

What makes a power couple

Chapter 73:

She had already exacted her vengeance on those who had earned her wrath tonight. As for the animosity between Marissa and herself, she didn't plan on sharing it with him.

Her lips barely moved as she whispered, "I think... I can stand now..."

Aidan approached with deliberate steps, bent down, and lifted her dripping form from the tub.

Nicole looked up at his striking features, her heart pounding in her chest. She had always recognized Aidan's exceptional handsomeness, but experiencing it this intimately, this clearly—it overwhelmed her senses. Words failed to adequately describe his flawless appearance. His nose, proudly bridged, blended strength with refinement.

His skin possessed a remarkable delicacy without appearing feminine—his cool demeanor exuded a sensuality tempered by restraint. His eyes, fathomless and brilliant, seemed to contain the purest black of the universe, penetrating straight to one's core.

His lips, perfectly proportioned, curved in an irresistibly tantalizing manner. Every aspect of his face seemed meticulously crafted by a master sculptor, devoid of imperfection. No

vocabulary could do him justice; any description would fall short. Such beauty commanded attention— even she was susceptible to its power in this moment.

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Dazed, she wound her arms around his neck, pulling herself closer. Rising on her tiptoes, she lifted her face and pressed her lips firmly against his. The intoxicating aroma of fine red wine lingered on his breath, enthralling her even more.

His lips felt surprisingly cool against hers. Yet somehow, in this moment, he seemed to be the perfect remedy for the drug coursing through her veins.

But Aidan pushed her back with sudden determination.

Splash—water erupted violently. Nicole plunged back into the bathtub, unwillingly swallowing a large gulp of water. She choked, her throat and nasal passages burning as she desperately fought to regain her senses, struggling to rise.

This rejection crushed her spirit entirely. Weakly, she lifted her gaze, studying him with wounded pride. Her voice, laced with indignation, trembled as she spoke. “Aidan, you’re a man—you wouldn’t lose anything from this.”

Aidan crouched beside the tub, his fingers capturing her chin with unyielding precision. He leaned in closer, compelling her to meet his intense stare. His deep voice carried

unmistakable anger beneath its icy surface. “Wake up,” he commanded. “I’m not your antidote.”

Nicole’s consciousness sharpened considerably after the commotion. When her eyes met Aidan’s glacial stare, her heart plummeted, and clarity washed over her like another cold splash.

Reflecting on her impulsive actions, embarrassment overwhelmed her. She longed to vanish into thin air.

Losing control had never been her nature—never her weakness. The potency of Lula’s drug terrified her in retrospect. Had she not sensed something amiss beforehand, she might have caused a spectacle in the Gray family hall—or worse.

Recognizing her newfound lucidity, Aidan withdrew his hand. “Are you awake now?”

His voice cracked through the air like splintering ice—resonant yet hoarse, utterly devoid of patience.

Nicole winced slightly, contrition darkening her features. “Could you... help me get my medical toolbox?” She glanced up, vulnerability flickering across her face. “Please.”

Aidan studied her intently, doubt etched in the fine lines around his eyes. “Can you manage?”

