

## Chapter 867 Beyond Price

Marry Allan? The question made Adah freeze where she stood. Gradually, she lifted her gaze, staring at Allan as if she couldn't believe what she just heard. 'Why would I ever agree to something like that just because of a birthday present? Do I look like someone who would jump at any random gift?'

With absolute confidence, Allan replied, 'You've never seen anything like what I'm going to give you. It is something you definitely don't own.'

A sharp, mocking laugh escaped Adah as she spun around and made for the door. 'You're out of your mind!'

Allan followed close on her heels, deliberately provoking a reaction. 'You're so quick to reject my offer because deep down, you're afraid you might actually fall for me, aren't you? Let's be honest, a catch like me is rare, and you know you won't find another anytime soon.'

Annoyance prickled at Adah's face. She whirled around and fixed him with a glare. 'Alright, let's make this fair. If your gift actually wins me over, I'll keep my word and marry you. But if it doesn't, what then?'

Without missing a beat, Allan replied, 'If I fail, I'll disappear from your life for good. You'll never have to see me again, unless you'd rather I stick around as your servant, doing whatever you command.'

Adah paused, studying him with narrowed eyes. Whether she liked the gift or not was entirely subjective—she held all the cards. Why was he willing to risk so much?

After thinking it over, Adah's brows rose with dry amusement. There was nothing for her to lose. No matter what happened, she had the upper hand.

A slow smile crept across her face. 'Allan, don't tell me you're planning to buy my affection with money. If you are, you'd better brace yourself for a large amount. Ordinary riches mean nothing to me; my standards are high.'

Allan was well aware of just how lavish her preferences were; three billion hadn't impressed her one bit. But her challenge only confirmed it; she was willing to take him up on the deal. Pure happiness shone in his eyes. 'Trust me. What I have for you is beyond price. Even your wildest wishes will be satisfied.'

"Then I guess I'll just wait and see," Adah replied, striding down the stairs, never once looking back.

Allan trailed closely after her.

As soon as they entered the living room, Gia and the rest of the family gawked at the sight, eyes wide in disbelief.

With each step, Adah carried herself like royalty, while Allan kept close behind, devoted and unwavering; the roles couldn't have been clearer.

Rowena could barely contain her envy, balling her hands into tight fists.

A storm of anger and dread churned inside Westley and Kimberly. Gia could hardly forgive herself. If she had realized Adah could completely win over someone as tough as Allan, she would have rolled out the red carpet for Adah from the very start. It wasn't too late to fix things now, was it? After all, they hadn't even held the press conference to cut ties with Adah yet.

Mustering what little boldness she had left, Gia stepped forward, putting on her most pleasant tone. "Adah, which room do you prefer? I'd be happy to help you move into it."

When Adah had first rejoined the Norris family from traveling all the way from Apricot Blossom Village, Gia had relegated her to the worst room in the house. Back then, Adah had been too busy handling affairs with Elliana to challenge the Norrises, so she had simply let it pass.

But now, desperate to win Adah over, Gia was suddenly eager to upgrade her living space.

Adah wasn't having any of it. She shot Gia with a cold, taunting stare and delivered her reply without mercy. "Is it still not clear to you who owns this place? My mother paid for this house; it is now mine. The rest of you are nothing but freeloaders. Right now, I don't want anyone I can't stand living under my roof. Pack your things and leave."

Gia froze on the spot, while panic swept across Westley and the others. After living in luxury for so long, none of them wanted to leave.

Adah continued, her voice sharp and unyielding, "I'll be back in three days. By then, if I see any of you here by, I will toss you and your belongings out on the curb! And don't forget about the share transfer agreements. Every cent of my mother's estate must be returned, or I'll bankrupt you and buy the company for next to nothing. You'll wish you'd never crossed me."

Rage and shock made Gia's whole body tremble. "Adah, I'm your grandmother! How can you be so heartless?"

"I refuse to acknowledge you." Without another word, Adah strode out of the house, her face set in stone.

Allan, unfailingly loyal, followed after her.

Leonel and Melanie shared a glance and quickly made their way out.

Westley turned to Gia, tears running down his face. "Mom, what should we do? Adah's ruthless, and with Allan backing her, are we really going to lose everything?"

Gia slumped onto the sofa, pale and defeated, unable to come up with any plan.

Rowena, seething with frustration, snapped, "Adah can't take it all from us, not if I have anything to say about it! I'll win the Ublento Dance Competition, gain millions of fans, and turn every last one of them against her. Once everyone is up in arms, we'll see if she still thinks she can grab our money!"