

Chapter 883 Get Adah To Join The Evans Fold At Any Cost

In the past, Allan had wrestled with a ghost question—why his grandfather had locked away the names of the people who'd pulled him back from death's edge.

But the instant Allan discovered those saviors were Rita and Sally, the puzzle pieces slammed into place with brutal clarity.

Rita and Sally had spent those days fleeing predators—the Griffiths empire and Miguel's men, all circling like sharks scenting blood. With killers tracking their every breath, a single whispered location could've spelled their execution. Hiding wasn't just about strategy. It was the razor's edge between breathing and burial.

"The second the doctors laid out what Rita and Sally accomplished, I recognized they'd transcended ordinary," Raymond had said to Allan a few weeks earlier. "When they begged me to bury their presence in silence, how could I possibly deny them? They'd dragged me back from the grave—guarding their secret became my sacred debt. Then, one day, Sally materialized at my door without warning. She confessed she might vanish for years and pleaded with me to shelter Adah. I swore it instantly. Actually, to cement her trust beyond any shadow of doubt, I arranged your betrothal to Adah right then and there."

That conversation had finally cracked open the vault of Raymond's long-kept secret.

Curiosity burning through him that day, Allan had asked, "From what I remember, I never even glimpsed Adah's mother. How could she possibly stake her daughter's entire future on me?"

Raymond had exploded into laughter, his eyes gleaming with mischief. "You never caught sight of her, sure—but she dissected every inch of you. She declared you sharp as cut glass, magnetic in presence, blessed with a mind that could reshape worlds—that destiny had marked you for extraordinary heights. She couldn't have radiated more approval if she'd

That single revelation had sent Allan floating through the past two weeks like a man drunk on pure validation. Yes, Adah currently treated him with all the warmth of a marble statue, but her mother had chosen him when he was a kid. Suddenly, the impossible mission to capture Adah's heart transformed from foolish fantasy into achievable conquest.

So standing before Sally now, introducing himself properly for the first time, Allan vibrated with twin forces threatening to tear him apart—excitement and concern in equal measure.

Excitement, because Sally had recognized brilliance in the boy he'd been—an approval that eclipsed every achievement he'd earned since.

Concern, because the man he'd become might shatter against the ideal she'd constructed in memory. He dreaded the possibility that she'd examine him now and discover nothing but the ruins of wasted potential.

After his introduction spilled out, he locked his gaze onto Sally with desperate intensity, cataloging every microscopic shift in her expression, terrified of missing the verdict written in her eyes.

Sally, unaware of the storm raging through his skull, simply observed him in measured silence. Her gaze traveled the length of him—head to toe, then reversed course—before anchoring back on his face.

The silence ballooned into something suffocating, stretched so taut that it threatened to snap. Then, with agonizing slowness, Sally dipped her chin in a nod. The ghost of a smile haunted the corners of her mouth. That look spoke volumes. She'd measured him against her memories and discovered he'd exceeded them.

Allan released the breath he'd imprisoned in his chest, his face splitting into a grin that threatened to crack his jaw. "Take your time—your voice has just been sleeping after all these silent years. I'll assemble the finest rehabilitation specialists money can summon, and you'll reclaim your speech before you know it."

Sally nodded again, surrendering to his plan without a flicker of resistance.

Sally's immediate trust and fluid cooperation launched Allan's confidence into the stratosphere. "Adah has zero idea you're breathing

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+120 Points at most

the same air as me right now. Let's cage this secret between us for a while, yeah? Her birthday arrives next month—I want to unwrap your presence like the world's most precious gift. Sound good to you?"

Sally nodded, no hesitation shadowing her response. She'd decoded Allan's strategy with perfect clarity. He intended to orchestrate the flawless surprise for Adah. Meanwhile, she could pour her energy into rehabilitation, ensuring she'd confronted her daughter at full strength—voice restored, body healed, spirit blazing. Allan had choreographed every detail with surgical precision. He'd demonstrated consideration that bordered on telepathic. She'd judged him correctly all those years ago when he was merely a boy with promise.

Allan couldn't penetrate Sally's exact thoughts, but the liquid warmth flooding her eyes telegraphed his victory—he was conquering her trust with every passing moment. Their inaugural meeting had detonated beyond his wildest projections.

Elsewhere, Elliana navigated the car toward Rosewood Villa with Adah secured in the passenger seat.

Recently, Adah had nested with Leonel in the cramped apartment he'd secured for them. The space offered nothing impressive, but sharing walls with family had saturated their days with an intimacy that glowed like captured sunlight.

The game had shifted now, though. Adah blazed as an ascending star, and stars required fortresses with bulletproof privacy. Without proper sanctuary, paparazzi and rabid fans would devour her existence whole—twenty-four hours of relentless siege, seven days a week, until she collapsed or cracked.

Midway to the Rosewood Villa, Elliana's phone erupted. Ruben's name flashed on the screen. The moment she answered, his voice crackled through the speakers, vibrating with manic energy. "Elliana! How could you not tell me that the girl Lance has been spending time with is Adah from the Norris family?"

The old man's excitement practically bled through the line. This obsession stemmed from a single, delicious irony: Adah was once Allan's discarded fiancée.

The social circles were already buzzing with the scandal of the Shaw

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family's botched engagement. Based on the desperate displays from Raymond and Allan at the recent banquet, the Shaws were drowning in regret, clawing for a way to reclaim her. Ruben was possessed by a single, burning ambition—to ensure they failed.

Decades ago, Ruben had outmaneuvered Raymond in winning a woman's heart; now, he demanded his grandson, Lance, deliver the same crushing blow to Allan.

Elliana had parsed Ruben's motives long ago. She swallowed a laugh at his theatrical fervor, deciding to feed his fire. "My apologies, Ruben. It slipped my mind entirely. That's on me."

"Oh, that's quite alright!" Ruben's laughter boomed, hearty and jagged. "I've already interrogated Lance—he's into Adah. He told me he'd sprint to the altar if she gave him the nod. Do me a favor and pitch the idea, will you? Tell her the Evans clan won't just welcome her with open arms—we'll greet her with a million!"

"Understood. I'll ensure your proposal rings loud and clear," Elliana promised.

Ruben unleashed a torrent of final instructions, his mandate echoing with singular intensity: get Adah to join the Evans fold at any cost. He capped off the demands with a dramatic flourish, swearing that if Elliana botched this, he'd succumb to a hunger strike out of pure heartbreak.

Elliana hung up the phone and glanced toward the passenger seat, an amused smirk dancing on her face. "Well? What's the verdict?"

Earlier, she had toggled the speakerphone on purpose, ensuring Ruben's every boisterous word landed directly in Adah's ear.