

Jilted heiress: marrying the untouchable tycoon

Chapter 26:

The HR representatives nodded sympathetically at Cheyanne. They completely bought the narrative of the caring, supportive cousin trying to help a bitter employee.

Allison looked down at Cheyanne's hand resting on her sleeve. Her expression twisted into a mask of absolute, terrifying disgust.

Allison stepped back sharply, breaking the physical contact. She walked purposefully over to the Bluetooth speaker and violently yanked the power cord straight from the wall socket.

The sudden silence in the room was deafening.

The HR reps shifted uncomfortably, realizing the tension in the room was rapidly reaching a boiling point.

Cheyenne's lower lip quivered perfectly. Her voice trembled with fake hurt. "Why are you being so ungrateful, Allie? I worked all night on this for you."

Allison turned around. Her eyes locked onto Cheyanne like a sniper acquiring a target. “Plastering a corporate office in cheap pink wallpaper and adding cheap boas is not support,” Allison stated, her voice cutting like shattered glass. “It is a calculated insult designed to make me look like a joke.”

Allison turned her lethal gaze to the HR representatives. “I demand to know what section of the employee handbook authorizes the vandalism of company property.”

The senior HR rep stammered, looking nervously at Caleb for help. “Cheyanne authorized it as a... a team-building initiative.”

Allison let out a sharp, humorless laugh. She shook her head at the absolute, systemic corruption of the department.

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Cheyanne started to force real tears. She cried loudly, “You always hate everything I do! You’re just jealous of me and Finn!”

Allison stepped directly into Cheyanne’s space. She towered over Cheyanne, her aura radiating pure, unadulterated menace.

“Drop the victim act,” Allison ordered, explicitly stating the truth. “You are a manipulative parasite, and this cheap pink paint perfectly matches your personality.”

Cheyenne gasped dramatically. She stepped back, playing the terrified victim for the HR reps, who immediately stepped forward to intervene.

Allison ignored HR entirely. She walked over to her desk, grabbed her laptop, and violently swept the feathery boas into the trash can.

She turned to Caleb. “Inform Baker that I am officially taking my accrued PTO, effective immediately.”

Caleb stuttered, trying to reassert his authority. “You can’t just leave during a transition period, Allison!”

Allison walked right past him. She dropped her shoulder and checked him hard against the doorframe, knocking him off balance.

“I just did.”

She walked down the hallway, leaving Cheyenne sobbing fake tears in the pink disaster zone. She refused to play their toxic game for one more second.

Allison rode the elevator up to the lobby. Her heart pounded with heavy adrenaline. She realized she had officially drawn the battle lines.

She stepped out of the building into the bright Manhattan sunlight. She pulled out her phone and fired off a rapid text to Emilee. “I need a direct line to Adam Kensington’s right-hand man, Kip Downs. Now.”

Less than a minute later, a contact card appeared on her screen. She tapped the number. The line connected instantly.

Allison stared up at the Montgomery Group logo on the building.

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Chapter 27:

“Kip,” Allison stated coldly, her voice devoid of any hesitation. “Tell Adam I’m cashing in my chips. It’s time to burn Montgomery Group to the ground.”

“Burn them all to the ground. Mr. Kensington will foot the bill.” Kip’s voice still echoed in her ears as Allison lowered the phone from her ear. The cold Manhattan wind whipped across the pavement, stinging her cheeks, but she barely felt it. A cold, absolute resolve settled in her chest, a stark contrast to the chaos she had just unleashed. But before she could even begin to map out her next tactical move, her heart hammered a violent, heavy rhythm against her ribs. She took a deep, jagged breath, forcing the adrenaline down into her stomach.

Her phone vibrated violently in her palm. A high-priority email notification flashed across the screen. The sender was listed as a core logistics supplier for the Montgomery Group.

She tapped the screen. The email contained a severe breach of contract warning. She opened the attached PDF. It was a termination agreement, stamped with a digital signature that looked exactly like hers.

Her jaw locked. The muscles in her neck pulled tight. Cheyanne was not just taking her projects. She was actively forging documents to make Allison legally liable for the fallout.

A flash of black metal caught her eye. A familiar Montgomery family Lincoln Town Car idled at the corner of the intersection. The driver had his window rolled down slightly, speaking rapidly into a handheld radio while staring directly at her.

A cold prickle of awareness washed over her skin. They were tracking her physical movements.

Allison did not hesitate. She pressed her thumb hard against the power button of her phone, holding it down until the screen went completely black. She shoved the dead device deep into her coat pocket, severing their digital leash.

She turned sharply, blending instantly into the dense, fast-moving crowd of afternoon commuters. She kept her head down, weaving aggressively through two full city blocks until the heavy feeling of being watched finally faded from the back of her neck.

She descended the concrete stairs of a subway station. The smell of hot metal and damp earth filled her lungs. She bypassed the digital kiosks, using a crumpled twenty-dollar bill to buy a single-ride paper ticket. She pushed through the turnstile and boarded a train heading deep into Brooklyn.

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Miles away, inside the silent, climate-controlled study of the Tribeca penthouse, Adam Kensington sat on a custom leather sofa. A massive stack of European merger documents rested on his lap.

His private phone, resting on the glass coffee table, suddenly emitted a piercing, high-pitched alarm. The screen flashed a red error code. The GPS signal attached to his wife had vanished.

Adam stood up so fast the heavy documents spilled onto the rug. His large hand gripped the expensive fountain pen he had been holding. The thick resin casing snapped cleanly in half with a sharp crack. Black ink bled over his knuckles.

His dark eyes narrowed into slits of pure, unadulterated violence.

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Chapter 28:

He pulled a secondary encrypted phone from his pocket and pressed a single speed-dial button. “Juan,” Adam ordered, his voice a low, gravelly threat. “Allison’s signal just went dark off Wall Street. I need eyes on her. Initiate the ‘Beacon’ protocol. I want our asset

inside the NYPD data center to pull all traffic and transit camera feeds for that corridor. Now.”

Juan’s voice was calm and immediate. “Sir, accessing the city’s main hub will require bypassing three firewalls. Expect a ninety-second delay. Executing.”

Adam walked over to the floor-to-ceiling windows overlooking the city. He pulled out a sleek tablet. His fingers moved with brutal efficiency, not to invade Allison’s privacy, but to access the secure server that monitored all communications directed at his known associates. He pulled up a log of all incoming calls and texts to Allison’s now-offline number for the last hour.

Lines of code cascaded across the screen before settling on her final received messages. The last text she received before going dark was from Katharine Montgomery.

Adam read the message. The words were a vile, toxic stream of abuse, calling Allison a bitter, jealous failure who deserved to be thrown out on the street.

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A muscle feathered in Adam’s jaw. He stared at the screen as if it were a physical enemy. With two precise taps, he routed a command through a private server, placing Katharine’s number on a maximum-level blackhole block across all of Allison’s devices, and meticulously scrubbed every trace of the garbage text from her cloud backup.

The screen flashed. A notification from Juan popped up. Facial recognition software had caught a brief glimpse of Allison's face on a platform camera at a Brooklyn subway station.

Adam stared at the coordinates. "Lock down a two-block radius around her position," he commanded into the phone. "Do not let anyone approach her."

In Brooklyn, Allison pushed open the heavy glass door of a faded, retro diner. The bell above the door jingled weakly. The air inside was thick with the smell of old coffee and frying bacon.

She walked past the counter and slid into the furthest corner booth, keeping her back to the wall and her eyes away from the windows.

A tired waitress dropped a laminated menu on the sticky table. Allison ordered a black coffee. She asked to borrow a ballpoint pen and pulled a stack of cheap paper napkins from the metal dispenser.

She clicked the pen. She channeled the burning acid in her stomach straight into her hand. She began writing furiously on the thin paper, sketching out the core architectural framework of her AI logistics subsidiary.

Juan's voice crackled through the earpiece in Adam's ear. "Target is stationary inside a diner. Do you want a team to extract her to the penthouse?"

Adam looked at the live feed Juan had routed to his tablet. He watched the grainy, overhead footage of Allison sitting alone in the dingy booth. Her shoulders were hunched over the table, her hand moving rapidly.

The violent rage in his chest slowly dissolved, replaced by a heavy, physical ache behind his ribs.

“No,” Adam said softly. “Clear the perimeter of any threats. Let her work.”

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Chapter 29:

Allison drained the last drop of lukewarm coffee from her thick ceramic mug. Her hand cramped from writing. She carefully folded the napkins, now covered in dense data models, and slipped them into the inner pocket of her coat.

She left a five-dollar bill on the table and walked out the door. The Brooklyn night air hit her lungs like shards of ice.

Before she could take three steps, a massive, armored black Maybach glided silently to the curb, blocking the freezing wind.

The tinted rear window rolled down with a soft hum. Adam sat in the shadows of the backseat. The ambient street light caught the sharp, unforgiving angles of his face.

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“Get in,” Adam commanded. His tone left absolutely no room for negotiation.

Allison stood frozen on the cracked pavement. She stared at the man who seemed to materialize out of thin air the exact moment she needed an army. A tiny, terrifying crack formed in the thick armor surrounding her heart.

Allison stared into the dark interior of the Maybach. She hesitated for exactly one second before pulling the heavy door open and sliding into the backseat.

The door shut with a solid, hermetic thud. The harsh noise of the Brooklyn street vanished. The cabin was suffocatingly warm, smelling intensely of cedarwood and the expensive tobacco Adam favored.

Adam did not ask why her phone was off. He did not ask why she was in Brooklyn immediately. He simply reached into the cup holder and handed her a steaming paper cup of Starbucks dark roast.

Allison took the cup. Her freezing fingertips brushed against his large, warm palm. A sudden jolt of static electricity snapped between their skin. She pulled her hand back quickly, her throat tight.

“Thank you,” she murmured, staring down at the plastic lid.

“How did you even find me?” she asked, her voice slightly raspy from the cold, eyeing the dark partition separating them from the driver.

“My security grid is significantly more efficient than your uncle’s pathetic paparazzi,” Adam replied, his dark eyes scanning her face for any signs of physical harm. “Tell me exactly what happened to trigger a complete communications blackout.”

The Maybach glided smoothly away from the curb and merged onto the bridge, the thick windows blurring the glittering Manhattan skyline. Adam kept his gaze fixed straight ahead on the partition. “How much starting capital does that AI logistics setup on those napkins actually require?”

Allison's head jerked up. Her heart pounded in her ears. She looked at his sharp profile, her thoughts spinning; he had known all along what she was up to inside that random diner.

"My security personnel have excellent eyesight," Adam stated smoothly, adjusting his silver cufflink. His voice was perfectly flat, betraying nothing of the digital surveillance network he had weaponized to find her.

Allison forced her breathing to slow. She pushed down the spike of paranoia. She needed his money more than she needed privacy. She straightened her spine against the leather seat.

"Twenty million," Allison said, her voice dropping into a cold, professional register. "For the initial development phase and poaching top-tier engineers."

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Chapter 30:

Adam reached into the inner pocket of his suit jacket. He pulled out a thick, black envelope stamped with gold foil. He tossed it casually onto the empty space on the seat between them.

Allison picked it up. She slid her manicured nail under the flap. It was a VIP invitation to the Stone family's silver anniversary charity gala.

"Every venture capitalist in New York looking to pivot into AI will be in that room tomorrow night," Adam said. "It is your hunting ground."

Allison stared at the embossed lettering. The Stone family was old money. They were notoriously exclusive. "Baker has been trying to get an invitation to this gala for five years. They don't let just anyone in."

Adam turned his head slowly. His dark eyes locked onto hers. The sheer arrogance radiating from him was a physical weight in the car. "You are not just anyone. You are Mrs. Kensington. Your name opens vaults."

The Maybach descended into the private underground parking garage of the Tribeca high-rise. They rode the biometric elevator up in heavy silence.

The doors slid open to the penthouse. Before Allison could step fully onto the marble floor, Flora bounded around the corner. The massive lioness let out a vibrating chuff and rubbed her heavy body aggressively against Allison's shins.

Allison dropped her bag. She crouched down, burying her hands in the thick fur behind the lioness's ears. The tight knot of anxiety in her chest instantly unspooled. Her shoulders dropped.

Adam stood by the elevator. He watched Allison press her cheek against the beast. A muscle feathered in his jaw. A rare, unguarded softness flooded his eyes before he turned sharply and walked into his study.

The next morning, Allison sat in the glass-walled sunroom. The bright light washed over her laptop screen. She spent hours cross-referencing the Stone gala guest list, targeting specific Silicon Valley executives who hated the Montgomery Group's outdated supply chain.

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She translated the messy ink on her napkins into a ruthless, highly aggressive PowerPoint deck.

At noon, the doorbell chimed. Adam's executive assistant, Leo, stood in the foyer. He was flanked by a rolling garment rack covered in opaque black dust bags.

"Mr. Kensington requested you have options for your armor tonight, ma'am," Leo said respectfully. He handed her a sleek, heavy black card. "And this is for your accessories."

Allison looked down. It was a Centurion Card, the legendary black card with no spending limit. A heavy lump formed in her throat. She felt a dangerous mix of deep gratitude and sharp caution.

"Tell him thank you," Allison said. She declined Leo's offer to send up a styling team. She needed to control her own presentation.

She changed into a tailored beige trench coat. She slipped the heavy black card into her pocket and took an Uber straight to Fifth Avenue.

She walked into the Bergdorf Goodman department store, bypassing the crowded main floors. She took the private elevator directly to the VIP jewelry suite.

Jessica, the senior associate, rushed forward with a tray of champagne. Allison sat on the velvet sofa, requesting a piece that commanded absolute authority.

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