

Jilted heiress: marrying the untouchable tycoon

Chapter 32:

Finn's pupils dilated. The blood drained completely from his face. A cold sweat broke out on the back of his neck. He worked in finance. He knew exactly what that card meant. It required a level of liquid capital that made the Montgomery family look like peasants.

Jessica gasped softly. She bowed her head deeply, scooping the card off the table with both hands. "Right away, ma'am. I will process this immediately."

Cheyanne's mouth opened and closed like a dying fish. Her face twisted into a mask of pure, ugly jealousy. She pointed a shaking finger at Allison. "You whore. Who is paying for that? Which old, disgusting man are you sleeping with?"

Allison stood up. She smoothed the front of her coat. She took two steps forward, closing the distance until she was inches from Cheyanne's face.

"I don't need to sleep with garbage to get what I want," Allison whispered, her voice dripping with lethal contempt. "I leave the used goods to you."

Cheyanne let out a furious shriek. She raised her right hand, aiming a violent slap directly at Allison's cheek.

Allison's reflexes were instantaneous. Her hand shot up, her fingers wrapping around Cheyanne's thin wrist like a steel vice. She squeezed hard, digging her thumb into the bone.

Cheyanne whimpered in pain. Allison shoved her arm backward with brutal force.

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Cheyanne lost her balance. Her ankles wobbled in her high heels, and she crashed hard onto the velvet sofa, her skirt riding up her thighs.

Finn rushed forward to catch her, but his hands stopped mid-air. His eyes were glued to the gap in Allison's trench coat, staring at the sharp, perfect curve of her waist.

Allison caught his lingering, hungry stare. A wave of pure nausea rolled through her stomach.

Jessica returned with two massive, beautifully wrapped shopping bags and a receipt. Allison signed the slip with a smooth, aggressive stroke of the pen.

She took the bags. She turned her back on the pathetic couple and walked out of the heavy wooden doors. Her spine was perfectly straight, her aura absolute.

Inside the suite, Cheyanne screamed in frustration. She grabbed her champagne flute and hurled it at the wall. The glass shattered into a hundred pieces.

The violent noise instantly drew the attention of two broad-shouldered security guards in immaculate dark suits, who appeared at the carved wooden doors with blank, uncompromising expressions.

Jessica's face drained of color as she stepped back from the shattered crystal.

"Sir, Miss," Jessica said, her voice dropping to a rigid, icy professional tone, "I am afraid I must ask you to leave the premises immediately."

The sharp noise and the ensuing humiliation echoed Finn's crushing realization that he had lost something he could never afford to buy back.

The black sedan pulled up to the curb outside the luxury hotel bordering Central Park. Allison stepped out into the crisp night air.

She wore a backless, floor-length black gown that fit her body like a second skin. The heavy emerald necklace rested against her collarbone, absorbing the flashes of the paparazzi cameras lining the velvet rope.

