

Jilted heiress: marrying the untouchable tycoon

Chapter 12:

A low, guttural rumble vibrated directly through the floorboards, traveling up the soles of her shoes.

Allison froze mid-step. The forced smile dropped from her face instantly. Her blood ran cold.

From behind a massive decorative indoor boulder, a three-hundred-pound African lioness slowly stalked into view.

Allison's heart completely stopped beating. Her survival instinct screamed at her to turn and run, but her legs were paralyzed with sheer, unadulterated terror. The air trapped in her lungs burned.

The lioness, Flora, locked her amber eyes directly on Allison. The beast let out a heavy snort, the sound echoing off the glass walls, and took a deliberate, heavy step forward.

Allison slowly backed away. Her trembling hand reached blindly behind her, her fingers desperately scraping against the glass door, searching for the handle. She was entirely convinced she was about to be torn apart in her Dior suit.

Flora suddenly dropped her massive head. The apex predator let out a soft, low chuffing sound. The lioness lunged forward and aggressively rubbed her thick side against Allison's trembling legs.

The sheer physical force of the lioness's affection knocked Allison completely off balance. Her ankles gave out. She tumbled backward, hitting the artificial grass hard.

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Flora immediately climbed over her. The massive weight pinned Allison down to the floor. A tongue that felt like coarse sandpaper dragged across Allison's cheek, leaving a trail of hot saliva.

Allison let out a breathless, hysterical laugh. The sheer absurdity of Adam's so-called daughter washed away her initial terror.

Her chest heaved as she tried to catch her breath, her hands tentatively reaching up to touch the thick, tawny fur.

Meanwhile, thousands of miles away in a private jet flying high over the Atlantic Ocean, Adam Kensington sat in a plush leather armchair.

An iPad rested on his lap. The screen displayed the live, high-definition security feed of the penthouse terrarium. The camera angle clearly showed Allison getting tackled to the ground by the lioness.

A rare, genuine smile broke across Adam's usually stoic face.

The harsh lines around his mouth softened completely as he watched his new wife cautiously pet the apex predator.

Kip walked down the aisle of the jet, holding a crystal glass of scotch. He stopped dead in his tracks upon seeing Adam's soft expression. He leaned over the leather seat, catching a glimpse of the screen.

He burst out laughing, the sound filling the cabin. "Are you actively trying to give your new bride a heart attack, Adam?" Kip asked, taking a sip of his drink.

Adam locked the iPad screen instantly. His cold, terrifying demeanor returned in a fraction of a second. He looked up at Kip, his dark eyes flat and unreadable.

"Flora is an excellent judge of character," Adam stated calmly, adjusting his silver cufflink.

Back in New York, Allison finally managed to push Flora's heavy paws off her chest. She sat up, looking down at her expensive white suit. It was completely covered in coarse tawny fur and smelled of raw meat.

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Chapter 13

She looked up. Her eyes locked onto the small, blinking red light of the security camera mounted in the upper corner of the terrarium.

She realized instantly that Adam had deliberately played her. He knew exactly what she was walking into.

Her lingering fear evaporated, completely replaced by a burning, physical desire to confront the phantom of Wall Street.

Allison glared directly into the lens of the security camera.

She raised her hand and extended a very unladylike middle finger toward the blinking red light.

She held it there for three full seconds, ensuring the man watching from across the ocean got the message, before turning on her heel.

She left the terrarium, grabbing the heavy handle and pulling the reinforced glass door shut until it clicked securely.

Flora whined softly from the other side, pressing her massive, heavy paws against the glass, leaving large smudge marks.

Allison walked back out into the sprawling living room. She aggressively brushed the lion fur off her ruined Alexander McQueen blazer.

Her phone buzzed violently in her pocket. She pulled it out, staring at the screen. It was a message from an unknown international number.

“Mrs. Kensington, the raw steaks for Flora are in the sub-zero fridge. Her feeding time is 7 PM. — Juan Dotson.”

Allison scoffed aloud. A sharp spike of annoyance hit the back of her neck. He was treating her like a highly paid zookeeper.

But despite her irritation, she walked toward the massive, state-of-the-art kitchen anyway.

She pulled open the heavy stainless-steel door of the industrial Sub-Zero refrigerator.

Inside, neatly labeled and vacuum-sealed, were premium cuts of raw Wagyu beef, clearly meant for the lioness.

Meanwhile, Adam’s private jet touched down on the tarmac at Zurich Airport under the cover of absolute darkness.

Adam stepped off the plane. The freezing Swiss air hit his face, but he didn’t flinch.

Kip matched his long, purposeful strides as they walked toward the waiting motorcade of black vehicles.

He chuckled, his breath pluming in the cold air. “Was trapping her in a penthouse with a lethal predator part of the original PR strategy?”

Adam slid into the back of the armored Mercedes. The heavy door slammed shut, sealing them in quiet luxury.

His expression darkened as he adjusted his silver cuffs, his eyes fixed on the partition.

“The marriage was never about a PR shield,” Adam told Kip, his voice dropping to a low, cold register. “It was a premeditated acquisition.”

Kip’s smile vanished instantly. The humor drained from his face as he stared at his boss. He realized, with a sudden chill, that Adam had orchestrated the exact timing of Allison finding out about Finn’s affair.

He had ensured she would have nowhere else to run but directly into his trap.

Adam pulled out his phone. His thumbs moved quickly over the screen, typing a second message to Allison to establish his absolute dominance over her upcoming corporate battles.

Back in New York, Allison tossed a massive, bloody steak into Flora's stainless-steel feeding trough.

Tip: You can use left, right, A and D keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

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Chapter 14:

She stood behind the safety of the glass door, watching the beast devour the raw meat with terrifying, bone-crushing speed.

Her phone buzzed again. A text from Adam lit up the screen.

“Baker will move against you tomorrow. Do not let him strip your titles.”

Allison frowned deeply. Her fingers gripped the phone tight. She typed back furiously, her nails clicking against the glass screen.

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“I don’t need you to manage my career. I just need your capital when the time comes.”

Adam’s reply was instantaneous, as if he had anticipated her exact defiance.

“You have my name on a piece of paper. Use the psychological leverage. I own the board’s fear.”

Allison read the message twice. The reality of her new power slowly sank into her bones, replacing the lingering sting of her family’s betrayal.

She was no longer just a discarded Montgomery. She was a Kensington by marriage, backed by the most ruthless predator on Wall Street.

She locked her phone and walked down the wide hallway into the master suite.

The room was larger than her entire previous apartment, dominated by a massive king-sized bed.

She opened the walk-in closet. She stopped in her tracks. The closet was completely empty on the left side, waiting for her clothes.

The right side was lined with Adam's dark, bespoke suits, smelling faintly of cedarwood and cold power. The visual representation of their union made her heart skip a beat.

Her breath hitched in her throat. It made the legal contract feel dangerously real.

She forced her focus away from his suits and back to the impending corporate war.

Allison unpacked her tailored suits, organizing them meticulously on the empty hangers. She was preparing her armor for the Montgomery Group headquarters.

Across town at the Montgomery Estate, Baker sat in his mahogany-paneled study. He poured a generous measure of expensive bourbon into a crystal glass, the amber liquid splashing loudly.

Katharine paced the Persian rug, her heels digging into the wool. She complained bitterly about Allison's arrogant departure, demanding Baker cut off her access to the company servers immediately.

Finn sat on the leather sofa, looking anxious. He rubbed his palms on his trousers, looking up at Baker. "Does Allison really have the power to expose the dashcam video to the board?"

Baker sneered, taking a sip of his bourbon. “I will demote her tomorrow. I will strip her of all credibility. By the time I am done, any video she produces will look like a desperate, vindictive fake.”

Cheyenne entered the study wearing a silk robe. She walked over to Finn, wrapping her arms around his neck and kissing his cheek to soothe his fragile ego.

Baker smiled at the couple, raising his glass in a mock toast. “Tomorrow, Cheyanne will take her rightful place in the executive suite.”

Allison lay in the massive king-sized bed in Tribeca. She stared up at the dark ceiling. Her eyes were cold, calculating, and completely devoid of fear. She was entirely ready to tear Baker’s plan to shreds.

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Chapter 15:

Allison woke up to the mechanical hum of the automated blackout blinds rising. Harsh morning light from the Manhattan skyline flooded the master bedroom, stinging her eyes.

She threw off the heavy silk sheets. A sudden, massive weight at the foot of the bed restricted her movement. She sat up, finding Flora curled into a tight ball on top of the expensive duvet.

The lioness opened one amber eye, let out a lazy, rumbling yawn that displayed teeth the size of daggers, and promptly went back to sleep.

Allison shook her head. Surprisingly, her heart rate remained steady. She swung her legs over the side of the bed and headed straight into the marble bathroom to prepare for the impending war.

She selected a blood-red Tom Ford power suit from the closet. The sharp tailoring hugged her shoulders like armor.

She stood in front of the vanity mirror, applying a flawless, razor-sharp red lip. It was her war paint for the boardroom.

Allison grabbed her leather briefcase. She walked past the bed, giving Flora a quick, firm scratch behind the ears, and took the private elevator down to the lobby.

A sleek, black MK Holdings town car was idling at the curb. A text from an unknown number had informed her it was placed at her disposal for the duration of her transition.

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She slid into the plush backseat. The heavy door closed, shutting out the city noise.

She used the commute down Wall Street to review the Montgomery Group's quarterly R&D reports, her eyes scanning the data with clinical precision.

Meanwhile, inside the Montgomery Group headquarters, the atmosphere on the ground floor was buzzing with toxic gossip and hushed whispers.

Cheyenne strutted through the expansive glass lobby. She wore a pristine white Chanel dress that screamed innocent victim.

She held a large cardboard tray of artisanal coffees, handing them out to the reception staff with a bright, overly sweet smile.

The staff fawned over Cheyanne. They praised her kindness, completely buying into the fabricated persona of the wronged girl trying to hold the family together.

Finn walked a step behind Cheyanne. He carried her designer tote bag like an obedient lapdog, basking in the approving, sympathetic looks of the employees.

Baker stood by the VIP executive elevator bank. He watched the couple with a satisfied smirk. He turned to Caleb Reynolds, the Director of Commerce, who was standing eagerly by his side.

“Ensure Allison’s keycard access to the executive floor is restricted before she arrives,” Baker instructed quietly, his voice hard.

Caleb nodded eagerly. He tapped rapidly on his company tablet to execute the malicious order, desperate to gain favor with the new regime.

Allison’s town car pulled up to the glass-fronted Montgomery building. She stepped out onto the pavement. The crisp wind whipped her hair back, but her posture remained perfectly rigid.

She entered the lobby. The ambient chatter of dozens of employees instantly died down. A suffocating, hostile silence fell over the massive room.

Employees quickly averted their eyes. They pretended to look at their phones or suddenly became very interested in their shoes, treating her like a walking ghost.

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Chapter 16:

Allison kept her chin high. Her stilettos clicked rhythmically on the polished granite floor. She refused to show a single ounce of weakness, her face a mask of absolute indifference.

She approached the VIP elevator bank. She pulled her ID badge from her coat pocket and swiped it against the black security scanner to access the 50th floor.

The scanner flashed a harsh red light. A loud, embarrassing error beep echoed sharply in the quiet lobby.

A security guard nervously approached her. He stammered, refusing to make eye contact. “Ms. Montgomery, your access to the executive suite has been temporarily suspended by HR.”

Snickers erupted from a group of junior analysts standing near the coffee cart. They openly enjoyed the fallen heiress’s public humiliation.

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Allison’s eyes narrowed. She didn’t flush. She didn’t yell. She looked up directly at the security camera mounted in the corner of the lobby, knowing Baker was likely watching her reaction from his office.

Instead of throwing a tantrum, Allison calmly pulled out her phone, her mind instantly recalling the suspicious vendor invoices she’d flagged during last quarter’s preliminary audit, a loose thread she’d intended to pull.

Now was the time to yank it.

She dialed the head of the IT department directly.

“This is Allison,” she said, her tone icy and authoritative. “If my access isn’t restored in exactly ten seconds, I will personally audit the vendor kickbacks you and I both know you’ve been hiding in the server budget.”

The scanner suddenly flashed a bright green light. The heavy metal elevator doors slid open seamlessly.

Allison stepped into the elevator. She turned to face the stunned lobby, her expression completely unreadable as the doors slowly closed, cutting off their view.

She rode up to the 50th floor, her mind rapidly calculating exactly how much damage she was going to inflict in the upcoming meeting.

The elevator dinged. The doors slid open.

Allison stepped out into the plush executive suite, instantly locking eyes with Cheyanne, who was sitting comfortably at Allison’s personal desk.

The elevator doors slid shut behind Allison with a sharp, echoing click, no soft thud, just a cold signal that the war for her domain had already begun.

She stepped onto the 50th floor’s plush, charcoal carpet, her heels sinking slightly as her gaze sliced through the room, locked like a laser on Cheyanne.

Cheyenne wasn't just sitting in Allison's ergonomic Herman Miller chair, she was draped in it, legs crossed, one elbow propped on the armrest as she flipped through a top-secret R&D file with lazy, deliberate fingers.

Her manicured nails tapped the glossy pages in a taunting rhythm, as if the classified data were nothing more than a gossip magazine.

Caleb Reynolds leaned against the edge of Allison's desk, his posture sycophantic, laughter booming at a joke Cheyanne hadn't even bothered to make sound funny.

He was a dog begging for scraps, his arrogant grin directed only at her, as if the rest of the room, and Allison herself, didn't exist.

Allison walked slowly toward the desk. The rhythmic, sharp tapping of her heels caused the surrounding assistants to freeze.

They held their breath, waiting for the explosion.

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Chapter 17:

Cheyanne looked up, feigning surprise. She offered a sickeningly sweet smile that didn't reach her eyes. "Allie! I didn't think you would show up today after everything that happened."

Allison stopped directly in front of the desk. She ignored Cheyanne entirely. Her gaze snapped to Caleb, pinning him in place.

"Explain to me," Allison ordered, her voice cold enough to freeze nitrogen, "why a junior associate is handling classified R&D documents on my desk."

Caleb stammered. His arrogant smirk faltered under her intense stare. "Chairman Baker authorized Cheyanne to get familiar with the operations. It's a transition phase."

Allison's hand shot out with lightning speed. She snatched the thick file right out of Cheyanne's hands. The sudden movement caused Cheyanne to flinch backward, hitting the back of the chair.

"Getting familiar with operations doesn't require sitting in a Director's chair," Allison informed Cheyanne coldly, clutching the file to her chest.

Cheyanne's eyes instantly welled up with fake tears. She looked around at the watching staff, perfectly playing the role of the bullied one.

"I was just trying to help carry the workload," Cheyanne whimpered, her voice trembling. "You seemed so stressed about the broken engagement, Allie. I wanted to help."

The surrounding staff murmured in sympathy for Cheyanne. They threw harsh, judgmental glares at Allison, entirely manipulated by the performance.

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Allison leaned over the desk, invading Cheyanne's personal space. She lowered her voice so only Cheyanne could hear.

"Fake tears won't save you when you have to actually present these numbers to a boardroom."

Suddenly, Baker's booming voice echoed from down the long hallway. "What is going on here? Why are you harassing my staff, Allison?"

Baker marched over, his face flushed with anger. He publicly ordered Allison to step away from Cheyanne immediately.

Allison straightened up. She gripped her file tight, her knuckles turning white. She looked at Baker. "Is corporate espionage now standard practice for family members?"

Baker ignored the accusation entirely. He turned to the open floor, loudly announcing to the entire suite that an emergency executive board meeting would commence in five minutes.

He shot Allison a venomous look. "Your recent erratic behavior requires immediate organizational restructuring."

Cheyenne stood up from the chair, dabbing her dry eyes. She looked vindicated. She gracefully followed Baker toward the glass-walled boardroom.

Caleb bumped Allison's shoulder intentionally as he walked past her. He leaned in, whispering, "Your reign is over."

Allison stood alone by her desk. She took a deep, slow breath to steady her racing heart. She refused to let them see her bleed.

She opened her laptop. Her fingers flew across the keyboard, quickly transferring several encrypted files containing her core project data to a secure offshore cloud drive. She was preparing for the worst.

Allison grabbed her leather notebook. She walked toward the boardroom, her posture impeccably straight, her red suit a beacon of defiance. She pushed open the heavy glass doors.

All the senior executives were already seated around the massive mahogany table.

Allison noticed instantly that her usual seat, the high-backed leather chair at the right hand of the Chairman, had been taken by Cheyanne.

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Chapter 18:

Enrico Langley, the Senior Independent Director, sat across the table. He gave Allison a sympathetic but entirely powerless look.

Instead of fighting for the physical chair and causing a scene HR could use against her, Allison gracefully pulled out a standard seat at the far end of the table. She sat down, projecting absolute, terrifying indifference.

Baker took his place at the head of the table. He slammed his folder down hard against the wood to command attention.

Baker cleared his throat. He locked eyes with Allison down the length of the table, preparing to deliver the killing blow to her career.

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Baker cleared his throat, the harsh sound echoing in the silent, glass-walled boardroom. He placed his hands flat on the mahogany table and announced that the company needed fresh, dynamic leadership to navigate the upcoming quarter.

He looked directly at Cheyanne, his expression softening. He praised her “innovative vision” and her recent, supposed success in securing the Kensington alliance. He completely ignored the three years of grueling groundwork Allison had laid to make that alliance possible.

“Therefore,” Baker formally proposed, his voice booming with authority, “I am appointing Cheyanne as the new Vice President of Commerce, stripping Allison of the title, effective immediately.”

A collective gasp rippled through the executives seated around the table. Promoting a junior associate with barely a year of experience to a VP role was entirely unprecedented.

Enrico Langley raised his hand. His brow furrowed in deep concern. “Baker, with all due respect, Cheyanne lacks the operational experience for such a critical, high-level role.”

Baker aggressively cut Enrico off, slamming his palm against the table. “Cheyanne has the full backing of the Kensington Trust. That is all the experience this board requires.”

Baker then turned his cold, unforgiving gaze down the length of the table to Allison. “Furthermore, Allison’s recent personal distractions make her unfit for her current duties. She is being reassigned to the R&D department’s basement archives to focus on long-term strategy.”

It was a blatant, humiliating demotion. Allison's hands tightened under the table. Her manicured nails dug painfully into her own palms, leaving crescent-shaped indents in her skin. But her face remained a mask of flawless stone.

Cheyenne covered her mouth with both hands, feigning absolute shock. "I couldn't possibly take Allison's hard-earned position. It isn't right."

Baker gently patted Cheyenne's arm. "You earned it, my dear."

The display of blatant nepotism made acid surge up Allison's throat. She swallowed it down.

Enrico looked at Allison, bracing himself for her to explode and demand a vote. But Allison simply nodded slowly. She accepted the reassignment without a single word of protest, denying Baker the screaming match he clearly wanted to use as grounds for termination.

Baker looked visibly disappointed. He hastily adjourned the meeting, snapping his folder shut.

The executives filed out of the room quickly. They kept their heads down, actively avoiding eye contact with Allison, treating her like a highly contagious disease.

Allison packed her notebook into her briefcase. Her movements were deliberate, slow, and entirely calm.

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Chapter 19:

She walked out of the boardroom and headed straight for the executive elevator to leave the floor. She stepped into the empty elevator car.

Just as the metal doors began to slide shut, Cheyanne slipped through the gap. The doors closed, sealing them inside. The elevator began its rapid descent.

The instant they were alone, Cheyanne dropped the sweet, innocent mask. Her face twisted into an ugly sneer.

“I have Finn, I have the VP title, and I have the parents,” Cheyanne gloated, her voice dripping with venom. “How does it feel to have absolutely nothing left?”

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Allison didn't look at her. She stared straight ahead at the metal doors, allowing the silence to stretch uncomfortably.

Cheyanne, deeply irritated by the lack of reaction, stepped closer. She aggressively poked Allison's shoulder with her index finger.

Allison suddenly snapped her head sideways. Her eyes burned with a terrifying, predatory intensity. The sheer force of her glare made Cheyanne stumble back against the handrail.

“You are welcome to the cheating trash and the sinking ship of a company,” Allison whispered, her voice low and lethal.

Allison took a step forward, trapping Cheyanne against the wall. “I know you didn't write a single word of that innovative vision proposal. I recognize my own phrasing from the draft I submitted last year, the one you probably found while snooping on the shared server.”

Cheyanne's face paled instantly. The smugness vanished. She realized Allison still had access to the server metadata that could prove her plagiarism and destroy her new title.

"The higher you climb on stolen ladders," Allison warned, her breath ghosting over Cheyanne's face, "the harder you will break your neck when they fall."

The elevator dinged at the lobby level. The doors slid open to reveal a crowded reception area. Allison instantly stepped out. Her posture was regal, leaving a visibly shaken, pale Cheyanne behind in the elevator car.

Allison walked toward the exit doors. Her phone buzzed in her pocket. She pulled it out and opened a notification from Caleb Reynolds.

The email stated that Caleb had officially transferred Allison's crowning achievement, the Thompson Project, to Cheyanne's portfolio.

A new, violent level of rage ignited in Allison's chest, burning away the last of her restraint.

Allison stared at the email glowing on her phone screen. Her knuckles turned bone-white as she read Caleb's smug notification about the Thompson Project.

That project was her blood and sweat, a massive acquisition deal she had nurtured for eighteen months.

Now it was handed to Cheyanne as a shiny new toy.

She took a sharp, jagged breath. She resisted the overwhelming physical urge to hurl her phone across the polished marble lobby.

Instead of walking out the front doors, she turned on her heel and headed toward the heavy fire doors leading to the basement stairs.

She made her way down into the windowless R&D archives, where the air carried the scent of old paper and the faint tang of server ozone.

There she found her new “office,” a cheap laminate desk unceremoniously wedged between rows of tall metal filing cabinets.

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Chapter 20:

Allison set her leather briefcase down on it. A little puff of dust rose into the air, a physical representation of the complete disrespect her family had just shown her.

She sat in the cheap, squeaky chair. Her mind rapidly shifted gears, calculating exactly how to sabotage Cheyanne's handling of the Thompson Project without legally hurting the company's bottom line.

Suddenly, the heavy metal door to the archives creaked open. Enrico Langley stepped inside, looking highly uncomfortable in the dusty environment.

Enrico approached Allison's desk, lowering his voice to a hushed whisper. "I tried to stop Baker, Allison. But he holds the proxy votes. My hands are tied."

Enrico leaned against a filing cabinet. "Keep your head down. Wait for Cheyanne to inevitably fail. The Thompson group is notoriously difficult to negotiate with. She'll drown."

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Allison looked up, her eyes hard. “Thank you for your honesty, Enrico. But I don’t plan on waiting for karma to do my job.”

Enrico sighed heavily. He reached into his suit pocket and handed her a small, encrypted flash drive. “This contains the raw financial data of the Thompson deal. Baker ordered it wiped from your cloud access.”

It was a silent, dangerous act of corporate rebellion.

Allison took the drive, a spark of genuine gratitude warming her chest. She realized she still had a few valuable allies hidden in the building.

Enrico left quickly.

Allison plugged the drive into her laptop. She immediately began building a shadow portfolio, preparing to pitch the data to outside investors.

Around lunchtime, Allison walked up to the ground-floor cafeteria to grab a black coffee. She needed the caffeine to keep her focus sharp.

Her phone buzzed with an encrypted message from Emilee.

“Urgent: MKH just opened a massive short position against your top supplier. The game has begun.”

Allison stared at the screen, a slow, dangerous smile spreading across her lips as she walked back to the basement stairs.

She understood Adam’s strategy perfectly. He was creating a massive financial distraction. He was forcing Baker to focus entirely on the plummeting stock price, leaving him no time to micromanage Cheyenne’s new projects. This gave her the perfect, unmonitored blind spot to operate her new venture.

Allison spent the rest of the afternoon drafting a completely new business plan. She pivoted her strategy away from traditional commerce and into an AI-driven logistics subsidiary.

At 5:30 PM, she packed up her laptop. She felt more energized and lethally focused than she had in months.

She walked out of the Montgomery building. The chaotic evening rush hour of Manhattan swirled around her.

As she waited at the crosswalk, a sleek silver Porsche pulled up aggressively, the tires screeching as it blocked the pedestrian path.

The passenger window rolled down. Chase Carlisle and Brooke Sinclair, Finn’s obnoxious finance bro friends, leaned out.

Chase blew a thick cloud of vape smoke into the cold air. He laughed loudly, mocking Allison for the rumors swirling about her suddenly losing her golden-child status at the family firm.

Brooke laughed shrilly, adjusting her designer sunglasses. “Do you need a loan to buy a new engagement ring from a pawn shop, Allie?”

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