

Chapter 864 No Mercy

Shock rippled through the room, and the smiles on Westley's face and those of his family stiffened into disbelief.

Leonel stopped struggling from his holders. Moments earlier, he had been fighting with everything he had to protect Adah, yet now his body locked in place as if his strength had vanished.

Gia looked from the two bodyguards sprawled on the floor, choking and coughing blood, to Adah standing nearby without a single scratch. Her mind stalled, and she stood frozen, unable to react for several long seconds.

"Mom, that rude girl can fight! Get more bodyguards in here and make sure they cripple her, or she'll bring even bigger trouble later!" Westley shouted in alarm.

Gia had no idea how things had spiraled this far, but Westley's words egged her into taking action. Fury twisted her face as she summoned more bodyguards and barked at them, "All of you, break her legs!"

At her command, more than twenty bodyguards rushed Adah all at once.

Fear flashed across Melanie's face. She lunged forward with her arms spread wide, trying to shield Adah, but Adah calmly tugged her aside with one hand and stepped ahead on her own.

The Norris family had wealth, but their reach did not extend far. The guards they hired came from a small local security company, and none of them were truly seasoned. In Adah's eyes, opponents like these barely registered as a threat.

Adah moved with frightening ease. A handful of sharp kicks followed, then a lazy flick of her arm, and within seconds, every last bodyguard lay scattered on the floor, unable to get back up.

To Adah, the fight felt dull. It was effortless, and it wasted her time. The spectators, however, felt the opposite. No one had even seen her



movements clearly, yet more than twenty so-called elite guards had already been taken down.

"Ahl!" Rowena screamed as she dove behind the sofa.

Kimberly fled in blind panic.

Westley shrank behind Gia, his body shaking uncontrollably. Blood seeped from the corner of his mouth and soaked into his shirt.

Only moments ago, Gia had acted domineering and fearless. Now, she could not force out a single word, and her heart pounded violently in her chest.

Adah kicked a fallen guard out of her path and advanced toward Gia at an unhurried pace. Her lips pressed into a hard line, and her eyes carried a chilling edge. The intense aura she projected filled the room and crushed whatever bravado remained in those standing before her.

Fear drove Gia to stumble back. Her voice shook as she questioned, "What are you trying to do? I'm your grandmother. You wouldn't really lay a hand on me, would you?"

A taunting smirk lifted Adah's lips when she stopped in front of Gia. "Relax. I don't touch old people or children. But since you irritate me, I'll settle it by hurting your son and your granddaughter instead. So, rest easy."

Hearing Adah's words, Westley and Rowena turned toward Gia, their faces drained of color. They had been the ones pushing Gia to discipline Adah earlier, yet now, both of them were terrified that one careless sentence from Gia would make them the next targets.

"Mom, we're all family here. Adah is still young. Let's just drop it." Westley rushed to smooth things over, panicking.

Rowena bobbed her head wildly. "Yes, yes!"

Desperation crept into Kimberly's voice as she chimed in, "Adah is Leonel's daughter. We care about her the same way we care about Rowena!"

Already rattled, Gia immediately followed their lead and softened her tone. "Adah, we're all related. Let's sit down and talk calmly. I care

about you, you know."

Those hideous, two-faced expressions only sharpened Adah's contempt. "There's nothing for us to talk about. Hand over everything that belonged to my mother and do it willingly. Otherwise, don't blame me for showing no mercy."

"What could your mother possibly have left behind?" Mock confusion flashed across Gia's face as she played dumb. "Adah, your mother was an orphan with no money. She came to the Norris family with nothing, and we supported her for years. Everything this family owns belongs to Westley. It has nothing to do with your mother."

Adah did not argue. She stepped forward and struck Westley with a brutal kick, sending him crashing away.

"Ugh!" A piercing scream tore from Westley's throat as he hit the floor and failed to get back up.

Shock locked Gia in place as she stared at Adah. "Y-you..."

A cold laugh slipped from Adah. "Think carefully before you speak. Every lie earns your son another punishment. I can keep going until you decide to tell the truth."

"This..." Panic seized Gia as the word caught in her throat.

Every scrap of wealth the family currently possessed had been generated by Adah's mother, and even the villa beneath their feet had been bought with her money.

To Gia, giving everything Adah's mother owned back to Adah felt no different from cutting away part of herself. Refusal, however, carried its own terror. Gia truly believed Adah would beat Westley until he was dead, since the woman showed no hesitation or mercy when she struck.

Westley himself refused to even consider surrendering what he already claimed as his. He clung to that fortune like his life depended on it, and he would sooner die than give it up. Anger and fear pushed him to yell at Adah, "We live under the rule of law! If you maim me or kill me, you think you'll just walk away?"

"Exactly! Call the police!" Kimberly felt as though she had grasped a lifeline. She grabbed her phone, fingers poised to dial.



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At that moment, Allan entered the room, moving with unhurried, composed steps.

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