

What makes a power couple

Chapter 72:

Lilah, watching from the side, couldn't tear her eyes away from the way Aidan held Nicole. Her expression hardened, her gaze deepened, and her face grew pale. Her hands clenched involuntarily as she fought to control her emotions. After a moment, Lilah addressed the servants, her tone calm but firm. "Prepare a hangover remedy. I'll bring it to her shortly."

"Understood," the servant replied without hesitation.

Upstairs, in the bedroom.

Nicole yanked at Aidan's tie, her impatience evident as the fabric slipped through her fingers with a force that reddened his neck.

His eyes darkened, his breathing becoming heavier, and his Adam's apple moved as he fought to regain control. "Behave," he said, his voice low and firm.

Nicole, her gaze clouded and voice raspier than before, looked up at him, her eyes shimmering with confusion and frustration. "Why do you have two heads?"

Aidan frowned, his patience thinning. He rose to—

His feet shifted, putting some space between them as he spoke softly, trying to calm her. “The doctor will be here soon.”

But Nicole was too disoriented to focus on his words. In an unsteady movement, she crawled toward him, her hands grabbing his tie and pulling him back toward her.

Before either of them could fully process the moment, their foreheads collided, their faces so close that they could feel each other’s breath, warm and erratic. Aidan could distinctly sense the soft hairs on her cheeks and the faint sweetness in her breath, a mix of citrus and something intoxicating—perhaps from a drink or a fruit.

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Nicole’s grip on his tie loosened, her hands now working to unbutton his shirt, each movement deliberate yet clumsy.

Aidan, his brows furrowing in both concern and growing frustration, swiftly caught her hand before she could go further. He leaned down, lifting her gently in his arms once more, his movements decisive and filled with purpose as he carried her toward the bathroom.

A violent splash erupted as Nicole tumbled into the bathtub, propelled by Aidan's firm hands. The icy water seeped into her skin, sending a bone-deep chill through her body. She trembled involuntarily, her mind suddenly sharpening into a clear awareness.

Submerged in the frigid water, her discomfort mysteriously faded. She drifted weightlessly, her breathing steadying with each passing moment.

When she finally lifted her eyelids, Aidan stood against the doorframe, watchful and imposing. He had just lit a cigarette, the smoke curling around his face like a ghostly veil, accentuating the enigmatic allure of his already captivating features.

His fingers—long, tapered, and undeniably elegant—held the cigarette with natural grace, a sophisticated ring adorning his thumb.

A strange thought drifted through her mind. That ring from five years ago—the one the man had given her—would complement Aidan's extraordinary presence perfectly if he wore it.

Nicole reclined lazily against the tub's edge, tilting her head in languid curiosity. "Aidan, those hands of yours were made for art," she murmured, her voice soft and velvety like a drowsy feline. Her soaked hair cascaded down, droplets clinging to the strands, making her appear both vulnerable and captivating.

Aidan had never seen her like this before. His eyes narrowed slightly, contemplation darkening his gaze. "Are you seeking revenge against them?" he asked, his voice low and measured.

