

No Second Baby, No You, Only Divorce - Silent Dreams Never Die — 411[925 words]

Chapter 411 Confrontation at the Cinema

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Finished

Vincent looked at Sabrina, his expression icy. “Stay with Vanessa. I need to go out for a bit.”

Sabrina looked confused. “Vincent, where could you possibly need to go at this hour?”

Vincent didn’t meet her eyes again. His voice was flat and cold. “To pick up the child’s mother.”

With that, he strode out of the hospital room.

Sabrina stood rooted to the spot, watching Vincent’s retreating figure, a tumult of emotions churning inside her.

Just recently, Vincent had spoken to her about marriage.

Now, it seemed his attention was drifting back to Scarlett.

A sharp, cold sense of unease pierced through Sabrina’s chest.

When Vincent pulled up to the multiplex, the movie had just let out, and couples were flooding the exits.

Young pairs walked hand-in-hand, looking cozy and affectionate. Some of the more uninhibited ones were still stealing kisses as they emerged into the night air.

Seeing this scene, Vincent couldn’t help but wonder if Scarlett and Damian had been doing the same in the dark theater.

Judging by the showtime, they’d likely watched a horror movie.

Choosing a scary film for a date was a classic move with obvious intentions.

Vincent stood by the curb. The more he thought about it, the hotter his anger burned.

As the crowd finally thinned, Vincent finally spotted Scarlett and Damian walking out of the glass doors together.

The night wind had a sharp bite to it. The moment they stepped outside, Damian shrugged out of his coat and draped it over Scarlett's shoulders.

Before Scarlett could even murmur a thanks, Vincent stepped forward, unable to wait any longer. His face was like stone, his narrowed eyes gleaming with a dangerous intensity. His gaze was colder still, sharp enough to cut.

"Vanessa **is** sick in the hospital, and you have the nerve to be out on a date?"

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Chapter 411 Confrontation at the Cinema

His first words were pure accusation.

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Scarlett looked at him, a mocking smile touching her lips. "She doesn't even acknowledge me as her mother. Why shouldn't I go see a movie?"

Vincent's expression darkened further. He raised his voice. "I'm giving you one last chance. Come with me to the hospital to see Vanessa."

Scarlett refused, firm and blunt. "No."

Seeing her resistance, Vincent moved to grab her arm.

But just as his hand shot out, Damian slapped it away.

At the same time, Damian shifted to place himself squarely between Vincent and Scarlett. "What do you think you're doing?" he demanded, his voice cold.

Only then did Vincent properly look at Damian. He let out a short, scornful laugh. "Need I remind you she's still my

wife?"

Damian matched his tone, his face a mask of sarcasm. “Isn’t your wife named Sabrina?”

Vincent’s face clouded over, a rare crack in his usual composure showing his anger. He lowered his voice to a growl. “Would you like me to fetch the marriage certificate to prove it?”

Damian remained unmoved, unnervingly calm. Vincent’s anger seemed to amuse him.

When he spoke, his tone was dripping with mockery. “No need. But I wouldn’t mind a look at the divorce papers.”

Faced with the provocation, Vincent’s anger seemed to crystallize into something colder. The corner of his mouth curled. He looked Damian up and down with disdain. “What makes you so sure I’ll divorce her? What makes you think I’d ever let the two of you be together?”

Hearing this, Damian’s control snapped. His expression turned to ice in an instant, and he seized Vincent by the front of his shirt. “Vincent,” he snarled, “say that again.”

Vincent raised an eyebrow and repeated, softly and clearly, “I said, what makes you think I’ll divorce her? And what makes you think I’d be willing to let you two be together?”

In that moment, white-hot rage flooded through Damian. His eyes instantly turned bloodshot. “Haven’t

you hurt her enough?” he shouted. “What more do you want from her?”

With that, he drew back his fist.

Vincent, of course, had no intention of standing there and taking a punch.

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Chapter 411 Confrontation at the Cinema

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Just like that, the two men stood poised for a fight.

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Scarlett, who had been standing behind Damian, saw the situation spiraling. Worried, she stepped forward. She tugged on Damian's sleeve. "Damian," she said, her voice low but firm. "Let me talk to him alone."

Damian's eyes were still blazing. He looked down at her, his voice unconsciously harsh. "Talk about what? With someone like him, anything you say is just a waste of breath."

A deep unease settled in Scarlett's stomach. She was afraid Damian's aggression would only push Vincent into a corner.

What if Vincent dug in his heels and decided he truly wouldn't grant the divorce? What would she do then?

Seeing things getting further out of hand, Scarlett raised her voice, sharp with frustration. "Damian, he is still my legal husband. If I don't talk to him, who should I talk to?"

Scarlett could feel the dangerous edge of Vincent's anger. If she wanted this divorce, she still had to handle him carefully.

What if, in a fit of spite when the mandatory waiting period ended, he suddenly refused to finalize it? What recourse would she have?

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No Second Baby, No You, Only Divorce - Silent Dreams Never Die — 412[901 words]

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When Damian heard Scarlett's words, he looked at her, utterly bewildered, his eyes filled with shock and disbelief.

Scarlett avoided his gaze and spoke sharply, "This is my private matter. **It's** not your place to interfere."

Rage shot straight to Damian's head. He glared at her, his voice tight. "Do you still love him that much? Even after everything, you're still taking his side?"

Seeing his anger pained Scarlett, but at this critical juncture, provoking Vincent would lead to far worse consequences.

So, she had no choice but to lean into Damian's accusation. "Yes," she replied flatly. "He is my husband. If I don't stand by him, who should I stand by? You?"

Hearing this, Damian abruptly released his grip on Vincent's collar. He let out a short, bitter laugh. "Right. Of course. I'm just a damn fool. A complete idiot."

With that, he turned sharply and began to walk away.

But a thought stopped him mid-stride. He spun back around, reaching out as if to reclaim the jacket still draped over Scarlett's shoulders. Yet, seeing how slight she looked in the cold, his mind screamed it wasn't his problem—but his hand rebelled, stubbornly pulling back at the last second.

Furious with himself, he let out a low growl of frustration before turning and striding off for good.

Watching him leave, Scarlett instinctively wanted to call out, but the words lodged in her throat.

Her priority now had to be Vincent,

Once the divorce was final, then nothing else would matter.

But for now, the legal bond was still there.

If Damian pushed Vincent too far, he was perfectly capable of refusing to sign the papers.

That would render all her efforts meaningless.

Only after Damian had vanished from sight did Scarlett turn back to Vincent. "Let's go," she said quietly. "**I'll** go to the hospital with you."

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Chapter 412 A Choice Between Two Men

Vincent studied her face. “Couldn’t take your eyes off him, could you? Didn’t want him to leave?”

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Scarlett had no energy for an argument. She walked toward his car. “It’s fine that he’s gone. There’s nothing between us anyway.”

As she moved to open the rear door, Vincent’s voice stopped her. “Sit up front.”

Scarlett clenched her jaw, forcing herself to comply. Just get through this, she told herself. “Once the divorce is done, you’ll never have to tolerate this again.”

She closed the rear door and slid into the passenger seat instead.

Vincent walked over but didn’t get in immediately. He opened her door again and leaned in to fasten her seatbelt.

As he bent close, Scarlett caught his scent—not just his own, but also the faint, lingering trace of a woman’s perfume.

It was a fragrance she had smelled on him more than once before.

Vincent had likely been with Sabrina just before coming here.

If this had happened in the past, the realization would have sent a sharp ache through her chest.

Now, it barely registered.

All she wanted was to navigate these final formalities peacefully.

After the divorce, they could go their separate ways and live their own lives.

As these thoughts ran through her mind, Vincent finished clicking the seatbelt but didn’t straighten up. Instead, he stayed close, his eyes dropping intently to her lips.

For a fleeting second, a flutter of panic stirred in Scarlett’s chest.

She turned her face away, her voice hushed. "Vanessa is waiting at the hospital. We should go."

Vincent didn't move. Still leaning in, he studied her carefully, noting the fluster she was trying to mask with calm. A faint, almost amused smile touched his lips. "What's wrong?" he asked, his voice low. "Are you scared of me?"

In all their years together, Vincent had never seen a trace of genuine fear directed at him in Scarlett's eyes.

But tonight, he saw it.

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Chapter 412 A Choice Between Two Men

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The sensation was strange, even unsettling.

He had known too many women who flattered him, fawned over him, bent over backwards to please him.

Even the old Scarlett had once held herself in such a lowly position around him.

When he asked his question, Scarlett slowly turned back to meet his gaze directly.

She looked at him, her voice utterly even. "Vincent, I'm not scared of you. I just don't see the point of this anymore."

Hearing this, Vincent's eyes narrowed with curiosity. "What do you mean?"

Scarlett looked at him, feeling as if he had become something of a stranger.

After a beat, she finally said, "Just treat me the same way you always have."

She saw no reason for their dynamic to change now.

But Vincent frowned. He raised a skeptical brow. "Would it be so terrible if I showed you a little kindness?"

Scarlett's rejection was immediate and firm. "Yes, it would."

The light in Vincent's eyes dimmed. He didn't press further, but as his gaze lingered on Scarlett's lips, an unexpected impulse stirred within him—a faint, sudden desire to close the distance and kiss her.

And as the thought formed, his body began to act on it.

Vincent leaned in slightly, moving to press his lips against hers.

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No Second Baby, No You, Only Divorce Silent Dreams Never Die — 413[786 words]

Chapter 413 An Unwelcome Goodnight Kiss

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Scarlett had a fair idea of what Vincent was thinking, so she spoke up just in time. "If we don't get to the hospital soon, Vanessa might wake up and be upset."

Hearing that, Vincent's body stiffened slightly.

He looked down at her without a word, his eyes full of intense scrutiny.

When he remained silent and didn't pull away, Scarlett asked, a hint of amusement in her voice, "Vincent, does Sabrina know you're here with me like this?"

Finally, Vincent shifted, though he still blocked most of the overhead light, leaving Scarlett in his shadow.

He stared down at her face, which was only half-visible in the gloom, and lowered his voice. "What Sabrina does or doesn't know isn't your concern."

Scarlett let out a soft, derisive snort.

Vincent, puzzled, asked, “What’s so funny?”

She met his gaze frankly. “Honestly, you men are all pretty much the same.”

Vincent seemed oddly amused. “And how many men have you known well enough to make that judgment?”

Scarlett realized she’d spoken carelessly and might have provoked him.

Luckily, he didn’t seem truly angry.

Afraid of digging herself deeper, she chose to stay quiet.

Seeing she wouldn’t respond, Vincent slowly straightened up. He closed the passenger door, then walked around and got into the driver’s seat.

Just as the car pulled away from the curb, a long shadow stretched under a distant streetlight- it was Damian, who had turned back.

Even though he was furious with Scarlett, after cooling down, he’d returned, worried Vincent might try to take advantage of her.

But the moment he arrived, he saw Vincent leaning into the passenger side, his posture intimate and suggestive.

She hadn’t pushed him away. She hadn’t looked angry or upset.

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Chapter 413 An Unwelcome Goodnight Kiss

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The sight made Damian’s blood boil. In a fit of frustration, he even slapped his own forehead.

Still seething, he muttered under his breath, “Damian, you’re such a fool.”

The self-reproach didn’t help. If anything, it made him feel more agitated.

Right now, everything annoyed him. The whole world felt irritating.

Even a stray cat crossing the street earned a sharp snap from him. “What are you looking at? Scram!”

The cat darted away into an alley.

Damian turned and stalked back to his car. He slammed the door, dropped into the driver’s seat, and sat there simmering.

Just then, his phone chimed with a notification from his messaging app.

Damian snatched it up instantly. Sure enough, it was a message from Scarlett.

For a heartbeat, his spirits lifted.

But after reading the lines, the gloom crashed back down, heavier than ever.

Scarlett had written, “Please let Claire know I had to go home. I’ll visit her tomorrow.”

Not a single word about him. No hint of concern for how he might be feeling.

He didn’t reply. Instead, he opened Scarlett’s contact info and hovered his thumb over the “Delete” option.

In that moment of anger, he seriously considered removing her from his life.

But he couldn’t bring himself to tap it. He just couldn’t let go.

What if she never accepted his contact request again?

Frustrated, Damian locked his phone and tossed it onto the passenger seat.

Meanwhile, as Vincent drove, Scarlett used the time to send that message to Damian.

After hitting send, she kept waiting for a reply.

She waited and waited, but her screen stayed dark.

A flicker of anxiety stirred inside her.

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Chapter 413 An Unwelcome Goodnight Kiss

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She couldn't help thinking Damian was really mad at her.

She considered sending a follow-up to explain, but just then, the car slowed to a stop at a red light.

As they idled, Vincent glanced over at Scarlett. Noticing her distracted expression, his darted to her phone.

Before he could make out any details, however, her screen timed out and went black.

Still, he couldn't resist probing. "Who are you texting?"

eyes

Scarlett snapped back to the present. She silently flipped her phone face-down on her lap. "Claire," she answered.

Vincent pressed further. "I heard she ran into some trouble?"

"Who told you that?" Scarlett was instantly on alert. Very few people should have known about what happened to Claire.

Vincent didn't give a straight answer. With a vague, knowing tone, he said, "Word gets around."

Scarlett wasn't in the mood for his evasions. A spike of anxiety made her insist, "Vincent, tell me straight—who did you hear it from?"

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No Second Baby, No You, Only Divorce - Silent Dreams Never Die — 414[820 words]

Seeing Scarlett's anxiety, Vincent turned the tables. "Why should I tell you?"

Scarlett stared at him, a sharp retort on the tip of her tongue.

But she held it back.

She swallowed hard, forcing the words down.

Then, she stopped asking altogether.

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Seeing her fall silent, Vincent's tone softened slightly. "If you want to know, there's a condition."

Hearing he was willing to negotiate, she said, "Name it. If it's within my power."

Vincent kept one hand on the steering wheel and rested the other on the window frame. He turned to study Scarlett's face, a faint, unreadable smile touching his lips. "Come back home with me."

When Vincent said "come back home", his expression was serious, his eyes devoid of their usual teasing glint. It made Scarlett hesitate to read too much into it.

So, she replied with measured resistance, "Ravenshade Villa and Oakland Villa are your homes, not mine. I won't go back there with you."

Seeing her refusal, Vincent's face darkened. He lowered his voice. "Don't forget what I said before."

Scarlett was confused. "Said about what?"

Just then, the traffic light turned

green.

The street was congested, Vincent's car crawling slowly in the line of traffic.

Scarlett, still puzzled, stared at Vincent's profile. She heard his cold, calm voice say, "One more time."

Honestly, even if Vincent hadn't said it, the thought would have crossed her mind.

It was **just** that his serious demeanor earlier had made her think he might be referring to something else.

Besides, there was no real need for "one more time" between them anymore.

She simply hadn't expected that was still his goal.

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Chapter 414 Negotiating in the Car

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Once Scarlett understood his meaning, her interest in discovering the source of the leak about Claire faded.

If Vincent knew, it was simply because he had the resources to find out.

But if word had truly spread, given Claire's public profile, it would have caused at least a minor stir on social media.

Yet, there was no trace of any news about Claire online.

Having reasoned it through, Scarlett calmed down. She said to Vincent, "You're driving. I won't argue with you now. The only reason we're in this car together tonight is Vanessa."

After that, she fell silent.

Vincent, meanwhile, kept glancing at her periodically.

He couldn't shake the feeling that she had changed.

Scarlett looked down at her phone. Seeing Damian still hadn't replied, she typed a single question mark in the chat box.

When there was still no response, she typed an explanation, “What I said to you earlier was because the situation was tense. Please don’t take it to heart, and I hope you can understand.”

Meanwhile, Damian’s car was still parked in the same spot. He saw the question mark Scarlett sent but didn’t feel like replying.

Then, another message from her came through.

Damian sat up straight, picked up his phone, and looked. It was Scarlett’s explanation.

The second he read her words, the lingering gloom in his chest dissolved completely.

Damian was so pleased he nearly jumped, but his head bumped the car roof instead. He winced and let out a pained hiss.

Once the sting faded, he immediately replied to Scarlett, “I know. I figured it out a while ago. I was just mad because I hated seeing you be so... accommodating toward him.”

When Scarlett received the reply, her heart finally settled.

She told Damian, “I wasn’t being accommodating. Things between us are completely over. The divorce is happening, sooner or later.”

Reading her reply, Damian started humming a little tune, his mood vastly improved. He

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Chapter 414 Negotiating in the Car

messed back, “Got it. I’m not angry anymore.”

Scarlett replied, “Okay.”

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Seeing the one-word answer, Damian didn’t overthink it. He added, “Don’t let him touch you.”

A slight smile touched Scarlett’s lips. “Okay.”

Damian said, “Not even get close. Maintain a distance of at least three feet.”

Vincent was driving, so Scarlett didn't dare keep her head down texting for too long, afraid he would start questioning her.

So, her replies to Damian were brief "Okay."

But Damian wasn't fully reassured. He kept messaging, "No, swear to me. If you lie, you're a... well, you're in trouble."

Scarlett replied, "Understood."

Damian insisted, "Say it properly. Say 'If I lie to you, I'm in big trouble.'"

Scarlett felt a wave of affectionate helplessness and started typing in the chat box.

But before she could finish, the car came to a stop.

Vincent turned his head. "We're here."

Hearing his voice, Scarlett instinctively put her phone away, screen down.

Her furtive movement made it perfectly clear she was hiding something from him.

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Vincent, however, didn't press the issue.

Scarlett unbuckled her seatbelt and got out of the car.

She didn't wait for him, heading straight for the hospital entrance on her own.

But after just a few steps, Vincent called out behind her, "Scarlett."

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Scarlett stopped and turned around. When she looked back, she met Vincent's gaze and asked seriously, "What is it?"

Vincent got out of the car. He was wearing an unbuttoned trench coat that gave him a handsome, somewhat untamed look.

He walked toward her, step by step. The night breeze lifted the edge of his coat, revealing a simple shirt underneath that hinted at his lean frame.

At that moment, Scarlett felt not a single romantic flutter.

When Vincent drew closer, he leaned in slightly, looking at her intently. He suddenly asked, his tone serious and searching, "Is there any chance we could go back to the way things were?"

His words left Scarlett momentarily stunned.

She stood frozen, it taking her a long moment to process the question.

She didn't understand what he meant, nor what he was trying to accomplish by asking.

Since she couldn't decipher it, she chose not to answer directly.

She simply said, "Shouldn't we go in and see Vanessa?"

Vincent seemed startled himself, as if surprised by his own question.

After a pause, he replied, "Right. Let's go in together."

The whole way, Scarlett felt uneasy, her mind racing to figure out Vincent's angle.

What was he really thinking when he said that?

But try as she might, she couldn't grasp his intention.

When they reached the hospital, Vincent led the way, with Scarlett following silently behind.

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Chapter 415 A Daughter's Rejection.

Soon, they arrived at the floor where Vanessa was staying.

Even before entering the room, they could hear Vanessa's faint crying.

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Sabrina's voice was also audible, soothing, "Vanessa, Daddy went to get Mommy. I'm here with you. Let's try to calm down, okay?"

Vanessa gave a small nod, but tears continued to roll down her cheeks.

Outside the door, just as Sabrina finished speaking, Vincent pushed it open and walked in.

Inside the room, Vincent saw Sabrina holding Vanessa, one hand supporting her bottom, the other around her back.

Sabrina herself looked pale with fatigue.

Without hesitation, Vincent walked forward. "Sabrina, let me take her."

When Sabrina saw that Vincent had returned—and that Scarlett was standing in the doorway- that familiar, prickling unease returned.

But she didn't make a scene. Instead, she obediently handed Vanessa over to Vincent.

As Vincent took the child, he gently nuzzled his cheek against hers.

Feeling that her skin was no longer burning with fever, he felt a wave of relief.

Vanessa, resting her head on his shoulder, called out in a hoarse little voice, "Daddy."

A warm feeling spread through Vincent's chest. He patted her back softly and murmured, "Daddy's here. I'm right here."

Vanessa, dazed from the fever, still noticed Scarlett standing in the room.

Even though she saw her, Vanessa didn't say a word.

Vincent noticed the omission. He looked down at his daughter. "Mommy is here too, Aren't you going to say hello?"

Vanessa glanced at Scarlett for a brief moment, then looked away,

She buried her face deeper into Vincent's shoulder and mumbled, "Daddy, I want Sabrina."

Vincent adjusted his hold on her. He leaned down, his voice soft. “But when you were sick before, you always wanted Mommy.”

Hearing this, Vanessa began to sob quietly.

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Chapter 415 A Daughter’s Rejection

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Weakened by the fever, she didn’t have the energy for a tantrum. Her quiet crying was her only form of protest.

Seeing his daughter like this, Vincent let out a helpless sigh.

Scarlett stood off to the side. She made no move to step forward, nor did she seem particularly concerned about Vanessa.

Kids got fevers; it was normal. Once the flu passed, she’d be fine.

Knowing Vanessa’s condition wasn’t serious, Scarlett felt no urge to intervene.

Vincent glanced over at Scarlett. She stood there as if she were a detached observer.

After a moment’s thought, Vincent walked toward her, still holding Vanessa.

“Here,” he said to her. “Hold her for a bit.”

Vanessa seemed to sense what was happening. Suddenly, she found a burst of strength and began to struggle in Vincent’s arms. “No!” she protested, her voice gaining volume. “Don’t want mean mommy! I want Sabrina! I want Sabrina to hold me!”

As she shouted, she began to kick and flail against Vincent’s chest.

Vincent frowned, his eyes darkening with a flash of anger he was trying to suppress.

But seeing Vanessa’s pale, sickly face, he swallowed back any sharp words.

Seeing Vanessa’s violent reaction, Sabrina stepped forward quickly, holding out her arms. “Vincent, please, let me take her.”

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Hearing Sabrina’s voice, Vanessa immediately leaned toward her.

Seeing this, Vincent had little choice but to hand her over.

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Sabrina cradled Vanessa close, gently patting her back a few times, and soon the child’s crying subsided into quiet sniffles.

Only once Vanessa had calmed did Sabrina look up at Vincent. “Vincent, she’s just a little girl. What she wants right now isn’t necessarily what she’ll want forever. Don’t force her—especially when she isn’t feeling well.”

Vincent listened without agreeing or disagreeing.

Scarlett stood to the side and said nothing.

Seeing neither of them respond, Sabrina offered a gentle smile and whispered to Vanessa, “How about Sabrina tucks you in for a while?”

Vanessa, still resting against Sabrina’s shoulder, gave a small nod. “Okay.”

After settling Vanessa back in the hospital bed, Sabrina stayed by her side until she drifted off.

Meanwhile, Vincent pulled his gaze from Sabrina and looked toward Scarlett—only to find she was already watching him.

Scarlett didn't look upset; she even managed a faint, tired smile. "Since I'm not needed here, I should probably head back."

Vincent studied her, a note of concern in his voice. "Where will you go?"

Scarlett thought for a moment. "Back to Theron Manor."

Hearing this, Vincent spoke quickly, "Let me drive you."

Scarlett refused, clear and firm. "No need. I'll grab a cab outside. Vanessa needs you here right

now."

Vincent didn't press further, simply saying quietly, "At least let me walk you out."

This time, Scarlett didn't object, deciding to let him have his way,

From the moment they left the room until they reached the hospital entrance, neither spoke a

word.

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21:05 Wed, Jan 14 d

Chapter 416 Cold Words

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The silence between them felt heavy, strange, and thick.

Outside, the early winter wind cut sharply through the air, biting against their skin.

At the curb, Scarlett turned to Vincent. "I'll catch a cab—you should go back inside."

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Vincent's coat flapped in the gusts, his hair tousled by the wind, yet even like this, he carried a stark, handsome presence.

He looked at Scarlett with clear concern. "Let me take you back to Ravensshade Villa."

Scarlett refused again. "No. I'm going to my parents."

With that, she raised her hand and hailed a passing taxi.

As the car pulled over, Scarlett moved to get in.

Just then, Vincent called out, "Scarlett."

Scarlett closed her eyes briefly. Her patience was wearing thin, but she still turned back to face him. "What?"

Against the wind, Vincent's voice came fragmented, but she caught his words clearly. "Vanessa acting this way toward you... Have you ever considered that you might have played a part in it?"

Hearing that, Scarlett actually laughed. She looked at Vincent. "Then tell me—exactly what have I done wrong?"

Vincent replied, "You don't care for her the way you once did."

His tone held a note of certainty.

Scarlett's smile didn't fade. She didn't bother explaining. "Alright. You're right."

Her detached, almost dismissive manner irked Vincent, "Why are you acting like this?" he asked, unable to mask his frustration.

Scarlett answered, "If that's what you believe, then there's nothing more for me to say."

Without waiting for a response, she slipped into the taxi.

After the cab drove off, Vincent stood rooted for a while longer.

He stared after **it**, a tangled mess of emotions churning inside him.

He thought about lighting a cigarette, but the wind was too fierce, so he let the idea go.

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Chapter 416 Cold Words

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Only after standing in the biting cold for over ten minutes did Vincent finally turn and walk back into the hospital.

When he returned to the ward, Sabrina had just finished settling Vanessa and **was** stepping into the hallway. The moment she saw him return, his expression weighed down and distant, she walked over with concern. “Vincent, is everything alright?”

Vincent glanced at her. “It’s fine.”

Sabrina offered a gentle, understanding smile. “Vanessa’s asleep. Let me go for a walk with you.”

Vincent still declined. “It’s okay. Really.”

But Sabrina grew uneasy. “Is it work? Or... something else?”

Vincent wasn’t in the mood to elaborate. “It’s late,” he said. “You should get some rest *too*.”

With that, he began walking toward the far end of the hallway.

He felt a heaviness in his chest and needed a moment alone, maybe a smoke.

Seeing him walk away, Sabrina quickly called out, “Vincent, where are you going?”

Vincent paused and looked back. “Just need some air. I’ll be back shortly.”

Then he continued down the dimly lit corridor.

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No Second Baby, No You, Only Divorce - Silent Dreams Never Die — 417[826 words]

Chapter 417 A Proposal in the Hospital

But then, Sabrina couldn't help herself. She rushed forward and wrapped her arms tightly around Vincent's waist from behind, pressing her face against the fabric of his coat. "Vincent," she asked, her voice muffled and thick with emotion, "does your proposal to me... Does it still stand?"

Vincent went still. He looked down at her hands clasped over his stomach.

He was silent for a long moment before replying softly, "Yes."

Sabrina held him even tighter, her voice trembling. "Then my answer is yes. I'll marry you."

Hearing her acceptance, Vincent felt no surge of joy. His response was flat, almost detached. "I

see."

Sabrina moved from behind him to stand in front of him. She poked his side gently, whispering, "How long do we have to wait?"

Vincent caught her restless hand. Looking directly into her eyes, he said seriously, "Not until after

my divorce from her is final."

At this, a smile finally broke through on Sabrina's face. She stepped closer, rose onto her toes, and brought her lips near his ear. "Vincent," she murmured in a hushed, intimate tone, "I want to marry you. I really do."

Hearing her earnest words, Vincent felt a strange, hollow calm inside.

His expression remained neutral as he gently disentangled himself. "I know. You should go get

some rest now."

With that, he turned and walked away, disappearing around the corner of the long hallway.

Vincent had intended to *go* to the stairwell, but his feet carried him to the rooftop access instead.

A restless unease had settled in his chest, one he couldn't name.

Outside, the wind was still strong, but a partial wall offered some shelter. Vincent managed to light a cigarette.

The moment the smoke left his lips, the wind snatched and scattered it.

He finished one cigarette and immediately lit another.

He didn't understand why, but Scarlett's face kept intruding into his thoughts.

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Chapter 417 A Proposal in the Hospital

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He couldn't quite define the feeling, but there was a vague, persistent sense of... missing her.

It hadn't even been an hour since she left, yet he already felt her absence.

The more he tried not to think about her, the more she occupied his mind.

Finally, giving in to the impulse, he pulled out his phone and sent Scarlett a message, "Did you get home safely?"

Two minutes later, her reply came, "Yes."

Staring at that single, cold word, Vincent couldn't help but think of the old Scarlett.

That Scarlett wouldn't have been able to resist sending him a stream of messages without being asked. She would have eagerly told him who she'd seen, what little things had happened, maybe even something as mundane as getting a good deal on a cab ride...

And something like making it home—she would have volunteered the information without prompting, “I’m back.”

Holding his phone, he still couldn’t stop himself. He typed into the chat box, “Feel like a video call?”

Scarlett’s reply was quick—a simple question mark.

Seeing that lone question mark, Vincent’s lips twitched into an unconscious, faint smile.

He sent another message, “I want to see you.”

When Scarlett saw this, she let out a soft, derisive huff. Her fingers typed out a reply, “What?

You don’t trust me?”

But she deleted it before sending.

She reconsidered—these last few days were critical for the divorce proceedings. Antagonizing Vincent over something trivial wasn’t worth the risk.

In the end, she relented. “Fine.”

Seeing that Fine, Vincent waited, but the video call request didn’t come.

Puzzled, he typed, “Aren’t you going to call?”

Reading this, Scarlett gritted her teeth in frustration.

Once again, she yielded.

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Chapter 417 A Proposal in the Hospital

When she finally initiated the call, Vincent accepted it almost instantly.

As the connection stabilized, Scarlett’s face filled his screen.

He let out a soft chuckle, then found himself saying, “I’m out on the balcony.”

Hearing this, Scarlett seemed momentarily surprised, then simply replied, “Oh.”

Seeing that she was already lying down in bed, Vincent asked, “Going to sleep already?”

Scarlett nodded against her pillow. “Yeah.”

On the screen, she was nestled in her bed, propping the phone up with one hand.

She even let out a small, tired yawn.

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Seeing this, Vincent showed no sign of ending the call. Instead, he shifted topics. “Do you ever regret it?” he asked.

Scarlett sounded confused. “Regret what?”

Vincent was direct. “Terminating the pregnancy.”

Scarlett opened her mouth. The words “Not” for a second were on the tip of her tongue.

But she held them back.

If she said the wrong thing and provoked Vincent, she was afraid it might jeopardize the final steps of the divorce.

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**No Second Baby, No You, Only Divorce -
Silent Dreams Never Die — 418[892 words
]**

Chapter 418 A Midnight Comforting Presence

After a long silence, Scarlett finally gathered her words. “What happened is in the past. Debating who was right or wrong, or talking about regret, doesn’t change anything. It’s pointless.”

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Finished

Vincent seemed to be in a somber mood. The wind howled loudly on his end. Gazing at Scarlett’s face on the screen, he said, “If I had known you were pregnant back then, I would have asked you to keep it.”

Hearing that, Scarlett was momentarily stunned.

She thought of the amniotic fluid embolism she’d survived during Vanessa’s birth. Even now, a cold thread of fear ran through her at the memory.

Yet, whenever Vincent spoke of having another child, he never mentioned the life-threatening ordeal she had endured.

He tossed out the words “keep it” so casually, while she would have been the one to bear all the physical risk.

The thought filled her with a grim sense of relief. It was a good thing she hadn’t continued that

pregnancy.

If she had, and had faced another crisis like that... she wasn’t sure her spirit or her body could have endured it.

After a moment, she said to Vincent, “But the world isn’t built on ‘what-ifs“.”

Vincent fell silent.

As his second cigarette burned down to the filter, he spoke again, his voice soft, “There’s an event this weekend. Will you come with me?”

Vincent never used to invite Scarlett to his social engagements.

But lately, she kept finding her way into his thoughts.

Scarlett didn’t refuse outright. She simply said, “We’ll see when the weekend comes.”

Vincent, however, left no room for refusal. “Then I’ll pick you up on Saturday.”

Scarlett didn’t acknowledge his statement. She rubbed her eyes, feigning tiredness. “Vincent, I need to sleep now.”

He had already noticed her exhaustion. Though reluctant, he lowered his voice. “Alright.

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Chapter 418 A Midnight Comforting Presence

Goodnight.”

Only after he spoke did Scarlett reply, “Mhm.”

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Just as her finger moved to tap the end-call button, Vincent spoke again, “Wait.”

Scarlett paused. “What?”

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Vincent stared at her image on the screen, an uncharacteristic hint of hesitation in his tone. “A kiss goodnight?”

For a moment, Scarlett wondered if she’d misheard.

But Vincent didn’t repeat himself, simply holding her gaze.

Flustered, she stammered, “I’m hanging up.”

Without giving him another chance to speak, she ended the call.

After the screen went dark, her heart began to beat an inexplicable, rapid rhythm.

Vincent’s strange request felt completely out of character for him.

But she was overwhelmingly tired. Succumbing to her exhaustion, she fell into a deep sleep.

However, not long after drifting off, Scarlett began to dream. She dreamt of her

past

self...

Meek, compliant, giving until there was nothing left...

She jolted awake, sitting bolt upright in the pitch-black room. She couldn't see her own hand in front of her face, surrounded by an oppressive, complete darkness.

The blackout curtains were drawn, blocking any sliver of outside light, making it impossible to distinguish any shapes in the room.

The fragments of her dream left her feeling suffocated and hollow.

Sitting in the dark, a quiet sob escaped her.

Once the wave of sorrow passed, she offered a silent, desperate prayer for the divorce to proceed without complication.

Only after it was finalized could she truly begin again.

Just then, a faint scraping sound came from the window. Immediately after, a figure slipped smoothly into the room from behind the curtains.

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Chapter 418 A Midnight Comforting Presence

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Scarlett couldn't see who it was. She fumbled blindly along the wall, seeking the light switch.

But just as her hand stretched out, a pair of familiar, warm hands effortlessly caught hers.

The touch was unmistakable.

She didn't pull away, instead whispering tentatively into the darkness, "Damian?"

Damian settled on the edge of the bed beside her. Wrapping a reassuring arm around her shoulders, he said softly, "Yeah. It's me."

Scarlett stared in the direction of his voice, confused. “Why did you come through the window again?”

In the darkness, Damian scratched the back of his head, a little sheepish. “Old habits die hard, I guess.”

In the profound dark, Scarlett could barely make out the faint gleam of Damian’s eyes.

Her voice was husky from sleep and emotion. “I thought you went home.”

Damian’s gaze was fixed on her shadowy form. “I did. But I was worried you might not come back here tonight, so I came to wait for you.”

He leaned in a little closer, his tone adopting a playfully fierce whisper. “If you hadn’t shown up, I was ready to turn Vincent’s whole world upside down.”

Scarlett didn’t pull back. She could feel the solid warmth of him beside her, even if she couldn’t see the mock-ferocious expression on his face.

She couldn’t see him clearly, and he couldn’t fully see her.

Their eyes met only in the abstract, within the shared, intimate darkness,

Knowing how late it was, Scarlett brushed past his comment. “You should go home now.”

Hearing this, Damian instantly refused. “No chance. I just got here. I’m not going anywhere.”

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No Second Baby, No You, Only Divorce - Silent Dreams Never Die — 419[892 words]

Finished

Awakened Housewife: Ignore Betrayer's Begs

Chapter 419 Tears in the Moonlight

As he spoke, he rested his head against Scarlett's shoulder.

When he looked up, he suddenly caught the glistening wetness of unshed tears in her eyes.

In that moment, he felt a jolt of confusion, followed by a sharp pang of concern.

Immediately, Damian sat up straight. He reached over and switched on the bedside lamp. As light flooded the room, Scarlett instinctively turned her face away.

At the same time, she raised a hand to hastily wipe her cheeks.

Damian saw it all clearly. He shifted closer and gently took her hand. His voice was thick with worry. "Why are you crying?"

Scarlett shook her head. "It's nothing. I just had a bad dream."

Damian used his warm fingertips to brush away the moisture clinging to her lashes. He softened his voice. "What did you dream about?"

Scarlett didn't want to talk about it. She shook her head again. "It doesn't matter."

But Damian wasn't having it. His voice turned insistent, though not unkind. "Tell me."

Scarlett lowered her gaze, her voice barely a whisper. "Damian, I'm really tired. I just want to sleep."

Damian held onto her hand, his grip firm but gentle. "Not yet."

Scarlett tried to pull away and lie back down, but Damian held fast, refusing to let go.

In the slight struggle, he lost his balance and tumbled down with her.

Scarlett found herself lying on her back on the large bed, with Damian hovering above her.

Worried about crushing her, Damian quickly braced his hands on either side of her body, holding himself up.

Breathing heavily from the sudden fright, Scarlett's chest rose and fell rapidly. With each breath, she brushed lightly against Damian's torso.

Damian held himself in a push-up position over her, looking down at her face. Seeing her panicked, vulnerable expression, he deliberately lowered his face a little closer.

Suddenly, his breath, his scent, his very presence enveloped her.

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Chapter 419 Tears in the Moonlight

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For a moment, Scarlett felt utterly disoriented.

It took her a few seconds to gather her thoughts. Her voice came out hoarse, almost like a plea. "Damian... could you please get off me first?"

Damian's gaze swept over her face, her collarbone, down to the neckline of her top, which had shifted slightly from the movement.

A faint, dusky pink flush instantly crept up his neck to his ears.

Scarlett followed his gaze and instinctively moved a hand to cover her chest. "Damian!" she said, a note of reprimand in her voice.

Damian seemed not to hear her. He caught her wandering hand. Then, as he leaned down, he deliberately aimed for her lips, stopping just a hair's breadth away.

He looked directly into Scarlett's eyes. His own were growing hazy with a deep, unspoken want. He asked her, his voice serious and low, "Scarlett... is this okay?"

Scarlett saw the raw emotion and desire in his eyes. Fear spiked within her, and she tried to wriggle free, but Damian held her hands firmly, making escape impossible.

Finally, out of sheer exhaustion, she went still. She looked at him with wide, anxious eyes and said firmly, "Damian, no. You can't."

A slight frown creased Damian's brow. He looked at her, a tinge of genuine hurt in his expression. "Are you really going to leave me hanging like this?"

Scarlett was flustered and a little scared. "Then what do you want me to do?" she asked, her voice strained.

At that, Damian lowered his head and buried his face in the curve of her shoulder.

He was careful not to put his weight on her. His voice, muffled against her skin, was soft and pleading. “I just want to lie here next to you. Let me stay until you fall asleep.”

Hearing this, Scarlett’s eyes widened. She asked nervously, “Th–that’s all?”

Damian lifted his head then. He met her gaze, a knowing, playful smile touching his lips. “What else were you thinking?”

Scarlett’s cheeks flushed a deep crimson. She turned her face away, flustered. “I... I wasn’t thinking anything.”

Damian chuckled softly. “Your face is telling a different story. You’re definitely thinking something.”

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Chapter 419 Tears in the Moonlight

“I am not!” Scarlett insisted.

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Seeing her like this, the corner of Damian’s mouth curved into a gentle smile. He then rolled off her and lay down beside her, easily wrapping one long arm around her shoulders to pull her close.

Scarlett found herself nestled against his side before she could even process it. Then, Damian’s voice, warm and amused, sounded by her ear. “I know what you were thinking. But don’t worry. I would never cross a line you haven’t drawn.”

Hearing his reassurance, Scarlett let out a quiet sigh of relief. She gave him a half-hearted push. “Then let me go.”

Instead of releasing her, Damian pulled her a little closer, his arm a comfortable weight around her. “Just sleep. You’ll sleep better with me here.”

Hearing the steady certainty in his voice, Scarlett stopped resisting. She didn’t try to push him away again.

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No Second Baby, No You, Only Divorce - Silent Dreams Never Die — 420[834 words]

Chapter 420 A Morning Full of Surprises

54

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She simply let him hold her. Once she finally calmed down, however, fresh tears spilled silently down her cheeks.

Damian didn't know the source of her sorrow, but he could feel the weight of her sadness.

Wordlessly, he slid his arm more securely beneath her neck and drew her incrementally closer, until she was tucked completely against his chest.

Cradled in that warm embrace, Scarlett soon drifted back into sleep.

Holding her, Damian also fell into a deep, peaceful slumber.

That night, they both slept soundly.

The next morning, at eight o'clock, neither had stirred.

But then, the bedroom door was suddenly pushed open in haste. Violet's voice carried in, "Scarlett, Clara is still—"

Her sentence cut off abruptly, the words dying in her throat.

A moment of stunned silence followed. Then, comprehension dawning, Violet began backpedaling toward the hallway, whispering, "I... I didn't see anything."

Just as the door clicked shut, Nathan's voice sounded from the corridor. "What's wrong?"

Violet made a frantic "shh" gesture, then pulled him farther down the hall. She gave his arm a light swat. "Damian's in there."

Hearing this, Nathan's voice rose in alarm. "What?"

Violet yanked him into a nearby room and clapped a hand over his mouth. "Keep your voice down! Do you have to shout?"

Nathan pushed her hand away, scowling. "That's... brazen."

Now Violet was annoyed. She lowered her voice to a sharp whisper. "You're jumping to conclusions without knowing anything."

Nathan rolled his eyes. "You're just enabling her."

Violet swatted his arm again. "So what if I am? Scarlett deserves happiness. One Damian, two Damians—it's her business."

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Chapter 420 A Morning Full of Surprises

Nathan was so irritated he was momentarily speechless. "You..."

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Violet stood her ground, tilting her chin up defiantly. "Me, what?"

Nathan fixed her with a stern look. "Is that really how you see it?"

Violet decided to double down, dragging out her words teasingly. "Yes, it is. What are you going to do about it?"

Hearing this, Nathan closed the distance between them in two strides. He scooped her up and delivered a couple of light, chastising pats to her backside. "Still feel that way?"

Violet yelped at the sting but refused to yield. She looped her arms around his neck, a wide, impish grin spreading across her face. “I do. Absolutely.”

Nathan’s expression darkened playfully. He deposited her onto a nearby sofa, then leaned over her, his face hovering close to hers. “Feel like changing your answer?”

Instead of replying, Violet pulled his head down until his lips were almost touching hers.

A moment later, they were lost in a passionate kiss.

Back in the bedroom, the commotion had jolted Scarlett awake.

In an instant, she sat bolt upright, disentangling herself from Damian’s arms.

Only as she swung her legs over the side of the bed did the full memory of the previous night— and Damian’s presence—come rushing back.

Seeing her look of utter dismay, Damian couldn’t help but ask, “What’s wrong? Regretting your hospitality?”

His cavalier tone irked her. She reached out and gave him a light shove. “This is all your fault. My brother is going to give me an earful.”

Damian sat up, rubbing the arm that had gone numb beneath her. “If you’re worried, I’ll go out and explain.”

Scarlett quickly grabbed his sleeve. “Damian, don’t you dare.”

Seeing her genuinely flustered, he couldn’t resist teasing her further. “Oh? And who was **it** who used my arm as a pillow all night and wouldn’t let me move? Having second thoughts now?”

Scarlett huffed. “Stop twisting things. This is your fault. If you’d just left through the window like you were supposed to, none of this would have happened.”

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Chapter 420 A Morning Full of Surprises

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Damian settled back against the headboard, his expression one of lazy amusement, completely unruffled.

Seeing his calm demeanor, Scarlett tried to scare him. “You won’t be so smug when my brother gets here. He’ll probably try to knock your lights out.”

Damian merely shrugged. “Let him try. A prospective groom can’t avoid facing the family forever.”

His unflappable attitude finally made her snap. “You... You’re impossible.”

A faint smile touched his lips. “Am I the one who’s impossible here?”

Scarlett

gave up arguing. “I’m going to get ready,” she said, standing up.

Just then, Damian swung his own legs off the bed. He looked up at her with a broad, challenging grin. “Need company?”

Scarlett stopped and leveled a look at him. “What you need is to climb back out that window. Now. Unless you want my brother to find you here—because I won’t be able to save you then.”

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21:06 Wed, Jan 14

Awakened Housewife. Ignore Betrayer’s Begs

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