

Impulsive Vow to an Enigmatic Husband (Cornelia Stewart)

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If this wasn't the nanny, then who the heck was it?

The room was as dark as a cave, Comelia couldn't make heads or tails of anything Outside, the lights flickered faintly on the window, casting a silhouette of someone who seemed much larger than the nanny

Confused, Comelia blinked, then as if a lightbulb went off, she woke up to reality. In a flash, Cornelia made a grab, catching the hefty hand pressing down on her

ankle

The hand stuttered, quickly trying to pull away, but Comelia held on tight. With all the strength she had, she held onto that hand, like it was her last hope.

She recognized him. It was the man she'd been missing day and night, Marcus.

Comelia's voice tremored, "I've got you now, can you stop running? Can you give me two minutes to talk?"

The man stayed silent, his hand frozen, as if agreeing to her two-minute plea

To prevent him from taking off, Comelia embraced his wrist with both hands. She didn't dare slack off.

"I know you're sick and just trying to tick me off. Everyone's been lying to me for you and you're just trying to protect me. But have you ever considered what I really want?" Comelia asked.

After Comelia poured her heart out, she felt his hand quiver, but not in an attempt to escape. It was more like he didn't know how to react.

His reaction sent a thrill of excitement through her. Cornelia said, "If you'd even for a moment, seriously considered what

I wanted, you wouldn't have everyone lie to me. You think if you keep your distance and pretend to be dead, I won't be heartbroken. Do you have any idea how devastated I was when I thought you'd betrayed me and been with my own sister, Tahlia? You think that pain is less than losing you?"

That pain, it was like a knife to the heart. It felt like someone was ripping a chunk of flesh from her heart, blood gushing out. Yet, Cornelia had no one to confide in. She had to swallow all that pain, bearing it alone in silence.

She tried to persuade herself, to be strong, to adapt **to life** without Marcus. However, just as she was getting used to life without him, he reappeared, stirring up her emotions once again.

She continued, "If you've got everyone lying to me, you shouldn't have come back and been nice to me. Why are you here? What am I supposed to do?"

Cornelia let it all out, expressing all her thoughts to him, but he didn't give her any response.

Jeremy, I know it's you. Can you stop pretending you don't know me? Both me and our baby need you." Cornelia said.

Cornelia let go, turning to flip the bedside lamp switch, but Jeremy was quicker. He caught her hand, "Don't turn on the light!"

His voice was deep and husky, familiar to Cornelia, yet somewhat strange. But as long as he was willing to talk to her, that was all that mattered.

"Alright, no lights. I won't turn them on." Cornelia said.

He moved his hand slightly.

Cornelia clung onto him again, "You can't leave! I won't let you leave!"