

Chapter 5 To Let Go Of The Past

Millie landed hard, her back hitting the ground first.

Cameras flashed wildly, capturing the fall from every angle.

She looked toward Brandon by instinct. But his face gave nothing—just a cold, still stare.

And in that moment, she understood what he wanted her to do, and it stung her heart.

He wanted her to speak for him. To tell the press it was all a misunderstanding. That Vivian was ill, and he had only come out of concern. That it was kindness, not betrayal.

Clutching her belly, Millie lowered her head and let a faint smile slip across her face.

The sky above was clear, and sunlight streamed through gaps in the crowd. But none of it touched her.

She steadied herself and rose slowly.

Then, without looking back, she said calmly, "I feel sorry for Miss Simpson. But that's all."

Someone nearby, unaware, asked, "So, are you friends with her?"

Millie gave a short laugh. "Friends? No. I wouldn't call someone clinging to my husband a friend."

She turned and waved to Alexia, who had just pulled up.

"Millie!" Brandon called after her, his face red with rage.

But she didn't turn around. She stood tall and kept walking.

Alexia got out and moved quickly toward her friend, scoffing as they left,

"You'd think they were the married couple confronting the home-wrecker. Absolutely ridiculous."

Vivian's lips parted to respond. "You..."

But Alexia cut in before she could say a word. "What? Tell me I'm wrong. If you're planning to use the press to scare me, go ahead. I've got nothing to hide."

Vivian's face turned even paler, looking as if she might faint.

Reporters scrambled, voices rising all at once.

Alexia ushered Millie into the car, not sparing another glance behind them.

"Don't worry," she said. "She's definitely faking it. I've seen enough of these cases to tell in a second."

Millie gave her a small smile. "I'm not worried about her. I'm worried about you. What if this mess affects your job?"

At a red light, Alexia grinned and nudged her. "Don't forget my dad's the hospital director."

Millie raised an eyebrow. "The same dad you swore you'd never speak to again?"

Alexia shrugged. "You never know when a connection comes in handy. Honestly, sometimes I wish all the powerful people out there were my dads."

They both laughed, the tension slowly easing from Millie's face. As the light turned green, the car moved forward again.

"I've got the afternoon free," Alexia said, stretching. "Whatever you need, I'm ready."

Playing along, Millie turned to her with a sly grin. "Great. I need help with something."

"What is it?" Alexia asked curiously.

"Help me move." She grabbed Alexia's wrist. "You can't back out now."

Alexia groaned but gave in.

Before long, the two of them arrived at the house Millie had shared with Brandon, along with a team of movers and organizers.

The house had come together quickly after their rushed wedding.

Everything—furniture and layout—had felt temporary at first. But over the year, Millie had made a home out of it, filling it with warmth.

At least, she tried.

Alexia directed the workers while Millie moved quietly around the room, her hands light on every object. On a shelf, she spotted a bottle of Chanel No. 5.

The first gift Brandon ever gave her. He'd brought it back from a business trip.

He came straight to her from the airport.

He had pulled her into his arms. His kisses were quick, urgent. They had been just like any young couple in love back then.

She opened the bottle and sprayed it once. The scent filled the room.

She remembered how he had kissed her lightly after spraying it on her skin.

"Should I pack this too?" Alexia asked, seeing the perfume.

Millie glanced over and shook her head. "Leave it."

She slipped off the wedding ring Brandon had picked without thought, placing it gently on the table.

But as the movers shuffled back and forth through the space, she paused. Then, quietly, she opened a drawer and put both the perfume and the ring inside.

Soon, the house had been cleared of every trace of her. Only that bottle and that ring remained.



Packing up had been tiring, but once the decision was made, it moved quickly.

It was the same with her feelings.

The wind moved softly through her hair as the car headed toward her new place. Behind her, the mansion faded in the rearview mirror.

Sometimes, to move forward, one had to leave parts of oneself behind.

Millie had things to do.

The fall of the Bennett family, the unanswered questions around her father's sudden death—she was going to find the truth.

Her life had always been shaped by what others needed.

Now it was time to live for herself.

She decided to begin with the music show. It would bring in money, and more importantly, might reconnect her with people linked to her father's past.

She pulled out her phone, found the right contact, and typed her message. "I'm joining the music program."

...

Vivian was still crying.

Brandon sat beside her, muttering words of comfort. But his thoughts were filled with the image of Millie standing with her back to him, saying those words.

She had known exactly what he wanted her to say. And she had chosen not to.

He had sent her message after message. She hadn't replied any of them.

She had been acting strangely lately.

The change in her was too sharp, too sudden. She was provoking him on purpose.

She had done it when they filed for divorce. And again at the hospital.

Brandon remembered the look in her eyes the night before, when she asked if he truly made up his mind about the divorce.

She had been sad but also calm.

An unexpected fear filled his heart.

"Brandon, don't be angry at Millie," Vivian said through tears. "I know she's upset. After seeing the videos online, she must've come to confront us. And I understand."

She burst into tears. "After all... I'm the one who took something from her. I'm taking six months from your marriage—what's left of it. If she lashes out at me, I deserve it..."

As she spoke, she started coughing—hard.

A second later, she spat blood into her hand.

"Vivian!" Brandon jumped up, reaching for his phone to call for an ambulance.

As for Millie's sudden change, he brushed it off as moodiness. In his mind, she wouldn't dare walk away.

Vivian reached out and stopped him, still smiling faintly. "It's the cancer. It's late-stage. This happens. Don't worry."

Her caregiver helped her lie back down.

Brandon turned away, already thinking of confronting Millie. As soon as he left the room, Vivian calmly wiped her mouth and pulled out a small blood bag hidden in her cheek.

She laughed. "What do you think he'll say to Millie now?" she asked the caregiver. "I'm honestly looking forward to it."

Then she began to go through the news reports excitedly.

The entire online community seemed against Millie.

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"Vivian didn't even go for life-saving treatment—she just wanted pain meds. Millie really made a scene for no reason."

"Vivian's dying, and Millie still wants to pick fights?"

"Mr. Watson and Vivian look perfect together. Like a real power couple."

"Millie's fall was so embarrassing. I cringed."

"Millie, just step aside already!"

"Millie, divorce Brandon!"

"Yeah, divorce Brandon!"

"Divorce!"

Vivian chuckled as she read the comments. Then she sent a message to a contact and gave a few instructions. "Today's move was perfect. Keep the pressure up. Make sure Millie stays where she is—down. Oh, and find out why she went to the hospital today."

