

Chapter 891 Most Expensive Birthday Gift

Adah narrowed her gaze, scrutinizing Allan with open suspicion. She searched every detail of his expression, hoping to uncover any hint of deceit.

Allan simply stood there, unflinching beneath her careful inspection. He understood she didn't trust him yet, but he felt no urgency. Sooner or later, his sincerity would be clear.

"What have you been doing these past six weeks?" Adah asked.

A gentle warmth lit Allan's features. "I told you before I left, remember? I went away to prepare your birthday gift."

That simple remark carried layers of meaning. When a man bothered to explain his schedule to a woman, it spoke volumes; there was clearly more to their relationship than casual acquaintance. They had to be romantically involved, if not already married.

The crowd began exchanging looks, their interest piqued, while Lance stood by, looking even more out of place than before.

Adah was mortified. She longed to shout that there was nothing between her and Allan, but if she did, she would only make herself look defensive. With no escape, she realized she had walked straight into Allan's verbal snare. She felt utterly defeated, silently cursing him for putting her in this position.

She shot Allan a sharp warning glare, silently begging him to quit his nonsense. But thanks to his clever words, the audience misunderstood her anger. To them, that glare came off as nothing more than a playful, teasing pout.

Trapped, Adah snapped, "So, where is this present?"

She was desperate to see what could possibly take six whole weeks to prepare. No matter what he revealed, she resolved to reject it on the spot. She would crush his pride right here, showing everyone he couldn't corner her so easily.

Allan easily read her expression and smiled inwardly, already guessing her plan. He faced the crowd, his voice ringing out, "Six weeks ago, Adah and I made a bet. If I could give her a birthday gift she truly loved, she would marry me. Today, I intend to fulfill my bet, and I want you all as my witnesses!"

A collective gasp swept through the guests, followed by a murmur of excitement. Every eye in the room locked onto Allan, eager to see what would happen next.

Allan left the ballroom for a moment and then returned, guiding a wheelchair.

Seated in the chair was a woman in a luxurious gown, her age and fragile health plain to see, yet her radiant smile and clear eyes suggested she had been well cared for.

The guests exchanged puzzled glances, unable to place her.

Adah, however, froze, her eyes widening. Nearby, Elliana, Rita, Sophie, and Raymond all shifted their expressions.

Not far from Adah, Leonel stood rooted to the spot, utterly stunned.

A hush swept across the room, everyone's gaze fixed on Allan, bracing for the revelation.

After an agonizing moment, a ragged cry tore from Adah's lips. "Mom!"

Without a second's hesitation, Adah raced over to the wheelchair and collapsed to her knees at Sally's side. "Mom... is it really you?" Tears streamed down her cheeks as she gazed up in disbelief.

Emotion shimmered in Sally's eyes. She reached out, smoothing Adah's hair with a trembling hand. "I'm back, Adah."

Leonel hurried over, his voice barely steady as he choked out, "Sally... you've finally come back to us."

Meeting his gaze, Sally saw the marks of years spent longing and separation. Her voice trembled with feeling. "I'm sorry, Leonel. You waited so long for me."

Allan had already explained everything to Sally, how Leonel had only married Melanie for appearances' sake, never betraying Sally's memory. The truth left Sally grateful but aching. She had vanished without warning years ago and would have understood if Leonel had moved on. Yet, he had chosen to wait for her to return all these years.

Tears and laughter mingled as Leonel clung to Sally's hand, afraid to let go, as though she might slip away again. "None of that matters now. The only thing that counts is that you're finally back. Our family is finally whole again."

Nearby, Melanie stood quietly, wiping her tears with a handkerchief as emotion overwhelmed her.

At that moment, Rita and Sophie rushed over, tears streaming down their faces, their words thick with emotion. "Sally!"

Even after so many years apart, Sally recognized them instantly. "Rita! Sophie!"

Their friendship had been forged through shared trials and unbreakable loyalty. Though much could not be said before the crowd, a single exchange of glances spoke volumes, years of hardship, silent pain, and now, the indescribable joy of reunion.

Elliana and Cole came forward, ready to introduce themselves.

"Sally, I'm Elliana."

"And I'm Cole."

One was Rita's daughter, the other Sophie's son—and Sally already knew about them. She looked at Elliana and Cole with gentle pride, her heart swelling with warmth. "You've both grown so much. It's wonderful to see you finally."

Rita and Sophie had treated Adah as their own, and Sally had loved Rita's and Sophie's children as fiercely as if they were her own as well.

Back when Rita, Sally and Sophie had fled Ublento, fear and uncertainty had dogged every step, and the future had seemed bleak. To now see all three children thriving and accomplished was the deepest comfort the three mothers could imagine, easing old wounds and filling them with peace.

Milton stepped forward with a broad, reassuring smile. "Sally, I'm Milton. I'm Elliana's brother."

