

Chapter 894 Prenuptial Agreement

A decade earlier, Rita had disappeared without warning. Sally had torn through every corner of Cadena searching for her, but each promising clue led straight to disappointment. With nowhere else to turn, Sally had gone back to the villa they once called home, clinging to the faint hope that Rita might walk through the door one day.

News had finally surfaced two years later—Miguel had taken Rita. Sally hadn't hesitated and set out for Delta on her own, determined to pull Rita from Miguel's hold.

What followed was utterly chaos. The rescue mission unraveled into violence, leaving Sally seriously hurt. Allan stepped in and kept her alive, but the ordeal plunged her into a coma that stretched on for eight years.

Eight years felt like the space between heartbeats for Sally—a silent nothingness, empty and unmarked. The world outside, though, carried on through years of heartbreak and hardship. Only Allan's intervention saved her from being lost forever.

Adah listened to her mother's story and felt her heart twist with sympathy. She found herself more grateful than ever for Allan's steadfast presence.

Tears streaming down his face, Leonel clung to Sally's hand and made a quiet promise. "Sally, from here on out, you have me. I'll be there through every stage of your recovery. You'll be back on your feet in no time, I promise."

When Sally met his eyes, trust and gratitude shone so brightly that it

was impossible to miss. "You always did what I asked, every single time. Now, let me be the one to follow your lead. I'll trust you no matter what comes next."

Leonel was caught off guard. Even after more than a decade apart, his instinct to defer to her ran deep. This sudden role reversal left him flustered and terrified. He was paralyzed by the fear that he might let her down or cause her to suffer.

With a shaky breath, he admitted, "I wish things were different, but money's tight right now. We'll have to scrape by for a while. Still, I'll turn things around for us. I swear it."

Leonel had always known how to earn a living. Money had never been an issue before, but Gia had forced him to hand over everything he owned to Westley. Starting from zero was one thing—watching Sally suffer after everything she'd survived was almost too much to bear. Nothing about it felt right; Sally had battled her way back to the world only to find herself staring at a future filled with hardship.

With a gentle glance, Sally read the worry on Leonel's face and quickly tried to reassure him. "None of that matters to me. As long as we're together, even the toughest days will feel like a gift. And honestly, I know you'll turn things around sooner than you think." It was her idea to let Leonel blend into the background, all so he could stay clear of danger and keep their family off her pursuers' radar. If anyone deserved pity, it was him.

Adah couldn't keep quiet any longer. "Seriously, do you two forget that I'm famous now? I have more money than I know what to do with. There's no way I'd let you both struggle."

Elliana broke into laughter. "She's right! Leonel, Sally, you do realize your daughter's best friend is rolling in cash, don't you? No way you'll suffer through hardship."

Cole grinned and chimed in, "And just for the record, the husband of your daughter's best friend has plenty to spare, too."

Milton remarked with a smirk, "Sally, if you're talking about pinching pennies in front of me, then you clearly don't believe in the Sun Group's generosity."

Rita and Sophie joined the fun, both smiling. "Come on, Sally. We're practically swimming in luxury these days. If you run off to live poor, are you saying you don't want us in your life anymore?"

The room filled with laughter and mock complaints, leaving Sally and Leonel caught somewhere between amusement and embarrassment. Honestly, with this circle of friends and family, going broke was out of the question. Their whole exchange had just been a game—a playful way to show how much they cared for each other.

With a soft chuckle, Allan stepped in to wrap things up. "I appreciate everyone's generosity, but I'll cover the bills for my in-laws. You all can save your money for another day."

Pulling a crisp document from his folder, Allan set it on the table. "If no one objects, I'd like you all to witness this for us."

The group straightened, interest flickering across their faces.

Allan passed the papers to Adah. "I've given it a lot of thought, and I believe it's time for us to sign a prenuptial agreement."

His words seemed to hang in the air. For a moment, the room went silent. Among the wealthy, these contracts were a practical safeguard. They protected family wealth, clarified boundaries, and kept ugly disputes at bay if marriages were to unravel.

Everyone in their circle knew it was normal, but the timing—Allan's formality in front of everyone—felt almost ruthless.

Sally and Leonel exchanged uneasy glances. They had never

considered chasing after the Shaw fortune through Adah, but Allan's public announcement left them shifting in their seats.

Unmoved, Adah accepted the document. She had only ever agreed to this marriage out of thankfulness, never for what Allan owned. Without hesitating, she scribbled her signature across the page, not bothering to read a single line.

When she finished, she slid both copies back to him. "You keep them. If things ever go wrong between us, let your lawyers settle it. I'll go along with whatever's written here."

Allan shook his head and pressed one set of papers into her hand. "No, you should hold onto a copy. I want you to have it, just in case."

