



Chapter 13 Car Crash

Within the walls of the recording studio, Millie was rehearsing her performance for the show Heavenly Melody.

No matter how many times she ran through her part, the spark just wasn't there.

A shift in scenery sounded appealing, so she slipped out of her current outfit and wandered next door to the dance studio, hoping that a bit of movement might shake things loose.

Choreography, even if simple, might add some much-needed flair—even if Heavenly Melody mainly focused on music itself.

Sprawling across several floors, this practice complex featured everything from dance halls and vocal booths to a makeup suite, cafe, and even a storage wing—all under the Evans Entertainment banner.

Everyone in Crobert knew the Evans name. Their empire stretched into countless industries, and the building's state-of-the-art setup was the envy of many.

A wide range of idols and musicians, including those with no ties to Evans Entertainment, often showed up to rehearse or book the space for their own use.

After tying the knot with Brandon, Millie's routine centered around three main priorities:

Her mornings often began with Brandon's grandparents, tending to their needs and keeping them company.

Managing Brandon's calendar and dealing with Watson Group's confidential paperwork had also become second nature, sometimes in tandem with the

office secretaries.

When the Bennett family fortunes collapsed, Watson Group swept in and assumed full control, even setting up a dedicated division to handle all remaining affairs.

Things had changed—the faces were different and procedures had shifted—but Millie adapted with ease.

Visiting the Evans Entertainment practice center was another regular part of her life. On paper, she chalked it up to her dedication to music.

Behind the scenes, she spent these visits recording new demos under Eva's name.

People barely blinked when they saw Millie at the building. She came and went so often that her presence felt almost routine.

Getting ready for a dance session, she pulled her hair into a ponytail and changed into the same workout clothes she always wore.

Unbeknownst to her, someone stood quietly outside, eyes following her every move through the glass.

Running through one dance after another, she still couldn't find a groove that satisfied her.

Something about today refused to click—nothing about the music or her choreography felt right.

An uneasy feeling settled in, prickling beneath her skin as if she was waiting for the other shoe to drop.

Anxiety crept in, stealing her focus and clouding her mind.

A slow inhale steadied Millie's nerves as she forced her eyes shut, seeking a moment of stillness.

No amount of effort brought the breakthrough she craved, and finally she abandoned her practice for the night.

A glance at her phone revealed the hour, it was already pushing 9 PM.

Fatigue weighed her down. Millie dabbed at her brow, shrugged off the sweat, and decided to call it quits, hoping tomorrow would be better.

The endless demands of the day had drained her. Without bothering to swap out her clothes or even change her shoes, she tossed a jacket over her shoulders and made her way toward the exit.

April's warmth had settled over Crobert, making the city buzz even after dark.

By 9 PM, the streets below were coming alive, brimming with neon lights and the thrum of nightlife.

City lights flashed past the building's windows, their glow a mix of exhaustion and restless energy.

Millie rode the elevator down, each second making her more eager to get home.

Crossing through the dim parking garage, she felt a wave of unease roll over her, cold and sudden.

An unfamiliar rhythm hammered in her chest, every beat loud in her ears.

Without warning, instinct kicked in—her legs propelled her straight into the nearest flower bed, dirt scattering beneath her feet.

Almost immediately, a car shot past the spot where she'd been standing, the rush of air from its speed tossing her coat.

A chill prickled her skin as realization hit—she'd barely dodged disaster.

If she'd been even a second slower, the impact would have been unavoidable.

Before the shock fully set in, the black vehicle screeched to a halt, and then began circling back, headlights blazing toward her hiding place.

A low wall ringed the flower bed, just high enough to force the car to slow

down, but not enough to block its determined approach. Whoever was behind the wheel wasn't simply passing by.

Dread wormed its way through Millie's thoughts.

Was she being targeted?

What could possibly motivate someone to do this?

Should she try to run, or stay hidden and hope for help?

Had this person been tracking her movements since earlier, watching from the studio's shadows? Or maybe she was up against more than one set of eyes—one waiting outside, another lurking within the building, both lying in wait for the perfect moment to strike?

A thousand questions raced through her mind, but Millie forced herself to focus.

She needed a plan, and fast.

Rather than freeze, she watched the black car barrel closer, and at the last possible second, she dove sideways out of its path.

Metal collided with concrete as the car plowed into the flower bed, its engine howling in frustration.

Wasting no time, Millie sprinted toward her own car, adrenaline propelling her forward.

Doubling back into the building seemed like a trap; there was no telling if someone waited for her inside.

The open plaza nearby offered little safety, and crossing that distance could leave her exposed.

Escape meant getting behind the wheel and reaching help—heading straight for the nearest police station was her best shot.

Thank goodness, her car was only steps away.

Pure survival instinct took over. She covered the ground in seconds and

yanked the driver's door open.

No sooner had she slammed the door shut than a violent impact rocked the vehicle, the black car ramming into her with brute force. Dizziness crept in. A wave of nausea rolled through her, leaving her stunned.

A low groan slipped out. "Ugh..."

The other car pulled back, engine revving for another attack.

Gritting her teeth, Millie fought to clear her head, jamming the keys into the ignition and slamming her foot down on the gas.

"Bang!"

Tires screeched as her car shot forward, while the black sedan spun out and smashed into another parked vehicle.

There was no time to look back. Millie veered onto the main road.

Once she saw the headlights in her rearview mirror, panic surged again. She fumbled for her phone, pressed 911, and prayed someone would answer before the car caught up.

A dispatcher answered almost instantly, her voice sharp and alert in Millie's ear.

"Hello, there's a black car with the license plate AB1234 tailing me. The driver just tried to crash into my vehicle. I'm heading down First Avenue toward the East City Police Station and need immediate assistance!" Millie explained the situation clearly, prompting the operator to quickly relay the call to the appropriate station.

The road blurred past as Millie pressed harder on the accelerator, nerves stretched to the breaking point.

Chaos had swept in so fast, she could barely keep up.

Inside her head, a storm of questions and possibilities spun out of control.

Who would go this far?

Names and faces flashed by, including Brandon, Vivian and everyone

connected to the Watson or Bennett families, but no clear suspect emerged.

A quick glance in the rearview mirror showed the threat still lingering, her heart pounding every time she checked.

Suddenly, the black car changed tactics, swerving off onto a quiet side street as if realizing the chase was over.

Seeing it disappear, Millie finally let herself exhale, lungs burning from the tension.

The connection to the emergency service stayed open, their steady guidance keeping her focused.

She followed every direction, refusing to slow down until the stone arch of the East City Police Station appeared ahead and uniformed officers waved her in.

Relief crashed over her as she pulled into the designated parking space, hands trembling on the wheel.

With the danger finally behind her, Millie loosened her grip, shoulders sagging for the first time since the whole nightmare began.

Sudden nausea swept through her, stronger now that the adrenaline faded.

A low groan slipped out, and pain twisted in her stomach, forcing her to lean forward as she tried to recover.

