

Chapter 20 You Never Stood A Chance, Millie!

Brandon could still picture that day—him kneeling on one knee, his head pressed to Millie's shoulder. The always composed Brandon Watson had fallen apart, tears slipping down his cheeks and soaking her shirt.

Millie's hand moved gently through his hair, and she softly patted his back, offering quiet comfort as he broke down.

That day, she whispered words meant to calm him, "Brandon, don't be scared. Your family thinks that our marriage could lift Derek's spirits and maybe help him feel better. I'll go home with you. Even if Derek... Brandon, you're not alone. I'll be here."

Her unique scent seemed to linger with him even now, the only brightness during such a dark time in his life.

He kept hearing her say his name—sometimes happy, sometimes sad, sometimes gentle or shy. That voice seemed to echo again and again in his mind.

The very last time was only a moment ago, when she called out to him from the bottom of the stairs.

Suddenly, a cold worry twisted inside him, making his brow tighten.

Just then, Vivian's voice broke through his thoughts. She squeezed his hand and asked, "Brandon, what's wrong?"

Brandon glanced up and saw Vivian looking pale and fragile, sitting right beside him.

That snapped him back to reality.

He turned away, eyes closing for a moment to steady himself.

"It's nothing," he finally answered, pulling his hand from hers and starting

the car. "Alexia's with Millie at the hospital. She'll take care of her."

With a calm face, he focused on the road ahead and skillfully drove the Aston Martin out of the lot and onto the main road. "I'll get you home."

She offered a faint smile. "Alright."

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Meanwhile, the hospital corridor outside the emergency room buzzed with doctors and nurses hurrying in and out.

Alexia stood just outside, nerves stretched tight as she waited for news.

Even though she was a gynecologist and had performed countless surgeries, her emotions overwhelmed her now, leaving her unable to step inside.

Thankfully, she had made sure that blood supplies would be available ahead of time.

Still, Alexia could not be certain about Millie's condition right now.

With the fall and so much blood lost, she wondered if there was any hope left for the baby.

Her thoughts spun in circles, and she realized she could not even trust her own judgment at the moment. All she could do was wait and hope for good news.

The sound of hurried footsteps drew near, making Alexia look up. Her brother, Giffard Hussain, appeared in the hallway.

The sight of him made Alexia run straight into his arms. "Giffard!" she cried, letting her newly steadied nerves crumble again.

She wept openly in his embrace. "Giffard, I've put Millie in danger. What am I supposed to do?"

He let out a soft sigh and gently patted her back. "I heard what happened while I was on my way here. Don't worry. Let me go in and take a look. If you can't trust anyone else, you know you can count on me, right?"

The Hussain family were a well-known family in the medical world, and

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Giffard, as the family's firstborn, had built a reputation as a talented doctor.

Even though gynecology was not his specialty, he was skilled in a wide range of medical fields.

"Alright, alright," Alexia said quickly, scrambling to her feet and drying her eyes. "Please hurry, Giffard!"

He smiled gently, brushing away the last of her tears before changing into scrubs and carefully disinfecting his hands, and then heading into the emergency room.

No sooner had he stepped inside than alarms began to ring out from the monitors.

"Her heart rate is falling fast—get the defibrillator ready! Find out if her family is outside—we need a signature on the critical care consent form!"

A wave of panic swept through the emergency room.

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Meanwhile, the Aston Martin glided to a stop at the entrance of Vivian's apartment complex.

Inside the car, Vivian quietly studied Brandon's face, watching him out of the corner of her eye.

Brandon always knew how to keep his feelings hidden, never revealing any hint of happiness or frustration.

In the world of business, even his toughest competitors, backed by the best teams, struggled to guess what he was thinking.

When Watson Group faced its most challenging period, Brandon stepped up and made every major decision.

He drove the company to pivot from its traditional business model and pushed it into the tech industry, leading Watson Group all the way to the top and making it a leader in the field. Brandon's talent had always been proven by action, not just words.

Vivian never believed she could have complete control over Brandon. She

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only wanted to outshine Millie, and that would be enough.

Right now, that seemed possible. Millie was still at the hospital, and Vivian sat in the passenger seat of Brandon's luxury car. She believed that was a win already.

When Brandon tapped his fingers lightly against the steering wheel and didn't move to get out, Vivian spoke up. "We're here."

"Alright," Brandon answered, but he still made no move to leave the car.

Vivian hesitated for a moment before asking, her voice soft and unsure, "Brandon, aren't you going to walk me upstairs?"

Her invitation was clear.

She was asking him into her home, no extra words needed.

He stopped drumming his fingers and looked straight at Vivian.

For a moment, he just studied her face without saying a word.

Vivian's heart began to beat faster.

After a few seconds, Brandon replied, "I'm a little tired tonight."

Vivian gave a gentle nod, choosing not to push further.

An awkward silence stretched between them.

Brandon finally spoke. "Go inside and get some rest."

"Alright," Vivian remarked, her voice quiet.

At last, Brandon walked Vivian to the elevator.

The doors closed and the elevator carried her up to her floor.

Once she arrived, she stood by the window, watching as Brandon made his way back to his car. The hint of victory in her eyes was unmistakable.

Her thoughts drifted back to what she had done earlier when she first learned about Millie's pregnancy.

Four hours earlier, at eight in the evening, Vivian was inside her studio.

She stood up so suddenly upon reading the message that she startled the caregiver nearby, who could not figure out why Vivian, who had been so pleased with herself seconds ago, was suddenly so unsettled.

The caregiver dared not speak, simply watched as Vivian, deep in thought, took out her phone and made a call.

Her voice was steady as she spoke. "Yes, it's me, Vivian. I need a favor. Don't ask me why. If you care about me, just do as I say. Yes, I'm with Brandon now. Does that really matter? You told me you loved me, didn't you? If that's true, prove it. Help me with this."

Vivian ended the call, and her eyes burned with cold resolve.

She knew that Brandon had always loved children.

All this time together had taught her as much.

Brandon and Millie were nearly finished with their divorce, just a few more steps to go.

If Brandon found out about Millie's pregnancy, he might call the whole thing off.

Vivian had done everything she could to bring things to this point. She could not allow anything to ruin it now.

Her phone vibrated just then.


Two new messages appeared on her screen.

One was from the person she just called. "Alright, I promise. I'll take care of it for you."

The other message came from Brandon, replying to her earlier text about meeting him after work. All he said was a simple, "Okay."

At exactly 8:45 PM, she walked out of her studio, and the paparazzi she had secretly tipped off were already snapping photos of her every move.

Every headline and every social media post that followed was carefully

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planned by her.

As the Aston Martin disappeared from sight, Vivian let out a quiet laugh and whispered to herself, "You really think you can keep him with a baby? I won't let that happen. Three days from now, when the premiere for Heavenly Melody goes live, it will be the start of your downfall. Everything you have will slip away, and I will take your place. You never stood a chance, Millie!"

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At Crobert Hospital, Alexia continued to wait in the hallway outside the emergency room, time dragging by.

Finally, she heard movement on the other side of the doors. The moment they swung open, Alexia sprang to her feet.