

Chapter 14 Did She Say Anything To You About It

A policewoman gently knocked on the window, her eyes full of concern as she looked at Millie.

Millie gripped her stomach, feeling sweat break out across her skin.

"Ma'am, are you alright?" asked the officer, anxiety clear in her voice as she beckoned the bystanders to come and help.

Millie realized the pain had something to do with the baby.

The symptoms were unmistakably those of a miscarriage.

Earlier, she had jumped and sprinted away from a car speeding through the parking lot, only to be struck afterward by the same black vehicle while she was in her own car.

Could her baby really be slipping away from her?

She had indeed decided to terminate the pregnancy, but...

Panic and sorrow flooded her mind without warning.

The thought of losing her child suddenly terrified Millie.

"Ma'am, please answer me. Open your door!" the policewoman screamed.

Millie's eyes clouded over, and though the pain was sharp and unrelenting, she still managed to push the car door open just before everything went black.

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At the same time, lights flooded every floor of the Watson Group building, casting a glow that reached out into the night.

Brandon reviewed a proposal, exhausted from attending endless meetings throughout the day.

He had to make several crucial decisions before the day ended.

He had been working non-stop since the afternoon, his expression growing increasingly stern.

Everyone in the expansive conference room sat silently, unwilling to draw his attention.

Brandon lightly tapped the table with his left hand as he studied the report. "Who's responsible for this project?" Brandon's tone was calm, yet his authority made everyone uneasy.

"It's me, Mr. Watson," answered a middle-aged man, standing up nervously as he wiped sweat from his forehead.

Brandon glanced at him, lips parting slightly as he instructed coldly, "Explain."

The middle-aged man wiped his forehead again.

"Well, it's... uh..." he stammered, failing to give a clear explanation and rambling through various excuses.

He knew deep down he had botched the project.

"Enough," Brandon interjected, cutting him short.

Fear filled the man's eyes as he started trembling.

"Mr. Watson, please give me another chance," he begged. "I promise I'll fix it!"

Brandon frowned, prompting his secretary, Eugene Barnes, to step forward.

"When you proposed the project, you made grand promises," Eugene said firmly. "Now, who's responsible for this mess?"

"I was just—" The man, well into middle age, began to speak again, hoping to make himself understood.

"No more excuses," Eugene chimed in harshly. "The Watson Group fully backed this project, yet despite all the resources, you failed miserably. You

do know why, don't you?"

The man opened his mouth to argue, but Brandon threw a document down in front of him.

"Corruption in such a small project is outrageous," Brandon remarked sharply.

The middle-aged man turned pale as he read the document.

He tried to respond, his body trembling, but Eugene gave a signal.

The doors swung open, and the company's internal inspection team entered, escorting him out.

"Mr. Watson, I'm sorry. Please forgive me!" The middle-aged man's desperate voice faded into silence as he was led away, leaving the room eerily quiet.

Brandon cast a cold glance around the room, making sure everyone understood the consequences.

"Meeting adjourned," Brandon announced, standing and walking swiftly from the room.

Eugene accompanied Brandon back to the CEO's office.

Noticing Brandon sink into the executive chair and rub his forehead tiredly, Eugene instructed an assistant to bring coffee immediately.

Brandon massaged his temples, briefly closing his eyes.

Exhaustion weighed heavily on him.

He knew perfection was unattainable, especially within a massive corporation like Watson Group, where internal problems naturally arose.

He understood that clearly.

But recently, he couldn't pinpoint why the fatigue felt deeper than usual.

He heard footsteps approaching, followed by a gentle sound of a cup touching the desk.

"Brandon, drink some water. You've been working too late lately, and you need to take care of yourself. I've added that special essence you like." Oddly enough, the voice seemed familiar to Brandon.

When Brandon opened his eyes, however, he saw Eugene standing there.

Looking down, he found only a steaming cup of coffee on the desk.

A faint tension pulled at Brandon's lips as he pressed them together in silence.

"Mr. Watson, do you not want coffee?" Eugene asked, noticing Brandon's mood.

Brandon's brow creased slightly, unsure about his own complicated feelings.

"I know it's normally Mrs. Watson who gets your water ready," said Eugene, his voice apologetic. "I couldn't find whatever essence she adds, and you looked exhausted, so I just went ahead and brought you coffee."

Yes, it had always been Millie beside him while he was working late.

Brandon closed his eyes again, feeling his headache grow stronger.

"Should I give Mrs. Watson a call and check with her?" Eugene asked carefully.

"That won't be necessary," Brandon answered.

Eugene gave a small nod, and the office slipped back into stillness.

The quiet that followed felt strange, almost unnatural.

Brandon couldn't remember the space ever feeling this hushed.

The silence began to grate on him, stirring a wave of frustration.

"What exactly is happening this month?" he asked, cutting through the quiet.

"Do you mean in terms of work, Mr. Watson?" Eugene asked in return.

"That's right."

"Well, back then, Mrs. Watson usually took care of smaller problems first, like what happened today with the manager. You only got involved when



something really needed your attention, so..."

Brandon opened his eyes and cast a look in Eugene's direction.

Catching the unspoken message, Eugene shifted uncomfortably and said, "Mr. Watson, I take full responsibility. I should have handled it better."

Brandon didn't come down hard on him. He simply gave a slight shake of his head. "Where's the contract for the new partnership?"

Eugene lowered his gaze even more. "I'm sorry, Mr. Watson. The team hasn't sorted it out yet."

Brandon let out a slow sigh and motioned for him to go.

Eugene, clearly relieved, turned and left the room without delay.

As Brandon stared at the shut office door, he couldn't ignore the truth. He had ended things with Millie so suddenly that many of the responsibilities she used to manage had fallen through the cracks.

The office sat in a hush, broken only by the soft ticking of the clock on the wall.

A sharp scent of coffee lingered in the air, its bitterness cutting through the stillness.

Steam curled up from the mug on his desk, and with it, Brandon's frown grew more pronounced.

He reached for his phone and read over the message he had sent Millie, where he asked her to come back with him to visit his grandparents on the weekend. ☹

There was still no reply.

He could clearly recall the way she had firmly turned him down over the phone.

Was she still holding onto that anger?

As his eyes stayed fixed on the screen, a sudden knock at the door broke

his focus.

He glanced up and saw Vivian standing in the doorway with a bright smile.

"Brandon," Vivian said as she walked in, her voice light. "I thought I'd drop by and keep you company."

Brandon slid his phone out of sight and gave her a small nod.

Vivian's eyes drifted toward Brandon's phone, but her face remained unreadable.

After a brief pause, she sat down slowly, her movements uncertain.

Brandon caught the shift in her demeanor and asked, "Is something bothering you?"

"Brandon, did Millie get in touch with you today?" Vivian asked, her voice measured.

He turned to her, arching his brows to urge her to go on.

"This afternoon, I posted a short video about joining Heavenly Melody. I only meant to follow the same path she once walked. I didn't expect the backlash online..." Vivian explained, watching his face for any hint of reaction.

She paused, and then asked carefully, "Did she say anything to you about it?"

Brandon's brow tightened. This afternoon? He had spent the entire day locked in meetings and hadn't kept up with anything online.

A glance at the clock told him it was already fifteen minutes past nine in the evening.

"There's something else I need to mention..." Vivian hesitated before adding, "When I left the studio at a quarter to nine, something felt off. It wasn't until I parked downstairs just now that I realized I'd been followed by paparazzi the entire way."

She looked genuinely regretful as she pulled out her phone and handed it

to Brandon.

On the screen were a series of photos, showing her from the doors of Vivian Floral Design all the way to the Watson Group building. The headline above the images read, "Vivian spotted entering Watson Group late at night—rumored to be meeting Brandon."

Just beneath the photos, the comment section was already buzzing with harsh remarks, many of them ridiculing Millie and speculating about her divorce.

"Brandon, I'm really sorry. I should have been more careful," said Vivian, her voice shaking slightly as her eyes began to well up.

Brandon gave a casual wave of his hand, brushing it off as nothing worth worrying about.

He had already made up his mind to make things official with Vivian once his divorce case was finalized.

But then there was Millie...

Just as the thought crossed his mind, his phone buzzed against the desk.

The clock had just struck twenty minutes past nine.

He reached for his phone, and there it was—Millie's name lit up on the screen.

