

Jilted heiress: marrying the untouchable tycoon

Chapter 11:

Allison sat in the back of the black SUV, staring blankly at the Manhattan traffic crawling past the tinted windows. Her mind raced with the terrifying reality of suddenly becoming a stepmother.

Her stomach churned, the acid rising in her throat as she frantically tried to picture what a child of Adam would even look like.

She imagined a cold, miniature version of the Wall Street phantom, demanding and impossible to please.

The SUV pulled up to the curb outside her boutique hotel. She quickly stepped out into the crisp air, instructing the driver to wait.

She took the elevator up to the presidential suite. Her movements were entirely mechanical.

She pulled her heavy Louis Vuitton duffel bag onto the mattress and began packing. She folded her tailored Dior suits with rigid precision, pressing the fabric down hard to keep

her hands from shaking. She tucked the thick manila envelope containing her grandfather's trust fund documents into the bottom compartment, securing the zipper.

She dragged her luggage back down to the lobby. The weight of her new secret marriage pressed heavily on her shoulders, a physical ache settling at the base of her neck.

The driver loaded her bags into the trunk.

Allison climbed back into the leather backseat of the SUV, giving a curt nod to head toward Tribeca.

During the ride downtown, she pulled out her phone.

Her thumbs flew across the screen as she frantically googled how to bond with a billionaire's toddler.

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Articles about expensive boarding schools and child psychology filled her browser, making her feel completely out of her depth.

Her chest tightened with every passing block.

The SUV arrived at an ultra-exclusive, unmarked high-rise in Tribeca.

The driver escorted her past the discreet concierge desk directly to a private, biometric-locked elevator.

The elevator doors slid open silently. Allison stepped out, revealing a massive, minimalist penthouse bathed in golden hour light.

The space was terrifyingly pristine. There were no stray toys, no colorful rugs, absolutely nothing to indicate a child lived here.

Allison stepped into the foyer. Her stilettos clicked sharply against the cold Italian marble floor. The sound echoed in the cavernous space.

“Flora?” Allison called out tentatively, her voice sounding thin and weak. “Is there a nanny here?”

Only absolute silence answered her. The hairs on the back of her neck stood up. A cold prickle of unease washed over her skin as she wheeled her luggage into the vast living room.

She noticed a set of heavy, reinforced glass doors at the far end of the hallway. They were slightly ajar. A faint, rhythmic scratching sound came from within.

Assuming it was the nursery, Allison took a deep breath. She forced her facial muscles into a gentle, approachable smile, preparing to meet her new stepdaughter.

She pushed the heavy glass door open. Her vision adjusted to the room.

It was an indoor terrarium setup, complete with artificial grass and temperature controls. She scanned the floor, looking for a little girl playing.

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