

What makes a power couple

Chapter 62:

Nicole's breath grew heavier, her heart rate quickening. A simmering heat spread through her body, her skin prickling with irritation. Despite the numbing effect of the needles she'd used earlier, their dulling effect had worn off hours ago. Now, everything felt heightened—her nerves felt as if they were stretched taut, every sensation amplified.

If she didn't get away soon, whatever substance had been dusted on her dress would begin to take effect, and she couldn't risk that.

Nicole wasn't about to waste another second. With a dismissive flick of her wrist, she brushed past him and made her way toward the door.

But the man wasn't finished. Like an unwelcome shadow, he blocked her path again, his words dripping with venom. "Hold up, sweetheart. Word around here is Aidan's half-dead already, barely dragging himself to these shindigs. Bet he's worthless when it counts. How's a guy like that supposed to keep you satisfied?" His eyes gleamed with malice as he reached out toward her cheek. "Me, on the other hand? I've got the experience. I could..."

Before he could complete his sentence, Nicole shifted with precision, sidestepping his touch and seizing his arm. With a fluid motion, she used his own weight against him, flipping him over her shoulder in a smooth, practiced movement. He hit the floor with a resounding crash, his body sprawled out in stunned silence.

The man, stunned for a brief moment, exploded in rage, his voice a roar that filled the room. “You crazy bitch, you dare lay a hand on me?”

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Nicole casually dusted her hands, her face contorting in distaste, as though she had just touched something repulsive. “Want another lesson?”

The room fell into a tense silence, heads turning, eyes eager to witness who had dared to cross Aidan’s woman. When they saw it was Shiloh Fletcher, however, no one seemed to care.

Shiloh was an outsider, a foreigner to Ariosa. His uncle led a crew of ruthless mercenaries, each one unpredictable and dangerous. That connection gave Shiloh the audacity to act as though he owned the place.

Even though no one had any respect for Shiloh, they kept their distance—his uncle’s reputation alone kept their tongues tied, and most preferred to avoid conflict.

Shiloh, never having been publicly humiliated like this, seethed with rage. His face twisted into a mask of fury. “You’ll regret that, you filthy tramp!”

With a wild, furious motion, Shiloh scrambled to his feet and lunged at Nicole, his hand reaching for her hair.

But before he could lay a finger on her, Nicole swiftly planted a kick in his gut, sending him stumbling backward, clutching his stomach in pain.

Shiloh staggered back, eyes burning with rage. “You bitch! I’ll make you regret this!”

Nicole’s expression remained as icy as her voice, unfazed by his threats. “Try me. You little loser.”

The room erupted in laughter, the sharpness of her reply silencing his rage and turning the moment into a spectacle of ridicule.

Leonel, his brow furrowed with concern, leaned closer to Aidan, his voice soft but anxious. “Boss, Nicole’s skilled in combat, but she’s still a woman. Shouldn’t we step in and help?”

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