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Daniella snapped, her voice a razor's edge, "I'm wide awake, Donny. If she doesn't die before my eyes, I'll never rest in peace."

Donny shook his head. "Do you think just because you want her dead, she'll drop dead?"

Daniella was beyond reason, not even aware she was on the brink of her own demise. "I don't care. I need her gone. Give me a few more hours, and I'll make sure she's torn apart."

Donny sighed, "You got lucky before because Steven was out of the country, and he was caught off guard. Now, he's right by her side. Do you think you can so much as touch a hair on her head? Don't be fooled by Steven's ever-present smile. That man is a grinning tiger, ready to devour with a smile."

Daniella spat back, "I'm practically dead already. What about him do I have to fear?"

Donny replied, "You're no match for him."

"So that's why I need your help," Daniella insisted.

Donny let out a cold laugh. "You think my help would make a difference? Please. Our father couldn't stand up to Steven, let alone us."

Donny might not have had the business acumen or the tactics, but he knew a losing game when he saw one. "Daniella, you've got blood on your hands. If Steven decides to come after you, you're done for. Turn yourself in; maybe we can save our necks."

Daniella sneered, "Cowards, all of you. Strutting around like peacocks in front of nobodies, and now a little pressure from Steven has you shaking in your boots. I

overestimated you. I thought as long as I had you backing me, I could get away with anything.”

Donny retorted, “We’re in a society governed by laws. We could cover up your small-time schemes, but murder? Who could cover that up?”

Daniella’s icy gaze lingered on Steven. They had protected her before, but now she was expendable, and they had no use for her.

The ring of the phone broke the silence. Daniella snatched it up, “What’s the word?”

But instead of her minion’s voice, it was Steven’s chilling tone, echoing like a call from the depths of hell, “I’m impressed by your determination.”

It took a moment for Daniella to regain her composure. “Steven, where are my people?”

Steven didn’t reply. The call had ended.

Donny pressed urgently, “What did you do now?”

The phone slipped from Daniella’s grasp as she collapsed onto the couch with a hollow laugh.

Donny asked, “Did you send people after Hannah again?”

Daniella snarled, “That woman’s got more lives than a cat!”

“You’re out of your mind!” Donny exclaimed.

“If I can’t kill her in this life,” Daniella said, “I’ll haunt her as a ghost.”

Suddenly, Daniella clutched her stomach and slid to the floor. Donny sprang to action, “Daniella, what’s wrong?”

Blood spurted from her lips as she laughed. “I was born into privilege, superior to that lowly woman in every way. I only lost because she clung to Steven. I may have lost in this life, but if she thinks she’s seen the last of me, she’s mistaken. In the next life, I’ll repay her for everything.”

Her body convulsed, and then she lay still.

Donny was stunned, “Daniella, I’ll take you to the hospital...”

But Daniella did not respond again. Her life, once so vibrant, was forever stilled in that moment.