

Cheated on me? I married a tycoon

Chapter 72:

Kristal had chased her out of the office. She was barefoot, her hair a wild mess, her cheek still bright red from Axel's slap. The humiliation of being caught, struck, and ignored had driven her into a state of rabid, irrational fury. She refused to let Ayla walk away with the upper hand.

"Security! Security!" Kristal shrieked, her voice piercing the quiet executive floor. "We have a corporate spy! She stole the hard drive!"

The screaming worked.

The heavy mahogany doors of the surrounding offices flew open. Over a dozen senior executives, vice presidents, and legal directors stepped into the hallway, their faces pale with shock. From both ends of the corridor, four burly security guards in dark suits sprinted toward them, radios crackling.

Within seconds, Ayla was completely surrounded. The guards blocked the elevators, and the executives formed a tight, whispering circle around her.

Kristal watched the crowd gather, and her posture shifted instantly. She wrapped her arms around herself, playing the traumatized victim.

“She broke into Axel’s office!” Kristal cried, pointing a shaking finger at Ayla. “She is a psychotic, jealous ex-wife! She just stole the company’s core financial records to sell them to Cassius Gilliam!”

The executives muttered among themselves, looking at Ayla with a mixture of disgust and hostility. To them, she was the woman currently destroying their stock options.

Emboldened by the presence of the guards, Kristal stepped closer to Ayla and lowered her voice so only she could hear, a vicious, triumphant sneer twisting her lips.

“You think you won?” Kristal hissed. “You are not walking out of this building with that drive. You are going to leave here in handcuffs, and I am going to be the new Mrs. Farrell.”

Ayla stood perfectly still in the center of the hostile crowd.

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She looked at the security guards. She looked at the judging faces of the executives — men and women she had quietly saved from PR disasters for the past three years. Then she looked at Kristal.

Her gaze flickered upward for a fraction of a second, noting the small blinking red light of the security camera mounted directly above them. She wasn't merely going to hit this woman — she was going to create an official, time-stamped record of her response to a hysterical accuser. A soft, chilling laugh escaped her lips.

Without a single word of warning, Ayla raised her right hand. She channeled every ounce of rage, betrayal, and freezing rain from the night before into her arm and swung in a full, devastating arc.

Crack.

Her palm connected with Kristal's surgically enhanced cheekbone with terrifying force. The sound echoed down the corridor like a pistol shot. Kristal's head snapped violently to the side, the momentum throwing her completely off balance. Her heels twisted beneath her as she stumbled backward and collapsed hard onto the cold marble floor, the back of her head striking the stone with a sickening thud.

A collective gasp of horror ripped through the executives. The security guards froze, stunned by the sheer brutality of the strike.

Ayla stood over Kristal, shaking out her stinging hand, her eyes flat and black.

"That," she said, her voice carrying coldly through the silent hallway, "is to remind you that you are nothing but a high-end escort playing dress-up."

