

Chapter 865 Future Wife

Tailored in a sharp smoke-gray suit, Allan cut a striking figure as it highlighted his height and refined build. The moment he appeared, the atmosphere shifted, and the room seemed to brighten, much like it had when Adah first arrived.

His eyes moved from the unconscious bodyguards scattered across the floor to the visibly shaken Norris family. Feigning confusion, he asked, "What happened here?"

Until today, Allan had never once stepped inside the Norris residence. He existed far beyond their social reach, someone they could never hope to impress or associate with. If not for Adah's engagement, the Shaw and Norris families would have remained strangers forever.

Because of that, Allan's appearance caught the Norris family completely off guard, leaving them equal parts honored and rattled.

Unable to contain herself, Gia hurried forward with a flattering smile. "Allan, what brings you to our home?"

Kimberly cut in before Allan could answer, her tone filled with hopeful anticipation. "Are you here for Rowena?"

The idea instantly resonated with Gia and Westley. In their minds, it fit perfectly. Excitement rushed through Rowena's chest.

After all, gossip claimed that Allan despised Adah and had already broken off the engagement, so there was no reason for him to be here for Adah. If Adah was out of the picture, then Rowena was the obvious choice. No one else in the Norris family could possibly attract someone of Allan's standing.

Rowena took a step toward Allan but then abruptly stopped when she remembered her crooked nose and dislocated jaw. Panic surged, and she turned around and fled upstairs without another word. There was no way she would let Allan see her like this. She needed a doctor, and she needed one immediately.

Kimberly caught on at once and smoothed things over. "Rowena just went to freshen up. Please, have a seat, Allan. She'll be right back."

Allan glanced at Adah before taking a seat on the sofa.

Kimberly snapped orders at the remaining guards to leave and instructed the servants to clean up and bring tea. After a rush of movement, the living room finally looked presentable again.

Settling into the chair opposite Allan, Gia leaned forward, clearly eager to strike up a conversation. Delight filled her chest. For years, she had imagined Rowena becoming part of the Shaw family, and now that long-held dream felt closer than ever to coming true.

Kimberly and Westley shared the same thrill, behaving as though they had just secured a powerful shield. From time to time, they threw smug, challenging looks at Adah, as if to say, "With Allan on our side now, what do you think you can do?"

A quiet, disdainful snort escaped Adah as her eyes narrowed on Allan. "Why are you here?"

At that moment, a servant stepped in and set the tea down.

Allan took a leisurely sip before replying, his tone unhurried, "I came to see my future in-laws."

"Future in-laws, my foot!" Adah swore inwardly. There was no chance she believed Allan had shown up for Rowena. His standards were absurdly high, and there was no universe where he would be interested in a fake, overacting mess held together by plastic surgery. The way his gaze lingered made the truth obvious to her. He had come for her.

Adah had warned Allan more than once to stop bothering her, yet he had ignored every word. Now, he had even followed her straight into the Norris residence. Today was supposed to be about settling scores with the Norris family, and Allan's appearance only complicated things.

Deciding to cut things short, Adah spoke without restraint. "You shouldn't be here. Get lost!"

"Adah, how can you talk to Allan like that?" Kimberly snapped instantly. "He's here for Rowena. Are you jealous and trying to ruin everything on

purpose?"

Gia's face hardened. "Adah, just because Allan doesn't want you and canceled the engagement doesn't give you the right to sabotage your sister."

Despite the gap where two front teeth used to be, Westley still forced himself into the conversation, his words slurring badly. He looked absurd, yet his outrage burned bright. "Allan, this savage girl is arrogant and completely out of control. Look what she did to me. She disrespects me, her own uncle, and now she dares to insult you. If you want to put her in her place, we won't stop you!"

"That's right. We can't control her at all. Please teach her a lesson for us." Kimberly hurried to back him up.

Every pair of eyes shifted to Allan, waiting for him to punish Adah. What they received instead was a mild smile. "Nah, I won't be harsh on my future wife."

Silence swallowed the room, and shock froze everyone in place. Future wife?

Allan wore the same unreadable look as a cunning fox, keeping his real thoughts carefully hidden. With a light smile, he continued, "Adah has quite a temper, and she isn't someone to be trifled with. Even I end up getting scolded by her from time to time. Please, bear with her."

Color drained from Kimberly's and Westley's faces. The message could not have been clearer. Allan was openly drawing a line, and Adah stood firmly behind it. The future wife he referred to was Adah. But hadn't they called off the engagement? The way Allan spoke made it sound like he was dead set on marrying her. None of it made sense.

Gia felt her thoughts spiral as she stared at him in a daze, blurting out a question that sounded foolish, "Y-you... You didn't come here for Rowena?"

Leonel and Melanie glanced at each other, both wearing the same confused expression as they tried to process what they were seeing.

A slight twitch tugged at Adah's lips. The sheer nerve of Allan was infuriating. She was just about to throw him out when footsteps sounded above. Her gaze lifted instinctively toward the staircase, where Rowena had appeared.



Rowena emerged at the top of the staircase in a flowing white dress, her crooked nose and dislocated chin somehow corrected. Diamonds and gems dripped from her hair, neck, and wrists, giving her a dazzling, overdone appearance, even though swelling still lingered on her face with clear handprints marking her cheeks.

The moment Rowena reached the last step, she rushed toward Allan on her heels and called out sweetly, her voice deliberately soft, "Allan!"