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Hannah frowned, the crease between her brows deepening. “Does my opinion even matter?”

“Of course, it does,” Steven replied earnestly.

“But we agreed, remember? One child. That’s it. There was no chance of us getting back together. Ever.” Hannah reminded him, her voice steady but her eyes betraying a hint of vulnerability.

Steven fell silent, the weight of her words hung heavily in the air.

“I’m going to bed.” Hannah announced, breaking the tension as she stood up. Steven moved quickly, his arms encircling her in a tight embrace.

“Let go of me!” She demanded.

“I can’t do that,” Steven replied stubbornly.

“Steven, you keep this up, and I’ll have no choice but to move out,” she warned him, her tone laced with finality.

At her words, Steven’s arms fell away as if burned. “Hannah, it’s not safe out there. You can’t leave. Anywhere but here is too dangerous.”

Hannah cast a glance at him before turning away. She knew all too well the dangers that lurked outside.

The Salazar dynasty hadn’t crumbled yet, and Daniela, that lunatic, was still at large. Certainly, she was still harboring a deadly grudge. Riverton was no longer safe, let alone Harbor City.

Hannah was acutely aware of the perilous situation she was in, which was why she had reluctantly agreed to return to Steven's home.

Steven watched her go, a bitter taste in his mouth as he thought to himself, "You've made your bed, now lie in it."

Meanwhile, across town, Donny carried the documents Steven had entrusted to him and once again visited Daniela's hideout.

Knowing that it's time to choose between the interests and herself, Daniela took the news with a chilling calm. "What's the plan for me then?" She asked, her voice devoid of

emotion.

Donny hesitated before speaking, "Look, you need to understand that both Dad and I... we care about you, but..."

"No 'buts,'" Daniela cut in sharply. "Just spit it out."

"Dad asked me to personally take you in," Donny confessed, the words heavy on his tongue. "You can't blame him, Daniela. If the Salazar family falls, it's not just you who's in trouble. All of us are sunk."

Daniela laughed, though her laughter soon turned to tears. "Then please, deliver a message for me. Tell him I wish him a long and prosperous life."

"Donny, you know I..."

Daniela interrupted, "I've got one last thing to settle. Let me take care of it, and I'll go wherever you want after that, no resistance."

Donny knew what she intended. "Daniela, at the end of the day, that Hannah never did you any wrong. Your engagement to Steven was never something he agreed to. He married her only after you left to go abroad, and after he had made it clear he rejected you. She never sought to provoke you, so why the hate?"

“Steven rejected me for that tramp, and you ask if she’s provoked me? Tell me, Donny, what do I lack compared to her?” Daniela demanded, her voice rising.

Without thinking, Donny blurted out, “Looks.”

Daniela let out a shrill scream. “What did you say? Do you even know what you’re talking about?”

“Yes,” Donny admitted reluctantly. “You might surpass Hannah in every other aspect – family background, education, you name it. But the plain truth is, she’s more beautiful. I can’t deny that.”

“Are all men blind? How is she prettier than me? She’s nothing but a cheap woman, skilled in pleasing men. That’s all!” Daniela spat out venomously.

“Donny...”

Daniela cut him off, her voice cold and determined. “I want that woman dead. She has to die. There’s no way I’ll let her live a comfortable life.”

Confronted with Daniela’s irrational rage, any sliver of guilt Donny might have felt was slowly eroding away. “Daniela, get a grip,” he said, but whether she heard him was another matter entirely.