

What makes a power couple

Chapter 70:

Her words were masterfully chosen, implying that she wouldn't be swayed by his emotional appeal. It was a clear signal—she wasn't going to let Shiloh off easily.

“It might have been small to you,” Melvin replied, emotion tightening his voice, “but it changed my life. I can't even express how grateful I am. That bastard dared to provoke you—he's always been trouble. Do whatever you need to do to settle this.”

Gasps rippled through the crowd. Everyone knew Shiloh's parents had died when he was young. Melvin had remained single all these years, raising Shiloh himself, afraid that a wife might mistreat the boy.

Now, after all that devotion, Shiloh had betrayed him—and it clearly cut deep.

Desperate, Shiloh lunged to snatch back his phone. His voice cracked as he pleaded, “You can't turn your back on me. My parents died because of you! You swore to take care of me. How can you leave me to be humiliated like this? They'd be heartbroken in their graves!”

Melvin's face darkened. “You've caused more than enough trouble. How many disasters have I cleaned up? If your parents ever heard of your wrongdoings, how could they

possibly rest in peace? As for me—I’ve more than fulfilled my duty.” Then he ended the call.

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Shiloh stood frozen, as if the floor had vanished beneath him. His last pillar of support had collapsed.

Nicole’s voice cut through the silence. “Apologize.”

All she wanted was a sincere apology.

Miguel, tense with anxiety, whispered urgently, “Mr. Fletcher, just do it. Swallow your pride. Apologize—maybe you’ll walk away in one piece.”

Shiloh lowered his head, his eyes burning with fury and humiliation. He hadn’t expected Nicole to be so untouchable.

Still, everyone had their weaknesses. He would wait. One day, he would get his revenge.

Raising his head, he put on a pitiful expression. “I was foolish and blind. I nearly harmed the person who saved my uncle. I’m sorry—I truly am.”

Nicole swayed slightly. The drug coursing through her made her breath shallow and her skin flush. Even in her foggy state, she could tell—his apology was fake.

Aidan noticed her discomfort, and his expression darkened. “It’s far too late for that,” he said coldly.

The low lighting cloaked Aidan in shadow, emphasizing the sharp lines of his tall frame. He looked almost otherworldly, radiating a silent menace. His lashes cast long shadows under his eyes, but the fire in his gaze was unmistakable.

Aidan turned to Leonel. Without a word, Leonel seized Shiloh by the jaw and forced his mouth open. The blade flashed.

Shiloh’s scream tore through the hall as blood burst from his mouth, spraying the floor. He collapsed, whimpering in agony, finally understanding why no one ever dared challenge Aidan—regardless of his delicate appearance. Aidan meant what he said. Always.

Miguel’s heart plummeted.

Aidan turned to Miguel with icy indifference. “Get this trash out of my sight.”

The hall fell into stunned silence.

It wasn't that Aidan had ignored Nicole's peril earlier—it was that he had trusted her strength. But when he finally stepped in, he did so with finality—and without mercy.

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