

What makes a power couple

Chapter 66:

Miguel's frustration mounted as he snarled. "You're way over your head. I'll have you begging Shiloh to take you back!" With that, he lunged forward, determined to make her regret her defiance.

Miguel's eyes narrowed with sharp focus. With one sudden move, he threw a brutal punch straight at Nicole.

Gasps echoed through the room. People tensed, bracing for the worst. A few turned away, unable to watch.

But no scream followed. When they looked back, what they saw left them stunned. Nicole, small and slight, had caught his punch clean with her bare hand.

She didn't flinch. Her eyes turned sharp as she locked his wrist and twisted it back toward his chest. Her grip was a strange mix of calm and force. She leaned in and locked eyes with him. "Say sorry. Have you really thought it through?"

Miguel stared at her hand, dumbfounded.

Where did that strength come from? Even Shiloh's uncle, Melvin Fletcher, never handled his punches that smoothly during their sparring matches. What was she even trained in?

Off to the side, Marissa sucked in a sharp breath. She couldn't believe that annoying Nicole had actually taken that punch without getting hurt. Her face said it all—she wanted to jump in and back Miguel up.

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Miguel shifted his weight, breathing hard. He spun to break free and said, "That wasn't even my full power. You'll be begging for mercy when I'm done!"

Nicole didn't blink. Her voice dropped low. "You're the one who's gonna beg." She slid two fingers forward, locking them tight as she struck with sharp precision. Her speed was fast enough to blur. She'd taken control. Her attack came fast and hit like it had been rehearsed a hundred times. Every step came with force, pressing down on his hand until he winced.

Miguel tried to shake her off, but she moved first. With a sharp step, she pinned his leg to the floor.

Everyone stared in shock. No one could believe a girl that small moved like that. Her face no longer carried softness. Only pure, cold resolve.

Then she stomped on his leg. A cry tore through the banquet hall.

Miguel dropped to one knee. His veins bulged. His skin turned ghost-pale. His eyes were full of rage, but disbelief was winning out.

Nicole had broken Miguel's shin. The same man who threatened to make her beg was now kneeling like a defeated soldier.

No one saw that coming. A girl who looked like she belonged in a ballet class had just taken down a fighter twice her size. And she did it fast. With no hesitation. Nicole didn't just win. She crushed him.

Marissa stood frozen. Sweat clung to her brow, and her chest tightened with each breath. The noise around her faded. All she could hear was the thump of her own heart. That's when it hit her—she had completely misjudged Nicole. She remembered the slap from before. If Nicole had used full strength when delivering that slap, her head might've flown clean off.

She swallowed and took a shaky step back.

"You!" Nicole pointed at Shiloh. Her voice was sharp and cold. "Come over here and apologize."

