

Jilted heiress: marrying the untouchable tycoon

Chapter 31:

Just as Jessica turned toward the vault, she paused. “Ma’am, I should inform you, the adjacent suite is currently occupied by the Kensington party. Would you prefer I arrange a more discreet exit for you afterward?”

Before Allison could reply, the connecting door between the two private suites swung open.

Cheyanne strutted into the room, clinging tightly to Finn’s arm.

Cheyanne’s obnoxious, high-pitched laugh echoed off the crystal chandeliers. She stepped onto the plush carpet in her Chanel heels. Her eyes swept the room and landed on the velvet sofa. The laugh died instantly in her throat.

Finn followed her gaze. He froze. He stared at Allison’s flawless, makeup-free face and the effortless way she wore the beige trench coat. A muscle twitched in his jaw. He swallowed hard.

Allison did not blink. She lifted her champagne flute, took a slow sip, and looked right through them as if they were cheap furniture.

Cheyanne's face flushed an ugly, mottled red. She hated being ignored. She yanked Finn's arm, dragging him to the sofa directly across from Allison. She sat down with an exaggerated huff, crossing her legs aggressively.

Jessica emerged from the vault carrying a black velvet tray. Resting in the center was a breathtaking, heavy emerald necklace surrounded by flawless diamonds.

"This just arrived from Geneva, Mrs. Kensington," Jessica said softly, presenting the tray to Allison. "It requires a certain strength to wear."

Cheyanne leaned forward. Greed flashed in her eyes. She pointed a manicured finger at the tray. "I want to try that on right now."

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Jessica shifted uncomfortably. She kept the tray angled toward Allison. "I apologize, but this piece is currently being viewed by this client. We must follow protocol."

Cheyanne let out a sharp, mocking laugh. She looked around the room, making sure the other wealthy women browsing nearby could hear her. "Protocol? She doesn't have a dime. My uncle froze all her corporate cards yesterday. She can't even afford the velvet box it comes in."

Finn sat silently. He did not defend Allison. He leaned back against the cushions, watching her with a sickening, expectant look, waiting for her to beg him for a bailout.

Allison slowly lowered her champagne glass to the table. She looked up. Her eyes were dead and cold.

“Jessica,” Allison said, her voice cutting through the room like a blade. “I will take the emeralds. And package the ruby drop earrings from the front display with them.”

Cheyenne jumped to her feet, her voice shrill and panicked. “She is lying! She is bluffing! Make her prove she has the funds before you waste your time!”

Allison reached into the pocket of her trench coat. She pulled out the heavy metal Centurion Card between her index and middle fingers.

She flicked her wrist. The solid titanium card hit the glass coffee table with a loud, heavy clack that silenced the entire room.

The black card sat there, absorbing the light.

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