

Chapter 862 Slap

Adah's voice cut through the room, sharp and commanding, forcing every head to turn toward the doorway.

A breathtaking woman stood there in a blazing red gown, her presence so luminous that it seemed to set the entire space aglow. And yet, not a Norris recognized her.

Westley, true to his nature, was spellbound at once. His eyes swept over Adah without restraint, lingering as though he meant to memorize every inch of her.

Kimberly felt a knot tighten in her chest. Catching Westley's dazed expression, she hurled a glare at Adah, sharp with hostility.

Rowena, cloaked in designer finery and layers of makeup, had always believed herself destined for an elite marriage. But standing before Adah's natural poise, her carefully cultivated beauty crumbled. Jealousy flared instantly. More troubling still, this was the woman in red Allian had pursued at the banquet. Who exactly was she? Why had she appeared at the Norris estate? And how had someone unknown managed to enter without the butler's announcement?

Gia's brows knitted together. "Who are you? And how did you get in here?"

Before anyone could respond, the butler rushed inside, one hand pressed to his swollen, flushed cheek. "Mrs. Norris! This woman struck me as soon as she arrived. We couldn't hold her back."

"What the hell?" Gia's fury erupted as she stared Adah down. "Breaking into my home and attacking my staff? Who do you think you are? What business do you have in the Norris residence?"

Adah's red lips curved into a taunting smile. "Gia, you've been saying you wanted my life. I took the trouble of coming myself. Shouldn't you be pleased?"

The room sank into stunned silence, confusion etched across every face.

Leonel widened his eyes, realization crashing over him. "Adah!" he exclaimed, disbelief shaking his voice. "You're Adah!"

Adah lifted her gaze and looked straight at her father. She had always known, somewhere deep inside, that he loved her. During those years she had been banished to a backwater town, he had sent gifts in secret, one after another. Even though the family she lived with there had seized everything and left her with nothing, she had never doubted that he still thought of her. Her father had even watched over Elliana from afar, aware of how tight she was with Elliana.

What Adah could never make sense of was his cowardice. Why had he waited until today to finally stand up for her? Still, recalling how he had just been willing to cut ties with the Norris family for her sake, her heart softened despite itself. She could not bring herself to push him away. In a low voice, she called out, "Dad."

Leonel rushed forward and clutched her hand tightly, his emotions spilling over. "Adah, you're back at last! I've been looking for you everywhere. Having you home again means everything to me. From now on, I'll protect you."

Adah's eyes flicked to the woman standing beside him, his wife. A faint, wordless smile touched her lips. He had remarried. He had a different life now. There was no place for her in this family, and whatever they once shared as father and daughter could never return to what it was.

"You..." Gia's voice faltered in disbelief. "You really are Adah?"

Adah met her gaze, icy and unforgiving. "If you're too blind to see the truth, feel free to take my blood and run a DNA test."

That was all it took for Rowena to snap. She charged forward, grabbing at Adah's dress and shrieking. "You slut! So that's why you disappeared. You went and fixed your face! I'll rip that fake nose and chin right off you!"

Crack! The sound of a slap rang out through the living room.

Rowena screamed and collapsed onto the floor. She had not even come close. Adah's strike was swift and exact.

Pain exploded across Rowena's face, her vision swimming as her thoughts went blank. A vivid red handprint spread across her cheek,

swelling before everyone's eyes.

The room was stunned into silence—but the real shock was Rowena herself. The blow had knocked her carefully shaped nose out of alignment, and the prosthetic forming her chin had fallen away completely. She sat there, mouth slack and unable to close, a distorted, humiliating ruin of the beauty she once flaunted.

For someone who accused others of going through cosmetic surgery, the irony was almost laughable. Any shred of Rowena's dignity was obliterated on the spot.

"Oh my, Rowena!" Kimberly screamed as she rushed forward, wrapping Rowena in her arms and sobbing hysterically.

Rowena clutched at her displaced chin, unable to form words, only sharp, terrified squeals spilling from her throat. "Ah! Ah!"

Leonel stood rooted in place, shock washing over him. He had never imagined that the meek, compliant daughter he remembered was capable of such ruthless force. The violence unsettled him. Yet deep down, something inside him felt oddly satisfied. That slap had been purifying, as if it scorched away years of suffocating regret. Good. A daughter with this kind of backbone would never be trampled again.

Gia, however, was trembling with fury. She jabbed a finger toward Adah, her voice breaking with outrage. "You horrible girl! That is your younger sister. How could you lay hands on her?"

Adah reached into her purse and calmly pulled out a sanitizing wipe. She wiped her palm with deliberate care, as though scrubbing away something repulsive. "Compared to your plotting to kill your own granddaughter," she said softly, her tone chilling, "I'd say I showed remarkable restraint."

Gia froze, the words lodging in her throat.

Westley, who fancied himself an expert on women, could instantly recognize surgical alterations. One glance was enough for him to know Adah's beauty was untouched, entirely natural. The realization that the woman he had been eyeing with undisguised lust moments earlier was his own niece twisted his desire into something ugly and furious.

Westley glared at Adah and spat, "So you were never ugly at all. You just

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played the unattractive pumpkin to deceive everyone. What is this, some disgusting performance? You have no respect for this family! You're exactly like that useless mother of yours—"

He did not get to finish. A heavy glass flew across the room and smashed straight into his mouth. Teeth skidded across the floor as blood burst from his lips, splattering the marble beneath him.

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