

Chapter 6 I'm Busy

As Brandon drove home, his phone kept buzzing nonstop.

When he glanced at the screen and saw the caller ID, he felt a headache already forming.

He finally picked up on the last ring.

"Grandma," he said, trying to sound calm.

"So you still remember you have a grandmother!" Norma Watson, Brandon's grandmother, barked from the other end of the phone. "What exactly is going on with that Vivian woman?"

Brandon pressed a palm against his temple. "Vivian is sick. She's not trying to cause trouble."

"She is not trying to cause trouble?" Norma snapped. "Can you hear yourself? She knows you're married and still hangs around you, playing the victim and acting like some noble mistress. I've never seen anyone so bold and shameless. You need to end this mess and go apologize to Millie immediately."

Brandon's jaw tightened. Millie's face crossed his mind, and something uncomfortable stirred in his chest.

"Did Millie tell you anything?" he asked, his voice hardening.

"Does she even have to?" Norma fired back. "The entire Internet is talking about it! Brandon, Millie is your wife. You watched someone shove her to the ground while you stood there with another woman! You're embarrassing her in front of the whole world with those reporters watching!"

Brandon remembered that moment. Millie's face, the way she looked at him—hurt. Maybe he did make a mistake.

Still, he pushed the thought aside.

"She saw the news and went to the hospital to make a scene. She did it on purpose, Grandma," he said.

"Let me speak to him," Derek Watson, Brandon's grandfather, said, taking the phone.

"Brandon," Derek said firmly, "you're the one who brought Millie home. You said you wanted to marry her. Now that you have, it's your duty to stand by her."

"Grandpa..." Brandon began.

"Come home for dinner tonight," Derek said, cutting him off. "Bring Millie with you."

He didn't wait for a reply before hanging up.

Brandon sat there for a moment, his fingers tapping the steering wheel, a frown on his face.

He opened his contacts and scrolled until he found Millie's name.

She still hadn't replied to the messages he'd sent earlier.

Frustrated, he hit the call button.

It rang for a while before she finally picked up.

"Are you busy?" Brandon asked coldly.

"Why are you calling?" Millie replied.

Brandon ran a hand over his face. "Why did you go to the hospital today? Was it just to pick a fight with Vivian?"

"No," she said simply. "I went to see Alexia."

"Millie, don't lie to me," he snapped. The irritation in his voice returned quickly.

But on the other end, there was only a quiet laugh—short, light, and far too calm.

It got under Brandon's skin.

Still, his grandfather's words echoed in his head. He had no choice.

"Come with me to visit my grandparents tonight," he finally said.

"I'm busy," Millie replied, her voice firm and final.

"It's my grandpa's order," Brandon said.

Millie didn't answer; she hung up.

All that remained was the dial tone.

Brandon stared at the screen, looking quite stunned.

He called again, but she didn't pick up.

He kept looking at the phone.

Eventually, he set it aside, turned the key in the ignition, and drove home.

The sky outside had started to dim.

When he arrived, he parked the car and walked straight into the house.

The entrance was dark when he stepped inside. His expression was unreadable.

"Millie," Brandon called, his voice low and firm. But there was no answer.

Only then did he realize that the entire house was in darkness.

For a moment, Brandon stood still. Every time he came home, there was always at least one light left on.

Most nights, he'd find Millie curled up on the sofa, a book slipping from her hand, the TV low in the background—half asleep while waiting for him.

He switched on the lights and looked over at the couch.

But it was empty.

At first, he had only been upset by Vivian's illness and frustrated by his grandfather's insistence that Millie show up for dinner. But now, the silence around him left him agitated.

He flicked on every light in the house, room by room.

The living room, kitchen, bathroom. But there was no sign of Millie.

She wasn't home. She wasn't answering her phone either.

Where on earth was she?

So this was how she wanted to act—throwing a fit over a divorce they both knew was just on paper.

Let her.

She'd get over it. Vivian was temporary. Millie was his wife, and that wouldn't change.

Still, even if she was refusing to go with him to the Watson family mansion, he couldn't avoid the visit himself.

With that, Brandon walked into the storage room and picked up some health supplements.

He stood there for a moment, and then make a detour to their bedroom.

In their bedroom, the familiar scent of Chanel No. 5 lingered.

He had bought it for her.

Brandon's shoulders loosened slightly.

Grabbing a few changes of clothes, he walked out.

He didn't notice that the wardrobe no longer held both their clothes—only his. Or that the matching items they once shared now sat alone.

The space felt colder than it used to.

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Meanwhile, at a beauty salon, Millie and Alexia were getting their nails done.

Millie had asked for pregnancy-safe products, and Alexia shook her head helplessly as she watched.

"You said you'd get rid of it," she said. "But here you are, choosing nail polish made for pregnant women."

Millie smiled. "Why not? It's still part of me for now."

Alexia rolled her eyes and studied her own nails, pleased with how they

sparkled.

Millie looked down at hers.

Brandon had a sensitive stomach. Since marrying him, she'd been cooking for him daily, so she hadn't done her nails in a long time.

"Whatever," Alexia said. "This is at least a start. Once you're done with your nails, next is your hair, and then your wardrobe. I still remember when we were kids, sneaking around in our moms' heels. There's no need to shrink back into someone you're not."

She held up her hands and smiled. "Too bad I'm a doctor now. Can't go around looking like a disco ball."

Millie laughed.

This was who she naturally was—bright, expressive, and full of color.

She had only changed for Brandon, having fallen in love with him.

For years, she thought real happiness was simple: to be with the man she loved, cook for him, raise their children, and grow old side by side.

But now, it all seemed ridiculous.

Luckily it wasn't too late to change things now.

She was ready to start again—this time on her own terms.

