

Jilted heiress: marrying the untouchable tycoon

Chapter 21:

Allison ignored them completely. She stepped off the curb, trying to walk around the rear of the car.

The back door suddenly swung open. Finn stepped out onto the curb, blocking her path. He looked down at her with a sickening mixture of pity and arrogance.

“If you publicly apologize to Cheyanne, I will ask Baker to give you a real office again.”

Allison stopped dead in her tracks. She turned to face Finn slowly. Her hand slipped into her coat pocket, her fingers gripping her phone.

She was entirely ready to drop a nuclear bomb on his fragile ego.

Finn stood on the curb, adjusting his custom Rolex with a practiced flick of his wrist. He looked down at Allison, fully expecting her to break down and gratefully accept his condescending offer of help.

Allison pulled her phone from her coat pocket. Her face was terrifyingly calm, completely devoid of the heartbreak or desperation Finn expected to see.

She stepped closer to Finn, invading his personal space. She forced him to look down directly into her icy eyes.

“Your arrogance,” Allison said, her voice cutting through the street noise like a scalpel, “is almost as pathetic as your performance in the back of my Range Rover.”

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Finn’s smug expression shattered instantly. The color drained from his face. He paled, glancing nervously back at Chase and Brooke, who suddenly looked confused.

Allison unlocked her phone. She opened the secure cloud drive and hit play on the dashcam video, turning the bright screen directly toward Finn’s face.

The unmistakable, highly incriminating audio of Finn and Cheyanne’s affair started playing. It was quiet, but just loud enough for Finn to hear his own desperate groans.

Finn lunged forward. Pure panic flashed in his eyes as he tried to snatch the phone from her hands.

Allison stepped back smoothly, dodging his clumsy grasp. “If you touch me, this video goes straight to Page Six in five seconds.”

Finn froze. His hands trembled violently in the crisp evening air. He realized, with sickening clarity, that she held the detonator to his entire social and financial life.

Allison lowered her voice, ensuring only Finn could hear her next words. “The Kensington Trust Committee despises public scandals, Finn. How fast do you think your grandfather will cut you off?”

She stepped closer again, driving the final nail into his coffin. “If you or your friends ever approach me on the street again, your grandfather receives the 4K resolution file directly to his private email.”

Chase, completely oblivious to the video playing on the screen, yelled out from the car. “Finn? Why do you look like you just saw a ghost?”

Finn swallowed hard. His Adam’s apple bobbed nervously. He spun around and barked at Chase to shut up and get back in the car.

Allison smiled. It was a cold, victorious smirk that chilled Finn to the bone. “Get lost, Finn. Enjoy the scraps I left behind.”

Finn backed away, utterly humiliated and physically shaking. He practically scrambled into the backseat of the Porsche, slamming the heavy door shut.

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Chapter 22:

The Porsche sped off, running a yellow light to escape, leaving Allison standing victorious on the sidewalk.

The adrenaline left her body in a sudden, rushing wave. Her knees felt slightly weak, but her spirit was soaring higher than it had in weeks.

She hailed a yellow cab, directing the driver back to Tribeca. She felt a desperate, physical need for the quiet sanctuary of the penthouse.

The cab soon dropped her off. She rode the private elevator up, her mind replaying the deeply satisfying look of sheer terror on Finn's face.

The elevator doors opened. Before she could even step out onto the marble floor, a massive tawny blur launched toward her.

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Flora tackled her playfully. The lioness let out a happy, vibrating rumble, nearly knocking the heavy briefcase out of her hand.

Allison dropped her bag. She sank to her knees on the cold marble floor and wrapped her arms tightly around the lioness's thick, muscular neck. She buried her face in Flora's coarse fur, the animal's simple, uncomplicated presence slowly chipping away at the icy armor she had worn all day. A dry, exhausted laugh escaped her lips.

Flora licked Allison's forehead with her rough tongue, sensing Allison's emotional exhaustion. The beast gently nudged Allison's shoulder, guiding her toward the plush living room sofa.

Allison sat on the sofa. Flora rested her massive, heavy head directly in Allison's lap. The rhythmic, deep purring acted like a physical sedative, calming Allison's frayed nerves.

As the adrenaline faded, a profound wave of isolation washed over Allison. In this entire city, only one person knew the truth of her new life. It wasn't a desire for comfort, she told herself firmly, but a strategic necessity to gauge her new partner's state of mind after his aggressive market move.

With that clinical justification, her thumb hovered over the contact labeled with a single, imposing "K" and hit the video call button.

She just wanted to show Adam his terrifying daughter acting like an overgrown house cat.

The phone rang twice before connecting. The screen buffered.

Allison smiled brightly at the camera, completely unaware of the cutthroat environment Adam was currently dominating.

The FaceTime call connected. The screen cleared, revealing Adam sitting at the head of a massive, sleek glass conference table in Zurich.

Behind Adam, Allison could see the blurred faces of at least a dozen terrified-looking European executives. They were all wearing sharp, conservative suits, their postures rigid with tension.

Adam was wearing a bespoke navy suit. His face was a mask of absolute, terrifying authority. He was clearly in the middle of a brutal, hostile negotiation.

Allison realized her mistake instantly. Her eyes widened in horror. She stammered a frantic apology, her thumb scrambling across the screen to hit the red end-call button.

Before she could hang up, Adam raised a single, large hand. The gesture instantly silenced the entire boardroom. The executives stared at Adam, utterly shocked that the Ice King of Wall Street had interrupted a billion-dollar merger for a personal phone call.

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Chapter 23:

Adam's dark eyes locked onto the phone screen. His voice came through the speaker. It was low, gravelly, and surprisingly gentle. "What's wrong?"

Allison blushed deeply. The heat rushed to her cheeks. Her professional armor vanished completely as she sat on the sofa with messy hair and a lioness in her lap.

She nervously flipped the camera view. She showed Flora resting her massive head heavily on Allison's knee, letting out a deep, vibrating rumble that was loud enough to distort the microphone.

"Your daughter is a giant baby," Allison told him, a nervous laugh escaping her lips. "She just wanted to say goodnight."

The unexpected sound of a woman's soft laugh and a strange, deep rumble cut through the sterile silence of the Zurich boardroom. The executives closest to Adam flinched, startled by the intrusion of such an intimate sound into their high-stakes world.

Adam's cold, predatory eyes softened completely. A genuine, breathtaking smile touched his lips as he watched his new wife and his beast bond. The harsh lines of his face melted away.

The European executives exchanged panicked, bewildered glances. None of them had ever seen Adam smile in their lives.

One executive whispered to another in rapid German, assuming the beautiful American woman on the screen must be his highly secretive sugar baby.

Another executive whispered back, noting the word “daughter.” He assumed Adam had a secret child, completely misunderstanding the context of the lioness on the screen.

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Adam ignored the whispers entirely. He spoke softly into the phone, his tone deeply protective. “Make sure the security system is fully armed before you sleep, Allison.”

Allison promised she would. A strange, warm flutter erupted in her chest at his protective tone. She quickly ended the call to let him get back to his corporate war. The screen went black.

Adam set the phone face down on the glass table. His expression snapped back to terrifying indifference in a fraction of a second. He looked at the sweating executives. His voice was like cracking ice. “Return to the liquidation clause. Now.”

The executives scrambled to open their folders. They were absolutely terrified of the man who could switch from a gentle lover to an apex predator in a millisecond.

Back in New York, Allison tossed her phone onto the sofa cushion. She pressed her cool hands against her burning cheeks, trying to calm her racing heart.

She realized she had just interrupted a major corporate event, and Adam didn't yell at her. Instead, he validated her presence in front of his board.

Meanwhile, at a high-end, neon-lit club in Manhattan, Finn and Cheyanne were popping expensive champagne in a VIP booth.

Cheyanne was busy posting selfies with her new, massive engagement ring, celebrating her unearned promotion to VP of Commerce.

Finn forced a tight smile for the camera. He downed his drink in one gulp. His hands were still slightly clammy, deeply rattled by the dashcam video threat from Allison.

Cheyanne noticed his distraction. She aggressively kissed his jaw, demanding his full attention, her possessiveness showing through her sweet facade.

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Chapter 24:

Finn pulled away slightly, rubbing his temples. He made a weak excuse about a headache. His mind was entirely consumed by the image of Allison's cold, victorious eyes on the street.

Allison, completely unaware of Finn's misery, turned off the penthouse lights. She felt a strange, unfamiliar sense of belonging in the massive space. She walked to the master bedroom.

Flora trailed closely behind her like a massive, lethal guard dog.

Allison fell asleep feeling protected, completely unprepared for the psychological warfare Cheyanne was planning for her office tomorrow morning.

The next morning, Allison woke up feeling surprisingly refreshed. The lingering warmth of Adam's voice from the video call last night gave her an unexpected, solid boost of confidence.

She left Flora sleeping in a bright patch of sunlight on the rug. She took an Uber down to a chic, minimalist cafe in Soho to meet Emilee before heading to the corporate battlefield.

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Emilee was already sitting in a corner booth. She was typing furiously on her laptop, nursing a massive iced matcha latte.

Allison slid into the booth across from Emilee. She ordered a black coffee and quickly recounted the events of yesterday: the humiliating demotion, the stolen Thompson project, and Finn's absolute terror on the street.

Emilee cheered loudly at the story of Finn's humiliation, earning a sharp glare from a nearby barista. But her expression quickly turned serious regarding the corporate demotion.

"Fighting Cheyanne for traditional commerce projects is a losing game," Emilee pointed out, tapping her manicured nail against her cup. "As long as Baker controls the board's proxy votes, you will always lose."

Allison gave a nod, then took out her tablet and pushed it across the table to Emilee, revealing the rough draft of her new business plan: a highly advanced, AI-powered logistics subsidiary.

“Montgomery Group’s supply chain is ancient,” Allison explained, her eyes gleaming with strategic calculation. “If I build this tech, I can force the board to rely entirely on my infrastructure. I bypass Baker entirely.”

Emilee’s eyes widened as she read the projections.

She realized the sheer brilliance of the plan.

It was a Trojan horse, designed to take over the company from the inside out.

“This is genius,” Emilee whispered. “But you will need serious seed capital to hire top-tier developers.”

Allison tapped her finger on the table. A calculating, dangerous look settled in her eyes. “I have a very wealthy, very silent partner. Adam Kensington.”

Emilee choked on her matcha. She coughed violently, grabbing a napkin. “Are you seriously planning to ask the Ice King for venture capital?”

“It’s part of our NDA,” Allison stated smoothly, ignoring the flutter in her chest. “He provides the capital, I provide the PR shield. It’s strictly business.”

Emilee raised a highly skeptical eyebrow. “If it’s strictly business, why are you blushing when you talk about him?”

Allison aggressively denied blushing. She blamed the Soho cafe’s overactive heating system and quickly changed the subject back to networking.

Emilee agreed to use her PR firm’s extensive contacts to set up discreet meetings with top-tier AI developers who were unhappy at their current tech firms.

They finalized the initial timeline.

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Allison needed to secure the talent before she officially pitched the subsidiary to the Montgomery board.

Allison checked her Rolex. It was 8:45 AM. She needed to get to the basement archives to start her “punishment” shift.

She hugged Emilee goodbye, feeling a renewed, fierce sense of purpose.

She wasn’t a victim. She was a founder.

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Allison took the subway to the financial district. She used the noisy commute to mentally prepare her pitch for the developers. She walked into the Montgomery Group lobby. She completely ignored the lingering, pitying stares of the reception staff.

Her armor was fully back in place.

She bypassed the VIP executive elevator entirely. She took the slow service elevator down to the sub-level R&D department.

The basement was usually dead quiet, filled only with the humming of servers and the smell of dust. But today, she heard loud, obnoxious pop music echoing down the concrete hallway.

Allison frowned. Her strategic mindset was violently interrupted by the bizarre noise.

She walked briskly toward her assigned office space. She noticed several junior R&D technicians standing awkwardly in the hallway. They looked incredibly uncomfortable and actively avoided her gaze.

A young intern gave her a deeply sympathetic, almost pitying look as she approached her door.

Allison stopped in front of her office door. She noticed immediately that the standard frosted glass had been covered with cheap, glittery decals.

Her stomach dropped. A sudden spike of hot anger overrode her calm exterior. She realized exactly who had been here.

Allison reached out. Her hand gripped the cold metal door handle tightly. She braced herself for whatever childish, toxic sabotage lay beyond the door.

She pushed the door open forcefully. The loud pop music blasted her eardrums, and she stepped into a nightmare of psychological gaslighting.

Allison pushed the door open. The heavy bass of the pop music vibrated directly through the floorboards, rattling her teeth.

She stopped dead in her tracks. Her previously sterile, dusty office had been aggressively plastered with blinding, nauseatingly pink peel-and-stick wallpaper, the seams hastily matched.

Cheap, neon-pink feathery boas were draped haphazardly over her computer monitor. A bright neon sign reading “Girl Boss” flashed obnoxiously on the back wall, casting a harsh pink glare over the room.

Cheyanne was standing in the center of the room, holding a pink clipboard. She was flanked by two senior HR representatives and Caleb.

Cheyanne clasped her hands together. Her eyes were wide and sickeningly innocent.

She squealed over the loud music, “Allie! Do you absolutely love the makeover?”

Caleb smirked, leaning lazily against the doorframe. He was clearly enjoying the psychological torture being inflicted on the former golden child.

Allison stood frozen for exactly three seconds. Her analytical mind processed the sheer, toxic audacity of the gaslighting attempt.

Cheyenne stepped forward, placing a hand gently on Allison's arm. She projected her voice loudly so the HR reps could hear. "I just wanted to cheer my big sister up after her demotion! You looked so sad yesterday."

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