

Cheated on me? I married a tycoon

Chapter 64:

“I have nothing left!” Ayla screamed, her voice cracking. She struck his chest with her fists, but he didn’t move. “He took my money! He took my name! He threw my mother’s ashes in the mud! I am nothing!”

Cassius looked down at her broken, sobbing form. A sharp, unfamiliar pain — an emotion he hadn’t felt in a decade — pierced his chest.

He released her shoulders. He wrapped his arms around her and pulled her violently against him, burying her face in the crook of his neck, locking his hold so tightly she couldn’t move.

“You are not nothing,” Cassius commanded, his voice a fierce, absolute rumble against her ear. “From this second forward, your life belongs to me. I will rebuild your armor. I will give you the sword. And we will slaughter them all.”

Ayla collapsed against him. She gripped his shirt, buried her face in his chest, and finally let out a loud, agonizing wail. She cried until her throat was raw, pouring three years of abuse into the darkness of the car.

Half an hour later, the crying stopped. Ayla had passed out from sheer exhaustion, her head resting heavily on Cassius's chest, her fingers still tangled in his shirt.

Cassius looked down at her red, swollen eyes. His expression hardened into pure, unadulterated malice.

He reached into his pocket with his free hand and pulled out his encrypted phone. He pressed a single speed-dial button.

"Vance," Cassius said softly, careful not to wake her.

"Yes, sir."

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"Find out exactly who was at the gates of Farrell Manor tonight," Cassius ordered, his voice dripping with quiet bloodlust. "I want to know who threw that box in the mud. By sunrise, I want that person's life completely dismantled."

"Understood, sir."

Cassius hung up. The Maybach pulled away from the river and carried them back toward the penthouse. The war had officially escalated.

The morning sun pierced through the floor-to-ceiling windows of the Tribeca penthouse.

Ayla woke slowly. Her head throbbed with a vicious hangover, but the crushing despair from the night before had burned itself out, leaving behind a cold, hard clarity.

She sat up. She was wearing a fresh, oversized t-shirt. On the glass nightstand beside the bed sat a steaming cup of black coffee, two aspirin, and a brand-new encrypted smartphone. Draped over the armchair in the corner was a flawlessly tailored dark navy power suit.

Cassius had already left for Gilliam headquarters. He had left her the armor.

Ayla got out of bed, swallowed the pills, and put on the suit. It fit perfectly. She looked in the mirror. The woman staring back at her was no longer the terrified wife running from a billionaire. She was a soldier preparing for a siege.

She grabbed the encrypted phone. She needed to reach the midtown law firm to officially sign the injunction papers legally blocking Axel from accessing her medical records.

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