

Chapter 7 New Haircut

After getting their nails done, Millie and Alexia treated themselves to a spa session.

Later, after dropping Alexia off, Millie headed into a hair salon.

The hair dresser gave her long, waist-length hair a thoughtful glance. "You're really cutting it all off? It looks great on you, you know."

It was the kind of hair people paused to admire—thick, sleek, and clearly well looked after.

Millie looked at herself in the mirror.

The smooth fall of her hair framed the skin that was almost translucent. Her soft yellow dress sat gently on her frame, and though she wore no makeup, she still looked stunning, like a lily in full bloom—pure, graceful, and calm.

She smiled faintly. "Cut it."

The waist-length hair had always been what Brandon liked. It was never her choice.

"Alright." The hair dresser gave a small nod and got to work.

The sound of the scissors snipping filled the room. Each strand that dropped to the floor felt like shedding the pain and chains of the past years.

When it was done, Millie looked at her reflection and let out a small, almost weightless smile.

"This looks so much better! You look amazing!" the hair dresser said brightly. "If you're open to it, we could add some color or give it a slight perm. It would make it pop even more. Here—take a look."

Millie glanced down at the brochure, but then softly pressed her hand to her belly.

"Not today. It's a bit late already," she said.

The hair dresser seemed disappointed but brightened again when Millie added, "I'll come back to you for it. Soon."

This one knew his onion.

He beamed. "Deal!" He quickly reached for his schedule. "Want to pick a day now?"

Millie looked down again, thoughtful.

"Maybe in a week. Two at the most. I should be ready by then."

That was enough time to recover if things went the way she expected.

"Okay, I'll see you soon," the hair dresser said as Millie got up to leave.

Smiling, she gave a small nod.

With her new haircut, she made her way to the downtown area and wandered into the luxury mall.

Designer logos lined the storefronts.

She glanced down at her soft, delicate outfit and let out a quiet, mocking smile.

This sweet and docile style was what Brandon liked. It was a way of showing she was submissive. But it had never truly been her.

She walked through several stores, choosing a few pieces before catching a taxi home.

She stepped into her new house, carrying the bags in one hand.

The space around her was still unfamiliar and empty. She looked around without any clear expression. Not happy. Not sad.

She changed out of the pastel dress and into something bolder—Valentino, sharp in the details. The canvas tote was set aside for a sleek Chanel chain

bag.

The wedge sandals came off with one soft kick, replaced by a pair of pointed Dior heels.

Gazing at her reflection, Millie muttered, "Welcome to your new beginning."

But the mirror didn't return her smile.

She tried, half-heartedly, to lift the corners of her lips, but it didn't feel real. Not even enough to fool herself.

Seven years.

She could still feel the ache.

And if the smile wouldn't come, she wouldn't force it.

With a long breath, she turned away from the mirror and began to get ready for the next day.

She had made up her mind to start over—and if that was truly what she wanted, she would do it properly.

Tomorrow, she would go to the hospital first. After that, she needed to finalize the music show arrangements.

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Morning came faster than expected.

Millie drove to the hospital for her appointment. She had already booked everything in advance.

But just before she pulled into the parking lot, her phone buzzed. It was a call from Charles Evans.

He was the CEO of Evans Entertainment, the biggest name in Crobert's music industry and a core part of the Evans empire, which stood on equal ground with the Watson Group.

As the third son of the Evans family, Charles was in charge of the entertainment division.

Millie's songs were released by his company.

After she married Brandon, he had asked her to look after his grandfather, Derek, whose health was beginning to fail. So she immediately stepped out of the spotlight.

Charles, who respected her talent, quietly encouraged her to keep writing songs and releasing them anonymously or under an alias. That way, she could stay connected to the industry without being seen and return whenever she was ready.

Millie had agreed to the arrangement and signed a confidentiality agreement with Evans Entertainment. They came up with an alias for her—Eva, and Charles had taken care of everything else himself. Only he knew that Eva was Millie.

At the time, Millie had been too caught up in the joy of being Brandon's wife to think much of it.

Now, she was thankful that Charles had left the door open for her.

She pulled her car to the side of the road and picked up his call.

"Mr. Evans?" she said, surprised.

Their meeting wasn't until later in the afternoon.

"Eva, can you come to the office now?" Charles asked gingerly.

Millie blinked, sensing something was amiss.

Charles rarely called her by that name in private conversations.

"Is everything fine?" she asked, hesitant to rearrange her schedule. The doctor's appointment was important.

"There's been an offer on your new song," Charles said, pausing for a second. "I'd like to discuss it with you in person."

Millie scowled, puzzled. "You usually handle that. Can't you decide?"

It wasn't like him to bother her with these things. As CEO, he had bigger concerns, and she had always trusted his judgment on routine matters.

"This one's a little... different," Charles said. Then, after a pause, he added, "Vivian Simpson wants to buy it."

Vivian?

Millie froze.

That didn't make sense. Vivian was a floral designer. What did she need a song for?

Before she could ask, Charles continued, "It's quite complicated. I said no at first, but she showed up at the office. She wasn't alone. Brandon came with her. And they both insisted on buying the rights."

