

Impulsive Vow to an Enigmatic Husband Chapter 1631

Chapter 1631

Men and their cars-was a love affair as old as time, or so they say. Skyler would never dare to touch Zavier's ride without his express permission. She chuckled. "I've only just turned eighteen recently, and still haven't got my driver's license. But no worries, I had a hearty breakfast this morning. A walk will do me good. It will help me digest."

Marissa nodded in understanding. "Alright, just give me a ring if you need anything."

"Thanks a bunch!" Skyler replied with a grateful smile.

Little did Skyler expect that walking out of the suburban neighborhood would take much longer than she had anticipated, almost a whole half hour more. Once she made it out, she whipped out her phone to call an Uber. True to Marissa's word, catching a ride wasn't easy here, and she ended up waiting nearly another half hour before a driver finally accepted her request.

By the time she got into the car, it was already noon. The ride was smooth sailing from there on, and she arrived at her destination in about half an hour.e2

Stepping out of the car, Skyler popped into the first diner she saw to grab a quick lunch before heading to her music audition.

The receptionist at the company was all smiles and politeness, directing Skyler to the right floor and even escorting her to the elevator. "Skyler, you're heading to room 806 on the eighth floor."

"Got it, thanks," Skyler replied.

Upon reaching the eighth floor, a quick right turn brought her to room 806. She knocked on the door and, hearing an invitation to enter, pushed the door open. "Hello, is this Braiden's office?"

The man at the desk looked up, taken aback for a moment, but quickly recovered with a friendly, "Miss Skyler, you are quite the sight for sore eyes!"

"Thank you kindly," Skyler responded with a polite smile.

Braiden cleared his throat. "Please, have a seat!"

Settling across from him, Skyler awaited his next words.

"I've perused your resume. You play a variety of instruments. Typically, being a jack of all trades doesn't mean you're a master of any, but we're on the lookout for a violin instructor with exceptional skills. If it's not too much trouble, could I ask you to play something for me right now?"

"No trouble at all," Skyler assured him.

"Great, follow me to the music room, please."

Whether it was Skyler's charm or Braiden's naturally amiable disposition, he treated her with utmost courtesy throughout their interaction.

In the music room, Skyler picked up the violin and played a piece that left Braiden's eyes sparkling with enthusiasm. "Miss Skyler, we have a client in quite a rush. Would you be available to come with me to their place right now to see what you can do?"

"Braiden, I should be upfront with you. I'll be starting school in a few days. As I've noted on my resume, I can only tutor during my free time."

"Understood. This client is rather special. They're not short on cash or quality instructors; the challenge is their son, a real handful. No teacher has managed to complete even one lesson with him. If you can pull this off, it could be quite lucrative for you."

"Alright, I'll give it a shot. Skyler had never instructed children before and wasn't sure she could manage it, but the promise of a paycheck was enough to make her try. Without a teaching certificate to her name, she realized she couldn't be picky when an opportunity arose.

But nothing could have prepared Skyler for the level of wealth she encountered when Braiden drove her to the client's home. They weren't just rich; they were a stone's throw away from the Rivera family's level of affluence.

And, by some twist of fate, Xavier was there too.

As the butler ushered her and Braiden into the living room, Skyler immediately noticed Zavier lounging on the sofa, legs casually crossed, headphones on, engrossed in his mobile game, blissfully unaware of her arrival.

Across from him sat a boy of similar age, dangling a ten-year-old by the arm.

On the way there, Braiden had filled Skyler in on the family: the Hortons, a well-known name in the Capital. The parents were always busy, leaving the eldest son, Garrett, in charge of his younger brother, Victor's, education.

Victor, pouting, protested, "Garrett, I've told you, I'm not learning to play the violin. It doesn't matter who you bring in to teach me, I won't do it."

Victor!" Garrett's voice was a mix of frustration and sternness.

"Impulsive Vow to an Enigmatic Husband" What's better than a classic

Chapter 1632

Victor's face flushed red with anger. "I don't need you to boss me around. Mom and Dad agreed I could drop out, so why do you still care?"

Garrett retorted, "If you weren't my little brother, I wouldn't bother."

At around ten years old, this kid's tantrums screamed of being the apple of his family's eye, pampered and adored.

In contrast, Skyler's sister, Iris, at the same tender age, never dared to kick up a fuss. Even when scared, she'd cry quietly in her room. Her maturity was a heart-wrenching sight.

Thinking of Iris, Skyler felt even more determined to work hard and earn money. Only with independence could she hope to improve life for herself and her sister.

The housekeeper broke the tension. "Mr. Garrett, Braiden has arrived with the new instructor."

Without looking up, Garrett said, "Have them wait a bit; I need to deal with this little rascal first."e2

The housekeeper turned to the visitors. "Mr. Braiden, Miss Skyler, please take a seat."

Skyler wanted to sit as far away from Xavier as possible, but Braiden took a seat not far from him. With no choice, she sat next to Braiden.

The housekeeper soon brought over some hot tea and cookies. "I'm sorry for the wait. Please make yourselves comfortable."

Skyler would wait as long as it took for the money, but Xavier's presence, even though he hardly noticed her, made her feel intense pressure.

The bickering brothers continued their fight until Victor suddenly blurted out, "Garrett, if the pretty lady is my new tutor, I'll agree to study."

Garrett finally turned his attention to Skyler and Braiden. He glanced briefly at Braiden, then his gaze settled on Skyler, "Hello there!"

Skyler replied politely, "Hello!"

Garrett chided the housekeeper, "We have guests, and you didn't tell me earlier?"

The housekeeper was at a loss for words.

Hadn't she mentioned it? This was what you'd call being smitten at first sight!

Garrett's smile beamed as he turned to Braiden. "So, this lovely young lady is the new tutor you've found for my little brother?"

Braiden nodded eagerly. "Yes, Skyler is quite skilled. Whatever Mr. Victor wishes to learn, she can teach."

"Skyler? That's a lovely name," Garrett remarked.

Skyler offered an awkward smile.

Garrett continued, "Braiden, let's have Miss Skyler come over and teach my brother music from now on."

Braiden hesitated, "Shouldn't Miss Skyler play a piece or two for us first?"

"Come on, Braiden," Garrett laughed off the suggestion. "We've known each other for years. Don't you think I trust your judgment? Anyone you bring to our home must be the best."

Braiden agreed, though he knew this wasn't Garrett's usual approach. In the past, every musical genius brought to the Horton household had to perform a test piece.

But Braiden held his tongue.

Garrett looked at Skyler again. "So it's settled then. You'll come to our place and give music lessons to my brother."

Skyler was about to agree when she felt a chill run down her spine. Looking up, she locked eyes with Xavier's icy stare.

He only glanced at her briefly before looking away, as if he didn't recognize her at all.

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Chapter 1633

Zavier uncrossed his legs with a casual flair and stood up, ready to leave.

Garrett called out, "Zavier, you're taking off just like that?"

Without looking back, Xavier replied, "Yeah, I'm out."

Garrett didn't have the mind to dwell on Xavier's departure. His eyes were fixed on the striking young lady before him. "Braiden, let's get this contract signed now. If it's cool with you, we can have Skyler start tutoring my little brother tomorrow at my place."

Braiden was more than happy to oblige, but he deferred to Skyler's preference. "Skyler, what do you think?"

Skyler was both polite and humble in her response. "Mr. Garrett, since I'm still in school, I can only offer lessons during my free time."

"Mr. Garrett?" He laughed. "No need for such formality. Call me Garrett. Your accent... are you from down South? Did you get into Capital College?"e2

Not everyone had the chops to get into Capital College. With talent like that in front of him, Braiden was keen to brag a bit. "Yep, our Skyler here is from Southern Port. She made it to The Capital College all on her own merit. She's off to enroll the day after tomorrow."

He'd only just met Skyler, had skimmed her resume, and now he was dropping "our Skyler" like they were old chums. Braiden was eager to make it known he'd discovered a gem.

"Wow, what a coincidence! Skyler, you're going to be my junior then, Garrett said, delighted by the connection but shooting Braiden a chilly, pressuring glance that seemed to say, "Why are you still here? She's my junior, and I want a word with her alone. Beat it if you know what's good for you."

Braiden, an old hand at reading the room, easily picked up on Garrett's silent warning. He glanced at his watch, feigning a conflict. "Garrett, I've got other stuff to take care of, so I'll head out. If there's anything else you need to know, Skyler can fill you in."

Garrett feigned reluctance. "Sure, that works."

As Braiden stood to leave, he added, "Garrett, it's tough to get a cab around here. Would you mind giving Skyler a lift later?"

Skyler opened her mouth to interject, but Garrett didn't give her the chance to speak. "No worries. We've got drivers aplenty. I'll have someone take her home."

Braiden hurried off, leaving Skyler alone in the room.

Facing a guy around her age, Skyler felt a twinge of nervousness. "Mr. Garrett, I..."

He leaned closer. "Skyler, remember, just call me my name. If you go all formal on me again, I might actually get upset."

Skyler shifted away, trying to maintain a professional distance. "Garrett, I'm supposed to tutor your brother. Maybe I should chat with him a bit?"

He moved in as she pulled away. "He's still a kid; what does he know? You can talk to me, and I'll relay it to him."

Victor piped up, "Hey, I'm not that little. I'm ten. And I can talk to my own tutor."

Garrett turned around with a playful smile as he looked at the little boy. "Is your homework done yet?"

That smile sent a shiver down Victor's spine. "Garrett..."

"Get your homework done properly. Begging won't help you now," Garrett said as his demeanor shifted. "Rachel, take the little man to his study. Keep an eye on him, or he'll just play around."

Victor might have been young, but he knew the score. His brother was scary when mad, but even scarier when smiling. He didn't dare to rile Garrett up. Rachel knew the drill, too, and quickly whisked the kid away.

Now, it was just Skyler and Garrett in the spacious living room, the atmosphere growing tenser for Skyler. She clutched the strap of her purse tightly. "Garrett, since Victor has to study, I should probably head out too."

Garrett was quick to reply, "He will study, and I can get to know you better. That works for me."

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Chapter 1634

Even in her naiveté, Skyler could sense Garrett's intentions, and a wave of fear washed over her. After all, she was in his domain, and if he chose to harm her, she wouldn't have a chance to cry for help. Her fingers fumbled quietly for her cell phone inside her small purse, contemplating a distress call, but

she hesitated to make the next move.

Garrett squeezed in closer to her again. "Skyler! You're Skyler, right? How about I call you Sky from now on?"

Skyler recoiled in alarm, her legs so weak she could hardly move. "Garrett, please show some respect. I'm engaged."

In the face of danger, her thoughts flew to Xavier. Xavier, the aloof second son of the Rivera family, might not have cared for her, but his name carried weight. As his fiancée, who would dare touch her?

Skyler's blend of fear and newfound defiance seemed to amuse Garrett. He burst into laughter. "Ha! Are you engaged? Skyler, what do you think I'm going

to do to you? Sure, you're pretty, but I've met plenty of women far more beautiful than you, ha!"

Her face flushed, but whether it's from fright or embarrassment, Skyler couldn't tell.

Garrett settled back down, his expression turning serious as he gazed at Skyler. "I've had my share of tutors who came here under the guise of teaching my brother, but they were actually after my dad or trying to seduce me. I was just testing you... Now, let me be clear. You passed my test. You can start teaching at my place tomorrow."e2

Whether it was a test or a power play to humiliate a stranger, Skyler refused to swallow her pride. She glared at Garrett, fury rising. "Garrett, I'm sorry to say you didn't pass my test!"

With that, she stood up and left. Despite trembling legs, Skyler's steps were graceful as she walked away. Eighteen years of upbringing by the Blue family hadn't been for nothing.

Garrett watched her slim and graceful retreating figure, a smirk playing on his lips. "You know it's hard to hail a cab from here, right? Are you sure you want to leave just like that?"

Skyler ignored him and quickened her pace.

His smile gradually faded into a frown. "Coming right up to my doorstep and then playing hard to get? If you want to play games, I'm game."

Stepping out of the Horton estate felt like escaping a tiger's den. Skyler's nerves slackened, and her legs went weak. She had to lean against a roadside tree to stay upright.

This was a residential area, and there were no taxis in sight. Now, she couldn't even call a ride.

She pulled out her phone, thinking of reaching out to Xavier to see if he was nearby and could give her a lift. As she took out her phone, she remembered she didn't even have Xavier's contact information. She didn't have any way to reach anyone from the Rivera family. After all, she was just a toy the Blue family had offered up, insignificant even to her own family, let alone the Riveras.

Beyond the Rivera family, she knew no one in the Capital.

Skyler pocketed her phone with a sigh, resigning herself to walking out of the neighborhood to find a cab, when suddenly, a yellow sports car sped towards her like a bullet.

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Just when Skyler thought the car was about to send her flying, her eyes squeezed shut in terror, and the piercing screech of brakes nearly ruptured her eardrums. With trembling fingers, she slowly opened her eyes to find the yellow sports car halted beside her.

And in the driver's seat was none other than Xavier.

Hadn't he left already? Why was he still here?

He turned his head, peering at her through his sunglasses. "Do I need to formally invite you before you get in?"

The shades obscured his eyes, but his voice left no doubt—he was ticked off. Skyler didn't pause to think. She yanked open the door and climbed in.

No sooner had she snapped her seatbelt into place than Xavier floored the accelerator, and the car shot off like an arrow released from its bow. If not for the seatbelt, Skyler felt she would have been hurled out.

The engine's roar sliced through the silence as Xavier raced along, swerving left and right, churning Skyler's stomach into a whirlpool of nausea. Before long, they entered the gated community where Xavier's villa was nestled.

He drove into the driveway and slammed on the brakes with such force that Skyler lunged forward, only to be snapped back by her seatbelt. A red mark where the strap had bitten into her shoulder stung painfully.

Xavier flung the car door open and strode toward the house without a backward glance. Skyler sat in the car for a while, trying to collect herself before stepping out and following him with leaden legs.

But as she turned the corner, Xavier's towering figure blocked her path like a behemoth. Malice radiated from him.

Skyler eyed him warily. "Is there, um, something else?"

Zavier's brows arched slightly. "What do you think?"

Skyler had a hunch about why he was angry. "Before I went, I didn't know it was your friend's house. Had I known, I would have never gone. But you can relax, I didn't reveal our... situation, and I didn't accept the job."

Zavier said pointedly, "You even realize what you did wrong, huh?"

Skyler wanted to say she hadn't done anything wrong but didn't dare. Zavier was like a beast in a frenzy.

And a frenzied beast could bite. Provoking him now was akin to courting death, so she stayed silent.

Zavier continued, "It's not that you can't visit the Hortons; it's that you can't visit anyone's home. The Blues might afford to embarrass themselves-I can't say the same for the Riveras."

Earning her keep through honest work had never been a source of shame for Skyler, but this wasn't the time for such declarations. After all, once school started, she'd be staying in the dorms, and then Zavier wouldn't have a say in anything she did.

Zavier pressed, "Cat got your tongue?"

Skyler replied quietly, "I understand."

Without another word, Zavier walked away.

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Score 9.9

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Chapter 1636

Two days flew by in the blink of an eye.

Zavier hadn't been home these past two days, and Skyler had been cooped up in her room with her nose buried in books, only descending to the dining room for meals.

Today was the day she was supposed to register at the university. She woke up at the crack of dawn, and after a quick breakfast, she was ready to leave. Marissa watched Skyler pack her bags, seemingly on the verge of sharing a wealth of unsaid advice, but in the end, she simply said, "Miss Skyler, why don't you wait a moment? I'll arrange for the driver to take you."

Skyler replied, "Marissa, there's no need to trouble yourself. I don't have much luggage; I can just hail a cab."

With only her violin and a small suitcase in tow, Skyler preferred not to be a burden to the Rivera family whenever possible.

Unexpectedly, Xavier, who had been absent for the last couple of days, suddenly appeared at the front door. He glanced at Skyler's luggage without a word and ascended the stairs.

Marissa felt awkward on Skyler's behalf, but Skyler acted as if everything was normal. "Marissa, I'm off then."

"I'll walk you out," Marissa offered.

"There's no need to bother."

Marissa could tell Skyler genuinely didn't want to be a nuisance and didn't press further. She watched her leave, only to turn around and find Xavier standing right behind her. She didn't even know when he had come down. "Mr. Xavier..."

"Have the driver take her to the university. We can't have people saying the Rivera family mistreats a young girl."

Upon hearing this, Marissa's face lit up with joy. "I'll call the driver right away"

After the call, Marissa added, "Mr. Xavier, Skyler seems timid and fragile, but I think she's actually quite strong-willed and determined..."

"So what? Are you also trying to convince me to obediently marry her?" Xavier countered.

“I didn’t mean that. It’s just... she’s a young girl who’s just come of age and has been sent here to the Capital all alone. It’s quite pitiable. Since you’ll be at the same university, could you maybe look out for her a bit more?”

Zavier pulled out a cigarette, lit it, and took a deep drag. “There are plenty of pitiable people out there.”

Marissa was about to say more when the doorbell rang. “That couldn’t be Miss Skyler returning, could it?”

The next moment, through the peephole, she saw Kalene standing at the door. “Mr. Zavier, your mother is here.”

Zavier remained silent.

Marissa hurriedly opened the door and stepped out to greet Kalene. Quickly, she ushered the visitor inside.

Kalene entered and immediately asked, “I just saw Skyler on the road. Where is she off to?”

“Miss Skyler is moving to the university dorms,” Marissa explained.

“Marissa, you may leave us. I want to have a word with Zavier alone.” After dismissing Marissa, Kalene sat next to Zavier and gently ruffled his hair. “My son...”

Zavier stubbornly shrugged off Kalene’s hand. Kalene then gently patted his back. “I know you’re upset, my boy. I don’t want your marriage to be arranged any more than you do. But you know the state of our family right now.

“Your father has been devastated after your brother left us, and your grandfather favors your two uncles more. If it weren’t for your father being the eldest son, our branch of the Rivera family might have lost its place long ago.

“All our hopes are pinned on you now. You’re an adult; you can’t always act on impulse, or your grandfather will eventually cast you aside.”

Zavier crushed his cigarette in the ashtray. “Mom, what matters more to you, me or the Rivera family fortune?”

“Of course, you matter more.” Kalene’s eyes welled up as she looked at Xavier’s face. It was so similar to his older brother’s. “I’ve already lost your brother; you’re my only child now. You are my life.”

“I’m your life?” Xavier gave a wry smile, tinged with desolation. “Yet you chose the Rivera family fortune over me.”

Kalene, with tears in her eyes, insisted, “The Rivera family fortune and you were never a choice of one over the other. Your brother started working with your father in the family business when he was just fifteen. They worked tirelessly all these years, and Rivera Inc. has grown stronger under their leadership.”

Tears streamed down her cheeks, and she quickly wiped them away. “After your brother’s death, before we could even grieve, the board, led by your uncles, stripped your father of his position. I absolutely refuse to believe your brother’s death was an accident.”

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“Mom, don’t worry, I’ll get to the bottom of this.” Xavier’s eyes suddenly turned icy, a chill forming in an instant. “If my brother’s death was foul play, I’ll make whoever was behind it wish they were never born.”

Kalene believed in her son’s abilities, but he was still too young and not yet strong enough. It was all too easy for him to be harmed by the world. “I believe in you, honey, but...”.

Zavier knew what his mother wanted to say and cut her off, “Mom, whether it’s just for show or not, I can’t marry the Blue family’s daughter.”

Zavier wasn’t the eldest son in the family, and the heavy responsibilities of the thriving Rivera empire had never been destined for him. Not being the heir apparent to Rivera Inc. meant that the family’s expectations of him were naturally less stringent.

He was the cherished child, raised in a cocoon of affection that perhaps led to his reckless streak.

Kalene knew her son's nature all too well. She hoped he could live freely, but now, many things were out of their hands. She raised her hand to touch Xavier's face tenderly. "Zavier, I won't force you into a marriage you don't want, but... could you maybe consider having a child with her?"

The slight smile on Zavier's lips vanished as quickly as it appeared as if it had never been there at all. "Mom, I don't love her. I won't marry her. How could I have a child with her?"

Kalene pressed on, "Who says you need to be in love to have a child? Your Uncle Matthew fathered a child before he got married, didn't he?"

Zavier retorted, "Mom, would you have accepted Dad if he had a child with another woman before marrying you?"

Kalene shook her head. "Absolutely not."

Zavier continued, "Someday, I'll meet a girl I truly like. I want to offer her the purest affection, without any shadows hanging over us."

Kalene understood but still attempted to persuade Zavier. "Zavier, you're a Rivera, not just anyone. If you stand tall enough, no one will care about the past."

Zavier replied, "Mom, others might not care, but I would. I don't want my child to be a bargaining chip. Look at Uncle Matthew's son; he's living a life that's neither here nor there."

Kalene tried another angle. "He may have tried, but his child was born after your brother. Had I borne a girl, everything would've changed. Plus, your grandfather's getting on in years, and his greatest wish is to see the Rivera legacy continue. If you and the girl Grandpa has chosen for you could give him a great-grandson, he'd hand you the reins of the Rivera empire."

Zavier replied, "Yes, a great-grandson would please Grandpa, and I could shortcut my way to the head of the Rivera family. But have you considered where that leaves Skyler? She's a living, breathing person, not a tool for the Rivera family to continue its line."

Kalene said bitterly, "The Blue family doesn't see her as a person. Why should we?"

That comment made Xavier pause. He looked at Kalene as if she were a stranger. Raised in a golden cradle, his parents and brother had always been kind to him. In his heart, they were all good, loving people. He had forgotten that he only saw what they allowed him to see. The side he didn't see was cold and frightening.

Kalene asked, "Why are you staring at me like that, Xavier?"

He shook his head, smiling faintly. "Mom, I'll handle the matter with the Blue girl. Don't worry about our affairs anymore."

Kalene tried one last time. "And the matter of the child..."

Zavier cut her off, "Mom, even if I'm not as outstanding as my elder brother in your eyes, believe that I'm not a pawn to be played with. What you want isn't what I want-I have my own ways, my own means to claim it, and it won't be through fathering a child with a woman."

Kalene knew the path he chose was a hard one. "Do you know how tough that road is?"

Zavier replied firmly, "No matter how tough, I'd rather walk it than be manipulated forever."

Kalene wanted to argue further but knew her son's mind was set. "Son, whatever happens, Skyler was chosen for you by Hudson. Think carefully about how you handle her future."

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Zavier sighed, his voice a low rumble of resignation. "I know, Mom."

Kalene's gaze was soft, but her words carried the weight of impending adulthood. "School's starting up again, Zav. Next thing you know, your college life will be over. We respect your choice not to study abroad. But once you graduate, you're going to be an adult with responsibilities far heavier than you might imagine."

"I get it, Mom. Really, I do."

A new school.

New classmates.

New roommates.e2

Everything awaiting Skyler was a fresh start. Despite the trials she had faced, even without the freedom she craved, Skyler was brimming with passion for life and hopeful for the future. She had always believed-steadfastly-that with hard work, she could change her current circumstances. She could give herself and her little sister the life they dreamed of.

The buzz of freshman orientation was always something else.

Stepping off the bus, Skyler's eyes immediately caught the large, welcoming banner: A Fresh Start! A New Chapter! Welcome, Class of 2014! Capital College, undeniably one of the nation's finest, exuded vibrancy, from the spirited banner to the eager faces of students milling around.

A fresh start.

A new chapter.

Her blood surged at the sight. Yes, this was her fresh start. Today marked the beginning of her new life...

"Hey there, freshman..."

The unfamiliar male voice yanked Skyler back to the present. He smiled warmly at her. "New here, huh? What department? Let me help you with your bags."

Skyler never expected such a scene from the TV dramas to play out in her life; it was amusing. "You go here too?"

The guy nodded. "Senior year. I'm a few years ahead of you."

With a grateful smile, Skyler replied, "That's kind of you, but my bags are light. I can manage. Maybe help someone else who needs it more?"

He insisted, "The check-in process can be a real headache; let an old hand show you the ropes. It'll save you a ton of hassle."

Skyler was always reluctant to trouble others. “Really, thanks! But I’m good.”

The first to approach her had failed. Two more guys tried and failed as well. After that, no one else followed her.

The guy she had first turned down said to his friends, “Shame, such a pretty freshman. Didn’t even get her name.”

His buddy chimed in, “We’re all at the same school. Plenty of time to find out.”

Suddenly, a voice tinged with amusement but not quite a laugh sounded from behind them, “Do you guys even know who she is?”

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Score 9.9

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Chapter 1639

The sound of his approach was as familiar at Capital College as the aroma of fresh-baked apple pie at the county fair.

Everyone turned around, unsurprised, to find none other than Garrett Horton standing behind them, one of the four notorious rich boys that ruled the social scene.

“Ah, Garrett,” they chimed. “What brings you to school so early?”

Garrett flashed his trademark grin. “If you lot can show up, why can’t I?”

The crowd fell silent. No comeback for that.

It was well-known that the privileged few, like Garrett, typically made their grand entrance a few days after the start of term, and always as a pack, never solo. Which is why everyone was curious to see him strolling in alone, and so early in the day.

Garrett scanned the group. “None of you guys snagged a girlfriend yet?”e2

A collective embarrassment hung in the air. They wouldn’t be loitering at the school gates if they had girlfriends.

Garrett chuckled before continuing, "Do you even know who that girl is, or are you just shooting your shot in the dark?"

One of them quipped, "A fair maiden for a gallant knight."

Another added, "Right? Right? We volunteer to welcome the newbies, but let's be honest, we've got our motives."

One more piped up, "Most girls here are taken. When a fresh face shows up, and a knockout at that, who wouldn't want to get a little closer?"

Garrett tapped the guy's forehead. "After seeing a stud like me, she won't give you jokers a second glance."

The crowd buzzed with gossip. "Garrett, don't tell me that stunner is your girl?"

Their speculation seemed to please Garrett. "Not yet, but give it time. Keep your eyes peeled, fellas, and don't mess with what's mine."

Their teasing continued. "So, she's one of Garrett's conquests. No wonder we don't stand a chance."

"Keep that in mind," said Garrett, waving them off as he made a beeline for someone in the distance.

They watched Garrett's retreating figure, shaking their heads in unison. "Man, such a sweet girl about to get caught up with the Horton playboy."

Someone else commented, "Garrett changes girlfriends faster than he changes shirts. How does he do it?"

The reply was swift, "Money, my friend. Money opens all doors. He'd be out of luck without it, even if he looked like a Hollywood heartthrob."

"Lucky for him, he was born a Horton. Even if he never lifts a finger, he's set for life."

"Speaking of wealth, the Riveras outdo the Hortons. Girls are all over Xavier. Even our homecoming queen swore she'd only marry him..."

"Her marrying Xavier depends on if he's even interested."

“I think Xavier might be a bit off. He does not even flinch when the homecoming queen comes onto him.”

“Right? Who’d choose a cold game console over a warm girlfriend?”

Someone whispered, “I heard Xavier’s engaged.”

“Is that for real?”

“Who’s the lucky lady?”

“Must be a rumor.”

“I heard it’s an arranged match made by his grandpa Hudson. But let’s not spread that around.”

“Zavier’s too game-obsessed to agree to an engagement.”

The conversation about Xavier grew more animated and outlandish with each passing moment.

Meanwhile, Skyler walked in, a violin case slung over one shoulder and a suitcase rolling behind. She was the new kid, the cause of all the morning’s buzz. unaware of the plots and plans already in motion around her.

"Impulsive Vow to an Enigmatic Husband" What’s better than a classic

Chapter 1640

As she trudged along, her suitcase was suddenly yanked from behind. Whirling around, her heart sank when she saw it was Garrett. Despite the annoyance bubbling inside her, she managed a polite tone. “Garrett, let go, please.”

But Garrett’s grip on her suitcase was unyielding. “Not a chance!”

Skyler despised Garrett’s clinginess, akin to a sticky band-aid that just wouldn’t come off. If it were up to her fiery temper, she’d tell him off in no uncertain terms. However, having grown up without much protection, she had learned to swallow her anger, almost forgetting she had the right to express it. “Garrett, I am asking you to let go!”

He was as persistent as ever, and her efforts to shake him off were in vain. "Sky, ever since I met you, I can't concentrate on anything, not even my morning coffee or my mom's apple pie. I think I might have fallen for you."

Skyler almost laughed at the absurdity. Since when does liking someone become so easy as breathing? "Garrett, we barely know each other. You don't know me, and I don't know you. What could you possibly like about me?"

Garrett was blunt. "You're pretty."

So, it was all superficial attraction. With a smirk, Skyler replied, "Aren't there plenty of pretty girls you've come across?"

Garrett admitted, "Plenty."

"So you think I'm prettier than all of them?" She prodded.

"No, not really."

"Then what's the point of you hassling me right now?"

"I want you to become my girlfriend, of course."

"Have you always been this reckless and thoughtless with girls you found attractive?"

"You're the first."

"Because I seem easy to bully?"

"You do look like an easy target, but that's not why I'm interested in you. Sometimes, it's all about the spark. I felt it the moment I saw you..."

"You like me? Would you marry me then?" Skyler challenged.

The concept of marriage had never crossed Garrett's mind. "Whoa, we're not at that stage yet. We're just talking about dating here."

"I date with marriage in mind. Don't bother me again if you're not up for that."

"Your ideas are so old-fashioned. These days, people want to date around while they're young. They don't want to end up with regrets when they're old."

Skyler tugged her suitcase back forcefully. “Garrett, if you want to play the field, find someone who’s up for the game. I’m not into games, and I certainly don’t want to play.”

Garrett stepped in front of her, blocking her path. “But I want to play with you.”

“Do I look like the kind of woman who falls for any guy who snaps his fingers?” Skyler challenged, her patience waning.

“I never said that. I told you, I’ve been thinking about you non-stop. I think I’ve fallen for you, and I want to see where this could go.”

“Did I ever tell you I’m engaged?”

“So what if you are? Tell me who your fiancé is. If I know who he is, I promise I can make him call off the engagement without tarnishing your reputation.”

Skyler stared at him, her voice rising with exasperation. “Garrett!”

The way you said my name is really sweet.”

Skyler composed herself. “I know the Horton family has clout here in the Capital. And I’m aware that with your status, you’ve got girls lining up for you. But regardless of who you are, you can’t make every girl fall for you. We’re talking about real life, not some soap opera... and taking what you want by force isn’t love, it’s a crime.”

Garrett burst into laughter. “Skyler, I’m just trying to woo you, to be your boyfriend. How did this turn into a talk about coercion?”

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