

Cheated on me? I married a tycoon

Chapter 71:

Slowly, deliberately, she reached into her trench coat pocket and produced her encrypted smartphone. She raised it, pointing the camera directly at Axel's unzipped pants and Kristal's disheveled state.

Click.

The bright camera flash lit up the dark office like a lightning strike.

Both of them flinched, throwing their hands up to shield their eyes.

"What did you just do?" Axel roared, panic mutating instantly into violent rage. He lunged across the desk, trying to snatch the phone from her hand.

Ayla stepped back smoothly, easily evading his grasp.

She tapped the screen.

“That high-resolution photograph,” she announced, her voice ringing with lethal authority, “has just been uploaded to a secure Gilliam Group cloud server. It is currently attached to an automated email draft addressed to the Wall Street Journal, the New York Times, and the board of directors of Farrell Tech.”

Axel froze. His outstretched hand trembled in the air.

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“I have set a ten-minute dead man’s switch,” Ayla continued, her eyes burning into his. “If I do not enter a cancellation code on this phone in exactly nine minutes and forty seconds, that photo goes live. Your stock is already bleeding from my lawsuit. If the world sees the CEO conducting an affair in his office while his company burns, the board will remove you before sunset.”

Kristal let out a shrill, panicked laugh. “She’s bluffing, Axel. She doesn’t have the guts.”

Axel turned his head slowly and looked at Kristal. Then, with a sudden, vicious swing, he backhanded her across the face.

The blow was brutal. Kristal cried out and stumbled backward, clutching her stinging cheek.

“Shut up!” Axel screamed. He turned back to Ayla, chest heaving, sweat pouring down his forehead. He knew she wasn’t bluffing. He had created this monster himself.

His shoulders slumped. He was completely defeated by his own vanity.

He walked to the mahogany wall panel and pressed his thumb against the biometric scanner. The panel slid open, revealing a heavy steel safe. He punched in the code. The safe clicked open.

Inside were stacks of hundred-dollar bills and gold bars. Ayla ignored them. She stepped forward, reached in, and pulled out the heavy red physical hard drive.

She dropped it into her coat pocket and looked at Axel, who stood staring at the floor, utterly broken.

“You should really lock your door, Axel,” Ayla whispered.

She turned and walked out of the office, leaving the two of them in the ruins of their own making. As the heavy door clicked shut behind her, she calmly tapped her phone screen once, disarming the digital time bomb that would have incinerated what remained of his world.

Ayla stepped out of the CEO office, the heavy red hard drive a comforting weight in her trench coat pocket. She turned toward the freight elevator, her mind already calculating the fastest route to the Gilliam Group servers.

“Stop right there!”

The shrill, hysterical scream echoed down the long carpeted hallway.

Ayla paused and slowly turned around.

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