

Chapter 18 Looks Like You're Perfectly Fine

Wonder swept across the girl's face as she stared at her hands, her fingers gliding over the keys and filling the room with sweet music.

A bright smile appeared on her face. "Dad, I actually did it!" she said, joy ringing in her voice.

He answered with a proud nod and a gentle smile. After that, he turned his attention to the woman who leaned gracefully against the grand piano, her chin resting in her palm as she watched father and daughter with a look full of warmth.

Her beauty was impossible to ignore. She wore a bold red dress, and her long curls tumbled over her shoulders in lazy waves, giving her a captivating presence.

A soft pat on the girl's shoulder signaled the man's next move. He strode over to the woman.

With one hand tucked behind his back and his body bent in a polite bow, he extended his hand, inviting her to join him. "Would you dance with me, sweetheart?"

Her eyes sparkled as she slipped her hand into his. "I'd love to," she replied, her voice gentle and bright.

Music from the piano filled the space, rising with energy as the man spun the woman around. Her red dress fanned out, the moment captured like a painting in memory.

Meanwhile, the little girl continued playing, each note chosen with care and happiness.

Another breeze swept through, and she glanced up, watching the light curtain billow softly in the moving air.

Beyond the glass, she spotted a young boy on the balcony of the neighboring villa, dressed in a cream polo, quietly observing the scene inside.

His hair was tousled across his forehead, and his eyes, deep and steady, held a keen sharpness.

Moments slipped away, and Millie watched the boy's youthful features fade, gradually blending into the more serious and composed look of Brandon as an adult—someone marked by quiet strength and hidden edges.

A shrill sound broke the spell. "Beep, beep, beep..."

Millie's eyes snapped open inside the hospital room.

Everything swirled before her, and the white ceiling spun above her head.

A wave of nausea rolled over her, sudden and strong.

The sharp smell of antiseptic filled her nose, and pain throbbed along her temples.

Millie realized she was lying in a hospital bed, the sensation so unsteady it felt like she was adrift at sea.

The images from her dream flickered in her mind. She saw her parents sharing a dance from years past.

Young Brandon's steady gaze also kept appearing, as if he lived inside her memories.

Without making a sound, tears slipped down Millie's cheeks. She could not tell if it was the pain in her body or the weight of old memories that brought them on.

Someone from the hallway shouted, "So now you're desperate to shift the blame because you were the one who hit her?"

Another voice rang out. "Alexia, that's enough. Don't push it."

Raised voices drifted in from the hallway, making Millie knit her brow in discomfort.

She could easily tell it was Alexia and Brandon arguing.

A fight had broken out between them.

Confusion filled her thoughts.

Millie tried to push herself upright, but her head kept spinning.

She pressed her palms to the mattress and peered at the sign next to her hospital bed.

Only at that moment did she understand that she was suffering from a concussion.

Her hand went to the bandage on her forehead. That brought back the memory of how she had gotten hurt.

Right away, she moved her hand to her stomach.

There was still a dull ache lingering there.

She wondered if her baby was safe.

No answer came to her.

A voice outside spoke again. "So you're really going to pick a fight with me for her sake?"

The argument grew even louder in the hallway.

Alexia's voice sounded shrill, as if she was the one being wronged.

Forcing herself to sit up, Millie slipped her feet into a pair of flat slippers, and then leaned on the wall as she slowly shuffled toward the door.

When she stepped outside, she saw three people standing close to the emergency exit—Brandon, Alexia, and Vivian.

Brandon wore the same clothes from that morning, while Vivian had changed into a cream suit that looked expensive.

The two of them appeared caught up in something with Alexia, who had on a white lab coat, but Millie could not make sense of what was going on.

Afraid that Alexia might be picked on, Millie spoke up right away. "What are you doing!"

"Millie!" Alexia reacted the quickest, rushing forward to steady Millie.

Standing with Vivian, Brandon narrowed his eyes as he studied Millie from head to toe, stopping to focus on the bandage across her forehead.

Millie wasted no time asking, "What happened?"

Before Alexia could answer, Brandon interrupted, his tone cold and sharp.

His words were edged with sarcasm as he addressed Millie. "Looks like you're perfectly fine."

Millie's pale face and the simple bandage over her forehead wound only fueled Brandon's anger.

He wondered if the whole situation had been staged by Millie and Alexia.

Did Millie fake the accident just to make him leave Vivian and come here?

He could still hear the phone ringing in the car, remember how Vivian had coughed up blood with a look full of guilt. Those memories only made Brandon's anger burn hotter.

Now it made sense why Alexia had tried so hard to keep him from seeing Millie ever since he arrived.

He told himself he never should have trusted Alexia's story.

Frustration showed on his face as the veins in his neck stood out, and he turned away.

All the worry and care he had felt seemed pointless now.

Millie was confused by his words; she had just come to her senses, and the fog from her concussion left her feeling sick.

Alexia spoke up, her voice rising. "Fine? Can't you see Millie's got a head injury? Did you just ignore everything I told you before?"

Vivian responded sharply, "It's just a little bandage, isn't it?"

Alexia exclaimed, "Vivian!"

Vivian straightened, standing her ground for Brandon. "Millie, you kept calling Brandon again and again while he was still driving, and then you told Alexia to call and chew him out, demanding that he come here, all for something so minor? Are you even aware how dangerous it was, how busy the roads were? Alexia, your call made me think Millie was dying! Listen, I may not have much time left, but I'm not going to let you two make things harder for Brandon!"

Vivian spoke with a voice that carried strength and unwavering resolve. She stepped away from Brandon, her body shaking a little, but she stood tall and fearless, as if she would take on anyone to defend him.

Brandon stayed silent, his gaze hard and unyielding as he looked at Millie. The impatience and contempt in his eyes were impossible to miss.

Alexia finally lost her patience. "Vivian, you're talking nonsense! I won't let you get away with this!" She charged forward, aiming a slap at Vivian's mouth.

Vivian made no move to avoid it, ready to strike back if she had to.

Brandon threw out his arm to break them apart, and Millie, lost and unsure, quickly grabbed Alexia, afraid things would spiral out of control.

The area just outside the emergency exit dissolved into complete chaos.

Alexia and Vivian became the heart of the fight. Alexia was wild with anger, while Vivian looked ready for battle, her eyes darting over to Millie every so often.

Both of them fought with everything they had.

Alexia shouted, "Vivian, how dare you pinch me!"

A loud slap rang out in the hallway.

Vivian cried out, "Alexia, you actually hit me in the face!"

Millie and Brandon did everything they could to separate them, but it became impossible to tell whose arms or hands belonged to whom as all four became tangled together.

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The scuffle spilled from the emergency exit and into the stairwell, their shouting and cries echoing through the walls.

Suddenly, a sharp look flickered in Vivian's eyes.

In one swift move, she slammed her forehead into Alexia's, all while pretending to accidentally shove Brandon's hand aside.

Without warning, Millie, who was still holding onto Alexia, felt a powerful force pressing into her waist.

A split second later, she realized she was no longer behind the others but right at the side of the stairs.

Her mind raced. She was still pregnant, and standing at the top of the stairs, she knew a fall could be dangerous.

No—she could not let that happen.

Before she knew it, Millie twisted her body, forcing herself to grab the railing and steady herself as quickly as she could.

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