

Impulsive Vow to an Enigmatic Husband (Cornelia Stewart)

Chapter

Chapter 1534 Steven pondered it for a moment and had to agree. A Christmas dinner made by the entire family indeed had a special atmosphere. He quickly texted Alan: [No need to come anymore.] Alan: [What?] Steven ignored his reply, pocketing his phone and focusing on the car ahead. The highway was clogged, the speed was slow, and the car in front was already at a dead stop. Rick said, "President Dixon, the navigation says there's been a major accident up ahead. It won't clear for a while, probably until after dark. We don't have any food in the car either." Steven cut him off with a look that could freeze molasses, "Missing one meal won't kill you." Rick mumbled under his breath, his feelings hurt. Steven asked, "What are you mumbling about?" Rick said, "You're following your wife, but not even greeting her. She doesn't even know you're here to see her. What if she's missing you? I'm just worried." Steven said, "I don't need your meddling." Rick sighed. Alright, no meddling. From now on, he wouldn't interfere in the Ableson family's matters. In the midst of this, the car door ahead suddenly opened. Hannah got out, stretching by the side of the car. The car next to them also opened, and a handsome young man stepped out. He gave Hannah a shy smile, "Excuse me, are you Hannah?" Hannah had gained twenty pounds recently, so she looked quite different from her screen image. Even if people thought she looked like the famous Hannah, they weren't certain. She had gone shopping without anyone recognizing her, so she figured fewer people on the road would recognize her. She didn't even bother with sunglasses. To her surprise, she was recognized.

Hannah answered with a smile, "Many people say I look like Hannah and mistake me for her. But I think I'm much prettier than Hannah." The man looked embarrassed, "I'm sorry! I'm a big fan of Hannah. I thought you were her. I wanted to ask for an autograph." Hannah said, "No problem. It's fate that we met. How about I give you an autograph in Hannah's name?" The man said, "That would be great." Hannah asked, "Do you have a pen?" The man promptly handed her a Sharpie, clearly prepared. Hannah

laughed, "Where should I sign?" The man unzipped his jacket to reveal a white T-shirt underneath. He patted his left chest, "Could you sign here, please? It's the closest place to my heart." Hannah blushed a little, "I'm not the real Hannah. It doesn't feel right." The man stared at Hannah, his eyes full of infatuation and warmth, "It's okay." Hannah thought for a moment, still feeling awkward, "Maybe not. As she tried to pull her hand back, the man suddenly grabbed her wrist, "Hannah, I know it's you. Others may mistake you, but I won't. Your personal details are not publicized, and fans don't even know where you're from. You suddenly disappeared these past few months. I've been searching for you- and finally, I found you

Chapter 1535 The man's tone and the intense gaze in his eyes sent a shiver of danger rippling through Hannah. Instinctively, she tried to pull her hand back. Unexpectedly, the man's grip was vice-like. Despite her efforts, she couldn't pull free, "Sir, I appreciate your admiration for Hannah, but I am not her. Please let go of me."

The man's voice wavered with agitation, "Hannah, I've told you before, you might fool others, but not me. You have a red birthmark behind your ear, something no one else can imitate." Unable to deny her identity, Hannah decided to shift her tactics, "Alright, since you've recognized me, I won't deny it anymore. Please let go of my hand, and I'll give you an autograph." But the man seemed oblivious to Hannah's words. He was too caught up in his passionate diatribe, "Hannah, I've adored you for years. Ever since you first stepped into the limelight, when you were still an unknown supporting actress, I was drawn to you." Hannah forced a smile, embarrassment ringing in her voice, "I appreciate your admiration! Could you let go of my hand, please?" The man was lost in his own world, basking in the joy of having found Hannah, "Later you got your big break and landed a lead role. I watched every movie you were in. I spent a lot of money voting for you in various polls, supporting you every step of the way. I followed you everywhere. Everything was going well until last year when your management team labelled me a stalker, accusing me of invading your privacy, and casting me out of your fan group." Suddenly, it clicked. Hannah knew this man. He was a deranged fanatic. He had stalked her, secretly taken photos of her, and had even used her pictures on various

dolls, engaging in creepy actions that left her feeling violated. One of her ardent fans had discovered his actions and alerted her entire fan base. The news had spread like wildfire, reaching not only Hannah but also her manager, Steven. Upon hearing about the man, Steven acted swiftly, ensuring the man was out of Hannah's life. Hannah thought that was the end of it. Little did she know that the man had not given up and was still pursuing her relentlessly. Her priority now was to shake him off while making sure he didn't lose control and harm her or anyone else.

The man lifted Hannah's hand to his face, his voice trembling with emotion, "Hannah, I just adore you, in a pure and innocent way. Why would they slander me like that?" Fearing the consequences of angering the man further, Hannah played along, "You're right, there's nothing wrong with admiring someone. Maybe you could let go of my hand, and I could call them and sort this out?" The man didn't listen. He continued to hold Hannah tightly, his grip so forceful that it left bruises on her arm. "Hannah, I like you. I just wanted to know more about you. Is that wrong?" He asked. Hannah deflected, "You're not wrong. They are. But you're hurting me. Could you please let go of my hand?" The man was adamant, "I won't let go unless you agree to date me." Hannah had encountered her fair share of obsessed fans over her acting career. She knew they were capable of anything. She had to find a way to defuse the tension and escape, "Look at my hand, it's turning blue from your grip. If you really liked me, how could you hurt me like this? It seems like you're only thinking about yourself." The man loosened his grip slightly, only to tighten it again, "No, I can't let you go. If I do, you'll run away. I've been searching for you for months, across the country. I can't let you slip away now." Hannah was taken aback, "You've been looking for me for months?" This level of obsession was truly terrifying. Hannah was even more cautious now, fearful that he might be carrying a weapon. One wrong move could lead to a life-threatening situation. The man confirmed, "Yes, ever since your car accident, you

disappeared. I couldn't find you anywhere. Today, I finally found you. My persistence has paid off." This man was clearly unhinged.

Chapter 1536 Hannah subtly turned her head to look behind her. Inside the car, her father was on the phone and her mother was fast asleep. Farley was engrossed in his mobile game. Farley was tall and powerful, and perhaps, he could handle the man who had been bothering her. But he was young and unpredictable. Hannah couldn't take that risk. Her father was getting on in years, and he was definitely no match for this madman. What could she do if she couldn't ask her family for help? Back in the car. When Steven saw a man chatting up Hannah, and Hannah responding him with a smile, he was so furious he wanted to go out and kick the guy away. But remembering that Hannah didn't exactly fancy him, he had to bear with it. In order to prevent himself from doing something rash, he turned away and didn't notice the unusual situation with Hannah. It was Rick who had been vigilantly observing Hannah. After a while, he noticed something amiss, "President Dixon, I think I've seen that man before. He looks like the stalker who was following Mrs. Dixon a year ago." As soon as he finished speaking, the car door was flung open and their boss rushed out like a bolt of lightning. Rick sighed, "Men!" Just as Hannah was anxiously thinking of what to do, a tall figure appeared beside her as swift as lightning. Before she could react, the man who had been harassing her was subdued by the tall figure, "Rick, you handle this guy. I don't want to see him again." Rick nodded, "Yes."

Hannah looked up and indeed, it was Steven and his assistant. Steven had helped her again. Hannah felt a little embarrassed, but more than that, she let out a sigh of relief. The fear that had gripped her vanished, instantly when she saw Steven, "Thank you!" Steven didn't say a word, but stepped forward and gently took her hand. Seeing the bruise on her wrist, he frowned in displeasure, "There were so many people around, why didn't you call for help?" Hannah replied, "Look at the commotion we've caused, and yet no one in my car noticed. Do you think anyone else would?" Steven took her hand and led her away, "Get in my car." This time, Hannah

obediently followed him and got into his car. Steven took out a tube of ointment from the glove box and gently applied it to her wrist, "This will reduce the swelling and bruising, so your wrist won't be bruised." Hannah watched him tenderly apply the ointment, feeling a warmth spreading in her heart, "How did you happen to be here?" Steven finished applying the ointment, then looked up at her, "Why do you think I would be here?" Hannah looked down and mumbled, "If you don't tell me, how should I know?" She had a hunch, but didn't dare to voice it. She was afraid that she was overthinking and that he would mock her.

Chapter 1537 Steven looked at her, "Lift your head and look at me." Hannah lifted her gaze, glancing left and right, but unwilling to meet his eyes. Steven reached out, gently tilting her chin upward, "Hannah. Look at me." "What's so special about your face that I don't already know? What's there to see?" Hannah retorted, still refusing to look at him. Or perhaps it wasn't that she didn't want to, she was just too afraid. She feared falling for him again just because of one look. Steven, unable to get through to her, decided to change the subject, "That stalker fan of yours won't bother you again, you can relax." "Thanks." Hannah looked at her hands, "If there's nothing else, I should get back to my car."e2 Steven watched her, his voice low, "Hannah, don't you want to know why I'm here?" Hannah said, "No." When Steven didn't reply, Hannah continued, "If you're not going to tell me, I'm leaving." Steven said, "I flew all the way from Harbor City just to see you. After landing, Rick drove me straight to the supermarket where your family shops, then we followed your car, ending up stuck on the freeway with you." Hannah nonchalantly responded with an "Oh," since it was what she had guessed. Steven asked, "Oh? Is there anything else you want to say to me?" Hannah retorted, "What do you want me to say?"

Steven fought the urge to pull her into his arms, "Hannah, I know you don't want to see me, and you don't want me to find you, but I can't control how much I miss you. You have no idea, these past few months, every time I close my eyes, all I see is you. I miss you to the point of madness." Hannah

was stunned. 'Cause she missed him as well. Steven grabbed Hannah's hand desperately, "Hannah, give me another chance, okay? A chance to win your love. You don't have to accept my pursuit, but you can't deny me the opportunity to try." Steven's sudden and intense move caught Hannah off guard. She tried to retreat back into her shell, "My parents might be waking up. I should go." Steven tried to stop her, instinctively reaching out to grab her. But just as he was about to catch her, he saw the wounds on her wrist and immediately pulled back. He couldn't bear to cause her any more pain. So he followed her out of the car, "Everyone is getting out to stretch their legs. It looks like we won't be going anywhere for a while. It's getting dark, and I don't have any food in my car." Steven hated having food in his car, especially when someone ate in his presence. His quirks were well known to Hannah. Without him saying a word, she knew he had no food. She gave him a look, didn't say a word, and walked away. Back in her car, Hannah saw Pandora still sound asleep. Jeo was snoring with his head on the steering wheel, and Farley engrossed in his video game. Hannah nudged him, "You're about to take the SATs, and all you do is play video games." Farley said, "I got the highest score in the school. If I don't play video games, I'll get bored with no room for progress." Hannah was speechless. What could she do? This kid was a natural scholar. While other parents spent a fortune on tutoring and enrichment classes, they never spent an extra dime on him. Despite not studying too hard, he still managed to top the class. Farley said, "Don't worry, I have my own study plan. Combining work and play improves efficiency." The main reason for his academic success was his self-discipline.

Chapter 1538 He had a knack for managing his own study schedule, with absolutely no need for any intervention from his family or tutors.

“Go on with your game, Farley.” Hannah told him, “I’m going to take a stroll.” “Alright, just be careful. Don’t wander too far. Once the road opens up, we’d have to leave.” Farley said. Hannah responded with a guilty nod, quietly pocketing a pack of beef jerky and slipping on her sunglasses. She then stepped out of the vehicle, posing a brief walk around the area before finally approaching Steven’s car. “You helped me out earlier, so consider this beef jerky a token of my gratitude.” She told him, offering the pack. Steven declined, “Can I choose my own thank you gift?” “What do you want?” Hannah asked. He patted the seat next to him, “Sit with me. Let’s chat.” Hannah hesitated for a moment before sitting down, “What do you want to talk about?” Before Steven could respond, a call came in on his phone. The screen displayed the name, “Zavier Rivera”. “I’ll need to take this.” He told her, reaching for his phone. “I’ll give you some privacy.” Hannah said, rising from her seat. “No need.” Steven pulled her back, his arm naturally finding its way around her waist. His other hand swiped the screen to answer the call, “Zavier, what’s up?” Zavier’s voice came through the phone, his usual cockiness tinged with a hint of resignation, “Aren’t you in Harbor City?” “No, I’m not.” Steven replied. “You’re in Haines to see your ex-wife?” Zavier guessed. The phone wasn’t on speaker, so Hannah couldn’t hear the conversation. Still, Steven instinctively glanced at her before responding, “Yes.” Zavier continued, “Marc now has not only a wife, but also a son. Lucas and his wife are as in love as ever. You’re divorced, yet you have the audacity to go. see your ex. Regardless of whether she wants to see you or not, at least you can see her and know she’s alive. But me...”

Zavier let out a chuckle, “I don’t even know whether my wife is dead or alive.” “Last time you said she was alive.” Steven pointed out. “That’s the old saying, ‘Seeing is believing’. If she’s alive, why can’t I find any trace of her?” Zavier countered. “Steven.” Zavier went on, “Every year before Christmas, the four of us used to meet up. We didn’t last year due to certain circumstances. Let’s do it this year.” “I have no objections. You can pick a place.” Steven agreed. “Marc has a family to take care of, so it’s not convenient for him to travel. Let’s meet in Riverton. I’ll call Lucas later.” Zavier suggested. “Sounds good.” Steven said. “See you!” Zavier said. “Zavier. Steven asked. “What else?” Zavier said. “I didn’t understand your

feelings before, but I do now. Regardless, I hope you find her and clarify everything face to face.” Steven said. Xavier didn’t respond. He just laughed dryly and ended the call. Steven put away his phone and turned to Hannah. She was being extraordinarily compliant that day. He held her close, and she didn’t move or try to escape. “So, Hannah, are you willing to give me a chance?” Steven asked.

Chapter 1539 Hannah sniffled but avoided answering Steven’s question directly, “I hope Skyler is still alive. I hope we’ll see her again someday.” Her evasion was, for Steven, a good sign. He tightened his grip around her slightly, “Could it be that Xavier couldn’t bear to see Skyler turn to ashes before his eyes, so he convinced himself she was still alive?” In the year and some months since Skyler’s disappearance, Xavier had spared his fortune worldwide search for her. If Skyler was indeed alive, and without anyone to help her evade Xavier’s gaze, it seemed unlikely that he would find no trace of her. This led Steven to believe that Xavier might be delusional. Hannah too understood that the chances of Skyler still being alive were slim, but she quietly hoped nonetheless, “Steven, what if it had been me who died in front of you?” Such an ominous question was one Steven didn’t even want to consider, “Don’t talk about things like that!” Hannah gave a small laugh, “Actually, I have died once before. I was just lucky enough to come back.” She was referring to the car accident, which Steven knew about, “Hannah, the Salazar family is on the brink of ruin. Daniela will soon be nothing more than a stray dog. She won’t pose any threat to you, there’s no need to be afraid.” When the time came, he would hand Daniela over to Hannah to do as she pleased. Hannah looked at him, “You think I’m afraid of Daniela?” Steven was taken aback. Hannah laughed again, “The person I’m truly afraid of is you. I thought you were helping Daniela get rid of me, the obstacle in her path.” Steven quickly defended himself, “Hannah, I’ve told you, there’s nothing between Daniela and me. You’re the only one I love.” He said he loved her, but Hannah didn’t know whether to believe him. Could she believe him? “Do you love me?” She laughed again, “The day Daniela tried to get rid of me, I called you several times, placing all my hopes on you. But I never got through. You have no idea how desperate I was.” Several month’s had passed since that incident, but whenever she thought about it, the terrifying scene

seemed to replay in front of her eyes. Just last night, she had dreamt about the accident. In her dream, Steven was holding Daniela in front of her. Both of them appeared monstrous and terrifying. "Hannah." Steven tried to say something, but it was too late, nothing he said now could change what had happened.

Hannah continued, "When my car was surrounded and rammed by several others, when someone stood in front of me threatening to kill me, all I could think about was you. I wondered why you had to be so heartless, even if you didn't love me. We were divorced, but we had been married for several years. Was Daniela really that important to you?" Steven tried to defend himself, "Hannah, it's not like that." Hannah cut him off, "Let me finish what I have to say." Steven nodded, "Go on." Hannah continued, "I only have one question for you, and I hope you'll answer me honestly." Steven replied, "Go ahead." Hannah posed her question, "You always said there was nothing between you and Daniela, so why did you choose to divorce me when she left the country? I wanted to divorce you for so long, but you never agreed. Why did you suddenly want a divorce when she was leaving?" Upon hearing this, Steven's tension eased significantly. Her concern was on this matter. Did it mean she still had feelings for him? He reached out and gently ruffled her hair, "Have you forgotten about that other incident that happened around the same time?" Hannah retorted, "I'm the one asking the questions here. Either you answer me properly, or let's pretend I never asked." Steven replied, "It's because of Skyler, who we just mentioned."

Chapter 1540 Hannah asked, "What does our divorce have to do with Skyler?"

Steven reached out, gently cradling her face in his hands, "You just asked me how I'd feel if you were the one who died. I've thought about it before, but it's too painful to contemplate. So, when I saw Skyler walk away from

Zavier with such finality, I got scared. I was afraid you'd leave me in the same way. So, I chose to file for divorce and let you go." Before Hannah could fully digest his words, a gust of chilly wind blew, sending a shiver down her spine and causing her to sneeze. Steven quickly removed his coat and draped it around her. "Come inside." He urged, closing the car door. Hannah complied, moving further into the car. Once the door was shut, the cold air/was kept at bay. The car's heating system quickly took effect. "Steven!" Hannah called, handing back his coat. "Yes, Hannah?" Steven responded, a hint of fear in his voice. "I haven't figured out what's next for me, so I can't give you the answer you want right now." She said. "That's okay. Take your time. I can wait." Steven replied, relieved that she wasn't shutting him out completely.

disturb our lives until I've figured things out." Hannah requested. "I promise." Steven agreed With that, Hannah rose to leave. But before she could, Steven pulled her back into the seat and leaned in for a passionate kiss. It was clear he'd been yearning for this moment. Hannah struggled to pull away but to no avail. In a desperate move, she bit his lip, drawing blood. Steven finally let go, a wicked smile showing on his lips despite the pain, "Hannah, I've been holding back for so long. I want you." Hannah shot him a glare, quickly exited his car, and returned to her own. Back in her car, Jeo and Pandora was still sleeping, and her brother Farley was still engrossed in a game on his phone. "What happened to your lip?" Farley asked, glancing up from his game. Hannah wanted to say she got bitten by a dog, but couldn't, "Probably ate too much oranges, caused a heat rash." Farley seemed to buy her explanation and returned to his game. Not long after, Rick returned, "Mr. Dixon, the stalker has been taken care of. He won't be able to harass Mrs. Dixon anymore." Steven was engrossed in his thoughts of Hannah, barely registering Rick's words. Rick noticed the injury on his boss's lip and understood what had happened. He silently prayed for his boss to win back his wife soon. He was tired of dealing with these small-town troubles.