

Impulsive Vow to an Enigmatic Husband Novel

Chapter 1596

Florrie's eyebrows fluttered, utterly enchanting, "I love your scent so much, so I thought you should taste it too."

Those words especially worked for men, particularly men like Donny.

The disdain between his brows faded as he looked at her with a grin, "So, once more?"

Florrie, "Mmm."

At the villa's security room.

The security guard watched a wobbly car parked on the road from the monitor, couldn't help but criticize, "Unbelievable, the Salazar family is about to crumble, and he's still playing around."e2

Security Guard A chimed in, "No matter how much it crumbles, it's still the Salazar family."

Security Guard B added, "In no time, that man in the car might be coming to take our jobs."

Security Guard A, "They have properties everywhere. A single sale would cover our entire lifetime's expenses."

Security Guard B, "We'll see."

The plane Steven was on had just landed when Jeremy's call came in, "Steven, your lady took the flight behind you back to Harbor City."

Steven, "I thought you were supposed to keep an eye on her for a few days, why'd you let her come back?"

Jeremy, "She wanted to return. I think her wishes should be respected."

Steven, "Marc, Harbor City is extremely dangerous right now. I can only ensure her safety if she stays in Riverton."

Jeremy, "She should be there anytime now. Once you get to her, discuss it with her. If she agrees to return to Riverton, my people will escort her."

Steven, "Alright."

After hanging up, Steven immediately checked the flights from Riverton to Harbor City on his phone.

Both Riverton and Harbor City were major international cities with numerous daily flights. The earliest one was about to arrive.

After getting off the plane, Steven didn't rush to leave and waited for the next flight's passengers. As expected, Hannah was at the front of the line.

He strode forward, pulling her aside, "Who allowed you to come back?"

Hannah stared at his hand gripping hers, "Let go."

Steven, "You're returning to Riverton, right now."

Hannah, "Steven, you're no one to me anymore. What right do you have to decide where I go?"

Steven, "Hannah!"

Hannah, "Let go!"

Steven, "This isn't the time to be stubborn with me. Harbor City is extremely dangerous right now. You can't stay here."

Hannah, "Daniela wants to get rid of me. Not only has she made a move on me in Harbor City, her people even chased me to Riverton."

Steven, "I know."

That was why he rushed back to Harbor City, to deal with the Salazar family faster, not giving Daniela any more chances to harm his Hannah.

Hannah, "She wants to get rid of me. Am I supposed to just hide from her?"

Steven understood what she was implying. He raised his hand to rub her head, and suddenly laughed, "You've become bolder."

Hannah, "I have to be, or else anyone think they could walk all over me."

Steven fixed his gaze on her, "Really not scared?"

Hannah, "Even the reaper wouldn't dare to take me. What have I got to be scared of?"

Steven, "Alright, then I'll show you the ugliest side of this world, just don't regret it."

Hannah, "Never!"

Chapter 1597

In the past, regardless of whatever happened, even before Hannah could take any measures, Steven had already taken action and handled things properly. This allowed Hannah to focus on honing her acting skills, earning her a slew of awards big and small.

However, after parting ways with Steven, her public relations team, which seemed almost redundant when he was around, failed to handle even the smallest of issues.

Now, Steven was no longer a part of her life. She didn't want to reject him while still enjoying the benefits brought by him, so she decided to take matters into her own hands this time.

Even if she couldn't outsmart Daniela, she had to try. Running away would only make her opponents stronger.

Hearing Hannah's firm words and seeing the determination in her eyes, Steven got it. Although he didn't want his girl to take risks and would rather continue to protect her under his wing, he knew he should let her stand up for herself if she wanted to. Only when she could stand on her own would she become stronger, and maybe she would be more likely to accept him then.

He also wanted her to see what his life was really like.

Hannah knew how dangerous it was to come back this time, so she didn't refuse when Steven offered her a ride back to the city in his car.

Steven naturally instructed the driver to head back to the house they used to live in. But too many unpleasant memories resided there for Hannah, and she didn't want to return. "Steven, can we stay somewhere else?"

Steven turned his head, his gaze soft as he looked at her. As she was looking out the car window, he could only see her dark, straight hair. "Where would you like to stay?"

Hannah's emotions didn't fluctuate as she replied, "Anywhere but there."

Steven reached out, placing his hand on hers, his eyes filled with guilt. "Hannah, I'm sorry."

He knew how terrible he'd been in the past, especially the awful things he'd done to her in that house.

He remembered one time when she came home from filming a night scene, completely drained. Just because she'd had dinner with a male co-star,

he lost it.

It wasn't just the two of them who dined, but also the supporting actors from their movie. It was just a private gathering.

When she returned home, exhausted, he had *** with her regardless of her fierce resistance, her pleas, and her explanations. That day, he pressed her against the large glass of the floor-to-ceiling window.

While hurting her, he whispered into her ear with a wicked voice, "Hannah, tell me, would your fans still support you if they saw you like this?"

She was an actress, a popular one at that. There were countless paparazzi who wanted to capture her every move, no matter how secretive she was. Outside the floor-to-ceiling window was the large river where Harbor City meets the sea, with many yachts going back and forth. The tourists on the yachts all had phones with which they could potentially capture them. Not just tourists, but paparazzi could be among them too. If they got a shot and it went viral, her acting career would be over.

He knew he had the power to prevent that from happening, but Hannah didn't. Hearing his words, she trembled with despair, her voice hoarse as she pleaded with him, "Steven, can we go to the bedroom, please? We can go somewhere else if not the bedroom, just not here."

And him?

He ignored her pleas and took more excessive actions. When it was over, he saw the deathly stillness in her eyes, and he regretted it, feared it.

He wanted to comfort her, but he did nothing. He picked up his clothes and left. As he was leaving, he left her with one more cruel statement, "Hannah, don't think too highly of yourself, our marriage is just a financial transaction. You should be thankful that I'm still interested in your body, otherwise, you would have nothing."

The next time they met, she asked for a divorce.

Chapter 1598

Her voice was calm, so calm it felt as if she was talking about someone else's life, "Steven, let's get a divorce."

The moment she said "divorce", he lost his mind and hurt her again, for another day and night.

Maybe the hurt was too much; she became scared. After that, she never mentioned divorce again. But he knew, day and night, all she was thinking about was escaping him.

But as long as he didn't let go, she couldn't escape.

Without her celebrity status, she was just a plain Jane. Other than acting, she didn't know how to do anything else. How could she possibly be a match for him, Steven?

To many and to herself, she was like a bird he kept in a cage, she could only be trapped as long as he didn't open the cage to let her out. He knew he was wrong, but he was too proud to admit it. So he clung on to her in another extreme way.

No matter where she went, he didn't allow her to be away from him for more than three days. He would follow her and stick with her, demanding *** all the time.e2

Once he heard someone say that women were soft-hearted, if you could keep her body, you could win her heart. He wanted to keep her using this method. He wanted to leave his deep mark in her heart and body. He didn't give her any chance to escape him, suffocating her time and again.

Recalling how despicable he was, Steven lifted his hand and gave himself a hard slap.

Hannah, who was staring blankly outside the car, was startled by the sound. She finally turned her head to look at him.

She saw his reddened face but asked no questions, just staring at him.

That cold stare made Steven's heart tremble with fear, "Hannah, I know how despicable I've been, and I know how deeply I've hurt you, but please believe me, I won't do such things in the future."

Hannah turned her head back towards the car window, and after a long while, she slowly said, "I've forgotten about the past."

Forgotten? She could never forget. She just didn't want to think about it anymore.

Someone had once said, harm from a stranger was insignificant.

Because it was just a stranger. How could someone you didn't care about hurt you? The unforgettable pain can only come from the ones you loved the most.

Steven extended his hand again, wanting to hold hers, but she gently withdrew, "President Dixon, it doesn't matter if you disagree."

She had lived in there for many years, a few more days wouldn't make a difference. At worst, her mind would be filled with images of him taking advantage of her. At worst, she would have insomnia.

Insomnia didn't matter; she can just take some sleeping pills.

What if sleeping pills harmed the body? It was her body that was getting hurt, not his, not Steven's.

Steven, "Who said I disagree? I will listen to you in the future. You can tell me any request you have, and even if you want the stars in the sky, I would pluck them down for you."

Hannah turned around, her eyes filled with a gentle and playful smile as she looked at him. "Then go pluck them."

Chapter 1599

Hannah, "Don't count your chickens before they're hatched, Mr. Dixon."

Steven, "Hannah..."

Hannah ignored him, turning her head to look outside the car window, watching the cityscape fly by, a myriad of images flashing through her mind. She knew this city like the back of her hand, even better than her hometown.

After she came of age, she studied here, worked here, met the man she loved here, got married here, and lived here. She experienced all kinds of joys and endured countless unspeakable pains here.

Perhaps, that was the price of growing up.

Steven couldn't bear to see Hannah with a melancholic expression. He wanted to hold her, but feared her rejection, so he silently observed her every

move.

His Hannah, who used to love him so much. She loved him so deeply that, in her prime, she wanted to bear his child. He had pushed her away with his damn recklessness.e2

He was the one to blame.

About half an hour later, the car slowly entered a villa district.

Hannah had never been here before, but she knew this place. Steven had told her before that he owned several villas here. He had even planned to register one under her name, but she had declined.

Steven said, "Hannah, after our divorce, I lived here."

He lied again. After sneakily buying the house Hannah wanted to sell, he mostly lived in the house they had shared, feeling that as long as he was there, his Hannah was still with him.

This place was one of his many residences, a place where he stayed alone pretending to be out gallivanting when they were still married.

Aside from him, not even his parents had stayed here. Usually, it was just the housekeeper.

Hannah listened without responding.

The car soon entered the yard, and as soon as the driver parked, Steven got out of the car, hurriedly going around to open the door for Hannah, "Hannah, if you like it, you can live here."

Steven had good taste and money, so naturally, the house he chose was exquisite. Hannah looked around. The villa was secluded, and even though it wasn't spring yet, the garden was filled with vibrant flowers, so beautiful it seemed unreal, like something out of a comic book.

She smiled and said, "Is Mr. Dixon trying to keep me as your sugar baby?"

Steven, "Hannah, that's not what I..."

"As you don't mean that, I'll just pay you the market rate for rent." Hannah pulled out her phone, opened a property rental app, and transferred him the highest rate she saw.

Ding, a payment notification popped up on Steven's phone, "Hannah."

Hannah, "If you don't want to accept, does that mean you don't want me to stay here?"

Steven had no choice but to accept the money.

Hannah, "Mr. Dixon, I'll rent it for a month. If I decide to stay longer, I'll continue to pay you rent."

The fact that she wanted to keep things so clear-cut made Steven's heart ache. But on second thought, regardless of the reason, as long as she was willing to live with him, it was good for him.

"Let's go in and see if you like the interior design," Steven quickly led the way, "You can choose whichever room you like."

Chapter 1600

Hannah trailed behind him, with a small suitcase in hand. As soon as they entered, the chatter of two maids reached their ears.

Maid A. "That woman, Hannah, I can't stand her."

Maid B. "Me neither. Mr. Steven has been trying so hard to win her over, but she just keeps playing hard to get."

Maid A. "Exactly, let her keep playing her games. When Mr. Steven finally loses his patience, she'll have nowhere to hide her tears."

Maid B. "She's so pretentious. After all that Mr. Steven has done, she still acts all high and mighty."

Maid A, "I bet she's just playing hard to get. She comes from show business, full of liars and cheats. Who knows how many men she's been with. I don't know what spell she's cast on Mr. Steven."

The maids were assigned by the Dixon family to maintain their old mansion. Little did they know Steven was back in Harbor City and would overhear their petty conversation.e2

Anger flared up within him, "Who do you think you are? To gossip like this!"

The maids were terrified, dropping to their knees, "We apologize, sir. We should have held our tongues."

"Where did you go wrong?" Steven looked at them coldly.

He had done Hannah wrong, and if she chose not to forgive him, that was her right. Yet these old, unattractive women dared to slander her.

When the maids failed to see their faults, Steven cut them off. "Have you lost your humanity because you're so used to being a maid? She's the victim here, and you dare to slander her? No wonder you can't win your husbands' love."

Listening to Steven, Hannah felt a sense of satisfaction. Just as Steven pointed out, these women were quick to demonize another woman while idolizing any man who showed them the slightest bit of kindness.

"Rick!"

Rick hurried in, "Yes, President Dixon."

"Fire these two. And check if they've stolen anything. If so, hand them over to the police."

The maids paled further. Based on the value of their theft, they could be facing years in prison.

"We apologize, madam. We shouldn't have gossiped about you," the maids pleaded, crawling towards Hannah.

She looked down at them coldly. Their previous bravado was nowhere to be seen.

Steven commanded, "Take them away."

Rick and a few others dragged the maids away, leaving behind a puddle on the floor. So they had been scared to the point of wetting themselves.