

What makes a power couple

Chapter 68:

There was no warmth in his tone. Just a quiet force that made people listen. Nicole turned. Aidan walked toward them, every step slow and sharp, like he owned the air around him.

She let out a soft, crooked smile. “Maybe.”

“Perfect.” Aidan stopped in front of Shiloh, staring down without blinking. “I’ve been waiting to settle something with you, Mr. Fletcher.”

Nobody had a clue what he meant.

Shiloh flinched. His earlier words came rushing back, and now he couldn’t breathe properly.

“Leonel,” said Aidan, eyes never leaving Miguel.

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Leonel moved closer without question.

Then came the order. Cold. Final. “Cut out his tongue.”

The hall froze.

Shiloh nearly passed out on the spot.

Leonel hesitated for a second, stunned. That knife Aidan had asked about wasn't for defense. It was for this.

The crowd broke into chaos. Screams and whispers collided in the noise.

Marissa turned ghost-white. She looked at Aidan like he'd grown horns. Nicole didn't even blink. She might not have known him long, but she understood the type of man he was. Aidan didn't forget disrespect. This wasn't about protecting her. It was about Shiloh crossing the line.

Aidan cast a brief glance at Nicole before facing Shiloh again. His voice was steady. “First, you insulted my woman. Then you insulted me. Since you can't choose your words correctly, you might as well stay mute forever.”

Nicole said nothing. But something inside her shifted. Maybe he had been defending her after all.

Shiloh's false bravado vanished. His face went pale as he started pleading. "Mr. Moore, I was drunk. I didn't mean anything I said. Please don't take it seriously. My bodyguard lost control and went too far. It wasn't personal."

He had only meant to scare Nicole. But now, he realized he'd kicked a hornet's nest. Aidan wasn't bluffing. Aidan was dead set on cutting out his tongue. Panic rushed in. Shiloh snatched his phone and called his uncle. The line picked up fast. Shiloh let out a shaky breath like he'd just won something back. His shirt was wrinkled, his hair a mess, but that call made him puff up again.

"Uncle Melvin, Aidan's trying to cut out my tongue because of some random girl named Nicole. You've got to help me."

There was a pause on the other end. Then Melvin asked, "Are you talking about Nicole Wilson?"

"Yes."

Another pause. "Nicole from Ariosa?"

“Yes, Uncle Melvin. Please! If you don’t come soon, I’m done for. She—”

“Idiot!” Melvin roared, cutting Shiloh off mid-sentence.

The fury in his voice rattled the air. People nearby flinched. Some thought he might be about to order Nicole’s assassination.

But then Shiloh’s face drained even further. He realized his uncle wasn’t angry at Aidan or Nicole. His uncle was angry at him.

“Uncle Melvin, I didn’t start anything. They were the ones—”

Melvin didn’t let him finish. “Don’t lie to me. You must’ve been the one to provoke her. With how she keeps to herself, do you really think she’d speak to you unless you pushed her?”

Shiloh blinked, stunned. “Uncle Melvin—do you know her?”

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