

Cheated on me? I married a tycoon

Chapter 70:

The elevator hummed quietly as it shot upward. It was one o'clock in the afternoon. The executive floor was never truly empty, but Ayla knew the internal security rotations flawlessly. She waited inside the car for exactly forty-five seconds after it stopped, timing her exit to the precise window when the two floor guards crossed paths at the far end of the west wing and the executive assistants were occupied with a catered lunch delivery in the breakroom. The senior staff were already locked in the war room, dealing with the fallout from the lawsuit she had just filed.

The doors opened. Ayla slipped out unnoticed into the plush carpeted hallway of the executive suite.

She moved in silence, avoiding the sweeping arcs of the security cameras she had long since memorized. She reached the end of the hallway. The massive double oak doors of the CEO office loomed before her.

Ayla grasped the cold brass handle.

The door wasn't locked. It was slightly ajar.

Through the narrow crack, a sound drifted into the quiet hallway — a low, breathy moan, followed by the unmistakable rhythmic creak of heavy leather.

Ayla's hand stilled on the handle.

She felt no jealousy. No heartbreak. Only a surge of cold, calculating opportunity.

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She pushed the oak doors open. They swung inward with a heavy thud that echoed like a gunshot.

The scene inside was chaotic and pathetic.

The blinds were half-drawn. Axel was sitting in his massive executive chair, his expensive dress shirt unbuttoned, his tie thrown on the floor. Kristal was straddling his lap, her skirt hiked up around her waist, her hands tangled in Axel's hair, her head thrown back in a portrait of manufactured ecstasy.

The thud of the door shattered the moment.

Kristal gasped, her eyes flying open. Axel's head snapped toward the door.

When he saw Ayla standing in the doorway, the blood drained instantly from his face. His pupils contracted with sheer, unadulterated panic. The illusion of his control evaporated.

"Ayla," Axel choked out, his voice cracking.

He reacted on pure, selfish instinct — violently shoving Kristal off his lap. She shrieked as she lost her balance and crashed hard onto the expensive Persian rug, her legs tangling awkwardly in her skirt.

Axel scrambled to his feet, frantically fumbling with his belt buckle, trying to pull his shirt together. He looked like a cornered rat.

"Ayla, wait — this isn't what it looks like," he stammered, his chest heaving. "She came onto me. I'm under enormous stress with the lawsuit—"

Ayla stared at him. The sheer, pathetic reality of this man — the man who had terrorized her, frozen her bank accounts, driven her best friend out of the city — was almost comical.

She didn't yell. She didn't cry. She walked slowly into the office, the heels of her boots clicking sharply against the hardwood floor.

“I don’t care who you sleep with, Axel,” Ayla said, her voice dripping with absolute, freezing contempt. “I am here for the red hard drive. Open the safe.”

Kristal scrambled to her feet. Her face was flushed dark red with humiliation, but her vicious nature took over quickly. She smoothed her skirt and fixed Ayla with a withering glare.

“You have a lot of nerve breaking in here, you homeless bitch,” Kristal spat, stepping between Ayla and Axel. “You think you can just walk in and make demands? You are nothing. Security is going to drag you out of here by your hair.”

Ayla didn’t even glance at her. She kept her eyes locked on Axel.

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