

## **Impulsive Vow to an Enigmatic Husband Chapter 1761**

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### Chapter 1761

Skyler's nonchalance hit Xavier with the hard truth: he had lost his chance,

The damage was done, and no amount of good deeds could heal the wounds he had inflicted on her soul. He picked up the glass of wine she had poured for him and downed it in one go. "Skyler, I'm so sorry."

If only he could turn back time, he would never repeat the mistakes that hurt her, but life offers no do-overs.

Without as much as a glance at him, Skyler refilled his glass and pointed at the small plates on the table. "This roast beef is from my own ranch, and the fish is from my pond. Try them, see how they taste?"

Years ago, when they decided to be together, Skyler and Xavier would cook meals during the holidays. Neither of them knew much about cooking, and their culinary attempts were nothing short of disastrous. But since they had made the dishes together, they would also finish them together, no matter how unpalatable.

Those times were so sweet, yet so fleeting.

Now, forced by life's circumstances, Skyler had become a skilled cook. Just by looking at the spread on the table, Xavier knew the flavors would be great, yet he dreaded this meal, because he understood that this dinner signified the official end of their marriage-the final goodbye.e2

He stalled, hoping to delay the inevitable.

Seeing that he hadn't touched his food, Skyler finally met his gaze. "Mr. Xavier, are you too accustomed to gourmet delicacies to appreciate these simple dishes?"

"No," Xavier said, his hand trembling as he took a piece of the cold roast beef and chewed slowly. "It's very tender. It's really good."

"Try the fish," Skyler suggested.

Zavier took a bite of the fish. "The fish is good too."

Skyler raised her glass. "Shall we toast?"

He hesitated but lifted his glass to meet hers.

Skyler downed her drink in one gulp, and Zavier had no choice but to follow suit.

After two glasses, Zavier's voice was hoarse as he repeated his apology, "Skyler, I'm really sorry."

Skyler didn't respond but poured herself another glass.

Zavier reached out to stop her, but his hand froze mid-air at the sight of her distant gaze.

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"You can't handle your liquor, take it easy."

She downed another shot. "Who says I can't? Running a ranch on my own these past years was no small feat. I've built up quite a tolerance."

Indeed, it couldn't have been easy for her, a woman alone in a strange place, trying to settle down. Only she knew the bitterness of those years.

Thinking of all the hardships she'd endured, Zavier could only repeat, "Skyler, I'm sorry."

Skyler managed a smile. "Zavier, I accept your apology. I forgive you."

He longed for her to lash out, to say she'd never accept his apology, to say she'd never forgive him. That would mean she still cared, even just a little. But her easy forgiveness told him she had moved on. The pain he caused no longer mattered to her.

Zavier felt a wave of bitterness in his heart, yet he was powerless to change anything.

Skyler continued, "I'm no longer that timid Skyler, and you're not the Xavier I first met, but my resolve hasn't changed. I want to live well, happily, freely, and with dignity."

Zavier opened his mouth, but no words came out.

Skyler looked at him. "Zavier, will you give me that chance?" Her tone was still calm, as if a 'no' from him wouldn't make a difference.

Could he say no?

He could not.

He understood too late that loving someone isn't about possession; it's about wanting them to live the life they desire.

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This time, he raised his glass with a solemn cheer, "Here's to you having the freedom to follow your heart, and may your days be filled with nothing but happiness."

Skyler clinked her glass against his, "Thanks. genuinely hope you find that special someone to share your life with."

The one he yearned to spend his life with had always been her. During the three years she had feigned her death, it was the faint hope that she might still be alive that drove him to search for her relentlessly. Without that hope, he likely would have crumbled long ago.

"Skyler, if only you could give me a chance to start over," Zavier's heart was shouting, but the words wouldn't breach his lips.

He could only hide his bitterness, forcing a carefree smile, "So, have you had many suitors over these years?"

Skyler teased, "How could there not be? Look at me-pretty as a picture, with a steady job, and my own little slice of heaven at the farm. The line of hopefuls stretches from the village all the way to the town."

Zavier chuckled, "Even back in our school days, you had a crowd of guys after you. I still remember on the day of the basketball game, there was that one fellow who tried to win you over."e2

"You have quite the memory. Funny, mine's gotten so bad. I can barely recall so much the past. Sometimes, it feels like those events happened in another lifetime," Skyler her voice trailing off into a distant tone.

Zavier felt a fresh sting in his heart. It was his own doing that had caused her memor fade. He longed to ask if she remembered Iris, but he dared not.

Burdened with guilt, he had made sure to take good care of her little sister. Now Iris was studying at Capital College, pursuing a major she loved. She had grown from a little girl into a poised young woman. In her junior year, she was only a year away from graduation.

She worked as hard as Skyler had and bore a striking resemblance to Skyler in her youth. Sometimes, watching Iris brought back the painful memory of how Skyler had been forced to leave school in her junior year because of him.

What he had done to Skyler was inexcusable.

"You've gone quiet on me. If you don't feel like talking, let's dig in. The food's all fresh and organic from my farm. Eat up," Skyler broke the silence.

Zavier took a deep breath, then asked, "With all these admirers, isn't there anyone you fancy?"

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Skyler smiled wryly, "You want the truth?"

Zavier nodded earnestly.

Skyler answered with just a few words, "I'm scared."

She didn't specify what scared her, but Zavier understood all too well. How could she dare to love another man after being so deeply wounded by one?

Intense waves of pain stabbed at Xavier's heart one after another. He took a deep breath, avoiding her gaze, and looked outside, "Sounds like thunder. We might be in for some

rain."

Skyler replied softly, "Good. It's after the rain that you see rainbows."

In the middle of the night, where would you find a rainbow? She was talking about her own life.

Zavier clenched his fists tightly, then released them, "Well, I should probably get going. before it pours."

"Take care." Skyler called after him.

Zavier stood up and took a couple of steps towards the door before halting. He turned back, and despite trying to hold back, tears welled up in his eyes, "Skyler, can I... can I hold you one more time?"

Skyler opened her arms wide, "Of course."

Zavier approached her gingerly, wrapping his arms around her. Her familiar scent enveloped him, stirring memories he cherished, but he had to let go, "Take care of yourself, Skyler."

"You too." she replied warmly.

Zavier turned and shuffled away, each step heavier than the last.

Skyler watched his retreating figure, looking so weary, and tears she hadn't noticed began

to fall.

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

Chapter 1763

Several years later.

Cornelia and her friends were all caught up in the whirlwind of their busy lives. Getting the four families together was no easy feat, so they made a pact: no matter how hectic things got, they would always reunite on the eve of the New Year.

Today was December 28th, and after the last shipment of farm produce was sent off, Skyler raced home without a moment's delay.

Cornelia and Jeremy, Hannah and Steven, along with Rosie and Lucas, had arrived with their kids bright and early that morning.

Skyler had been swamped with work, unable to spend time with them, and she felt terrible about it. She drove like the wind, covering the usual fifteen-minute drive in less than ten.

As her car rolled into the driveway, the tantalizing aroma of food wafted into her nostrils, and the laughter of children echoed in her ears.

The men were bustling in the kitchen, the women were lounging in the yard sipping tea and basking in the sun, and the kids were frolicking about. It was a scene of harmony, warmth, and bliss.e2

“Hope, let’s race with Puff Puff, okay?”

A three-year-old girl chased after a fluffy little dog. A nine-year-old boy followed her closely, worried she might fall, but he didn’t interrupt her fun by voicing his concerns.

Skyler watched the pair with an affectionate smile spreading across her face.

Hope, that little rascal, was a chip off the old block, resembling his dad in looks and demeanor. He already carried himself with a maturity beyond his years.

“Ms. Skyler, you’re back!” Hope, the polite boy, greeted her.

Skyler nodded, “Yeah, keep an eye on Lola for me, will you? I’m going to find your...”

Before she could finish, Hope had already taken off after his little friend.

Rosie bounded over to Skyler with a childlike excitement, wrapping her in a bear hug, “My dear Skyler, you’re finally here.”

Skyler grinned, "Sorry, sorry. You all know how it is, my farm produce is seasonal and has to reach tables across the country for the New Year, can't delay even a minute."

Cornelia, lounging in the garden, soaking up the sun, didn't want to move an inch, "We're not blaming you. Come on over, join us for tea and a chat."

Skyler replied with a smile, "Sounds good."

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Hannah, carrying out a tray of fruit, jumped into the conversation, "Skyler, your garden's turned into a paradise. I could live here forever."

Skyler chuckled, "When I redesigned the garden, I planned rooms for all of you. Stay as long as you like."

Over the years, Skyler's leased land had expanded, her business flourishing. She didn't just improve her own life but also helped several nearby villages prosper, lifting many out of poverty.

With the roads to the outside world improved, the villagers no longer watched their produce spoil in the fields. Life was on the upswing.

Skyler had become the renowned Ms. Skyler, famous for being single, attractive, and wealthy. Suitors were plentiful.

Hannah teased her, "Look at our generous Ms. Skyler."

Skyler laughed it off, "Stop joking. I'm nothing compared to you guys."

Hannah's acting career was booming, bringing fame and fortune.

Cornelia's comic book company had become the nation's top, earning her money even while she relaxed at home.

Rosie's personally designed jewelry had won international awards and was even licensed by a renowned luxury brand.

The four women shone in their respective fields, not letting marriage slow down their ambitions.

Switching from banter to a more serious tone, Hannah probed, "Skyler, with so many chasing after you, have you thought about finding someone new?"

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## "Impulsive Vow to an Enigmatic Husband"

Chapter 1764

Skyler chuckled and said. "Do I look like I have money to burn? Why would I go looking for trouble? Right now, I just want to focus on my career."

No matter what choices Skyler made, her friends stood by her side, unwavering in their support.

Hannah casually tossed a date to Cornelia. "Nelly, did you get any sleep last night?"

Cornelia struggled to keep her heavy eyelids from closing. "I slept like a baby, actually. I've been sleeping a lot lately. Probably just a bit of car sickness. I'll be fine soon."

A thought struck Hannah. "Nelly, don't tell me you're... you know, expecting?"

Cornelia, groggy and disoriented, didn't catch on immediately. "Expecting what?" As the realization dawned on her, she bolted upright, her eyes wide open with panic. "No way, that's absolutely impossible."

Rosie chimed in, drawn by the commotion. "You and your husband are both healthy. It would be totally normal if you were pregnant."e2

Cornelia shook her head in dismay. "You don't understand."

After witnessing the agony Cornelia went through giving birth, Jeremy had gotten a vasectomy right after their son Hope was born. There hadn't been any surprises for years, so how could she possibly be pregnant now?

Cornelia quickly called her personal doctor to get tested at the earliest. When the results came back negative, Cornelia felt a wave of relief wash over her, tinged with an unexpected hint of disappointment. She often wished for her son to have a sibling, yet she worried that a second child might cause her to neglect her firstborn.



No sooner had the doctor left than Steven, donning a checkered apron, emerged from the kitchen. "Honey, could you come here for a sec?"

"What's up?" asked Hannah.

"Just come here."

With a hint of curiosity, Hannah walked over. "What is it?"

Steven whispered, "All these years, no matter where we've had our dinners, Xavier has been lurking around, never once getting a chance to catch up with Skyler. It's pretty sad, really. Do you think you could talk to Skyler, let Xavier come over for dinner tonight?"

Years ago, Xavier had sent divorce papers to Skyler shortly after returning to the Capital, and they had officially severed ties.

Since then, Skyler had been engrossed in her work, while Xavier poured his soul back into his career, growing Rivera Inc.'s influence by leaps and bounds.

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Chapter 1764

Xavier often visited, but he never disturbed Skyler's life, content to watch over her from

afar.

Skyler glanced over at Skyler, feeling conflicted. "What if Skyler doesn't want him around? Bringing this up during the holidays might rub her the wrong way."

Suddenly, Steven wrapped his arms around Hannah in a warm embrace. "Thank you, my love." He was grateful he had come to his senses early; otherwise, he might be in Xavier's shoes, longing just to share a meal with the one he loved.

Hannah pinched his waist playfully. "Stop being so mushy right now, go finish up the cooking, I'm starving."

"The food's ready to be served. Do you guys wanna eat out in the yard or inside?" asked

Steven.

"With the weather being so nice today, let's eat out in the yard," Hannah decided.

Steven nodded. "You go ahead and sit down, I'll bring everything out."

Over the years, the men had honed their culinary skills, and soon enough, an impressive spread graced the table.

Skyler raised her glass in a toast. "Here's to spending yet another New Year together. To enduring friendship."

Everyone raised their glass in unison, "To friendship!"

Little Lola snuggled in her father's arms, joining the chorus with a sleepy, "To friendship."

Hope sat quietly between Jeremy and Steven, not uttering a word.

After a sip of wine, Hannah glanced at the little boy. "My godson, thank you for taking such good care of my daughter."

Rosie teased, "That's his future wife, of course he's going to look after her."

Skyler raised an eyebrow. "Did you two families really arrange a marriage for your kids?"

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

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Cornelia chuckled, "Let the kids make their own decisions. When they grow up, if they want to be together, we won't stand in their way. If not, we won't force them."

Jeremy kept silent, busily helping Cornelia with her food. No matter how many years passed, his affection for Cornelia only seemed to grow.

Steven grumbled, "My little girl is so young. Stop eyeing her for your boy."

His daughter was his heart, his treasure, his little pumpkin. The thought of her growing up and being swept away by some other man made Steven want to sharpen his axe.

Hannah suppressed a laugh and added more veggies to his plate, "Hope is so brilliant, he'll probably have girls swooning over him left and right, and you're still complaining?"

Steven was at a loss for words.

The way they looked at Hope was like future in-laws sizing up their son-in-law: one could never find him suitable enough, while the other liked him more with each passing day.

Lola raised her chubby little hands, "Daddy, I want Hope to hold me."

Steven's face turned green at the thought, "Marc, keep an eye on your son. Don't let him charm my little girl every day."

Jeremy placed the food in Cornelia's bowl and then casually remarked, "My son knows his boundaries, and he won't steal your little pumpkin."

Rosie watched the two children and gently caressed her belly. In a few months, her own baby would be joining this world. Conceiving had been a bit tough, but it was worth it.

Since she wasn't past the first trimester, it wasn't ideal to travel long distances. Lucas didn't want her to come, but couldn't persuade her otherwise, and they made the trip together.

He reached out and gently massaged her lower back, "Are you tired?"

Rosie replied, "Not at all. I'm happy to be with everyone."

Lucas called her his "silly girl."

At the table, three couples sat together, leaving Skyler the only singleton, but she didn't feel awkward as they were all close friends. Having her own career

and a handful of good friends, that was the life Skyler had always pursued. No matter the difficulties, she didn't mind anymore; she was all about enjoying the moment.

While they reveled in their lively gathering, it only highlighted how solitary and forlorn Xavier felt standing outside the walls, but he didn't pity himself. Just being able to hear Skyler's voice through the wall was a form of bliss for him.

-The End-

Impulsive Vow to an Enigmatic Husband

**Score 9.9**

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