

What makes a power couple

Chapter 51:

Lula hurried into the dressing room, eager to try on her dress. Moments later, she emerged, spinning with a delighted grin, her eyes sparkling as she asked, “So, what do you think?”

If Nicole hadn’t already seen through Lula’s act or noticed the faint, chemical scent clinging to the fabric she held, she might have been deceived by that innocent smile.

She maintained a calm, neutral expression, offering a small, approving smile. “Looks great.”

That single response filled Lula with an overwhelming sense of pride. She basked in the illusion that Nicole had completely fallen for her sugary act. Her thoughts were clouded with self-satisfaction. Nicole truly embodied Marissa’s assessment—naive and easy to deceive.

Lula flashed a syrupy grin, her voice dripping with sweetness. “Thanks, Nikki! You look amazing, too. Now go ahead and change!”

“Alright,” Nicole murmured, stepping into the dressing room with the dress held delicately in her hands. She carefully lifted it to her face, inhaling deeply. The scent was

faint but unmistakable, a chemical tang that made her pulse quicken. Her eyes turned cold, a sharp, calculating gleam flashing across her features.

What a devious, malicious plan. The interior of the dress was laced with some kind of chemical agent designed to act swiftly. After mere minutes of contact, it would ignite a wave of heat and intense discomfort, pushing her to strip in front of everyone. It was a humiliating scheme—one only Marissa would be capable of plotting.

Nicole shook the dress vigorously, a cloud of dust swirling in the air. Remaining calm and focused, she retrieved a silver needle from her bag and pressed it into several precise pressure points along her skin. Gradually, the sensation dulled, and she ensured her body was completely numb to the irritant's effects. Satisfied that the situation was under control, she slid into the dress.

As Nicole emerged, she found Lula practically draped over Marissa, exuding energy.

“Marissa, darling, look at my makeup! Isn't it flawless today?” Lula beamed, her flawless features and perfectly applied makeup making her appear the radiant beauty she strived to be.

Marissa didn't miss a beat. “You look absolutely stunning.”

Popular stories on galnovels.com

Both women's attention shifted to Nicole, and for a moment, they froze. They had deliberately chosen the most lackluster dress they could find, expecting it to make her look unattractive. Yet, to their surprise, Nicole made it look nothing short of mesmerizing.

The pale blue strapless dress molded to her figure as though it were tailor-made. The soft, flowing fabric cascaded down the length of her body, trailing behind her in gentle waves. The hemline, cut just above her knees, revealed a sleek, radiant leg that caught the light and shimmered with an ethereal glow. It was as if the dress had been designed with Nicole in mind. But it wasn't the dress that made her captivating—it was Nicole herself. Every step she took exuded quiet confidence and effortless grace, as if elegance was woven into her very essence. Her eyes, sharp and clear, held a playful, almost predatory gleam, like a fox ready to pounce. They were impossible to ignore.

.

.

.

What makes a power couple

Chapter 52:

Neither Lula nor Marissa wanted to admit it, but in that moment, Nicole was utterly mesmerizing. The woman before them, so composed and self-assured, seemed far

removed from the fragile figure they had expected. Who would believe that this same woman had spent five years in an asylum?

Marissa's hands balled into fists, her entire body tensing with frustration. It didn't matter what Nicole wore—she had a rare ability to turn even the most mundane clothing into something extraordinary. Marissa bit her lip, struggling to contain the fury rising within her. She had never despised anyone more. Five years ago, she had managed to bring Nicole down, and she was certain she could do it again. Tonight, when word spread about Nicole's reckless behavior at Jade's birthday party, Marissa was sure that Aidan would never look at Nicole the same way again.

Lula stepped closer, her grip on Nicole's hand tightening as she smiled. "You look amazing."

"Thank you," Nicole said with a polite smile, gently slipping her hand away. Her eyes sparkled with a subtle, mischievous gleam, the playful edge beneath the surface.

Her voice softened, dripping with sweetness. "Lula, you look beautiful as always, but your eye makeup is a bit too understated. It's making you look a little washed out. Try blending some pink and blue shimmer together—something bold and eye-catching. It'll give you that radiant, sunlit glow, fresh and flirty."

Lula's face lit up immediately, a gleam of excitement flashing in her eyes. She was already one of the evening's centerpieces, but the chance to enhance her presence further was irresistible. Standing out was part of the game, and she was determined to shine brighter than the rest of the room's socialites.

Nicole leaned in closer, her touch skilled and deliberate as she made subtle adjustments to Lula's eye makeup. With a deft stroke, she applied the finishing touches and then, with expert precision, added a daring red lip that perfectly complemented the bold look. Instantly, Lula transformed—her appearance more radiant and captivating than before.

The air around her shifted as Nicole lowered her gaze, her long lashes casting a delicate shadow over her eyes, concealing the icy calculation that simmered beneath her composed exterior.

Lula pressed her lips together, blending her lipstick until it looked soft and seductive. She studied herself in the mirror. Thanks to Nicole's work, she looked sharper, more poised.

But beneath the surface, irritation simmered. Dressing up could only do so much. No matter how flawless she looked, she couldn't hold a candle to Nicole tonight. That kind of natural beauty? Impossible to fake, and even harder to outshine.

A glance at the clock snapped her out of her thoughts. Lula forced a sunny smile and said, "Time to move. Grandma will be down any minute, and if we're late, it'll just give everyone something to talk about."

"Got it."

Together, the three women descended the staircase.

Nicole moved a few steps ahead, her gaze lowered, quiet as always. What Lula didn't catch was the faint smile playing at the edge of Nicole's lips. There was amusement there, as if she already knew exactly how this would unfold.

.

.

.

What makes a power couple

Chapter 53:

While they descended the staircase, Lula kept her eyes locked on Nicole. With every step, the woman moved with effortless grace, drawing every glance in the room. It took only seconds for her to steal the spotlight.

Heads turned the moment Nicole entered the main hall.

Normally, Squall wouldn't spare another woman a glance with Marissa nearby. But now, he was staring like he'd just seen something out of a dream.

All eyes followed Nicole. Every step she took held a kind of magic, as if she were an angel drifting down from heaven. She was mesmerizing—impossible to ignore.

That rush of admiration left Lula seething. Being overshadowed like this wasn't part of the plan. Not tonight.

One glance at Nicole's dress was all Lula needed. She knew the hidden powder was seconds from working. A cruel smile tugged at her lips. Ready to speed things up, she picked up her pace and closed in.

Out of nowhere, a heavy thud echoed through the grand hall, cutting straight through the chatter and admiration swirling around Nicole.

Share your thoughts on ga/novels.com

A scream tore through the air next—a raw, gut-wrenching sound—just before Lula went crashing down the staircase.

Everyone froze. Gasps rippled through the crowd, then widened into stunned silence as their eyes processed what they were seeing.

Lula's dress lay in tatters around her, ripped apart from the fall, leaving her exposed in the worst way possible.

Burning with shame, Lula curled into herself, trembling. No matter how she shifted or tried to hide, there was no escaping the spotlight now.

Suggestive faint bruises and marks covered her skin. The crowd inhaled sharply, the collective gasp like a ripple through water. Whispers turned sharp—everyone knew Lula had never been tied to a man, not even through a rumor. Jade's reputation had always been loyal. When her husband, Johnson Gray, vanished during the early days of his overseas business, she hadn't just kept the fortune afloat—she raised her son alone and turned away every rich suitor who tried to buy her devotion.

When Johnson eventually returned, their reunion had turned into one of the town's most talked-about love stories.

Yet here the guests were, watching Jade's cherished granddaughter become the centerpiece of a scandal.

"Wasn't Jade just starting to line up suitors for Lula? Who would've thought Lula would ruin it all like this?"

"Hard to believe someone her age is already dissolute like this."

From the sidelines, Nicole listened to the whispers swirling through the crowd, her gaze calm and unreadable. In her mind, this was exactly the gift Lula had earned.

Back when Lula tried to step on Nicole's dress, Nicole hadn't flinched. She'd simply grabbed the fabric and yanked—with precision and purpose. That tiny motion had sent Lula tumbling.

The fall alone had been satisfying. But those mysterious marks across Lula's body? That had been a twist even Nicole hadn't anticipated. Things had just taken a darker turn. And she was all in for it.

Had she not caught the odd scent clinging to her gown earlier, she would've been the one sprawled out on the marble, humiliated in front of everyone.

.

.

.

What makes a power couple

Chapter 54:

Beside Nicole, Marissa looked like she'd seen a ghost. Her body trembled. Her throat moved in a hard swallow that did little to steady her nerves. This outcome wasn't what she'd set in motion. Not even close.

More than ten minutes had passed, and Nicole was still standing, untouched by whatever substance had been planted in her dress. Cool and composed, she looked like she was enjoying every second.

Their eyes met. Nicole's mouth curved slowly, her lips parting into a wicked smile that said everything—this was what happened when people tried to play her.

Marissa's heart raced out of control, thudding so hard she felt dizzy.

At that moment, from a side hallway cloaked in shadows, Jade emerged. Her expression unreadable. At her side was Emil Gray, Lula's father, his face dark with disbelief.

Emil stood frozen, his body tense, his face an unreadable mask, paralyzed by the gravity of the situation. He didn't know what to respond, unsure how to process what was unfolding before him.

Jade, her complexion drained of color, shakily raised a finger toward her granddaughter. Her voice trembled, cracking with disbelief. “Lula, you... you...”

Lula had been the jewel of Jade’s life, her most beloved grandchild. From the moment she was born, Lula had been showered with love and privilege, treated as a treasure to be adored and protected. Yet today, she had brought forth a scandal that no one could have anticipated.

Overwhelmed by a storm of anger and humiliation, Jade found herself speechless. She clutched her forehead, her legs giving way beneath her, threatening to collapse. Only the swift intervention of a waiter, who caught her just in time, kept her from falling to the floor.

Thousands **of** readers **on** galnovels.com

As she saw her father, Lula began to regain a fragment of composure, her sobs subsiding slightly. Desperately, she tried to gather the scattered fabric of her dress, her vision blurred by the tears clouding her sight.

But the more she scrambled, the more frantic her movements became, each attempt to regain control making the situation worse. Even those closest to her hesitated to offer help.

Marissa instinctively pulled back, edging toward Squall, her heart pounding in fear. The thought of being seen as an ally to Lula now was a nightmare; any connection to Lula at that moment would spell disaster. To be associated with such disgrace could end her social standing.

Lula's gaze shifted across the room, taking in the contemptuous stares and the quiet but unmistakable murmurs of judgment. The weight of their disdain pressed down on her like a heavy stone, sinking her further into a well of shame and hopelessness.

She realized with a sinking feeling that there was no escaping the consequences this time.

"What are you standing there for? Do you plan to make this disaster even worse?" Jade's voice sliced through the tension, her eyes locked on her son, sharp with piercing anger.

Emil's face flushed crimson, his jaw clenched tight as his hands balled into fists. In a surge of fury, he stormed over, ripping off his suit jacket and flinging it over Lula's exposed body with a forceful motion.

.

.

.

What makes a power couple

Chapter 55:

Lula clutched the jacket desperately, her tears flowing freely as she sobbed, “Dad...” Her voice trembled with the weight of her helplessness.

Without warning, Emil’s hand collided with Lula’s cheek, the slap echoing throughout the room.

“Look at the shame you’ve brought upon this family!” His voice trembled with fury that shook him to the core.

The force of the strike left Lula disoriented, her head spinning as she gasped for breath. Her sobs were now fractured, breaking into panicked hiccups of shock.

Find novel PDFs on galnovels.com

But even a slap didn’t quell the rage burning within Emil. His hand lifted again, shaking with intensity, ready to strike a second time.

“Enough!” Jade’s command rang out, a sharp, warning edge in her voice. Her gaze hardened as she stared down her son.

Finally, with the jacket covering her, Lula seemed to regain some composure, though her sobs continued, raw and desperate. “Dad, please... don’t hit me again. I was framed! It was Nicole! She did this to me!”

A heavy silence descended over the room, the weight of her confession hanging thick in the air.

Nicole stood unflinching, her expression calm, her demeanor entirely unshaken. In truth, all she had done was offer Lula a taste of her own medicine.

Lula’s accusations were purposefully ambiguous. If Nicole’s actions had merely led to a slip-up or an awkward moment, it could have been dismissed. But if the implication was that Nicole had systematically destroyed her reputation, that was an entirely different magnitude of scandal.

Nicole’s gaze narrowed, cold and calculating. So, this was Lula’s strategy—to turn the tables and make her the scapegoat.

Squall’s expression darkened immediately, the fleeting hint of admiration he’d felt earlier dissipating entirely, replaced by deep revulsion.

Sensing the shift in Squall’s demeanor, Marissa quickly intervened, adding fuel to the fire. “Squall, earlier, my sister did mention she liked Lula’s dress and wanted to wear it, but it didn’t fit. Maybe that’s why Lula misunderstood—Nicole wouldn’t have intentionally caused any trouble.”

Squall's stomach churned as he processed the words, a wave of disgust rising in his chest. He was in disbelief. Even after five years, Nicole hadn't changed. She was still the same—ruining someone's reputation over something as trivial as a dress. She had destroyed Lily's beauty back then, and now she had caused this upheaval. The realization hit him with sickening clarity—how utterly despicable Nicole was.

“Dad, please, you have to believe me! It was Nicole... She did this to me!” Lula's cries echoed through the room, desperate and full of pleading.

Emil stood there, torn between rage and sympathy, his heart aching for his daughter. He looked down at her, visibly shattered, and his anger faltered momentarily. His voice, hoarse with emotion, broke through the tension. “Nicole Wilson!”

The room fell into a tense silence, the guests exchanging confused glances and murmuring among themselves.

“Who is Nicole?” one of them asked, a hint of curiosity in their voice.

“Why haven't I heard of her before?” another added, eyes narrowing in confusion.

.

