

# What makes a power couple

Chapter 64:

That alone threw him off. She was way too calm.

Leonel watched her, jaw slack. His pulse spiked.

“Dang. Just look at her!” He kept staring, starting to think Nicole was a good match for Aidan.

Leonel leaned closer and nudged his boss. “Boss, Nicole’s a straight-up rockstar.”

“Did you bring your knife?” Aidan asked.

Leonel blinked rapidly. “What do you need that for?”

Aidan didn’t say anything. His stare turned sharp. A cold edge hung around him, and Leonel felt it crawl up his spine.

Marissa stood nearby, her eyes puffy. She played the worried sibling well. “Squall, if Aidan had stepped in for her, none of this would’ve happened. You think she’s gonna make it through?”

Squall glanced toward Aidan before he even thought about it. That man’s face looked carved from stone. His eyes held nothing. It was like he wasn’t even here. Like he was watching a movie he’d already seen. “She made her bed. Nicole’s gotta deal with it.”

Marissa let out a breath. She figured Squall was sitting this one out too. If Aidan wasn’t stepping in, she knew Nicole had no backup.

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Marissa once thought the drug she slipped had fizzled. But now, this chaos was more entertaining than she expected.

Tonight, Nicole was toast.

Then, just as the tension hit its peak, six muscle-bound guys stormed into the hall. All of them looked like they bench-pressed small cars.

The one leading them wore a black suit and chomped on a cigar. He scanned the crowd like he owned the place. His voice tore through the room. "Who messed with Shiloh? Step up, or get dragged out!"

Miguel Juarez finished speaking with a casual flick of ash from his cigar, his confidence radiating with every movement. He carried himself like a man who controlled everything around him.

Nicole studied him quietly, her face an implacable mask, but a faint furrow appeared between her brows as she assessed him.

Marissa caught the small shift in Nicole's expression and couldn't resist a comment. "She's afraid."

Squall remained silent, his gaze unyielding, choosing not to speak.

Tonight's crowd at the birthday party was made up of high-class individuals. They couldn't talk behind Shiloh's back, but Miguel? Nobody dared cross him. He was Shiloh's uncle's top muscle, a man with killer skills. Just his name made people tremble.

"Is Nicole insane?" someone whispered in the crowd. "Miguel could break her like a twig. Why doesn't she just apologize and move on?"

Another voice murmured, "Better to swallow her pride than face death."

“If Aidan truly cared,” someone else added, “he could end this in a heartbeat. But he doesn’t. Nicole’s as good as done.”

“Do you think anyone will bother picking up her pieces when this is all over?” came the hushed question.

Miguel’s voice sliced through the tension. “Speak up! What’s the matter with all of you? Who messed with Shiloh? Step forward!”

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