

Impulsive Vow to an Enigmatic Husband Novel

Chapter 1601

The household staff had been speaking ill of Hannah behind her back and Steven felt he was to blame. "Hannah, it's my fault for not managing the staff properly. You can express your anger at me if you want."

Verbally attacking him? Physically attacking him? Would that solve anything? Would those people stop insulting her?

Moreover, Hannah couldn't care less about those insignificant people. "Mr. Dixon, I wouldn't dare lay a hand on you."

His attempt to take responsibility was met with Hannah's nonchalant response, leaving Steven at a loss for what to do. "Let me show you to your room, then."

"Thank you," Hannah replied.

Steven took her suitcase and led her to the elevator. The house had three floors, and just as he was about to press the button to the third floor, Hannah pressed the second button.

Typically, the master bedroom was on the third floor with guest rooms on the second. The ambiguity of their relationship made it inappropriate for her to occupy his master bedroom.e2

"Your room on the third floor is more spacious, Hannah," Steven tried to convince her. "Your clothes are also there, in the walk-in closet. It would be more convenient for you."

"I have my own clothes," was all she said.

Reluctantly, Steven led her to the guest room on the second floor. "It's getting late. What would you like for dinner?"

"Don't worry about me. I'll just order some takeout," Hannah replied.

Steven was taken aback. He had vivid memories of sneaking into Hannah's room every night when they were staying at the Ableson's during Christmas. She never turned him away, and their intimate moments made him believe she still loved him and wanted his child. But now, away from the Ableson's, she was distant and cold.

Despite her reluctance to accept his gestures, Steven still had dinner prepared after settling her in. During the meal, he served her soup and picked out dishes for her, attentive like a dutiful servant.

Hannah barely touched her food, and after half a bowl of soup, she put down her utensils. "I'm not hungry. I'm going to bed."

Steven tried to stop her. "Is it the food? Does it not suit your palate?"

"I just don't feel like eating," she replied.

"Alright, you go rest," Steven said. "If you feel hungry later, I'll have a late-night snack prepared for you."

She didn't respond and left the room. With her gone, he lost his appetite too. "Milana, I need to step out for a while. Could you keep an eye on Hannah? If she gets hungry or wants a snack, please prepare something."

Steven had trusted Milana for years and felt comfortable leaving Hannah in her care.

"Don't worry, Mr. Steven. I'll take good care of Ms. Hannah. But you should let her know where you're going, so she won't worry," Milana suggested.

Steven sighed. "She wouldn't care where I go. Let her rest. I'll try to be back soon."

Chapter 1602

Milana was so exasperated she could practically feel her fingers itching to thump Steven on the head. For someone so competent at work, he sure was clueless when it came to personal relationships. "She's your wife. Just because she doesn't show it doesn't mean she doesn't care. Believe me, you need to tell her when you're going out."

Steven asked, "You really think she cares about me?"

Milana retorted, "If she didn't care, why would she have married you and not some other guy?"

Steven couldn't argue with that. He quickly ascended the stairs to Hannah's room, reaching for the door handle only to find it locked. He leaned against the door, saying, "Hannah, I need to step out for a bit. I'll be back in two hours at the most."

But there was no response from inside.

Not sure if Hannah had heard him, Steven repeated himself, but again, there was no response. He walked away, feeling a bit downcast.

Inside the room, Hannah curled her lips, muttering to herself, "I used to ask you where you were going and you wouldn't tell me. Now I couldn't care less."e2

She took out her phone and shot a message to Cornelia, [Nelly, I've settled in at Harbor City. Don't worry about me. I'll be careful not to get into any trouble.]

She waited for a reply, but none came. Unbeknownst to her, Cornelia had typed out a response, only to have her phone snatched away by Jeremy.

Jeremy nibbled on Cornelia's earlobe, saying, "You still have the energy to text others in the middle of our...moment? I guess I need to try harder."

As Jeremy interrupted her, Cornelia's attention was quickly diverted from Hannah to him. Steven had previously thought that under the pressure from the Dixon family, the Salazars would keep Daniela in check and she wouldn't dare harm Hannah. So he hadn't been in a hurry to deal with Daniela.

Steven had planned to let Daniela witness how the Salazar family, who had been her protection, crumbled under the Dixon's power. He wanted her to taste humiliation.

However, after today's events, Steven knew he couldn't risk leaving Daniela unchecked. To ensure Hannah's safety, Daniela had to be dealt with first.

As for the Salazar family, they were already on the brink of collapse.

He drove alone, heading straight for the Salazar residence.

When Donny heard that Steven had arrived alone, he scoffed, "That kid Steven sure has balls, daring to come here alone. Does he really think we are pushovers?"

Wesley glared at Donny, his expression hardened, "Just because your sister is foolish doesn't mean you should follow in her footsteps."

Donny retorted, "Dad, we may be behind the Dixons in many ways, but we are also a respectable family. If Steven wants to swallow our Salazar Corporation, do we just roll over and let him?"

Donny was young and hot-headed. Despite knowing that they were no match for the Dixons and that he was certainly no match for Steven, he still wanted to put on a brave face. "Today, we'll make sure Steven doesn't leave here alive," he said.

Wesley shot him a cold look, "Do you even realize what you're saying?"

Donny didn't back down, "I know exactly what I'm saying, dad. We've coexisted peacefully with the Dixons for decades, with many joint ventures before Steven took over. But he cut off all partnerships with us, which has caused dissatisfaction among the Dixon Group's shareholders and executives.

We can use this to our advantage and catch him off guard."

These words nearly gave Wesley a stroke, "I asked you to help me manage the company and learn from Steven, but you've learned nothing good. All you've learned is how to play with women."

Donny muttered under his breath, "Who doesn't play with women? You've had your fair share over the years. My mom died because of you, so don't act all righteous in front of me."

Chapter 1603

Wesley had no idea what was going through Donny's mind, as he abruptly tossed an envelope in front of his eyes, "We're in hot water here, and you're still messing around?"

"What did I do to get you all riled up?" Donny picked up the envelope, and upon opening it, he couldn't help but smirk nonchalantly, "Just a fling, is it worth your getting all hot and bothered?"

Wesley, exasperated, grabbed a water glass and threw it at Donny, "You always mess around with girls, I can let that slide. But now when we're in deep trouble, and you're still knee-deep in your romantic escapades, even had your picture taken and sent to me."

"Dad, did the Dixon Group send someone to tail me?" Donny finally caught on. The photo was of him and Florrie in the car. He hadn't been back at the mansion for long after he'd had his fun with Florrie before the photo landed in his father's hands.

Did that mean Steven had someone on him?

"Their people are tailing you and you don't even know it. You're useless." Wesley looked at him with both contempt and helplessness.

If it weren't for the fact that he was the only son, the Salazar family's inheritance would never fall to this wastrel.e2

Maybe he knew that being the sole heir, sooner or later the Salazar Corporation would be his, so he didn't bother to acquire any skills, preferring to while away his time with women.

"Sir, President Dixon has arrived. He's at the door." The butler's respectful voice floated in from the entrance, interrupting the father-son conversation.

Wesley quickly composed himself, "President Dixon is here? Quickly, let him in. We can't keep a guest of honor waiting at the door."

"Yes." The butler replied.

Soon, Steven's tall and imposing figure appeared at the door.

Wesley hurried over to greet him, "Ah, Steven, it's been a while. Butler, tell the kitchen to prepare some good food and wine. I'm going to have a few drinks with you today."

Steven always had a smile on his face, making it hard to gauge his real emotions. But today, he wasn't in the mood to play along. Anything involving his Hannah made him lose his smile.

He cut to the chase, "Wesley, you know very well why I'm here today. Let's not beat around the bush."

Wesley replied, "Steven, what are you saying? I watched you grow up, you're like a son to me. Besides, you and Daniela were once engaged. If it weren't for Daniela going abroad, you two would probably have a child by now. With a child, we would truly be family."

"Wesley, let's be clear. It was I who didn't want to marry your daughter, not the other way around. I hope you won't twist the truth." Steven had never mentioned it before, thinking it unnecessary. But now he had to clear the air. He wanted everyone in the world who knew him to know that he had never had any feelings for anyone but Hannah.

He continued, "You Salazars value your reputation, so you've been telling everyone it was Daniela who rejected me and left me. While others may not know the truth, you do. Have you repeated the lie so much that you've come to believe it?"

Steven's straightforwardness was like a slap in the face to the Salazar family.

Wesley's face darkened, "Steven, our families have had a long relationship, and we see each other all the time. There's no need to be so harsh."

"I'm not here today to reminisce." Steven tossed a document to Wesley, glanced at the time and said, "It's nine o'clock now. I give you twelve hours. By nine tomorrow morning, I want an answer."

Now that all pretenses had been dropped, Wesley no longer felt the need to play nice, "Steven, our families have been friends for generations. Let's not take things to extremes. It won't do either of us any good."

Steven smiled, "We could have coexisted peacefully, but your daughter had to set her sights on the one person she shouldn't have."