

Impulsive Vow to an Enigmatic Husband Chapter 1461

Chapter 1461

Cornelia was a whole lot shorter than Jeremy, so when she was trying to dry his hair, she had to stand on her tiptoes, just about brushing her nose against the corner of his mouth.

He shifted his head slightly, and his lips landed on the tip of her nose. The sudden affection startled Comelia, who was focused on drying his hair, and she instinctively tried to back away. But Jeremy was having none of that. He wrapped his arm around her and pulled

her into his embrace.

Cornelia blushed and gently pushed him away. "I haven't finished drying your hair. Stop it."

"I just want to hold you, kiss you," Jeremy said, his head dipped, soaking in her scent, finding her lips, and pressing a gentle kiss on

them.

It was a soft kiss. Comelia felt as though a feather had brushed against her lips, ticklish. After what seemed like forever, he pulled away His voice was so rich and velvety as he said her name, "Cornelia,.."

Cornelia loved it when he said her name. It was like the most beautiful note in the world coming from his mouth, not just pleasing to the ear but intoxicating.

She snuggled into his arms, her face upturned and looking absolutely gorgeous. "What's up?"

Her cheeks were flushed, her voice sweet as honey. Unable to resist, Jeremy kissed her again,

A kiss was not enough, he wanted more but he knew that she had just had a c-section and they couldn't make love, Jeremy suppressed all the urges rushing through him. "I'll take another shower."

As he was about to leave, Cornelia grabbed his arm, her cheeks instantly red. "Are you really uncomfortable?"

Jeremy's voice was a bit husky, "I'm fine."

Cornelia looked at him. "Can I... help you with that..." She looked absolutely mortified as the words came out. Thankfully, the lighting in the room was dim, so he probably couldn't see it clearly.

Jeremy chuckled. "No need. A cold shower will do."

Not long after, Jeremy came out from the shower again. His hair was wet again, and Cornelia had to dry it for him again.

After she finished drying his hair, she looked at the wounds on his chest and said softly, "Your wounds must hurt a lot."

Jeremy ran his hand through her hair. "Not at all, not when you're here,"

Cornelia, "I'm not some magical medicine."

Jeremy, "But you're more effective than any medicine. As long as you're here, no wound is a problem."

This wasn't Jeremy blowing smoke. After he and Cornelia made up, his health really did improve a lot.

Cornelia wrapped her arms tighter around his waist. "If I'm your magical medicine, then why would you ever push me away? Jeremy, promise me, no matter what happens, you won't push me away ever again, We'll face everything together"

Jeremy, "Okay."

Cornelia, "Good. I'll tidy up a bit. You should go spend some time with Steven. You've kept him waiting for so long, he might not be waiting anymore, you can send him a text before you go."

Jeremy, "Okay, I'll hang out with him for a bit, then come back to you."

Cornelia, "It's okay, you can have your own private time."

"Impulsive Vow to an Enigmatic Husband" What's better than a classic

Chapter 1462

Maybe because he was sick, or maybe because they had been apart for nearly a year, but Jeremy became super clingy to Cornelia after they reconciled. Wherever Cornelia went, he tagged along.

He didn't socialize, and even if he did venture out, he'd be back in a jiffy. He was like Comelia's personal accessory. He barely had any me-time or personal space.

Comelia was worried about him, but Jeremy seemed to dig this kind of lifestyle. He said, "The time I spend with you is my happiest don't need personal time."

If he was away from Comelia even for a while, he'd get antsy. He was afraid that everything he had now was just a dream, afraid that he would wake up to find that Comelia and Hope were non-existent. Only when he was sure that they were with him, could he relax

Comelia suggested, "We can leave Hope with Patricia and Grandma, and I can go with you?"

Jeremy's eyes lit up. "Sure."

When Steven saw Jeremy and Comelia together, he wasn't surprised. He knew Jeremy couldn't drink, so he prepared freshly squeezed juice for him. "Jeremy, this juice is for you. Hope you recover soon so we can have a drink together.

Jeremy, "Sure."

For Comelia, Steven prepared champagne. "Cornelia, I know you can hold your liquor, let's have a few drinks"

Comelia replied, "I'm still breastfeeding, so I can't drink now. You guys chat. I'll wait outside."

Jeremy held Cornelia tight as she was about to leave. "Where are you going?"

Comelia replied, "Rosie is video calling me, and it might take a while. I'll chat with her outside, not far from you guys. If you call me, I

can hear."

Jeremy was relieved, "Sure."

Watching Cornelia leave, Jeremy couldn't take his eyes off her. Steven chuckled, "Jeremy, are you too dependent on your wife?"

Jeremy looked at Steven, simply saying, "I choose to be."

Steven replied, "We only meet occasionally and you bring your wife. You know you're completely under her control, right? You don't have any personal time at all. If this continues, she'll control you even more."

Jeremy lifted his juice, took a sip, then slowly said, "Don't rush to judge me. Let me ask you, does your wife remember you?" Hearing this, Steven downed his drink. One glass wasn't enough, he wanted another. Jeremy took his glass, "Drinking won't solve anything."

Steven replied, "Drinking doesn't solve anything, but it numbs my nerves, makes me feel better."

Jeremy asked, "Do you feel the pain now?"

Steven rolled his eyes at him. "I'm not stupid, of course. I know pain. I'm serious. Don't provoke me."

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Jeremy said, "Just because your ex-wife doesn't recognize you, you're in such pain. Think about what you've done to her before, do you know how much pain your ex-wife is in?"

Mentioning the past, Steven felt regret. "I made a mistake."

Jeremy responded, "Just saying 'I made a mistake' might not solve the problem, the pain you caused her can't be erased."

Steven asked, "Then you tell me, what should I do now?"

Steven always felt that his love experience was much richer than Jeremy's. After all, Jeremy had never been in love before getting married, while he had been married for many years, definitely knowing more about running a marriage than Jeremy.

"Impulsive Vow to an Enigmatic Husband" What's better than a classic

Chapter 1463

Seeing how well Cornelia and Jeremy got along, Steven finally realized he was the real numbskull who couldn't handle a marriage.

Jeremy's answer was both simple and infuriating. "I don't know your ex. You'd know better how to deal with her."

Steven shot back, "I shouldn't have asked for your advice. Now that you've got a wife and kid, you don't care about me anymore, do you?" Among the four of them, Lucas was the first one to get hitched, followed by him and Zavier. Jeremy was the last one to tie the knot, years after the rest of them. To their surprise, Jeremy, the last one to get married, was the first one to have a kid. Steven couldn't help but feel a pang of envy.

Jeremy said, "I'm not trying to piss you off. I just think everyone's different. What works for Cornelia and me might not work for you and your ex."

Steven shot back, "Stop calling her my ex, she's my wife."

Man, what a headache. Jeremy snickered but didn't argue about the title. "There's one thing you should get," he said.

"What's that?" Steven asked, eager to hear.

Jeremy said, "First off, you gotta be sure you love her, and make sure she knows it."

Steven fell silent. He did love Hannah but he'd never done anything to make her feel his love. In the past, the things he'd done to her were downright devilish.

Jeremy said, "When it comes to love, there's no one-size-fits-all. What matters is sincerity. And making sure she knows your true feelings."

Steven said, "No matter what I say now, she won't believe me."

Jeremy said, "Then you gotta find out why she doesn't trust you and fix it from the root."

Steven said, "I'll give it a try."

Jeremy said, "Alright, I'm off then."

Hearing this, Steven flared up, "You've been here less than half an hour and you're leaving?"

Jeremy explained, "Cornelia and I are out, so Hope is with Patricia and my grandma. The kid wakes up and wants his milk. He'll cry if we're not there."

Steven said, "You're not only whipped by your wife, but you're also a full-time Dad now. You're a bigshot CEO, so why would you want to be a regular Joe wrapped around his wife and kid's fingers?"

Jeremy said, "Once you get it, you'll win your wife back. Right now, I feel more accomplished taking care of my wife and kid than growing my company."

Steven said, "Just go. I don't wanna see you for a while."

Despite his harsh words, Jeremy really did leave. Steven had a few drinks by himself, but it was no fun, so he had his driver take him to the hospital.

It was late at night by then. The lights in Hannah's room were off. It seemed like Rick must have sent the Ableson family's parents off to

rest.

Steven quietly walked over, planning to sit by Hannah's bed, only to find that Hannah's parents were still there. They were watching over her as she slept, their eyes full of concern. It was heart-wrenching.

Steven softly asked, "Why haven't you gone to rest?"

Hannah's parents both turned and shushed him at the same time. Steven immediately shut up.

Jeo stood up, signaling for Steven to follow him outside. Once they were out of the room, Jeo carefully closed Hannah's door, making sure not to disturb her. Then he asked, "You got a lighter?"

"Impulsive Vow to an Enigmatic Husband" What's better than a classic

Chapter 1464

Steven pulled out his lighter and lit a cigarette for Hannah's dad. "You've been on the road all day, and must be beat. Why don't you take a break?"

Jeo took a deep drag and let out a long puff of smoke. "Hannah had a terrible accident, she almost kicked the bucket, and we only found out today. You think we could get any shut-eye?"

Steven said, "I'm really sorry!"

Jeo looked at Steven and asked, "Do you fancy my daughter?"

Steven nodded, "I do."

Jeo said, "If you do, then let her go, and let me take her back to our hometown."

Steven said, "I hope Hannah can stay. I hope she can remember me."

Steven knew very well that once Hannah was taken back to their hometown by the Ableson family, she might never remember him again, and she might not even know a man named Steven ever existed in her life.

Jeo said, "You just said you like her, so ask yourself. Do you really like her or do you like the feeling of having her under your control."

Steven was surprised by Jeo's words, but he quickly said, "I like her."

Jeo said, "Like her? But you don't look like you do."

Steven stayed silent.

Jeo asked again, "Under what circumstances would you let her go?"

Steven said, "Unless I'm six feet under, I ain't letting go."

Jeo smirked, "Are you threatening me?"

Steven said, "That's not what I meant."

Jeo said, "I know about your plan to remarry Hannah. Her mom told me. Let me tell you, unless Hannah agrees, you'll have to get my blessing first, otherwise, it ain't happening."

Steven was taken aback by Jeo's firmness.

Jeo continued, "If you really care for my daughter, and you can treat her right, I don't mind leaving her with you. You keep saying you like my daughter, but you hurt her so much, so how can I trust you with her?"

Steven said, "That's in the past, in the future..."

Jeo said, "If you really like her, let her go, and let her find her own happiness. Of course, I won't stop you from pursuing her, but do it like a normal guy chasing a girl, not by using your power and influence."

Steven said, "Jeo..."

Jeo said, "I know you won't let us leave, Hannah can't leave if you don't let go, but can you bear to see her unhappy?"

Steven didn't answer. He didn't want to. He was the one who suggested the divorce because he was afraid.

Afraid of losing her.

Jeo said, "Think about it. When you have your answer, let me know tomorrow."

Steven said, "Dad, no need to wait till tomorrow, I can give you a definite answer now. Once her wounds are fully healed, you can take her back. I promise I won't use my power to pressure her anymore."

Jeo raised his hand, gently wiping a tear from his eye, he sighed with relief and said, "Thank you!"

Steven said, "Jeo..."

Jeo interrupted him, "I'm glad you could spend Christmas with me this year."

Steven said, "Jeo, she..."

Jeo said, "We'll take good care of her. You're not related to her anymore. You don't have to worry about her."

Steven didn't say a word.

"Impulsive Vow to an Enigmatic Husband" What's better than a classic

Chapter 1465

Steven Dixon and Jeo's conversation finally came to an end, leaving Jeo a bit more at ease.

His hand, slightly trembling, reached into his pocket and pulled out a worn-out pack of cigarettes, giving it a slight shake to reveal two sticks. He took out one with his calloused hand and offered it to Steven. "Fancy a smoke?"

The price tag on this pack was peanuts. What Steven usually smoked were special, high-grade cigarettes that smelled way better than these. These cheap smokes would normally never make their way into his hands.

But at that moment, Steven didn't snub it. He took the cigarette, put it in his mouth, and lit it up. After just one puff, he was coughing and choking from the harsh smoke.

Jeo also lit up his cigarette and took a drag. "Not to your taste?"

Steven frowned. "If you're into smoking. I can get you the good stuff next time. Don't smoke this cheap crap-it's bad for you."

Jeo casually flicked off the ash. "I've been smoking these for decades. I'm used to the strong taste. I can't really get into the other ones."

Steven tried another puff, but still couldn't stand the taste. He couldn't understand why anyone would enjoy smoking these. "Habits can be a real bitch."

Out of the blue, Jeo asked, "So, are you used to having Hannah as your wife, or is there another reason you want to get back together with her?"

Steven blinked. "Cigarettes and people are different. You can't compare them like that."

Jeo pressed on, "What's the difference?"

Steven-replied, "Hannah's a person; she has feelings."

Jeo retorted, "Oh, so you remember she has feelings? I thought you didn't know."

Jeo gave a bitter smile, tears welling up in his eyes. "I had no idea my daughter was having such a rough time out there. Her mom always told me not to worry, and that the man she married was rich and treated her well. I only recently found out that you two had divorced. I only recently found out that the condition for Hannah to marry you was for you to pay for my medical treatment. Your marriage wasn't a normal one, but a transaction."

"It wasn't really like that..." Steven tried to explain but didn't know how. He had always liked Hannah. He loved her, and that was why he married her. But his previous actions didn't reflect his love for Hannah at all.

"Wasn't like what?" Jeo wiped his tears, staring straight at Steven.

No father wanted to admit that his daughter was someone else's plaything. But this situation wasn't solely Steven's fault, he was to blame too. He had gotten seriously ill, and if he didn't need money for treatment, his daughter wouldn't have...

After a long pause, Steven said, "I'm sorry."

Jeo responded, "You don't need to apologize to me. You should say that to Hannah."

Steven said, "I will."

Jeo flicked the ash off his cigarette. "The cigarettes I smoke are cheap, but I like them. You're used to the expensive ones, and while you could smoke these if you had to, you'd never choose them. Your marriage to Hannah is the same. Hannah might not be right for you, so maybe you're better suited to those high-class ladies..."

Steven didn't want to hear this. "Are you saying your daughter is like cheap cigarettes to you?"

Jeo answered, "To me, my daughter is priceless. I failed as a father; I couldn't provide for her. Even though Hannah was born into a humble family, and even though she married you and played house with you for a few years, she could never truly fit into your world."

"Impulsive Vow to an Enigmatic Husband" What's better than a classic

Chapter 1466

If this were back in the day, Steven would've just shrugged off these questions. He used to think that marriage was strictly between him and Hannah and had nothing to do with their social circles. But only recently, had he realized that the environment also mattered a lot.

If his friends and family didn't accept Hannah, especially his parents, Hannah, no matter how strong she was inside, would feel insecure.

On this topic, both of them didn't say anything more, and just silently puffed on their cigarettes. After finishing his cigarette, Steven put out the butt. "Dad, you guys promised you'd take Hannah away. Can I still visit her?"

Jeo said, "Ask Hannah's mom and see if she agrees."

Just then, Pandora came out. "Hannah's asleep. Don't wake her up."

So, this is her agreeing.

"Thanks!" Steven couldn't wait and rushed into Hannah's hospital room.

Jeo wiped away his tears and looked at Pandora with worry. "She..."

Pandora said, "She's fine. If you're not feeling well, go rest in the room they've arranged. I'll wait here, and if Hannah wakes up, I'll be here."

Jeo held Pandora's hand tightly. "I know you're really upset. Just let it out, and cry if you need to."

Pandora said, "You think everyone is like you, who cries at the drop of a hat. Hannah got that from you. She cries easily."

Jeo said, "Kind people often cry easily."

Pandora said, "I don't want Hannah to be that kind. They say nice guys finish last."

Jeo said. "It's okay, doing good things will eventually bring good results, and doing bad things will eventually bring bad results."

Pandora said, "Yes, hopefully. I hope our Hannah and Farley grow up healthy and live ordinary lives."

Jeo said, "Yes, Steven promised that after Hannah recovers, he'd let us take her away."

In the hospital room.

Steven gently held Hannah's hand, softly calling her name, "Hannah..." He looked at her peaceful sleeping face, just quietly watching her, as if he could see forever.

"Hannah, I'm sorry, the day you needed me the most, I didn't get your call for help. But don't worry, no matter how important the meeting is in the future, I will never turn off my phone. I will never miss any of your calls again."

A month ago, he went overseas to attend a very important meeting. The meeting involved leaders from various countries and required high confidentiality, so he was unaccessible to the outside world during that time. Therefore, he missed several distress calls from Hannah. He only received one reproachful message from her.

When he found out she had a car accident, he disregarded everyone's objections and immediately took a private jet back home.

The ten-plus hour flight felt like an eternity to him. Every second was torture.

When he finally landed, he sprinted to the hospital and saw Hannah in the emergency room. She was covered in blood, as if she was lying in a sea of blood, and he could barely see her face. In that instant, he felt dizzy, and the world turned gray. He couldn't hear the sounds around him, only seeing people busily moving around.

Finally, it was Jeremy's voice that brought him back to reality. "Hannah has lost a lot of blood and is being transfused. It's still uncertain whether we can save her."

"Impulsive Vow to an Enigmatic Husband" What's better than a classic

Chapter 1467

That sentence hit like a ton of bricks.

"Nobody's taking her anywhere unless I say so." After Steven sternly delivered this line, he immediately made a few phone calls, reaching out to experts all

around the globe. No matter the cost, he was determined to bring Hannah back from the brink.

After two long, agonizing days and nights, Hannah was finally out of danger. Though her life was no longer hanging by a thread, there was still no sign of her waking up. The doctors said she would either wake up soon, or she would not wake up at all. It all hinged on her will to live.

He asked the doctors if she had a strong will to survive. They had no answers for him. They suggested he talk to her more and talk about things she was interested in. That was when he realized he didn't even know what Hannah was truly interested in. So, he tried telling her all sorts of stories, hoping she would like at least one of them. But it didn't seem to make a difference.

After over a month of anguish, she finally woke up. Just as he was about to embrace her with hope, she didn't remember him anymore. She remembered everyone else, except him. She remembered everyone else, even Jeremy, who she wasn't even close with. She had forgotten him, the man she used to share her bed and intimate moments with. At this, Steven gave a bitter smile. "Hannah, do you hate me that much? You hate me to the point you won't even acknowledge that I was once part of your life."

Maybe his voice disturbed her because Hannah suddenly furrowed her brows.

Steven quickly reached out to soothe her furrowed brows. "Hannah, what's wrong? Are you feeling alright?"

Hannah didn't respond and fell back into a deep sleep.

Again, Steven gently held her hand. "Hannah, wherever you go, remember to call me, okay? You don't know what it was like for me living without you. I know you wanted to leave me, I know you wanted a divorce, so I processed the divorce for us. But you don't know, I never truly let you go. I want us to be together forever."

No one responded, but he continued talking.

Hannah had no words. What on earth was Steven trying to do? Wasn't he always cold and harsh towards her? Now he wanted to play the part of the passionate lover?

In terms of acting, she was certain she wouldn't lose to him, but the problem was, she had no idea what this man was up to now.

Just as Hannah was about to be driven crazy by him, he started talking again, "Hannah, do you know that I love you?"

This man really was playing the passionate lover again. Any woman would be repulsed by a man like him.

Before they divorced, she had to rely on him to live, couldn't leave him, and had to play along. Now they'd been divorced for almost a year, and he was with his first love every day, who would want to play the lovey-dovey couple with her?

Hannah thought, "Go away! Stay away from me! Stop bothering me!"

But Steven said again, "Hannah, Daniela was never my first love. Nothing ever happened between us."

This man really pissed her off!

Impulsive Vow to an Enigmatic Husband

Score 9.9