

What makes a power couple

Chapter 65:

Nicole's lips parted, her voice steady and devoid of emotion. "It's me." Her gaze met Miguel's with an icy sharpness, unwavering and unafraid, a silent challenge in her eyes.

Miguel hesitated momentarily, his skepticism clear as he sized her up. "You?" His disbelief was evident, his mind racing. How could someone like her be the one to teach Shiloh a lesson?

Shiloh, still burning with humiliation, felt the alcohol's effects dulling. He stormed up to Miguel, his anger reigniting. "Bro, make her pay—rough her up, tie her down, throw her on my bed. Teach her a lesson she won't forget."

Miguel's response was almost casual as he...

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Miguel stubbed out his cigar, a sneer forming at the corner of his lips. "No woman's beyond your reach. Consider it done."

His tone then sharpened, becoming deliberate and cold. “Listen, I’m the top enforcer under Shiloh’s uncle. I don’t throw punches unless necessary. Anyone who’s tangled with me either ends up broken or buried. Apologize to Shiloh, go with him quietly, and I’ll let your disrespect slide. We’ll call it even.”

Nicole’s laughter sliced through the air, sharp and dismissive. “Not a chance. Shiloh owes me an apology.”

The room fell into stunned silence. The guests, caught off guard, exchanged looks, their curiosity piqued. Their gazes shifted toward Aidan, who stood there unmoving and impassive, his expression unreadable as though he was just another bystander.

Whispers rippled through the crowd, their thoughts unspoken but clear—How was Nicole, a powerless woman, supposed to stand against Miguel?

Miguel’s ego took a blow, his smirk turning into something colder as he considered the challenge before him. “You’re going to regret this,” he sneered, his voice laced with contempt.

Inside, his thoughts spiraled. He was ready to make her beg for mercy. With that, he advanced, his fists tightening, ready to assert dominance.

Nicole remained unfazed. Her posture was relaxed, her gaze unwavering. “What’s it going to be? Are we fighting, or is this just talk?” Her tone was sharp, challenging him to make a move.

Miguel hesitated, briefly thrown off by her unshakable stance, then chuckled with a condescending grin. “I’ve never met a woman so foolish, talking back to me like that.”

Uninterested in petty insults, Nicole focused solely on the action at hand. She squinted, then swiftly grabbed a nearby tablecloth, tying it around her waist, making sure she was covered should things escalate.

With a steady exhale, Nicole turned her gaze back to Miguel, her eyes now sharp as steel, cold and focused. She wasn’t backing down; there was no fear in her, just a quiet, determined strength.

Miguel’s smirk faltered as he took in the boldness in her eyes. His words came out bitter and dismissive. “Just a woman, huh? I bet I can drop you with a single swing.”

Nicole rolled her shoulders, her movements fluid, almost casual, but her eyes burned with an intensity that made it clear she was ready. She was unshaken, locked in, and poised like a predator prepared to strike.

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