

What makes a power couple

Chapter 71:

Miguel, overwhelmed by pain, teetered on the brink of losing consciousness, yet he forced himself to remain silent, unwilling to show any weakness. His jaw tightened as he quietly called for assistance, arranging for both him and Shiloh to be escorted out.

Meanwhile, Jade remained cool and collected, directing staff to erase any trace of the earlier chaos. She ordered the bloodstains cleaned as if the upheaval had never happened.

Nicole carefully unwrapped the tablecloth from her waist, folding it neatly and placing it back exactly where it had been. Without another word, she turned and swiftly exited the room, not waiting for Aidan.

Aidan followed closely, with Leonel trailing behind, leaving the remaining guests in a state of bewildered confusion.

Nicole rushed out of the Gray estate, the weight of the evening's events and the effects of the drug crashing down on her. Her resolve faltered, her legs giving way as she staggered, barely able to stay on her feet.

Just as Nicole teetered on the edge of collapse, Aidan was there, moving swiftly to catch her.

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In the next moment, she found herself in his arms. The faint scent of mint, intertwined with the lingering trace of tobacco, washed over her, grounding her in the moment.

“Aidan...” she whispered, her voice soft and shaky.

With practiced ease, Aidan wrapped one arm around her waist and effortlessly lifted her, holding her securely in his grasp.

Leonel, momentarily stunned by the scene, struggled to process what he had just witnessed. When had Aidan, who had always seemed so distant from women, become so resolute and confident?

Without missing a beat, Aidan’s voice broke the silence. “Drive.”

Leonel snapped back to reality, quickly opening the back door for them before settling into the driver’s seat.

“Take us to the hospital,” Aidan commanded, his voice steady.

“Yes, sir,” Leonel responded quickly.

But Aidan’s expression darkened as another thought crossed his mind. “Forget the hospital. Turn around and head home.”

“Understood,” Leonel replied, immediately changing course.

Aidan’s eyes flicked to Nicole, who was visibly uncomfortable, her face contorted in distress.

Nicole’s lips pressed together. As she slowly opened her eyes, she looked at him—her gaze unfocused and distant. “Aidan,” she murmured, her voice faint. “How much longer until we’re home?”

Aidan’s brow furrowed, concern flickering in his gaze. “Leonel, pull up the interior rearview mirror and turn up the music as loud as it goes.”

Leonel, startled by the sudden shift in direction, complied without hesitation. He quickly adjusted the mirror and cranked the volume, the sound of music flooding the car. Even if Nicole spoke now, her words would be lost in the noise. Aidan, unfazed, dialed a number with deliberate precision. His tone was unyielding, his words clipped. “You have twenty minutes to send a female doctor to Riverside Haven.” Without waiting for a response, he ended the call. Leonel pushed the car forward, speeding toward Riverside Haven as quickly as he could.

Once they arrived, Aidan wasted no time. He scooped the barely conscious Nicole into his arms, carrying her effortlessly through the house, passing by everyone without saying a word. His face remained stoic, his grip on her waist firm and determined.

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