

Chapter 4 She Would Have No Ties With Brandon

As Vivian made her way to Crobert Hospital, the Internet was filled with comments about her diagnosis. Her name appeared across countless threads.

"To be honest, I think Vivian's brave. She's clear about her feelings as well as boundaries. Quite impressive, actually."

"Exactly. A lot of people like Brandon. As long as she's not wrecking his marriage, her feelings are her own business."

"Her older videos and that livestream from Crest Villa gave me a glimpse into rich people's lives. It's sad she won't be around much longer."

"Who's Brandon's wife, though? She should just let him be with Vivian. The girl has only six months left."

"I know her. It's Millie Bennett, a musician. She stopped working after she got married and became a full-time housewife."

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At Crobert Hospital, Millie's phone kept buzzing. Calls and messages came one after another. Some people acted concerned. Others wanted information. A few tried to mock her. All of it was about Vivian and Brandon.

Millie had read just enough of the headlines to understand what was going on with Vivian's illness.

She didn't click on anything else.

It didn't matter anymore.

Once the divorce was finalized, Brandon would no longer be a part of her

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She checked the time. When she looked up, she saw Alexia walking toward her.

"How are you feeling?" Alexia asked, concerned. "Any pain?" She saw the strain on Millie's face and, without needing to be asked, reached out to help her rise.

Millie gave a small smile and shook her head.

She had made up her mind. Some things simply had to be faced.

Alexia understood, but she just sighed and helped Millie up. They took the elevator.

The elevator doors soon opened at the ground floor.

The hospital was packed. Even more than usual. Millie noticed a few reporters scattered in the crowd.

"So many people today. Probably another celebrity here for a check-up," Alexia said. "They always bring this kind of attention..." She stopped at once, her face changing. She had seen something and quickly tried to lead Millie in the other direction.

But there was no point. Millie had already spotted them.

Brandon stood tall, striking in a way that drew attention without effort. The noise and movement around him didn't touch him—his hair perfectly in place, his suit smooth and sharp, like the chaos didn't dare come close.

Vivian stood beside him. She looked small and weak, her face pale, which made her seem even more fragile.

She lost her balance slightly. Brandon stepped in to catch her, shielding her from the cameras and the crowd.

"Don't look," Alexia said quickly, stepping in front of Millie, her tone sharp with anger.

"Alexia, let's go," Millie said, her voice calm. She had made up her mind; Brandon didn't need to know she was there, and she had no interest in crossing paths with him now.

"Why should we go?" Alexia snapped, growing more furious. "You're not divorced yet. He's still your husband. And he's here holding another woman like it's nothing. It's shameless."

Husband...

Millie looked away, sighing.

There was a time she had secretly smiled just thinking about Brandon being her husband.

But not anymore.

"I don't feel well, Alexia. Let's just go," Millie said, changing the topic.

Alexia gave her full attention now and stopped looking in Brandon and Vivian's direction.

They left. Across the lobby, Vivian glanced over. A flicker of pride passed through her face.

"I'm sorry, Brandon. I didn't mean to drag you into this mess," she said, a tinge of remorse in her voice. "I know you hate being in the spotlight..."

"It's fine," Brandon replied. "Let's go see the doctor first." His face stayed calm, but something stirred in his thoughts—something brief, hard to name.

They stepped into the consultation room.

Vivian handed over her medical record to the doctor.

The doctor read through it, slowly, and frowned.

"This looks serious," he said.

Vivian gave a faint smile. "I know," she said quietly. Then she took a slow breath. "Please prescribe something strong for the pain."

"In your current condition, I suggest you stay in the hospital and begin treatment," the doctor said. "You should try. There's still a chance we can extend your life."

"What's the point?" Vivian gave a sad smile.

She brushed away the tears building in her eyes, and then said quietly, "I don't want treatment."

Brandon's fingers curled tighter around hers.

She gave a small shake of her head.

"Doctor, I just want to spend the last phase of my life with some dignity,"

she said. "So, please prescribe some strong painkillers."

The doctor sighed deeply but finally nodded in understanding.

Outside, reporters were taking photos and recording videos without pause before posting them online.

People watching were emotional.

"Good heavens, this is a real person whose life is ending."

"I cry when I'm in mild pain. I can't imagine what late-stage cancer feels like. But she still manages to smile. She's really strong."

"I couldn't hold back tears when she said she wouldn't go through treatment. Only people who've faced serious illness understand this feeling."

Public sympathy for Vivian reached its highest point.

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Vivian soon got her medicine, and as she and Brandon walked out of the hospital, Millie was sitting on a bench nearby. She was waiting for Alexia, who had gone to get the car.

Before Millie could respond to what was happening, paparazzi noticed her and rushed over.

The camera flashes came all at once.

Brandon saw her too. He frowned and asked, "What are you doing here?"

Millie stood up, glanced at Brandon, and then at Vivian's hand resting on his arm.

She didn't speak yet. The crowd didn't give her the chance.

"Mrs. Watson, did you come because of what's online? Are you trying to catch them together?"

"What do you think of your husband being out in public with someone else?"

"Mrs. Watson, what are you planning to do about Vivian?"

People quickly decided that Millie had shown up on purpose—to face Vivian directly, to start something.

Even Brandon thought the same.

He looked annoyed.

"Vivian is sick. Didn't you know?" he barked.

Brandon's voice was brimming with menace.

Millie felt like laughing.

So that was what he believed—that she was picking a fight on purpose with someone who was ill.

Brandon really didn't know her.

Seeing Millie didn't answer, the reporters turned to Vivian, asking questions about breaking up someone's marriage.

Brandon looked at Millie again. "Millie!" he called. He wanted her to defend Vivian.

Like always, he expected her to do what he wanted.

But the will to please him was gone.

She was walking away from him—there was no reason left to obey.

Millie placed her right hand over her stomach. The dull ache was still there.

"I came to visit a friend," she said finally.

She didn't want to say more. Her pregnancy wasn't something she wanted to share—not before the divorce was finalized, not with all eyes on her.

Her reply to his question earlier was simple.

Having answered Brandon, Millie turned to leave.

But the reporters didn't back off. They crowded in around her.

"Mrs. Watson, people online are asking you to step aside and let Mr. Watson be with Vivian. What do you say to that?"

"Vivian doesn't have long. Are you still going to fight her?"



"Mrs. Watson—"

Millie didn't bother responding; she just wanted to get away.

The crowd, thrilled to see the three of them in the same place at last, had no intention of letting it end.

Brandon stood still, saying nothing, and that silence gave someone the boldness to shove Millie with force.

She staggered, her arms moving at once to shield her stomach.

