she found solace, passion, and a strange yearning that made her wish time could stop. He didn't feel like someone she met just two months ago, rather he felt like someone she had long made hers.

Arwen's lips curled up on their own when she realized how vividly and strongly her feelings were changing for Aiden —growing a shade deeper on her every day.

"What if I allow them to touch me in my dreams?" she asked boldly, deliberately provocative, only to trigger his nerves more.



She just wanted to mess with him more, even knowing that if he loses his control, she might not be able to hold it as well. Yet, with him, she wanted to go to the extremes. 1

The moment her words left her lips, she felt his fingers pressing on her waist, more domineeringly. Since she had kept her eyes closed, she didn't know what expression he held, but she did feel his gaze glaring at her, restraining something that was dark and primal.

He didn't give an immediate response to her words like she expected him to. Rather, the silence only stretched further, thick and heavy, making her pulse quicken.

He is not actually taking me seriously, is he?

Curiosity got the better of her, and she opened her eyes, meeting his chestnut gaze. The fire in his eyes, burning just beneath the surface, was enough to make her breath hitch.

"I was just —"

"You are naive," Aiden interrupted her, his tone sharp yet laced with dark tenderness that made her breath heart race.

"Huh?" Arwen blinked, her confusion evident.

"What do you mean?"



Aiden hooked a finger beneath her chin, tilting her face up to his. His touch was firm yet achingly gentle. "You are naive if you think I would let them appear again."

"Is that a threat, Mr. Winslow?" Her brows shot up at his audacious confidence. She was amused at his words. "You know you can't make them appear or disappear. You can't erase them. They would always be there, lurking in the pages of my books."

Aiden's lips curved into a slow, devastating smile. His eyes softened just enough to make her pulse flutter, yet the possessiveness in his gaze remained unwavering.

"I don't need to erase them, Moon," he said, his fingers moving to gently brush her hair back tucking it behind her ears. His touch was tantalizing, sending a shiver down her spine. "I just need to engrave myself in your thoughts and memory so deeply that they are reduced to nothing but a blur." 1

Arwen's breath hitched, and she stared at him, unable to look away. "Do you think that would be easy?"

"That won't be difficult at all," he replied, pulling her closer until their lips were barely

touching. His voice was a husky, against her skin. "Want me to show you how?"

Arwen opened her mouth to protest, but Aiden gave her no chance. His lips claimed hers once more, soft and tender at first, but quickly deepening into something raw, demanding and utterly possessive.

This time his hands slid to her thighs, parting them as he stepped between her legs, pressing her back against the dresser. Arwen's heart raced as she felt his intentions in the way he touched her, his hands firm yet reverent.

"Aiden, w-we would get late," she managed to say between kisses. Her voice trembled with a mix of desire and urgency. She wanted to continue, but she also knew now wasn't the time. They need to go to meet her Granna. It was important.

For a moment, he didn't stop, his lips lingering on hers as if reluctant to pull away. But then exhaling deeply, he finally relented.

"Be good tonight, Moon," he murmured, his voice dark, carrying the edge of his desire. "Or I might not be able to hold for long." His hands moved to pat to caress her head as if petting a pet. 1



Arwen's cheeks burned, her face flushing a deep red as his words sank in. Understanding what he meant, she was flustered, but she nodded quickly. "Give me ten minutes," she said, her voice barely above a whisper. "I — I need to fix myself." Her fingers quickly moved to comb her hair.

Aiden's gaze travelled over her, pausing on the dishevelled state of her hair before darting to her lips which were now slightly swollen from his kisses. She looked breathtaking, and every desire in him screamed to pull her back in his arms. But he knew they had somewhere to be.

Suppressing all the burgers inside, he nodded before stepping back. Lifting her off the dresser and setting her down on her feet, he allowed his hands to stay a little longer on her waist before finally letting go. "Don't take too long," he said, his voice warm. 3

Arwen gave him a quick nod, before turning to look at herself in her mirror. She intentionally avoided looking at him behind her, but her heart still raced as she tried to calm it down. "I won't let you wait long. I will be down soon," she said, urging him to leave, which Aiden understood well.

Nodding to her, he turned and walked out.



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Only when he was out of the door, Arwen exhaled the breath she didn't know she was holding up until now. "Ghosh Arwen! Next time if you plan to mess with him, be ready to be a mess as well," she chided herself before getting on to fix her look,

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