

What makes a power couple

Chapter 74:

“Yes... I’m fine...” Though alert, fragility still threaded through her whispered words.

With a measured nod, Aidan departed. He found a delicately crafted box within Nicole’s handbag and was heading back toward the bathroom when the door to the bedroom swung open. He arched an eyebrow, turning toward the intrusion.

Lilah glided in, carrying a small bowl, but abruptly stopped when she saw Aidan’s disheveled appearance.

His form was thoroughly drenched, water trickling from his hair. His unmistakable allure—the kind designed to bewitch women—radiated from him despite his dampened state. His tie hung askew, several chest buttons undone in deliberate disarray.

“Aidan, I—”

Lilah’s words evaporated as their eyes met.

“What brings you here?” Frost crystallized each syllable—markedly harsher than the cool detachment he’d shown Nicole.

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Lilah registered his contempt instantly. She nibbled her lower lip, lowering her gaze in practiced submission. “Nicole seemed intoxicated and unwell, so I requested sobering...”

“Soup from the servants,” she paused, her voice softening further. “I never meant to intrude on you both... I apologize.”

Her last words hung in the air like bait, fishing for confirmation about what had transpired between Aidan and Nicole behind closed doors.

“You did intrude,” Aidan countered mercilessly.

“I was merely—”

Aidan’s brow furrowed with impatience as he cut through her excuse. “Didn’t I make myself perfectly clear? No woman is allowed to enter my room without my permission.” His voice dropped dangerously. “Was that somehow ambiguous?”

“I only thought—”

“Take your soup and leave. Now.”

Anguish pricked behind Lilah’s eyes. Fifteen years in this household. Fifteen years of Analia’s kindness to her. Yet Aidan persistently rejected her very existence.

His aversion wasn’t toward women in general—it was specifically toward her.

Eyes glistening with unshed tears, she retreated silently.

Aidan closed the door with controlled precision and returned to the bathroom, only to find that Nicole had succumbed to sleep in the bathtub.

His brow creased as he approached, intending to rouse her with a gentle nudge. The moment his fingertips grazed her skin, he hesitated—her temperature radiated an abnormal heat.

He retrieved a plush towel from the cabinet, wrapped her carefully within its folds, and lifted her with surprising gentleness.

In her half-conscious state, Nicole's lips parted in a contented murmur as she instinctively nestled closer to him, drawn to his comforting scent.

Moments later, Faron Shaw—Aidan's childhood friend and personal physician—arrived at the scene.

Stepping into the bathroom, Faron surveyed the watery chaos. His gaze fell upon Aidan's drenched shirt, with two conspicuously missing buttons. Then, noticing the pale, equally soaked woman lying on the bed, Faron's eyes widened with disbelief.

What a revelation indeed! His perpetually reserved friend, Aidan, had apparently conquered his aversion to women! And not just conquered it—he had engaged in what appeared to be quite the passionate encounter!

Faron inhaled deeply, his eyes widening with disbelief. "You actually touched a woman?"

Aidan shot him a piercing glare that commanded silence.

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