

What makes a power couple

Chapter 75:

Faron's expression betrayed a cascade of unspoken thoughts as his gaze darted between the woman on the bed and his friend. His mind inexplicably filled with provocative scenarios.

"Tell me you didn't force yourself on her," he ventured cautiously. "The poor girl looks traumatized lying there."

Aidan's features hardened. "Stop your nonsense."

Karyn Pearson, the physician who had accompanied Faron, stood momentarily speechless at this revelation, struggling to regain her composure. Everyone had believed that despite Aidan's fragile constitution, his breathtaking appearance left no one immune to his charm. Some women boldly proclaimed they would choose him as a companion, even if he had mere hours to live. And now, a vulnerable young woman lay drenched on this exceptional man's bed! The revelation would surely devastate countless female admirers.

Aidan turned toward Karyn with decisive authority. "I entrust her to your care."

"Certainly," Karyn responded without hesitation.

Faron lingered, still visibly stunned by the unexpected scene.

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Aidan's gaze transformed into ice as he firmly clasped Faron's shoulder. "Continue staring, and you might come to regret it."

A shiver traveled down Karyn's spine at his words. Though melodious, his voice carried an unmistakable chill that instilled involuntary dread. She hastened to attend to the woman on the bed.

Faron cleared his throat awkwardly and produced cigarettes from his pocket. "Let's step outside for a smoke."

After pulling the door closed behind them, Faron still wrestled with his astonishment. The situation defied belief.

He recalled their childhood when a female classmate merely brushed Aidan's hand, prompting him to scrub his skin with soap throughout an entire lesson, eventually necessitating parental intervention.

During adolescence, Aidan had specifically selected an all-male academy where even the cafeteria dog was male—not a single female present on campus.

In university, if a girl attended his class, Aidan would opt to study in solitude in his dormitory.

Rumors suggested Aidan feared women, but only Faron recognized the truth—his aversion bordered on pathological.

He observed Aidan manipulating a lighter, repeatedly conjuring orange flames without igniting the cigarette between his lips. An unusual tension hung in the air.

Given Aidan's striking features, Faron admitted to himself that if he were female, he'd undoubtedly be captivated as well.

Clearing his constricted throat, Faron ventured, "You... and her?"

Aidan finally lit his cigarette, tossed back the lighter, then gazed out the window with contemplative intensity.

"You and she are...?" Faron persisted.

“We are married.”

“What?!” Faron’s shock reverberated in his voice. Until this moment, he had always envisioned Aidan’s future in solitude.

After gathering his scattered thoughts, Faron inquired, “You’re hardly someone who’d succumb to family pressure for marriage. Could it be that your lifelong aversion to female touch stemmed from feelings for her?”

But he immediately shook his head at his own speculation. “That is hardly plausible.”

His frustration mounted at Aidan’s silence. “Answer me, would you?”

Aidan drew deeply on his cigarette, exhaling a cloud that shrouded him in mystery. Rather than addressing the question directly, he countered, “Can I trust that physician?”

“Absolutely. I’m pursuing her affections.”

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