

Impulsive Vow to an Enigmatic Husband (Cornelia Stewart)

Chapter 1494

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Her leg hadn't fully healed from the injury, so when she walked too fast, the pain nearly knocked her off balance. Lucky for her, there was a stone pedestal nearby that she grabbed hold of to keep from falling.

Steven quickly moved to her side, reaching out to steady her. He was a bit ticked off because she nearly took a spill. She knew damn well her leg was not in good shape, yet she was being so stubborn, /Couldn't give a hoot about her own safety.

Hannah brushed his hand away. "President Dixon, keep your hands to yourself!"

The boss and the others heard the argument and froze mid-step. It wasn't the right time to butt in. So he waved them off, signaling for them to back off.

Steven was pissed off, didn't waste /any words, and just picked Hannah up and carried her back to her room on the second floor. "You lie down and rest now. I'll get a doctor to come and check you out."

Hannah said, "I don't need your fake concern."

Steven replied, "Hannah, I really do care about your injury."e2

Hannah said, "I don't need your concern."

Steven took a deep breath and said, "Yeah, I admit I knew all along that Daniela was out to get you, and I failed to stop her from hurting you. You have every right to be mad at me. But please, believe me, hurting you never crossed my mind."

Hannah looked at him, a smirk tugging at her lips. "Why should I believe you? What are you to me?"

Steven stared back at her, leaning in. "If you really can't remember what I am to you, I don't mind jogging your memory."

His breath was close, familiar, and dangerous. Hannah knew what he was trying to do, and instinctively recoiled. That was probably the only trick this guy knew.

Steven watched her eyes and suddenly realized something. "Hannah, you haven't forgotten me, have you?"

Hannah didn't want to deal with him."

Steven excitedly grabbed her shoulders. "Hannah, I knew it, how could you possibly forget me? You didn't forget me at all, you've been lying to me."

How the hell did he figure out she hadn't forgotten him when she hadn't given anything away? Questions whirled in Hannah's head.

Steven moved closer, holding her face. "If you'd forgotten me, how would you know what method I'd use to jog your memory? You must remember me, you're familiar with how I do things, that's how you knew what I was about to do."

So that was how it was.

Hannah quickly came up with a plan to deal with him. She looked at him. "If you want to break my leg so I can never stand again, go ahead. I won't even whimper."

Her words instantly doused Steven's fervor. Was he just overthinking it? But it didn't make sense. The way Hannah looked at him just now was exactly how she used to look at him when he was about to pick on her. Could it be because he'd hurt her so many times that even though she couldn't remember him, her body still did? When he got close, did she instinctively feel repelled?

Considering all this, Steven was super annoyed. "I'm sorry, I shouldn't have scared you."

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Hannah was done with his apologies. "Get out of here now. My boyfriend will be here soon. I don't want him getting the wrong idea about us."

Steven's voice dropped a notch. "Boyfriend?"

Just as he finished asking, a man's voice came from downstairs, "Hannah... Is this your place?" It was Jarvis' voice.

Three days after Hannah woke up, Jarvis had texted her to inquire about her health, and they would occasionally chat. Yesterday, she went back to her hometown and told Jarvis. Jarvis said he was working on a project in the city and offered to visit her today.

Hannah knew it was him. "Jarvis, my house is right here. The gate is open. Just come in. I'm upstairs."

Hannah struggled to get out of bed to greet her guest. But Steven held her tightly, not letting her get out of bed. "You're still in touch with Jarvis?"

Hannah gave him a challenging look. "Jarvis is my boyfriend. I should be in touch with him, not a stranger like you."e2

Steven, "Hannah, everyone in your village knows I'm your husband: Jarvis is late."

Hannah, "So what?"

Steven, "Aren't you afraid of being gossiped about?"

Hannah, "As if I'm not used to it? With my job, I deal with rumors every day. You think I'm scared of gossip?"

Steven, "I'm sorry I didn't protect you better." Steven had always known that there were many negative comments about Hannah online, many of which were rumors people had deliberately spread to frame her.

He was fully capable of helping her deal with these, but he chose not to. Because he enjoyed the feeling of her helplessness and dependence on him, thinking that it would keep her under his control, unable to leave him.

Hannah, "You're not my family, you don't have to protect me."

Steven, "..."

Hannah didn't want to hear his voice anymore and asked him to leave again, "Go back to where you came from, and don't show up in front of me again."

"Hannah, do you need help with something? I'm here to help..." Jarvis' voice got closer and closer, and as soon as he turned round the staircase, he would see everything in the room.

Just then, Steven suddenly lowered his head and bit Hannah's lip hard. He bit hard, breaking her lip. The taste of blood instantly filled their mouths.

Bastard! He was taking advantage of her again in such a despicable way. Hannah pushed him hard but couldn't push him away. Instead, she was bitten even harder.

"Hannah, are you okay? I'm coming upstairs..." Jarvis came upstairs and turned the corner to see this scene. Almost instinctively, he thought Hannah was being violated by some bastard and wanted to save her right away.

Steven let go of Hannah and then turned his head to look at him. "Mr. Jarvis, what a coincidence! I didn't expect to run into you in my wife's house."

When Steven said, "my wife," he emphasized heavily. His tone was full of hostility.

Jarvis wasn't scared of him, he smiled back. "So it's President Dixon! I thought it was some punk coming to bully my girlfriend Hannah."

My girlfriend Hannah!

Why did he call Hannah that?