

No Second Baby, No You, Only Divorce

Chapter 17

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Even though she was angry, Vanessa put on a sweet smile for Sabrina.
“Sabrina, I’m fine! I just really want to hear you play the piano again.”

Sabrina’s face lit up. “I have a concert tonight! I can get two tickets-you and your dad can come!”

Vanessa clapped her hands, jumping up and down. “Yay! You’re the best!”
She threw her arms around Sabrina’s neck, pressing her cheek against Sabrina’s silk blouse. It smelled like vanilla- nothing like her mom’s plain soap.

Vincent watched, his mind elsewhere. He couldn't stop thinking about Scarlett-how she'd ignored Vanessa, how she'd laughed with Nolan, how she'd looked like she didn't care about any of them. He remembered the old Scarlett-the one who'd cry if Vanessa was gone for an hour, the one who'd wait up for him even if he came home at 3 a.m., the one who'd do anything to make him happy.

He thought of a time when he'd taken Vanessa to his grandfather's house for the weekend. Scarlett had come home to an empty house, panicked, and driven an hour to find them. When she'd seen Vanessa eating a chicken drumstick, she'd grabbed her and burst into tears, saying, "I thought you were gone!"

He'd thought she was being dramatic then. Now, he missed that drama-missed the way she'd cared.

"Vincent?" Sabrina said, waving a hand in front of his face. "You okay?"

He snapped back to reality. "Yeah. Let's sit down."

They ordered food, and Vanessa snuggled up to Sabrina, watching her scroll through her phone. "Are we getting front-row seats?" she asked, her eyes wide.

Sabrina bit her lip. "The front row's sold out, baby. Only the second row is left."

Vanessa's face fell. "Oh."

Sabrina's concerts were always sold out for every performance, but she intentionally set the price for the two front-row seats very high. She didn't do it for any other reason than to keep them available, thinking that if Vincent and Vanessa wanted to come, she could let them have the seats for free.

Vincent put down his menu. "I'll handle it." He pulled out his phone and called Abbott. "Get me two front-row tickets for Sabrina's concert at Rivergate Grand Hall tonight."

Abbott hesitated. "Sir, I already checked-they're sold out. I tried to buy them from the buyer,

Chapter 17 I'm Working on it

but they refused.”

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Vincent frowned. “Offer them more money. Double, triple-whatever it takes.”

“I did, Mr. Stewart. They still said no.”

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Vincent hung up, annoyed. He was used to getting what he wanted-money had always solved his problems. But this time, it wasn't enough.

Outside the hospital, Nolan hung up his phone. The person who'd offered to buy his concert tickets had been persistent, but he'd refused. He turned to Scarlett, who was waiting for him by the door.

"Want to go to a concert with me tonight?" he asked, smiling.

Scarlett hesitated. She was still married-even if she was getting divorced, it felt wrong to go out with another man. But Nolan was a friend, and it was just a concert. "Sure," she said.

Nolan's face lit up. "Great! I'll pick you up at 7."

Scarlett nodded, turning to go back inside. "I'll see you then."

Nolan watched her walk away, leaning against a tree. He pulled out his phone and scrolled through a text thread with Marvin-Scarlett's friend from the small town.

Marvin had texted him earlier, “What do you think of Scarlett? I’m working on it.”

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