

What makes a power couple

Chapter 76:

Aidan surveyed the profound darkness beyond the window, arching an eyebrow. “Previously, you chased that actress. What transpired? Did she dismiss you that swiftly?”

Faron startled at what initially seemed like humor from Aidan. Then, realization dawned—this wasn’t wit but a calculated evasion.

Faron didn’t press further, knowing Aidan clearly had his reasons for evading the question.

Moments later, Karyn emerged from the room, her professional demeanor tinged with noticeable discomfort. “Mr. Moore administered an IV. Her fever should break by midnight.”

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Aidan acknowledged her with a curt nod, his voice carrying an unmistakable edge. “Ensure today’s events remain between us.”

Karyn shivered visibly. “Of course.”

“Why the secrecy if you two are already married?” Faron pressed, bewilderment evident in his tone.

Aidan met the question with pointed silence before fixing his gaze on Faron. “Can you find your way out?”

Faron stood dumbfounded, immediately regretting his curiosity.

Karyn’s pulse quickened as she swallowed nervously, suddenly wondering if she might never leave this villa alive.

Aidan summoned the butler with a subtle gesture before returning to the bedroom.

On the bed, Nicole’s flushed complexion had subsided, her breathing now shallow but steadier. Her sleep appeared troubled, her brow faintly creased as though haunted by unseen specters.

Aidan observed her with an intensity that rivaled the night sky’s depth. Eventually, he reached forward, his fingertips smoothing the wrinkles from her forehead with unexpected tenderness. “Goodnight,” he murmured, his typically cold voice softened to a caress.

As her expression relaxed, he withdrew his hand and departed silently.

When Aidan entered his study, Leonel was meticulously organizing Nicole's dossier. "Mr. Moore."

"What have you discovered?"

Leonel's expression darkened, disapproval threading through his words. "At five, the Wilsons dispatched Mrs. Moore to the countryside, leaving her with Brody's distant relatives. Their own children ensured she received little affection. Fortunately, a childless elderly neighbor treated her like his own granddaughter. When she turned thirteen, he left..."

"On an errand and never returned, after which they sent her even further away..." He paused, carefully gauging Aidan's reaction.

Aidan's gaze remained glacial as he absently twisted his thumb ring. "Continue."

Leonel cleared his throat nervously. "She was relegated to a church..."

"A church?" The words escaped through clenched teeth.

Leonel confirmed with a hesitant nod.

Aidan raised his gaze slightly, the weight of his attention making Leonel's breath catch.

"At eighteen," Leonel hastened to add, "through remarkable persistence, she secured admission to Ariosa's prestigious university with substantial scholarship funding. The Wilsons likely reclaimed her solely to exploit this financial opportunity, but within three months, she was committed to a mental health facility. Everything after aligns with K's earlier report."

Aidan's breathing deepened perceptibly. "Do you believe she would disfigure another woman over a man? Or was it triggered by psychological collapse?"

Leonel couldn't help but recall Nicole's stunning presence at Jade's event earlier this evening. "I find it implausible," he admitted. "Despite thorough investigation, we've uncovered nothing extraordinary about her identity."

Aidan's eyes narrowed to calculating slits. "Would you consider a woman capable of subduing a wolf barehanded as... ordinary?"

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