

No Second Baby, No You, Only Divorce

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The car door swung open. Vincent held his hand over the roof to shield Sabrina from hitting her head, then offered her his arm.

Their fingers laced together as she stepped out-and Scarlett had to look away. Once, that small, intimate gesture would've made her cry for hours. Now, she just felt numb.

She was calm, surprisingly so. Maybe it was because she'd finally accepted the truth-this marriage was over, and Vincent had never loved her. All she wanted now was an answer.

"Vincent, what did you mean by that?" Scarlett asked, her lips trembling. Her voice was shaky, not from fear, but from the anger bubbling just below the surface.

Sabrina stood beside Vincent, her arm still looped through his. Under the moonlight, their shadows stretched across the pavement, merging into one.

Vincent acted like Scarlett wasn't even there. He started walking toward the villa, pulling Sabrina along with him.

Scarlett had lost count of how many times he'd ignored her like this. Her heart was already broken, but when it came to Vanessa-her daughter-she couldn't back down.

She found a burst of strength she didn't know she had, ran forward, and grabbed Vincent's wrist.

"Vincent, answer me!" Scarlett shouted.

He stopped, finally turning to face her. His eyes were cold, no trace of warmth or even recognition. He twisted his wrist, easily yanking it free. "You're too busy with work," he said, like • he was explaining something to a child. "Vanessa's still little-she needs someone to take care of her. When you get pregnant again, Sabrina will look after her."

That was how it always was with Vincent-no discussion, no input from her-just orders. But this time, Scarlett wasn't going to let him decide Vanessa's future,

When Scarlett'd left for her training six months ago, she'd hired a wonderful nanny for Vanessa -someone she'd interviewed three times, someone Vanessa had loved.

But last month, she'd found out Vincent had fired the nanny weeks earlier.

While Scarlett was working herself to the bone, Sabrina had moved into this villa, playing "mommy" to Vanessa, acting like she was part of the family.

Scarlett had kept quiet then, too scared to rock the boat, too hopeful that Vincent would come around.

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Yet she never expected that, without her even noticing, her daughter would be taken away from her too.

How could she just walk away gracefully now?

"I can take care of my own daughter," she said, her voice rising. "I don't need Sabrina—or anyone else to do it for me."

Vincent didn't even glance at her. "That's final."

Something snapped in Scarlett. For five years, she'd been the "nice girl"—the quiet wife, the obedient daughter-in-law. No more.

“I said, I can do it myself!” she yelled, her voice echoing in the quiet street.

The air was thick with tension. Sabrina stepped forward, her voice soft and innocent, like she was trying to calm things down. “Vincent, why don’t you talk to Ms. Theron first? I’ll go check on Vanessa.”

Vincent nodded. Sabrina turned to walk away—and that was when Scarlett snapped. “Sabrina, stop.”

Sabrina froze, then turned around. Before she could say a word, Scarlett’s hand connected with her cheek. A loud slap rang out.

Vincent’s eyes

widened. He lunged forward, shoving Scarlett aside so hard she stumbled, and caught Sabrina in his arms. “Are you okay?” he asked, his voice filled with panic-something he’d never shown Scarlett, not even when she was in the ICU after Vanessa’s birth.

Sabrina held her cheek, tears spilling down her face. She looked so small, so helpless-like she had no idea why Scarlett would hit her.

Vincent fussed over her, brushing her hair back, asking if it hurt. Scarlett felt no guilt. Sabrina had stolen her husband, her family, her daughter-she deserved that slap.

Then, the sound of bare feet pattering down the stairs. Vanessa came running out of the villa, her hair messy, one shoe missing. She didn't even look at Scarlett-she ran straight to Sabrina, wrapping her arms around Sabrina's legs.

"Sabrina, does it hurt?" she asked, her voice trembling. "Want me to blow on it?"

Vanessa had been about to go to bed, but she'd seen Vincent's car through her window. She'd rushed downstairs, hoping to see him and Sabrina-and instead, she'd seen Scarlett hit her.

Scarlett stood off to the side, watching her husband and daughter coddle the woman who'd ruined her life. She could almost hear her heart shattering into a million pieces. But she

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refused to believe it-refused to believe that her little girl, the one she'd loved more than anything, would choose a stranger over her.

She reached out, her hand shaking. "Vanny-" she started, using Vanessa's nickname.

Before she could finish, Vanessa spun around. Her face was red with anger. She ran up to Scarlett and started hitting her with her tiny fists, her nails digging into Scarlett's legs. "Bad mom! Bad mom! How could you hit Sabrina? You're a terrible mom! I don't want you anymore!"

Scarlett froze. Her face went pale. In that moment, she knew-all the custody she had been so desperate to fight for was nothing but her own wishful thinking.

Neither her husband nor her daughter needed her at all.

She felt like a complete joke. A sad, pathetic joke. And to make it worse, she was pregnant with Vincent's baby-for a man who didn't love her in the slightest, having a baby she'd once hoped would fix everything.

She didn't remember how long Vanessa hit her, or what she said. All she heard was "terrible mom", over and over, that word was enough to kill all the hopes she had left.

Finally, she let out a bitter laugh. She didn't look at Vincent or Vanessa. She just turned and walked away.

Behind her, Vincent and Vanessa surrounded Sabrina, continuously showering her concerned words. No one called out to her. No one cared that she was leaving.

As she turned the corner, she couldn't help but glance back. Vincent and Vanessa, who she had once cherished the most in those five years were on either side of Sabrina, each

holding one of her hands. They walked into the villa together, laughing, like they were the perfect family. Like Scarlett had never existed.

Scarlett smiled, but it felt like her chest was being crushed. She wanted to cry, but no tears came. Five years of loving them, of sacrificing for them, had drained her dry.

She'd always put them first. Now, it was her turn.

After leaving Ravenshade Villa, Scarlett walked alone for a long way. As memories of the past five years flooded back, she realized she had long known she shouldn't waste herself away in a relationship like this-she had just been unwilling to face the truth all along.

But now, she's finally come around. From now on, she's choosing to put herself first.

Scarlett took a cab back to Oakland Villa. She went straight to her study, pulled out a sheet of paper, and started drafting a new divorce agreement.

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Fifty-fifty split of their assets. No alimony. And-she paused, her hand shaking-she was giving up custody of Vanessa. If her daughter didn't want her, what was the point?

She folded the agreement neatly and left it on her desk. Then, she got in her car and drove back to Oakridge, where her training was. She didn't stop until she reached her apartment there.

The next morning, she woke up early and went to the hospital.

Her college friend, Melinda Olsen, worked in the OB-GYN department. Melinda knew a little about Scarlett's marriage. She was shocked when hearing Scarlett's insistent decision to have an abortion.

"You've been trying to get pregnant for months," Melinda said, staring at her. "Why give up now? Even if things are bad with Vincent, you could keep the baby. It's yours, not his."

Scarlett sat across from her, calm and resolute. "Melinda, I'm a woman. The most important thing we have is the right to choose-to not have a baby just because someone else wants it. My life matters too. I've made up my mind. Please, schedule the surgery for this morning."

The old Scarlett was gone. The one who begged for Vincent's love, who let Amanda walk all over her, who put everyone else before herself-she was gone. From now on, she was going to love herself. She was going to live for herself.

And the people who didn't love her back? She was done with them. For good.