

# No Second Baby, No You, Only Divorce - Silent Dreams Never Die — 31[ 964 words ]

Chapter 31 A Promise of Comfort

Finished

Sabrina gave Vanessa a hug, gently rubbing her back. She wasn't entirely sure what had upset the little girl, but she softened her voice as much as she could. "It's okay. From now on, I'll be the one to take you to kindergarten. No more crying, deal?"

Vanessa had mostly calmed down, but quiet sobs still shook her small frame, her shoulders trembling with each hiccup.

Just then, Vincent approached. He bent down and gave Sabrina's shoulder a light pat. "You talk to her," he murmured.

Sabrina glanced back at him, a slight smile touching her lips. "Alright, I've got this."

Taking Vanessa's hand, Sabrina said, "Vanessa, can we have a little chat?"

Nearby, Scarlett had been standing and watching the entire time, observing every interaction between Vanessa and Sabrina.

Vanessa nodded, sniffing. "Okay."

Sabrina took a tissue and gently wiped Vanessa's nose, her tone warm. "Your mom would like you to go back with her to visit your grandparents. Would you like to go?"

Hearing this, Vanessa instinctively looked over at Scarlet, who stood a short distance away, clothes making her seem almost faded into the background.

her simple

When Scarlett had called earlier, a tiny spark of happiness had flickered inside Vanessa.

But then she remembered being late that morning because of her mom, and that made her feel upset all over again.

Without really thinking, the words just tumbled out. "Sabrina, I don't want to go. I want to go home and take a bath."

She hadn't had one last night and was convinced she smelled unpleasant.

This was the response Sabrina had expected, but she patiently coaxed her anyway. “How about just for one night? When the weekend comes, your dad and I will take you out somewhere fun. How does that sound?”

The promise of an outing was tempting, but Vanessa held her ground. “I don’t want to. I want to go back to Ravenshade Villa. I want to sleep in my big, soft bed.”

Sabrina smiled and gently pinched Vanessa’s cheek. “Just one night. This weekend, you can choose anywhere you want to go, and I’ll take you.”

Vanessa was finally swayed. She held up her little finger Pinky promise.”

Sabrina linked her pinky with Vanessa’s. After the promise was sealed, she stood up and exchanged a look with Vincent.

Understanding, Vincent said to Vanessa, “Just tell me where you want to go, and I’ll make all the arrangements beforehand.”

Vanessa jumped up, clapping her hands with delight. “Yy! That’s awesome!”

1/3

09:24 Wed, Jan 7 W.

Chapter 31 A Promise of Comfort

86%u

Finished

The three of them stood together, their warm, family-like dynamic drawing admiring glances from passersby.

Scarlett stood off to the side, listening to strangers comment on what a perfect match Vincent and Sabrina made. A numb emptiness settled over her.

She tried to block out the voices, but they still managed to grate on her nerves.

It wasn’t until Sabrina called her name, “Ms. Theron?” that Scarlett snapped out of it.

Her eyes were slightly red-rimmed as she looked at Sabrina, whose radiance stood in stark contrast to her own worn-out appearance.

They stood face-to-face, yet their lives were worlds apart.

Scarlett couldn't pretend it didn't hurt. Her heart ached, and she felt her voice might tremble if she spoke. "Yes?"

"Vanessa agreed," Sabrina informed her.

Scarlett's lips quivered. For a moment, she almost said "thank you," but then she caught herself-thank her for what?

Sabrina was her husband's lover, and now her own daughter was becoming attached to her too.

The two people who mattered most to her had both been charmed by Sabrina. What exactly was there to be thankful for?

In the end, she remained silent. She simply held her hand out to Vanessa, her voice cool and her demeanor distant, a far cry from her previous self. "Vanessa, let's go.

11

Vanessa stared at the outstretched hand for a long moment, seeming confused. It was only when Sabrina gave her a little nudge that she cautiously took it.

Scarlett led Vanessa to the car, helped her with her backpack, buckled her into the seat, and then got in to drive.

On the way back to Theron Manor, Henry called to ask what Vanessa liked to eat. Scarlett avoided giving a direct answer, simply telling him not to put himself out

She knew Vanessa wasn't coming back willingly, and she didn't want her parents getting too attached.

Once the divorce with Vincent was finalized, Vanessa would naturally drift apart from them too.

Scarlett didn't exchange a single unnecessary word with Vanessa during the entire drive.

In the back seat, Vanessa just played games on her phone.

At seven-thirty, Scarlett pulled the car over a mile from Theron Manor.

She watched her daughter in the rearview mirror. After long, quiet sigh, she finally called her name. "Vanessa."

Vanessa didn't look up from her phone, but she replied, note of displeasure in her voice. "What?"

Scarlett made an effort to keep her patience. “Don’t play on your phone in the car. It’s not good for your

2/2

09:24 Wed, Jan 7

Chapter 31 A Promise of Comfort

eyes.”

Vanessa was a little annoyed, but she put her phone down anyway.

Scarlett turned in her seat to look at her properly. “Mom wants to talk to you about something.”

Finished

Scarlett had been so cold lately, but tonight she was actually speaking gently. Vanessa couldn’t help feeling a slight shift inside.

“Okay,” she said.

Knowing Vanessa was perceptive, Scarlett didn’t ask bluntly what was wrong. Instead, she chose her words carefully, gently steering the conversation. “Are you happy at Sunshine Kindergarten?”

Send Gifts

1.0K

3/3

09:24 Wed, Jan 7

Awakened Housewife: Ignore Betrayer’s Begs

Dylan

**No Second Baby, No You, Only Divorce -  
Silent Dreams Never Die — 32[ 904 words ]**

Chapter 32 Unwilling Visit

“Yeah,” Vanessa replied curtly.

“Are your teachers nice to you at school?”

“Yeah.”

“Does anyone ever pick on you there?”

“No.”

86%

Finished

Vanessa’s coldness stung, but Scarlett forced herself to say patient. “If anyone ever gives you trouble, you must tell your teacher. And if the teacher doesn’t help, you tell your dad. He’ll always stand up for you.”

“Who would even try to bully me?” Vanessa retorted. “Everyone knows my dad drives a fancy car, and Sabrina wears designer clothes. They’re so impressive-no one would dare mess with me.” In Vanessa’s mind, Scarlett was worrying over nothing.

Seeing Vanessa’s dismissive attitude, Scarlett pressed her lips together and offered a faint, strained smile. “Alright, I suppose I’m just being paranoid.”

Straightening up, she said, “Let’s go. Your grandparents have been waiting a long time to see you.”

After they got out of the car, Vanessa stood beside Scarlett, looking puzzled. “Who are my grandparents?”

Scarlett replied softly, “They’re my mom and dad.”

“Then how come I’ve never met them before?” Vanessa asked, even more confused.

Scarlett didn’t know how to answer. After a long pause, she finally whispered, “That’s my fault.”

Halfway to the house, Vanessa suddenly stopped. “I don’t want to meet them. I don’t even know them.”

Scarlett stopped too. She bent down, looking into Vanessa’s eyes for a long moment, before giving a bitter smile. “Just this once. I won’t bring you here again.”

After tonight, she thought, the bond between us as mother and daughter will be gone for good.

Scarlett had deliberately chosen not to drive all the way to the entrance of Theron Manor, opting instead to park her car just outside the gated neighborhood. She had her own private reasons for this small act-she wanted this final stretch of the journey to belong solely to her and Vanessa.

Even if they walked the entire distance without exchanging a single word, she could still cradle this fragile, intimate wish close to her heart. After today, when would they ever walk side by side like this again?

Perhaps this would be the very last time in their lives. The heartbreaking weight of that possibility brought an immediate sting of tears to her eyes, but she clenched her jaw and willed them back, refusing to let a single one fall.

Yet the road that usually felt so long tonight seemed to shorten beneath their feet. It felt like they reached the entrance in under ten minutes.

Several figures were waiting at the gate. As they drew closer, Scarlett recognized Diana, Violet, and Henry.

“Henry, look-it’s Scarlett! She’s brought Vanessa!” Dian’s voice trembled with emotion, thick with unshed

1/3

09:24 Wed, Jan 7

## Chapter 32 Unwilling Visit

tears, audible even from a distance.

386%

Finished

The sound twisted Scarlett’s heart, but she forced herself to stay composed.

Before they could get close, the whole family hurried forward to greet them.

“Vanessa, come here, let me give you a hug,” Henry said arms outstretched, his face warm and kind, eyes full of hopeful tenderness.

But to Vanessa, he was a stranger. Uncomfortable, she ducked behind Scarlett.

Henry noticed her hesitation. Disappointment flickered across his face, but he maintained his smile. “That’s alright, no hug for now. I bought you lots of delicious treats. Come inside, and I’ll show you.”

Nearby, Diana had been about to touch Vanessa's arm, but she pulled her hand back. Her smile tightened slightly, though she kept it firmly in place.

Violet didn't approach. Instead, she watched Scarlett, her gaze complex and knowing. When their eyes met, Violet could see the helplessness and pain in Scarlett's expression. As a mother herself, how could she ignore Vanessa's clear rejection?

Vanessa remained rooted to the spot, so Scarlett gently guided her forward. "Vanessa, this is your grandpa, your grandma, and your aunt. Can you say hello?"

Scarlett pointed to each family member in turn.

Vanessa clung to Scarlett's side, eyeing the unfamiliar adults with a frown. She pouted stubbornly, not uttering a word.

She remembered Violet was her aunt, but after Clara's scolding that day, she had no intention of calling her "Aunt" ever again.

"Vanessa, say hello!" Scarlett's voice sharpened when Vanessa remained silent for so long.

Hearing Scarlett's stern tone, Vanessa burst into tears. "Mom, you're being mean! I want to call Dad!"

The sight of her crying shattered Henry and Diana's hearts.

"Scarlett, she's just a child. Why are you being so harsh? Diana interjected, scolding Scarlett.

Henry shot Scarlett a look as well. He didn't speak, but his eyes were full of conflicted emotion-hurt and frustration.

With both adults taking her side, Vanessa felt a flicker of smug satisfaction. Seeing Scarlett reprimanded secretly pleased her. If staying here means Scarlett got upset, then she didn't mind it so much.

She reached out and took Diana's hand. "Grandma," she said, "I want some grapes."

That single word-"Grandma"-melted Diana's heart completely. She bent down and scooped Vanessa into her arms. "Of course, my dear. I will get you some right way."

As she spoke, she carried Vanessa toward Theron Mano but in a place no one could see, Diana's eyes quietly reddened.

As Diana carried her toward the house, Vanessa glanced back over her shoulder at Scarlett, who still stood frozen in place. A tiny, triumphant smile touched Vanesa's lips.

2/3

09:24 Wed, Jan 7 uu.

Awakened Housewife: Ignore Betrayer's Begs

Dylan

## No Second Baby, No You, Only Divorce - Silent Dreams Never Die — 33[ 805 words ]

Chapter 33 The Unwelcome Guest

86%

Finished

The family entered Theron Manor to find Nathan and Clara already waiting at the dinner table.

The air was rich with the aroma of various dishes, and Clara was practically salivating. Still, she resisted the urge to sneak a taste-her grandparents hadn't joined them yet.

In Clara's world, good things were meant to be shared. Besides, Scarlett had explained that her irritating younger cousin was coming over as a guest. However much Clara disliked her, she understood guests deserved basic respect.

"Clara, your cousin's here," Diana announced as she seated Vanessa beside Clara. "Come say hello."

Though annoyed, Clara bit back her feelings and mumbled, "Hi, Vanessa."

Vanessa turned with a glare, muttering under her breath "Ugly fatty."

Clara caught the insult and shot back through gritted teeth, "Crybaby."

Just then Henry entered and saw his granddaughters whispering together. A warm smile spread across his face-they seemed to be getting along so well.

Only Scarlett and Violet knew the truth-these two children couldn't stand each other.

When everyone took their seats, Scarlett found herself separated from Vanessa. Clara had pulled Scarlett down beside her, leaving Vanessa wedged between Clara and Diana.

Nathan maintained his stoic expression, offering no greeting. But Scarlett understood her brother well-the fact that he'd waited for their return before eating spoke volumes about his quiet care for her. He simply wasn't one to show emotion openly.

As dinner progressed, Diana selected a plump shrimp for Vanessa. "Try this shrimp, dear. It's quite delicious."

Vanessa stared at the shrimp in her bowl, nose wrinkling in distaste. "Grandma, don't you use a serving fork here?"

Diana froze momentarily, embarrassment flashing across her face before she quickly replaced Vanessa's bowl with a clean one. "Of course, dear. Grandma will use a serving fork from now on."

Clara overheard the picky remark and clenched her small fists, barely containing her anger.

But Scarlett gently pressed Clara's hand and whispered, Just eat, Clara."

Seeing the tears glistening in Scarlett's eyes, Clara felt a pang of sadness and reluctantly obeyed.

Vanessa's presence turned the meal into anything but peaceful.

Though Nathan clearly disliked Vanessa, he kept his temper in check. Henry and Diana remained silent with bowed heads, while Violet made repeated attempts to encourage Vanessa to eat more.

Accustomed to being indulged, Vanessa continued her stream of complaints.

"Grandma, don't you eat caviar? That's what's really fresh

"These shrimp are actually quite dirty-they have parasites.

1/2

09:24 Wed, Jan 7.

Chapter 33 The Unwelcome Guest

"At home, someone always peels my shrimp for me.

"These grapes aren't fresh at all. They're much too sweet like they've been soaked in syrup.

“This meat is so tough-it’s like chewing rocks.”

86%

Finished

The criticisms kept coming until Diana finally stopped responding, simply bowing her head as silent tears began to fall.

Henry noticed Diana’s distress and was about to intervee when Clara suddenly stood up.

But Scarlett rose first, having reached her limit. She marched over, lifted Vanessa from her chair, and declared, “If you’re not hungry, then it’s time for you to wash up and go to bed.”

Her tone left no room for argument-sharp and uncompromising.

Vanessa struggled violently, but Scarlett held firm, carrying the kicking girl upstairs despite her protests.

“You’re a horrible mother! I’m telling Dad you hit me and bullied me and wouldn’t let me eat! I’ll make him send you away! Hmph!”

Scarlett stormed up the steps and slammed the bedroom door shut behind them.

Faint but sharp words drifted downstairs. “Vanessa, did ever teach you to speak to elders like this? Do you think you can do whatever you want just because I usually go easy on you?”

In the dining room, Diana’s quiet sobs grew louder.

Clara went to her grandmother, wrapping her in a warm hug. “Don’t be sad, Grandma. None of this bothers me. You’re the best grandma in the world. I love you mest.”

As she spoke, she gently wiped away Diana’s tears, which only made Diana cry harder.

Meanwhile, Nathan slammed his fork on the table and stood abruptly, clearly intending to give Vanessa a piece of his mind.

Violet, seeing his fury, quickly grabbed his arm and looked up pleadingly. “That’s enough. Let Scarlett handle her own child. She knows what she’s doing.”

Upstairs, Vanessa sat stiffly on the edge of the bed while Scarlett stood before her.

Having released her anger, Scarlett now felt regret washing over her. However poorly Vanessa behaved, she was still just a child-her child.

Scarlett moved to embrace Vanessa, but as she leaned in Vanessa shoved her away violently,

“I don’t want you as my mother anymore!” Vanessa screamed. “You’re terrible! Get out! Just get out!”

Send Gifts

◦

1.0K

212

09:24 Wed, Jan

Awakened Housewife: Ignore Betrayer’s Begs

Dylan

## No Second Baby, No You, Only Divorce - Silent Dreams Never Die — 34[ 824 words ]

Chapter 34 Pushed Away

84%;

Finished

No one could tell where the little girl found such strength, but her shove actually sent Scarlett stumbling backward several steps. When Scarlett finally regained her balance, she simply stood there, staring at Vanessa in stunned silence.

She had watched Vanessa grow from infancy, documenting every milestone on her phone. Yet now, the very rose she had nurtured with such devotion was telling her to get lost.

The pain struck like a thousand arrows piercing her heart.

Scarlett didn't utter a word-only let out a bitter, hollow laugh before sinking onto the nearby sofa. She stared blankly ahead as silent tears traced paths down her cheeks.

Vanessa stood frozen, realizing she had gone too far. She wanted to call out "Mom", but the word lodged in her throat.

Scarlett remained seated for what felt like an eternity, until her tears had run dry.

Finally, Vanessa couldn't bear the silence any longer. Tentatively, she whispered, "Mom?"

Scarlett wiped her tears and looked toward Vanessa. "Yes" Her voice was raspy, but her tone was now eerily calm.

"I want to call Dad," Vanessa said.

She didn't truly want to speak with Vincent-she only wanted to see if Scarlett would still react.

And when Scarlett did, Vanessa felt a wave of relief. There was no need to apologize now. Besides, in her mind, she hadn't done anything wrong.

"Go ahead," Scarlett replied, her voice cold and distant.

Vanessa could feel the emotional chasm widening between them, but she reassured herself that Scarlett loved her too much to stay angry for long.

So, in the heavy silence, she dialed Vincent's number.

He answered quickly, but it was Sabrina's voice that came through. "Vanessa."

Vanessa nearly exclaimed "Sabrina!" but caught herself, aware of Scarlett's presence. "Where's Dad?" she asked instead.

The room was so quiet Scarlett could hear every word from the speaker.

"Your dad's in the shower. Should I bring him the phone"

Vanessa shook her head, her voice tinged with melancholy. "No, it's okay. Just talk with me for a bit."

"What's wrong? You sound upset," Sabrina replied, immediately sensing her mood.

Vanessa stole a glance at Scarlett before answering. "Nothing really. I'm just bored. Kind of wish I was back at Ravenshade Villa."

“I’ll tell Vincent. We can come pick you up, okay?”

1/3

09:24 Wed, Jan 7 uu u

### Chapter 34 Pushed Away

Vanessa remembered her promise to Vincent and declined. “No, it’s fine. I’ll come back tomorrow.”

Sabrina’s tone grew concerned. “Is someone bothering you there?”

84%

Finished

Scarlett listened to every word exchanged between Vanessa and Sabrina. A cynical thought crossed her mind-was Sabrina’s concern truly genuine? But then, a Vincent’s daughter, Vanessa would naturally receive kindness from Sabrina, if only for his sake. Still, Scarlett doubted that such affection ran deep.

“Sabrina, no one’s bothering me. It’s just... everyone here wants to hug me and kiss me, and they all smell strange-not like you. You always smell so nice.”

Vanessa had slipped back into her habit of speaking without filter.

Scarlett couldn’t listen any longer. It was the same old complaints about the Theron family. She clenched her fists and quietly made a decision.

After Vanessa ended the call, Scarlett rose and walked over to her.

Seeing Scarlett approach, Vanessa suddenly grew nervous. If Mom tries to hug me now, I’ll hug her back. I’ll hug her tight.

But when Scarlett drew near, she simply bent down and met Vanessa’s gaze. “Do you want to go home?” Her voice was soft, her expression calm and free of anger.

For a moment, Vanessa felt as if her gentle, loving mother had returned. Letting her guard down, she confessed, “Yes, I do.”

Scarlett smiled, her expression growing even warmer. “Then pack your things. I’ll take you home.”

Vanessa was taken aback by how readily Scarlett agreed, yet something felt unsettling. “But Dad said-”

Scarlett gently interrupted, “If you want to go, we’ll go. I’ll take you.” If being here makes her so uncomfortable, why force her to stay?

She’d met the Therons. There was no need for her to return.

Seeing the resolve in Scarlett’s eyes, Vanessa nervously agreed. “Okay.”

Scarlett gave her a light pat on the head. “Go pack.”

When they descended the stairs, only the housekeepers were cleaning the living room. With no family members in sight, Scarlett felt a faint sense of relief.

But Vanessa glanced around uneasily. “Mom, shouldn’t we say goodbye to Grandpa and Grandma?”

Scarlett simply took her hand. “There’s no need.”

Vanessa grew even more unsettled, yet she couldn’t deny how out of place she felt in the Theron Manor.

On the drive back to Ravenshade Villa, Scarlett didn’t speak a single word to Vanessa.

Vanessa didn’t dare play on her phone. She kept wanting to say something-to break the silence-but no words came.

2/3

09:24 Wed, Jan 7 uu a

84%

Awakened Housewife: Ignore Betrayer’s Begs

Dylan

## **No Second Baby, No You, Only Divorce - Silent Dreams Never Die — 35[ 879 words ]**

Chapter 35 The Last Straw

Finished

All the tension from the car ride melted away the moment Vanessa laid eyes on Ravensshade Villa. She practically leaped from the vehicle and bounded toward the entrance, calling out cheerfully, "Dad! Sabrina! I'm home!"

The joyful atmosphere here stood in sharp contrast to the strained discomfort back at Theron Manor, making Scarlett's heart feel even heavier.

After a moment's hesitation, she followed Vanessa inside

Lily, hearing Vanessa's voice, hurried out from the hall to greet them. "Welcome back, Ms. Stewart." She gave a respectful nod to Scarlett trailing behind. "Mrs. Stewart."

Scarlett responded with a faint smile as she stepped into the living room.

There, she saw Vincent and Sabrina descending the staircase. Vincent wore gray silk pajamas, while Sabrina was dressed in a blue nightgown-both clearly fresh from bathing.

Sabrina's cheeks were flushed, her hair slightly disheveled, as if they'd been interrupted in an intimate

moment.

Vanessa rushed up the stairs and wrapped her arms around Sabrina's legs. "Sabrina, I want to take a nice bath too, so I can smell as good as you!"

Children forgot unpleasantness quickly-the entire episode at Theron Manor had already faded from her mind. Even the confrontation with Scarlett seemed like ancient history.

Sabrina bent down, scooped Vanessa up, and rubbed noses with her affectionately. "Of course, sweetheart. Let's get you cleaned up."

Vincent remained standing on the stairs, his gaze settling on Scarlett not far away. Their eyes met across the distance. Scarlett didn't look away this time-her stare burned with intensity.

Neither spoke first, leaving an awkward tension hanging in the air.

Finally, Vincent turned to continue upstairs.

"Vincent, we need to talk," Scarlett called out, stopping him in his tracks.

He paused, his expression cool. "What is it?"

"When are you available?" Scarlett asked steadily. "We need to settle things between us." Dragging this out would only make everything more painful for everyone

They stared at each other across the space, and that was when Scarlett noticed it-a faint lipstick mark on Vincent's neck. She knew exactly what it signified.

She tried to maintain her composure, but after eight years of loving this man, the sight pierced through her defenses. Her eyes reddened instantly.

Vincent seemed genuinely puzzled. "Settle what?"

Scarlett bit her lip, forcing out the words. "The divorce-

"Hey, Vincent!" Sabrina's voice cut through sharply before Scarlett could finish.

1/3

09:24 Wed, Jan

Chapter 35 The Last Straw

Vincent turned. "What is it?"

Sabrina glanced briefly at Scarlett before answering, "Vanessa wants you to blow-dry her hair."

Vincent nodded. "Understood."

Finished

"Then you'd better hurry-she'll be out of the bath soon Sabrina said as she headed toward the bedroom.

"Alright."

Vincent looked back at Scarlett, clearly having dismissed what she'd started to say. He showed no interest in pursuing the topic further.

Instead, he remarked casually, "The fifteenth is almost here. I'll be back on time this month." He hadn't seen Scarlett return to Oakland Villa punctually for two months now, and honestly, it irritated him.

They needed a second child sooner or later, and getting pregnant early would simplify matters. Yet for some reason, Scarlett's body just wasn't cooperating.

He'd already decided that if nothing happened this month, they would pursue IVF.

Scarlett understood his implication and was about to declare she didn't want another child when Vincent cut in, "Are you staying at Oakland Villa lately? Or...?"

Ignoring his question, Scarlett stated firmly, "Vincent, I'm not having another child." To be perfectly clear, she meant she wouldn't be having any more children with him.

After the divorce, she might remarry, or she might remain single forever. Whatever came next, she would face it then.

Vincent stared at her, momentarily stunned by her declaration before his expression cooled again. "Fine, no second child. But you'll have to explain that yourself."

Scarlett replied calmly, "Whether I have another child is my decision. I don't owe anyone an explanation. If your mother is unhappy about it, she's welcome to call the police."

Vincent's brow furrowed slightly. He'd never seen Scarlett so defensive before-this was a first.

They'd conceived Vanessa almost immediately after marrying, but after that, they'd barely been intimate. The Scarlett he knew best was the tired mother with messy hair, rocking Vanessa to sleep and feeding her.

It was only when discussions about a second child began that they'd started growing closer again.

But throughout it all, Scarlett had always been gentle. Now, she was all sharp edges.

Back when they'd first started talking about another baby, Scarlett would prepare elaborate meals every day, even when Vincent didn't come home to eat. She never seemed to grow weary of it.

Eventually, they'd settled into meeting once a month. On the fifteenth, she would prepare even more special dishes.

But she always seemed to miss what truly mattered.

Perhaps Vincent didn't care about the food at all-may he just wanted something pleasant to look at.

2/3

09:24 Wed, Jan 7

Chapter 35 The Last Straw

Their prolonged stare-off ended with Vincent letting out a quiet, unreadable laugh.

Scarlett had no idea what it meant, and frankly, she no longer cared.

Send Gifts

1.0K

2

84%

Finished

3/3

09:24 Wed, Jan 7 u u

Awakened Housewife: Ignore Betrayer's Begs

Dylan

## No Second Baby, No You, Only Divorce - Silent Dreams Never Die — 36[ 928 words ]

Chapter 36 The Only Harbor

84%

Finished

Maybe that laugh held a hint of contempt. Maybe he thought she was overreacting, or just being difficult on purpose. But none of that mattered to her now.

What mattered was this-she'd never set foot back in Oakland Villa on the fifteenth of any month again.

And the truth that she'd once carried Vincent's second child? That would stay a secret, buried forever in the deepest corner of her heart.

Just then, Sabrina called out again, "Vincent, come dry Vanessa's hair!"

"Coming," he replied.

He cast one last glance at Scarlett, but offered no further words before turning to go upstairs.

Scarlett stood motionless for a long while, until Lily approached and asked gently, “Mrs. Stewart, shall I prepare the guest room for you?”

Snapping out of her thoughts, Scarlett shook her head. “No, that won’t be necessary.”

The room where she’d shared so many nights with Vanessa didn’t feel like hers anymore. It was Vincent’s now. Sabrina’s, too.

Scarlett walked out of Ravenshade Villa, got in her car, and cried until she had no tears left. She knew she probably looked ridiculous-but she needed this release. She couldn’t keep all that pain locked up inside her forever.

It wasn’t until she was totally drained that she finally turned the key in the ignition and drove slowly back to Theron Manor.

Right now, it was the only place she had left to go.

Luckily, the Therons had never made her feel like an outsider.

By the time she got back, midnight had long passed.

As she parked, she noticed a figure pacing anxiously by the front entrance.

She paused, then recognized him-it was Nathan.

He saw her too. He stood silently, watching his younger sister approach.

Only when she was near, and he was certain she was unarmed, did he finally turn to go inside.

But just then, Scarlett called out, “Nathan.”

He stopped, his voice slightly rough. “What?”

All the hurt she had been holding back suddenly overflowed. She threw herself into his arms, sobbing, “You’re all I have left. Please, don’t ever abandon me.”

Nathan’s heart ached. He raised a hand, gently patting her back before ruffling her soft hair. “So you finally realize you made a mistake, huh?”

His voice was heavy with pain and helplessness.

09:25 Wed, Jan 7 uu u

## Chapter 36 The Only Harbor

Finished

Scarlett buried her face in his pajamas, which carried the faint, clean scent of laundry detergent, wiping her tears and runny nose without care. “I was such a fool. I had to hit rock bottom before I’d turn back.”

Her crying was broken, uneven.

Nathan couldn’t bring himself to scold her further. “Alright, that’s enough crying. If it wasn’t meant to be, then it wasn’t. Forcing things only brings more pain.”

Scarlett shook her head. “I understand now. I’m just worried about Mom and Dad.”

“Don’t be.” Nathan reassured her. “I’ll talk to them.”

Scarlett nodded, though her tears kept falling.

Nathan wiped them away with his thumb. “You look awful when you cry. Cut it out.”

Scarlett managed a weak, teary smile.

Under the large tree in the courtyard, Violet and Clara stood watching.

Clara ran over and hugged Scarlett tightly. “Auntie, I’ll take care of you when you’re old. I can be your daughter from now on.”

Scarlett bent down and gently pinched Clara’s chubby cheeks. “I make MY own money. I don’t need you to support me. I’ll save up to buy you a wedding dress someday.”

Clara giggled, then turned to Violet, who had moved to stand beside Nathan. “Mom, I want you and Auntie to come to my school’s Thanksgiving event! My teacher said if I do well in the performance, I’ll get a little sticker as a prize. And next semester, I might even get to host the opening ceremony!”

Violet leaned lightly against Nathan, smiling softly. “Well, you’ll have to ask your aunt if she’s willing to go.”

Clara looked up at Scarlett, her eyes full of hope.

Scarlett stroked Clara’s cheek and agreed warmly, “Alright, I will do whatever you ask.”

Clara was so thrilled she began spinning and jumping on the spot.

“I’m going to get that sticker! I’m going to be the best!”

After cheering, she dashed back into the manor.

Violet smiled at Scarlett. “Clara’s been wanting to invite you for a long time. Now that you’ve agreed, she’s over the moon.”

“As long as Clara is happy, I’ll go with her,” Scarlett replied.

Violet could tell Scarlett had a lot on her mind, likely exhausted from dealing with Vanessa earlier, so she didn’t press further.

“Scarlett, you’ve come home. There’s nothing you can’t overcome. We’re all here for you.”

Scarlett smiled gratefully. “Yes.”

The next morning, Scarlett arrived at the hospital early. She had swapped shifts with a colleague and was

2/7

09:25 Wed, Jan 7 w.

Chapter 36 The Only Harbor

covering the outpatient clinic.

She worked in pediatric surgery, though the patient flow was generally light.

But at nine o’clock, an adult patient walked in.

The person was bundled up in a mask and hat, completely concealing the appearance.

Scarlett checked the computer-there was no appointment under that name.

84%

Finished

Assuming he had come to the wrong place, she was about to speak when the person suddenly pulled down the mask.

The moment Scarlett saw the face before her, she shot to her feet in shock.

“Claire! What... What happened to you?”

Send Gifts

1.0K

3/3

09:25 Wed, Jan

Awakened Housewife: Ignore Betrayer's Begs

Dylan

## No Second Baby, No You, Only Divorce - Silent Dreams Never Die — 37[ 772 words ]

Chapter 37 The Bruised Friend

84%

Finished

Claire's face was a mess of bruises, one eye swollen completely shut. When she removed her hat, clotted blood and patches of missing hair were visible across her scalp.

Scarlett marched over, her voice tight with anger. "Was that bastard Elias again?"

Claire didn't cry. She simply nodded. "Yes."

She had been let down countless times, yet she still couldn't bring herself to leave. Staying by the devil's side, keeping her life intact was already a stroke of luck.

Scarlett frowned and reached for her phone. "I'm calling the police."

But Claire caught her hand. "Could you just help me clean these wounds first?"

With a frustrated sigh, Scarlett reluctantly agreed.

After treating the injuries on Claire's face, Scarlett was about to remove her gloves when Claire rolled up her sleeve. Her pale arm was covered in bruises and bloody marks-a shocking sight.

Struggling to control her anger, Scarlett asked as she worked, "What did he even do to you? After all this, you still won't leave him?"

Claire shook her head, offering a bitter smile. “We’ve been together eight years. I know he doesn’t mean it. He’ll come around someday.”

Scarlett pressed an alcohol-soaked cotton ball firmly against a wound. “What matters more-your life, or some man?”

Claire flinched but made no sound. “It won’t happen again,” she insisted.

Scarlett grew even more furious, tossing the tweezers into the tray with a clatter. “Next time, I’ll be identifying you in the morgue.”

“It won’t come to that,” Claire murmured, though her voice trembled.

Scarlett’s frustration mounted. “Claire, can you really not live without a man?”

Claire kept her head down, avoiding Scarlett’s gaze. “If I leave Elias, no one else will want me.”

Scarlett wanted to argue, but then she remembered how the Therons-and Claire herself-had tried to reason with her in the past.

She let it go. Sometimes, no amount of good advice can save someone determined to self-destruct.

With Claire’s personality, talking until she was blue in the face wouldn’t make a difference. Some lessons had to be learned through pain.

Scarlett stopped pressing and continued treating the wounds.

Perhaps sensing her disapproval, Claire said quietly, “Talk to Elias about this.”

Scarlett didn’t respond, only adding, “You know, with injuries like these, if you reported it now, the police would classify it as assault.”

1/3

09:25 Wed, Jan 7 u

Chapter 37 The Bruised Friend

Claire fell silent.

Just then, her phone rang.

Scarlett glanced at the screen-it was Elias.

Claire's face brightened as she showed Scarlett. "See? He still cares."

84%

Finished

Scarlett kept her head down, offering only a noncommittal, "Mm." It wasn't that she didn't care-she just knew Claire too well. Words were useless; she would have to learn the hard way.

Claire answered the call. "Where are you?" Elias asked.

"I'm at the hospital," Claire replied.

Though her wounds throbbed, she hadn't shed a tear until hearing his voice. Now her eyes welled up.

Elias sounded indifferent. "I want steamed fish and Texas Brisket for lunch."

Hearing this, Claire's tears finally fell. She agreed quickly, "Okay, I'll go buy groceries and start cooking right away."

To her, his request was an invitation to come home-proof he still wanted her.

Scarlett paused as she packed up the medical tray, struck by how easily Claire forgave him.

Looking at her friend, she saw a reflection of her former self-the version of her that had known Vincent only loved Sabrina, yet still hoped having another child would bind him to her. Looking back, she realized how foolish she had been.

After Claire left, Scarlett saw only three or four more patients.

Unable to shake her concern, she sent Claire a message, Remember to take your medicine. Keep your wounds clean."

She didn't mention anything about the relationship.

After her shift, Scarlett decided to grab lunch at a nearby diner. With an early afternoon shift ahead, she planned to take a short walk before returning.

But as she passed a steakhouse, she happened to glance through the glass-and there were Elias and a woman, seated across from each other.

The woman was dressed provocatively, her entire demeanor screaming trouble.

Elias speared a piece of steak and held it to her lips. Instead of taking it directly, she slowly ran her tongue over the meat before finally biting into it.

Under the table, her foot was brazenly rubbing against Elias' leg.

Elias, unable to resist, grabbed her slender ankle. She leaned forward, revealing far too much cleavage-the sight was practically blinding.

2/3

09:25 Wed, Jan 7

Awakened Housewife: Ignore Betrayer's Begs

Dylan

## Silent Dreams Never Die — 38

Chapter 38 Impulsive Justice

84%L

Finished

Those two had no shame at all-they didn't even bother closing the curtains. Did they have no self-respect left?

But what really made Scarlett furious was that Elias had promised to come home for dinner. That poor, naive Claire was probably still waiting for him like a fool loyal as ever.

Scarlett snapped a photo fast, then dialed Claire's number.

"Scarlett? What's going on?" Claire picked up right away but her voice sounded tight.

"Has Elias gotten home yet?" Scarlett asked.

"No," Claire said. "He said he had work stuff to take care of. He'll be back tonight."

Work stuff? So this is what Elias called "work"?

Scarlett felt terrible for Claire. After hanging up, she marched straight into the steakhouse without a second thought.

A waiter tried to stop her, asking who she was looking for—but Scarlett just pushed past him, her face dark with anger.

Elias was so wrapped up flirting with that flashy woman he didn't even see Scarlett coming. Before he could react, a glass of wine went flying across his face-followed by a sharp, stinging slap.

Scarlett hadn't held back. The impact left her own palm tingling.

The woman next to him let out a shriek or two, then shrank back in fear.

Elias finally snapped out of his stunned paralysis. He shot up from his chair so abruptly it nearly toppled backward, finger jabbing violently toward Scarlett. "Scarlett, what the hell is wrong with you?!" he yelled, his voice cracking with rage and disbelief.

Scarlett didn't flinch, meeting his furious gaze with a glare of pure contempt. "Elias, don't you know exactly what you've done?" she shot back, her voice cold and sharp. "You actually have the nerve to stand there and ask me that question?"

Elias was visibly rattled. His eyes darted around the room nervously before he whirled on the frozen waiter. "What's your problem?" he barked, attempting to regain some control. "I'm a paying customer here, and you just let some lunatic walk in and assault me?"

The restaurant staff were still processing the shocking scene when Elias shouted, "Go get security! Now! Get this crazy woman out of here!"

Scarlett didn't give him the satisfaction. "I've got two perfectly good legs," she stated coldly. "I can find my own way out. Don't bother having anyone 'show me the door.'"

With that, she turned sharply on her heel and headed for the exit.

But Elias wasn't ready to let it end there. "You slap me across the face, you dump an entire glass of wine all over me, and you think you can just walk away like nothing happened?" he called after her, his voice rising with indignant fury. "Scarlett, you really think it's going to be that easy?"

Scarlett ignored him completely, continuing her steady walk out of the restaurant as every pair of eyes in

1/3

09:25 Wed, Jan 7 uw.

Chapter 38 Impulsive Justice

84%1

Finished

the establishment followed her departure.

She hadn't even made it to the vibrant snack stalls lining the street outside when a police car smoothly pulled up, blocking her path.

Two officers emerged, flashing their badges with professional efficiency. One showed her a clear video recording of her slapping Elias right on his screen.

In the end, there was nothing she could do but comply as they escorted her into the back of the police car.

After giving her formal statement at the station, Scarlett was held for what felt like an eternity-eight long hours in a cold, sterile holding cell.

It wasn't until nine o'clock that evening that an officer finally appeared at the cell door. The metallic clang of the lock turning echoed in the small space. "Scarlett," he said, "someone has posted bail for you. You're free

to go."

Someone had bailed her out?

Was it Claire who had come through for her?

Or had someone from the Theron family intervened?

Scarlett didn't bother asking. She simply stood up, her body stiff from hours of inactivity, and said quietly, "Thank you."

Then she walked out of the confining cell, the heavy door closing behind her with a sense of finality.

As she entered the main lobby of the police station, her eyes immediately landed on a figure who looked profoundly out of place amidst the grim, institutional surroundings.

It was Vincent.

He stood near the entrance in an impeccably tailored suit that accentuated his tall, lean frame-like a living mannequin. The dress pants emphasized his long legs; he was undeniably handsome.

But in other ways, he'd never given Scarlett much to brag about. Sabrina, though? She was probably living a fairy tale with him.

He'd heard Scarlett's footsteps long before she came into view. When she still didn't show up right away, Vincent turned and said in a flat voice, "Let's go."

His tone was neutral, and his face gave nothing away.

Scarlett couldn't have cared less what he thought of her Yeah, she'd acted on impulse when she hit Elias- but she had zero regrets.

"Mm," she answered, sounding indifferent as she walked straight past him toward the exit.

She wasn't the same person anymore-no longer hoping to walk beside him, no longer wanting to hold his hand. Now, he was just Vincent, and she was just Scarlet

Vincent's luxury car was parked at the curb, but Scarlett showed no intention of getting in. She raised her hand to hail a taxi, but Vincent opened the passenger door. "Get in. There's something I need to discuss with you."

09:25 Wed, Jan 7 .

Chapter 38 Impulsive Justice

84%

Finished

Scarlett lowered her hand but bypassed the front seat entirely, opening the rear door instead and sliding in.

Vincent looked taken aback for a second. He'd never seen her act like this before-even though he knew this was exactly what she'd always wanted.

Now that he was finally offering it, she seemed totally uninterested. For a moment, he felt a weird, disorienting twist in his chest.

After a short pause, he slid into the back seat too.

Scarlett's brows furrowed a little when he sat next to her. It had been ages since they'd been this close.

Vincent smoked, but he always wore cologne-so his smell still came off nice.

They sat there in silence, the tension in the air growing thicker by the second.

Vincent rolled down the window a crack and lit up a cigarette.

The smoke drifted over to Scarlett, and she started coughing over and over again.

Unable to bear it, she reached for the door to get out, but Vincent suddenly caught her arm.

His grip wasn't forceful, and Scarlett didn't struggle. She simply settled back into her seat.

Send Gifts

1.0K

3/3

Awakened Housewife. Ignore Betrayer's Begs

Finished

Dylan

## Silent Dreams Never Die — 39

Chapter 39 Unsuitable Mother

"Could you please not smoke? The smell is unbearable. Scarlett's tone was decidedly unfriendly.

She couldn't help but think that if Sabrina were sitting beside him instead, he probably wouldn't even think of lighting a cigarette.

And he still had the nerve to talk about having another child.

Vincent didn't respond. He simply sat there in silence for a long moment, then finally flicked the cigarette out the window.

He waited for the lingering smoke to dissipate completely before raising the window, sealing them back into the quiet, tense atmosphere of the car.

After a prolonged and uncomfortable silence, he finally spoke, "Why did you hit him?"

Scarlett made no attempt to explain herself. "I did what felt was necessary. I don't owe you any justification," she stated flatly.

Vincent turned his head, his gaze cold, his voice low and controlled. "You can afford to be impulsive, but did you stop to consider the consequences for Vanessa?"

If Scarlett's actions resulted in a permanent mark on Vanessa's record, what would that mean for their daughter's future?

No matter how influential the Stewart family was, they couldn't shield her from everything.

Scarlett had already wrestled with this very thought back in the police station. The worry was indeed there.

Vincent had every right to be angry, but she was at least grateful the police hadn't pursued the matter further.

Still, the thought sent a fresh wave of unease through her.

"It won't happen again," Scarlett promised, her voice quieter now.

Another heavy silence descended between them, thick and suffocating.

Finally, Vincent broke it, his words measured and devastatingly calm. "You truly aren't suited to be Vanessa's mother."

His tone was so matter-of-fact, as if he were merely commenting on the weather.

That single sentence seemed to erase all the years of effort, love, and sacrifice Scarlett had poured into motherhood.

A bitter, choked laugh escaped her, but as she laughed, ot, traitorous tears began to stream down her face.

Frustration and hurt overwhelming her, she turned shaply toward Vincent. "Then tell me, Vincent, what exactly do you want from me?"

She had already given up Ravensshade Villa, given up he primary role in Vanessa's life, given up any real

claim to her husband....

Vincent merely stared back at her, his composure a star contrast to her raw emotion.

1/3

09:25 Wed, Jan 7

Chapter 39 Unsuitable Mother

They had never truly understood each other.

Even in conflict, he remained infuriatingly detached.

84%L

Finished

“Ever since Vanessa started kindergarten,” Vincent continued, his tone accusatory, “you haven’t picked her up or dropped her off a single time.”

Scarlett bit her lip hard, determined not to let him see how completely he was shattering her.

“Doesn’t she have someone else to do that for her now?” she retorted, her voice thick.

“But you are Scarlett.”

Scarlett could hardly believe what she was hearing, but Vincent’s expression was utterly serious, leaving no room for doubt.

“So now you remember I’m Vanessa’s mother? Do you genuinely see me as Scarlett in your eyes?”

She stared intently at him, desperately wanting-needing to hear his answer.

But, true to form, he sidestepped the question entirely. I don’t know what’s going on with you lately. But you are Vanessa’s mother. You need to start acting like it and fulfill your responsibilities toward her.”

The Stewart family had more than enough wealth. Vincent was fully capable of providing for Vanessa on his own. But he didn’t want their daughter growing up feeling the absence of a mother’s love.

Scarlett’s recent behavior-so out of character, missing even Vanessa’s kindergarten events-was unacceptable to him.

Scarlett didn’t bother denying his accusations. Instead, she surprised him by agreeing. “I gave birth to Vanessa. I am acutely aware of my responsibilities, and have no intention of running away from them.”

Then she added, her voice final, “If there’s nothing else, I’m leaving.”

Her desire to escape the confines of his car was palpable, a far cry from the woman who used to wait up late, hoping for his return home.

Vincent seemed momentarily taken aback, but as Scarlet moved to open the door, he called out, "There's a Thanksgiving parent-child event at the kindergarten. Accompany Vanessa, will you? I have an important meeting that conflicts with it."

Scarlett paused, the request hanging in the air. But she had already promised Clara she would be busy. "I'm not available that day," she refused bluntly. "Find someone else."

With that, she pushed the car door open and stepped out.

She didn't look back. Hailing a passing taxi, she gave the driver the address for Theron Manor and slid inside.

Vincent remained in his car, watching the taxi's taillight shrink and vanish into the night, his eyes narrowed in contemplation.

It was strange. The Scarlett who had once 'revolved her entire world around their daughter had changed so profoundly.

2/3

09:25 Wed, Jan 7 u

Chapter 39 Unsuitable Mother

And her attitude toward him...

Perhaps he was just overthinking it.

The ringing of his phone broke his reverie. It was Sabrina.

"Hello? Did you manage to speak with Ms. Theron?" she asked.

84%

Finished

When the Thanksgiving event had been mentioned, Vanessa had immediately expressed her desire for Sabrina to accompany her.

But Sabrina had her own classes and an upcoming piano recital to prepare for. Attending a kindergarten event simply didn't fit into her schedule.

Vincent replied tersely, "She said she's busy that day."

Sabrina hesitated, then offered, "Then... perhaps I could skip my class and go with Vanessa after all?"

She was testing him, not genuinely wanting to sacrifice her own commitments.

Kindergarten events were tedious, and Sabrina much preferred being the center of attention on a proper

stage.

She expected Vincent to express sympathy for her dilemma, but he surprised her by simply agreeing. “Alright.”

Sabrina felt like crying but forced a bright tone. “Okay then, I’ll make arrangements and go with Vanessa.”

\*\*\*\*\*

When Scarlett finally powered her phone back on, the screen lit up with a long list of missed calls.

Nathan, Violet, Spencer, and Nolan-all had tried to reach her.

She was supposed to have had an afternoon clinic shift. Vanishing without any notice was a serious breach of protocol, and the hospital administration was undoubtedly preparing a formal reprimand.

Send Gifts

1.0K

H

3/3

09:25 Wed, Jan 7

Awakened Housewife: Ignore Betrayer’s Begs

Dylan

## Silent Dreams Never Die — 40

Finished

She was already mentally preparing herself for the worst, fully expecting to be dismissed from her position.

During the cab ride, she returned Spencer's call.

"Mr. Jenkins," she said when he answered.

"Scarlett, what can I do for you?" Spencer's voice sounded completely normal, even casual.

Scarlett was momentarily confused by his tone. For a brief second, she was at a loss for words.

But then Spencer continued, his voice now laced with a note of concern. "How are you feeling now? Any improvement?"

Scarlett was even more puzzled. "What?"

Spencer sounded almost apologetic. "I haven't been a very attentive supervisor, have I? You were running a fever, and I still scheduled you for the clinic shift. Tell you what, I'm authorizing three days of sick leave for you. Just focus on resting and recovering at home."

Scarlett couldn't decipher what Spencer was really implying. She wondered if this was his subtle way of letting her go.

"Understood," she replied quietly, her voice subdued.

She interpreted his words as a polite dismissal-calling "sick leave" was merely a face-saving formality before termination.

But to be fair, she had abandoned her post without notice. She probably deserved the consequences.

Just as she was about to end the call, Spencer suddenly added, "And remember to report back to work in three days, alright?"

"Wait... what?" Scarlett was utterly stunned. She even wondered if she had misheard him.

There was a lot of background noise on Spencer's end-It sounded like he was at a lively dinner party or social function.

“Scarlett, I have to go now-I’m in the middle of drinks with some people. But if you need anything else, just let me know. I’ll do whatever I can to help.”

And with that, Spencer hung up.

Scarlett stared at her phone, listening to the dial tone, her mind completely blank, trying to process the unexpected reprieve.

Just then, her phone rang again. It was Nolan.

She answered immediately, her voice sharp with a mix of suspicion and hope. “Did you speak to Spencer on my behalf?”

Nolan didn’t answer her question directly, Instead, his voice was filled with palpable concern. “What happened today? You didn’t show up for your shift, and you ignored all my calls this afternoon. Are you alright?”

1/3

09:25 Wed, Jan 7

Chapter 40 Unexpected Reprieve

83%

Finished

Nolan had gone to the clinic that afternoon looking for her, but she was nowhere to be found. He had tried calling her repeatedly, growing more anxious with each unanswered ring.

As a fellow doctor, Nolan knew Scarlett wasn’t the type irresponsibly skip work.

He was certain something significant must have occurred.

He had spent the entire afternoon worried sick, calling her incessantly. He had even stepped in to cover her shift for her.

Scarlett could hear the genuine anxiety in his voice. Not wanting to worry him further, she kept her explanation brief. “I got into an altercation at a restaurant. The police were involved, and I was taken to the station. I’ve only just been released.”

Nolan was shocked. “You... got into a physical fight?”

In his mind, Scarlett was always the picture of composure and rationality-even-tempered, gentle, someone who never even raised her voice.

Unless she had been profoundly provoked, he couldn't imagine her resorting to violence.

Scarlett simply replied, "Yes," offering no further explanation.

Nolan pressed, "Is everything completely resolved? If there's anything still pending, I can—"

Scarlett cut him off gently but firmly. "It's all been handled. Please don't worry."

"

Nolan finally allowed himself to relax slightly, but then asked, "Are you on your way home now?"

"Yes, I'm in a taxi."

Nolan's voice was still soft with concern. "Scarlett, you don't have to bottle everything up inside. Sometimes, you need to talk about it, to let it out. It might make you feel better."

"Thank you, Nolan. I know."

"Please send me a text when you arrive home safely."

"I will."

After she ended the call, the dam finally broke. Scarlett turned her face toward the window, and silent tears began to stream uncontrollably down her cheeks.

The memory of Vincent's words in the car came flooding back, and a crushing weight settled on her chest, making it hard to breathe.

She had given birth to Vanessa for him, had tirelessly dedicated herself to the Stewart family, and yet, in the end, she couldn't even receive a single kind word from him.

The irony was both pathetic and bitterly amusing.

Upon arriving at Theron Manor, she found Nathan still waiting for her at the main entrance.

"Why are you standing out here?" Scarlett asked, quickening her pace to reach him.

"Why are you so late getting home?" Nathan countered, his brow furrowed with deep worry.

09:25 Wed, Jan 7

82%

## Chapter 40 Unexpected Reprieve

Finished

Not wanting to cause him undue concern, Scarlett fabricated an excuse. "I had a long surgery this afternoon. I'm sorry I missed your calls."

Nathan looked down at his sister. Even in the dim light, he could see the lingering dampness in her eyes, though he chose not to comment on it.

As they walked inside together, Nathan suddenly said, "Why don't you consider leaving the hospital and coming to work at my company? I can create any comfortable position for you. Work if you feel like it, and if you don't, you'll still receive a salary. No pressure."

The Theron family's wealth and influence might not have matched the Stewarts', but thanks to Henry's and Nathan's successful endeavors, they lived a very comfortable life.

Even if Scarlett never worked another day, financial security would never be a concern.

But she still declined his offer. "I genuinely enjoy practicing medicine. It's what I want to do."

Nathan saw the determination in her eyes and didn't press the matter further.

He had always respected and supported her choices.

\*\*\*\*\*

The next day, as soon as Scarlett arrived in her department, she overheard a group of nurses chatting excitedly at the nursing station.

"Have you heard the news? Someone incredibly prestigious is coming to our hospital!"

Send Gifts

1.0K

2 4

F

2

W

¢

3

09:26 Wed,

Awakened Housewife: Ignore Betrayer's Begs

Dylan