

Chapter 895 Mutual Affection

Adah did not see the point of keeping a copy at all. Allan's insistence made little sense to her, yet with so many eyes trained on them, pushing it back would only draw attention. In the end, she accepted the papers. She told herself she would never bother reading them.

Still, as she held the document, a single clause slipped into her line of sight. The effect was immediate. Her breath caught, and her pupils dilated in stunned disbelief.

Elliana noticed at once. Before Adah could even react, the document was pulled from her grasp. "Since Allan wants us here as witnesses, we're entitled to hear what's in it," Elliana said coolly. "I'll read it aloud."

Without waiting for approval, Elliana began.

The opening clauses passed without consequence, a string of lifeless legal phrasing that failed to stir any reaction. Faces remained impassive. That changed the moment Elliana reached the third clause, and then the fourth. Confusion rippled through the room, followed by shock that mirrored what had seized Adah moments earlier.

Stripped to its core, the agreement was horrifyingly clear.

Once the marriage was formalized, everything Allan owned, whether accumulated before or after the wedding, would become marital property. Adah's wealth, on the other hand, would remain exclusively hers, untouched and inaccessible to him, both now and in the future. Should the marriage end, Adah would claim half of Allan's entire fortune and retain all of her own assets without exception.

Elliana fell silent after finishing reading that section.

Signing this meant Allan was voluntarily surrendering half his empire to Adah. His net worth hovered around eight hundred billion. The instant

Adah agreed to marry him, four hundred billion would effectively belong to her.

If the relationship collapsed, Adah would emerge among the world's wealthiest figures, while Allan would plummet down the rankings, his fortune cleanly cut in two.

There was no ambiguity in the document. It shielded Adah completely and left Allan exposed on every front.

A faint laugh slipped from Elliana as she thrust the papers back at Adah.

Calling this a prenuptial agreement felt dishonest. It read more like a confession of Allan's profound feelings toward Adah, a declaration written in legal ink rather than words. If devotion could be quantified, this was its most extreme form.

Adah could not move. Her eyes traced the page once more before slowly lifting to Allan's face. "Why?"

She truly couldn't make sense of it. Why would Allan be willing to sacrifice so much for her? His reputation wasn't exactly spotless. He had been drawn to her beauty at first sight. Surely, this sudden devotion had more to do with her youth and appearances than anything deeper. But time would take that away eventually. When it did, would he not simply turn to someone younger? Signing an agreement like this felt almost reckless. Had he truly never stopped to consider divorce? Or the consequences waiting on the other side of it?

Yet, where Adah stood stiff with unease, Allan looked thoroughly entertained. His eyes curved with easy amusement as he spoke, his voice deliberately light. "You know I've always been weak when it comes to pretty faces. Think of this as an insurance policy against bad behavior."

His tone was playful, but she could see past the humor. The warmth in

his gaze was genuine. No man gambled half his empire on a fling. Only someone deeply in love would make a choice this absurd. Four hundred billion was not a symbolic gesture. It was not pocket change, nor a careless indulgence. It was everything he had built.

And then, all at once, clarity struck Adah. Now she understood why his attitude had shifted so sharply after learning her true identity. His earlier resentment toward their engagement had never been about her looks at all. He had bristled at the arranged marriage itself, at being cornered into a future he had not chosen, at the loss of control over his own life. She had merely been the face attached to that resentment.

Later, when he pursued her with such determination, it was not simply because the ugly bumpkin had transformed into a stunning woman. It was because the real her, stripped of disguises and misunderstandings, fit perfectly into the image of the partner he had always wanted.

The realization sent a quiet warmth spreading through Adah's chest. She had never been one for coyness. Now that his feelings were undeniable, she found it impossible to keep hers buried. "Back in Cadena," she said softly, "when you took my hand and promised to help me find my mom... that was when I started falling for you."

There was no doubt left in her mind. That moment had been the beginning. She had felt it then and simply refused to name it.

She often claimed to like gentle, boy-next-door types, but even she knew that was mostly bravado. When it came to something as serious as marriage, she had always been drawn to men like Allan, steady, composed, and quietly strong.

In that sense, she and Elliana were not so different after all. They could stand alone without fear, capable of carving their own paths through the world. They did not need anyone to survive. But when the right man appeared, they were willing, even eager, to let themselves rest in his arms.

And now, she had found someone she could finally rely on.

Allan, meanwhile, felt as though her words had struck him squarely in the chest. Each one sank in, warm and disarming, leaving him momentarily at a loss.

He had assumed her acceptance of his proposal came from gratitude alone. That assumption was precisely why he had drafted the agreement in the first place, hoping to clear away any hesitation so she would not walk toward him burdened by obligation. He had never imagined that her feelings had taken root much earlier. Cadena. The realization stunned him. So this was what it meant. To be chosen as much as he had chosen her.

Laughter broke free from Allan's chest, unrestrained and bright. In one swift motion, he pulled Adah close, wrapping her tightly in his arms before lowering a gentle yet resolute kiss onto her forehead.

Across the room, Sally and Leonel shared a look, emotion softening their smiles. After everything their daughter had endured, she had finally arrived at her own version of happiness.

The rest of the onlookers wore similar expressions, their approval unspoken but unmistakable.

Only Elliana ruined the moment on purpose. She exaggeratedly rubbed her arms, grimacing. "I can't watch this anymore. Do you two really need to be this sweet? I'm getting chills."

Adah immediately shot back a glare, half-amused, half-offended. "Oh, please. As if you and Cole don't parade your affection every chance you get. You're the good one to talk, huh?"

Elliana did not bother arguing. Instead, she seized Adah's hand and started dragging her toward the exit, cutting off whatever retort might have followed.