

Impulsive Vow to an Enigmatic Husband (Cornelia Stewart)

Chapter 1476

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Cornelia responded, "Bye."

She watched Hannah drive away, not turning around until the car had disappeared from her sight. Then she headed towards the building behind her. She took the elevator straight up to the 28th floor, to a lounge. There was coffee, cake, and such in the lounge, but no sign anyone had touched them.

Steven stood by the front window, watching Hannah leave out the corner of his eye.

Hope was asleep in her stroller, with Jeremy sitting beside her, not wanting to leave his side. Since Cornelia needed to work, paint, and have a quiet space, Jeremy usually took care of the baby.

Breaking this peaceful scene was Rosie, crying at the door. Lucas held her, his face full of sympathy, saying, "If you miss her, we can go see her anytime. Rosie, can you stop crying?"

The more Lucas spoke, the louder Rosie cried, "What do you men know?! I'm upset for Hannah. What the hell did Steven do to her? Hannah doesn't want to be around him anymore, and she's determined to go back to her hometown."

Lucas looked at Steven, who was peering out the window with binoculars. "I don't know what he did, but I know he must regret it now. His wife is leaving Harbor City to go back home, and he didn't even have the guts to see her off. Poor guy."

Rosie corrected him. "You mean his ex-wife."

Lucas, "Right, ex-wife."

Rosie was about to say something else when she saw Cornelia returning. She let go of Lucas and walked over to Cornelia. "Nelly, what did Hannah say to you?"

"Not much." Cornelia reached up and gently touched Rosie's face. "You didn't want to see Hannah off, right? Afraid you might burst into tears?"

Rosie was taken aback, almost shedding tears again. "Nelly, you know it. Among us four, you, Skyler Blue, Hannah, and me, I've known Hannah the longest. When Lucas used to bully me, and when I had no one to talk to, I always went to Hannah. She was always patient with me. I thought she had no troubles, but I learned recently that during those times, she was having a hard time too."

Mentioning Skyler's name still made Cornelia feel a pang of pain. She was thankful that at least Hannah was still alive. As long as you were alive, there was always hope.

She said, "Rosie after I get settled in Riverton, let's go see Hannah."

Rosie, "Sure. I have plenty of time. Whenever you're free, we can stay with her for a while."

Cornelia, "I have a flexible schedule, so I can go anywhere. But I have to take the baby with me to feed him."

Rosie, "Bring Hope along too. I can help take care of him."

Cornelia, "OK, after I check out the situation in Riverton, I'll get back to you."

Just as they mentioned Hope, Jeremy brought him over. "Cornelia, Hope wants his mommy."

Cornelia immediately turned to look at Hope in Jeremy's arms. The little one saw her and started happily waving his little hands.

Cornelia held one of his hands and gave them a gentle kiss. "Son, play with Daddy. Mommy needs to chat with Rosie."

Rosie walked over to them, and her eyes lit up when she saw the adorable Hope. “Hope is so cute. Cornelia, can I hold him?”

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“Jeremy, go chat with President Dixon, I’ll take care of Hope.” Cornelia took Hope and handed him to Rosie. “My baby is your baby. Of course, you can hold her.”

Rosie held Hope like she’d found a priceless treasure, swinging him gently with joy.

Cornelia said, “Rosie, you love kids. Why don’t you have one of your own?”

Upon hearing this, Rosie pouted. “I’ve told you before. It’s Lucas who doesn’t want kids. He always says I’m like a kid myself.”

Cornelia didn’t recall this at all. The thought made her a bit worried.

Rosie continued, “I’ll be thirty in a couple of years, but both my parents and Lucas’ still treat me like a kid.”

Cornelia replied, “Rosie, you’ve got a good life. You have parents around you, a loving husband, a happy family, and a successful career. Do you know how many people envy you?”

Rosie said, “If I had a kid, it would be perfect.”

Cornelia said, “There will always be little regrets in life. It’s too hard to be perfect.”

Rosie said, “Nelly, why the sudden philosophy?”

Cornelia laughed, “Maybe I’ve been reading too many life philosophy books lately.”

Rosie said, “You should read less of those complicated books.”

Cornelia replied, “Alright.”

Rosie looked at Hope in her arms, Hope was staring back at her, and she felt her heart melting like a piece of cake. “Nelly, Hope is really cute.”

“He takes after his dad. His dad’s handsome, so he got good genes.” Cornelia wasn’t modest at all when others complimented her son. Hope was already over two months old, and he was becoming more and more like Jeremy and cuter.

Rosie said, “I think Hope looks like you.”

Cornelia said, “Hope looks like me? You’re the first to say that. Everyone who has seen Hope and his dad says they’re like two peas in a pod.”

Rosie said, "If you look closely, you'll find that Hope's eyebrows and eyes are very much like yours."

Cornelia stared at her son. "I still think he looks more like his dad."

Rosie said, "They say a child's appearance keeps changing. Who knows who he'll look like when he grows up. But no matter who he looks like, he'll be a handsome lad. I can already imagine how many girls will have a crush on him."

Cornelia said, "No matter how many people like him, it's not important. What's important is that he can find someone he likes who likes him back."

Rosie said, "Finding someone you like who likes you back is never easy. Many people get married because they find each other suitable in all aspects, and they don't consider anything else."

Cornelia said, "I believe my Hope is lucky. He'll definitely find the one he likes."

Rosie said, "Definitely."

They had a lot in common when it came to the topic of children. On the other side, Steven and Lucas had raised their glasses. Jeremy, due to his health condition, couldn't drink and only held a bottle of water. Steven downed a whole glass of wine, looking out the window again, in the direction Hannah had left.

Jeremy said, "You don't want her to leave, but you don't dare to go send her off. Do you think that sitting here alone and drinking will change anything?"

Steven said, "Don't worry, I'll find a chance to reconcile with her."

Lucas asked, "So you're not planning on giving up?"

Steven retorted, "If Rosie insisted on divorcing you, would you let her go?"

Lucas replied, "Rosie won't divorce me! She will never divorce me!"

Steven said, "I'm saying if."

Lucas said, "There's no if between us. From the moment she was born, I've been by her side. I even took care of her when we were kids. Our bond is unbreakable, we rely on each other, and she won't leave."

Steven chuckled. "Won't leave? I once thought Hannah would never leave me, but look at the reality, she's living such a happy life after leaving me."

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Lucas said. "That just goes to show you didn't take care of her properly. That's why she wanted to leave you."

Steven didn't respond. In the showbiz world, he paved the way for Hannah. Her journey had been smooth, with no one crossing her path. But in life, particularly in their relationship, he failed to show her enough respect. He always did as he pleased, without considering her feelings. In a cruel and foolish manner, he dealt with her "betrayal."

Lucas asked, "Do you realize your mistake?"

Steven still stayed silent.

Lucas asked. "You know your mistake, but you didn't apologize to her?"

Steven nodded, then looked at Jeremy. "Jeremy did such a stupid thing in the past. He didn't apologize to his wife either, so why did his wife forgive him?"

Jeremy said, "Who said I didn't apologize to my wife?"

Steven asked, "You apologized? How?"

Jeremy said, "As long as Cornelia forgives me, I'm willing to apologize in any way. Even if it means kneeling down, I would."

Lucas said, "Oh lordy... Is this the Jeremy we know?"

Steven seemed to be listening, but his mind was all on Hannah. If kneeling down to apologize would make Hannah forgive him, he was willing to do so.

Lucas said, "Steven, did you hear what Jeremy said? Not making fun of him, that's your problem."

Steven said, "I think Jeremy makes a lot of sense."

Lucas exclaimed in surprise. "Did I hear that right?"

Steven asked, "Dare you say you never apologized to your wife?"

Lucas said, "Of course I did."

Just the night before, he had apologized because he was a little too harsh on Rosie, inadvertently hurting her. She cried a river, leaving him both heartbroken and guilty.

Steven asked, "How did you apologize?"

Lucas said, "Anyhow, I didn't kneel down. Rosie understands me, and she wouldn't let me kneel."

Steven said, "Hannah hates me."

Lucas and Jeremy said in unison, "We know."

Steven said, "Can't you guys comfort me a bit?"

Lucas said, "You just divorced your wife. As long as you're willing, there's still a chance for you two. Think about Zavier, his wife is already gone."

Although it made sense, the truth behind the words were hard to swallow.

Steven shot him a look. "Do you know how to comfort people?"

Lucas said, "I only know how to comfort Rosie."

Steven turned to Jeremy for help. "Jeremy, comfort me a bit."

Who knew that Jeremy would also say, "I only know how to comfort Cornelia."

What kind of comfort was this? They were just flaunting their love. Steven wanted to get out of there immediately. He put down his glass and picked up his coat. "I'm leaving now."

Lucas asked, "Where to?"

Steven said, "To find Hannah."

No matter where she was hiding, he could find her.

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"The Salazar family's stuff ain't sorted yet, so what's the point in you going to her?"

Jeremy's words successfully stopped Steven in his tracks. Steven turned around and said, "The relationship between the Salazars and the Dixons is a real spiderweb. It's not just about money but about our families and all that jazz. If I make a move against the Salazars, it's like cutting off the Dixon Group's lifeline. So, the big shots in the Dixon Group are blocking me from taking action against the Salazars, and the folks in our family are against it too. So for now, the Salazars are a real pain in the neck."O

Jeremy asked, "Need a hand?"

Steven replied. "Jeremy, don't underestimate me. I may be at a dead end with the Salazars now, but that doesn't mean I won't be able to do something in the future. I'm gearing up, and soon enough, I'll make the Salazars, especially Daniela, regret their actions and pay the price."

Jeremy said, "In the business world, there are no permanent friends or enemies. If your chips are enticing enough, someone will come knocking."

Steven got Jeremy's drift. "Don't worry. I won't be stingy when it comes to this."

Lucas stepped forward and patted Steven on the shoulder. "If you need our help, just give us a shout."

Steven said, "Got it. I'm off to chase Hannah, so I might not have time to hang out with you guys for a while. Once I get her back, I'll treat you all to a meal." With that, he walked

away.

Lucas turned to Jeremy. "Jeremy, is your family heading back to Riverton?"

Jeremy replied, "Yeah. We've packed our stuff, and will hit the road after lunch."

Lucas said, "There's something I want to discuss with you."

Jeremy said, "Shoot."

Lucas thought for a moment, and then said, "Zavier has been harping to me that Skyler is still alive and that you've hidden her. Tell me the truth today, is there any truth to it?"

Jeremy frowned slightly. "Did Zavier send you to ask me?"

Lucas nodded. There was no hiding or denying it.

Jeremy continued, "I didn't hide her. As for whether Skyler is alive, let him find out the answer himself, he won't get it from me."

As Jeremy's words fell, Lucas turned and called out, "Zavier, you heard it all. Come on out."

Next, the closet in the living room was opened, and a tall man stepped out. Rosie and Cornelia, who were chatting, were taken aback. Especially Cornelia, who instantly shielded Hope, watching Zavier anxiously.

Zavier's gaze fell on Hope in Cornelia's arms. Had Skyler left their child behind, by now, their kid would be much older than Hope and maybe even talking. But there were no ifs.

Skyler was very resolute in what she did to him. She never gave him a choice.

Jeremy quickly stepped beside Cornelia, blocking Zavier's gaze. "Zavier..."

Zavier looked at him and smiled, "Jeremy, it's been hard to meet you. Without Lucas' help today, I might not have been able to meet you."

Jeremy glanced at Lucas, his reproach clear.

Lucas quickly explained, "Zavier didn't believe your words, so he wanted me to ask you directly. I hope you guys can make up because that's why I did this."

Jeremy said, "If you want to see me, just give me a call. I'm always available."

Zavier asked, "Didn't I call you?"

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Lucas said, "It's freezing, there's coffee inside, let's go in and chat over a cup."

Zavier responded, "You should ask Jeremy if he'd like to join me for coffee."O

Lucas gave him a nudge. "If you wanna know about Skyler, then be serious."

Zavier retorted, "You think he'd give me the time of day if I said it like that?"

Without another word, Lucas dragged Zavier inside. "Jeremy, don't mind his nonsense."

Jeremy ignored them, turning to Cornelia with a sudden softness in his voice and expression. "Did I scare you?"

Cornelia nodded. "A little."

The memory of Zavier pointing a gun at her in the airport was still fresh in her mind. To say she wasn't scared would be a lie.

Jeremy reached out and gently enveloped her and Hope in his arms. "Cornelia, as long as I'm here, nothing will happen. Don't be scared."

Cornelia snuggled into his chest. "I know. With you by my side, I'm not scared of anything. Look, even Hope isn't scared."

Hope, nestled in her arms, blinked his big, curious eyes, looking so adorable it made one want to take a bite.

Jeremy couldn't resist gently touching Hope's tiny nose. "Hope, you're a boy. You need to be brave and strong so you can help Daddy protect Mommy, okay?"

Cornelia chided, "He's still so small. Don't start with that."

Jeremy replied, "It's never too early to start preparing. By the time he's grown, it'll be too late."

Cornelia argued, "What age do you think we're living in? I don't want Hope to protect me. I just want him to grow up healthy and happy."

Jeremy kissed her forehead resignedly. "Well, can you watch Hope for a bit? I need to have a word with Zavier."

Cornelia nodded. "Sure, I'll take care of Hope. You go and do your thing."

Cornelia didn't get to spend a lot of time with Hope usually, so it could be a bit tiring. Fortunately, Hope was a good boy who rarely fussed or cried.

"Hope, be good to Mommy, okay? Don't make her worry or tire her out, got it?" Having said that, Jeremy left.

Once he was gone, Cornelia remembered Rosie. Turning around, she saw Rosie looking surprised with her mouth agape.

Cornelia asked, "Rosie, what's wrong?"

Rosie blurted out, "Was that the former CEO of the Hartley Group who was just talking to you?"

Cornelia laughed, "Yeah, that's him."

Rosie confessed, "I always knew your husband loved you, but I never knew he was so sweet to you. Do you realize how charming he looked holding you? I'm falling for him."

Cornelia teased, "Keep talking like that and Lucas will get mad."

Rosie replied, "I saw it clearly. The way he looks at you... it's so intense. It's like you're the only person in the world to him."

Cornelia knew that Jeremy was just like that. But she modestly said, "You have Lucas who loves you just as much, why envy others?"

Rosie pouted. "I don't."

She sighed, then continued, "Lucas may seem sweet to me, but he's actually quite domineering. He arranges everything so perfectly, leaving me no room for choice."

Cornelia advised, "Then talk to him about it. Ask him not to be like that."

Rosie answered, "I've tried many times, but it's no use. Your man is better, he always asks for your opinion before doing anything. He loves you, yes, but he respects you more."