

Chapter 851 Not My Type

At that instant, Allan understood one truth beyond doubt. His heart had started beating for Adah long before she ever shed her "plain bumpkin" disguise. Even while she had hidden behind awkward clothes, sparred with him relentlessly, and managed to win a fortune from him through her tricks, he had tolerated it all.

Yet, instead of resenting her, a curious flutter had begun growing inside him, a sensation he couldn't name back then. Only now did he realize those were the first hints of love. Her fierce spirit and fearless wit had managed to slip past every wall around his heart.

Sadly, his frustration with his family's meddling in his marriage had made him ignore those feelings, and he'd rushed to sever the tie between them. If anyone else had treated him that way, he never would have let it slide, not even for someone impossibly beautiful.

Later on, when he had crossed paths with the beautiful "Ava" and found himself instantly drawn to her, it had never been a new infatuation at all. It was simply the original flame rekindled.

His conscious mind had insisted they were two separate women, but deep down, he had always been chasing Adah's soul, not just her looks. Even if she reverted to her earlier "ugly" appearance, nothing would have changed. Shallow attachments weren't his style; he craved a bond deeper than surface beauty. Yet, explaining all of this tangled emotion to Adah was out of the question. No wonder she mistook him for the kind of guy who only cared about appearances.

Meanwhile, Adah had no clue what was happening behind Allan's quiet stare. As she caught the shift in his gaze, a sharp laugh broke from her lips. To her, Allan was not just shallow and stubborn; he was hopelessly absurd. He was spouting nonsense in a last-ditch attempt to win her back. She saw no reason to decipher his motives, nor any desire to try. All she wanted was to put as much distance between them as possible.

Before leaving, she shot him a warning over her shoulder. "Grab my hand in public one more time, and you'll lose the arm!"

Suddenly, a gentle, familiar voice floated from behind. "Adah?"

Surprise flickered in Adah's eyes as she turned to see Allan's grandfather, Raymond, standing nearby.

Although Allan drove Adah up the wall, Raymond had always shown her genuine warmth and care. She slipped into her most polite, cheerful smile. "Raymond, it's so good to see you."

Raymond's face brightened, and then, just as Adah relaxed, he dropped a question that felt like a bolt of lightning. "Adah, have you and Allan settled things? When can I expect a wedding and a chubby little great-grandchild to spoil?"

This left Adah questioning her grip on reality. A look of shock crossed her face as she stared at Raymond. "Surely you remember, Allan and I ended our engagement ages ago. You agreed to it yourself. I even walked away with a billion as a settlement."

No trace of recognition appeared in Raymond's eyes. He blinked, seemingly puzzled. "Did all that actually happen?"

A realization hit her. The fact that Raymond recognized her instantly, even without her old disguise, could only mean one thing: Allan had already filled him in. That explained everything. Allan had clearly played his cards first, winning over his grandfather before this meeting. What a crafty move.

Now, both men were pretending the broken engagement had never existed. Since there had never been a signed document dissolving it, Adah found herself at a loss; she had no evidence to back her claim.

"Was it just a lover's quarrel, Adah?" Raymond's cheerful smile didn't falter. "All young couples argue from time to time, but tossing around talk of breakups is asking for trouble! If Allan ever upsets you, just let me know. I'll teach him a lesson for you, I'll thrash him myself if I must!"

Living up to his promise, Raymond whacked Allan sharply on the shin with his cane, shooting him a no-nonsense glare.

Allan barely suppressed a grimace, knowing better than to dodge his grandfather's wrath.

Adah couldn't help but be torn between laughter and disbelief. "How can someone your age still lie, Raymond?"

"Oh my, look at the time—I've worked up quite an appetite!" Acting as though he hadn't heard her at all, Raymond pivoted and headed straight for the buffet. "I'm going to get some food. You two enjoy your time together!"

Raymond made a quick exit toward the buffet, leaving Adah staring after him in exasperation.

Once Raymond was out of earshot, she turned on Allan, leveling him with a frosty glare. "Absolutely shameless."

Allan just grinned, unfazed by her words. "Hungry? Let's get you some food."

"You know what, Allan? Even if you weren't a shallow jerk, and even if you hadn't broken off our engagement the way you did, I still wouldn't choose to marry you. You don't even come close to being my type," Adah said sharply without holding back.

"What kind of man do you go for, then?" Allan asked, his tone sincere. No matter the answer, he was determined to become that man, if that was what it took.

"I go for sweet younger guys, the ones who hang on my every word and treat me like royalty. Serious, stone-faced men like you don't appeal to me," Adah replied casually. At that moment, she noticed Lance walking past, not far from where they stood. Raising her hand, she pointed straight at him. "See that one? He's exactly my type."

Allan's gaze followed hers just in time to see Lance catch their eyes and head their way.

"Allan!" Lance called out with a bright wave, hurrying over to join them.

Turning to Adah, Lance offered her a gentle, bashful grin. "Adah, that color looks amazing on you. I never thought pink would be your color, but you're stunning tonight."