

Cheated on me? I married a tycoon

Chapter 68:

Chloe was standing in the middle of her beautiful Soho design studio — or what remained of it. Desks were overturned. Racks of expensive fabrics had been torn down. In the background, men wearing jackets marked NYPD Vice and Department of Buildings were taping red notices to the windows.

Chloe's eyes were red and swollen. She held the phone with a shaking hand.

"Ayla," Chloe choked out, a sob tearing from her throat.

"Chloe, what is happening?" Ayla demanded, her heart slamming against her ribs.

"They raided me," Chloe cried. "The fire department, the health inspector, the tax board — they all showed up at eight in the morning. They claimed my building is structurally unsafe and my business license is fraudulent. They seized my hard drives. My landlord just handed me an eviction notice with a three-hundred-percent penalty."

Ayla's blood ran cold. This was Axel. He was using his political leverage to weaponize the municipal government against her best friend.

A man in a sharp suit stepped into the frame. He wore a Farrell Group lapel pin and smiled politely at the camera before handing Chloe a white envelope.

“Miss Davis,” the Farrell lawyer said smoothly, making certain Ayla could hear every word. “Inside is a one-way first-class ticket to Seattle. If you are on that plane by five o’clock this afternoon, the city will drop the commercial fraud charges. If you remain in New York, you will be facing ten years in a federal penitentiary.”

“Get away from her!” Ayla screamed at the phone. “You tell Axel I will kill him!”

The lawyer simply reached out and tapped the screen, ending the call.

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Ayla was out of her chair before the screen went dark. She grabbed her coat. “Don’t file the papers yet,” she called back to Sterling as she sprinted out of the conference room.

She hailed a cab and ordered the driver to get to Grand Central Terminal. She knew Chloe wouldn’t take the plane — she would take the train to avoid the TSA checkpoints.

Ayla ran through the massive, echoing main concourse of Grand Central, pushing past tourists and commuters, her eyes frantically scanning the crowds.

She found Chloe near Track 9.

Chloe looked completely broken, standing with a single duffel bag at her feet. Ten feet away, watching her like hawks, were two massive men in black suits — Axel's private security, making absolutely certain she left.

Ayla ran up and threw her arms around her, pulling her into a desperate hug.

"I'm so sorry," Ayla whispered, tears finally spilling over her lashes. "I'm so sorry, Chloe. I did this to you. I ruined your life."

Chloe hugged her back tightly, then pulled away and wiped the tears from Ayla's cheeks. She forced a brave, trembling smile.

"You didn't do this. He did," Chloe said, her voice shaking but resolute. "I was tired of the New York hustle anyway. Seattle has better coffee. Don't you dare feel guilty, Ayla — that is exactly what he wants. He wants you to feel alone."

The loudspeaker announced the final boarding call for the westbound train.

The two men in black suits stepped forward. Their presence was a silent, threatening command.

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