

No Second Baby, No You, Only Divorce - Silent Dreams Never Die — 41[978 words]

Chapter 41 Unspoken Ripples.

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A whisper of a rumor was making the rounds. “Is it really true?” someone wondered. “Someone of that caliber, taking an interest in our hospital?”

“It’s definitely true,” a colleague confirmed. “I saw him myself this morning. The director was personally showing him around. Unbelievably handsome, and so tall. The nursing staff is going to be a lost cause.”

Scarlett overheard the chatter as she passed by. By the time she’d reached the locker room and slipped on her white coat, a nagging intuition told her they were talking about Nolan. She couldn’t quite pinpoint why, but she felt almost certain it was him.

No sooner had she stepped out than a figure blocked her path, making her jump.

“It’s just me.” A familiar, smooth voice murmured near her ear.

Scarlett’s heart settled. She looked up to find Nolan standing there, already adorned in a crisply new lab coat bearing the insignia of Rivergate Central Hospital.

“You...” she began, staring at him in confusion.

A smile played on his lips. “What’s the verdict? How do I look?”

Scarlett remained silent, offering no reply.

Not far off, a small group of nurses and residents were stealing glances in their direction, their hushed exchanges barely concealed.

“Is that the new doctor? Wow, he’s seriously good-looking. So distinguished.”

“He seems to know Dr. Theron. And they look... close.”

“Did you see that? He just smiled at her. Oh my god, that smile could melt ice.”

Scarlett felt a warmth rise to her cheeks. She met Nolan’s gaze and managed a quiet, “What’s up?”

His smile didn’t fade. “I was wondering if you’d have lunch with me?”

Before she could form an answer, yes or no, he added, “Consider it my welcome celebration.”

Put that way, refusal seemed impolite. She gave a slight nod. “Okay.”

Nolan’s grin widened in victory. “Great. I’ll come find you after my shift ends.”

“Okay,” Scarlett repeated.

He chuckled softly, then turned and made his way to the elevators, the eyes of the onlookers following his

every move,

The moment he was gone, Scarlett found herself surrounded.

“Okay, out with it. What’s the story between you two?”

“The way he smiled at you... you’re hiding something, aren’t you?”

Scarlett glanced around at their curious faces, keeping her own expression neutral. “Nolan and I were just

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Chapter 41 Unspoken Ripples

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classmates,” she stated simply.

Around noon, Nolan finished up a little early. Before the clock had even struck twelve, he was already waiting outside the pediatric department.

Scarlett had just finished admitting a young boy with severe burns. After completing the necessary paperwork and medical orders, she finally had a moment to wash up and remove her lab coat.

Nolan waited patiently the entire time, occasionally engaging in polite conversation with nurses who mustered the courage to approach him.

It was nearly half past twelve by the time they left the hospital.

Nolan drove them downtown to an upscale restaurant known for its special cuisine. They were seated by the window, offering a panoramic view of Rivergate's city center.

He seemed to remember her preferences. After they ordered, he poured her a cup of water.

"You seem distracted. What are you looking at?" he asked.

Scarlett drew her gaze back from the window. Instead of answering directly, she said, "You know, our hospital isn't one of the major players in Rivergate. Frankly, with your qualifications, you're overqualified for a place like this."

With Nolan's skillset, she knew any number of prestigious hospitals would be vying for him. Yet he had chosen hers. Scarlett wasn't oblivious; she could sense there was more to his decision.

Nolan simply smiled. "That's precisely why I want to be here-where I'm needed most."

His answer was diplomatic, leaving no room for argument on the surface.

But Scarlett couldn't quite let it go. She looked at him intently. "There are plenty of places that need your expertise..."

Before she could finish, Nolan interjected, his gaze open and intense. "But here, at this hospital, the need feels even greater."

Scarlett met his eyes, and a flicker of unease stirred within her.

Just then, the waiter arrived with their food, effectively diffusing the tension.

After the waiter departed, Nolan said lightly, "Shall we eat?"

The lunch was exquisite, each dish beautifully presented and delicious.

As he served her a portion of steamed fish, Nolan asked casually, "Are you free this weekend? There's a lecture I'd like you to come to with me."

Scarlett paused, her fork hovering mid-air. “What lecture?”

“My mentor is giving a talk,” Nolan replied.

Scarlett froze for a second, then offered a wry smile. “A lecture by Dr. Thomas Newman? I don’t think I’m really in that league.”

Nolan laughed softly. “Don’t I count as your ‘plus-one’?”

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Chapter 41 Unspoken Ripples

Understanding dawned, and a genuine smile touched her lips. “I suppose you do,”

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Thomas was a veritable legend in the medical community, his team responsible for numerous patents and groundbreaking research. He had mentored countless brilliant doctors.

Scarlett had once entertained the idea of applying for his PhD program, but life—specifically, marriage—had pulled her in a different direction. After graduating she hadn’t pursued further studies, a regret that had lingered with her.

Now, at twenty-seven, starting over felt daunting. The path to becoming a surgeon was long; if she embarked on a master’s and PhD now, she’d be nearly forty by the end.

But the chance to simply listen to Thomas speak? That was an opportunity she wouldn’t pass up.

Halfway through their meal, Scarlett’s phone buzzed on the table. She glanced at the screen; it was a call from her niece, Clara.

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Awakened Housewife Ignore Betrayer's Begs

Dylan

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Chapter 42 Whispers of the Past

The moment she answered the call, a wider smile spread across her face. “Clara.”

“Auntie, Vanessa got into trouble at kindergarten today.”

Scarlett’s heart gave a little lurch at the news. “What happened?”

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“Apparently, a little boy accidentally knocked over her water bottle,” Clara explained. “And she spat at him. She even threatened him, saying her dad would come and deal with him.”

Scarlett’s voice grew stern. “Did the teacher contact the parents?”

“Yeah, a very pretty lady showed up. I’m not sure how she handled it, but she didn’t stay long after.”

Scarlett knew that had to have been Sabrina.

“Clara, thanks for telling me. Have you had lunch yet?”

“I have. What about you, Auntie?”

“Yes, I’m eating right now.”

“Auntie... are you upset?”

Scarlett paused before replying, “I’m okay.”

But the truth was, she was far from okay. She'd raised Vanessa all on her own, poured every bit of herself into her—and now, seeing her act so spiteful? How could she ever feel at ease?

After she hung up the phone, Scarlett lost all interest in eating. Worry for Vanessa sat on her chest like a heavy stone—no matter what she did, she couldn't shake it off.

Nolan could tell she was in a quiet funk, and he had the good sense not to badger her into talking.

They got through the rest of the meal and then headed out of the restaurant side by side.

They'd barely reached the entrance when Daniel and Harris walked in the other way.

Scarlett caught sight of them, but she didn't even give a tiny nod—she just walked right past, not saying a word.

Nolan stuck right by her side, never falling a step behind

“Wait, what was that about?” Daniel stared after Scarlett retreating figure, completely baffled.

Harris just shrugged. “How should I know?”

In their experience, Scarlett was like persistent glue—anytime she spotted them, she'd latch on, desperate for any chance to get to Vincent. But just now, she had walked straight through them and kept walking?

Daniel couldn't process it. “Was that really Scarlett? Am seeing things?”

Harris gave him a nudge. “Let's go. Vincent's probably waiting.”

Daniel allowed himself to be steered into the restaurant still muttering, “Seriously, did she not see us? Or

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Chapter 42 Whispers of the Past

has she lost her mind?”

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He kept up his bewildered commentary all the way to the private room, with Harris offering noncommittal

responses.

It wasn't until they entered and saw Vincent that Daniel finally dialed it back.

But once they were seated for lunch, he couldn't contain himself any longer. He scooted his chair closer to Vincent, adopting a conspiratorial tone. "Hey, guess who we just saw?"

Vincent detested guessing games. He didn't even look up from his meal. "Who?"

"Scarlett. Your wife," Daniel announced.

Vincent showed no reaction whatsoever, continuing to eat as if he hadn't heard.

Daniel was irked. "Vincent, I'm telling you, she completely blanked me. She used to cling to me, always asking where you were. Today? It was like I was invisible. It's like she's a different person. Someone must have messed with her head!"

Vincent remained unmoved, his expression flat. "I wouldn't know."

Daniel was utterly perplexed. "Vincent, did she... did she ask you for a divorce or something?"

Vincent set his fork down and shot Daniel a brief, cool glance. "No."

A thought dawned on Daniel. "Maybe... maybe she's found someone else?"

He remembered now—he'd seen Scarlett having dinner with that same man more than once. Something felt off about the whole situation.

At the mention of Nolan, Vincent fell silent for a moment.

After a pause, he finally responded to Daniel, his tone nonchalant, "Maybe."

Vincent seemed completely unbothered, which only agitated Daniel more. "Vincent, come on, you're Vincent. How can you let someone disrespect you like this?"

Vincent didn't respond, his mood seemingly unaffected, his indifference clear.

Harris chimed in then, "Scarlett is far too devoted to Vincent. There's no way she'd ever cheat. Daniel, you're overthinking this."

Daniel shot Harris a look before turning back to Vincent. "If you don't want to deal with this, I'll handle it for you."

Vincent had heard enough. He stood up, grabbed his jacket, and headed for the door.

Daniel stood too, calling after him, “Don’t worry, bro. I’ll take care of it. It’ll be handled perfectly.”

Vincent simply tossed back a dismissive, “Do what you want.”

With what he took as tacit permission, Daniel felt empowered to act. He pulled out his phone and sent a message to one of his contacts. “I need you to look into omeone for me.”

Soon enough, Nolan’s information appeared on Daniel’s screen.

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Chapter 42 Whispers of the Past

He had to admit, Nolan’s resume was impressive.

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But anyone who dared to make a move on Vincent’s woman was signing his own professional death warrant.

Daniel issued a new order. “Erase him from the medical community.”

On the weekend, Nolan arrived at Theron Manor to pick Scarlett up for the lecture at the medical school.

They arrived five minutes early, but the best seats were ready taken, forcing them to sit in the front row.

Since she wasn’t officially one of Thomas’ students, Scarlett couldn’t help but feel a little out of place and nervous sitting so prominently.

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Awakened Housewife: Ignore Betrayer’s Begs.

Dylan

No Second Baby, No You, Only Divorce - Silent Dreams Never Die — 43[827 words]

Chapter 43 Academic Crossroads

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The moment Nolan entered the lecture hall, students seated nearby greeted him respectfully as “senior”. Though curious glances drifted toward Scarlett, Nolan responded with nothing more than a faint smile, offering no explanation about his companion.

Thomas, advanced in years, detested unnecessary noise-especially with class about to begin. While Nolan acknowledged the greetings politely, he immediately fell silent, knowing better than to test the professor’s patience. Around Thomas, Nolan always knew where to draw the line.

Right on the hour, Thomas entered carrying a thermos, wearing reading glasses, and clutching a stack of files under his arm, his formal jacket lending him an air of academic solemnity.

His teaching methods stood in stark contrast to modern approaches-no projectors, no textbooks.

After placing the attendance sheet on the podium, he adjusted his glasses and slowly scanned the classroom. His gaze paused when it reached Nolan, then shifted to Scarlett seated beside him.

Just as he seemed about to inquire, a soft voice called from the doorway. “Mr. Newman.”

All eyes turned to find Sabrina standing at the entrance. She was late-an offense Thomas particularly despised.

He stared at her for several seconds, neither inviting her in nor wasting breath on reprimands. His rules had been clearly established from day one; he saw no need to repeat them.

Then Vincent appeared behind Sabrina, hands casually fucked in his pockets, his relaxed demeanor belying the subtle authority in his eyes.

While Thomas could disregard Sabrina, ignoring Vincent wasn't an option. Though the medical school's academic reputation rested on Thomas' teachings, its research laboratories depended heavily on Vincent's financial backing.

Seeing Vincent's clear support of Sabrina, Thomas decided this wasn't a battle worth fighting. Swallowing his displeasure for the institution's sake, he finally said, "Come in."

Sabrina gave a slight nod. "Thank you, Mr. Newman." Taking Vincent's hand, she entered the lecture hall.

With no available seats in the back, they had no choice but to take empty spots in the front row. Sabrina noticed Nolan and moved to sit beside him, only to freeze when she saw Scarlett, her eyes clouded with confusion and suspicion.

Vincent's gaze also fell upon Scarlett seated so closely beside Nolan, immediately bringing Daniel's words to mind. Was it possible Scarlett was actually having an affair?

Just then, Sabrina tugged gently at his sleeve and whispered, "Vincent, let's just sit down."

After a final glance at Thomas' visibly displeased expression. Vincent reluctantly took his seat.

Suppressing his irritation, Thomas resumed his lecture

Sabrina now sat beside Nolan, with Scarlett and Vincent flanking them on either side.

Scarlett paid no attention to either Vincent or Sabrina, her focus entirely absorbed by Thomas' lecture as she diligently took notes. Even if she might never need his knowledge, she believed additional learning

never went to waste.

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Chapter 43 Academic Crossroads

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Nolan had never been particularly close to Sabrina, and since discovering Vincent was Scarlett's husband, he'd consciously maintained his distance. Thus, when Sabrina sat beside him, he didn't even offer a perfunctory smile.

Beneath the desk, Vincent busily handled work matters on his phone while Sabrina listened intently to the lecture.

Scarlett's attention faithfully followed Thomas' movements around the classroom-which was how she inadvertently caught sight of her husband.

He always claimed to be so busy, yet here he was, willing to accompany Sabrina to a lecture. So much for his pressing schedule-it had clearly just been excuses.

A bitter smile touched Scarlett's lips before she returned to her note-taking.

As the lecture neared its conclusion, Thomas took a sip of water and surveyed the students. "Next, I'll call on someone to answer this. If a patient presents with both a surgical contraindication-such as a severe bleeding disorder-and a life-threatening acute abdominal condition, how would you construct a risk stratification model? Integrate different clinical scenarios and propose a decision-making process. You have three minutes for discussion."

The classroom immediately erupted into animated discussion. Since Vincent wasn't a medical student, Sabrina promptly turned to Nolan. "Nolan, shall we discuss this together?"

But Nolan didn't respond, instead turning directly to Scarlett to begin their discussion.

Sabrina stiffened, her smile vanishing.

Scarlett noticed Sabrina's attempt to engage Nolan and felt a surge of gratitude toward him for his clear loyalty.

It takes two to tango, she thought, and Sabrina was certainly no innocent party. She knew Vincent had a wife and daughter yet still chose to become involved-Scarlett had never considered her a decent person.

Thus, during the three-minute discussion period, Sabrina found herself conspicuously without a partner.

Vincent immediately noticed Sabrina's discomfort. Learing closer, he murmured, "Would you like to leave?"

Sabrina shook her head, her eyes glistening with unshed tears.

Beneath the desk, Vincent gave her hand a gentle, reassuring squeeze, as if to say everything would be alright.

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Chapter 44 Awakened Potential

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Just then, Thomas rapped his knuckles on the podium, signaling the end of the discussion time. The classroom immediately fell silent.

His eyes swept across the room before finally settling on Scarlett. “You seem unfamiliar. Please stand and answer the question.”

Scarlett’s heart leaped into her throat at being called upon. Here she was, someone who hadn’t even pursued graduate studies, sitting in a classroom full of PhD candidates-how could she not be nervous?

Yet under Thomas’ authoritative gaze, she rose to her feet.

“Your name?” he inquired.

Nervousness made her palms damp. “Scarlett.”

Thomas began scanning the attendance sheet, his finger moving down the list until he finally looked up with a frown. “There’s no Scarlett registered here!”

Nolan spoke up then, “Thomas, Scarlett is here as my guest. She has long admired your work and hoped to attend one of your lectures.”

Closing the attendance sheet with a definitive snap, Thomas shot Nolan a look of clear disapproval. “This is an academic classroom, not some casual gathering where one can bring whomever they please.”

His remark, while directed at Nolan, clearly included Sabrina in its implication—a formal lecture being repeatedly interrupted by unregistered attendees clearly displeased him.

Seeing Thomas’ stern expression, Nolan knew better than to offer further explanation.

Scarlett understood she had overstepped, but this was a precious opportunity she couldn’t bear to waste. Taking a steadying breath, she began to articulate her approach to the medical dilemma.

Her response was remarkably comprehensive, addressing nearly every possible scenario. She systematically compared different types of acute abdominal conditions, assessed their respective risks, and outlined appropriate management strategies for each.

Where Thomas’ expression had been stony at first, a gradual smile began to emerge as Scarlett continued speaking.

Noticing the shift in Thomas’ demeanor, Nolan gave Scarlett a discreet thumbs-up under the desk.

When Scarlett concluded, spontaneous applause broke out across the lecture hall,

Sabrina alone refrained from clapping, staring at Scarlet in stunned silence. Several points Scarlett had raised hadn’t even occurred to her, yet they were delivered with such precision.

Even Vincent found himself momentarily speechless, impressed by Scarlett’s professional competence. This marked the first time he had ever considered her truly remarkable.

Though not from a medical background himself, her explanation had been so lucid and methodical that he could follow it perfectly. The unmistakable approval in Thomas’ eyes confirmed her exceptional performance.

As the applause subsided, Thomas praised Scarlett’s analysis-and actually used the word “please” when

Chapter 44 Awakened Potential

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inviting her to sit down. This simple courtesy, rarely extended to anyone, spoke volumes. Thomas didn't care about official student status; genuine talent was what earned his respect.

Having been completely upstaged, Sabrina felt her anger surge. This wasn't mere envy-it was pure, unadulterated jealousy.

Despite all her efforts to become Thomas' doctoral student, she had never once received his praise, only criticism.

Yet Scarlett, attending for the first time as an auditor, had earned his commendation. The thought twisted something inside her.

There was no way she would allow Scarlett to outshine her like this. Then she remembered-Scarlett hadn't even completed graduate studies. What qualifications did she truly have? Besides, one compliment meant little.

Nolan had been discussing the question with Scarlett earlier; those insights likely came from him. A woman who had spent four years as a full-time housewife couldn't possibly possess such solid theoretical knowledge. Sabrina simply refused to believe it. Comforted by this reasoning, her mood improved considerably.

When the lecture concluded and Thomas departed, Scarlett and Nolan prepared to leave as well.

However, upon reaching the lobby, a voice called out to them. "Scarlett! Nolan!"

They turned to find Thomas, his hair now silvered with age. Time had etched its marks upon his face, yet his passion for medicine remained undiminished.

He had dedicated most of his life to the medical field, continuing his work well into his sixties, long past conventional retirement age. He had never married or had children-medicine had been his life's sole commitment.

"Mr. Newman," Scarlett said respectfully.

Nolan echoed the greeting, "Mr. Newman."

Thomas approached and stood before Scarlett with an appreciative smile. “Where are you currently working?”

Scarlett appeared slightly self-conscious. “It’s nothing particularly remarkable, Mr. Newman.”

His smile warm with curiosity, he pressed, “Then, who was your academic supervisor?”

Scarlett’s gaze dropped in mild embarrassment. “I didn’t pursue a doctoral degree. I’m already working professionally.”

Thomas’ expression showed a flicker of disappointment “I see. Which department are you in now?”

“Pediatric surgery.”

“Ah... That’s a challenging field.”

Scarlett offered a modest smile. “One grows accustomed to it in time.”

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Awakened Housewife: Ignore Betrayer’s Begs

Dylan

Silent Dreams Never Die — 45

Chapter 45 Shattered Illusions

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Even though she worked in the demanding field of pediatric surgery, Scarlett’s opportunities to actually perform operations remained limited.

Had she not taken that life detour into marriage years ago, perhaps she could have been like Nolan now—a surgeon with a full schedule of complex procedures. But then again, maybe not. Nolan operated on another plane entirely. He specialized in the most challenging surgeries of all—intricate brain operations.

She could spend her entire career striving and likely never close the gap between their skill levels.

Thomas held his thermos, his perennial gentle smile in place. “So, Scarlett,” he inquired, “have you given any thought to pursuing a doctoral degree?”

A spark of hope ignited in Scarlett’s eyes. “I...” She wanted to say yes, to grasp the opportunity.

But before the word could fully form, Sabrina appeared as if from nowhere. “Mr. Newman! Perfect timing! I have a few academic questions I’d love your insight on, if you have a moment?”

Thomas turned at the sound of her voice, his eyes landing on Sabrina and Vincent standing nearby. A slight, almost imperceptible frown touched his brow, his displeasure subtle but clear. “Of course,” he replied, his tone polite yet noticeably cooler.

Sabrina pressed her advantage. “Could we speak privately for a moment?”

Thomas gave a curt nod. “Very well.” With that, he moved to join Sabrina.

Nolan grew visibly anxious witnessing this, starting forward to call out to Thomas, but Scarlett caught his arm, stopping him. “Let it go, Nolan,” she whispered, her voice thick with resigned defeat. “I didn’t even complete a master’s degree. How could I possibly qualify for Mr. Newman’s doctoral program? It’s a futile hope.”

“Scarlett, you are every bit as capable as anyone in our cohort,” Nolan insisted, his grip firm on her arm. “You simply took a different path back then. The best time to plant a tree was five years ago; the second-best time is now. Mr. Newman sees your potential. Are you truly willing to discard this chance?”

Scarlett kept her head bowed, unable to formulate a response that could articulate the storm of doubt and fear within her.

Nolan held her arm, his expression earnest as he continued trying to persuade her.

Vincent had not accompanied Sabrina. He remained standing a short distance away, ostensibly waiting for her while checking work messages on his phone. His attention, however, kept drifting back to Scarlett and Nolan.

He couldn’t hear their conversation, but Nolan’s posture was intense, passionate, and Scarlett’s shoulders were slumped, her face tilted down as if she were fighting back tears.

Vincent observed them silently, Daniel’s taunting words echoing once more in his mind.

If there is truly nothing between them, why is Nolan holding her arm, standing so close?

From his vantage point, it looked as if... they were on the verge of an embrace, or perhaps even a kiss.

Scarlett, unaware of Vincent's observational gaze, finally managed to thank Nolan. "I know you deliberately brought me to this lecture today," she said, her voice soft "And I genuinely appreciate it. But starting over

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Chapter 45 Shattered Illusions

now... I'm not sure I'm ready. I don't even know if I can do it."

Returning to academia was her greatest regret, yet the prospect of beginning again now terrified her.

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Nolan didn't press further. He gently reached out and wiped the stray tear from her cheek. "It's alright," he reassured her. "You don't need a master's or a PhD to be remarkable doctor. You are still you, regardless of the titles."

Scarlett nodded, drawing a shaky breath. "Yeah. Let's go

"Alright."

As they turned to leave together, Vincent, acting on an impulse he didn't fully understand, called out,

"Scarlett."

He had been watching them for several minutes, and honestly, he couldn't even name the tumultuous emotion churning within him.

Scarlett was his wife, yet here she was, sharing an undeniably intimate moment with another man.

Claiming it didn't bother him would be a lie.

Yet, his anger wasn't fierce enough to drive him to confront Nolan physically.

Still, he had called her name, though he wasn't sure what he intended to say.

Scarlett halted at the sound of Vincent's voice. She glanced at Nolan, hesitated for a brief second, then said to him, "You go on ahead. I need to speak with Vincent."

Nolan didn't know what she needed to discuss with her ex-husband, but recognizing the complicated history, he felt it wasn't his place to interfere. He simply nodded his agreement.

Once Nolan was out of earshot, Scarlett walked over to Vincent. "I want to talk to you about Vanessa's education," she stated, coming straight to the point.

Vincent's eyes narrowed in confusion. "Oh?"

From his reaction, Scarlett could guess the truth immediately. When Vanessa had bullied a classmate, the teacher had evidently only contacted Sabrina, not Vincent.

"Vanessa is becoming spoiled and domineering," Scarlet said, her voice firm with concern. "You can't just let this behavior continue unchecked. You're her father. You need to step up and parent her."

Vincent was completely in the dark about the bullying incident. He assumed Scarlett was launching another criticism against him, and his tone became defensive. "And aren't you Scarlett? Don't you share that responsibility?"

Scarlett had no desire to argue. She replied with a calm that belied her frustration. "If she genuinely saw me as Scarlett, we wouldn't be having this conversation right now."

Vincent's mind, however, was still anchored to Scarlett's absence from the kindergarten parent-child event. "Perhaps you should do some introspection about why Vanessa behaves the way she does toward you," he retorted. "Have you ever considered the problem might be with you?"

Scarlett met his gaze squarely, her conscience clear on his matter. "Where Vanessa is concerned," she answered honestly, "I have nothing to reproach myself for."

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Chapter 45 Shattered Illusions

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Vincent remained unsatisfied. "If you believe Vanessa's behavior is unacceptable, then you go and correct it. As far as I'm concerned, she has always been a good child."

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Dylan

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Chapter 46 Veiled Truths

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Scarlett was absolutely furious. “Vincent, you’re being completely unreasonable. If you don’t discipline her now, who do you expect will do it once she’s out in the real world?”

Vincent fired back without an ounce of hesitation. “She’s my daughter. I will be the one to protect her.”

“You’re not protecting her, you’re spoiling her rotten!” Scarlett snapped, her temper flaring. “You’re just encouraging her worst behavior!”

“Is that so?” Vincent replied, his voice dripping with cold indifference.

Scarlett was seething. “Before you say another word, Vincent, you should ask Sabrina. Go on, ask her what your precious little daughter has been doing at school.”

With that final retort, Scarlett turned on her heel and stormed off without a backward glance.

She was done with this conversation. Utterly exhausted, she couldn’t bear to waste another breath on him.

Her self-righteous attitude only served to fuel Vincent’s anger. She was the mother, for heaven’s sake. She couldn’t even be bothered to show up for Vanessa’s kindergarten events, and now she had the nerve to try and shove all the parenting responsibilities onto him.

Vincent was growing more and more disillusioned with Scarlett. In the past, she had handled everything personally, tending to Vanessa's every need. But now? She couldn't even be bothered to deal with their own child.

"Vincent." Just as Vincent was stewing in his resentment. Sabrina's voice called out softly from behind him.

Her gentle tone soothed some of the rage simmering inside him.

"Finished your inquiries?" Vincent looked at Sabrina, the icy edge in his eyes softening slightly, replaced by a flicker of warmth.

Sabrina walked over and naturally took her place beside Vincent. "Yes, all done," she replied.

Sensing his lingering upset, she asked gently, "What's wrong? Did you and Ms. Theron have an argument?"

Vincent didn't feel like discussing it. He shook his head. It's nothing. Let's go pick up Vanessa."

But once they were in the car, Vincent just sat there, his hands on the wheel, making no move to start the engine.

Sabrina, seated in the passenger seat, watched him for a moment before asking, "Vincent, is something on your mind?"

Vincent recalled Scarlett's pointed words. A nagging unease made him ask, "Sabrina, has Vanessa been getting into any trouble at school?"

Sabrina was the one who handled all of Vanessa's school related matters. If Scarlett claimed Vanessa was causing trouble, Sabrina would be the one to know.

Sabrina froze for a split second, then let out a light laugh. "Vanessa is such a well-behaved child. How could she possibly get into any trouble?"

Vincent considered this and replied calmly, "You're right I trust your judgment."

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Chapter 46 Veiled Truths

With that, he finally started the car and pulled away.

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As they drove off, a faint trace of guilt crossed Sabrina's features. There were things she had chosen not to tell Vincent. She was afraid he might think she wasn't capable of taking proper care of Vanessa. It was better to keep some matters to herself than risk him doubting her competence.

Soon, they arrived outside the kindergarten.

Just before the school day ended, Sabrina received a phone call from the institution.

"What? There's a meeting starting right now?"

"Alright, I'll be there as soon as I can."

Sabrina tried to beg off, but her excuses fell on deaf ears

Vincent told Sabrina to focus on her meeting, made a quick phone call, and arranged for a driver to take her there.

When school let out, Vincent personally went to pick up Vanessa. The teacher who saw him didn't mention any issues, which further convinced him that Vanessa hadn't done anything wrong.

In the car, Vanessa was feeling a mix of guilt over the incident at school and unease about her abrupt departure from Theron Manor the other day. All these emotions churned inside her, leaving her restless.

"Dad."

"Yes, sweetheart?"

"Did Mom call you today? Or... did you see her?"

For some reason, Vanessa was suddenly overwhelmed with a longing for Scarlett.

Lately, it had been Sabrina handling all her school affairs.

Sabrina was nice, of course, but she seemed to belong on a stage, under the bright lights. She didn't wash Vanessa's underwear, she didn't sing lullabies, and the only hairstyle she ever managed was a simple ponytail...

Her nails were always perfectly manicured, but she couldn't cook to save her life. Even the plain oatmeal prepared by Lily was so bland that Vanessa nearly gagged eating it.

But when Scarlett took care of her, she would create all sorts of adorable hairstyles, bake delicious snacks and cakes, and Vanessa's underwear was always fresh and clean....

Vincent looked at Vanessa, a little confused by her question, but he kept his tone gentle. "Yes, I saw her today."

Vanessa immediately perked up, straightening in her set. "Was Mom... was she happy today?"

Vincent frowned slightly, not understanding the reason for her question. "Why do you ask?"

Vanessa hung her head, her voice thick with dejection. "I feel like... Mom doesn't love me anymore."

That day when she had returned to Theron Manor and thrown such a tantrum, Scarlett hadn't even gotten

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Chapter 46 Veiled Truths

Finished

angry. She had just calmly sent her back to Ravenshade Villa. That very calmness made Vanessa deeply

anxious.

Today at school, she had overheard another child saying that when someone stopped caring, it meant they'd stopped loving you.

Seeing Vanessa on the verge of tears, Vincent's heart ached. He gently stroked her cheek and asked softly, "Why would you think that, baby?"

Tears welled up in Vanessa's eyes. "Mom used to make me all kinds of delicious food, she did my hair in pretty styles, she taught me how to read and draw... but now, she..."

Send Gifts

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09:27 Wed, Jan 7.

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Awakened Housewife. Ignore Betrayer's Begs

Dylan

Silent Dreams Never Die — 47

Chapter 47 Fading Echoes

Finished

Vincent held Vanessa close, gently stroking her hair. "Don't think like that. How could your mother ever stop loving you?"

Vanessa was crying so hard she could barely catch her breath. "But my friend said... when someone stops caring about you, it means they don't love you anymore Dad, Mom hasn't cooked for me in such a long time."

Vincent fell silent for a long moment, his thoughts drifting to memories of Scarlett.

Now that he considered it, he realized Scarlett had indeed changed significantly.

He recalled that day at Stewart Manor when she had deliberately slept in a separate room from them.

Unsure how to properly comfort his distraught daughter, Vincent finally suggested, "Would you like to call your mom?"

Vanessa sniffled, her small body still shaking with sobs. "Yes."

Vincent handed her his phone. "Go ahead and call her. You can say whatever you want to her."

Vanessa took the device with trembling hands and dialed Scarlett's number.

The phone rang for what felt like an eternity before it was finally answered.

“What is it?” Scarlett’s voice was icy, devoid of its usual warmth, which only heightened Vanessa’s anxiety.

“Mom,” Vanessa began, her voice hopeful, “there’s a Thanksgiving event at my kindergarten. Can you please come with me?”

Vanessa was pleading now, having already abandoned any thought of asking Scarlett to apologize to

Sabrina.

Her last visit to Theron Manor had given her an unsettling feeling that something had fundamentally

shifted in Scarlett.

Hearing it was Vanessa, Scarlett’s tone softened marginally. “Vanessa, I already have commitments that day. I won’t be able to accompany you.”

She had given her word to Clara and had no intention of going back on it.

Disappointment washed over Vanessa’s small face, but she quickly tried another approach. “I really miss your pies. Could you make some for me tomorrow morning?”

During the years Scarlett had been Vanessa’s primary caregiver, she would rise at six every morning- kneading the dough, visiting the market for the freshest vegetables, then returning home to prepare the filling and carefully wrap each pie.

She had never minded the immense effort. Her only wish had been for Vanessa to grow up healthy and

content.

Remembering those days, Scarlett’s eyes grew moist, yet she still denied Vanessa’s request. “I need to stay at Theron Manor to look after your grandmother. Ask Lily to prepare them for you.”

“Mom, what’s wrong with Grandma? Is she sick?” Vanessa asked, though her concern wasn’t truly for Diana-

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Chapter 47 Fading Echoes

she simply wanted to appear thoughtful in Scarlett's eyes.

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Scarlett didn't attempt to decipher Vanessa's motives. "Your grandmother is fine. I need to go now. You should return to Ravenshade Villa soon."

"Mom..." Vanessa called out urgently, stopping Scarlett from hanging up.

"Is there something else?"

Vanessa hesitated for a long moment. "Then... could I come visit Grandma?"

The request surprised Scarlett, but her answer remained firm. "That won't be necessary. Just focus on your schoolwork."

Vanessa looked up at Vincent with tear-filled eyes, silently pleading for his intervention.

Vincent had heard every word of the one-sided conversation.

He had never witnessed Scarlett being so consistently distant and dismissive with their daughter before.

Unable to bear Vanessa's profound disappointment, Vincent took the phone. "Vanessa wants you to come home," he stated to Scarlett.

Come home?

Back to where?

The words echoed hollowly in Scarlett's mind. But she didn't voice her thoughts. Instead, she told Vincent, "I'm occupied these next few days. We can discuss this when I have time."

She was about to end the call when Vincent's temper flared. "Scarlett, have you completely lost sight of your priorities?"

There was a time when Vincent's anger would have sent waves of anxiety through Scarlett.

Now, she found she simply didn't care.

What did his anger matter to her anymore?

The more agitated Vincent became, the calmer Scarlett felt.

“I used to have my priorities confused,” she replied, her voice steady, “but now I see things clearly.”

Concerned he might misunderstand, she added, “That’s precisely why I need to dedicate myself to my family here.”

Vincent’s grip on the phone tightened until his knuckles turned white. The orange glow of the streetlights cast dramatic shadows across his face, highlighting the fury simmering beneath the surface.

Scarlett could hear the tension in his breathing, but it no longer affected her. “If there’s nothing else, I’m ending the call.”

Suddenly, Vincent gritted his teeth, his voice dropping a low, dangerous warning. “Scarlett, do you even comprehend what you’re saying right now?”

“Perfectly,” Scarlett retorted without hesitation.

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Chapter 47 Fading Echoes

And with that final word, she terminated the call, giving Vincent no further opportunity to speak.

Staring at the now-dark screen, Vincent felt a fresh wave of anger surge within him.

But with Vanessa watching him with wide, worried eyes, he forced himself to maintain composure.

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“Dad... did Mom hang up on us?” Vanessa’s eyes shimmered with unshed tears, her expression utterly heartbroken.

Vincent could only nod. “Yes.”

Vanessa lowered her head, her small voice thick with hurt. “Mom doesn’t want me anymore.”

Vincent pulled her into a tight embrace, his voice soft and reassuring. “That’s not true. Your mother loves you more than anything. She would never abandon you

The more Vanessa remembered how wonderfully Scarlett had once treated her, the more a cold fear gripped her heart.

She was certain it was because of the horrible things she’d said at Theron Manor that Scarlett had become so distant.

She had actually told her own mother to get lost. How could Scarlett not be deeply wounded?

But Vincent was right—she was Scarlett’s daughter. Surely a mother’s love was unconditional.

Vincent couldn’t begin to fathom what was truly going through Scarlett’s mind, but he refused to let his daughter drown in sorrow. He resolved that he would personally seek out Scarlett and have a serious conversation with her on the fifteenth of the month.

Send Gifts

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09:27 Wed, Jan /

Awakened Housewife: Ignore Betrayer’s Begs

Dylan

Silent Dreams Never Die — 48

Chapter 48 Invisible Strings

Finished

Though Scarlett had declared she didn’t want another child that day, Vincent remained convinced she would never dare to truly defy the Stewart family’s expectations.

The next day, the moment Scarlett arrived at her department, she overheard a cluster of nurses buzzing with gossip at the nursing station.

“Did you hear the news? That new doctor just got fired.”

“Fired? But he was a real high-flyer! Hasn’t he only been here for three days?”

“I heard he managed to offend someone very important. Rumor has it the director himself gave him the boot.”

“You’re kidding! He just started and already got axed? He didn’t seem like the arrogant type, though.”

“Who knows what really goes on? There’s always more drama behind the scenes than we see.”

“True. But with a resume like his, why would he even choose our hospital? Plus, he’s practically the only one who can handle those complex neurological surgeries. He’s a genuine prodigy in our field. The hospital should be rolling out the red carpet for him, not showing him the door after three days. Something about this just doesn’t add up.”

Scarlett frowned as she passed by. She was certain they were talking about Nolan.

But Nolan was always so easy-going. He would never intentionally go out of his way to provoke anyone.

So what on earth could have happened?

After changing into her white coat, Scarlett made her way to the stairwell and called Nolan.

He answered almost immediately, his voice sounding as relaxed and unhurried as ever. “Hey, what’s up?”

“Hey, um...” Scarlett hesitated, unsure how to broach the subject delicately.

Nolan sensed her concern and let out a soft chuckle. “You’re calling to ask why I got fired, aren’t you?”

“Yes.”

It sounded like Nolan was in the middle of eating something. He seemed completely unbothered. “It’s really not a big deal. Don’t waste your energy worrying aboutne.”

But Scarlett couldn’t just dismiss it. “But-”

The medical community was a small world. If Nolan was dismissed under mysterious circumstances, the rumors would spread quickly. All those envious colleagues would likely seize the opportunity to tarnish his reputation.

Nolan understood what was troubling her, but he just laughed it off lightly. “Relax. Sooner or later, they’ll be the ones begging me to come back.”

He sounded utterly confident, but Scarlett still felt a kng of anxiety in her chest. “But what actually happened? There has to be a reason, right?”

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09:28 Wed, Jan 7 .

Chapter 48 Invisible Strings

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Nolan didn’t offer an explanation. He just smiled, and she could hear it in his voice. “Seriously, don’t stress over this. It’s nothing.”

Hearing his unwavering calm, Scarlett finally allowed herself to relax a little.

“Yeah, you’re right. You’re Nolan, after all. Half those advanced brain surgeries can’t even proceed without you. If they’re foolish enough to let you go, it’s their loss”

Nolan agreed casually, “Exactly. I’ll just treat it as an unexpected vacation.”

Feeling somewhat reassured, Scarlett chatted with him for a few more moments before hanging up.

She didn’t return to her department immediately. Instead, she remained sitting in the quiet stairwell for a while, her mind racing.

Nolan’s sudden dismissal had to have a cause. But what was it? She was completely in the dark, and she suspected maybe Nolan himself didn’t know the full story.

Just as she was about to get up and leave, she suddenly heard voices floating up from the floor below.

“Mr. Lennox, I’ve already taken care of Nolan’s termination as you requested. I hope this outcome is satisfactory?”

Scarlett immediately recognized the voice—it was the hospital director, Killian Hawke.

Then, an even more familiar voice replied, “You’ve handled it appropriately.” It was Daniel.

Killian’s voice carried a mix of nervousness and regret. “But Mr. Lennox, Nolan is truly a rare talent. So many hospitals are competing for him. We were incredibly fortunate to secure him. I just... I don’t quite understand why we had to let him go.”

Daniel offered no explanation. He simply stated, “There are plenty of talented individuals out there. He is not indispensable. Besides, this aligns with Vincent’s wishes.”

When Vincent’s name was mentioned, Killian finally seemed to capitulate. “If this is Mr. Stewart’s decision, then of course. I won’t question it further.”

Daniel added in a reassuring tone, “Don’t concern yourself. The hospital has a promising future. With the backing of the Lennox and Stewart families, it won’t be long before this becomes the leading hospital in Rivergate.”

Killian said a few more words, politely asking Daniel to keep him in mind for future considerations, and then their footsteps indicated they were leaving the stairwell.

Scarlett stood frozen, her back pressed against the cold wall, a cold sweat breaking out all over her body.

She had considered countless possibilities, but it had never crossed her mind that Vincent would be the one pulling the strings behind Nolan’s dismissal.

If Vincent was the mastermind, then everything suddenly made perfect, horrifying sense.

But why would Vincent target Nolan specifically?

As she was lost in these turbulent thoughts, her phone rang again. It was Nolan.

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Chapter 48 Invisible Strings

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She answered immediately and heard him say, “Mr. Newman just contacted me. He asked for your contact information.”

A wave of panic washed over Scarlett. “I...” she began, her voice unsteady.

But before she could formulate a response, Nolan continued, “Mr. Newman has a keen eye for talent. You can probably guess his intentions. If someone like Sabrina can become his student, then you are undoubtedly even more qualified.”

Scarlett knew Nolan was trying to create an opportunity for her, but another part of his statement caught her completely off guard. “Wait,” she interrupted, her voice sharp with surprise. “What did you just say? Sabrina is Mr. Newman’s student?”

Send Gifts

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Awakened Housewife Ignore Betrayer’s Begs

Dylan

Silent Dreams Never Die — 49

Chapter 49 Confronting Shadows

Nolan replied simply, “Yeah.”

That single word was all Scarlett needed. “I see,” she said understanding dawning.

Now it was Nolan’s turn to be confused. “See what?”

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While Scarlett wasn’t absolutely certain, she had a strong suspicion forming in her mind. She kept her theory to herself, however, not voicing it to Nolan.

“I’ll give some serious thought to the master and PhD idea. Thank you for mentioning it to him,” she said instead.

Nolan’s voice brightened noticeably upon hearing this. If Mr. Newman finds out you’re considering it, he’ll be over the moon. Scarlett, you’ve always deserved access to the best opportunities.”

After exchanging a few more pleasantries, Scarlett ended the call.

She stood clutching her phone, her mind racing as she pieced together the reason behind Vincent's targeting of Nolan. It almost certainly traced back to the incident in Thomas' lecture that day.

During the discussion session, Nolan had pointedly ignored Sabrina, directing all his attention and conversation toward Scarlett.

To an outside observer, it might have seemed insignificant, but Sabrina was Vincent's cherished darling. How could he possibly tolerate seeing his precious favorite being slighted in any way?

On the fifteenth, Scarlett returned to Oakland Villa.

Her reason was singular and clear-she needed to get answers for Nolan's sake.

A medical genius of his caliber shouldn't have his career derailed simply because of his association with her.

When she arrived at Oakland Villa, Vincent wasn't home yet.

Freya was both surprised and delighted to see Scarlett, who hadn't set foot in the house for two straight

months.

"Mrs. Stewart, you've finally come home!" Freya exclaimed.

Scarlett offered only a faint, subdued smile in return. "Ys."

"Mrs. Stewart, I bought a whole batch of fresh groceries today. Would you like to prepare dinner yourself?" Freya suggested.

It was still relatively early, leaving plenty of time to cook an elaborate meal.

Freya had noticed Vincent returning home regularly over the past two months, so she assumed he would likely appear tonight as well.

Knowing the relationship between Scarlett and Vincent was strained, she subtly hinted that Scarlett should prepare a special meal to help win back his favor.

Scarlett caught the underlying suggestion in Freya's words but merely smiled again. "Freya, you handle the cooking. You're well aware of my preferences and dietary restrictions."

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Chapter 49 Confronting Shadows

80%

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Freya was taken aback, not having expected this response. “Mrs. Stewart, you...” she began, trailing off in confusion.

“Please, just go ahead and cook. There’s no need to prepare anything excessively elaborate,” Scarlett instructed calmly.

In the past, she would have done everything herself, but it had never made a difference-Vincent never appreciated her efforts anyway.

Frowning, Freya couldn’t help but feel that Scarlett seemed like a completely different person now.

After retreating to the kitchen, Freya pondered the situation and decided to take matters into her own hands by calling Vincent.

“Mr. Stewart, Mrs. Stewart has returned. She’s preparing dinner now and is waiting for you to come home,” Freya said, telling a small white lie.

In her view, they were a married couple with a child-surely their issues couldn’t be beyond repair.

Vincent was working late at the office when Freya’s call came through. He was genuinely surprised to hear that Scarlett had returned to Oakland Villa.

He had honestly believed she would never come back.

After hanging up, Vincent saved his work, shut down his computer, and left the office.

The moment he stepped into the foyer of Oakland Villa he saw Scarlett descending the staircase from the second floor.

Scarlett saw him too. Not a trace of warmth or pleasure crossed her face, and she made no move to come take his coat as she once would have.

She simply finished walking down the stairs in silence and took a seat at the dining table.

Vincent removed his coat and hung it by the door himself, then sat down at the table opposite her.

When Freya brought out the dishes, she could feel the thick, uncomfortable tension hanging between them and didn't dare say much.

"Mr. and Mrs. Stewart, dinner is served," she announced quietly.

Scarlett looked up at Freya and said, "Freya, could you give us some privacy, please? There's something I need to discuss with Vincent alone."

Freya forced a couple of awkward chuckles and replied. Of course, right away,"

Once Freya had withdrawn, Scarlett didn't pick up her directly in the eye, and came straight to the point. "Was

ensils. She turned to face Vincent, looked him

you who instructed Daniel to have Nolan fired?"

Vincent surmised that this Nolan must be the man Scarlett had been seen dining with on several occasions.

He vaguely recalled Daniel mentioning offhandedly. "I took care of that matter for you."

Now that Scarlett was confronting him, it was clear Daniel had indeed taken some form of action.

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Chapter 49 Confronting Shadows

Though Vincent wasn't privy to the exact details, her accusation confirmed the essence of it.

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"What exactly are you implying?" Vincent didn't bother denying it; he merely tossed the question back at

her.

His evasive response only served to confirm Scarlett's suspicions. She let out a short, bitter laugh. "You're truly despicable."

"Oh really? I'm despicable?" Vincent retorted, a cold edge to his voice.

"Isn't it blatantly obvious?" Scarlett shot back.

Just because Nolan hadn't chosen to discuss the project with Sabrina, Vincent was willing to destroy a genuine talent's entire career prospects.

Vincent realized then that Scarlett hadn't returned because of the baby, nor for his sake. She had come back solely to confront him about that man, Nolan.

But what exactly was the nature of their relationship?

Why did she feel such a compelling need to stand up and fight for him?

A sharp, possessive jealousy surged within Vincent. "You should have considered the potential consequences before allowing him to get so close to you," he stated colly.

It never even occurred to Scarlett that Vincent might be jealous.

This was Vincent, after all-a man who needed to maintain absolute control over everything and everyone

in his orbit.

She was his wife, a possession, and therefore was never supposed to step out of line.

But Scarlett was finished with being a pawn in his games.

"Nolan and I have been friends for years," she declared, her voice steady and defiant. "And besides, who are you to think you can control who I see and what I do?"

Send Gifts

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Finished

Dylan

Silent Dreams Never Die — 50

Chapter 50 Scorched Wrath

Watching Scarlett stand there so high-and-mighty, so unbudging, Vincent felt a sudden, irrational anger surge up in him.

His voice turned cold and cutting, every last bit of warmth draining from his eyes. “Let me make sure I’ve got this right-you’re saying I should only jump in once the two of you have slept together?”

Scarlett froze for a split second, then shot back with a cold, sneering grin. “Before you start pointing the finger at me, maybe you should take a long, hard look in the mirror first.”

Vincent’s eyes darkened even more. He’d never seen Scarlett this sharp, this defiant before-but lately, it seemed like this side of her was showing up more and more.

He used to think she was the kind of person who’d silently put up with anything. But now? She was a whole different person-fiery, unyielding, with a spirit that was all her own.

After a tense silence, Vincent finally spoke up, “So you came back today just to say all this to me?”

Scarlett didn’t hesitate. “Yeah.”

Then she added, firm as ever, “About Nolan-don’t you think you owe him an explanation?”

Vincent’s face gave nothing away. “What exactly do you want me to say?”

“I want you to apologize to him,” Scarlett said plainly. “And I want you to stop going after him.”

Vincent narrowed his eyes, and a smirk tugged at his lip-but it never reached his cold, hard eyes. There wasn’t a hint of real humor in his expression.

Scarlett had no clue what he was thinking. She couldn’t read his mind at all.

Vincent said, “Fine!”

He let out a cold laugh, then grabbed his phone. Right in front of Scarlett, he dialed a number.

Scarlett eyed him warily, a sick feeling coiling in her stomach. She couldn’t tell if he actually meant to apologize-or if he was just messing with her.

The call picked up almost right away. Vincent stood up, and the overhead light threw his face in shadow, leaving his expression unreadable.

Scarlett had to crane her neck back to look at him, but his features were still hidden.

Then she heard him barking orders to the person on the other end. “Make sure Nolan gets blacklisted from medicine for good. See that he never practices as a doctor again-hell, make it so he can’t get a job anywhere, ever.”

Scarlett jumped out of her chair, reaching for Vincent’s phone-but he was faster. He shot out a hand, clamping down on her wrist in a vice grip. She fought against him hard, but it was no use; she couldn’t break free.

After ending the call, Vincent abruptly yanked Scarlett into his arms. He loomed over her, his broad frame blocking out the light, engulfing her in his shadow. His hot breath seared her skin as she tried desperately to pull away from his suffocating presence.

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Chapter 50 Scorched Wrath

But no matter how hard she fought, his hold was unbreakable.

“Well? Are you satisfied now?” Vincent let his scorching breath wash over her.

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Finished

Scarlett glared up at him, her eyes blazing. “Vincent, you’re despicable.”

Vincent merely laughed, a cold, hollow sound. “Really? don’t see it that way at all!”

He shrugged with feigned nonchalance, as if he hadn’t care in the world.

Just like that, a brilliant medical career was obliterated with a few casual words from him.

What others spent their entire lives striving for meant nothing to Vincent-it was as insignificant as a weed drifting past on the wind.

Scarlett stared at his smug face, her rage boiling over. She raised her free hand and slapped him hard across the cheek.

It was the first time she had ever struck him.

That slap was like pouring gasoline on a fire-Vincent's anger erupted. Without a word, he seized Scarlett by the throat and slammed her back into the chair. Leaning over her, his voice dropped to a low, dangerous growl. "Do you have any idea what you've just done?"

Scarlett's face flushed from lack of air, her eyes bloodshot, yet not a single tear fell. She forced out the words, her voice strained. "Vincent, I... regret ever loving you... It's just... pathetic."

Her words made Vincent hesitate for a fraction of a second.

His grip loosened slightly.

As air rushed back into her lungs, Scarlett gasped, her complexion slowly returning to normal.

Vincent let go of her and straightened up a little.

He stepped back, but even standing in the full glow of the bright light, he had none of the charm that used to pull Scarlett in.

Scarlett coughed twice, her eyes still locked on him with pure hatred. "Vincent, you just ruined someone who once cared about you more than he cared about his own life."

If you'd asked her if she hated him, the answer would've been a definite yes.

She hated his indifference, his coldness, his selfishness, his arrogance-all of it.

But right now, more than anything else, regret was eating her up inside

Regret for ever falling in love with Vincent. Regret for sacrificing everything for him.

Vincent turned away, presenting only his back to her.

"You think I care about your feelings?" he retorted coldly

Scarlett offered a bitter, broken smile. “I know you don’t

Yes, he never had. Not from the very beginning.

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Chapter 50 Scorched Wrath

The only person he had ever cared about was Sabrina.

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Finished

Scarlett rose from the chair, grabbed her bag, and moved to leave. But thinking of how she had come here to defend Nolan, only to make his situation infinitely worse, a fresh wave of anguish washed over her.

She bit her lip, stared at Vincent’s unyielding back, and asked one final time, “What would it take for you to leave Nolan alone?”

Vincent didn’t turn around, but his answer was absolute. “My word is final. The order has been given. I do not revoke my commands.”

Send Gifts

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09:28 Wed, Jan /

Awakened Housewife: Ignore Betrayer’s Begs

Dylan