

What makes a power couple

Chapter 67:

Shiloh stared at her, stunned. His pride lay in pieces. The idea that his uncle's top enforcer had just lost to someone like her? It was too much to take in. And not just lost. He'd been wrecked.

Nicole started walking toward him, steady and slow. He backed up, eyes wide like he'd seen something out of a nightmare. His voice cracked as he yelled, "Miguel! Get up! If something happens to me, you know the consequences."

Miguel tried. He really did. He staggered a few times, refusing to fall again. When he finally got to his feet, he shot daggers at Nicole with his eyes. Nicole didn't even blink. Her face stayed calm, but something in her silence made the whole room feel colder.

Right then, a group of well-dressed young women from noble families leaned forward, eyes glued to the scene. They had grown up sheltered, never exposed to anything like this. Their cheers rang out as they clapped with unfiltered excitement.

"She's amazing!"

"Oh wow. A literal Valkyrja! I want her to teach me how to throw a punch!"

“I want to be her friend. She’s so cool!”

Miguel didn’t even get the chance to lift his hand. Nicole was faster. She landed a kick to his knee that dropped him instantly. This time, his right leg gave out completely. He collapsed, his body twisted in a way that left no doubt—he had lost badly.

She stood tall, but the effort was catching up to her. Whatever drug had been in her system was starting to bite back. Still, she stayed on her feet.

Shiloh’s thoughts collided with each other. He couldn’t process what he had just seen. Miguel had always been one of the toughest men in his uncle’s team. And now, this girl had destroyed him in seconds?

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Miguel burned with shame. His pride lay broken, but his body hurt too much to rise. He gritted his teeth and spat out, “Mr. Fletcher will never forgive you for this!”

Nicole’s hair was slightly messy from the fight, but it only made her look fiercer. She gave a lazy smile. “You lost. Deal with it. Don’t ride on someone else’s name just to save face. I wonder what your precious Mr. Fletcher will say when he hears you’re this shameless.”

She turned to Shiloh next. Her stare cut through him. “What’s with the silence? Are you thinking about how to apologize?”

Shiloh looked down, jaw tight. He couldn’t meet her eyes.

“Are you planning to say sorry now, or do you want me to make you do that?”

Shiloh’s face drained of color. “Apologize? Not a chance! I’ll have my uncle deal with you!”

He’d been humiliated, and his pride refused to stay quiet. His glare darkened. “You really think you’re safe? My uncle will snap your neck the second he gets here.”

Nicole didn’t even blink. “Then get him here.” She stepped forward. “I’d like to see if he could be my match.”

Neither Miguel nor Shiloh had ever faced someone like her. She wasn’t just bold—she was terrifying.

Then Aidan’s voice sliced through the tension like a blade. “Aren’t you satisfied?”

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