

Cheated on me? I married a tycoon

Chapter 69:

Chloe grabbed her bag and looked at Ayla one last time. “Burn him to the ground, Ayla. Do it for me.”

She turned and walked through the ticket gate. Ayla stood on the platform and watched the train doors close. As it slowly pulled away, the two security guards smirked at her before turning and walking off.

Ayla stood completely alone in the vast station.

Axel had done it. He had systematically severed every human connection she had in this city — stripped away her money, her reputation, and now her only friend. He wanted her isolated. He wanted her weak.

Ayla wiped her face. The tears stopped.

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A profound, terrifying numbness spread through her veins. The last shred of hesitation — the part of her that had still flinched at the thought of collateral damage — died on that platform.

She pulled out her phone and dialed Sterling's number.

"Mr. Sterling," Ayla said, her voice carrying a cold, hollow emptiness. "File the lawsuit. Attach the USB drive. And file an emergency injunction to freeze all of Farrell Tech's IPO assets immediately."

"Ayla, are you certain?" Sterling asked. "This is the nuclear option."

"I don't just want the nuclear option," Ayla whispered. "I want the fallout to choke him."

She hung up.

At that exact moment, on the Gilliam Group trading floor, Cassius was watching a live feed from Grand Central's security cameras. He watched Ayla stand alone on the platform. He saw the shift in her posture. He saw the precise moment she became something else entirely.

Cassius turned to the fifty elite traders seated at the terminals in front of him.

“The lawsuit hits the public docket in ten minutes,” he announced, his voice carrying across the room like a general calling an artillery strike. “Initiate the short squeeze. I want Farrell Tech bleeding out before the closing bell.”

Ayla stood in the dimly lit concrete underground parking garage of Farrell Tech headquarters.

She wore a long black trench coat, collar turned up, dark sunglasses shielding her eyes.

She knew Axel’s legal team would immediately file a motion to suppress the USB drive, claiming the digital files were fabricated or illegally obtained. To make the evidence bulletproof in federal court, she needed the original physical red hard drive. And she knew exactly where Axel kept it: inside the biometric safe hidden behind the mahogany panels in his CEO office on the fifty-eighth floor.

Ayla bypassed the main elevator banks. Her retina scan had been wiped from the system days ago.

She walked to the heavy steel door of the freight elevator. Beside it was a digital keypad used exclusively by the maintenance crew. Ayla pulled off her leather glove and punched in a sixteen-digit hexadecimal override code — a backdoor she had secretly programmed into the building’s security architecture two years earlier, when she redesigned their crisis lockdown protocols.

The keypad flashed green. The heavy steel doors slid open.

She stepped inside and hit the button for the fifty-eighth floor.

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