

Chapter 12 She's Pregnant

Word of Millie quickly spread after that first viral mention. Soon, the Internet was overflowing with heated opinions.

"Didn't Millie say she was some kind of songwriter? She's been around forever, but has she even had one song make it big?"

"I can't say for certain, but what I've heard is that Millie stepped away from the spotlight after she married Brandon. Word is, she's been enjoying a quiet, comfortable domestic life as a housewife ever since."

"Can someone please tell me what Brandon sees in Millie? Vivian is on another level entirely!"

"Absolutely. Sometimes fate just isn't fair. Vivian's got all that talent, but only half a year left. It's so cruel."

"In songwriting, nobody holds a candle to Vivian. She's the real deal—pure and kind."

"Millie should really just step aside already!"

"Let's be honest, if Millie had any dignity left, she'd let go of Brandon and stop hanging onto him like that."

"I'll always support Vivian with Brandon. They just make sense together."

"Brandon belongs with Vivian, not Millie!"

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With every passing hour, the cheers for Vivian and the judgment against Millie only got louder.

Millie barely had time to gather her thoughts before her phone rang.

After a pause, she saw Charles' name and finally answered.

Charles' voice erupted with frustration as soon as she picked up. "Vivian's

got some nerve! Did you see the short video she posted? Seriously?! They paid ten million for usage rights, not ownership. Now she's acting like your song is her masterpiece. Copyright belongs to you, Millie. If anyone should claim that song, it's you. You ought to sue!"

A soft, thankful smile tugged at Millie's lips while she listened to him.

She did her best to settle him down. "Mr. Evans, please try to calm yourself."

"Calm myself? How can I?" said Charles, his anger rising. "You need to stay away from those comments right now. Vivian is stirring things up, and the crowd online is taking her side! Their praise for her is just ridiculous and disgusting."

Hearing Charles stand up for her made Millie's chest feel a little lighter, the warmth of his support settling over her.

"You need to hear me out, Charles." Millie tried to put his mind at ease. "Right now, all Vivian is doing is making claims. If the song eventually comes out with credit going to 'Eva' or 'Evans Entertainment,' then her words will all just be empty noise. Suing her would drag Evans Entertainment and Eva into court as the plaintiffs, and that would mean we'd have to reveal the fact that I am Eva. Honestly, I'm just not ready for that yet."

Gradually, Charles' anger started to fade as Millie explained her thinking.

Her logic made sense, even if he didn't like it.

Nothing was set in stone until the official release anyway.

Somehow, the sound of his own name coming from Millie grounded him.

"I just hate seeing those awful comments online," said Charles, letting out a sigh. "Vivian's taking advantage of you."

Millie's eyes wandered to the bustling city outside the window, a quiet laugh escaping her.

People on the outside didn't have the slightest idea who she really was.

Even Brandon, of all people, never truly saw her potential.

They called her the Bennett family's pampered princess, nothing more.

No one seemed to believe she was anything but spoiled.

After everything that happened with the Bennetts, had anyone ever considered she might try to bring the family glory back?

No one had taken her seriously, and all along, they had been looking right past what she was truly capable of.

Few words left Millie's lips, but her thoughts stayed sharp.

Despite everything, the vicious gossip online did get under her skin.

She was used to criticism, but some things still hurt.

Also, Brandon's opinion lingered at the back of her mind. Did he really believe all the stories about Vivian?

Or worse, was he the one pulling the strings behind the scenes?

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At that moment, Brandon focused on handling the company's latest projects.

The Watson Group had grown into a powerhouse, leading breakthroughs in global tech, financial ventures, product design, and entertainment.

Years back, most people only knew Watson Group as an old-school, conventional business.

Transforming the company's future, Brandon introduced bold strategies and pushed for innovation on every front.

Competitors gradually lost their edge as Brandon subtly, yet consistently, kept them in check.

His reputation for brilliance was now well established.

Although Brandon stood alone as the Watson family's only successor, he

was a match for any of the city's elite clans.

A string of back-to-back meetings finally ended. Brandon leaned back in his chair at the very top of the tower, rubbing his forehead to clear the tension.

From the executive office, he could see the city of Crobert stretching out beyond the glass walls.

In the heart of Crobert, the Watson building dominated the skyline, with busy streets weaving below. Many dreamed of standing where Brandon did.

A subtle vibration from his phone broke the silence of his office.

Vivian's message flashed across the screen. "When you wrap up at the office, want to leave together?"

Elsewhere, Vivian lounged on her studio sofa, scrolling through the online chatter with a satisfied grin.

"Nicely done," she remarked, speaking to someone over the phone. "Keep the pressure on Millie. I want my name trending everywhere before the big broadcast. Make sure everyone's talking about me."

Once the call ended, Vivian faced her caregiver, impatience flickering in her eyes.

"Out with it," Vivian said sharply, not one for small talk.

The caregiver shifted awkwardly, wrestling with her conscience.

"Are you sure about this, Miss Simpson?" the caregiver asked. "If Evans Entertainment decides to take legal action over copyright, what happens then?"

A dismissive laugh left Vivian's lips. "Isn't ten million enough for them? What more do they want?"

"But it still feels risky..." Concern lingered in the caregiver's voice.

Across the room, Vivian tapped her screen, her attention half-occupied by

her phone as she waited for Brandon to respond.

With a hint of amusement, she explained, "Evans Entertainment helped fund Heavenly Melody. The more attention this stirs up, the better it is for their share of the profits when the show's on. They have every reason to turn a blind eye to my methods. Besides, their musicians stand to benefit from the extra publicity. If things get tricky, I can always promise to help promote their people, too."

The unexpected logic left the caregiver momentarily speechless.

Seeing the shock on her face gave Vivian a rush of satisfaction.

"Most things can be negotiated, you know." Feeling self-satisfied, Vivian decided to impart a little unsolicited wisdom.

Her tone turned almost boastful. "Take my studio for example. It started as nothing. Can you even guess how I built it into what it is now?"

The caregiver only shook her head, unable to answer.

Pride sparkled in Vivian's eyes, a sly grin tugging at her lips.

No straightforward explanation came from her. Instead, she teased, "Why don't you try and figure that out for yourself? Let's see how much you can actually grasp."

Her success story, though, was hardly a mystery. The "Luxury Villa Floral Display" had put her name on the map.

Every important client came through Brandon in one way or another—whether it was him directly, his network of friends, or people hoping to curry favor with him.

For that reason, Brandon was the one person she refused to let slip away.

Left puzzling over the conversation, the caregiver kept her questions to herself. ○

Vivian's attention drifted back to her phone.

Online chatter about Millie caught her eye, and one comment in particular

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

That line drew a loud, satisfied laugh from Vivian.


"You really thought you could compete?" Vivian sneered. "Millie, you're nothing special."

Suddenly, her phone buzzed with a new notification.

A quick glance at the screen made Vivian's expression darken.

The message was blunt. "Found out why Millie went to the hospital. She's been pregnant for over a month."



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