

No Second Baby, No You, Only Divorce - Silent Dreams Never Die — 381[897 words]

Awakened Housewife Ignore Betrayer's Begs

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Chapter 381 A Brother's Unexpected Approval

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Vanessa hesitated briefly, then reaffirmed her story with a firm nod. "It was Mommy. She told

me."

Vincent held her gaze, his tone measured. "You're absolutely certain? You wouldn't lie to me about this?"

Vanessa shook her head, her expression earnest. "I'm not lying."

A quiet, grim satisfaction settled in Vincent's chest. "Alright," he said. "Finish your milk."

Once she had drained the glass, he took it from her. "Time to sleep."

Vanessa licked her upper lip, then ventured another question. "Daddy... where's Sabrina?"

"She's at the research lab," Vincent replied. "She'll be staying there for a couple of nights."

The news brought Vanessa a confusing mix of disappointment and relief. Earlier, when her preschool teacher had tried calling her parents, neither Vincent nor Sabrina had answered. For a while, she'd feared they were ignoring her.

Now, having an explanation, the day's lingering hurt faded. She even murmured quietly to herself, "Oh... that's why Sabrina didn't pick up when the school called."

Vincent, smoothing her comforter, said, "I have an early meeting tomorrow. Maria will take to school, okay?"

Vanessa immediately tensed. “No,” she said, her voice small. “I want to stay home with Great- Grandpa.”

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There were two reasons—she genuinely didn’t want to go to school, and she also remembered how Maria had pinched her arm once when no one was looking.

Sensing her resistance, Vincent’s voice softened. “You don’t like school right now?”

Vanessa shook her head vigorously, forcing a bright tone. “No! Everyone in my class likes me!”

“That’s good to hear,” Vincent said, his hand resting gently on her head for a moment.

He tucked the blankets snugly around her, then stood and turned off the main light, leaving the nightlight on.

Once he was gone, Vanessa burrowed deep under the covers. Silent tears welled up and traced hot paths down her temples into her hair.

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The kids at school didn’t like her. They wouldn’t share toys with her and sometimes whispered when she walked by. She hated preschool. She really, truly did.

Scarlett was soaking her feet in a basin of warm water in the living room after dinner.

A notification chimed from her phone on the side table. Thinking it might be a work email, she picked it up.

To her surprise, it was a message from Vincent.

Vincent sent, “Don’t fill Vanessa’s head with nonsense.”

Scarlett, bewildered, typed back a single question mark, “?”

Vincent said, “No need for details. You know what you did.”

Still confused and now irritated, Scarlett replied, “You’re insane.”

She put the phone down, finished her foot soak, and felt somewhat more relaxed. She dismissed Vincent’s cryptic accusation, deciding not to waste another thought on it. After drying her feet, she headed upstairs to her bedroom.

She had only been inside for a minute or two, settling into the quiet, when a sudden draft brushed the back of her neck. An instant later, a hand came to rest on her shoulder.

The unexpected touch made her jump violently. A scream tore from her throat-

But it was instantly muffled as a larger hand clamped firmly over her mouth.

Nathan, who had just reached the top of the stairs, heard the choked cry from his sister’s room. Without hesitation, he pushed her door open.

The scene that greeted him was Damian standing behind Scarlett, his hand covering her mouth.

Hearing the door, Damian looked over. Seeing Nathan, he immediately released Scarlett and straightened up, his posture suddenly formal.

“Nathan,” he said, his voice an awkward mix of surprise and respect.

Nathan’s brow furrowed deeply.

Damian felt the weight of his displeasure and his own heart began to race.

Scarlett whirled around, about to explain, but Nathan spoke first, his cold gaze fixed on

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Damian. “If you plan on visiting in the future,” he said, his voice flat, “use the front door.”

The statement was directed entirely at Damian.

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Damian blinked, confused by the unexpected instruction. Nathan's expression didn't change. "No particular reason. I'd just prefer not to find you dead from a fall on our property."

Though the words were hardly welcoming, Damian felt a surge of relief. "Thank you," he said, the gratitude genuine. "I will."

Scarlett stood between them, feeling utterly invisible as the two men conversed around her.

Nathan said nothing more. He turned and walked back toward the door.

"Goodnight, Nathan," Damian called after him.

Nathan didn't turn back, but a low "Mm," floated over his shoulder.

As Nathan's hand reached for the doorknob, Damian quickly added, "Could you... close the door for us?"

Scarlett was certain Nathan would ignore the request.

To her astonishment, he pulled the door shut firmly behind him with a soft click.

Scarlett was left speechless.

The moment the latch engaged, Damian spun back to her, his hands landing excitedly on her shoulders. "Scarlett! Did you see that?" he whispered, his eyes alight. "Your brother gave me permission! Told me to use the front door! I can visit you properly now!"

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No Second Baby, No You, Only Divorce - Silent Dreams Never Die — 382[824 words]

Awakened Housewife Ignore Betrayer's Begs

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Chapter 382 A Midnight Embrace

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Damian's happiness was almost childlike, his face lit up with a bright, unrestrained grin.

Scarlett stood frozen, completely taken aback.

But then Damian leaned close to her ear, his voice dropping to a hopeful whisper. "Your brother's okay with me, Scarlett. What about you? When will you be?"

Hearing his words, Scarlett remained silent for a long moment. When she finally spoke, her voice was cool. "Damian, maybe you shouldn't come by anymore."

As soon as the words were out, Damian swept her up into his arms and spun her around, letting out a delighted whoop. "Yes! Front door privileges!"

He acted as if he hadn't even heard her attempt at a refusal.

In the bedroom next door, Nathan found Violet at her vanity, smoothing moisturizer into her skin.

She glanced at his reflection, a faint smile on her lips. "What's gotten into you tonight? Did hell freeze over?"

Nathan's expression remained neutral. He walked over and began gently massaging her shoulders. "It's nothing."

Studying his face in the mirror, Violet's smile widened. "So you're giving Damian your blessing?"

Nathan's hands continued their work, his touch gentle despite his impassive face.

"Nolan is a good man—a better man, honestly. But when it comes to standing up to someone like Vincent, it takes someone with Damian's... particular influence. He's fine for now, but Nolan would be the better choice long-term."

Violet chuckled softly. "You've got it all figured out."

Uncharacteristically thoughtful, Nathan murmured, “Why is it that a woman can only have one man, anyway?”

Violet played along, her tone light. “I’ve always wondered that myself.”

Catching the subtle shift in her voice, Nathan suddenly scooped her up into his arms. “Not you,” he said firmly, a possessive edge to his words. “You only get one. And that’s me.”

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Back in Scarlett’s room, Damian was still spinning her around, showing no signs of stopping.

Scarlett felt the room whirling, a wave of nausea rising. “Damian, stop—I’m getting dizzy.”

Hearing her, he finally came to a wobbly halt.

As he set her down, he lost his balance. They tumbled together onto the bed, Damian landing partly on top of her.

He was tall and solid. Instinctively bracing his arms on either side of her to avoid crushing her, his face, chest, and a very noticeable part of his anatomy were still pressed firmly against her.

Scarlett was wearing only a thin slip. The clean scent of her soap lingered on her skin. Her hair fanned out across the pillow, and the silky fabric of her nightgown clung to her curves, outlining her body beneath.

Pressed against her, feeling every soft contour, Damian’s mind went blank.

Heat surged through him, his face and body burning.

The initial shock of the fall faded, replaced by acute awareness. Scarlett tried to push him off, but he didn't budge. Instead, she became hyper-aware of his body heat and the unmistakable evidence of his arousal.

Her own face flushed crimson. She turned her head away, voice low and strained. "Damian, get up. Now."

His thoughts were a jumbled mess. "Okay... okay," he managed, his voice hoarse.

He rolled off and sat on the edge of the bed, but her scent seemed to follow him, subtle and intoxicating.

To him, it was a sweet, irresistible temptation.

Scarlett quickly adjusted her gown. She cleared her throat, coughing softly twice before asking, "Shouldn't *you* be at the hospital with your mother?"

She had sat up too, leaning against the headboard, her eyes fixed on his tense back.

Feeling her gaze, he still didn't dare turn around. "She's the one who told me to come check on you."

"You should go back," Scarlett said softly.

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"I came to be with you," he replied, his voice stubborn. "I'm not getting kicked out that easily."

Before she could protest further, he suddenly turned to look at her, his eyes pleading. "Just for a little while."

Scarlett sighed, a mixture of exasperation and something else. "It's the middle of the night. What exactly does 'being with me' entail?"

Damian paused, a slow, mischievous grin spreading across his face. He leaned in closer, lowering his voice to a suggestive murmur. “Well, I don’t have to go back. If you wanted to... explore some new territory tonight, I certainly wouldn’t hold back.”

The implication was clear. Scarlett’s eyes flashed with irritation. “You’re impossible,” she said, her tone sharp but lacking real bite.

Damian just looked back at her, his eyes dancing with a roguish light, a deep, knowing smile playing on his lips.

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No Second Baby, No You, Only Divorce - Silent Dreams Never Die — 383[954 words]

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Chapter 383 Anger and a Bitter Goodbye

He leaned in slowly, a playful glint in his eyes, intent on teasing her.

Scarlett retreated step by step, her gaze wary and defensive.

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Just as he was about to close the final distance, Damian suddenly went still. He tilted his head, listening intently for a moment. “Do you hear that?” he asked.

Scarlett watched him suspiciously, a frown creasing her brow. “Hear what?”

Damian gestured toward the shared wall with the neighboring room. “Listen.”

His serious demeanor piqued her curiosity. Mimicking him, Scarlett focused her hearing.

When the faint, unmistakable sounds from next door reached her, a deep blush instantly spread across Scarlett's face. She glared at him indignantly. "You... you are absolutely shameless."

A faint smirk touched Damian's lips. Suddenly, he grabbed her hand and pressed it firmly against his own chest. He looked at her with a rogue's grin. "If you were willing, we could let others hear our sounds, too." .

Hearing him circle back to this yet again, Scarlett adopted a serious tone. "If you think that's an option, then go ahead."

For a fleeting second, delight surged in Damian's eyes. "Really?"

But it was immediately replaced by stark disappointment. He straightened up, a flush of anger coloring his features. "You..." he began, clearly furious, but the words seemed to lodge in his throat.

He stood, turning his back to her, then spun around again, unable to contain his frustration. "You're taking advantage of the fact that I like you, that I care about you—that I wouldn't dare force anything. You keep recklessly twisting the knife, Scarlett. If you keep this up, do you really think I'll always be this patient with you?"

Scarlett let out a bitter, quiet laugh. She had meant to say he didn't need to be patient with her

at all.

But before she could speak, Damian smacked his own forehead in exasperation. "I'm an idiot. Even if you stab my heart full of holes, I will still come crawling back to treat you well."

His words left Scarlett momentarily speechless.

What woman could remain entirely unmoved by such a declaration?

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If she didn't know his real reason for getting close to her, Scarlett thought she might have fallen for his charm long ago.

After a heavy pause, she lowered her voice. "You should go. I need to rest."

The moment the words left her mouth, Damian glared at her, his eyes rimmed with red, filled with resentment and hurt.

He glared for a long moment, but it didn't seem to soothe his anger. He stepped forward, cupped the back of her head, and pulled her tightly against his chest.

He didn't kiss her lips. Instead, he bent his head and bit down—not too hard, but firmly—on her earlobe.

A sharp gasp of pain escaped Scarlett.

When he released her, he said, his voice thick with frustration, "Consider that what you owe

me."

With that, he turned and strode out of the bedroom.

Behind him, Scarlett clutched her stinging ear, her brow furrowed in a mix of pain and confusion.

She watched his retreating back, her emotions in turmoil.

If the person he truly loved was Sabrina, then why did he act this way with her?

Scarlett couldn't make sense of it, and in that moment, she found this side of Damian utterly infuriating.

Damian left Theron Manor openly, through the front door this time.

The household staff who saw him pass through the foyer exchanged surprised glances. There had been no announced guests—who was this man leaving from inside the house?

By the time Damian returned to the hospital, Ruth had already taken a short nap and was just waking up.

The door to the private room opened, and he walked in, the air around him practically crackling with suppressed anger.

Ruth noticed immediately. “Well, look who’s back,” she said, her voice laced with curiosity. “What happened?”

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Damian slumped into the visitor’s chair, rubbing his temples. “She keeps pushing me away,” he muttered.

Hearing this, Ruth couldn’t help a soft chuckle. “Is that so? There’s actually someone who can resist you?”

Damian let out a long, weary sigh. “Out of all the women in the world, she’s the most stubborn, the most ungrateful.”

Ruth smiled, a knowing look in her eyes. “What’s the rush? These things take time.”

But the more Damian thought about it, the angrier he got. “Plenty of women would be thrilled to get my attention,” he fumed. “If she pushes me too far, maybe I should just walk away. Live it up, have some real fun for a change.”

Ruth raised an eyebrow, giving him a skeptical look. “I’ll believe it when I see it.”

“I’m serious,” Damian snapped, though it lacked conviction.

Ruth could see he was mostly venting. She decided to call his bluff. “Alright then, if you’re so brave, go on. Go find another woman.”

“Fine! I will!” Damian declared, rising to his feet. “Since when was that a challenge?”

He stormed out of the room. Ruth didn’t try to stop him, just shook her head with a faint smile.

However, barely five minutes had passed before the door opened again. Damian slunk back in dejectedly.

Seeing him return, Ruth couldn't hide her amusement. "What's the matter?" she asked, her tone light. "That was quick. Change your

mind?"

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Chapter 384 A Cold Rejection on Campus

Damian slumped back into the chair. He raised a hand and gave his own cheek a light, frustrated smack. "I hate how hung up on her I am."

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Hearing this, Ruth let out a soft laugh. "The devoted ones don't always get rewarded, you know. Sometimes the players come out ahead."

Damian didn't want to listen to such cynicism. He covered his ears childishly.

The motion made him think of Scarlett again—specifically, of how he'd bitten her earlobe hard before leaving.

Just the memory brought a slight, grim sense of satisfaction.

Early the next morning, Sabrina emerged from the research lab, having finally wrapped up the preliminary phase of her project.

She had pulled an all-nighter, but the data had checked out, sparing her the nightmare of starting over.

Stepping into the hallway, she spotted Nolan not far off.

He seemed to have just come from Thomas' office. He held a document folder under his arm, and his long wool coat accentuated his tall, straight posture.

A thick, damp fog blanketed Rivergate in the winter morning, settling like a fine mist on Nolan's shoulders.

He walked through the haze, his figure distinct and composed.

For a moment, Sabrina's heart gave an involuntary flutter.

Before Nolan could reach the main doors, a young woman stepped into his path. "Nolan," she

said.

She looked very young, with a sweet, earnest face.

Nolan stopped, "Can I help you?" he asked politely.

The girl held out a small, neatly wrapped package, her cheeks flushing. "Nolan, I... I made these cookies. I thought you might like to try them."

Sabrina, watching from a short distance away, understood the gesture perfectly.

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Nolan clearly did too. Still, he offered a gentle but firm refusal. "That's very kind, thank you. But I'm afraid I'm not much for sweets."

With a brief, polite nod, he made to move past her.

It was then that Sabrina couldn't contain herself any longer. She smoothed her hair and called out, "Nolan!"

Hearing her voice, he turned.

Seeing it was Sabrina, a flicker of surprise crossed his features, quickly replaced by cool detachment.

As he stood there, Sabrina walked slowly toward him. She was tall and carried herself with a confident grace that made the younger girl seem diminutive in comparison.

But Nolan's gaze remained icy. "What is it?" he asked, his voice devoid of warmth.

It was obvious—his tone was even colder when addressing Sabrina than it had been with the cookie-bearing student.

Sabrina faltered slightly. His demeanor chipped away at her poised confidence. Yet she pressed on, tentatively. "I was wondering if you'd like to get something to eat?"

Nolan looked at her. "I prefer to eat alone," he stated flatly.

The other girl hadn't left, and Sabrina, undeterred, tried another angle. "Let me treat you. As a thank you for suggesting the research topic for my project."

Nolan didn't miss a beat, not even to avoid a potentially awkward implication. "Mr. Newman asked for my input. I was helping him, not you." The distinction was clear and pointed.

The young student, who had initially felt overshadowed by Sabrina's presence, now seemed almost reassured by Nolan's bluntness toward her.

Seeing that he offered her no quarter, Sabrina's composure finally cracked a little. "Nolan, you

He cut her off. "If there's nothing else, I should be going." He turned to leave.

Instinctively, Sabrina reached out and caught the sleeve of his coat. "Nolan," she asked, her voice dropping, "do you despise me now?"

He turned back, his expression cold. "Yes."

Sabrina froze, staring at him in disbelief.

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He met her gaze without flinching. “There was a time when I admired your talent. You played the piano beautifully—it was captivating. But the things you’ve done... I think you know them better than anyone. I don’t need to list them.”

Sabrina stood silent, rendered wordless.

Seeing no point in further conversation, Nolan turned again and walked out of the building.

Still unwilling to let it go, Sabrina called after his retreating figure, “Is it because of Scarlett? Is that why you hate me?”

Nolan didn’t answer. He didn’t even break his stride.

Watching his back disappear into the grey morning fog, a corrosive mix of anger and jealousy churned within Sabrina.

It was all because of Scarlett. Nolan, who had once regarded her with such appreciation, now looked at her with contempt.

She stood there for a long moment, her chest tight with fury.

Finally, forcing herself to calm down, she walked out of the main university gates into the misty morning.

The moment she stepped onto the sidewalk, she saw it—Vincent’s car, idling by the curb.

There was a time, not so long ago, when the sight of his car would have sent her hurrying toward it with eager anticipation.

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She had Vincent, it was true. He was secured, predictable—no longer a challenge.

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Compared to the settled certainty he represented, Sabrina now found herself more drawn to the elusive attention of men like Damian and Nolan.

For her, a constant cycle of new conquests was the only thing that could briefly fill the persistent void inside.

Lost in these thoughts, she barely registered Vincent stepping out of the car.

He walked toward her and stopped, close enough to pull her from her reverie. “Sabrina? Is everything alright?” he asked, a note of concern in his voice. “Did the research hit a snag?”

Sabrina blinked, refocusing. She turned her face to his. Though his features were handsomely sharp, in that moment, she felt an unexpected weariness just looking at him.

Still, she manufactured a reply. “No, Vincent. The research went perfectly. You really don’t need to worry.”

Hearing this, he seemed to relax. He took the small bag from her hand. “Vanessa’s missed you these past few days. Keeps asking for you.”

Just the mention of the child’s name sent a ripple of distaste through Sabrina.

Yet, a faint, practiced smile stayed on her lips. “My work has kept me so busy. I’ve neglected her.”

Vincent’s gaze lingered on her, a hint of something petulant entering his tone. “It’s not just her you’ve been neglecting, is it?”

Sabrina caught his meaning then. Seeing this flicker of jealousy, a petty sense of satisfaction sparked within her.

She looked up at him, reached out, and gently traced the line of his jaw. "I'm sorry," she murmured. "I've neglected you, too."

Vincent shook his head slowly, a faint smile finally touching his lips. "So? How are you going to

make it

up

to me?"

The old, familiar pull of his attention stirred something in her. She rose onto her toes and pressed a soft kiss to his cheek.

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Chapter 385 A Proposal and a Panic

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Vincent seemed unsatisfied. A deeper intensity colored his gaze. "Is that all?" he asked, his voice low.

The implication was clear. Sabrina felt a blush warm her cheeks. She affected shyness. "What else did you have in mind?"

The morning mist had left tiny droplets in her hair. Her upturned face held a **coy** smile, her eyes sparkling like they held starlight.

Seeing her like this, charming and alluring, Vincent chuckled softly. Then his expression grew more serious. "Have you thought any more... about having a child?"

The question wiped the smile clean from Sabrina's face.

Her expression darkened instantly. She frowned, searching his eyes. "You said it was too dangerous for me. That you wouldn't risk my health for it."

"I know I did," Vincent conceded, his voice dropping to a near-whisper.

But Sabrina's unease grew. "Vincent... do you still want a son?"

He reached up and gently stroked her cheek. "It's not that. It's just... Grandfather has been bringing it up more frequently lately."

"And?" Sabrina pressed, her voice tight.

Vincent looked down at her, his tone deceptively gentle. "Let's just... see what happens. No pressure."

The words sent a jolt of alarm through Sabrina's core.

She didn't argue further. Instead, she claimed exhaustion and hunger, asking Vincent to simply

take her home.

During the drive, she closed her eyes and feigned sleep.

Vincent, for his part, drove in silence.

At Theron Manor, Scarlett slept deeply and didn't stir until half-past eight.

Given her recent health, she had requested medical leave. Her department head had been reluctant, even hinting at impacts on her performance review, but Scarlett had stood her ground. Her recovery was non-negotiable.

After waking, she lay in bed for a while, idly scrolling through her phone.

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A piece of trending news suddenly popped up on her feed.

"Rivergate Tycoon's Street Romance With Girlfriend."

Beneath the sensational headline was an even more glaring photo.

It showed Sabrina, standing on her toes, planting a kiss on Vincent’s cheek.

Seeing the image, Scarlett’s fingers involuntarily tightened around her phone.

A second later, the device buzzed with an incoming video call. It was Claire.

Scarlett answered immediately. On the screen, Claire was carefully styling her hair.

“How are you holding up?” Claire asked, her focus split between the conversation and her reflection. “Feeling any better?”

“Much better, thanks,” Scarlett replied, managing a small smile.

“Good,” Claire said, sounding genuinely relieved.

Noticing the unusual care Claire was taking with her appearance, Scarlett teased, “All this effort... do you have a date?”

Claire paused her styling, then gave a single, decisive nod. “Maybe.”

Scarlett was taken aback for a moment. Then, a sudden realization dawned on her. “Wait... did things actually work out with that guy from last time?”

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Chapter 386 A Dangerous Gamble

Claire nodded. "Yeah."

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Scarlett could no longer stay lying down. She pushed herself upright, holding the phone closer. "Are you out of your mind?"

A faint, resigned smile touched Claire's lips. "A deal's a deal. Someone actually pulled it off."

"Just because some random person on the internet fulfilled your silly challenge, you have to go through with this?" Scarlett's voice was thick with worry.

Claire sighed, the sound heavy through the speaker. "My whole career is online, Scarlett. I made a public promise. If I back out now, the backlash will be worse. My credibility will be ruined."

"How do we make sure you're safe, then?" Scarlett pressed, her mind racing.

Claire thought for a moment. "Text me every ten minutes. If I don't reply within a couple of minutes, call the police."

Though every instinct screamed against it, Scarlett saw no other way. "Alright," she agreed reluctantly. "Fine."

They talked a little longer before ending the call.

At five o'clock that evening, a text from Claire arrived. "Heading out now."

True to her word, Claire sent periodic updates every few minutes, brief messages confirming her location and status.

Anxious, Scarlett spent the evening glued to her phone, refreshing the screen constantly.

At 6:24 PM, the updates stopped.

Ten minutes passed with no word.

Filled with dread, Scarlett immediately called the police.

It was futile. Without concrete evidence of a crime or a longer period missing, they couldn't file a report. Her alarm was dismissed as premature.

Panic mounting, Scarlett dragged herself from bed, ignoring her own fatigue, and got into her

car.

She left Theron Manor, driving while repeatedly trying Claire's number. Every call went through—but no one ever picked up.

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As she navigated a quiet, tree-lined side road, a car suddenly appeared ahead, parked at an angle that partially blocked the lane.

Scarlett braked to a halt, her phone still pressed to her ear. Still no answer.

She looked

1. up. The car in front showed no intention of moving.

Impatient, she pressed her hand to the horn.

The other vehicle was facing hers. With the narrow road, she had no choice but to wait.

After the horn blast faded, Scarlett peered through her windshield at the car ahead. The driver's seat was empty, but the vehicle itself... It was rocking slightly. A steady, rhythmic motion.

There were clearly people inside.

She waited another minute, then hit the horn again.

Still no movement. Frustration overrode her patience. She unbuckled her seatbelt and got out.

As she approached, the scene inside the other car became clear through the tinted windows. Vincent and Sabrina were in the back seat.

Sabrina was curled against Vincent, her face buried in the curve of his neck. She appeared to be biting him, or kissing him fiercely.

Vincent had his head bowed, his handsome features tense, a muscle ticking in his jaw. One of his large hands had slipped under the hem of Sabrina's shirt, moving against her bare back.

He seemed to be losing his restraint. He lifted his head, his fingers grasping Sabrina's chin, tilting her face up to his-

Just then, a sharp rap sounded on the window beside him.

Vincent froze. He turned his head, and the look in his eyes was glacial.

He pressed the button, and the window slid down. When he saw it was Scarlett, his eyes narrowed.

Scarlett's face was a mask of cold detachment, forcibly ignoring the intimate scene she'd interrupted. "You're blocking the road. Move your car."

Vincent's brow furrowed slightly. "You even find your way to a place this secluded?" he asked, his voice dripping with sarcasm.

Scarlett frowned, confused. "What?"

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Chapter 386 A Dangerous Gamble

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A mocking smile touched his lips. "Are you sure you weren't following me?"

A disdainful snort escaped her. "You flatter yourself."

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Vincent raised an eyebrow, a challenge in his gaze. "And if I don't move? What will you do about it?"

“Nothing,” Scarlett said flatly.

She turned on her heel and walked back to her car. But inside, a reckless, furious resolution had crystallized.

Sliding back into the driver’s seat, she took a deep, steadying breath, her hands gripping the wheel until her knuckles turned white. A terrifying calm settled over her.

She made her decision.

Starting the engine, she shifted into drive. With her eyes fixed ahead, she slammed her foot down on the accelerator.

Her car shot forward, aimed directly at the side of Vincent’s vehicle.

She squeezed her eyes shut, bracing for impact, not caring about the consequence. If this was it, then so be it. At least in this moment, there would be no room for regret.

The engine roared as she floored the pedal.

Amidst the noise, her heart was unnervingly still.

On the other side of the road, Vincent had just settled back into the driver’s seat when he saw Scarlett’s car lurch forward, accelerating straight toward him with terrifying intent.

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No Second Baby, No You, Only Divorce - Silent Dreams Never Die — 387[757 words]

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Awakened Housewife. Ignore Betrayer’s Begs

Chapter 387 A Near-Fatal Standoff

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As the gap between the two vehicles narrowed dangerously, Vincent made no move to drive

away.

He was gambling—betting that Scarlett didn't have the nerve to hit him, that she lacked the audacity, that she couldn't bear to see him hurt.

Vincent kept one hand on the wheel and closed his eyes.

Sabrina, still in the back seat, watched in panic as this life-risking standoff unfolded. "Vincent!" she cried out, her voice tight with fear.

Hearing her, Vincent's eyes snapped open.

Seeing Scarlett's car accelerating toward him, he finally reacted, wrenching the steering wheel hard to the side.

The sudden swerve threw Sabrina against the door. Her head struck the window with a sickening thud.

As the car skidded to a halt, Vincent realized his palms were slick with sweat against the steering wheel.

Sabrina's pained whimper broke through his daze. He turned, his face etched with concern. "Sabrina, are you alright?"

She pressed a hand to her forehead, slowly righting herself. Her expression was a mix of pain and confusion. "Vincent, what were you thinking?"

He undid his seatbelt, reaching instinctively for her, but she turned her face away, avoiding his touch.

Her rejection sent a sharp pang through him; his hand trembled slightly before he withdrew it.

After a tense silence, Vincent muttered, "I'm sorry, I just—"

Sabrina cut him off, her voice trembling. "Was that really worth it? Risking everything over some pointless standoff?"

“I’m sorry,” Vincent repeated, his voice low. “It won’t happen again.”

Sabrina looked down at her hands, avoiding his gaze. After a moment, she said quietly, “Vincent... I think we should postpone the wedding. For a while.”

She didn’t outright refuse, nor did she agree. It was a postponement—a strategic delay that left

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Chapter 387 A Near-Fatal Standoff

her options open.

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Finished

If things went south later, it would be easy to walk away. If not, marrying a man like Vincent—wealthy, powerful, handsome—was hardly a poor choice.

Yet, for reasons she couldn’t fully articulate, Sabrina felt she shouldn’t settle for just one man. Her desire was for all men to adore her, to compete for her attention.

When Vincent heard her request for a delay, he felt no unease—only deeper remorse. He thought it reasonable that she needed time. He didn’t press. “Alright,” he replied softly.

With that settled, he restarted the car and drove away.

On the other side of the road, when the expected collision didn’t come, Scarlett finally opened

her

eyes.

Seeing the path now clear, she eased her foot off the accelerator. But in her disoriented state, she didn’t notice the low brick structure at the edge of the lane.

There was no time to turn. She slammed on the brakes, but the car’s momentum carried it forward. With a jarring crunch, the front bumper met the bricks.

The impact shuddered through the frame. Scarlett's vision swam, and for a second, she thought she might black out.

Miraculously, she wasn't hurt—but her entire body felt violently shaken, her insides rattled.

Before she could even process what happened, she heard the muffled ring of her phone, which had fallen into the footwell.

She bent over with difficulty, groping until her fingers closed around it. By then, the call had ended.

She'd hoped it was Claire, but the screen showed Damian's name.

As she hesitated about calling back, her phone rang again—Damian, once more.

After a brief pause, she answered.

His anxious voice came through immediately, edged with anger. "Why didn't you pick up?"

She could tell Damian was upset.

Scarlett stared blankly at the cracked bricks in front of her hood. "It's nothing," she said, her

voice flat.

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Chapter 387 A Near Fatal Standoff

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"Where are you?" Damian demanded.

Scarlett ignored the question. "Damian, I have to go. I'm busy."

By "busy", she meant finding Claire.

That only seemed to fuel his anger. "Scarlett," he said, his tone low and dangerous, "do you enjoy making me worry like this?"

She remained silent, ready to end the call.

But Damian's voice hardened into a threat. "If you don't tell me where you are right now, I swear, when I find you—and I will find you—you're going to regret it."

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No Second Baby, No You, Only Divorce - Silent Dreams Never Die — 388[808 words]

Chapter 388 Buried in Rubble and Tears

56

Finished

His threat, though sharp, felt hollow—more a product of worry than true menace.

Scarlett stared at the small, crumbling shed ahead. Fearful of being trapped if it fully collapsed, she quickly relented and told Damian her location.

The words were barely out of her mouth when the structure gave way completely.

A cloud of dust and debris rained down, covering the car's hood. The windshield cracked under the impact of falling bricks, a spiderweb of fractures spreading across the glass.

She didn't dare move, terrified that any shift might trigger another collapse. So she stayed put, frozen in the driver's seat, waiting.

About ten minutes later, Damian's car screeched to a halt nearby.

Seeing Scarlett's vehicle half-buried under dirt and rubble, his heart dropped. Without a second thought, he rushed forward and began clearing the debris with his bare hands.

When he finally wrenched the car door open, he found Scarlett sitting helplessly inside, her face pale.

The moment she saw him, her composure broke. Her eyes reddened, and tears began to stream down her cheeks.

A fierce ache clenched Damian's chest. He leaned in, carefully lifting her from the seat. One arm cradled her, his other hand coming up to gently stroke her back.

"It's okay," he murmured into her hair, his voice soft. "Don't cry. I'm here. I've got you."

His comfort only made her cry harder. Her voice shook as she confessed, "I thought I was going to die."

She was sobbing, though she couldn't say if it was from the shock of survival, or from the memory of seeing Vincent and Sabrina together in that car.

So many emotions were tangled inside her, heavy and suffocating. For now, she just let them

out.

Damian held her close, letting her pour it all out against his chest. He rested his chin on her head, his eyes filled with a deep, helpless tenderness.

He didn't ask for explanations. Just being here with her, holding her, felt like enough.

Eventually, her tears subsided, leaving her drained but calmer.

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Chapter 388 Buried in Rubble and Tears

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Finished

Remembering Claire, she lifted her head from Damian's shoulder. "Claire... she's not answering her phone."

Damian looked down at her. "I know. Zachary's already looking for her."

Scarlett blinked, confused. “Mr. Graham?”

Damian still hadn’t set her down, and she seemed to have forgotten she was in his arms. He nodded. “The person who met her challenge... It was Zachary.”

“Why would he do that?” Scarlett asked, puzzled.

Damian gave a faint, knowing smile. “My guess? Because he’s into her.”

Scarlett fell into thought. She had no idea Zachary was in love with Claire, or when he’d even developed feelings for her.

Still, if Damian was saying this, it couldn’t be groundless.

Scarlett processed this, then simply said, “Oh.”

Finally noticing their position, she began to squirm. “You can put me down now.”

Once her feet were firmly on the ground, she said, “I need to go find Claire.”

Damian didn’t mind her pulling away. He just smiled, and before she could react, he took her hand.

“Let’s go meet Zachary. He should have found her by now.”

He led her to his car, opening the passenger door for her.

Scarlett glanced back at her wrecked vehicle—the crumpled hood, the layer of dust and debris. “My car...” she said reluctantly.

Damian gently nudged her into the seat, leaned over to buckle her seatbelt, then straightened up with a reassuring smile. “Don’t worry about it. I’ll get you a new one.”

Scarlett wasn’t really thinking about a new car. Her only concern was Claire’s safety, so she let the comment pass.

Once Damian was in the driver’s seat, he called Zachary. The car was quiet enough for Scarlett to hear Zachary’s voice—hoarse, strained, and clearly tense.

Her heart leaped into her throat.

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Chapter 388 Buried in Rubble and Tears

Damian, sensing the gravity, didn't press for details. "Where are you now?" he asked.

"At Ms. Wright's apartment," Zachary replied.

Damian ended the call.

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Finished

The drive to Claire's neighborhood was filled with a tense silence. Scarlett's anxiety grew with every block.

When they arrived, Scarlett practically sprinted from the car to the building's entrance. Damian stayed close behind, a steadying presence.

On the tenth floor, as Scarlett rushed out of the elevator, she saw Claire's front door standing wide open. Zachary was framed in the doorway, his posture rigid.

From inside the apartment, she could hear the faint, muffled sound of Claire crying.

A fresh wave of fear gripped Scarlett, and she hurried forward.

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No Second Baby, No You, Only Divorce - Silent Dreams Never Die — 389[864 words]

Finished

Chapter 389 Claire's Shattered Aftermath

Reaching the doorway, she stopped. Peering inside, she saw Claire huddled on the sofa, wrapped in a bedsheet. She was curled into a tight ball, arms locked around herself, her body shaking with silent sobs. Her eyes stared vacantly into the distance, empty and dull.

Scarlett stepped inside and slowly approached. As she sat down on the edge of the sofa, the details became painfully clear—Claire’s hair was a tangled mess; angry bruises mottled her skin; her lip was split and bloody; dark blood was crusted under her fingernails.

Scarlett’s mind recoiled from imagining what had happened. She didn’t dare ask.

Instead, she gently reached out and placed a tentative hand over Claire’s. “Claire,” she whispered.

At the cool touch, Claire flinched violently. Her unfocused eyes darted to Scarlett’s face, but held no recognition. She began to scramble backward, her voice a broken whisper. “No... don’t come near. Get away... get away from me.”

Seeing her friend in this state twisted Scarlett’s heart. She tightened her grip on Claire’s hand. “Claire, it’s me. It’s Scarlett. Look at me. Please, look at me.”

Claire didn’t seem to hear. She shook her head wildly, hands flying up to cover her ears as fresh tears streamed down her face.

Scarlett pulled her into a firm embrace, holding her close, one hand rubbing soothing circles on her back. “Claire, what happened? Tell me what’s wrong,” she pleaded, her own voice thick with worry.

Claire didn’t answer, her breaths coming in ragged, heavy gasps. Just as Scarlett began to loosen her hold, concerned she was being too restrictive, Claire suddenly lunged forward and sank her teeth deep into Scarlett’s shoulder.

A sharp pain shot through her, but Scarlett stifled her cry.

Claire bit down with frightening force, as if she wanted to tear the flesh away.

When she finally released her jaw, she screamed at Scarlett, her voice raw and shattered, “You monster! You’re a monster!”

Tears now fell freely from Scarlett’s own eyes as she held her sobbing friend.

Outside the door, Damian, who had followed, heard everything. He exchanged a grave look with Zachary, whose face was a mask of anguish and guilt.

Damian stepped forward and placed a comforting hand on Zachary’s shoulder. The gesture

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Chapter 389 Claire’s Shattered Aftermath

said more than words could.

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Zachary turned to him, his expression tortured. “This is my fault,” he said, the words choked. “I let her walk into that. Elias... He humiliated her because of me.”

Damian opened his mouth to speak, but no adequate words came.

“I was too late,” Zachary continued, his voice dropping to a haunted whisper. “Just a few minutes earlier... if I’d been just a few minutes earlier, she wouldn’t be like this.”

Damian understood the crushing weight of that guilt. Knowing platitudes were useless, he simply asked, “What’s the plan now?”

Zachary took a deep, steadying breath. “I’ve already called Felix. We’re pressing charges. We’re taking this all the way.”

“We need to contain this,” Damian said, his tone practical but urgent. “If word gets out, Ms. Wright will bear the brunt of the scandal.”

Zachary nodded grimly. “I know.”

“Where’s Elias now?” Damian asked.

“He was gone by the time I got here. Ran off.”

Damian’s eyes

turned cold. “He won’t

get far.”

They waited outside for another half hour before Scarlett emerged from the bedroom.

She looked drained, her face pale and distant. A small, dark stain was slowly seeping through the fabric on her shoulder.

Seeing her, Damian moved quickly to her side. He wanted to ask about the wound, but held back. The cause was obvious—Claire. Under any other circumstance, he would have been furious, but now, Claire’s wellbeing took precedence.

Zachary also looked at her anxiously. “Is she... any calmer?”

Scarlett lifted her gaze to his. For a moment, it seemed she wanted to accuse him—to ask why he had lured Claire into that situation. But the words died on her lips.

What, truly, was Zachary's sin in this? The fault lay with Elias. Only with Elias.

After a silent internal struggle, she spoke, her voice unnervely calm. "Stay with her. Both of you. I'll be back soon."

Her composure was almost unsettling.

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Chapter 389 Claire's Shattered Aftermath

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"Where are you going?" Damian asked, concern etching his features.

"Claire says she wants slow-cooked pork shanks. I'm going to get them for her."

The answer was logical, yet it set off an alarm in Damian's mind. "Just stay with her, that's all. It's the middle of the night. I can make something here. Or I'll go with you."

Scarlett looked at him, her expression unwavering. "She was specific. It has to be from that shop."

Damian fell silent, conflicted.

"Then I'm coming with you," he insisted.

Scarlett shook her head, her gaze shifting meaningfully toward the bedroom door. "Claire needs someone here. I'm afraid... I'm afraid Elias might come back."

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No Second Baby, No You, Only Divorce - Silent Dreams Never Die — 390[951 words]

Chapter 390 A Knife and a Promise

Finished

Damian wanted to argue that Zachary was perfectly capable of handling things alone, but Scarlett was already walking away, heading straight for the elevator.

He watched her retreating back, a persistent sense of dread coiling in his gut.

Zachary, too, had picked up on Scarlett's odd demeanor. "Go after her, Damian," he urged quietly. "I've got things covered here."

Freed from his hesitation, Damian immediately took off after her.

By the time he reached the street outside the apartment complex, he saw Scarlett sliding into the back seat of a taxi.

He was too late to stop her. The car pulled away from the curb.

But it wasn't heading south toward the part of the city she'd mentioned. It was going north.

In that moment, Damian's suspicion was confirmed—she had lied.

Without a second thought, he flagged down the next cab. "Follow that car," he instructed the driver.

After a thirty-minute drive, the taxi ahead stopped at the entrance of a residential complex.

Scarlett got out and began walking toward the gates, blending with a few other residents returning home.

Just before she could pass through, Damian caught up and grabbed her arm, pulling her back.

“What do you think you’re doing?” he demanded, his voice tight with a mix of anger and fear.

Scarlett turned, momentarily startled to see him. She quickly schooled her features into an expression of innocent confusion. “I’m not doing anything.”

Damian’s gaze was sharp enough to cut glass. “You said you were going to the south side for pork shanks. This is the north side.”

Scarlett glanced around vaguely, as if noticing her surroundings for the first time. “Oh. I... I must have gotten the directions mixed up.”

Damian didn’t buy the act for a second. He didn’t care about wrong turns or mixed-up addresses. He tightened his grip on her arm. “You’re coming back with me. Now.”

“I’m not going back,” Scarlett retorted, trying to pull her arm free. “You go if you want to.”

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Chapter 390 A Knife and a Promise

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Finished

Her defiance made her intentions perfectly clear. She had come here deliberately.

Damian released her hand, his expression turning grave. “Scarlett. Tell me the truth. What is this about?”

“Why can’t you just stop interfering?” she shouted, her composure finally cracking.

The outburst stunned Damian, but he reached for her hand again, more gently this time. “Let’s go. Please.”

She resisted, pulling back. In the brief struggle, a small folding knife she’d concealed in her sleeve clattered onto the pavement.

They both looked down. Scarlett lunged to grab it, but Damian was faster, placing his foot firmly on top of it.

Now he understood completely.

His brow furrowed in dismay. "Why are you carrying a knife?"

That was the final straw for Scarlett. All the tension in her body snapped. "Because Elias is an animal!" she screamed, her voice breaking. "He deserves to die! I'm going to find him and cut him so he can never hurt anyone again!"

Damian grabbed both her hands, holding them firmly. "And after you do that, what happens to you?"

"I'll turn myself in," she said, the words rushing out as if she'd rehearsed them.

"And what about me?" Damian pressed, his voice low and intense. "What happens to me then?"

Scarlett shook her head, tears streaming down her face. "I don't know."

Holding the knife, she really had believed she could go through with it. But deep down, she knew she didn't have the stomach for such violence,

Still, she had come. Even if all she did was scream at him or slap his face, she needed to feel she was standing up for Claire.

Seeing her so utterly broken, a fierce ache gripped Damian's heart. He pulled her into a tight embrace, pressing her head against his chest. "Trust me," he murmured into her hair, his voice soft but firm. "I'll make sure he pays. Properly."

Scarlett trembled with rage and grief. "Even if he's locked away forever, it won't give Claire back what he took!"

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Chapter 390 A Knife and a Promise

Finished

"I know," Damian said, his large hand gently stroking her hair. "I know it won't. But please, trust me to handle this."

Hearing the steady certainty in his voice, Scarlett's frantic energy began to drain fight left her body, leaving only exhaustion. Finally, she whispered a faint, "Okay."

Once she was calm, Damian guided her back to Claire's apartment.

As they reached the door, the sound of Claire's weeping spilled into the hallway.

away. The

Inside, Zachary was holding her, his voice a constant, low murmur. "It's over... You have to stop punishing yourself. Please."

Claire wasn't listening. "Let go of me. Just go away."

Zachary only held her tighter. "I'm not going anywhere."

Her cries grew more desperate. "Please... just leave me alone for a little while. Is that too much to ask?"

Hearing this from the doorway, Scarlett took a deep, steadying breath and walked in.

On the way back, she had indeed made a detour to the south side.

She held up a takeout bag. "Claire, look. I got the slow-cooked pork shanks you like from that place. Do you want to try some?"

But the sight of Scarlett seemed to have the opposite effect. Instead of calming down, Claire became more hysterical. "Get out!" she screamed, her voice raw and shattered. "All of you, just get out!"

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No Second Baby, No You, Only Divorce - Silent Dreams Never Die — 391[778 words]

Chapter 391 Intervention and a Harsh Truth

Scarlett froze for a second, then asked nervously, “You won’t even let me stay?”

“Get out!” Claire shouted, her voice rising. “All of you—out!”

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Finished

Seeing there was no reasoning with her, Scarlett turned to Zachary. “Mr. Graham, maybe we should give Claire some space.”

They all filed out of the room, leaving Claire alone inside.

Standing in the living room, Scarlett paced anxiously. She couldn’t just leave Claire by herself—

not in that state.

After a moment’s hesitation, she carefully pushed the bedroom door open again.

The scene inside made her gasp. “Claire! What are you doing?!”

Claire was clutching a knife, slashing desperately at her own arm. Blood had already begun to stream down.

Without thinking, Scarlett rushed forward and grabbed the blade bare-handed.

She held on tightly, ignoring the sharp pain slicing through her palm, afraid Claire would try to snatch it back. Blood dripped steadily between her fingers, splattering onto the floor.

Claire looked up, startled. “Scarlett, let go!”

“No,” Scarlett said firmly, her voice thick with emotion.

Tears welled in Claire’s eyes, her face twisted in anguish. “Just let me do this... What’s left for me to live for anyway?”

“You have me,” Scarlett said, her own eyes burning. “If you’re gone, what am I supposed to do? How could I go on?”

Damian and Zachary hurried into the room, both wearing worried expressions. Seizing the moment, Zachary added gently, “I’m here for you too.”

A faint, disdainful snort came from Damian.

His attention was fixed on Scarlett's bleeding hand, and his tone toward Claire turned cold.

"If you want to die, fine. But think it through—Elias will walk free. No one will fight for you then. And out of everyone here, the only one who'll really mourn you is Scarlett. I won't shed a single tear."

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Chapter 391 Intervention and a Harsh Truth

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His words struck a nerve. Claire flinched as if slapped.

Scarlett shot Damian an angry look. "Damian, that's enough."

Zachary understood what Damian was trying to do, but worried his harsh approach might only make things worse.

Claire's grip on the knife hadn't loosened, and Scarlett's hand continued to bleed.

Ignoring Scarlett, Damian raised his voice. "Instead of turning the knife on your best friend, why not use that energy to build a case against Elias? Make sure he gets the sentence he deserves. If I were you, he'd be in handcuffs already—not me sitting here crying and hurting the people who care about me. If I was going out, I'd take him down with me—"

Scarlett couldn't stop Damian from pouring fuel on the fire. She could only watch Claire closely, hoping some of his harsh words would get through.

Unpalatable as his words were, there was truth to them.

Claire stared blankly ahead, as if dazed, but something in her expression shifted. Slowly, her fingers relaxed their grip.

Scarlett quickly pulled the knife away.

In the same moment, Damian stepped forward and took Scarlett's injured hand, holding it firmly in his.

He looked back at Claire, his voice low but clear. “Remember, only the living have a chance to change things. If you’re dead, it’s over.”

Then he led Scarlett out of the room. She followed unsteadily, her steps shaky.

He didn’t slow down until they were in the elevator, then out of the building and into the nearby urgent care clinic. Inside, he had a doctor clean and bandage Scarlett’s hand.

Sitting in the treatment room, Scarlett winced as the antiseptic stung her wound, letting out a soft gasp.

Damian’s chest tightened seeing her in pain, but his words came out sharp. “If you’re going to be reckless, you’d better be ready to handle the consequences.”

Scarlett looked up, glaring. “Damian, you—

He met her gaze, his expression stern. “If you want to protect someone, you have to protect yourself first.”

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Chapter 391 Intervention and a Harsh Truth

Scarlett fell silent, dropping her eyes in quiet acknowledgment.

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After the doctor finished, Damian went to handle the bill. They walked out of the clinic without speaking, the air still tense between them.

Once outside, Damian moved a little closer. His voice softened slightly. “Are you mad?”

Scarlett shook her head. “No. I was just thinking... you were right.”

She wasn’t just saying it—he could tell she meant it. He decided to leave it there, not wanting to push her further.

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No Second Baby, No You, Only Divorce - Silent Dreams Never Die — 392[708 words]

Chapter 392 A Proposal and a Painful Glance

He decided to switch topics. “Ms. Wright should be alright with Zachary there.”

Scarlett gave a quiet nod. “Yeah.”

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Finished

They walked side by side in silence for a long while. Finally, Damian couldn’t take it anymore. He stopped and turned to her. “New Year’s is coming up. My mom wants you to come over.”

Scarlett tensed up immediately. “My grad school exams are right around then. Please thank your mom for me, but I really can’t.”

Damian saw right through her excuse. “Exams are the 25th. New Year’s **is** the 1st. They don’t conflict.”

She knew he was stubborn. Not wanting to argue, she dodged, “We’ll see when it gets closer.”

He wasn’t letting her off that easy. “If you don’t show up, I’ll come get you myself.”

Scarlett fell silent, choosing not to reply.

They continued walking until cheers erupted ahead of them. A crowd had gathered, bathed in shifting colored lights, everyone noisy and excited.

Curious, they moved forward and edged into the group. From the top of the riverwalk stairs, they looked down onto the sandy bank below, where an elaborate proposal was underway.

A sea of pink roses covered the sand. A large screen displayed a photo montage of the couple, while balloons and ribbons danced in the breeze.

The man was walking toward his girlfriend, who stood waiting in the flowers, a massive bouquet of roses in his arms.

When she accepted them, he picked up a microphone. Encouraged by cheers from friends and family, he poured his heart out.

“Babe, standing here tonight, you might think I’m being impulsive, or maybe even a little awkward. But I didn’t want to wait any longer. I need to tell you—I love you. I want to marry you. I want to build a simple, happy life with you.

“Will you marry me?”

The crowd below erupted. “Say yes! Say yes!”

The woman, blushing deeply, finally nodded as everyone cheered. “Yes. I will.”

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Chapter 392 A Proposal and a Painful Glance

He slid the ring onto her finger, and they shared a long, tender kiss.

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Watching the entire scene from above, Scarlett felt her eyes grow hot. Tears traced quiet paths down her cheeks.

It made her think of her five-year marriage to Vincent. She had given everything, while he had never offered a single surprise, not a hint of romance. Their relationship hadn’t even been a fair exchange.

Damian noticed her crying. He leaned closer, his voice low. “Why the tears? Yours will be better one day. A hundred times better.”

Scarlett wiped her face and turned to suggest they leave—only to lock eyes with Vincent across the dispersing crowd.

He stood among the onlookers, his gaze fixed on her. Across the distance, they stared at one another.

Scarlett's face was still streaked with tears, her expression heavy with old hurt. Vincent's eyes, in contrast, were calm and detached, as if she were a stranger.

Noticing Scarlett's stillness, Damian followed her line of sight.

The moment he saw Vincent, his guard went up. Instinctively, he stepped in front of her, blocking her view.

Even that didn't feel like enough. He wrapped a protective arm around Scarlett's waist, pulling her firmly against his side. It was a clear, silent statement—she was with him now.

Vincent saw it all. He didn't react with anger, only a faint, disdainful curl of his lip.

Scarlett didn't pull away from Damian, but her eyes remained on Vincent. She saw the mockery in his expression, sharp as a knife twisting inside her.

The proposal had ended, and people were starting to drift away.

Just then, Daniel walked over from a distance. Reaching Vincent, he too noticed Scarlett and Damian. The air grew tense.

Daniel had been about to speak, but seeing the pair, he hesitated. As the crowd thinned, his eyes lingered pointedly on Damian's arm around Scarlett's waist.

He raised his voice just enough to be heard clearly. "So, Vincent... when are you planning to propose to Sabrina?"

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No Second Baby, No You, Only Divorce - Silent Dreams Never Die — 393[733 words]

Vincent understood exactly what Daniel was doing—he saw the whole performance.

Before Vincent could even respond, Daniel kept pushing. "I heard you've been scouting locations?"

Vincent gave a slight nod. "Yeah."

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His tone was flat, his voice not particularly loud, but it carried clearly enough for Scarlett and Damian to hear.

That simple “Yeah” caught Daniel off guard. His curiosity grew. “So, what’s the plan? When are you popping the question?”

Initially, Daniel had just been showing off for Scarlett’s benefit. But these next questions came from genuine nosiness.

Vincent shook his head. “Haven’t decided yet.”

Hearing that, Daniel realized Vincent was serious about proposing. He warmed up, offering eagerly, “Need any help planning? I’m great at this stuff.”

Vincent declined with a faint smile. “No, thanks. I’ll handle it.”

A twinge of something—maybe envy—pinched Daniel’s heart, but he kept his tone light and impressed. “Man, you’re really going all out for Sabrina. Never seen you like this before.”

Vincent didn’t reply, letting the silence hang.

Nearby, Scarlett and Damian had heard every word. As Vincent finally stopped talking, Damian couldn’t hold back a low scoff. “Some people have no shame.”

Daniel’s temper was quick to flare. He spun around, “Damian, who the hell are you talking about?”

Damian didn’t back down, sneering, “Whoever feels guilty, I guess,”

Furious, Daniel rolled up his sleeves and started forward, ready for a fight.

Damian wasn’t intimidated. He stepped up to meet him, the two now standing chest-to-chest.

Up close, Damian curled his lip and muttered, “Lapdog.”

Daniel’s eyes narrowed dangerously. “You looking for trouble?” he growled, his voice low.

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Chapter 393 Provocation

He drew his fist back, ready to swing.

Damian braced himself, muscles tensing.

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Finished

Seeing things escalate, Scarlett quickly stepped forward. She tugged at Damian's arm. "Damian, don't. If a dog bites you, you don't bite it back."

Damian paused, glancing down at her.

Scarlett met his and nodded. "Let's just go

gaze

home."

He clearly hated backing down, but starting a brawl here—especially with Vincent wouldn't end well for anyone.

present-

Just as Daniel was primed to throw the first punch, Scarlett's intervention stalled him. Frustrated, he spat her way, "You're still such a piece of work!"

Damian's expression darkened immediately, but Scarlett moved in front of him first. Her voice was low but sharp as she addressed Daniel. "And what does that make you? Any better? I used to consider you a friend. I remembered your favorite food, your drink orders. And how did you repay that? Is that how a decent person acts?"

Daniel was momentarily speechless. "You—" he stammered.

Scarlett didn't flinch from his anger. "I can say, without a doubt, I never did anything to wrong you," she shot back, her voice rising. "Can you say the same?"

It was true—Scarlett had gone out of her way for Daniel in the past.

Back then, Daniel had told himself it was just her way of cozying up to him for information about Vincent, so he'd never truly valued her kindness, dismissing it as mere brown-nosing.

But regardless of her motives, the fact remained—she had been good to him.

Daniel fumbled for a retort, coming up empty. He turned to Vincent instead. “Vincent, are you just going to stand there?”

Before Vincent could speak, Scarlett cut in, “What’s he going to do? He’s no better. You’re two of

a kind.”

Daniel was seething now. “You’re a real-” he started, but Vincent grabbed his arm, cutting him

off.

“Sabrina’s waiting,” Vincent said, his voice calm. “No point in this. Let’s go.”

Daniel wanted to argue further, but after a tense moment, he shut his mouth. Still, he shot Scarlett a few final, venomous glares before turning away.

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Chapter 393 Provocation

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Finished

Watching him, Damian warned, “Keep looking at her like that, and I’ll make sure you can’t.”

Daniel didn’t reply, only let out a contemptuous snort.

As he started to leave with Vincent, Damian made a move as if to follow, but Scarlett quickly caught his hand.

“Damian,” she said firmly, “it’s not worth it.”

Hearing her, Damian reluctantly let the tension drain from his shoulders and stayed put.

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Chapter 394 Misplaced Assumptions

Once she saw he had settled down, Scarlett said, “Let’s head back then.”

Damian gave a terse nod. “Yeah.”

Meanwhile, Vincent and Daniel rejoined Sabrina, who was dabbing at her moved by the proposal she’d witnessed.

56

Finished

eyes,

still visibly

Daniel’s foul mood evaporated the instant he saw her. A wide, affectionate grin spread across his face.

As he got closer and noticed her teary eyes, he couldn’t resist teasing her. “Getting this emotional over someone else’s proposal? What are you going to do when it’s your turn? Turn into a complete puddle?”

Sabrina turned to him, feigning annoyance. “Oh, so you’re making fun of me now?” she said, playfully swatting at his arm.

Daniel dodged the light hit, prompting Sabrina to stomp her foot in mock frustration. “Three... two...”

Before she could reach “one“, Daniel sighed in surrender and stood still. “Come on, Sabrina, I’m not making fun of you,” he explained, his tone softening. “I just think you’re adorable when you’re touched.”

Satisfied, Sabrina reached up and pinched his cheek. “You’re such a smooth talker.”

Daniel winced but didn’t pull away, a sense of contentment washing over him. A red mark bloomed where she’d pinched him, the surrounding skin flushing slightly.

Seeing his reddened cheek, Sabrina couldn’t help but smile.

Vincent watched their familiar banter with detached calm, feeling no particular way about their closeness.

Once their little exchange settled, he asked Sabrina, “Did you manage to record the whole thing earlier?”

She turned her attention to him and nodded. “Yes, got all of it. It was really beautiful.”

They had stumbled upon the proposal during their walk, and it was Sabrina who had suggested they go down for a closer look. Captivated by the romantic scene, she’d decided to film it.

Just then, Harris walked up to the group. He seemed to have bought something, carefully tucking it into his pants pocket as he approached.

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Chapter 394 Misplaced Assumptions

56

Finished

Noticing his secretive manner, Daniel’s curiosity was piqued. “What’s with the mystery, Harris? Got a little secret? Or maybe a little crush?” he prodded with a grin.

At his words, Sabrina instinctively glanced over, a faint blush coloring her cheeks.

Having been around Vincent’s circle for years, she was well aware of Daniel’s feelings for her. She had assumed, perhaps, that Harris might feel similarly.

Hearing the tease, Harris paused mid-step before continuing toward them. Once he stopped, he offered Daniel a casual smile. “Just took a walk around the block. Saw a quirky little trinket and bought it on impulse.”

Daniel stepped forward, making a playful grab for the pocket. Harris swiftly sidestepped, shielding it protectively.

His evasiveness only fueled Daniel's interest. "What is it, seriously? Just show us!"

Harris kept his hand over the pocket. "It's nothing special."

Daniel squinted at him, his gossip-mode fully engaged. "What, is it really for a secret crush or something?"

"None of your business," Harris retorted with a light scoff.

Daniel looked at him with exaggerated surprise. "Wait, do you actually have someone you like?"

Annoyed but amused, Harris finally muttered, "Yeah. Maybe."

Hearing the admission, Daniel slung an arm around Harris' shoulders. "Who is it? Do I know her?"

Vincent and Sabrina had been following the conversation. Vincent wasn't one for gossip, but he'd never heard Harris mention liking anyone before, so his interest was mildly piqued.

Sabrina watched Harris with heightened curiosity, convinced he wouldn't reveal the name— after all, how could he admit to liking his best friend's girl?

Then, she heard Harris answer Daniel. "Not telling. At least, not until I actually have a chance with her. I'll let everyone know then."

Harris was being unusually tight-lipped, so Daniel finally dropped it, turning instead to Vincent to complain. "Vincent, look at Harris, keeping secrets from us now,"

Vincent offered a faint smile and looked at Harris. "I genuinely haven't heard you talk about anyone before. You must be pretty serious this time."

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Chapter 394 Misplaced Assumptions

56

Finished

The tips of Harris' ears turned pink. He nodded. "Yeah. She's... she's just really captivating. Even the way she gets annoyed is kind of cute."

Upon hearing that description, Sabrina—who had been quietly basking in the assumption of being a secret object of affection—suddenly looked up.

She stared at Harris, a slow realization dawning—the person he was talking about probably wasn’t her at all.

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Chapter 395 A Revelation and a Desperate Plea

56

Finished

In front of Vincent and the others, she had always been the picture of sweetness and good manners. When had she ever cursed at anyone?

Vincent wasn’t as nosy as Daniel, who always had to dig for every detail. He simply gave Harris a faint, knowing smile. “Good for you.”

Harris sighed, his shoulders slumping slightly. “Don’t congratulate me yet. I’m not sure I can win her over.”

Hearing his dejected tone, Daniel scoffed. “What woman could be so blind not to see how great you are?”

A soft, private smile touched Harris’ lips. “She’s... different.”

Daniel rolled his eyes, clearly done with the topic.

Sabrina, however, stood slightly apart, feeling strangely unsettled by Harris’ words.

The person he described didn't seem to be her at all. But that didn't make sense—what other woman was even in his orbit?

Down below, the successful proposal culminated in a release of balloons. Dozens of colorful orbs rose from the ground, climbing higher and higher until they drifted like distant stars against the night sky. It was a beautiful sight that captivated most of the onlookers.

But Sabrina was too preoccupied to care for the romance. She glanced over at Harris, who was standing a short distance away. Carefully, she sidled closer.

Pretending it was an accident, she let her arm brush lightly against his,

Feeling the contact, Harris turned quickly. When he saw it was Sabrina, he took a subtle but definite step back.

“Sabrina,” he murmured, keeping his voice low, “you just bumped into me. If Vincent saw, he might get the wrong idea.”

Sabrina stared at him, momentarily thrown. “Oh... sorry,” she finally managed.

Harris didn't quite meet her eyes, his tone polite but distant. “It's fine.” With that, he shifted his stance, putting even more space between them.

At that moment, Sabrina felt almost certain—the person Harris liked was definitely not her.

The celebration below was lively and bright, its romantic energy even pulling Vincent's

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Chapter 395 A Revelation and a Desperate Plea

Finished

attention. Of their group of four, only Sabrina stood disconnected, her thoughts elsewhere.

After watching the last of the balloons vanish, Vincent instinctively looked for Sabrina. Seeing her standing alone with a troubled expression, he walked over. "Are you feeling okay?"

Sabrina turned, forcing a small smile. "Just a little tired."

Vincent took her arm gently. "It's cold out. Let's head back."

"Okay," she agreed.

He led her out of the lingering crowd. Daniel, who had lost interest once Sabrina left, trailed behind, his own mood subdued.

Only Harris remained fully absorbed in the scene, a quiet smile on his face as if imagining a future moment of his own.

Vincent drove them back to Ravensshade Villa. He had just parked and stepped out of the driver's seat when a dark figure rushed from the shadows near the entrance.

Before Vincent could react, the man grabbed his arms, his voice panicked and trembling. "Vincent, it's Damian... he's lost his mind. He's... he's..."

Just then, Sabrina got out of the passenger side. As she shut the car door, she peered at the frantic figure. "Luke?" she asked tentatively.

Hearing her voice, Luke instantly recoiled, shrinking back into the unlit shadows. He looked utterly disheveled, and clearly didn't want his "goddess" to see him in such a state.

Sabrina took a curious step forward. "Luke, what's wrong?"

He turned his face toward the wall, holding a hand out in her direction as if to stop her approach. "Sabrina, I'm... I'm fine," he stammered; struggling to steady his voice.

Sabrina looked like she wanted to press further, but Vincent turned and called to her. "Sabrina, go on inside. I need to talk with Luke alone."

Reluctantly, she nodded. "Alright."

Once Sabrina was gone, Vincent got back into the car. He looked at Luke's hunched back. "Get

in."

Luke glanced around, ensuring Sabrina was out of sight, then quickly slipped into the passenger seat.

Vincent started the engine and pulled away from Ravensshade Villa. He didn't stop until they reached a secluded stretch of road on the outskirts of town. Rolling down the window, he

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Chapter 395 A Revelation and a Desperate Plea

pulled a cigarette from the pack on the dashboard and lit it.

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Finished

Exhaling a slow stream of smoke, he finally turned to Luke. "What did Damian do?"

Luke faced him, swallowing hard. His voice shook. "He cut off Naomi's right hand."

Vincent took a long drag, his expression turning grim in the dim glow of the dashboard lights. The smoke curled around his features. He raised an eyebrow slightly. "And then?"

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No Second Baby, No You, Only Divorce - Silent Dreams Never Die — 396[837 words]

Chapter 396 Confrontation and Haunting Memories

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Finished

Luke's face was slick with sweat, his expression a mix of panic and dread. "Vincent, you have to help me," he pleaded, his voice shaky. "Naomi told Damian everything. He's not going to let this go."

Vincent abruptly flicked his cigarette out the window. When he turned, his eyes were intense. "Then why didn't you think about the consequences before doing something so stupid?"

The scolding made Luke's stomach drop. "I didn't know!" he blurted out defensively. "How was I supposed to know Damian cared about that woman more than his own life?"

Vincent's expression remained unsettlingly calm. "Even an outsider values her that much. And you? She was my wife for five years. How could you hire someone to assault her?"

Luke froze as if struck, staring at Vincent in stunned silence.

A long moment passed before a bitter, humorless laugh escaped him. "Isn't that what you taught us?" he shot back, his voice rising. "When did you ever show her an ounce of care? If you had, even for a second, Daniel and I wouldn't have treated her like that. Let's be honest—arent you the one who set the example?"

His words hit their mark, sharp as needles. Vincent was quiet for a beat before replying, low and firm, "I never laid a hand on her."

Luke's laugh turned colder, more scornful. "Oh, big deal, you didn't hit her. Your indifference, your neglect—that's what cuts deeper. You're the one who slowly killed the cheerful, lively woman she used to be, the one who was always around trying to be part of this family."

A flash of anger crossed Vincent's features. He turned his head sharply, glaring at Luke. "Get out of the car. Go back to your dorm."

In that moment, Luke seemed past fear. "Scarlett loving you was the biggest mistake of her life," he stated flatly.

Then he shoved the car door open and climbed out, slamming it shut with a force that made the whole vehicle shudder.

The loud bang echoed in the sudden quiet. Vincent sat alone in the driver's seat for a long moment. Despite his harshness, he pulled out his phone and called Abbott.

When his assistant answered, Vincent's instructions were concise. "Put someone on Luke. Watch Damian too. The moment Damian makes a move toward him, intervene. I don't want Luke hurt."

"Understood, Mr. Stewart."

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Chapter 396 Confrontation and Haunting Memories

After ending the call, Vincent drove back to Ravensshade Villa.

That night, after he finally fell asleep, Vincent dreamt of Scarlett.

It was the first time he had dreamed of her since their marriage ended.

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Finished

In the dream, she was always smiling warmly, and the texts she sent were filled with a hopeful, persistent affection.

“Vincent, does this color look good on me?”

“Vincent, what do you think of this hair clip?”

“Vincent, I saw the neighbor’s cat today. It was so sweet—it even reached its paw out to me.”

“I’ve run a bath for you. It’s ready.”

“Should I make oatmeal or toast for breakfast tomorrow?”

“Will you be home for dinner tonight?”

“Could you... spend a little more time with me? But if you’re busy, it’s... it’s okay.”

“The baby kicked today. I don’t think he’s heard his daddy’s voice in months.”

“Vincent, my water broke. Can you come? I want you to be the first to hold him.”

“I’m so worn out. Can you come help me with Vanessa?”

“Vincent, Vanessa said ‘daddy’ today. Will you come hear her?”

“Vanessa’s first tooth came in.”

“Vincent, I’m so tired. Can’t you really come back?”

Beyond the cascade of messages, other scenes played out in his dream.

She always woke before him to make breakfast, iron his suits and dress shirts, pick out his ties, polish his shoes, and pack his briefcase.

When he came home from work, she was always at the door first, taking his briefcase from his hand. “You must be tired,” she’d say softly. “I made the chicken noodle soup you like. Let me get you a bowl.”

When he worked late, she would slip quietly into the study with a cup of warm milk. “Don’t overdo it,” she’d whisper. “It can wait till tomorrow.”

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Chapter 396 Confrontation and Haunting Memories

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Finished

After Vanessa was born, Scarlett moved their daughter’s crib to the first-floor guest room so their crying newborn wouldn’t disturb his sleep or concentration.

In their intimate moments, she gave herself completely, anxious about his comfort, his satisfaction.

Afterwards, she would gently clean him with a towel, then curl against his side and ask, softly, “Was it good for you?”

Usually, Vincent would just light a cigarette and lean back against the headboard, his mind already drifting—to work, or to thoughts of Sabrina.

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No Second Baby, No You, Only Divorce - Silent Dreams Never Die — 397[801 words]

Awakened Housewife: Ignore Betrayer's Begs

Chapter 397 A Midnight Call

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He had never once answered her question, though.

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Finished

Even though she'd often be sore for a day or two afterward, she always prioritized his pleasure. Even when clearly uncomfortable, she went along, letting him explore and take what he wanted.

Dreaming of all this now, Vincent felt as if he were drowning, weighed down in deep water, lacking the strength to push back to the surface. He struggled in his sleep, his breathing growing labored, until he jolted awake with a start.

The suffocating heaviness slowly receded, but it left behind a hollow, aching emptiness. His hand moved instinctively to the other side of the bed, finding only cold, undisturbed sheets.

He and Scarlett hadn't shared a bed often, yet in that moment, the loneliness felt acute and

strange.

The room was dim. Vincent stared into the darkness, the pressure on his chest refusing to lift. He rolled over, and the sudden glow of his phone screen caught his eye.

Driven by the persistent ache inside, he picked up the phone and, without overthinking it, dialed Scarlett's number.

It rang twice before she answered. It was past two in the morning, yet she'd picked up so quickly.

Vincent didn't dwell on why. He just lowered his voice, softening it. "Were you asleep?"

Her reply was cool and distant. “What is it?”

The contrast to her old, attentive self was stark. She sounded like a stranger.

Vincent cleared his throat softly. “When will you be back? Maybe we could get a meal together sometime?”

“No need,” she refused flatly.

Hearing her tone, Vincent tried again, quicker this time. “Vanessa was asking for you. She wants to go see the snow, said she wants to build a snowman with you.”

Scarlett didn’t understand what he was playing at, but her answer remained firm. “I’m studying

exams. I don’t have time to go out and play.”

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With that, she seemed ready to hang up.

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Chapter 397 A Midnight Call

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Finished

But before she could, a distressed sound came from beside her—Claire, thrashing in the grip of another nightmare. She frowned in her sleep, crying out a terrified “No!”

Seeing this, Scarlett didn’t bother ending the call. She simply set the phone down and rushed over, her voice shifting to one of concern. “Claire? Claire, it’s okay. I’m here.”

On his end, Vincent held the phone, listening. A strange sense of relief washed over him, hearing she was with Claire. Yet, he found himself unwilling *to* hang up.

Hearing the soft, worried cadence of Scarlett's voice soothed that hollow feeling inside him, made it a little more bearable. He pressed the phone closer to his ear and, almost without thinking, the words slipped out, low and raw. "Scarlett... I miss you."

Meanwhile, after hanging up the phone, Scarlett went to check on Claire. She was having another nightmare, murmuring heartbreaking words under her breath.

Scarlett was focused on calming Claire, stroking her hair and whispering reassurances until her friend's breathing evened out and she sank back into sleep.

Only then did Scarlett remember the phone. Picking it up, she was startled to see the call was still connected—the timer showed they'd been on for over twenty minutes.

After a stunned moment, she brought it to her ear. "Vincent?" she whispered tentatively.

On the other end, Vincent, who had been listening to the quiet sounds of her movement, responded instantly, his voice oddly gentle. "Yeah. I'm here."

His tone threw her off. It held a softness she couldn't place, leaving her feeling disoriented. After a pause, she said, "If there's nothing else, I'm going to hang up."

Vincent, afraid she would, spoke quickly. "It just feels like it's been a long time since we just... shared a meal."

But as the last word left his lips, the distinct dial tone buzzed in his ear. She had already hung

1. up.

Scarlett, after saying she would end the call, had moved the phone away. She hadn't clearly heard his final sentence at all, only a muffled sound of him speaking.

Vincent lay on his side in the dark, staring at the now-black screen. A vague sense of loss settled over him, his thoughts drifting aimlessly.

Almost unconsciously, he opened his text messages and scrolled to his thread with Scarlett. He kept scrolling up, through a dense history that served as stark evidence of her once unwavering

devotion.

The more he read, the more he felt the finality of her change.

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Awakened Housewife Ignore Betrayer's Begs

Chapter

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No Second Baby, No You, Only Divorce - Silent Dreams Never Die — 398[774 words]

398 A Request

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Vincent thought for a moment before asking, “Was your mom good to you?”

Vanessa considered the question seriously, then answered, “I forget.”

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Finished

Her response gave him pause. He looked down at her, his tone gentle but earnest. “Vanessa, tell me the truth. Was she ever good to you?”

Instead of answering, Vanessa buried her face in his chest.

Seeing her reluctance, Vincent softly reminded her, “You used to say she was the best person in the world to you. You said you’d always stay with her.”

She had indeed said those things. But time had a way of shifting everything.

At his words, Vanessa’s eyes welled up. Memories of Scarlett’s kindness and all the loving things she’d said came rushing back with startling clarity.

Tears began to trace down her cheeks. Still, she clung to Vincent. “Daddy, let’s not think about Mommy anymore,” she whispered, her voice muffled. “That was all a long time ago. Now we have Sabrina.”

Hearing her say it, some of the tightness in Vincent's chest eased. He stroked her hair. "You're right," he said softly. "With Sabrina, things will be better for us."

The next morning, after getting ready, Vincent asked Lily to take over with Vanessa. When he came downstairs, Xavier was already in the living room.

Lily had set out breakfast. Xavier was eating while reading the morning paper—people of his generation preferred the feel of newsprint to screens, and this ritual was a fixed part of his day.

Hearing footsteps on the stairs, Xavier peered over his glasses. Seeing Vincent, he set the paper down. "Come here. I want to talk to you."

Vincent acknowledged him and walked to the dining table.

After sitting down, Xavier picked up his paper again, feigning casualness. "Scarlett hasn't been home in quite a while, has she?"

Vincent took a sip of his coffee. "No, she hasn't."

Xavier folded the newspaper shut and turned to him. "Whatever the situation, she should come home, don't

you think?"

He continued, a note of gruff pride in his voice, "Am I, an old man, not even allowed to be

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Chapter 398 A Request

upset?"

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Finished

All this time, Xavier had chalked up Scarlett's refusal to come home to the fact that he'd never gone to visit her. When he'd learned about the terminated pregnancy, he had been furious—a feeling that still lingered.

He hadn't expected that even after leaving the hospital, she wouldn't return to Ravensshade. Villa.

Vincent listened without offering an explanation. He simply said, “I understand.”

Having vented, Xavier could only sigh in resignation. “Pick her up for dinner tonight. I have things to say to her.”

Just as Xavier finished speaking, Vincent set down his empty coffee cup. He wiped his mouth with a napkin and stood. “Alright. I’ll bring her tonight.”

At 5:30 that afternoon, Vincent’s call came through on Scarlett’s phone right on time.

Seeing his name on the screen, Scarlett froze for a second. She was in the middle of rinsing vegetables in the kitchen, one hand occupied. She initially thought about letting it go to voicemail, but then it rang again.

Still Vincent.

After a moment’s hesitation, she dried her hands on a dish towel and answered.

His calm voice came through. “Aren’t you off work yet?”

Off work? She was puzzled for a few seconds before replying with quiet sarcasm, “I’m not ‘at work’. How could I be ‘off’?”

Vincent sounded slightly confused. “So you’re at Theron Manor?”

Scarlett didn’t want to explain. “Sorry, that’s none of your concern,”

He didn’t take the bait. “Grandfather wants to see you. He said he has something to discuss.”

Scarlett didn’t bother with a reply this time. She simply ended the call.

Just as she put her phone away, a soft, weary call came from the bedroom. “Scarlett?”

She went straight in. Seeing Claire’s pale face, her heart clenched with a familiar ache.

She sat on the edge of the bed. Claire reached for her hand, eyes red-rimmed, and pleaded in a

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Chapter 398 A Request

fragile voice, “Could you... buy me a box of the morning-after pill?”

Finished

The request felt like a needle piercing straight through Scarlett’s heart. Looking at her friend in this state, her own tears threatened to fall.

Without a second thought, she squeezed Claire’s hand. “Okay,” she said, her voice thick. “I’ll go get it. Right now.”

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No Second Baby, No You, Only Divorce - Silent Dreams Never Die — 399[673 words]

Chapter 399 Pharmacy Confrontation

After leaving Claire’s apartment, Scarlett hurried to the pharmacy at the entrance of her complex.

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Finished

She bought the morning-after pill, paid quickly, and pushed through the doorway curtain to leave-only to find Vincent standing right in front of her.

He was so close she nearly walked into him. Startled, she instinctively stepped back.

Scarlett was in a rush. She shot him a brief glance and moved to step around him.

But Vincent shifted smoothly, blocking her path. His voice was low. "Come home with me. Grandfather is waiting."

If this were the old Scarlett, she might have conceded, at least a little. But not anymore. Her own needs came first now.

She looked up at him, her eyes cold. "Ravenshade Villa isn't my home."

His voice dropped further, a quiet warning. "I don't want to force you. But don't test my patience."

His tone didn't frighten her. "Move," she said sharply, and tried to brush past him toward Claire's building.

Before she could take two steps, Vincent's hand shot out and closed around her arm. His grip was firm, pulling her back easily.

As she stumbled backward, the small pharmacy box fell from her hand and clattered to the

pavement.

Vincent's eyes followed it. He glanced at Scarlett, then bent to pick it up.

She reached for it, but with her injured hand, she was no match for him.

Vincent picked up the box. Reading the label, his expression shifted instantly to understanding -and then to something icy.

He held the box tightly, his gaze turning hard. "You're taking this?" he asked, his voice rough.

Scarlett could see the misunderstanding in his eyes. She didn't feel like explaining. "Yes."

His eyes narrowed. "For whom?"

She met his stare, her tone deliberately provocative. "What's it to you?"

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Chapter 399 Pharmacy Confrontation

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Finished

Vincent didn't blink. He took a step forward; she took one back, until her shoulders met the brick wall behind her.

He stopped then, looming over her, his shadow swallowing her whole. "Is it Damian?" he asked, voice low and strained. "Nolan? Or is there someone new already?"

Contempt and mockery were plain on his face, his words meant to cut.

Scarlett's temper flared. "Vincent, that's enough. Stop imagining things."

He didn't back off. Instead, he leaned in closer, pinning her fully against the wall.

Leaning down, he cloaked her in an overwhelming sense of pressure in an instant. Fury radiated off him, and his voice was sharp with irritation. "Answer me—who was this medicine for?"

Scarlett shrank into the corner, unable to look up, too drained to struggle. She trembled, feeling trapped and helpless.

Then, from down the street, came the sound of rapid, heavy footsteps approaching.

Scarlett recognized that stride—it was Damian.

Her heart jumped. She knew, with sudden certainty, that help had arrived.

Damian came up the steps from the sidewalk. Without breaking stride, he reached Vincent's side, took Scarlett's arm, and pulled her firmly out from Vincent's shadow, placing himself squarely between them.

He faced Vincent, eyes locked, a look of sheer defiance in his gaze. "Answer what?" he challenged.

Vincent knew Damian was provoking him, but he didn't rise to anger. Instead, a cold smile touched his lips. "Quite the white knight, Mr. Langley. We're not even divorced yet, and you're already lining up to be next?"

Damian didn't deny it. He grinned, unabashed. "Yeah. And I've been waiting a long time."

Unlike others, Damian had never cared about his reputation.

Vincent's smile froze, then twisted into a sneer. "What if I never grant the divorce?"

Before Damian could respond, Scarlett stirred behind him, ready to speak. Damian gently pushed her back, keeping her shielded.

He turned his attention back to Vincent, his tone casual, almost conversational. “Then I’ll be the

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21:01 **Wed, Jan 14**

Awakened Housewife Ignore Betrayer’s Begs

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No Second Baby, No You, Only Divorce - Silent Dreams Never Die — 400[786 words]

The fury building inside Vincent felt like a physical weight, heavy and constricting.

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Finished

He met Damian’s gaze and fired back, “How long has it been since she had that surgery? **Are you** trying to put her in more danger?”

Damian’s expression darkened. “Don’t pretend to care now. I look out for her better than you ever did.”

Vincent let out a derisive snort. “Oh really? If you look out for her so well, why did you let her come out alone to buy this?” He gestured vaguely with the box he still held.

Damian had no interest in justifying himself. “You don’t know the situation,” he stated flatly.

Scarlett had had enough. She was anxious to get back to Claire. Tugging at Damian’s sleeve, she said, “Let’s go. Don’t waste another second on him.”

With that, she started down the steps toward the curb. But as she passed Vincent, his hand shot out again, grasping her wrist.

Scarlett stopped and turned, meeting his eyes. His voice was low, carrying a final warning. "Scarlett, think carefully. If you walk away now, don't expect me to come asking again."

Her reply was immediate and icy. "My mind was made up a long time ago. The best thing for both of us is to never have anything to do with each other again."

She pulled her arm from his grip and didn't look back.

Vincent watched her walk away, and a sharp, unfamiliar pang struck his chest—a hollow, aching sensation he couldn't quite name.

Before getting into Damian's car, Scarlett paused, her hand on the door handle. She looked back at Vincent, who stood frozen by the pharmacy entrance. "The mandatory waiting period is almost over," she said, her voice clear and steady. "Once the divorce is final, we go our separate ways. Let's just wish each other well and stay out of each other's lives."

Then she *got* into the

passenger seat and closed the door.

As the car pulled into the apartment complex and parked, Scarlett noticed a faint, lingering smile on Damian's face. It wasn't a broad grin, but something quieter, more private,

Seeing him like this, she frowned in confusion. "What's wrong?"

Damian turned to look at her. Though he was smiling, his eyes held a sudden sheen of moisture.

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21:01 Wed, Jan 14

Chapter 400 Final Choice

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It took him a moment to speak, his voice unusually thick. “You finally kept your promise,” he said softly.

Scarlett was bewildered. She frowned. “Damian, I’ve never made you any promises. I didn’t even know you before that night in the rain—the night you gave me your coat and held the umbrella for me. That’s my first memory of you.”

She searched her mind but found no trace of any prior agreement.

Damian looked at her earnest confusion and didn’t seem upset. His smile just softened. He leaned closer, closing the space between them in the car. “It doesn’t matter if you remember,” he murmured. “As long as I do.”

Seeing his certainty, her frown deepened. “But Damian, I really don’t recall. Are you sure you have the right person? Could you be mistaking me for someone else?”

He leaned in even closer, until his forehead gently touched hers. “Then let it be a happy mistake,” he whispered, his warm breath brushing her skin. “Because you’re the only one I see.”

Scarlett froze, his features blurring in her vision from the proximity. In that moment, a strange, elusive feeling washed over her—a faint sense of familiarity, as if she had seen him somewhere before. But where? She couldn’t place it.

One thing she was sure of—she had never promised him anything.

Yet, with Claire waiting upstairs, she didn’t have time to dwell on the mystery.

Vincent returned to Ravensshade Villa alone, the encounter leaving a bitter aftertaste. Damian had taken her away, and the frustration still churned within him.

Before walking inside, he took a moment to school his features into neutrality.

When he entered, Lily had just finished setting the dinner table. Hearing the door, his grandfather Xavier set aside his newspaper and put on his reading glasses.

Xavier looked toward the foyer, his expectant gaze finding only Vincent. Lily, wiping her hands on her

apron, also peeked behind him.

Not seeing Scarlett, Lily asked with polite surprise, “Mr. Stewart, didn’t Mrs. Stewart come back with you?”

Vincent hung up his coat. “No. She’s working late,” he replied evenly.

Xavier pulled off his glasses and slapped them on the table. “Is she really working,” he

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