

Cheated on me? I married a tycoon

Chapter 61:

Ayla slumped forward over the bar. She buried her face in her arms, right beside the wooden box. Her shoulders began to shake violently. She didn't make a sound, but the tears poured out of her, hot and unstoppable. It was a breakdown of pure, absolute self-destruction.

The heavy metal music couldn't mask the raw, broken energy radiating from her corner.

At the pool table, the largest biker — a man with a thick beard and a spiderweb tattoo on his neck — stopped chalking his cue. His predatory eyes locked onto Ayla's shaking shoulders. He nudged his friend. They exchanged a dark look.

The bearded man set his cue down and walked over, his heavy boots thudding against the wooden floor. He smelled of cheap beer and unwashed clothes. He reached out a massive, dirty hand and roughly grabbed Ayla's shoulder.

"Hey, sweetheart," the biker slurred, his grip tightening painfully on her collarbone. "Why are you drinking alone? Let me buy you a real drink."

Ayla's head snapped up.

The tears were still wet on her cheeks, but her eyes were completely devoid of fear. The alcohol and the trauma had pushed her past the point of panic. She was in a state of pure, feral survival.

She didn't speak. She grabbed the half-empty tequila bottle by the neck and slammed it against the sharp metal edge of the bar. The thick glass glanced off with a dull thud. A guttural sob of frustration escaped her lips. She swung it again, and then a third time, her entire body shaking with the effort, until the glass finally shattered with a sharp, satisfying crack. Tequila sprayed across the counter.

Ayla spun around on the stool and thrust the jagged, broken glass neck directly toward the biker's throat, stopping less than an inch from his carotid artery.

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"Touch me again," she whispered, her voice a demonic, terrifying rasp, "and I will push this through your neck."

The biker froze. His eyes widened in shock. The sheer, suicidal madness radiating from this tiny woman made his instincts scream.

But the shock only lasted a second.

“You crazy bitch!” he roared.

He stepped back, and instantly the four other bikers dropped their cues and rushed over, forming a tight, suffocating semicircle around Ayla’s corner. They trapped her against the bar — five massive, violent men against one exhausted woman holding a broken bottle.

Ayla didn’t lower the glass. She let out a dark, broken laugh. She was ready to die here. She wanted to tear something apart before she went down.

The bearded biker lunged forward to grab her wrist.

The heavy wooden front door of the dive bar exploded inward.

It was kicked with such catastrophic violence that the metal hinges ripped clean out of the doorframe. The wood splintered and smashed against the wall like a gunshot.

The heavy metal music from the jukebox seemed to die instantly. The entire bar froze.

Cassius Gilliam stood in the shattered doorway.

He was wearing a flawlessly tailored midnight-black suit, rain dripping from his broad shoulders. His dark eyes swept the room, radiating a suffocating, homicidal calm. He didn't look like a billionaire CEO — he looked like the apex predator of a war zone.

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