

Heartbreak Billionaire: He Should Never Have Let Go

by Devlen Giovannucci

Chapter 1 Let's Get A Divorce

In a dimly lit bedroom at Crest Villa, Crobert.

After their intimate encounter, Brandon Watson brushed his lips against the small mole on Millie Bennett's chest softly, and then sat up.

He said in a detached voice, "Let's get a divorce."

Millie, still breathing hard from the encounter, turned to him slowly, a wild look of disbelief in her eyes.

They had been married for a year. What did he mean by suddenly saying he wanted a divorce?

"She has stomach cancer and has only six months left to live," Brandon said, lighting a cigarette.

The smoke rose in slow spirals around his face.

"Her final wish is to be my wife," he added, almost offhandedly.

Millie gawked at him, stunned. Silence spread across the room like mist.

The bedside lamp glowed faintly, casting long shadows across the wall, making them seem farther apart than they were.

Brandon glanced at her and gave a faint frown.

"It's only to comfort her," he explained. "We'll remarry after six months. She won't be here long, Millie."

His voice was steady, almost detached, like someone passing along a message that didn't concern him.

Millie watched Brandon wordlessly, her eyes fixed on his profile.

He spoke like his words were instructions, not suggestions.

Their relationship had always been one-sided. She had chased it from the start, drawn in by youthful affection.

She had stayed by his side for years, moving through each rough season without letting go.

Millie still remembered that day, under the heavy rain that soaked them both, Brandon had stood between her and her stepfather, gripping a cracked stick, and said with fire in his voice, "Touch Millie again, and you'll regret it."

That moment had etched itself into her heart. Even when she was weak and bleeding, she saw him-unmoving, protective, fierce.

From that point on, she was his.

She loved him without pause, met his requests with everything she had, carrying them out more flawlessly than anyone else ever could.

He would always pat her head, light and warm, and say in a low voice, "You did so well, Millie."

But Brandon's praises never lasted, his kisses barely stayed, and whatever affection they shared always felt just out of reach. But Millie told herself it was just how he was.

Even when others called her naive, she stayed-devoted and trusting.

She had given seven years of her life to him.

A year earlier, Brandon's grandfather, Derek Watson, had fallen into poor health. The family, hoping to lift his spirits, decided Brandon should marry. Perhaps the joy of a wedding would give the old man something to hold on to.

So Brandon went on to marry Millie.

She thought it was finally their moment. But after the vows, something changed. He began to pull away. Sometimes, he looked at her like she was a stranger.

"Millie, are you listening?" Brandon scowled as he caught the far-off look in Millie's eyes.

"Does it have to be like this?" she asked softly.

He didn't answer. Instead, he said, "She's going through so much, Millie."

Millie's chest tightened. "And what about me?"

Brandon didn't answer right away. His eyes, dark and steady, flickered with a trace of impatience.

Then, after about three seconds, he said, "Millie, she's dying. Maybe you don't know, but she's in love with me. Because we were married, and she didn't want to hurt you, she never let things go too far between us. Even when I tried to make it up to her, she never let me. She's a good person. Please, let her have this. Don't make me think you're being heartless."

His words, spoken so calmly, pierced her more than if he had shouted.

So in Brandon's eyes, a woman in love with a married man, who promised to hold back but never really let go, was a saint.

And a wife who simply wanted to keep her husband to herself was heartless.

Millie stared at his face. The same face she had fallen for-intense eyes, prominent nose, beautiful lips.

When had things started to crumble?

Maybe it was the day the woman showed up.

"Are you sure this is what you want?" Millie asked, steadying herself.

Brandon said nothing, pursing his lips.

Finally, he opened his mouth to respond. "Yes, you-"

"Alright." Millie cut him off before he could finish.

Brandon looked up, clearly surprised. He frowned, studying her closely.

"Millie, you're getting clever," he said, a flicker of irritation in his voice. "You know I need your consent to go through with it. Are you thinking of using it to get under my skin?"

Millie didn't answer. She just stared at the white wall, watching how their shadows stretched.

Brandon put out his cigarette and said no more, pulling on his clothes quickly and storming out.

He didn't stop to consider how she felt. Nor did he pause to acknowledge how humiliating or painful his request was.

He knew she couldn't leave him.

He was utterly sure about that.

The door slammed shut behind him.

And just like that, Millie was alone.

She sat motionless by the bed, staring at the door as if it might open again.

Her phone buzzed beside her.

A message lit up the screen.

She picked up the phone.

It was from a familiar number. "He came to see me again."

The text came with a photo. Brandon's face was captured in the reflection of a glass door, a soft smile playing on his lips, eyes warm in a way Millie had never seen.

She froze. Then, slowly, she scrolled upward through the previous messages. "He said he has feelings for me."

"Rainy nights aren't lonely for me because he's here with me. What about you?"

"The one who isn't loved is truly the other woman. Millie, you were never his first choice; you were just the one he settled for. He sees beauty the way I do, shares my taste in things, and he loves me."

The messages continued that way, proving Brandon's betrayal.

The man who had always treated her with distance these past seven years had apparently mastered tenderness for someone else.

Millie kept scrolling until she reached the very first message. "You should know who I am. Do you like the flowers in your living room today? I sent them. He said they were beautiful."

Of course, Millie knew who it was.

Vivian Simpson, the famous floral designer known for filling her wealthy clients' grand villas and lavish parties with carefully and beautifully arranged blooms.

Millie had shown Brandon the messages before. He'd brushed them off and said there was no proof they were from Vivian.

He had even said maybe Millie sent them herself just to stir trouble. Most of the messages didn't have pictures, and the few that did were vague-taken from afar, hard to pin down.

But not today's. Today's was clear.

Millie thought about showing him the photo. Then her eyes drifted toward the bedside drawer. She reached down and pulled it open.

There it was. The pregnancy test result she'd gotten earlier that day.

She was pregnant with Brandon's child. At the worst possible moment.

Her tears fell, soaking the paper and smudging the ink.

But what did it matter anymore? Brandon's heart had been gone for a long time.

Millie wiped her face dry and picked up the lighter he'd left behind. Flames flickered as she held the test result to the fire.

Brandon had no idea that saying yes to the divorce would be the final thing she'd ever do for him.

She had given him back what she owed-not in money, but in seven full years of her life.

She would never love him again.