

What makes a power couple

Chapter 77:

Shock registered on Leonel's features—this revelation was entirely new. Suddenly, Aidan's passive response when Nicole faced harassment at the banquet made perfect sense.

Aidan set aside the file with deliberate care. "Continue the investigation."

Leonel nodded obediently, hesitated, then ventured cautiously, "Mr. Moore, may I ask why you're so determined to uncover Mrs. Moore's background?"

Aidan leaned back in the leather chair, watching Leonel with a furrowed brow. "Don't you think she might've had other reasons for marrying me?"

Leonel hesitated, unsure how to answer but too afraid to dodge the question. "Mrs. Moore saved your grandmother. And then she treated you with care. I've never seen any signs of scheming. Maybe you're overthinking it, Mr. Moore?"

"Get out."

Leonel didn't argue. He turned and left, not about to risk another scolding. Besides, the tiles he was supposed to finish still weren't done, and if he didn't pick up the pace, he'd be stuck working through the night.

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The next morning.

Nicole stirred, her throat dry. She licked her lips and opened her eyes. The sky outside had turned a pale gray. Dawn was just beginning.

She reached up and touched her forehead. There was a cooling patch stuck to her skin.

Her mind drew a blank. She couldn't remember much of what had happened the night before.

She turned her head—and froze. Aidan was sitting on the sofa nearby, eyes closed, still and quiet.

Everything from the bathroom came flooding back like scenes from a film.

Oh no. Her actions were embarrassing.

She covered her nose bridge with one hand and winced. At least he hadn't done anything. Right? Had he been the one taking care of her?

Nicole glanced over again. Aidan had woken up without her noticing. Their eyes met, and she blinked, caught off guard.

"Awake?" His voice was low and smooth, like mellow wine.

Nicole's chest tightened. She thought of how disoriented she'd been the night before and didn't dare meet his gaze. She just gave a small nod. "Yes."

Aidan stood up. His face looked pale and drawn. In a quiet voice, he said, "Marissa came by just now. She was looking for you."

Nicole's eyes narrowed. She couldn't believe Marissa had the nerve to show up.

"Did she say anything?"

Aidan gave a small shake of his head.

“I’ll find her later,” Nicole said.

He looked down, slowly turning the ring on his thumb. His gaze flicked up toward her, quiet but intense.

Then, as if something clicked in his memory, he added, “Let her know. That friend’s coming back tonight.”

Nicole’s pulse jumped, but she kept her expression still. She nodded once and said, “Okay.”

The weight of what was coming hung in the air. Finally, the truth was near. Aidan stood to leave.

“Aidan.” Her voice stopped him. He turned slightly.

“Yeah?”

Nicole pressed her lips together, the words stuck behind her teeth. She waited until his patience was almost gone, then finally said, “Thank you. For last night.”

Aidan looked back, his eyebrows drawn. The seriousness in her tone caught him off guard. He didn't respond. He simply nodded and walked away.

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