

Chapter 849 My Fiancée

As Elliana's closest friend, Adah wouldn't dream of missing the wedding; if anything, she was set on turning heads.

Adah was infamous for her bold red outfits that burned as brightly as her reputation, exuding a powerful, untouchable confidence, the textbook femme fatale.

Yet, today belonged to Elliana. Out of respect, Adah chose a soft pastel pink dress, dialing down her usual intensity. Her thick hair was styled up, and her commanding walk had been replaced by a gentle, refined pace.

The shift was so dramatic that anyone unfamiliar with her true identity would have mistaken her for an elegant debutante. Nobody would imagine she was the formidable "Doomsday Rose," a name that inspired fear throughout the criminal underworld. Of course, the majority of wedding guests had no inkling who she really was.

Only the Four Guardians recognized Adah immediately, grinning with amusement as she arrived.

"Well, well, this version of you really throws me off," Damian quipped as he strolled up, grinning widely.

Kieran let out a low laugh. "Didn't think there was a drop of 'ladylike' in you, but you're actually pulling it off!"

Clifton adopted a grave expression before delivering swift kicks to Damian's and Kieran's legs. "Show some class, will you? 'Throwing me off,' 'ladylike'? This is called range. Adah can play any part she wants. Learn something from her!"

With a steely glare, Adah cut them off. "Enough. If you don't have anything urgent, stay away. You'll blow my cover."

Immediately, Clifton sent another swift kick to Kieran's and Damian's legs. "Didn't you hear her? Move it!"

Kieran and Damian groaned in unison, shooting Clifton glares as they turned to leave. Day by day, Clifton grew bolder in his shamelessness. Trying to win over Adah was one thing, but treating them as stepping stones? That was hitting below the belt.

Once kicking Kieran and Damian away, Clifton managed an awkward, eager grin in Adah's direction before slipping away himself.

Finally alone, Adah took a moment to survey the gathering. Her eyes found Heather and Hugh tucked into a quiet corner, sneaking kisses like love-struck teenagers.

Hugh was a bit rounder these days, and Heather's pregnancy was obvious now, but together, they looked genuinely sweet.

Adah's lips curved into a mischievous smile. She thought about heading over to tease them, only to be stopped as a tall figure stepped into her path. It was Allan.

Adah hadn't laid eyes on Allan since that night at Nightfall. Now, fate had them meeting again right in the middle of Elliana's wedding celebration.

Having expected that Elliana's wedding made it likely she'd run into Cole's friends, Adah hardly flinched at the sight of Allan. Not interested in any awkward exchanges, she turned to walk away without hesitation.

Considering he must have no idea that she had once been engaged to him, she saw no reason to feel uneasy. To him, she remained nothing more than Ava, the girl who had always carried herself with arrogance and never once looked at him with kindness. Leaving without saying a word wasn't out of character; it was exactly what he had come to expect.

But she barely made it a step before fingers closed gently but firmly around her wrist.

Allan's voice came from directly behind her, quiet but unyielding. "Not even a greeting for your fiancé?"

Fiancé? Adah spun around, locking eyes with Allan, whose gaze was soaked in warmth and affection. His expression left no room for doubt; he was head over heels.

She jerked her wrist out of his grasp, a mocking grin forming at the corners of her mouth. "I'm not your fiancée. Stop making things up."

Unbothered by her cold retort, Allan held her stare, that same soft affection never wavering. His words came gently, almost teasingly. "We've been promised to each other since we were kids. Your mother and my grandfather sealed it. Don't tell me you've forgotten?"

Adah stiffened, her shock palpable. How in the world had he seen through her disguise?

"You didn't expect I'd figure it out, did you?" Allan laughed, his amusement showing in the lines beside his eyes. "Truth is, I've known all along. You don't have to keep up the charade with me anymore."

Regaining her composure quickly, Adah cooled her expression and slipped into a facade of indifference. So he recognized her, big deal. That old engagement meant nothing now.

"Who said the disguise was for your benefit?" Adah snapped, her tone laced with edge. "I wear what I want and play who I please. Your opinion isn't part of that decision."

With a soft chuckle, Allan replied, "That's fine. Play any part you like. I'll still claim you. My fiancée, mine to dote on."

Allan's words left Adah dumbfounded. She shot him a sharp look and reminded him, "We ended that engagement ages ago, right in front of your whole family, including your grandfather. You'd better be careful with what you say."

Pretending to be utterly perplexed, Allan shook his head as if the memory had been erased. "Is that so? I don't recall any of it. My memory tells me we got along perfectly at that dinner. Didn't we even reassure my grandpa that marriage was on the horizon and he'd soon have a great-grandchild to spoil?"

Adah was left utterly stunned by his audacity. She could only stare at him, annoyed. How could he spin such a tale and keep a straight face? Exasperation finally got the better of her. "Did you lose your memory, or have you lost your mind? Aren't you afraid the sky will punish you for lying so brazenly?"

Allan glanced skyward, studying the endless blue above. Not a single cloud drifted by. After a moment, he lowered his gaze and gave Adah a casual shrug. "See? The heavens didn't strike me down. That should prove I'm being honest."

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