

Chapter 882 Sally Wakes Up

Sally had drifted through a vegetative fog for eight years. The first six years swallowed her whole, consciousness buried beneath impenetrable depths, but the last two years brought a subtle shift—she floated now in semi-conscious twilight. Her eyelids never lifted, yet awareness threaded through her. The world's sounds filtered through the dark.

In the hospital ward, nurses left the television murmuring endlessly, convinced the steady cascade of voices might kindle something dormant and coax her spirit back toward the surface. Sometimes, a single finger would jerk. Other times, the faintest crease would etch itself between her brows.

For two weeks now, Allan had anchored himself beside Sally's bed, pouring out stories about Adah every single day. Since he'd begun this ritual, Sally's flickering signs of consciousness blazed brighter, unmistakable.

His one burning wish—to resurrect Sally before Adah's birthday arrived.

Today, he'd deliberately switched the television to the live broadcast of the Ublento Dance Competition, where Adah now battled for the crown. He craved for Sally to absorb her daughter's voice, to sense the electric pulse of Adah's existence, praying those familiar frequencies would detonate the charge that finally shattered her prison.

It ignited results. When Adah's voice pierced through the screen—proclaiming that Moonlight Shadow belonged to her mother's genius—Sally's hand suddenly levitated, quaking as it strained toward the television.

And when Adah confronted Rowena onstage, Sally's suspended hand—trembling in midair—snapped shut into a fierce fist.

Witnessing these small but unmistakable eruptions, Allan's heart thrashed against his ribs. He could barely restrain the wild hope surging through him, silently commanding Sally to crack her eyes open right then and there.

But the moment dissolved. Even after the broadcast revealed Elliana and Adah vanishing into the distance, Sally remained submerged.

"Sally," he murmured, his voice low but charged with conviction, "Adah has become a star now. Don't you want to wake up and celebrate her? All these years, she has scoured the earth for you relentlessly. Cole's mom walked back through the door, and Elliana's mom returned home... Only Adah keeps waiting. She still clings to the belief that her mother will reappear."

He paused for a beat. "Adah's birthday crashes into us next month. If you could stand beside her at that party, it would shatter every wall around her heart. I heard you and Elliana's mom burned through life as best friends. Rita commands the spotlight now as the Sun Group CEO's dazzling wife—don't you hunger to wake up and witness how far everyone's climbed? To see your girl?"

Then, his tone turned serious. "It's me, Allan. The boy you handpicked for Adah fifteen years ago. I've grown into a man, and I'm ready to marry your daughter. Won't you wake up to stand at our wedding? To bless what we're building?"

Allan cultivated infinite patience, rooted beside the bed and weaving words. Whenever his throat scorched dry, he'd seize a quick sip of water and instantly resume his monologue.

He couldn't measure how long he'd been speaking when, suddenly, Sally's eyes split open.

At first, Allan thought his mind had conjured the vision. He locked in place, his brain scrambling to decode what his eyes reported. Then, reality detonated. He exploded to his feet, his voice fracturing with exhilaration. "You're finally awake!"

Having just clawed her way from years of darkness, Sally's eyes swam with confusion's fog. She swept her gaze across the room before locking onto Allan, her stare crystallizing with quiet assessment.

Terrified she couldn't drag him into focus, Allan edged two careful steps closer. Then, seized by sudden terror that he might brand a catastrophic first impression on his future mother-in-law, he frantically smoothed his clothes and raked fingers through his hair. Finally, he summoned a warm smile and introduced himself. "I'm Allan, the one who discovered you

bleeding eight years ago and rushed you to this hospital. I'm truly sorry that I didn't recognize you as Adah's mother back then—and that I didn't protect you better. Please, forgive me."

"Allan?" Sally shaped the name with her lips, her mouth forming each syllable, but silence followed. Her vocal cords had withered after years of abandonment. Time and therapy would need to resurrect her voice.

Allan deciphered the name on her lips and blazed with joy, his tone eager and brimming with reassurance. "Yes, that's me! I'm the man you personally selected as Adah's fiancé all those years ago—your future son-in-law."

For years, Allan had wrestled with the mystery of his grandfather's tight relationship with Adah's mother—and the archaic betrothal that had shackled him to Adah. Sally had moved through life like a ghost, her profile so obscured that not a single photograph of her existed in the Shaw archives.

Allan had spent his youth weaponizing that anonymity, sabotaging the arrangement and recoiling from the match at every opportunity.

The truth had only surfaced recently. Once he unmasked Adah's real identity, he ran to Raymond and interrogated him until the old man finally surrendered the history.

The engagement wasn't a whim; it was a blood debt owed to Rita.

Decades ago, a midnight drive turned lethal when Raymond suffered a catastrophic medical crisis behind the wheel. His car jumped the shoulder, screaming off the asphalt before slamming into a tree. The impact left him mangled, his consciousness flickering like a dying bulb.

Silence swallowed the wreckage. In the dead of night, on a stretch of road abandoned by God, he bled out, undiscovered and fading.

Rescue arrived in the form of Rita and Sally. They didn't just stumble upon the wreck; they acted. To stabilize his failing heart, Rita sacrificed a priceless vial of Venacure—a pharmaceutical treasure worth a king's ransom.

After the emergency field surgery and their frantic drive to the hospital, the two women physically dragged Raymond back from the precipice.

The aftermath was a chorus of disbelief from the surgical team. They confirmed the grim reality: Raymond's life had been measured in seconds. Without that immediate, high-stakes intervention at the crash site, he would have arrived at the morgue instead of the ER.

The hospital staff became obsessed with identifying the "ghost surgeon." The techniques used on the roadside were nothing short of miraculous, betraying a medical virtuoso whose brilliance eclipsed every doctor on the payroll.

The Shaw clan launched a desperate hunt to find and compensate this savior, but Raymond shuttered his windows. He guarded the secret with iron-clad silence, never breathing a word of who had actually saved his life—until now.