

Jilted heiress: marrying the untouchable tycoon

Chapter 35:

Allison pushed through the dense crowd of socialites. She stopped directly in front of April, who was staring blankly at a massive, chaotic abstract painting hanging on the hotel wall.

Allison did not offer a fake compliment. She pointed at the canvas. “The artist failed to resolve the visual tension in the lower quadrant. It’s exactly like a broken supply chain. High energy input, zero efficient output.”

April turned her head slowly and looked at the woman in the black gown and heavy emeralds, her eyebrows lifting in surprise. Then a slow, genuine smile spread across the artist’s face. Allison immediately began outlining her vision, transforming cold, sterile logistics data into massive, kinetic light installations placed across global shipping hubs. The conversation ignited. April was deeply engaged, gesturing animatedly as they explored the intersection of brutal corporate efficiency and high art.

Kip strolled over, a fresh drink in his hand. He smiled brightly, interrupting their flow. “I see the pitch is going well. Let me start a group chat so we can formalize the introduction.”

Kip pulled out his phone. Allison reached into her clutch to retrieve hers.

Before she could unlock the screen, the phone vibrated violently in her palm. An incoming audio call flashed on the display. The caller ID was a single letter: K.

Allison's stomach tightened. She remembered Kip's words about being a pawn. She excused herself politely to April and walked quickly down a quiet, carpeted hallway away from the music.

Outside the hotel, parked in the shadows across the street, Adam sat in the back of the Maybach. His eyes were locked onto a sleek tablet. His on-site security detail, a discreet man in a dark suit who had been blending into the background all evening, had just messaged him. The message was simple: Target has moved to an isolated corridor. A blinking red dot on a floorplan showed her moving away from the crowded ballroom.

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Allison swiped the screen. She pressed the phone to her ear. "Mr. Kensington. To what do I owe the pleasure?" Her voice was laced with heavy, deliberate sarcasm.

Adam's voice vibrated through the speaker, low and rough with irritation. "Step away from Kip Downs. He is a degenerate who talks too much."

Allison leaned back against the cool wallpaper. She let out a dry, humorless laugh. "He talks just enough. He told me my silent partner is actually a Wall Street tyrant who eats companies for breakfast."

Silence stretched over the line for two agonizing seconds.

Then Adam laughed. It was a dark, magnetic sound that sent a physical shiver straight down Allison's spine.

"If you know I am a tyrant," Adam said, his voice dropping to a dangerous, possessive whisper, "then you know I do not share what belongs to me."

Allison's breath hitched. Her pulse hammered in her throat. She gripped the phone tighter, fighting the sudden, overwhelming heat rushing to her cheeks. "We have a contract. I am not your property."

Adam ignored her completely. "Open your contacts."

Allison frowned, her brow furrowing. "Why?"

"Open it," he commanded. The absolute authority in his voice left no room for debate.

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