

Chapter 10 Medication Became An Option

There was a trace of perfume in the air that he didn't recognize. Brandon blinked, pulling himself back from his thoughts.

For a brief moment, Millie's face from the day before came to mind—soft-spoken, clear-eyed, like a fresh lily.

The woman sitting across from him now felt like something else entirely. Still, he told himself the similarity made sense. Being musician must have shaped them in similar ways.

With that in mind, Brandon felt more at ease.

"Vivian's already bought the song at a satisfactory price," he said, voice firm. "I trust you won't make this difficult for her."

Millie gave a calm smile.

"You don't need to worry," she said. "The song's all hers now."

"Good." Brandon nodded, giving her a firm look. "Don't forget you said that."

Millie just smiled again.

Brandon turned and strode off, leaving the room as abruptly as he had entered.

Millie watched him make his way down the hallway, saw the way he reached Vivian and gently held her arm, as if touching a fragile work of art.

Together, they went out.

A few minutes later, Millie's phone buzzed.

She glanced down. It was a message from Brandon. "I told my grandfather yesterday you weren't feeling well, so you couldn't come. This weekend, you'll be going with me to visit them."

This was a command.

Millie scoffed.

She didn't reply. Instead, she turned and walked off in the opposite direction.

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Brandon had already helped Vivian into the car.

He fastened her seatbelt with care, but he didn't start the engine right away. Instead, he checked his phone.

Millie still hadn't responded.

Vivian noticed his uneasiness.

Her eyes dampened, and she looked down, voice low. "Brandon... will you be upset with me for all this?"

Brandon turned his head toward her, brows tightening. "Why would you say that?"

Vivian gave a small, sad smile. "Wasn't Millie a songwriter before? I thought maybe it bothers you..."

He didn't answer. He just looked at her.

The truth was, it bothered him, even just a little.


But Vivian didn't have time—not much of it. If these last six months were all she had, he would let her have what she wanted.

Vivian noticed his silence, so she lowered her face and let herself look remorseful.

For a while, the car was silent. Only the slow tapping of Brandon's left fingers on the steering wheel filled the quiet.

After a moment, Vivian spoke again. "I just want to feel what she felt. To know what it's like to be loved like that."

She looked up at Brandon, her eyes glassy. "I want you to love me the way

you loved her." 

Brandon's fingers stilled. He closed his eyes and let out a long breath.

"Don't think like that," he said. "The divorce has already been filed. We're just waiting out the legal process. I'm with you now, Vivian."

Vivian nodded and gave him a faint smile.

"Let's head home," Brandon said, pocketing his phone and starting the car.

Vivian lowered her head again, but this time, there was a spark in her eyes—a flicker of satisfaction.

She had made up her mind.

The timing was right. Sympathy was on her side. The public believed her story. Now, it was time to push Millie completely out of the picture.

She wanted everything. Brandon. And Millie's career.

That was why she had insisted on joining the show *Heavenly Melody*.

Vivian wanted Millie crushed and broken enough to leave town completely.

She wanted to replace Millie—to walk into her life and claim everything that used to be hers.

And right now, it felt like the universe was on her side.

Vivian pushed back the grin creeping onto her face. She leaned against the seat, closed her eyes, and put on her usual act of weakness.

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Meanwhile, Millie had already signed the agreement with Charles.

Evans Entertainment, one of the backers of *"Heavenly Melody,"* was a key investor in the show, and Charles had enough influence to move things behind the scenes.

Knowing Vivian would be participating, he set up a confidentiality agreement just for Millie.

She would compete under a new identity, Serena Ellsworth, wearing a mask

throughout the show. At the right time, when the impact would be greatest, she'd remove the mask and reveal herself.

Until then, only Charles would know who "Serena Ellsworth" really was.

The show focused on songwriting, vocals, and performance, so the mask was just another hook to draw viewers in. Other labels were doing their own stunts too. No one questioned it.

The name "Serena" was carefully chosen, symbolizing her inner peace. She really liked it. It felt like a small kind of rebirth.

With everything in place, she left for the hospital.

Her appointment with the doctor had been pushed to the afternoon. The timing now felt just right.

After a quick lunch, she headed to the clinic.

She knocked softly on the door and waited as the doctor glance towards her direction.

With a small nod, she stepped inside and pulled the door shut behind her.

Rita Carpenter looked up from her notes. She gave Millie a warm smile. "You look a little different today," she said. "How have you been feeling?"

Rita had been Millie's therapist since her depression diagnosis.

Millie had lived through both joy and heartbreak. There had been bright days. But there had been many more shadowed ones.

For the first twenty years of her life, she had been able to hold on, thanks to the people around her. Then Vivian showed up.

Millie had already felt that something wasn't right, even before the anonymous messages were sent to her phone.

She'd shown Brandon the provoking texts, hoping for clarity. Instead, he accused her of trying to frame Vivian.

That was the day she walked into the psychiatry department for the first

time.

The diagnosis had been moderate depression.

Rita had recommended medication, but Millie had wanted a baby—so she chose therapy instead.

Brandon hadn't taken her mental health seriously. He hadn't even known she was seeing someone.

"I'm doing better than I was," Millie answered. "I've decided to let go of a few things. I think that might help."

Rita nodded, relieved.

"How's everything else? Day-to-day life?" Rita asked.

She had been following the media storm too. Vivian's livestreams, her cancer, the headlines—it was all too public to miss.

Even though she appeared relieved that Millie mentioned she was doing better, she didn't really feel hopeful about her situation. And it was because she understood how much Brandon had meant to Millie.

Millie looked at the desk in front of her. She didn't speak for a few seconds. Then, quietly, she smiled. "Actually, not great."

Saying that, she felt a lump in her throat but restrained from breaking down.

"Dr. Carpenter," she said, "I've decided to take medication."

For a long time, she had hoped that things with Brandon could improve and that they would have a child together. That hope had kept her from taking medication. But now, she didn't want him or a child with him. And so, medication became an option.

Rita studied Millie for a moment, a look of worry on her face. Millie looked so much thinner. Being a professional, Rita began to wonder if she should reach out to the patient's family at this point, which—in this case—was Brandon.