

Chapter 852 Ridiculous

The instant Adah pointed at Lance and announced he was her type, a sharp wave of jealousy slammed into Allan. Hearing Lance say Adah's name out loud pushed that feeling straight past restraint.

Allan had spent days trying to find Ava, only learning the truth about her from Cole not long ago. Yet, Lance's reaction made one thing painfully clear. Lance had known who she was for far longer than Allan ever had.

Allan's mind churned. So what exactly were Lance and Adah to each other?

While Allan's thoughts spiraled, Adah, who had been glaring at him moments earlier, turned toward Lance. A playful smile curved her lips, and her voice softened into something sweet and deliberate. "Really? You actually like how I look right now?"

That gentle tone hit Lance like a direct blow. Heat rushed to his face, leaving him visibly flustered. "Y-Yeah," he said quickly, nodding too fast to hide it. "I really do."

With an ease that felt intentional, Adah slipped her arm through Lance's. The move was bold and unmistakably flirtatious. Her eyes sparkled as she looked up at him. "Then take me somewhere nice to eat. If you make me happy, maybe I will change into something else later for you. I am very good at dressing up."

The contact alone short-circuited Lance's brain on the spot. Standing there at his full height, he froze in place, his face turning an alarming shade of red. When he finally spoke, the words tumbled out in pieces. "F-Food? Yes. Of course. Absolutely."

Adah laughed, her voice even more teasing than before. "Good. Let's go."

Adah pulled on Lance's arm and set off without looking back.

Still dazed and riding the high of her attention, Lance barely managed to toss a rushed farewell at Allan before leaving with her, grinning like

someone who had just won the lottery.

Allan stood there, seconds from losing control completely. Anger swallowed his features, and a crazy idea crossed his mind. He imagined digging a hole and shoving Lance into it, deep enough that no one would ever find the guy again.

Allan knew Adah did this on purpose. She really knew how to provoke him. The way she openly clung to another man, the sweetness layered into her voice, the casual promise to dress up just for Lance. Every word felt like a blade pushed deeper into his chest. If she kept torturing him like this, she was going to drive him to an early grave.

In Allan's mind, that infuriating woman had proven one thing clearly. Gentle approaches wouldn't work on her. Maybe force was the only language she understood. Damn it. Why not just take her? He should lock her in his room, make her his, and haul her straight to the city hall to register their marriage afterward. He would turn her into his wife whether she liked it or not. Then, he would see if she still dared to toy with him like this.

Right as those thoughts took shape, sharp pain exploded through his leg. A cane struck his calf without warning.

"Ow!" Allan cried out, hopping in place. He twisted around and found Raymond, who had supposedly left moments earlier, marching back with a furious expression carved into his face.

Raymond wasn't holding back. Even in front of the crowd, he swung again without hesitation.

"Grandpa! Are you actually trying to beat your own grandson to death?" Allan protested, clutching his leg and glaring up at Raymond.

Raymond scoffed sharply and launched into him without restraint, "I have to lower myself and lie outright because of you, you useless boy!"

Allan dropped his head, fully aware that every word was deserved. His engagement with Adah had been Raymond's decision from the beginning, yet he had thrown it away on impulse, rebelling against his grandfather and canceling everything out of sheer arrogance.

However, once Allan learned that Adah was actually Ava, panic had set in. Desperate to undo his mistake, he had gone straight to Raymond,

confessed everything, and begged the elderly man to intervene.

Raymond had nearly blown his top at first. In the end, he had swallowed his anger and agreed to help.

Raymond had believed that swallowing his pride for his grandson's sake would be enough to smooth things over. Watching Adah link arms with Lance and walk off shattered that belief completely.

Even though Allan and Cole were close, Raymond and Ruben had been sworn enemies for most of their lives. Their clashes dated back to their youth, decades of arguments that never truly ended. Age had done nothing to cool that rivalry.

The truth was simpler and uglier. They had once competed for the same woman. Back then, both men had fallen for Diane. She had chosen Ruben in the end, a loss Raymond had never truly accepted.

Now, seeing the woman meant to become his granddaughter-in-law being led away by Ruben's grandson snapped what little patience Raymond had left.

Raymond had lost to Ruben once. He would not allow history to repeat itself through the next generation. If his grandson lost this time, Raymond felt he would never find peace.

Restlessness clawed at Raymond. The more agitated he became, the hotter his temper burned, and the stronger the urge grew to beat some sense into Allan.

One strike had not been enough. Ignoring the crowd entirely, Raymond lifted his cane again and brought it down against Allan's leg with even more force. "You useless brat!"

Without pausing, Raymond lifted his arm again, ready to bring the cane down a third time.

Pain shot through Allan's calf, and panic finally took over. He lunged forward to block the blow, forcing out a miserable cry. "Grandpa, stop! If you hit me again, my leg will really snap! If I end up crippled, how am I supposed to win Adah back?"

The effect was immediate. Raymond halted mid-motion, his arm suspended in the air.

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+120 Points at most

Sensing the opening, Allan leaned into the act, sniffing loudly and putting on his most pitiful expression.

The cane never came down again. Raymond's face remained dark, but his anger shifted into sharp words instead. "Enough of that crying. You sound ridiculous."



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