

No Second Baby, No You, Only Divorce - Silent Dreams Never Die — 421[942 words]

Chapter 421 Facing the Family Together

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Finished

Even though Nathan had said that guests should use the front door, Scarlett knew her brother's temper all too well.

Regardless of whether Damian was technically in the wrong for staying over, Nathan definitely wouldn't welcome him with open arms.

The fact that a scene hadn't already erupted likely meant Violet was running interference.

With that thought, Scarlett just wanted Damian gone as quickly as possible.

After all, she was Nathan's sister—at worst, she'd get a stern talking-to.

She wasn't sure if Damian had taken her warning seriously, but just then, he swung his legs out of bed.

After slipping back into his shirt, he turned and looked at her. He didn't say a word, but one eyebrow arched slightly.

A moment later, he walked toward her.

Stopping in front of her, he looked down with a faint, knowing smile. "I meant what I said. I'm not hiding."

With that, he didn't give Scarlett time to process his meaning—he simply pulled open the bedroom door and walked straight out.

His boldness sent a jolt of panic through her. Staring at his retreating back, she instinctively called out, "Damian, get back here!"

But as soon as Damian stepped into the hallway, he spotted Henry and Diana across the way, just about to head downstairs.

Seeing the two elders, Damian's pulse quickened.

Still, he forced an air of calm. He met their curious, slightly stunned gazes and offered a polite smile. “Mr. Theron, Mrs. Theron. Good morning.”

Henry and Diana were both taken aback at the sight of him.

Hearing his greeting, they exchanged a glance before responding with somewhat strained smiles. “Good morning.”

Inside the bedroom, Scarlett felt the situation spiraling. Her heart pounded anxiously, but she

couldn’t find her voice.

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Chapter 421 Facing the Family Together

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Damian took a steadying breath and approached the elders.

Henry looked at him, perplexed. “You’re...”

Damian kept his smile in place. “Mr. Theron, I came by last night. It was quite late, so I didn’t want to disturb you. I hope that’s alright.”

His words had a hint of “ask for forgiveness, not permission”.

Hearing this, Henry’s voice held a tremor. “You... you...”

But the sharper reprimand never came.

After all, this was Theron Manor. If Damian had managed to get in and stay, it surely hadn’t been a one-sided affair.

Seeing Henry was momentarily speechless, Damian turned to Diana. “Mrs. Theron, I was just about to get some milk for Scarlett. Could I make you a cup as well?”

Diana was caught off guard by the domestic offer but didn’t want to seem rude. “Oh, well... that would be nice, thank you.”

Inside the room, a fresh wave of dread washed over Scarlett. Forgoing any attempt to freshen up,

she hurried out and followed Damian downstairs.

While the two of them were in the kitchen at the stove, Nathan and Violet came down as well.

Hearing their footsteps on the stairs, Scarlett shot Damian a look. “Let’s see you talk your way out of this one.”

Damian’s smile was warm and unbothered. “Making your family feel confident about me is job. Your only job is to decide if you’re willing to give me a chance.”

Scarlett was momentarily stunned by his words.

She thought of Vincent back then—he had never said anything remotely like that.

When she had been determined to marry Vincent, she had been the one exhausting herself, trying to prove her worth to everyone.

Whether Damian’s words were entirely sincere or not, at least he could voice them.

Vincent wouldn’t have bothered.

Noticing Scarlett’s distracted expression, Damian guessed she might be thinking of Vincent.

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Chapter 421 Facing the Family Together

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He leaned down and gave her cheek a gentle, playful pinch, though his eyes held a hint of reproach. “Don’t think about him.”

Scarlett snapped back to the present and nodded. “Okay.”

Seeing her easy agreement, Damian felt a prick of irritation. “You really were thinking about him, weren’t you?”

Scarlett didn’t answer directly. Instead, she pointed at the saucepan. “Damian, the oatmeal.”

Hearing the warning, Damian hurried to lift the lid. In his haste, a plume of steam shot up and scalded the back of his hand.

He hissed in pain and dropped the lid with a clatter.

Seeing this, Scarlett quickly grabbed his wrist and guided his hand under the cool stream of the kitchen faucet.

At the same time, she couldn’t help scolding him, her voice a mix of concern and exasperation. “If you don’t know what you’re doing, why show off? Now look—you’ve burned yourself. Happy?”

Damian didn’t mind the scolding. He watched her profile as she tended to his hand, his eyes soft and smiling.

After a moment, he said quietly, “It’s the trying that counts, even when you’re not perfect at it.”

Scarlett let out a soft, dismissive huff. “Show-off.”

Damian just kept smiling and didn’t argue.

But a moment later, he couldn’t resist. He wrapped his other arm around her from behind, pulling her gently back against his chest.

He rested his chin lightly on the top of her head and asked, his voice sincere and low, “After the divorce is final... how about we try being together? For real.”

The faucet continued to run, the steady sound of water filling the quiet kitchen.

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Awakened Housewife: Ignore Betrayer’s Begs.

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No Second Baby, No You, Only Divorce - Silent Dreams Never Die — 422[814 words]

Chapter 422 Whispered Promises

Scarlett was still holding Damian's hand under the cool stream of water.

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Behind her stood Damian's warm, solid frame. His body radiated a comforting heat, like early winter sunlight.

For a moment, Scarlett felt pleasantly disoriented.

He had wrapped his arms gently around her, enveloping her completely.

Leaning back against his chest, she seemed small and delicate within his embrace.

Damian buried his face in her hair, breathing in her scent deeply.

Her fragrance was quietly intoxicating, pulling him closer with an almost magnetic pull.

When she finally came back to herself, Scarlett remembered they were in her parents' kitchen -and her family was just outside.

She shifted slightly, giving his chest a light push. "Let me go. Everyone's out there. It won't look good if they see us like this."

Instead of releasing her, Damian held her a little tighter. His voice was low and rough. "I don't care. I've already held you. I've already kissed you."

Hearing that, Scarlett frowned and let out a soft, exasperated breath. "Damian, you..."

Damian tightened his embrace once more, as if trying to meld her into his very being.

He murmured softly near her ear, “Like my mom says, if you start something with a girl, you’ve got to see it through.”

Scarlett went still for a second. “Damian, I don’t need you to ‘see it through’

Damian’s reply was firm. “Yes, you do. I will.”

Scarlett raised her hands to push him away properly, but before she could apply any pressure, Diana’s puzzled voice floated in from the hallway. “Scarlett, is breakfast almost ready?”

As she spoke, Diana peeked into the kitchen.

The moment she saw Damian holding Scarlett, she quickly averted her eyes.

Flustered, she added, “Scarlett, Clara still needs to get to school soon. Could you... maybe speed things up a bit?”

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Chapter 422 Whispered Promises

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With that, Diana retreated from the doorway.

Hearing her, Scarlett called out quickly, “Okay, got it.”

Once Diana was gone, Scarlett gave Damian a light, admonishing swat.

She extracted herself from his arms and shot him a look. “After breakfast, you should head home. If anyone asks, just tell them I wasn’t feeling well last night and you came to check on me.”

Damian stood under the kitchen light, his gaze steady and serious on Scarlett. “But I don’t like lying.”

Scarlett couldn’t help a small laugh. “Since when?”

Hearing that, Damian's brow furrowed slightly. He leaned down until his eyes were level with hers. "What lie are you talking about?"

Thinking of the complicated history between Damian and Sabrina, Scarlett decided not to press it. She simply said, "Let's go. We shouldn't keep everyone waiting."

After leaving the kitchen, the two of them walked into the dining area together.

Nathan, Violet, Henry, and Diana were already seated.

The moment Scarlett and Damian entered, all eyes turned toward them.

Instantly, they were the center of attention.

Nathan's gaze was cold and distinctly unwelcoming.

Henry and Diana glanced their way briefly before looking down at their plates.

Only Violet wore a bright, warm smile. She gestured to them. "Scarlett, Damian, come sit."

Then, turning to Damian, who seemed a touch uneasy, she added kindly, "Damian, make yourself at home. No need to be nervous."

Damian quickly returned her smile. "Thank you. I already feel very at home here."

Hearing that, Violet's grin widened.

Damian's words were clearly layered with meaning.

How many times had he slipped over here in the middle of the night? Didn't that already mean he treated the place like his own?

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Chapter 422 Whispered Promises

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Scarlett caught the subtext too. Under the table, she gave his arm a subtle pinch, warning him to watch his words.

Outwardly, she didn't even glance his way.

Damian, however, looked directly at her, his eyes holding a trace of playful innocence and feigned grievance.

Seeing his stare, Scarlett quickly let go of his arm, flustered.

At the same time, she shot him a stern look. "What are you looking at me for? Eat your breakfast."

Hearing that, Damian promptly stood up.

He divided the milk into three mugs. The first he placed in front of Diana, the second before Violet, and the third he set down gently in front of Scarlett.

Before resuming his seat, Damian ignored the less-than-thrilled expressions on Nathan and Henry's faces. Instead, he smiled warmly at the two women. "Mrs. Theron, Violet—I've heard milk is soothing. I thought you might like some."

With that, he sat back down.

Violet looked at Damian, her eyes crinkling into happy crescents. "Damian, you're so thoughtful. Scarlett is very lucky."

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No Second Baby, No You, Only Divorce - Silent Dreams Never Die — 423[719 words]

Chapter 423 A Brother's Protective Interrogation

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Nathan, who had been silent the whole time, let out a soft, derisive snort at Violet's comment.

Violet heard it but chose to ignore it.

Just then, Diana spoke up, her voice slightly hoarse and layered with meaning. "A thoughtful gesture now and then doesn't mean much. Men, you see, can be very good at putting on a show. What matters is being thoughtful for a lifetime—that's the mark of a good man."

Diana's words carried a clear, sharp edge. Violet opened her mouth, ready to jump to Damian's defense, but Damian himself turned calmly toward Diana.

"Mrs. Theron, I understand where you're coming from," he said, his tone respectful yet confident. "But with most things in life, you have to take a chance. You won't know the outcome unless you try. Don't you agree?"

Diana didn't respond, nor did she look at him.

Damian came from a good family, was handsome, and seemed to treat Scarlett well...

By all outward measures, a husband like him should be beyond reproach.

But after everything Scarlett had endured with Vincent, no one in the Theron family was eager to push her toward anyone new.

No one spoke, and the atmosphere at the table grew stiff and cold.

Seeing the impasse, Violet addressed Damian. "You have a point. You really can't know how something will turn out unless you give it a shot."

Damian

gave Violet a grateful smile before turning his gaze back to Scarlett.

He was looking at her, but his words seemed meant for everyone. "Whether she's willing to try or not... that's really up to Scarlett, isn't it?"

Hearing this, Violet quickly turned to Scarlett, "Scarlett, tell us. Would you be open to seeing where things go with Damian?"

Scarlett felt put on the spot. She awkwardly changed the subject. "Violet, where's Clara?"

Violet raised an eyebrow, a knowing smile touching her lips. "Still fast asleep upstairs."

Scarlett quickly stood up. "I'll go check on her."

Damian rose as well. "I'll come with you."

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Chapter 423 A Brother's Protective Interrogation

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Scarlett was about to nod when Nathan's voice cut through the room. "Damian. You stay."

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At his command, Damian's footsteps halted. He shot a fleeting, almost pleading look toward Scarlett.

Scarlett looked back at him, her face a mixture of uncertainty and worry.

After a brief hesitation, Scarlett slowly sat back down. She addressed Violet and Nathan. "Clara's still little, and sleep is important for her development. Let's let her rest a while longer."

Hearing this, Damian pressed his lips together to suppress a faint smile.

He could still see concern for him in Scarlett's eyes.

He felt that, somewhere deep down, she did care.

But as soon as he resumed his seat, Nathan's disapproving gaze settled heavily upon him.

Nathan glanced coldly at Scarlett. "Go keep Clara company upstairs. Don't come back down unless someone calls for you."

Once he finished speaking, Scarlett looked at Damian one last time, her worry still evident.

Damian met her gaze. Though clearly anxious about the coming conversation, he managed a reassuring smile. "I'll be fine. Go ahead."

Seeing his forced calm, Scarlett felt a knot of unease but had no choice but to leave.

Upstairs, Scarlett tiptoed into Clara's bedroom.

The little girl was still fast asleep, her face peaceful. Scarlett decided not to wake her.

But her thoughts kept drifting back to Damian, alone downstairs with her brother, and a persistent worry gnawed at her.

Perhaps sensing a presence, Clara stirred and woke up just then.

Rubbing her sleepy eyes, she looked in surprise at the figure by her bed and tentatively whispered, "Auntie?"

Hearing her voice, Scarlett pushed her worries aside for the moment. She walked over, sat on the edge of the bed, and gently brushed a strand of hair from Clara's cheek. "Yes, sweetheart, **it's**

me."

Clara gave her own hand a little pinch, as if to check she wasn't dreaming, then suddenly sat up and threw her arms around Scarlett's neck, her eyes glistening. "Auntie, you're back! I missed

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Awakened

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No Second Baby, No You, Only Divorce - Silent Dreams Never Die — 424[835 words]

Housewife: Ignore Betrayer's Begs

Chapter 424 The Little Girl's Mission

"Damian, Auntie is upstairs... She said her stomach hurts."

Hearing this, Damian felt an initial jolt of alarm.

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But then it occurred to him—knowing Scarlett, if she were truly in pain, she wouldn't have mentioned it so easily.

He quickly realized that Scarlett's "stomachache" was likely just a ploy to rescue him from the tense conversation downstairs.

Still, this confrontation was inevitable. Maybe it was better to face it head-on now rather than later.

With that thought, Damian reached out and drew Clara closer. He said gently, "Clara, go tell your auntie that I understand, and that once I've finished talking down here, I'll come see her."

Clara looked a little confused. She stared at Damian, hesitated, then finally murmured, "Okay."

Damian gave

her cheek a gentle pinch, a warm smile spreading across his face. "Don't worry. I care very much about your auntie."

Clara wasn't fully convinced, but she nodded. "Mm-hmm."

Then she turned to head back upstairs.

But just then, Nathan spoke up, his expression stern. "Go tell your aunt that if she's planning any more little schemes, she should come down here herself."

Clara didn't fully grasp the adult subtext, but she memorized the words carefully. She smiled at Nathan. "Okay, Daddy."

Violet smiled too but didn't intervene.

She knew Nathan well enough—if he had asked Damian to stay and talk privately, it likely meant he was starting to accept him. This was his way of handling things.

After Clara went upstairs, Scarlett paced anxiously in the bedroom.

She was genuinely worried about Damian. She knew Nathan's temper all too well.

What if they exchanged harsh words? What if it came to blows?

Clara stood behind Scarlett and called out softly, "Auntie."

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Chapter 424 The Little Girl's Mission

Hearing her, Scarlett finally looked down. "Where's Damian? Didn't he come up?"

Clara faithfully relayed everything Damian and Nathan had said.

In the end, Scarlett sighed quietly. "Maybe it's for the best."

If she went down now, she'd probably just make things more complicated.

Trying to push her worry aside, she said to Clara, "Come on, let's get you washed up."

Clara looked puzzled. "Auntie, you scared?"

Scarlett shook her head. "No, I'm not scared. There's nothing to be scared of."

Though, truthfully, she still felt a knot of nervousness in her stomach.

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Finished

Clara walked over, took Scarlett's hand, and said, "Auntie, don't be afraid. Damian is really, really cool."

Hearing that, Scarlett couldn't help but laugh. She asked curiously, "What's so cool about him?"

Clara thought it over seriously. "It's just a feeling."

Scarlett was amused. She gave Clara's cheek a gentle pinch. "Alright, go

brush your

teeth."

Clara didn't head to the bathroom immediately. After a moment's thought, she said to Scarlett very seriously, "Damian is great. He's better than Uncle."

Hearing her niece's firm declaration, Scarlett was stunned for a few seconds.

Then she let out a soft, bittersweet laugh. "People tend to show their best side to others, you

know."

Clara looked confused. "Auntie, I don't get it."

Scarlett smiled and ruffled Clara's hair. "Someone is truly good when their actions match their words. Anything else **is**... hard to trust."

Hearing this, Clara asked curiously, "You mean... like Daddy always keeps his promises to Mommy?"

Scarlett nodded. "Something like that."

Just then, Clara's expression turned very earnest. "Then Damian is even better than Daddy. Damian is a romantic."

Seeing her talk like this, Scarlett frowned and looked at her suspiciously. "Did Damian bribe

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Chapter 424 The Little Girl's Mission

you or something?"

Clara shook her head vigorously. "No way!"

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Scarlett gave Clara's cheek another affectionate pinch. "Alright, off you go. Get washed up."

Clara didn't hesitate any longer and skipped off toward the bathroom.

Scarlett stood alone in the bedroom, another wave of worry for Damian washing over her.

Downstairs in the living room, the breakfast on the table remained largely untouched by the family. Only Violet ate slowly and calmly.

Nathan sat in silence for what felt like a very long time before he finally spoke. He looked directly at Damian. “Mr. Langley, you’re powerful, well-connected, and you don’t lack for female attention. You’re a big name in Rivergate. Scarlett is... just a woman about to be divorced. I don’t see this going anywhere good for either of you. So I’m asking you—do the hard thing. Let her down firmly. Make sure she gives up any... unrealistic ideas.”

Hearing this, Damian’s brow furrowed. He leaned forward, his voice earnest. “Nathan, Scarlett **is** important to me. I don’t care about her past. I only care if her future includes me. So please, give us your blessing. Let me love her the way she deserves to be loved.”

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No Second Baby, No You, Only Divorce - Silent Dreams Never Die — 425[877 words]

Chapter 425 A Plea for a Chance

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Finished

Damian spoke with utter sincerity. Anyone listening would have been moved.

But Damian had a well-known reputation with women, and Nathan was acutely aware of it.

Online, there were endless gossip columns and rumors about him.

Those could perhaps be set aside, but there remained a significant gap between Damian's world and Scarlett's.

As her brother, Nathan had already envisioned a different path for her.

After the divorce, she could focus on being a stable, skilled surgeon. If she was lucky, she might meet someone compatible within the medical field to settle down with. If not, Nathan was prepared to support his sister for the rest of her life.

With this in mind, Nathan held his ground. "Damian, people are practical. When the novelty fades and you notice her body isn't that of an eighteen-year-old, will you still be able to say these things so easily?"

Hearing this, Damian offered a slight, patient smile. "Nathan, I'm not the shallow person you think I am. My intentions aren't as calculating as you assume. My heart is a small space. Once she entered it, there was no room left for anyone else."

His words gave Nathan a moment's pause.

Then, Damian stood up. He kept his eyes on Nathan. "All I know is that my feelings for her are real. No matter how difficult the road ahead is, or how many obstacles are placed in our way, I won't back down."

Henry had stayed quiet throughout, though his concern was palpable.

Nathan felt a tug of emotion but maintained his stern demeanor. "I asked you to stay not to listen to declarations. I just want to make one thing clear—Scarlett has been married once. Until she finds a truly suitable partner, I won't support her rushing into another marriage."

Damian's brow furrowed. "But if you don't even allow her to try with me, how will you ever know if I'm suitable or not?"

Seeing Nathan's unmoved expression, Damian pressed on. "Nathan, I'm not Vincent. I won't make the same mistakes he did."

With that, Damian turned from Nathan. He faced Henry and Diana and bowed deeply at the

waist.

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Chapter 425 A Plea for a Chance

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He remained in that position, his voice earnest. "Please, Mr. and Mrs. Theron, give me a chance. If I ever do wrong, you can send me away immediately. But please, don't shut the door from the very beginning."

Henry and Diana exchanged another silent glance, saying nothing.

Seeing Damian still bowed, Nathan opened his mouth to speak, but Violet shot him a sharp look, warning him to stay silent.

Once Nathan reluctantly closed his mouth, Violet stood and gently took Damian's arm, guiding him upright. "Please, stand up. This isn't necessary. We're not living in the past. It's a free world. There's nothing wrong with a relationship. As long as you treat Scarlett well, our whole family will be happy for her."

Damian smiled gratefully at Violet, but his eyes drifted back to Nathan, Henry, and Diana.

Understanding his anxiety, Violet gave his arm a reassuring pat. "Go on upstairs and see Scarlett. The morning's getting away from us."

Damian nodded. "Yes, thank you. I'll just check on her and then be on my way."

Violet's smile was warm and encouraging. "Be confident. If you care for her, show it."

Then she leaned in slightly, lowering her voice for only Damian to hear. "Don't let Nathan's sternness fool you. Underneath, he's all heart. He's probably just wrestling with why someone like you would be so intent on Scarlett. To be honest... I'm a little curious about that myself."

Before she could finish, Nathan stood up with a displeased grunt. He took Violet's arm. "We're going to be late."

As Nathan began steering her toward the front door, Violet called back over her shoulder to Damian, "Be persistent! Don't get discouraged!

"Oh, and remember to take Clara to preschool!

"Nathan, must you be so rough? Where did you learn these manners? A little gentleness goes a long way, you know!"

Violet's voice faded as they moved farther away.

Only after they had disappeared from view did Damian address Henry and Diana again. “I’ll just go **see** Scarlett and then be on my way.”

Henry, lost in thought, said nothing.

Seeing his silence, Diana finally replied softly, “Go ahead.”

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Chapter 425 A Plea for a Chance

With a respectful nod, Damian turned and made his way upstairs.

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He had just reached Clara’s bedroom door when he heard the little girl’s puzzled voice from inside. “Auntie, are you still worried about Damian?”

Scarlett was sitting on the edge of the bed. She turned to look at Clara. “No, I’m not.”

Clara pouted. “Yes, you are. You’re lying.”

Scarlett reached out and pinched her niece’s cheek gently, forcing a smile. “Shouldn’t you be getting ready for school? You have time to worry about Auntie’s problems?”

Clara replied, “I am getting ready. I’m waiting for you to take me.”

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**No Second Baby, No You, Only Divorce -
Silent Dreams Never Die — 426[845 words
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Awakened Housewife Ignore Betrayer's Begs

Chapter 426 Unwelcome Morning Guests

Hearing Clara, Scarlett glanced at the clock. It was already eight.

It was winter. Preschool started at eight-thirty.

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Finished

Seeing they were about to be late, Scarlett quickly got off the bed. She took Clara's hand. "Then I will take you."

Just as she straightened up and turned toward the bedroom door, she looked up and saw Damian standing there.

There was no usual smile on his face, nor his typical playful expression. He stood under the hallway light, his complexion looking a little pale, which sent a flutter of unease through Scarlett.

He never looked like this normally.

The most common expression she'd seen in his eyes was that roguish, teasing glint.

But now, he looked weary and burdened.

Scarlett opened her mouth to speak, but Clara got there first. She walked over and took Damian's large hand. "Damian."

Damian bent down. He reached out and gently smoothed Clara's hair. "You look very pretty today, Clara."

Clara beamed a sweet smile. "And you looked really cool."

Hearing this, a faint smile finally touched Damian's lips. He ruffled her hair. "You have much better taste than your aunt."

Clara giggled, then asked, "Damian, do you need to talk to Auntie alone?"

Damian straightened up. He glanced at Scarlett, then smiled down at Clara. "That's okay. I just came to check on her. If she's alright, I should get going."

As he finished speaking, Scarlett walked over. She took Clara's hand. "Alright, let's get you to school, or you'll be late."

Hearing this, Damian spoke up quickly, "I'll come with you. Violet specifically asked me to take Clara to preschool."

Scarlett was momentarily surprised. After a brief hesitation, she didn't object. She simply nodded. "Alright."

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Chapter 426 Unwelcome Morning Guests

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So, Scarlett led Clara out first, with Damian following behind.

Just as they were about to head downstairs, Scarlett caught sight of Vincent and Vanessa coming through the front door.

Her heart skipped a beat, and her steps faltered.

Worried Vincent might see him, Scarlett pulled Clara back slightly and turned to Damian. "Go back into my room and wait there for a moment."

Hearing this, Damian looked at her, puzzled.

Scarlett gestured discreetly toward the staircase. "Vincent's here."

Damian's brow furrowed. A note of displeasure entered his voice. "Let him come. I'm not afraid of him."

But Scarlett's face was etched with clear worry. Seeing her anxious expression, he reluctantly gave in. "Fine. I'll wait inside."

Once Damian was back in the room, Scarlett felt a wave of relief.

She was afraid that if Vincent saw Damian, his temper might flare, and her family could get caught in the crossfire.

She could handle a lot of things, but she truly cared about protecting her family.

Looking downstairs again, she saw Vincent had already led Vanessa to the sofa, where they sat down.

Nathan, Violet, and Henry had all left for the day. Only Diana was home.

Diana had also seen Vincent and Vanessa arrive. She looked momentarily confused and unsure how to react.

Then, Vincent addressed her. “Mrs. Theron,”

Hearing him use this more formal address, Diana felt a flicker of discomfort and had no desire to engage. But with Vanessa present, she felt she should set a proper example. She replied with a faint, polite nod. “Vincent.”

After receiving her acknowledgment, Vincent asked, “Is Scarlett here?”

Diana’s eyes flickered almost imperceptibly toward the upstairs landing, but she kept her composure. “She’s upstairs, probably helping Clara get ready for school.”

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Chapter 426 Unwelcome Morning Guests

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She said this a bit more loudly than necessary, indirectly signaling to Scarlett.

Once seated, Vanessa curled up on the sofa. She hadn’t fully recovered and still felt weak.

Had she been feeling better, she might have made a comment about Scarlett not loving or wanting her.

But with Scarlett not in sight, Vanessa didn’t have the energy to say anything.

Diana looked at Vanessa, her eyes growing moist. They didn’t see each other often, but Diana was very fond of her granddaughter.

Even though Vanessa wasn’t particularly warm toward her, Diana approached carefully. “Vanessa, sweetheart, have you had any breakfast?”

Vanessa opened her eyes and looked at Diana. She shook her head but didn’t speak.

Seeing this, Diana reached out and lovingly smoothed her hair. “What would you like to eat, darling? Tell Grandma, and I’ll make it for you right away.”

Vanessa thought seriously for a moment, but she had no appetite. She started to say, “I don’t

wan-”

Before she could finish, Vincent spoke to Diana. “Some plain toast or a bowl of oatmeal would be fine, thank you.”

Hearing this, Diana readily agreed. “Of course. I’ll make it right away.”

Scarlett stood on the second-floor landing, taking in the quiet scene unfolding downstairs.

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No Second Baby, No You, Only Divorce - Silent Dreams Never Die — 427[824 words]

Awakened Housewife: Ignore Betrayer’s Begs

Chapter 427 A Request She Can’t Refuse.

When she heard Vincent address Diana by name, Scarlett was taken aback.

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In all these years, he had rarely spoken to Diana directly, yet in just the past few minutes, he had said her name several times.

For him to act this way now, on the verge of their divorce, left Scarlett thoroughly puzzled.

Just then, Clara tugged at Scarlett's hand.

Scarlett looked down, and Clara said, "Auntie, I'm going to be late."

Hearing this, Scarlett quickly replied, "Okay, I will take you right now."

With that, she took Clara's hand and started downstairs.

Vincent heard footsteps on the stairs and immediately turned to look.

The moment he saw Scarlett, he instinctively stood up.

At the same time, he said to her with a faint, composed smile, "I came to pick you up to try on the dress."

Before Scarlett could ask, Vincent stated his purpose directly.

She understood immediately. "I have to take Clara to preschool," she said. "I won't be able to go try on anything today. Maybe another time."

She was testing the waters, attempting a refusal.

Hearing this, Vincent responded quickly, "That's fine. We can drop Clara off first on the way."

Scarlett instinctively refused again. "No, it's out of your way."

But Vincent insisted, "It's not."

Scarlett frowned at him, a note of irritation in her voice. "Vincent, you-"

However, Vincent didn't let her finish. He turned slightly away, lowered his voice, and said to Vanessa, "Vanessa, weren't you just saying you missed Mommy? Why are you so quiet now that she's here?"

Vanessa sat up from the sofa and looked up at Scarlett.

In that moment, Vanessa suddenly wanted to run over and have Scarlett pick her up and hold

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Chapter 427 A Request She Can't Refuse

her.

But she pushed the impulse down.

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It had been so, so long since Scarlett had held her.

When she had a fever last night, Vanessa had even remembered how Scarlett used to be.

But the Scarlett now was nothing like before.

Vanessa opened her mouth and reluctantly said, “Mommy.”

Scarlett didn’t maintain a cold expression. She still responded with a quiet, “Mm-hmm.”

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Vanessa saw Clara standing there in her preschool uniform and backpack, looking tidy and

sweet.

A sudden pang shot through Vanessa’s heart.

Almost without thinking, she explained to Scarlett, “Fever’s still here today. Daddy got me out of school. I’m not going.”

Scarlett hadn’t expected Vanessa to explain herself, nor had she intended to make things difficult. She simply acknowledged again, “Mm-hmm.”

But seeing Scarlett’s detached manner, Vanessa suddenly spoke up, “Can you take me out to play?”

It had been a long time since she’d been taken anywhere.

Vincent was always busy with work, and Sabrina was absorbed in her research.

Lately, Vanessa had been spending all her time at home.

She was bored and tired of all her toys.

Hearing Vanessa’s question, Scarlett replied coolly, “If you’re not feeling well, you should rest at home, not think about going out.”

Just then, Diana came out of the kitchen carrying a small bowl of oatmeal.

As she entered, she heard Scarlett's sharp tone with Vanessa. Setting the bowl down, she chided gently, "Scarlett, she's just a little girl. There's no need to be so stern."

Scarlett swallowed her words and didn't argue.

Diana brought the bowl over and placed it on the coffee table. She crouched in front of

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Vanessa, her face kind. "Vanessa, look, I made you some oatmeal. I added a little brown sugar and cinnamon—your favorite. You need to eat to keep your strength up."

Vanessa glanced at the bowl. It did look warm and inviting.

She swallowed, about to say okay, when it struck her—Diana had only brought one bowl.

Realizing there wasn't any for Vincent, Vanessa's face fell again. However much she wanted it, she held back.

Seeing her hesitate, Diana asked, puzzled, "Sweetheart, what's wrong?"

Vanessa turned her face away. "I don't want oatmeal. I want pancakes."

Diana looked momentarily at a loss.

Where would she get pancakes at this hour?

But wanting to please her granddaughter, Diana started to say she could try to make some.

Before she could get the words out, Scarlett turned to Vincent. "You should take Vanessa home. As for the dress fitting, I'll contact you when I'm free."

Vincent stood up. "I have to get to the office to handle some documents. I'll leave Vanessa here with you today. I'll come pick her up this afternoon when I'm done."

With that, he didn't wait for her reply, taking Vanessa and heading straight upstairs.

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No Second Baby, No You, Only Divorce - Silent Dreams Never Die — 428[864 words]

Chapter 428 Scarred Heart

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Remembering that Damian was still upstairs, Scarlett instinctively stepped forward, blocking Vincent's path. "No," she said firmly.

Vincent looked at her, confusion clouding his eyes. He wanted to ask why.

But just then, Clara tugged urgently at Scarlett's hand. "Auntie, I'm really going to be late. My teacher takes away our star stickers if we're late."

Keeping her expression neutral, Scarlett said to Vincent, "I have to take Clara to preschool. I can't look after Vanessa—you'll need to make other arrangements."

With that, she walked out of the foyer with Clara.

As she passed Vanessa on the sofa, Scarlett didn't even glance her way.

The phrase "other arrangements" in her words carried a clear, unspoken meaning.

Vincent and Vanessa, one tall and one small, sat frozen on the sofa, suddenly seeming very isolated.

The old Scarlett seemed gone for good.

Vincent could feel it—even when he was the one trying to bridge the gap, Scarlett showed no interest.

When they arrived at the preschool, it was exactly 8:28.

It wasn't truly late, but Clara was so anxious that she started running the moment they passed through the gate, terrified of losing her morning sticker.

Watching Clara sprint away, a faint smile touched Scarlett's lips.

Along the path, several other little girls ran alongside Clara, clustering around her as if they all adored her.

Scarlett couldn't help but think of Vanessa—she had never seen other children flock to her daughter that way.

She imagined Vanessa's often haughty, imperious manner. At school, she probably wasn't very popular.

Only after seeing Clara enter her classroom did Scarlett turn to leave. She hailed a cab on the curb.

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Chapter 428 Scarred Heart

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During the ride back to Theron Manor, Scarlett assumed Vincent and Vanessa would have left.

But to her surprise, as soon as she stepped back into the foyer, her eyes landed on Vincent and Vanessa, still seated on the living room sofa.

When Vincent noticed her return, he even glanced over and gave a slight, acknowledging nod.

Scarlett was baffled. She walked up to him and asked bluntly, "Why are you still here?"

Vincent looked up at her. "We were waiting for you."

It was nearly 9 a.m. by the time she got back from the preschool run.

Hearing his reply, Scarlett paused for a second, then responded coldly, “Do what you want. I’ve made my position clear.”

With that, she moved toward the staircase.

Vanessa was asleep on the sofa, a light throw blanket over her.

Seeing Scarlett about to leave, Vincent spoke up quickly, “Vanessa’s fever has spiked again.”

Hearing this, Scarlett couldn’t help but halt on the stairs.

But after a moment’s internal struggle, she hardened her resolve. “Vincent, she’s sick. You should take her to a pediatrician, not come to me. Even if I am a doctor, I don’t have any equipment here. If you’re truly concerned, take her to an urgent care clinic. Now.”

Vincent’s fingers, resting loosely at his sides, curled slightly.

He said nothing more, and Scarlett continued up the stairs.

But just as she reached the second-floor landing, Vincent caught up with her swiftly.

Right outside the bedroom door, he caught her wrist again.

Scarlett stopped in the doorway. She didn’t struggle or snap at him.

During these final days of the mandatory waiting period, she didn’t have the nerve to deliberately provoke Vincent.

After a beat of silence, she heard his low, weighty voice. “No matter what’s between us, Vanessa is innocent.”

His words ignited a sudden, sharp anger in her. She finally turned to face him. “What do you expect me to do, then?”

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Chapter 428 Scarred Heart

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Vincent stared at her, his expression one of confusion and disbelief. “You really don’t want anything to do with her anymore?”

Scarlett let out a short, bitter laugh. Her eyes reddened instantly, her face turning to stone. “Vincent, listen carefully. It’s not that I don’t want her—it’s that I don’t want you anymore. You have the person you want to be with, the life you’re chasing. A child like Vanessa doesn’t stop you from pursuing what you desire. In the end, your daughter will follow you into the life you’ve chosen. Your world doesn’t have a place for me, and I don’t want to force myself into it anymore. Living in your orbit feels suffocating. What I needed from you, you could never give. And now... I’m just tired.”

After pouring all this out in one breath, Scarlett looked at Vincent, her eyes glistening. She didn’t struggle against his grip, only silently pleaded with her gaze for him to let go.

Meeting her eyes, Vincent didn’t release her. Instead, his fingers tightened around her wrist. He asked, his voice lowered, “Scarlett, is there any kindness left in you at all?”

Scarlett tried to pull her hand back, but his hold was firm. In the end, she simply went still, letting him keep it.

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No Second Baby, No You, Only Divorce - Silent Dreams Never Die — 429[876 words]

Finished

Chapter 429 The Rival in the Bedroom

The thought of his question made her laugh again, a sound tinged with bitter amusement. She shook her head, her eyes full of old pain. “I have a heart, Vincent. But my heart **is** covered in

scars.”

Vincent pulled Scarlett closer, his arm tightening around her waist. His voice held a desperate edge. "Can't you just... compromise one more time? Like you used to?"

Scarlett had no desire to revisit the past. She tried to push him away. "Vincent, let me go. I need

to rest."

Vincent not only refused but seemed intent on pulling her into a full embrace.

Just then, the bedroom door was suddenly pulled open from the inside.

Hearing the sound, Scarlett instinctively turned. The moment she saw Damian, a cold dread washed over her.

She had already taken Clara to school and returned—why was he still here?

After pushing the door open, Damian leaned casually against the doorframe. He crossed his arms, one eyebrow arched as he observed Vincent, who was still gripping Scarlett's wrist.

He didn't intervene, nor did he speak, but the look on his face was pure, unadulterated mockery.

The moment Vincent saw Damian, his entire body went rigid.

Damian being in Scarlett's bedroom was one thing, but he was dressed in a light gray silk pajama set, the top two buttons undone, revealing a glimpse of his toned chest. His hair was mussed, and his eyes held a sleepy haze, as if he'd just woken up.

Everything about him screamed that he hadn't just arrived.

The implications crashed through Vincent's mind. His voice dropped, low and tense with barely contained anger. "What are you doing here?"

Damian's eyebrow remained raised. His reply was infuriatingly nonchalant. "Why wouldn't I be here? I live here."

Hearing this, Vincent caught the full meaning. He could no longer restrain himself. He turned to Scarlett, his voice vibrating with fury. "Scarlett, we're not even divorced yet, and you're already moving another man into your home?"

Scarlett frowned, trying to explain. "Vincent, it's not like that; he's not—"

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Chapter 429 The Rival in the Bedroom

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Before she could finish, Damian straightened up. His expression turned cold as he addressed Vincent. "It's not about her wanting me here. I wanted to be here. If you can't appreciate her or treat her right, there are plenty of people who will."

Though there was truth in Damian's words, voicing them now was anything but helpful.

Scarlett listened with a sinking heart. She turned back to Damian, trying to catch his signal him to stop.

But Damian pretended not to notice and seemed ready to continue.

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Seeing this, Scarlett couldn't hold back. She cut in sharply, her voice laced with reproach. "Damian, that's enough."

Hearing her, Damian replied with clear displeasure. "You might be afraid of him. I'm not."

His tone was pure provocation.

A fresh wave of anxiety washed over Scarlett.

She glared at Damian, her voice turning sharp. "I said enough. Don't say another word."

Seeing she was genuinely angry, Damian finally relented. He let out a resigned sigh. "Fine. Don't be upset. I'll be quiet."

Scarlett let out a quiet breath, then quickly turned back to Vincent, ready to speak—but just then, a small figure appeared at the top of the stairs.

It was Vanessa, who had made her way up.

Once she reached the landing, Vanessa called out softly, "Daddy?"

Vincent turned to look at her, his expression softening instantly. He kept his voice hushed. "You should be resting. Why did you come upstairs?"

Vanessa held up

her phone, her eyes glistening with unshed tears. “Daddy, Sabrina just called. She twisted her ankle.”

Hearing Vanessa’s words and seeing her worried face, Vincent weighed the situation. He decided to go check on Sabrina at the university.

He softened his tone. “Alright. We’ll go right now.”

Vanessa nodded. “Okay.”

After speaking, Vanessa’s gaze drifted to Scarlett, who was standing nearby with Damian beside

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Chapter 429 The Rival in the Bedroom

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There was an undeniable intimacy in their proximity that suggested they were more than just friends.

Vanessa couldn’t quite articulate the feeling, but it left a sharp, prickling discomfort in her chest.

For the first time, a flicker of genuine unease stirred within her.

If Scarlett had other children in the future... would she still...?

Vanessa didn’t let herself finish the thought. She didn’t dare.

The mother who had once put her above everything else was no longer the person who seemed

to care about her now.

Having made his decision, Vincent turned back to Scarlett. His tone brooked no argument. “You’re coming with me.”

Hearing this, Damian’s brow furrowed. A hint of sarcasm laced his words. “Vincent, you’re going to see your girlfriend. Don’t I get to spend time with mine?”

Vincent ignored him, keeping his eyes locked on Scarlett.

After a long, tense pause, he spoke again, his voice firm and final. “Well? Are you coming or not?”

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Chapter 430 Parting With Pretenses

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Damian felt a surge of inexplicable anger. In two quick strides, he closed the distance to Scarlett, stepping squarely between her and Vincent. “If you want to leave, then go,” he said sharply to Vincent. “Just don’t drag my sweetheart into your mess.”

Vincent ignored him completely, rendering Damian’s fury as ineffective as a punch thrown into a void.

Just then, Scarlett nudged Damian from behind.

He turned to look at her, lowering his voice to a strained whisper. “Don’t tell me you’re actually going with him to see his precious darling.”

Scarlett lifted her face to meet his gaze. “Yes,” she said simply.

Damian’s fists clenched instinctively, but after a moment, he forced himself to swallow his rage.

Scarlett stepped around Damian and walked over to stand before Vincent. “Let’s go,” she said. “I’ll come with you.”

Her reason was simple—she just needed to endure these last few days.

Once the mandatory waiting period was over and the divorce decree was finalized, she wouldn’t have to care about Vincent’s whims anymore.

But right now, she was afraid he might change his mind, afraid he would withdraw the petition.

She didn’t want to wait another month, and she certainly didn’t want to remain entangled with him.

For these final days, she could bear it.

Seeing Scarlett agree, Vincent shot a look of blatant mockery toward Damian. Damian met his gaze but didn’t seem angered by it.

He could guess what Scarlett was thinking.

Earlier, from inside the bedroom, he had overheard her entire conversation with Vincent.

Damian knew Scarlett was determined to see this divorce through.

It was just that Vincent’s stance kept shifting—no one could be sure what he was thinking. Maybe even Vincent himself didn’t know.

Watching Vincent’s smug, triumphant expression now, Damian felt nothing but contempt.

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Vincent thought Scarlett was choosing his side, but he had no idea she was merely waiting for the legal paperwork to be complete.

Seeing that Damian wasn't causing a scene, Scarlett felt somewhat relieved. She turned to Vincent. "Let's go."

Vincent took Vanessa's hand. "Alright."

And so, the three of them headed downstairs.

Damian stood watching from the landing, furious but forcing himself to stay quiet.

As they descended, Diana returned from a grocery run. She had just finished putting things away in the refrigerator when she saw Vincent and Scarlett coming down the stairs.

Diana's eyes held nothing but concern for Vanessa. She called out to her granddaughter, "Vanessa, sweetheart, Grandma bought some chicken. How about I make you some soup later?"

Hearing this, Vanessa replied coolly, "No, we're leaving."

Diana's brow furrowed with worry. "Why? Doesn't my cooking taste good?"

Vanessa didn't want to answer and stayed silent.

Seeing this, Vincent quickly explained, "Mrs. Theron, a friend of mine sprained her ankle. We need to go check on her, so we won't stay for lunch."

Diana didn't respond to Vincent. Instead, she turned her gaze to Scarlett.

Scarlett looked back and said, "I'm going out for a bit. I'll be back soon."

With Vincent present, Diana couldn't say everything she wanted, so she tried to communicate her worry through her eyes.

Scarlett understood and nodded. "Yes, I'll be back very soon."

Still uneasy, Diana gestured subtly with her phone. "Remember to call."

Scarlett agreed. "I will."

Vincent didn't overanalyze Diana's words. Just as they were about to leave, he said to her, "Things are a bit rushed today. Next time, I'll make sure to come back for a proper visit."

Then he walked up to Diana, pulled a credit card from his wallet, and held it out to her. "Please, take this. For anything you might need."

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Chapter 430 Parting With Pretenses

Diana looked uncertainly at Scarlett.

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Without hesitation, Scarlett gave her mother a subtle nod, signaling her to accept it.

At this critical juncture, she wasn't going to refuse anything Vincent offered.

If Diana didn't take it, that money would likely just be spent on Sabrina instead.

After five years of marriage, on the brink of divorce, she felt entitled to something.

Seeing Diana accept the card, Vincent breathed an inward sigh of relief.

No matter what Scarlett thought, at least Diana was willing to accept his gesture.

That thought eased his mind a little.

Finally, Vincent gently guided Vanessa forward. "Vanessa, we're leaving now. Say goodbye to Grandma."

Vanessa was visibly reluctant, her tone flat. "Bye, Grandma."

Her voice was mumbled, lacking warmth.

Hearing this, Scarlett said to Vincent, "If Vanessa doesn't want to say it, she doesn't have to."

As soon as the words left her mouth, Vincent didn't react—but Vanessa let out an indignant huff. "Hmph!"

With that, Vanessa turned and stomped out of the house.

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