

Impulsive Vow to an Enigmatic Husband Chapter 1609

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A year later.

At a hotel room.

The woman clutched the sheets to her chest, feigning shock but her eyes couldn't hide the smug triumph as she glanced at the other woman standing at the foot of the bed.

The man bolted upright, reaching for the woman in front of him, but she stepped back swiftly, evading his grasp.

He pleaded, "Jenny, you've got to listen to me. I never meant to be with that woman. She seduced me, and last night, after too many drinks, I ended up in bed with her. You have to believe me, even though I slept with her, you're the only one in my heart. I love you, and only you. I couldn't possibly love her, let alone marry her..."

The actor playing the scumbag hadn't finished his lines when Hannah, who was absorbed in the betrayal of her character, was startled by an unexpected intrusion. Suddenly, a figure burst in and kicked the scumbag with a vengeance. Not just a kick, but a barrage of scorn. "If you can't control yourself, you have no right to talk about love. Do you believe I could kick you into oblivion? If a real man truly loves a woman, he will think of her before anything else. You call this love?"e2

No one anticipated such an outburst from the visitor. The actors, the crew including the cameraman, the lighting technician, and others stood dumbfounded. Even the director forgot to yell cut.

The woman in the bed was genuinely terrified, burrowing into the sheets, fearing she might be the next recipient of a kick. Only Hannah snapped out of it, hurrying to help the actor who had just received a boot from Steven. "Are you okay?"

How could he be okay after such a kick?

But meeting Steven's increasingly dark gaze, the actor swiftly retracted his complaint, "I'm fine, I'm fine. President Dixon didn't kick hard, and it doesn't hurt one bit." Assured that the actor was okay, Hannah turned and glared at Steven. "Steven, have you lost your mind? If you want to go crazy, do it somewhere else, not where I'm working. okay?"

This man was beyond words. Hannah had made it clear. She didn't want Steven on set, but he came anyway. That would have been fine if he just watched, but he had to cause a

scene.

Steven realized his impulsive act came from seeing someone upset his Hannah. In the heat of the moment, he forgot it was just acting and lashed out.

Steven, who had just acted like a raging wolf, instantly transformed into a docile puppy in front of Hannah, almost wagging his tail, "Hannah, I was wrong."

Hannah was unyielding, "Wrong? Get out, now!"

Everyone listening broke out in a cold sweat, especially the director, whose anxiety was palpable. He was thinking, "Oh dear lord, President Dixon is our main financial backer. Can you afford to treat him like this? In these tough times, aren't you afraid he'll pull his funding?"

But the financial backer seemed not to take offense and continued humbly, "Hannah, when I saw that guy bullying you, I just... my heart ached. I lost control, I'm sorry."

Hannah was stern. "Get out! And stay out of everyone's way!"

"Alright, alright, I'm going." Steven quickly retreated, but then turned back with a cheeky grin. "Hannah, after you're done shooting, let's have dinner. We had plans, remember? No bailing."

Hannah was resolute. "Leave!"

This time, Steven didn't dare linger. He crept away.

After Steven's exit, the director and the crew pretended nothing had happened. "Let's tidy up and continue shooting."