

Cheated on me? I married a tycoon

Chapter 62:

Behind him, Marcus, his lead security contractor, stepped into the bar, moving with the silent, terrifying efficiency of a military assassin.

Cassius's eyes locked onto the corner. He took in the five massive bikers surrounding Ayla, the jagged broken bottle trembling in her hand.

He didn't say a word. He gave Marcus a single, almost imperceptible nod.

Marcus moved.

He crossed the room in three steps — no yelling, no posturing. He grabbed the bearded biker by the back of his leather vest, spun him around, and drove a devastating open-palm strike directly into the man's jaw. The sickening crunch of bone echoed in the silent bar. The massive biker's eyes rolled back, and he collapsed to the floor like a sack of concrete.

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The other four bikers roared and lunged.

It was a massacre. Marcus worked with brutal, hyper-efficient close-quarters precision — shattering a knee with a low kick, dislocating a shoulder with a violent twist, driving an elbow into a sternum. In less than fifteen seconds, all five men were writhing on the dirty floor, groaning in agony.

The bartender backed slowly against the wall, hands raised, too terrified to breathe.

Cassius ignored the bodies on the floor. He walked straight toward the corner of the bar.

Ayla was still on the stool. The adrenaline and the cheap tequila were warring in her bloodstream. She stared at Cassius, chest heaving, grip still white-knuckled around the broken bottle.

Cassius stopped directly in front of her. He looked down at the jagged glass pointed at his chest.

He didn't flinch. He slowly reached out his large, warm hand and wrapped his fingers over hers, completely ignoring the sharp edges biting into his own skin. He applied steady, immovable pressure until her fingers uncurled.

Ayla let out a shaky breath. The broken bottle slipped from her hand and shattered on the floor.

Cassius immediately unbuttoned his suit jacket, took it off, and wrapped it tightly around her freezing, wet shoulders. The jacket was heavy, carrying the scent of cold mint and expensive tobacco.

Without asking permission, he leaned down, slid one arm beneath her knees and the other around her back, and lifted her effortlessly into his arms. Ayla's head fell against his chest. Her body was completely spent. She reached out instinctively and grabbed the purple sandalwood box from the counter, clutching it against her stomach.

Cassius carried her out of the bar, stepping over the groaning bikers, and walked out into the freezing rain. He placed her gently into the back seat of the idling armored Maybach, then slid in beside her. The heavy door closed, sealing them in the warm, quiet luxury of the cabin.

"Drive to the East River waterfront," Cassius ordered the driver.

The Maybach pulled away from the curb.

Cassius turned to Ayla. He pulled a clean white microfiber towel from a hidden compartment and began wiping the mud and rainwater from her face. His movements were rough, but there was a suppressed care behind them that he made no effort to name.

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