

Chapter 2 Terminate The Pregnancy

The next day, parked just outside the courthouse, Brandon sat in his Maybach, quietly tapping the steering wheel with his left hand.

"Brandon, you and Millie have been married for a year now. Don't you think it's time to start planning for a baby?" An elderly voice drifted from the phone's speaker.

Brandon's face softened, a trace of frustration flickering through, but his patience didn't waver.

"Grandma, we're still young. There's no need to rush. You and Grandpa should focus on staying healthy. He..."

"What do you mean by 'There's no need to rush'?" The elderly voice rose in annoyance. "Your grandfather's condition might have improved, but we're not getting any younger. We don't know how much time we've got left."

"Grandma..."

"Don't give me that! I've heard things, Brandon. Whatever's going on, be good to Millie."

Silence fell over the line for a few seconds.

"Brandon, did you hear me?" the elder asked.

Brandon rubbed his forehead in frustration. "I understand, Grandma."

They exchanged a few more words before he ended the call.

Brandon resumed tapping the steering wheel with his fingers, this time slower, more distracted. He stared through the windshield toward the courthouse.

He clenched his jaw. Then, he opened the messaging app on his phone.



His thumb hovered over a familiar profile picture—a simple floral image, tagged "My Love." He skipped past it and opened the thread with Millie.

The last message he'd sent her simply reminded her of the time and place to meet for the divorce.

She still hadn't shown up.

With a scowl, Brandon sent a new message. "Where are you?"

A knock on the window followed almost instantly. He turned to see Millie standing outside, her face a little pale.

She opened the door and slipped into the passenger seat, giving him a blank look.

He hadn't changed out of yesterday's clothes—the same ones she had picked out for him.

Through the years, it had always been her—choosing his ties, picking his cologne, arranging every detail down to the fit of his tailored shirts and suits.

"Why are you late?" Brandon asked.

Millie looked away.

"I'm not late," she said quietly.

She was simply no longer the girl who would always arrive early and wait for him without thinking.

Brandon's fingers stilled against the wheel. His eyes narrowed slightly as he studied her.

Millie looked a little pale, maybe from a sleepless night after he mentioned the divorce last night.

Still, she looked fine.

"My grandma called earlier," Brandon muttered, looking away. "Don't tell them about the divorce. They're too old to handle something like that."

Millie didn't respond right away. Instead, she asked, "What did your grandma say?"

"She wants us to have a baby," Brandon said flatly, a flicker of irritation slipping into his voice.

Silence settled in the car.

After a while, Millie let out a small soft laugh.


Brandon curled his hand into a fist and turned his face to the window.

There were moments when he used to imagine what their child might look like.

He remembered holding her from behind, pressing a hand gently over her belly, whispering, "Millie, when will you give me a baby?"

But it hadn't happened.

Anyway, they could always remarry in six months and start planning for a baby. There would still be enough time.

Vivian, however, only had six months left. 

Outside, passers-by came and went.

Then Millie spoke up. "Just once more, Brandon. Are you completely sure you want to go through with the divorce?"

"Having second thoughts?" Brandon barked, looking genuinely upset.

Vivian was still waiting for him at the studio.

After confirming once more, Millie didn't say another word. She reached into her bag, pulled out a document, and handed it to Brandon.

He took it with a frown, flipping through the pages. It was a property division agreement.

"If we're getting divorced," she said, "we should make everything clear. I'll only take what I'm entitled to from the Watson family. And from this moment on, anything either of us earns belongs to us individually."



Then Millie pulled out a pen and placed it beside him.

"If that's okay with you, just sign it."

Brandon's eyes stayed on the document, but his frown deepened as he read.

The agreement was too simple. She really wasn't asking for much. And her signature was already there.

He didn't get it.

What was she trying to do? It was basically just a fake divorce.

Vivian only had six months left. He planned to spend those months by her side. After that, he'd return to Millie—no one else needed to know the divorce ever happened.

To him, Millie had always seemed blindly loyal.

Brandon had never thought of her as someone with pride or boundaries.

There was a time he'd grown bored of her, pushing her into things that chipped away at her pride on purpose.

But Millie never declined.

She'd still return with a soft smile, holding out the results like a trophy. "Brandon, look—I did it. Isn't it great?"

She was a good wife. Meek. Obedient. For seven years, he'd seen it play out over and over.

If it weren't for Vivian, their marriage probably would have gone on like that. But...

A flash of memory—Vivian, weak and coughing blood, still trying to smile—stabbed at his chest. The pain was raw and unshakable.

Brandon looked outside the car window again.

Millie's reflection stared back at him—blank, expressionless.

Was this her way of threatening him?

After all, she had once faked messages to frame Vivian.

She hated Vivian.

Chuckling dryly, Brandon picked up the pen and signed his name.

No one could force his hand. Not even her.

There were two copies of the agreement.

Millie calmly took her copy after he signed both.

They both stepped out of the car and headed into the courthouse.

Together, they filed for divorce.

Next time they came back here, they would finalize everything and collect the official decree.

Once all the formalities were done, the two of them stepped out of the courthouse together.

The sun was already blazing, and the warmth settled on Millie's skin.

Brandon scanned the people moving about.

It wasn't hard to tell the couples getting married from those getting divorced. Some people chose to have their weddings at the courthouse.

A couple walked by, hand in hand.

The woman's smile triggered something in Brandon. He remembered that same look on Millie's face a year ago, when they first got married.

Brandon glanced over at Millie, but her face was blank.

"I'll keep transferring money to your account during the next six months," he said. "And don't say anything to my grandparents."

He didn't wait for a reply. Just turned and walked off.

Millie stood there quietly, watching his car disappear around the corner.

Her cab arrived not long after.

And then, the two cars went opposite directions.

One turned toward Vivian Floral Design.

The other headed for Crobert Hospital.

Brandon walked into Vivian's studio, where she greeted him with a gentle smile.

He told her, "It's done. She didn't make a scene."

Meanwhile, Millie stepped into the ob-gyn wing and quietly sat opposite the doctor.

The doctor reached over and pulled the curtain.

"Millie... are you sure you want to terminate the pregnancy?" Her best friend and doctor, Alexia Hussain, looked at her with concern. "You were so determined to have a baby. You even worked so hard to get yourself ready for conception..."

Millie reached into her bag and placed the divorce filing receipt on the side table.

"Yes," she replied calmly. "Let's terminate it. I don't want it anymore."

