

Cheated on me? I married a tycoon

Chapter 66:

A doctor in a white coat walked in, eyes fixed on his clipboard, sweating profusely, carefully avoiding Ayla's gaze. He gave a quick nod to Axel.

Axel walked to the bed. He looked down at Ayla with that sick, loving expression.

"The blind trust your grandmother left you has a specific activation clause," Axel explained, reaching out to stroke her hair. Ayla violently jerked her head away. "It fully unlocks, unconditionally, the moment you produce a biological heir. If you are pregnant with a Farrell baby, Heda cannot touch you. The trust activates, the money flows into our joint accounts, and Cassius Gilliam can never take you away from me."

Ayla stopped struggling.

The sheer, absolute horror of his words paralyzed her. He wasn't merely trying to control her — he had brought her here to forcibly extract her eggs, to use IVF to impregnate her against her will, turning her body into a biological lockbox for his financial salvation.

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A wave of physiological revulsion crashed through her. She looked at the man she had slept beside for three years and saw a monster that belonged in a horror film.

Her panic vanished. In its place came a dead, freezing void.

“Axel,” Ayla said. Her voice was so quiet, so utterly devoid of humanity, that the doctor in the corner visibly shivered. “Even if you force a needle into me. Even if you put that embryo inside my body. I will carve it out of myself with a kitchen knife before I let it grow.”

The words hung in the sterile air.

Axel’s loving smile shattered. His face twisted into a mask of pure, homicidal rage. He lunged forward and wrapped his hands around her throat.

“You crazy bitch!” Axel roared, squeezing. “Doctor! Give her the sedative! Knock her out right now!”

The doctor scrambled to the metal tray, his hands shaking as he lifted a syringe filled with a milky white liquid. He rushed toward Ayla’s arm.

Ayla kicked out, her heel connecting with his knee, but the guard slammed his full weight onto her legs, pinning her completely.

The needle hovered inches from her vein.

A catastrophic explosion of sound rocked the clinic.

The heavy reinforced glass door of the VIP room was blown completely off its hinges by a breaching charge. Glass shattered into a million pieces and rained across the floor.

Through the smoke and the blaring alarms, Vance stepped into the room. He wasn't holding a tablet. He was holding a suppressed tactical handgun. Behind him, six Gilliam Group security operators flooded in, assault rifles raised, red laser sights painting Axel and the guards' chests.

"Step away from the bed," Vance ordered, his voice carrying absolute, lethal authority.

Axel froze, hands still on Ayla's neck. He looked down at the red laser dot hovering directly over his heart.

Vance reached into his jacket with his free hand and produced a thick legal document bearing the gold seal of a Federal Judge.

