

Jilted heiress: marrying the untouchable tycoon

Chapter 34:

Kip burst out laughing. He nearly spilled his drink on his velvet lapel. He waved his hand dismissively. “Medical rumors? God, no. Adam’s ‘health problems’ only seem to flare up around people he considers a monumental waste of time. Clearly, he doesn’t see you that way.”

A cold, heavy block of ice dropped into Allison’s stomach, not because she’d just learned Adam’s true nature, but because Kip’s words confirmed her worst fear: Adam’s interest in her wasn’t just transactional. He saw her as a pawn, yes, but one worth watching closely, and that made him far more dangerous than she’d initially calculated.

Emilee’s initial intelligence report had been dangerously incomplete. She knew Adam was the founder of MK Holdings, the so-called “Wall Street phantom,” and she’d long since acknowledged she was “backed by the most ruthless predator on Wall Street.” But Kip’s casual admission laid bare the extent of Adam’s reach: the signature on the marriage contract, the unlimited black card, the brutal market manipulation of her suppliers. It all slammed together in her mind. She hadn’t married a convenient, impotent puppet, that had never been her delusion. She had willingly shackled herself to the most ruthless financial warlord on the eastern seaboard, and now she realized he’d been pulling her strings all along.

“But don’t worry,” Kip added, leaning closer, lowering his voice conspiratorially. “He’s more than happy to let you use his name to completely screw over his nephew Finn. He hates that side of the family.”

She locked her jaw. She shoved the sharp sting of being outmaneuvered deep down. She didn't need a husband. She needed a bank, and Adam, for all his manipulation, was the most powerful one she had access to.

"I don't care about his family drama," Allison said, her voice dropping twenty degrees, cold and unyielding. "I care about his capital."

Kip blinked, genuinely startled by the sudden, terrifying coldness in her eyes, a fire he hadn't seen in her even during their tense phone call. He chuckled nervously. "You're definitely his type."

Allison ignored the comment. She steered the conversation violently back to her funding requirements, her tone sharp and unrelenting, the same resolve that had made her demand his direct contact information weeks earlier.

Kip pointed his glass toward the center of the room. "Your tech is solid, but you need a visual hook. See her? That's April. The biggest installation artist in Europe right now. Get her to design the physical interface of your logistics hubs, and the VC money will beg you to take it."

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Allison looked at the woman surrounded by a crowd of admirers. A fierce, competitive fire ignited in her chest, the same fire that had driven her to build her subsidiary from the ground up, that had made her outmaneuver her rivals time and again.

She nodded a curt thanks to Kip. She turned her back on him and marched directly toward the artist, her heels clicking aggressively on the marble floor, a clear signal that she wouldn't be distracted, not by Adam's games, not by Kip's surveillance.

Kip watched her walk away. He pulled his phone from his pocket and typed a rapid text to Adam: "Your little wife is significantly more dangerous than you think."

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