

Cheated on me? I married a tycoon

Chapter 67:

“I am executing an emergency Federal Protection Order, signed by a Supreme Court Judge,” Vance stated, holding up the sealed document. “Ayla Joyce is the Senior Director of Public Relations for the Gilliam Group. Her physical safety is a matter of corporate security. We are legally authorized to use any and all necessary means to immediately neutralize any threat to her person. Any hostile action will be treated as aggravated assault. If you do not remove your hands from her neck in three seconds, my team will break every bone in your arms.”

Axel’s hands began to shake. He slowly released Ayla’s neck and backed away, his eyes wide with disbelief and fury.

Ayla sat up. She coughed, rubbing her bruised throat, and without a glance at Axel, swung her legs off the bed, straightened her suit jacket, and walked calmly over to Vance.

At the door, she turned around.

Axel stood alone in the center of the ruined clinic.

“Our marriage didn’t die in the courthouse, Axel,” Ayla said, her voice echoing in the silence. “It died the second you picked up that needle.”

She turned and walked out, flanked by the heavily armed Gilliam team.

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Axel stood alone. The doctor cowered in the corner. Axel stared at the empty doorway, and the realization that he had completely, irreversibly lost her finally cracked something inside him. The obsession mutated into pure, destructive hatred.

He pulled out his phone and dialed Kristal's number.

"The legal route is dead," Axel whispered, his voice completely hollow. "Activate the backup plan. I want her erased."

Ayla sat in the sleek, glass-walled conference room of a top-tier Manhattan law firm.

Across the mahogany table sat David Sterling, the most ruthless divorce litigator in New York. He was reviewing the thick stack of documents Ayla had placed in front of him.

"Axel's refusal to sign the divorce papers complicates things," Sterling said, adjusting his glasses. "To force a unilateral dissolution of the marriage and bypass his legal stalling, we need to present the judge with overwhelming evidence of financial fraud or severe marital

abuse. The forged medical records are a strong start, but he will claim he acted out of concern for your mental health. We need a kill shot.”

Ayla didn’t hesitate. She reached into her handbag and pulled out a small encrypted black USB drive. She slid it across the polished wood.

“This drive contains three years of Farrell Tech’s internal communications,” she said, her voice steady and cold. “It has the unredacted code proving their AI algorithm was stolen from open-source military software. It also has the emails where Axel ordered the engineering team to cover up the fatal flaws before the IPO. If you attach this to the public divorce filing, the SEC will halt their trading permanently.”

Sterling stared at the small black drive. He was a veteran lawyer, but even he looked slightly pale.

“Miss Joyce,” he said carefully, “if we file this, it is no longer just a divorce. It is a declaration of corporate war. Axel will lose everything. He will face federal prison. And he will use every dirty trick available to destroy you before he goes down.”

“He is already trying to destroy me,” Ayla replied, her eyes hard. “File it.”

Just as Sterling reached for the drive, Ayla’s encrypted phone vibrated violently on the table.

It was a FaceTime call from Chloe.

Ayla frowned. Chloe had explicitly told her it was too dangerous to be in contact. She answered immediately.

The video connected.

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