

## **Impulsive Vow to an Enigmatic Husband Chapter 1751**

Posted by **Admin00**, Released on January 15, 2024

### Chapter 1751

“In the end, we’re together, isn’t that all that matters?”

As Xavier echoed Skyler’s words, he suddenly reached out and tightened his grip around her neck, a dangerous breath hot against her ear. “Skyler, repeat what you just said.”

His grip was so intense that Skyler instantly struggled to breathe, her face turning a deep shade of red. Yet, she defiantly met his gaze. “Was there something wrong with what I said?”

Zavier’s voice was icy. “What do you think?”

Skyler tried to wriggle free but failed. “Zavier, if you can’t handle the truth, I can go back to telling sweet little lies to keep you happy.”

She couldn’t finish her sentence before the hand on her neck squeezed tighter, so tight she thought he might snap her neck at any second. “Zavier.”

Her mouth opened, but no sound came out.e2

After what felt like an eternity, an eternity that seemed to drag her through the depths of hell, Xavier finally let go. He stared at her, his expression as dark as if he’d just stepped out of the underworld. “Don’t worry. I won’t let you die. I’ll just play with you slowly, make you wish you were dead.”

Skyler was overwhelmed by a wave of pain once again. She didn’t know how long she suffered, or how she eventually fell asleep, but when she woke up, she was in a dark, gloomy room. It was pitch-dark, the kind of darkness where you can’t even see your own, hands.

Disoriented, Skyler tried to get out of bed to find a light switch or draw back the curtains, but even the slightest movement brought a fresh onslaught of agonizing pain, making it nearly impossible to get up.

Enduring the excruciating pain, she managed to get out of bed. Unable to see the switch or the windows, she groped around in the dark, inch by inch.

Despite her searching, she couldn't find a light switch or even locate the windows.

A terrifying premonition slowly crept over her. She moved back to the bed, hoping to find her phone for some light. Her situation worsened – her phone was nowhere to be found. She was trapped in a pitch-dark cage, cut off from any source of light and any connection to the outside world.

With no other choice, Skyler lay back down on the bed. Time passed indeterminably until she finally heard a faint sound.

Skyler immediately got up and saw a door, blending seamlessly with the wall, slowly opening. Light flooded into the room, blinding her, and she instinctively raised her hand to

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shield her eyes. As she gradually lowered her hand, she saw a stoic woman standing in the doorway.

Skyler, barefoot, rushed toward the woman. "Where am I? Where's Xavier?"

The woman handed Skyler a tray of food. "This is your lunch. From now on, I'll be bringing your meals three times a day."

Skyler demanded, "Where's Xavier? Where is this place? Who locked me up here?"

The woman ignored her questions and pushed the tray of food closer. "Are you eating or not?"

Skyler persisted, "Where am I?"

The woman's patience waned, and she frowned, ready to retract the tray. "If you're not eating, I'll take the food away."

"Unless you let me out, I won't eat a thing." No sooner had Skyler made her defiant declaration than her stomach betrayed her with a loud rumble.

Before the woman could turn away, Skyler grabbed the tray. Her body was her own, and if she didn't care for it, how could she expect anyone else to?

No matter what, she needed to eat well now and keep her strength up.

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The woman glanced at her with a sneer, a scornful grunt escaping her lips. "Hmph."

Clutching the meal box tightly, Skyler asked once more before the door shut, "Where's Zavier? Is he the one keeping me locked up here?"

The woman didn't bother answering Skyler; she just closed the door and walked away.

Thankfully, a lamp was left on inside the room, allowing Skyler to eat the food the woman had brought in the light. The meal was hearty enough, but as Skyler chewed, there was only one taste that overwhelmed her senses bitterness. But no matter how bitter, she

had to eat. She wanted to live.

There was a camera in the solitary room, and right after Skyler finished her meal, the door opened again, the woman's face expressionless as she collected the utensils.

Skyler thought about making a run for it while the woman was off guard, but a single sentence from her extinguished that thought. "If you manage to get out of here, you won't make it past the front door," the woman said coldly.

Skyler's step halted, and she turned to look at the woman, pleading, "I want to see

Zavier."e2

“Do you think you can see Xavier just because you want to?” The woman dropped the biting comment and walked out with the tray.

The light went out again, plunging the room into darkness. Skyler lay back down on the bed, losing track of time once more until the woman came back with another meal.

This cycle repeated day after day. Without sunlight or any way to tell time, Skyler could only keep track of the days by the number of meals brought to her.

One day, two days, three days... ten days, twenty days...

Time slipped by, and Skyler's appetite worsened. About a month later, she couldn't stomach anything. Everything she ate came right back up, and her hair began to fall out in clumps.

Without a mirror in the room, Skyler didn't know what she looked like, only that her body wouldn't hold out much longer. So, when the door opened again, she lunged at the entrance with a weak, desperate cry, “Let me out. I don't want to die in this lightless cage.” “Die?” A dark, male voice suddenly echoed above her.

Skyler struggled to look up. It wasn't the woman who brought her meals but Xavier. He no longer bore any resemblance to the man Skyler once knew. His gaze was frightening. He stood before her like a sovereign lord looking down at his slave. “Do you really wish to die?”

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Skyler wanted to laugh, but tears betrayed her, spilling out uncontrollably. “Zavier.”

Zavier slowly crouched down, his hand gripping her chin. “It's been so long, and you still recognize me. Should I be pleased?”

Skyler wanted to swat his hand away, but she had no strength left. She just lay on the ground, looking up at him. "When I die, could you bury me somewhere with sunlight?"

She curled up miserably, "I hate cold and darkness. If I can't see the light while I'm alive, at least let me have it in death."

Before she could finish, Xavier suddenly picked her up. "Skyler, those who deceive me don't get off easy, even in death."

"You're insane!" Skyler retorted.

"You're not the first to think that," Xavier replied coldly.

Skyler knew she should never have used normal logic to guess Xavier's thoughts; he never played by the rules.

Based on Hudson's analysis and her own understanding of Xavier, she had expected him to call off their engagement once he found out he'd been played.

But Xavier didn't. Instead, he locked her away in a place devoid of daylight. And when her body was on the brink, he whisked her away to the town hall at breakneck speed to pick up a marriage certificate.

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Staring at the marriage certificate in front of her, Skyler hadn't yet escaped the grips of her own terror when she heard Xavier's words, "Just keep me happy, and I might just help the Blue family rise again."

Skyler couldn't care less about the fate of the Blue family; she wished for nothing more than their downfall. It was her sister Iris who mattered to her the most. "What about my sister? She must have tried to get in touch with me. If she couldn't reach me, she must be worried."

"Dead," Xavier said bluntly.

Skyler's heart seemed to stop for a second. "What did you say?"

Zavier let out a small chuckle, leaning close to whisper in her ear, "I said, your precious little sister is dead."

"You're lying!" Skyler blurted out.

"Sent by your precious Blue family to please some high roller. They played too rough, ended up killing her," Zavier said with a tone of mock regret.

In that instant, Skyler felt as if she could hear the sound of her heart shattering. Drained of all strength, she collapsed to the floor, wanting to ask more but finding herself voiceless. She feared hearing even more brutal truths, knowing full well her own family was capable of such inhumanity.

In a hazy daze, Skyler faintly heard Zavier's voice tinged with a rare urgency, "Skyler, I'm taking you to the hospital now. You better hang on for dear life, cause if I haven't given you permission to die, you better not even think about it. If you die, I'll bring down the entire Blue family."

Whatever else he said was lost to her; she didn't care to listen, as a buzzing noise filled her

ears.

When she came to, Skyler was lying in a hospital bed, a TV hanging on the wall across from her. She immediately turned it on, catching a news flash.

Nora was being arrested on suspicion of murder. Could Nora have something to do with the deaths of Zavier's brother and father?

Before Skyler could see more, the door opened. Thinking it was Zavier, she quickly turned off the TV in fright, but to her surprise, it was Marissa, Zavier's caretaker. "Ms. Skyler, I made you your favorite soup. Come on, have some."

Skyler shook her head weakly, "I'm not hungry."

"You've been out for days, surviving on IV drips. You need to eat something." Marissa set down her thermos and cranked the bed upright. "Silly child, just a month, and how much

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weight you've lost..."

Seeing Skyler's gaunt appearance, Marissa's eyes welled up with tears. "You don't need to worry about the Blue family with Xavier around."

It seemed Marissa was unaware of the truth, and Skyler had no intention of enlightening her. Taking the soup bowl, she sipped a little, then casually inquired, 'Marissa, about

Nora...\*

The mention of that name set Marissa off into a tirade, "That Nora, no good, after all the kindness Mr. and Mrs. had shown her, who would have thought she'd stab the family in the back.

Thank goodness for Xavier, he's so capable. Not only did he seize control of Rivera Inc., but he also exposed that murderer."

From Marissa's lips, Skyler pieced together the events that had unfolded during her captivity. Xavier swiftly seized control of Rivera Inc.. Subsequently, he exposed the culprit responsible for the tragic deaths of his father and brother.

Marissa was usually reserved, but now she couldn't stop talking about it, only pausing when she heard Xavier's cough.

Both women were startled. Marissa recovered first, "Oh, Xavier, you're here. I should get going."

Once Marissa left, Skyler lost all appetite, not wanting another sip of soup. As she went to cover the bowl, Xavier's voice cut through the silence, "Finish that soup."

His voice was cold and deep, making Skyler shiver with fear.

"You wanted to marry me, have my children, and help the Blue family rise from the ashes. I've given you all that," Xavier moved closer, lifting her chin to look into her eyes. "From now on, your life is mine. Get better, so you're ready whenever I need you."

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Skyler said nothing, just picked up her spoon and continued to sip her soup.

Taking in her frail figure, Xavier spoke again. "Your sister hasn't..."

He could hardly bring himself to say the word "died" when Skyler abruptly looked up at him, "My sister? I have a sister?"

Zavier was at a loss for words. She didn't remember having a sister?

The news of her "sister's death" had overwhelmed her with grief. She had fainted and then slept soundly for an entire week. Upon waking, she was eerily calm.

He should have known something was wrong. Was she truly unable to remember? Or was she pretending, putting on a show just for him?

Zavier couldn't be sure. The only thing he was certain of was the immense hurt his lie had

caused her.e2

Memories of the past flickered through Xavier's mind like scenes from a movie, relentless -and vivid. He had known for years the real reason why Skyler had been manipulating him.

He knew everything and yet, he hurt her like a madman.

Even after she had fled from him, wounded by his actions, he failed to see his own mistakes until she faked her own death to escape from his life completely.

That was when he truly realized the extent of his folly over the years. That was when he understood the depth of the pain he had inflicted upon her.



All Skyler ever wanted was simple. It's to live well, to live with dignity. That was all.

And he had destroyed her most cherished sense of self-worth, keeping her like a pet. She

had lived a life worse than death.

In the two years following her 'death', he had been a shell of a man. Holding onto a sliver of hope that Skyler was still alive, he searched for her across the globe, as hope dwindled, ever so faintly. Just when he thought he could never find her again, there she was before his very eyes.

Zavier gazed intently at the woman under the distant streetlamp. Even from afar, even though the view wasn't clear, his heart pounded violently in his chest. It was as if he had been brought back to life.

Zavier suddenly began to cough violently. Garrett, who was behind him, quickly stepped forward to support him, "Zavier."

Zavier's eyes remained fixed on the woman under the streetlamp, "Is that Skyler? Is Skyler really still alive?"

He was terrified. Terrified it was just a dream, afraid that upon waking, he would be alone

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Garrett assured him, "It's Skyler! Skyler is truly alive!"

Zavier seemed not to hear what Garrett was saying, repeating, "Is Skyler truly alive?"

Garrett said, "If you don't believe it, let's go to her. The moment you touch her, you'll believe that Skyler is indeed alive."

Garrett moved to guide Zavier forward, but after just one step, Zavier froze, "I can't go over

there. I can't disturb her life now."

Garrett looked at Xavier with puzzled eyes, "You've searched for her for two whole years. Now that we've finally found her, why..."

Before he could finish, Xavier clutched his chest and began coughing violently again. Amidst the coughing, a mouthful of fresh blood spilled from his lips.

Garrett was startled, "Xavier, what's happening to you?"

Even as his body weakened to the point of barely standing, Xavier's eyes remained fixed on the woman under the streetlamp.

After she led her friends inside, leaving the spot empty, he still could not look away. He whispered, "I'm scared."

Garrett was even more confused, "We've found her, what are you still afraid of?"

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Xavier was afraid of so many things.

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Fear gnawed at him fear of losing control again and hurting Skyler.

Fear that Skyler would run away from him once more.

Fear that he might never even catch a glimpse of Skyler again.

Just fear...

Sensing his silent turmoil, Garrett grew impatient. "Xavier."

Xavier waved him off, "Find a hotel and get some rest. I need some solitude."e2

"How can I leave you alone in this state?" Garrett glanced at the small house nearby. "Skyler and the others have gone inside. You can't see her from here, what's the point in staying?"

Zavier replied, "Just knowing she's there, that she's alive, that's enough for me."

Garrett sighed, "You're hopelessly romantic, you know that?"

At that, something clicked in Xavier's mind. "Garrett, you go right now and arrange for men to monitor the area for miles around. I have to know Skyler's whereabouts at all times. She can't vanish from my life again. But remember, she mustn't notice. We can't disturb her life."

"Alright, I'm on it." Garrett shook his head as he left.

Back in college, Garrett had thought Xavier was the least likely to be tied down by love. Now, it seemed Xavier was the only one ensnared by it. Some people might seem crazy and heartless, but they were the most devoted in love.

After Garrett left, Xavier, with trembling hands, lit a cigarette and took a harsh drag. "Skyler, I know I'm a bastard. I know everything. I could have explained it all to you, but I chose a path that hurt us both."

Back then, Xavier knew everything. He knew that Skyler had tricked him under her grandfather's coercion. He knew it all.

He could have chosen to talk it out with her, but instead, he hurt her in the most extreme way. Because he thought, in Skyler's world, her sister would always come first. He would always be second to her sister.

Until the day Skyler faked her own death and he saw her young sister again, now grown up and the spitting image of eighteen-year-old Skyler. Not just in looks, but even the timid demeanor was identical to Skyler's. That was when he had his epiphany, In Skyler's heart, her sister was another version of herself. She didn't want her sister to live in constant fear as she had.

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Despite being barely an adult herself and unable to escape the clutches of her own family, she did everything she could to protect her sister. She refused to let her sister suffer as

she had.

He knew all of this, yet he let jealousy drive him to wound her so grievously. He could still vividly recall the light dying in Skyler's eyes when he told her that her sister was dead.

After that, she never mentioned Iris in front of him again, and to this day, he didn't know if she had truly forgotten her sister.

He had consulted psychologists who told him that some people choose to forget certain events because they're too painful to remember. Maybe Skyler had indeed forgotten Iris. Otherwise, how could she bear to fake her own death?

It was his selfishness, his jealousy, his madness, and his obsession that made her decade with him akin to living in hell.

"Skyler, I know I made a mistake. Is there any chance for me?" Hot tears rolled down from Xavier's bloodshot eyes.

He knew, all too well, that regret was the one thing you couldn't buy in this world.

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## **"Impulsive Vow to an Enigmatic Husband"**

Chapter 1755

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## "Impulsive Vow to an Enigmatic Husband"

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The trio gathered in the cozy cabin nestled in the heart of the countryside.

Skyler led Cornelia and Hannah inside. "Nelly, doesn't this place give you a sense of déjà

vu?"

Cornelia looked around, taking in the neatly organized and homey interior. “It’s got a similar vibe to your chalet in Nice, right? Though this one’s quite a bit more spacious.”

Skyler nodded, a touch of pride in her voice. “Yeah, I sketched the blueprints myself and had the craftsmen build it to spec.”

Cornelia took Skyler’s hand and squeezed it tightly. “Skyler, I can’t even begin to tell you how overjoyed I am to see you again.”

Hannah chimed in, “Me too.”

Skyler smiled warmly. “Seeing both of you again makes me very happy too.”

Cornelia opened her mouth, intending to ask Skyler about the past years, but she found herself unable to voice her queries. As she looked at Skyler now, so peaceful and serene, she realized she didn’t need to after all.

“Take a seat, you two. I’ll brew us some tea.” After inviting Cornelia and Hannah to sit down, Skyler prepared two cups of tea with her own hands and handed them over. “This is a local blend. Tell me what you think.”

Hannah lifted the cup to her nose, inhaling the aroma before taking a delicate sip. “Steven loves his tea. I’ve never been a fan. No matter how fine the tea, it all tastes the same to me.”

Skyler turned to Cornelia, who took a gentle sip under their watchful eyes, and then another. “I can’t really tell good tea from bad, but this tastes fresh and slightly sweet.”

Skyler laughed. “Our local tea is top-notch, but due to our remote location, it doesn’t sell well. Most of it goes for bargain prices.”

Cornelia replied, “Distribution isn’t an issue. If the tea’s good, I can find buyers and ensure a fair deal for the farmers.”

“Let’s not worry about that now,” Skyler interjected, pulling out a grill. “I’ve prepared some barbecue for us. Let’s eat and chat.”

There wasn't just barbecue; Skyler had also brewed her own rice wine. Both Cornelia and Hannah were astonished. "Skyler, how on earth can you do everything?"

Skyler replied with a smile, "To put it nicely, I've got a knack for this stuff. Less nicely, I had to learn to make a living."

Cornelia and Hannah's eyes brimmed with tears. "Skyler..."

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Skyler reassured them, "Nell, Hannah, don't feel sorry for me. These past three years have been some of the happiest of my life. Away from the hustle and bustle of the city, away from those who hurt and looked down on me, doing what I love, living off the land-I couldn't ask for a more carefree life."

For the first twenty-odd years of her life, Skyler had never truly lived for herself.

After faking her death to escape Zavier, she found her sanctuary in this secluded spot and started anew. At first, times were tough. Fortunately, she quickly landed a job as a substitute teacher at the local school. Because of her excellent teaching, she soon became a full-time teacher.

With a steady job, she then leased some land. She farmed her own crops and hired help during the busy seasons, gradually achieving a self-sufficient lifestyle.

Every day followed a similar routine, seemingly monotonous, yet deeply fulfilling.

As they savored the barbecue and sipped the homemade wine, they listened to Skyler recount her life over the past couple of years. Seeing Skyler now, so free and content, Cornelia and Hannah felt genuine happiness for their friend.

**"Impulsive Vow to an Enigmatic Husband"**

Chapter 1757



A group of old friends, gathered for a night of food and fun, invariably found that time flew when they were together. Before they knew it, night had deepened around them. They had so many stories yet to share, and none of them wanted the evening to end.

Skyler, ever the generous host, decided to offer a sleepover. “We can all squeeze into the king-size bed,” she suggested with a playful grin.

Cornelia had just finished washing up when her personal cell phone chimed with a new WhatsApp message.

Lounging in an armchair, Hannah teased, “I bet your hubby can’t stand the thought of you spending the night out. Is he checking in to make sure you’re not having too much fun without him?”

A bit tipsy, Cornelia didn’t even want to move. “Even if it was the king himself knocking, I’d stay right here to keep Skyler company.”

Skyler walked over, picked up the phone, and handed it to Cornelia. “Even if you want to stay, you should drop him a line. Don’t leave the man worrying.”

Cornelia snorted, “I don’t wanna deal with him right now.”e2

Skyler probed, “You guys had a fight?”

“If only it were that simple,” Cornelia sighed.

Skyler didn’t understand. “How can fighting ever be a good thing?”

Cornelia pouted, her voice tinged with a hint of distress, “He’s always so accommodating, putting me first in everything, never thinking of himself. His job is way more stressful than mine, and he earns in a month what I make in a year. Yet, he insists on handling all the parenting duties himself, and that’s not even the half of it.”

Cornelia was cut off as Hannah chimed in, “Nelly, how do you manage to flaunt your perfect love life all the time?”

“I’m not showing off, I’m worried about him,” Cornelia protested. “I’ve told him countless times to be a bit more selfish, but he just won’t listen.”

Skyler ruffled Cornelia’s hair affectionately. “I’ve known President Hartley longer than any of you. Wanna hear what I think of him?”

Cornelia perked up instantly. "Please, do tell."

Skyler began, "President Hartley is genuinely one of the good ones. He doesn't just provide a comfortable life; he supports your career, too. Many men, especially those with fragile egos and no real talent, would rather keep their wives at home post-marriage, treating them as unpaid housekeepers. Housewives sacrifice their careers and handle all

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household matters, working themselves to the bone without the respect they deserve."

"In our society, there's this misconception that a housewife is just playing around at home since she doesn't bring in a paycheck. Just consider this – on that point alone, your man is miles ahead of so many others."

Cornelia knew all too well how good Jeremy was, and the better she knew, the more it pained her. "Sometimes, I wish he wasn't so good."

Hannah asked, "Would you rather have someone like Steven or Zavier?"

The name hung heavily in the air, silencing them all, especially Skyler. The mere mention of "Zavier" sent a visible shudder through her.

Realizing her faux pas, Hannah glanced apologetically at Cornelia, who quickly took Skyler's hand in hers. "Sky, don't be scared. He can't find us here."

Skyler managed a weak smile. "Whether he comes or not, I don't care anymore. If he wants to drag me back, let him. I've had three years of freedom, and that's worth something."

Her words reached the ears of Zavier, who was hidden within earshot. He felt as if his blood had turned to ice. He had known before even finding Skyler that she wouldn't willingly return with him. She would have preferred him to believe she had perished in the fire, leaving nothing behind. However, hearing her say

it, the words stabbed him directly in the heart, each syllable a sharp knife twisting into his chest.

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Chapter 1758

A gentle pat on his back startled him. He turned around, staring at the person who approached.

Jeremy gave him a look that said 'follow me' and started walking away.

As they stepped beyond the boundaries of the quaint farmhouse, Zavier asked, "What brings you here?"

Jeremy glanced towards the distant cabin, "I couldn't rest easy knowing Cornelia was headed to such a secluded spot alone, so I followed discreetly. I won't intrude on her time with friends. I just need to know she's safe."

Zavier offered a wry smile, "We used to say you were incapable of love, but it turns out you're the most loving of us all."

"Really? Still planning on winning Skyler back?" Jeremy probed.

"Using your words, as long as I know she's alive and well, that's enough for me. I can't dare to hope she'd return to live a life with me," Zavier replied.

"That's a good realization," Jeremy approved.

Zavier looked again towards the lit cabin, where the three friends were surely deep in conversation. After a long pause, he asked, "Marc, do you think I still have a chance?"

"In my opinion, loving someone isn't about possession, but about their happiness. If we can't provide that happiness, we need the courage to let go and allow them to find it on their own," Jeremy advised.

"Remember when you thought you wouldn't last long and pushed Cornelia away? Was she happy without you?" Zavier countered.

"Our situations aren't the same. Think about it for yourself. But remember, love isn't about legally binding someone to you, and marriage isn't a license to hurt," Jeremy reminded him.

Marriage wasn't a license to hurt.

Zavier was hit by the realization that, despite being legally wed to Skyler, he had hurt her in ways that were inexcusable over the years. Under the guise of love, he had been cruel, no different from an abuser.

He was seized by a fit of coughing.

Jeremy patted his back, "You should see a doctor."

Zavier muttered, "Even if I died in front of her, she probably wouldn't be sad."

Raising an eyebrow, Jeremy said, "Life is precious. Don't test anyone with it."

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Zavier chuckled, "You always see right through me. Don't worry, I won't pressure her anymore. Knowing she's out there, being able to watch her from afar, what more could I ask for?"

Jeremy's phone vibrated in his pocket. He pulled it out to find Cornelia calling back. He answered immediately, "Cornelia."

Her voice, slightly slurred with sleepiness, came through, "Jeremy, I'll be home in a couple of days. Don't worry about me."

He nodded, "Alright."

"Is the little guy with you? I want to hear his voice," she said.

"It's way past his bedtime. He's asleep," Jeremy replied.

There was a pause before Cornelia said, "Honey..."

A warmth spread through Jeremy, "I'm here."

"Take care of yourself while I'm gone," she urged.

He smiled, "Will do."

“Honey...”

“Yes?”

“I’ve only been away a day and I already miss you so much. I miss your embrace and your kisses. But you’re not here, what do I do?” she lamented softly.

2/2

## **"Impulsive Vow to an Enigmatic Husband"**

Chapter 1759

Jeremy, “Come out.”

“What?” Cornelia’s voice held a mix of curiosity and concern.

“I’m outside, in the front yard.”

Her voice carried a tinge of disbelief. “Where did you say you are?”

“I’ve told you before, whenever you need me, I’m here. I keep my promises.”

It wasn’t long before Jeremy saw Cornelia, phone in hand, peering out of the cabin’s doorway, scanning the surroundings. He stepped forward, ensuring she couldn’t see Zavier hidden in the shadows, and waved toward her. “Look to your right.”

The countryside nights were void of streetlights, plunging the area into darkness, but Cornelia managed to spot him with the faint glow from her phone. Without a moment’s hesitation, she bolted from the yard, sprinting towards him.e2

“Easy there, slow down. Don’t trip over,” Jeremy called out, quickening his pace to meet her.

Cornelia couldn’t care less. All she knew was that she missed him desperately, longing to be in his arms, to feel him wrap her up tight.

Jeremy caught her as she leapt into his embrace, his large hand gently stroking her hair. “Something bothering you?” His voice was deep and soothing, each word a comfort.

She nuzzled into his chest. "I just really missed you, that's all."

He tightened his hold. "I missed you too."

"Really, you two, flaunting your love in front of me? Get a room," Xavier's voice suddenly cut through the night, startling Cornelia.

She whirled around, and upon confirming it was indeed Xavier, she stumbled backwards in shock. "You... how are you here?"

She dared not even glance towards the cabin, naively hoping Xavier wasn't aware of Skyler's presence.

"I followed you," Xavier stated matter-of-factly.

Cornelia mentally cursed herself. She had been so careful in coming to see Skyler, yet somehow she hadn't managed to shake off Xavier's surveillance.

Jeremy held her close. "Cornelia, don't listen to his nonsense. It's not your fault. The people he sent to find Skyler spotted her. He just came to check it out and ran into you by chance."

1/2

08:30

Chapter 1759

Cornelia was not only filled with self-reproach but also terrified for Skyler. Living so freely now, Skyler would surely meet a grim fate if Xavier took her back.

Fearful of witnessing such an outcome, she opened her mouth to plead, yet knowing she couldn't sway Xavier's resolve, she found herself unable to speak a word.

Xavier continued, "You know, I really should thank you both for helping Skyler escape me back then."

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Cornelia's heart raced, fearing the sarcasm in his voice, but his next words offered her a

sliver of relief.

He spoke with an air of sincerity, “When Skyler preferred to lose our child rather than stay by my side, she turned to you for help, and you didn’t turn her away. You gave her hope in her darkest hour. Otherwise, I might have lost her forever.’

Previously, Xavier would have killed Cornelia over this. Now, he was expressing gratitude.

Cornelia couldn’t be sure if he was sincere or mocking. “Zavier, do you really mean that?”

Zavier offered a rare smile. “When have I ever lied?” It was true that he often went mad,

and it was true that he could resort to violence, but he never told a lie.

Cornelia ventured to trust him. “Zavier, Skyler has got a spark in her eyes now. Do you realize that?”

When Cornelia first met Skyler, she was like a zombie, just going through the motions. Skyler used to smile, but it never reached her eyes. Now, Skyler seemed like a real person. A living, breathing individual with a passion for life.

### **"Impulsive Vow to an Enigmatic Husband"**

Chapter 1760

Zavier spoke with a hint of resignation, “I know.”

Cornelia hesitated before asking, “Then you...”

“I won’t interfere in her life anymore,” Zavier declared firmly, “and you shouldn’t let her know I found her.”

Cornelia wasn’t sure what to make of Zavier’s unpredictable nature. Turning to Jeremy, she sought reassurance, “Can I really trust him?”

Jeremy ruffled her hair affectionately, “If he says he won’t bother Skyler, he won’t.”

Jeremy had faith in Zavier’s word.

Zavier added, "But I have one condition."e2

Cornelia's anxiety spiked, "What?"

Zavier chuckled at her nervous reaction, "Got you scared there, didn't I?"

Cornelia clenched her teeth in irritation.

"Just kidding, no need to get so worked up," Xavier said, gazing towards the quaint cabin ahead, murmuring to himself, "She's alive. That's wonderful! I get to see her full of life. It's wonderful."

Cornelia's heart, which had been in her throat, finally settled back in its place.

Jeremy wrapped his arm around her, "It's getting late. Do you want to stay with Skyler tonight, or come to the hotel with me?"

Cornelia decided, "Tonight, I want to be with Skyler."

"Then get some rest," Jeremy said, "I'll come for you tomorrow."

"Okay."

Cornelia had obligations back in Riverton, so after staying just two days with Skyler, she

had to leave.

Hannah was filming in this area, probably staying for another month or two. Whenever she had free time, she would accompany Skyler.

Skyler had a steady job and owned a little farmstead. A stable income and homegrown food made for a comfortable life.

Lately, though, she felt a persistent gaze upon her, unsettling her peace. Somewhere deep down, she knew it must be Xavier who had found her.

1/2

08:30

Chapter 1760



One evening, turning down an invitation from Hannah, Skyler prepared a few simple appetizers, ideal for pairing with a drink.

With the dishes laid out, she addressed the empty room, "Since you've found me, no more hiding. Come out."

Silence followed her words.

After waiting for a while, Skyler poured herself a drink and downed it in one gulp, "Stop hiding. Show yourself!"

This time, the man she knew so well yet feared appeared at the doorway. With a mix of trepidation and nervousness, he asked, "May I come in?"

Skyler hardly recognized him with his now gray hair. She never imagined that upon their next meeting, Xavier would look so aged. A bitter taste rose in her throat as she motioned him inside, "Come in."

Xavier entered, his gaze cautious and his hands trembling slightly, "Skyler, I..."

Skyler seated herself first, poured two glasses of wine—one for herself and one for the empty seat across—and gestured, "Sit."

Xavier eased into the chair across from her, watching nervously as she finished her glass. Placing her glass down with a clunk, Skyler began, "You were here since Hannah and Cornelia found me, weren't you?"

Xavier nodded.

Skyler laughed softly, her voice tinged with resignation, "I've schemed and struggled to finally have the life I wanted. Yet, in the end, it's like a mirage, nothing but an illusion."

She had thought that upon seeing Xavier again, she would break down, but to her surprise, she found herself able to converse with him with unexpected calmness.

It was as if the man before her was a complete stranger.

As if she had never loved him.

As if he had never hurt her.

As if nothing had ever happened between them.

In that moment, Skyler finally understood. True liberation wasn't about living freely; it was about freeing one's soul.

**"Impulsive Vow to an Enigmatic Husband"**