

Chapter 11 Come With Me

If anyone had to be contacted in Millie's family, Brandon—still legally her husband—would be the first name on that list. But Rita set the thought aside, just for now.

"Medication will help," she said gently. "But you'll still need regular sessions with me."

Millie nodded, already aware of that.

"Let's try hypnosis today," Rita said.

Hypnosis...

Millie paused, considering it. Then she gave a quiet nod.

She followed Rita over to the couch and slowly lay down, closing her eyes.

The moment her eyelids shut and her mind drifted away, everything turned dark and scattered.

At last, her mind cleared, and she found herself standing in the dim light of a grey, overcast day.

It didn't take long before Millie realized exactly where she was.

The fluorescent lights were cold and sharp. The stillness around her was heavy, like a thick fog.

In front of her was her father's corpse, wrapped tightly in white cloth.

She remembered this day—years ago, when she had been called in to identify him.

Her mother had been sobbing uncontrollably beside her, but Millie could barely move. She had just stood there, eyes locked on her father's pale, battered face.

That year, he had jumped from a high-rise building. After that, their family

had collapsed.

The memory morphed. Suddenly, she was standing in front of the Bennett Group building.

Her father's blood and brain matter were splattered across the pavement—red mixed with white.

She stood still, unable to move, staring into her father's eyes—eyes that refused to rest in peace.

All around her was chaos—loud voices, arguments, screams from her mother that tore through the noise. And people—so many people—circling them like vultures, ready to tear off whatever remained.

Unable to fight them off, Millie was shoved, falling straight into her father's blood.

Everywhere, teeth and claws.

And then—shoes. A pair of polished shoes appeared in front of her.

"The Watson family will protect Millie from now on." She knew that voice. She looked up. There he was. Young Brandon. Still a teenager, but already standing like a man who knew how to lead.

He wore his school uniform neatly, and his eyes—calm and unwavering—felt like magic.

"If anything happens," he said, "come to me."

At his signal, people behind him sprang into action. Everything that had felt out of control suddenly fell into place.

The crowd backed off.

He crouched beside her, pulled out a handkerchief, and gently wiped her bloodstained cheek.

"Come with me," he said, holding out his hand.

She took it. It was warm and steady.

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Back in the present, a tear slid down the cheek of the 25-year-old Millie.

She opened her eyes slowly.

So much had happened since then.

Brandon had stepped in. He had taken her and her mother away from the disaster, using his family's power to settle the mess.

The Bennett family still crumbled. The title of a rich heiress disappeared. The life of comfort and wealth vanished. But she and her mother had survived.

How could she not have loved him after that?

And yet—letting go had happened all at once.

Millie closed her eyes again. Her brows drew together as pain pressed into her chest and reached her fingertips.

Rita had been watching quietly. She exhaled slowly. "It doesn't seem like you've really let go of him," she said softly.

Millie didn't answer right away. She sat up, taking her time.

Then, with the edge of her hand, she wiped away the tear.

When her eyes met Rita's again, they were clear. Steady. "I have," she whispered.

What was behind her would stay there. Now was now.

Millie knew she had to face the mess left behind by the Bennett family on her own.

Brandon had chosen Vivian. That decision had shattered her, but it was also the closure she needed. There was nothing left for her to hold on to.

Just like when her mother remarried—everyone had their own path, and this time, Millie was choosing hers.

She had made up her mind to let go. Slowly but surely, she was moving on.

Rita listened carefully and nodded, absorbing every word.

Her clinic wasn't part of any hospital. It was a private, upscale facility that offered peace, discretion, and full medical services—designed for wealthy clients who valued privacy above all else.

Records were kept in-house only, never entered into public hospital databases. That was why Millie had picked this place in the first place.

She didn't want anyone to know what she was going through.

Not even Alexia, her best friend, knew about it.

After their session, Rita wrote her a prescription.

Millie accepted the small bottle of pills, tucked it in her bag, and walked back to her car.

The dosage was printed clearly on the label.

She had a bottle of water right there in the cup holder. She could take the first tablet now.

But she paused.

Her eyes dropped to her belly.

Not yet. She would wait until the pregnancy was terminated. A few more days wouldn't change anything.

Millie placed the bottle back in her bag.

Just then, her phone buzzed—

Dozens of notifications lighting up her screen on the show Heavenly Melody.

She tapped into them, her brow furrowing as she saw the trending topics.

#VivianMusicShow

#VivianHeavenlyMelody

#VivianPureAngel

One of the links was a new video from Vivian's social media channel.

Vivian appeared in frame—delicate as ever, her body slightly hunched but her smile unwavering.

She looked soft, pale, and graceful.

"Yes, the producers of Heavenly Melody invited me," she said, smiling gently. "I looked into the show's concept and really liked it, so I accepted. I'll be a guest judge during the first live broadcast of the show in a few days. I hope you'll watch. And because it's a music show," she added, "I've also prepared an original song."

Her eyes were red, her face almost translucent under the lighting, like a porcelain doll placed in the middle of her flower studio.

"Knowing I don't have much time left," she continued, "I've reflected on love, hurt, despair... and all the pieces of my life. That's where the song came from. It'll be released on streaming platforms at the same time as the live show. I hope it brings strength to anyone going through something painful."

The camera panned slightly to show her bowing amid a lush spread of blossoms inside her studio.

Beneath the video, an entertainment page had already published commentary. "Sources say Vivian's original song is breathtaking. She composed, wrote, and performed it herself. Many people in the recording studio reportedly cried when they heard it. It turns out Vivian's not only a top-tier florist—she's a talented songwriter too."

The comments kept rolling in.

A short 25-second instrumental clip of Vivian's "original" song had been leaked and was already taking over the Internet.

It didn't take long before content creators began using the audio as background music for their videos—and each one went viral.

Comment sections overflowed.

"I can't believe Vivian is this good at songwriting. I've been playing those 25

seconds on loop and looking forward to the full song!"

"She's so talented. Beautiful, successful, now writing songs—and she's dying? Only six months to live. It's too sad."

"Millie spent her whole life trying to make a name, and now she's been overshadowed by Vivian's 25 seconds."

