

Chapter 17 Let Me See Her!

Alexia felt powerless, her hands clenching at her sides as she struggled to intervene. After wrestling with how to break the silence, she finally blurted out, "Did you have anything to do with what happened to Millie?"

Brandon shot her a look, suspicion flickering in his eyes. "What are you suggesting? You asked me to come here, didn't you?"

He sounded cold, as if something had just clicked for him. "Stop avoiding it. Tell me, how exactly is Millie doing?"

Frustration burned through Alexia, and she grabbed his arm, dragging him away from the others. "Listen, someone went after her on purpose—"

Suddenly, a voice interrupted her.

Vivian appeared in the hallway, breathless as she hurried over.

The streaks of blood on her skin were gone, erased in case Alexia, a professional who knew her way around injuries, noticed anything odd.

Urgency colored Vivian's expression. "Is Millie okay?"

Alexia caught sight of Vivian and her irritation spiked.

"You brought her here, Brandon?" Alexia's finger jabbed toward Vivian, her tone sharp. "Did you think bringing her along would help Millie feel better?"

Not wanting a scene outside Millie's room, Alexia herded both of them toward the emergency exit.

Vivian shrank back, almost hiding behind Brandon, her voice small. "Dr. Hussain, you've got it wrong. I was just with Brandon when you called. Parking was a nightmare, and he didn't want to waste any time getting to Millie, so we just rushed in together."

Alexia scoffed inwardly at the explanation.

Vivian shrank back, almost hiding behind Brandon, her voice small. "Dr. Hussain, you've got it wrong. I was just with Brandon when you called. Parking was a nightmare, and he didn't want to waste any time getting to Millie, so we just rushed in together."

Alexia scoffed inwardly at the explanation.

It was no secret that Millie loathed Vivian, considering her nothing more than a shameless interloper. Even so, Vivian had tagged along, acting as if her presence was necessary.

There was nothing stopping her from waiting in the car or wandering off for a bit.

The whole thing was so absurd, Alexia let out a sharp, disbelieving laugh.

"Oh, that's right. I almost forgot. The two of you were spotted leaving the Watson Group together tonight in the same car, practically side by side." Alexia's voice dripped with sarcasm. "It's all over the Internet."

"You!" Vivian's eyes glistened, her face twisting with wounded outrage.

Brandon blocked her from Alexia's reach by the emergency exit, an act that made Alexia's skin crawl.

Their affection was no secret, splashed across gossip sites and social feeds, and now they brought the spectacle to the hospital halls.

Alexia wondered if Brandon had ever truly cared about Millie, or if this was all just a show for Vivian's sake.

She blurted out, "If you two want to parade your relationship, do it somewhere else. I don't care for your drama."

Vivian only stared at the floor, silent and trying to look as though she'd been hurt.

Irritation clouded Brandon's face, and he spoke sharply. "That's enough. Why are you accusing her? What are you really getting at?"

"Millie was targeted on purpose. Someone hit her with a car," said Alexia, refusing to soften her words. "I wouldn't put it past you to arrange it, just so you could move on with Vivian sooner."

Before Brandon could reply, Vivian slipped in between them. "Dr. Hussain, do you hear yourself? That's a heavy accusation."

Brushing off Alexia's suspicion, Vivian asked, "Accidents happen, and Millie could have been hit by anyone. How can you turn on Brandon without proof?"

She sounded completely convinced of her own innocence as she continued, "It was you who asked Brandon to come. We've been here for a while now, but you're still keeping us from seeing Millie. What's the real reason? Is she perfectly fine, and you're just making things up?"

That was all it took for Alexia's anger to reach its limit. She could still picture Millie as she was wheeled in, pale and fragile.

The memory of the risks Millie faced haunted Alexia.

With Millie's rare Rh-negative blood type, even a minor injury could become deadly, never mind being pregnant with Brandon's child.

Vivian's attempt to twist the truth was beyond infuriating.

Alexia raised her voice. "Are you trying to pin this on everyone else, Vivian, because you're the one behind the wheel?"

"You!" For a moment, Vivian's bravado faltered, her eyes flashing with fear before she put on that hurt look again.

Brandon stood in front of Vivian, his tone icy as he spoke. "Starting at 8:45 PM, paparazzi have been following Vivian after she walked out of her studio. Her every move has been plastered all over the Internet. And she's been with me the entire time since she arrived at the Watson Group."

Alexia's jaw tightened. "That doesn't prove anything. She could've sent someone else to do her dirty work."

Frustration carved lines into Brandon's face. "You're crossing a line, Alexia," he snapped, anger sparking in his eyes.

...

Deep inside the hospital room, Millie found herself swallowed by pitch-black silence.

That emptiness wrapped around her like cold fog, pulling her under.

Something vital had slipped from her memory.

Fear coiled in her chest as she reached for a lifeline she couldn't grasp.

Her body felt like lead, and she couldn't will it to move.

Time stretched endlessly—until a faint glow appeared ahead.

Summoning what little energy remained, she inched toward it.

The light revealed a peaceful family moment inside a modest villa, with a soft white wool carpet beneath their feet and a sleek black grand piano standing proudly at the center.

A little girl sat at the piano bench, pressing keys in irregular rhythm.

The melody floating from the piano was "For Alice."

Curtains fluttered in the breeze through an old-fashioned window frame.

Warm yellow sunlight spilled into the room, illuminating its timeless pastoral decor.

Everything in that moment seemed stunning and serene.

After awkwardly repeating the piece a few times, the girl pounded the keys in frustration.

Right at that moment, a kind-faced, attractive man walked over to her.

He spoke in a voice that seemed to carry comfort from another era. "Millie, remember to be patient whenever you try something new."

The young girl stuck out her lower lip, and sadness filled her wide eyes.

With a dramatic frown, she said, "Dad, I have been practicing for more than a week, but I still can't play it the right way. It's really difficult for me."

A gentle smile spread across the man's face. He reached out to softly mess up her hair, and then took a seat on the piano bench beside his daughter, playing a piece for her to hear.

It was "For Alice."

He kept his gaze on her while playing, and then said, "Millie, look. Your dad can play it, right? Since you are my daughter, I know you can do it too."

Her eyes lit up with awe. "Wow, Dad! When did you learn how to play this?"

With a light laugh, he took her hand in his own. He patiently guided her fingers to the keys, and at first her hands stumbled, but soon enough, the melody started to come together as they played together.

"I just picked it up not long ago," he said with encouragement. "Because you are learning the piano, I wanted to learn it as well."

She focused on the keys, her face serious, and spoke with real admiration. "Dad, you're incredible!"

He shook his head and grinned. "You're the real star, Millie." He slowly let go of her hand and watched her continue to play smoothly, even though she didn't notice he was no longer helping. "All you need is a little faith in yourself."

When his hand slipped away completely, he said, "You're my only child, and everything I have belongs to you. Ever since you were born, I knew you would someday become the next leader of the Bennett family."

She looked up at him, her voice filled with doubt. "Dad, is that something I can really do?"

He answered with a warm smile, "You definitely can."

The sound of the piano drifted through the air, gentle as a soft breeze, while the man's eyes shone with pride and affection for his daughter.

He looked at her and said, "Look at you now—you've made it, haven't you?"