

Cheated on me? I married a tycoon

Chapter 73:

She reached into her tote bag and pulled out a thick manila folder. With a flick of her wrist, she threw it directly at Kristal. The folder burst open. Dozens of glossy photographs and printed European police records scattered across the wet marble floor.

The executives looked down.

The photographs showed Kristal in compromising positions with various European billionaires. The police records detailed her involvement in a high-society syndicate and two pending investigations for wire fraud.

“Your Overseas Director,” Ayla announced, making certain every executive heard her, “is a professional con artist. Heda Farrell hired her to get close to Axel. And you all take orders from her.”

The executives stared at the scattered papers in absolute silence. The illusion of Kristal’s corporate authority shattered on the spot.

“Arrest her!” Axel’s voice roared from the far end of the hall.

He burst out of his office, hastily adjusting his clothing. He saw Kristal bleeding on the floor and the scattered files. His face turned a violent shade of purple. “Guards! Put her on the ground right now!”

The security guards snapped out of their stupor and lunged toward Ayla.

Ayla didn’t run. She reached into her coat pocket, pulled out the heavy red hard drive, and held it high in the air.

“This drive contains proof that the Farrell Tech AI algorithm is stolen,” she announced, turning to face the executives directly. “It contains the emails where Axel personally ordered the engineering team to conceal the code from the SEC. If this company IPOs next week, every single executive standing in this hallway will be indicted for federal antitrust violations and securities fraud.”

Panic erupted instantly. The executives began shouting over one another, turning on Axel with expressions of sheer terror. They didn’t care about his marriage — they cared about federal prison.

Axel’s composure disintegrated entirely. His authority was gone. His secrets were exposed. He let out an animalistic scream and charged at Ayla himself, hands reaching for her throat.

Ayla saw him coming. She didn't brace for impact.

She simply reached out and slammed her fist against the bright red fire alarm pull-station on the wall beside her.

The deafening shriek of the building's emergency alarm tore through the floor, sending a wave of panic through the crowd. Ayla didn't stop there. She pulled a sleek silver lighter from her trench coat, flicked it open, and held the flame directly beneath the temperature-sensitive glass bulb of the nearest ceiling sprinkler. The bulb shattered instantly from the heat.

A second later, the localized sprinklers activated.

Freezing, high-pressure water exploded downward, drenching the entire hallway. Executives screamed, slipping on the wet marble and the scattered files. The security guards were blinded by the sudden downpour.

Axel hit the wet floor hard, crashing to his knees in the artificial rain, screaming Ayla's name.

In the absolute chaos of alarms and cascading water, Ayla calmly turned around. She pushed open the heavy door to the emergency stairwell, the red hard drive secure in her pocket, and walked down the stairs — leaving the Farrell empire drowning in its own ruins.

At four o'clock in the morning, the sky over Manhattan was still pitch black, but the digital world was already on fire.

.

.

.