

Cheated on me? I married a tycoon

Chapter 63:

Ayla stared blankly at his sharp jawline. The alcohol was hitting her fully now, stripping away her logic and leaving only raw, bleeding emotion.

She let out a low, cynical laugh.

“You always show up when I’m in the mud,” she whispered, her words slightly slurred.

The Maybach came to a smooth stop on the desolate edge of the East River. Across the black water, the glittering Manhattan skyline mocked them with its untouchable wealth.

Cassius pressed a button, rolling his window down an inch. The freezing river wind sliced into the warm cabin.

“I need you to sober up, Ayla,” he said, his voice a harsh, unforgiving rasp. “If my surveillance team hadn’t flagged the last swipe of your emergency MetroCard, cross-referenced it with every camera within a ten-block radius, and traced your movements to that godforsaken neighborhood, you would be dead.”

The cold air hit Ayla's face. It didn't sober her. It ignited the reckless, self-destructive fire burning in her chest.

She turned her head and looked at Cassius through half-closed, heavy eyes — a gaze that was purely provocative, fueled by the agonizing need to feel something other than pain.

Ayla suddenly lunged forward.

She grabbed the lapels of his crisp white dress shirt and pulled him violently toward her, closing the distance until their noses were nearly touching.

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"Is this what you want?" she whispered, her voice dropping an octave, thick with dark seduction. "You want to own me? You want to take what Axel threw away?"

Cassius's entire body went rigid. His pupils dilated rapidly, swallowing the dark brown of his eyes. His breathing hitched, loud in the quiet car. His gaze dropped to her lips, his jaw tightening.

"Axel's biggest obsession is my loyalty," Ayla taunted, her hands sliding up to grip the back of his neck. "If I give myself to his worst enemy tonight — if I let you ruin me — it will break his mind completely."

She tilted her head up, closed her eyes, her lips parting slightly as she leaned in.

Just as her lips brushed his, Cassius violently jerked his head away.

His large hands clamped down on her shoulders. He shoved her backward, pinning her hard against the leather seat. He leaned over her, chest heaving, the veins in his neck straining against his skin. He was fighting a physiological war against his own desire.

“Do not ever,” Cassius ground out, his voice shaking with violent restraint, “offer yourself to me as a weapon to hurt another man.”

Ayla’s eyes snapped open. The rejection hit her like a physical blow.

“I am not a garbage disposal for your trauma, Ayla,” Cassius snarled, his grip tightening on her shoulders. “When I take you, it won’t be because you are drunk and desperate for revenge. It will be because you are completely sober, and you are begging me to.”

The brutal truth of his words shattered the last piece of her armor.

The seductive facade crumbled. Her face twisted in agony.

