

Chapter 853 Rowena And Gia

Allan stood tall in the business world, a force to be reckoned with and a legend in his own right. But under the harsh glare of his grandfather's anger, he shrank, swallowing any hint of pride. Quietly, he tried to placate the furious old man. "Grandpa, please calm down."

"Pah!" Raymond's fury was so fierce that he spat right at Allan's face, not caring who saw.

Allan wiped his cheek. First, Adah had humiliated him in this way, and now his own grandfather was following suit. Still, he had to endure it.

Raymond's threat landed like a slap. "Mark my words, Allan. If Adah winds up marrying into the Evans family, I'll do more than break your legs—I'll snap your arms for good measure!"

With that, Raymond stormed away, cane tapping angrily on the floor.

Only then did Allan let out a long, shuddering sigh of relief.

The Shaw family's influence ran deep, so while Raymond berated his grandson in public, nobody dared step in or draw too much attention. People watched from the sidelines, their curiosity barely contained. Everyone had seen Raymond's outburst, but no one understood what had triggered it.

The moment Raymond was gone, the uneasy silence broke. Whispers and speculation spread quickly through the crowd.

Standing off to the side, Rowena Norris leaned closer to Gia, her voice low and sly. "Grandma, do you know that bitch who's pestering Allan?"

Rowena and Gia had never seen Adah's real beauty; therefore, with Adah free of her usual hideous makeup and disguise today, they failed to recognize her.

Rowena, the daughter of Adah's uncle, was the apple of Gia's eye. She was also a woman as scheming as she was venomous.

The truth was, most of the Norris family's fortune had been built through Adah's parents' efforts. Yet, Gia had never hidden her dislike for Adah and her mother, always favoring Rowena's father and steering every advantage his way.

Adah's father, always the dutiful son, had never once stood up for himself, letting his own inheritance slip away in the name of family peace.

Rowena had carried a torch for Allan since she was a child. Gia, eager for prestige, had always dreamed of seeing Rowena married into the powerful Shaw family. But Raymond had been stubborn, clinging to the old promise made with Adah's mother, never giving Rowena even a glimmer of hope.

When word finally spread that Allan and Adah had ended their engagement, Rowena and Gia had hardly contained their joy. From that moment, their days had been filled with endless scheming, every plan aimed at helping Rowena win Allan's heart.

Yet just minutes earlier, the sight of Allan chasing after Adah had sent envy seething through both Rowena and Gia.

Anyone paying attention could see Allan was the one pursuing Adah. Still, Rowena twisted the truth, casting Adah as the desperate one, refusing to let go.

"I have no idea who that woman is," Gia remarked, waving the question away, never linking that gorgeous woman to Adah. "I know every prominent family in Ublento, and she's not one of them. With a face like that, she must have crawled out of some corner—certainly not from any family that matters."

Adah's beauty was undeniable. Graceful, poised, and elegant, she easily outshone the so-called debutantes filling the ballroom. At first, Rowena had been panicked, thinking Adah belonged to some powerful clan and fearing she could never compete. But Gia's careless dismissal brought relief. Rowena assumed Adah was just a nobody—pretty, maybe, but lacking any real background or standing.

"She's nothing but a gold digger. I can spot her type a mile away," Rowena sneered. "Those women think a little charm will land them a fortune. The nerve of her, trying to hook Allan! She'll regret ever setting foot here."

Gia gave Rowena's hand a pat of approval. "Don't get involved yourself. Let me find someone to take care of it. You need to keep up your image as the graceful dancer and the refined young lady. Don't let Allan see you as anything less."

"I understand. Grandma, you always treat me so well," Rowena replied sweetly, linking her arm through Gia's.

Gia's face lit up with pride. "You're my greatest accomplishment. Once you marry into the Shaw family, the whole Norris clan will bask in your success. How could I not treasure you?"

Rowena basked in her imaginary victory, her eyes glittering with satisfaction. As she savored the moment, she could not resist another jab at Adah. "Grandma, Adah hasn't shown her face at home in ages. Who knows what unsavory company she has been keeping? If she stirs up any trouble out there, it'll reflect badly on all of us. Honestly, I worry about what people will think."

Gia's face hardened, her tone turning cold. "That girl is just as low and shameless as her mother ever was. I only dragged her out of that backwater for Raymond's sake, since he insisted on honoring the engagement. But now the engagement is finished, she'll never again use the Norris name to her advantage. Tomorrow, I'll call the papers myself and make it clear—she's no longer part of this family."

A cruel smile pulled at Rowena's mouth. The idea of crushing Adah beneath her heel, of watching her lose everything, was pure delight.

Back when they were little, Adah had been the darling of the family, admired for her charm and grace. Rowena had spent years seething, plotting how to take that shine away.

Now, Adah had been reduced to nothing more than a girl from the sticks, someone Rowena considered beneath notice. But even then, Rowena could not bear to let Adah be.

Rowena lived for moments like this. Even if Adah was stripped of everything, forced to beg on the street, Rowena would make sure Adah never forgot her place—kicking Adah while Adah was down, just for her own pleasure.

Across the ballroom, Ruben's laughter rang out. He had watched Allan's



humiliation from start to finish, seeing the powerful businessman rebuffed by a beautiful woman who chose Lance's arm over his.

It was Elliana and Cole's wedding—already an occasion for joy. The drama unfolding in the background was the icing on the cake for Ruben, filling him with satisfaction. He had bested Raymond once, years ago. Now, it seemed his own grandson would surpass Raymond's as well.

But just as Ruben was savoring his triumph, unease flickered through him. What if Allan found a way to win that pretty woman back? Anxious, he hurried to Elliana and Cole, pointing at Adah's retreating figure, and asked, "Tell me, who is that woman? Whose daughter is she?"