

Impulsive Vow to an Enigmatic Husband Chapter 1606

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Even though she was the apple of her parents' eye, Hannah grew up in a rural area where childhood meant learning life's basics early on. While her folks toiled away in the fields, the kids had to fend for themselves when it came to meals.

Steven walked down the stairs, and watched Hannah move with practiced ease. She pulled a lean cut of beef from the fridge, rinsed it, and sliced it into fine strips before plucking a handful of spinach from the crisper. Her fluid movements were a dead giveaway; this was no rookie in the kitchen. Regrettably, he had never tasted a meal she'd made.

Soon enough, a steaming bowl of beef and spinach pasta was ready to serve. Hannah grabbed a large bowl and filled it to the brim until not even a drop of broth was left in the pot.

Steven reached out eagerly. "Hannah, you barely touched your food. Aren't you hungry? I can't finish this massive bowl. Let's share it."

But Hannah sidestepped his outstretched hand. "Why would I cook pasta if I wasn't hungry?"

Steven was baffled. "So where's mine..."

The truth dawned on him-Hannah hadn't cooked for him. Scratching his head awkwardly, he offered, "You go ahead. I'm not really hungry; don't worry about me."e2

The bowl was enormous; he doubted she could finish it all. Leftovers it would be, then.

Hannah sat down and started wolfing down the pasta, every single strand ending up in her belly, leaving nothing behind.

Steven's heart felt tight, yet he smiled. "Hannah, how did you get to be such a whiz in the kitchen? When did you learn to cook like this? I wonder, will I ever get to taste a meal made by you?"

She ignored him, slurping the last of her broth and patting her satisfyingly full stomach, "No filming, no cameras, just eating whatever I damn well please. It's fucking fantastic!"

Steven hesitated, "Hannah..."

"What's up? You think I shouldn't swear?"

Steven shrugged. "Who doesn't let loose now and then? I just really want to try your homemade pasta someday. Any chance of that happening?"

Hannah was blunt. "Mr. Dixon, I'm just your tenant. I pay my rent. I don't owe you any meals, do I?"

Back when they had first registered their marriage, and she had few acting gigs, she had plenty of time at home. She would cook and wait for him.

But he never showed up. Plate after plate of food ended up in the trash. Eventually, she stopped cooking altogether.

Steven didn't give up. "Then I'll learn to cook and make meals for you."

Hannah dismissed the subject, "Let's talk business now."

"Alright, shoot," Steven said.

"I know I can't take on the Salazar family on my own, but I'm not ready to give up just like that."

"We definitely can't let it go," Steven agreed.

Hannah continued, "I have evidence of their crimes. I've tried to get it to the authorities before, but it always gets intercepted. I know my voice carries little weight, so this time, I've asked a friend for help."

Steven was alarmed. "Which friend? A guy? A woman? Hannah, I'm already handling this. You don't need to turn to other men."

As far as he knew, Hannah hardly had any friends. Who else could possibly have the clout to help her with the Salazars?

"Jarvis!" She declared.

"Jarvis? Didn't that guy move abroad? Why is he still haunting us?"

"Just because he's overseas doesn't mean he can't come back."

"Hannah, Jarvis isn't right for you, and his family will never accept you two together..."

"He's not right for me? And who is? You?"

"Yes."

Hannah chuckled. "I recall your family wasn't too keen on us being together either."

Steven knew all too well. "Their approval was never important. What matters is how you feel. If you're willing to remarry me, no one can stop us."