

Chapter 15 She Was Hit By A Car

Brandon's brow creased without him realizing.

Standing nearby, Vivian caught a glimpse of Millie's name flashing on his phone screen. Her expression flickered—first with confusion, and then with something harder to name.

"Brandon?" she said gently, catching his pause.

He blinked, pulled back into the moment.

Just minutes earlier, Vivian had shown him the trending headlines about her supposed late-night visit. And now Millie was calling.

Was she calling to confront him? To throw those stories in his face?

With a small frown, Brandon hit decline. But barely a few seconds passed before the screen lit up again.

Still Millie.

The persistence irritated him.

"Are you not going to pick up?" Vivian asked, voice soft.

He declined the call once more and then switched his phone to Do Not Disturb.

"No need," he said, with finality.

Vivian opened her mouth like she might protest, but then thought better of it.

She nodded slowly, her face a careful blend of concern and restraint. But as she lowered her eyes, the briefest spark of satisfaction flashed through them.

She had planned this.

She'd walked him through the gossip, showed him the video clips, and repeated just enough of Millie's possible reactions to make sure he wouldn't answer.

"Let's go. It's getting late," Brandon said, reaching for his coat and helping her to her feet.

They stepped into the private elevator reserved for Watson Group's top floor.

Paparazzi cameras clicked as the doors closed behind them. And far from them, across the city, Millie was being wheeled out of an ambulance.

Blood seeped from her forehead, streaking across the stretcher sheet. Her body was limp.

The hospital corridor spun in and out of her vision—the harsh ceiling lights flashing by.

The sounds around her blurred together, mixed with the tense voice of a woman in uniform calling out. "I've called her husband twice and he's not answering. What should we do? Keep calling? What if he still doesn't pick?"

Another voice spoke. "Did you see that door? The whole thing's crushed. It's not just a bump to her head. We don't know what else is going on inside. Prioritize treatment. Keep trying him!"

"Got it!"

There was more noise, louder this time, and Millie drifted again.

The sharp hospital scent filled her nose. She floated between alertness and fog, catching snatches of conversation she couldn't piece together. Then, a voice she recognized—Alexia's.

Alexia's voice was raised and frantic as she was taken into the emergency room. But then the world tilted again, and Millie blacked out.

...

Alexia was furious.

She had seen blood on Millie's face, soaked into her hair, as they wheeled her into the ER. It made her stomach twist.

By sheer luck, Millie had been brought to Crobert Hospital. Alexia had been working overtime that night, passing through when she noticed the flashing lights and noise. Something had told her to stop and check.

The medical team had been unsure of Millie's condition, unaware that she was pregnant.

Thankfully, Alexia was already aware of Millie's situation, and being the daughter of the hospital's director—all of it helped.

Without that, Millie might not have gotten the care she needed in time.

Alexia walked over to one of the officers who was holding Millie's phone. The officer seemed unsure of who to call next.

She introduced herself as a doctor and said she was a friend of Millie's. When she overheard the officer trying to reach Millie's family, she quietly reached for the phone and took over.

The screen showed multiple missed calls. None of them answered.

Then her own phone began to buzz.

She glanced at the screen. A headline popped up. "Brandon Watson and Vivian Simpson spotted leaving Watson Group together."

Alexia's stomach turned. So this was why Brandon wasn't answering—he was with Vivian.

Without hesitation, she tapped his number.

The first call went unanswered.

The second connected just as the final ring buzzed.

"What is it?" came Brandon's voice, clipped and cold.

"What is it?" Alexia snapped. "Why haven't you been answering Millie's

calls?"

Behind the wheel of his Aston Martin, Brandon's eyes narrowed.

"Did Millie tell you to call me?" His voice dropped lower, even colder.

"No," Alexia said. "I called you myself!"

At a red light, Brandon slowed to a stop. He glanced at the call log—dozens of missed calls from Millie.

Of course.

She must have turned to Alexia for help. That was just like her.

The traffic light blinked green. Brandon eased his foot onto the pedal, and the Aston Martin glided forward, matching the quiet steadiness in his mood.

Millie had started calling the moment Vivian walked into the Watson Group building.

He didn't need to ask why.

"You need to come to Crobert Hospital now," Alexia said.

"I'm not going," Brandon said flatly.

Millie must have gone crying to Alexia again.

That had become her pattern—complain, exaggerate, bring others into their private matters.

Ever since he asked for the divorce, she'd been unbearable.

"She was hit by a car," Alexia said, her voice suddenly hard and cold, stripped of emotion. "If you still have any conscience left, get over here."

Brandon slammed the brakes. The tires screeched against the asphalt, and the car came to a stop.

A horn blared behind him, followed by a string of angry curses. But Brandon barely heard them. His grip on the steering wheel tightened as Alexia's call cut off.

Beside him, Vivian had heard everything. She said nothing at first. Then her phone buzzed.

She glanced down, and then slowly tucked it away. She turned to Brandon, eyes wide with worry.

"Brandon... could something really have happened to her? We should go—now." Her voice trembled, full of concern. "This doesn't sound small. It looks serious. Thank God she was brought to Crobert Hospital. And Alexia's there—her best friend. She'll be in good hands, but... Brandon, we should hurry. Millie called you so many times—it must've been important."

She looked like she might cry. But when she turned her face away, there was a gleam in her eyes that didn't match her tone.

A car accident was serious, yes. But now Millie had landed at a hospital where her best friend works and was run by her best friend's father.

And those missed calls could all look like something carefully planned. Could she really be calling him nonstop if she was really seriously injured?

Vivian wouldn't say it out loud, but her words suggested enough. Millie and Alexia, teaming up again.

Still, Vivian kept her mask on.

Tears rolled down her cheeks. "Brandon, I know you're with me now. But if something happened to her, and we didn't even go... I'd carry that guilt forever."

She turned away suddenly and coughed into her hand. When she looked up again, there was blood at the corner of her mouth.

Seeing Brandon's eyes flicked toward her, Vivian quickly slipped the tiny blood capsule into her purse. "I'm fine," she said, her voice shaking. "Don't worry about me. Just... get us to the hospital."

Brandon didn't say a word.

He restarted the car, and the Aston Martin turned, heading for Crobert Hospital.

