

Cheated on me? I married a tycoon

Chapter 65:

Before leaving, a cold knot of paranoia tightened in her stomach. Axel was predictable in his rage, but Heda was a serpent who moved in shadows. Ayla walked to her laptop with quick, precise movements, opened a secure email client, and drafted a message to Vance. The subject line was a simple, innocuous project code they had previously established. The body read: Heading to the Sterling meeting. Will confirm arrival in thirty minutes. If you do not receive confirmation, activate Protocol Black. Protocol Black was their silent alarm — an immediate, full-scale track and trace on her phone's primary and secondary beacons, with armed extraction authorized. She set the email to send automatically in five minutes. It was a dead man's switch; she would have to manually cancel it upon safe arrival at the law firm. It was a small measure, but in this war, small measures were all that kept you alive.

Ayla took the private elevator down to the underground parking garage. She had ordered a black car service through the secure app Vance had installed on her phone.

She stepped out of the elevator bay. The garage was quiet and dimly lit. A black Lincoln Town Car idled near the exit. Ayla walked toward it, pulling the collar of her coat up.

Suddenly, the screech of heavy tires tore through the concrete structure.

Two massive black Range Rovers sped around the corner and slammed on their brakes, perfectly boxing the Lincoln in from the front and the back. Before Ayla could react, the doors flew open. Four men in tactical gear — Axel's private security — swarmed out. Two

grabbed the Lincoln's driver, hauling him from the car and throwing him to the ground. The other two rushed Ayla.

She tried to run. One of the men seized her from behind, pinning her arms to her sides with terrifying strength. He lifted her off the ground and dragged her toward the rear Range Rover.

"Let me go!" Ayla screamed, kicking wildly.

The rear door slid open. Axel was sitting in the shadows of the backseat, his eyes wide, bloodshot, and burning with a sick, manic euphoria.

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The guards shoved Ayla in and slammed the door. The child locks engaged with a loud click.

Ayla scrambled toward the opposite door, but Axel lunged forward. He grabbed her waist and violently pulled her into the center of the seat, pinning her against his chest.

Ayla swung her arm back. Her palm connected with his cheek in a brutal, echoing slap.

“You are kidnapping me!” Ayla yelled, her chest heaving. “The Supreme Court will issue a warrant for your arrest the second my lawyers realize I’m missing!”

Axel didn’t flinch. He reached up and licked the small drop of blood from the corner of his mouth. He smiled.

“A husband taking his legally wedded wife to a routine medical appointment is not kidnapping, Ayla,” he whispered, his breath hot against her neck. “The police won’t even file a report.”

The Range Rover sped out of the garage and merged into the heavy Manhattan traffic.

“Medical appointment?” Ayla’s blood ran cold. “What are you talking about?”

“We are going to fix our marriage,” Axel said, his voice dropping into a terrifyingly gentle, psychotic cadence. “Heda wants to destroy you. But I figured out a way to save you. To save us.”

Twenty minutes later, the Range Rover pulled into the secure underground loading dock of an ultra-exclusive private fertility clinic on the Upper East Side.

The guards dragged Ayla out of the car. She fought them every step of the way, but they overpowered her, carrying her through a private service elevator and directly into a

sterile, brightly lit VIP examination room. The air smelled sharply of bleach and rubbing alcohol.

The guards forced Ayla onto the examination bed. One stood by the door; the other held her shoulders down.

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