

Chapter 8 Another Dying Wish

Brandon had gotten involved too.

"Do they know it's me?" Millie asked, her voice calm but probing.

She didn't explain, but Charles understood. Millie meant to ask if Vivian knew that "Eva" was actually her.

"No," Charles replied right away. "I'm sure of it."

Millie didn't speak.

Cars rolled by on the road nearby. She stared at the sky as clouds moved lazily across it. Then, with a quiet sigh, she made her choice.

She called the hospital first and pushed her appointment to later in the day. Then she let Charles know she was on her way.

"Come quickly," he said.

After ending the call, Millie turned the car around. She stopped to pick up a few things, and then drove straight to Evans Entertainment.

She parked, pulled on a hat, slipped on large dark sunglasses, and covered the rest of her face with a mask.

The elevator chimed as the doors opened.

Wearing her Dior heels, she stepped out and walked into Charles' office.

Charles saw her first. "Eva, you're here."

His eyes lingered briefly on her new look, brows raised, but he said nothing. He just gestured for her to take a seat at the other end of the long table.

Across from her sat Brandon and Vivian.

The moment Millie entered, Vivian rose to her feet.

"Eva, hello, I'm Vivian. You may know me." She smiled softly, her voice weak and her body looking fragile.

"I truly love your song," she said. "I'm hoping you'll agree to sell it to me."

Millie didn't reply. Her eyes flicked to Brandon.

He didn't look at her. His full attention was on Vivian.

Before Millie could speak, Charles stepped in.

"Miss Simpson, Eva has no plans to sell this particular song. I believe I've already explained that to you," he said.

Vivian ignored him. Her eyes filled with tears as she turned to Millie.

"But Eva, I love it so much," she said, her face tightening slightly as if from pain.

Brandon shifted beside her, his concern obvious.

Still, Vivian straightened and continued, her eyes on Millie, "I only have six months left. I'm asking you, please—help me fulfill this one last wish."

Millie let out a short laugh.

Another dying wish, huh?

When Brandon first asked for a divorce, it was because Vivian's dying wish was to marry him.

Now, this was another.

Millie didn't take the idea of death lightly. She understood how serious it was. But somehow, she always ended up being the one asked to give something up.

And she couldn't bring herself to honor the wishes of someone who had crossed a line in her marriage.

That Millie wasn't dying didn't mean her feelings didn't matter.

"What if I say no?" she asked, her voice low and rough.

Vivian looked stunned.

"I've heard about your situation, Miss Simpson," Millie continued calmly.

"Your illness has drawn a lot of attention. But whether I sell my song is my decision. I'm not required to grant your dying wish. And frankly, I don't even

understand what you plan to do with it."

She paused, and then added, "Is it for one of your livestreams? Or... for your funeral?"

"You..." Vivian gasped, bursting into a fit of coughs.

Brandon reached for her, patting her back gently. Then he glared at Millie.

It was the first time he had looked at her since she walked into the room.

"Don't you think that was too harsh?" he asked sharply.

His brows were drawn tight, eyes cold. His lips pressed together, his whole face carrying anger.

Millie looked at him.

He had changed clothes. Not the outfit from yesterday.

She remembered pairing his suit jackets with matching shirts and ties in the large wardrobe in their home. And he was wearing one of the sets.

He must have gone back home. He must have seen that she had moved out. Yet nothing in his expression showed that he cared.

So be it.

Millie sat up, her head tilted down behind the dark lenses of her sunglasses. She didn't look at him again.

"I think what's really harsh is trying to force someone into selling something they've refused to part with," she said quietly. "If you choose to do that, then you should expect that not everyone will respond politely."

Brandon scowled even more, the displeasure in his face thickening.

Before he could respond, Vivian leaned in, her voice gentle. "Brandon, it's okay. Let me speak for myself."

The lights in the room cast a soft golden glow, but Vivian's crisp white Celine suit made her look even paler.

"Eva, I truly love this song," she began, her eyes drifting toward Brandon. "It

reflects so much of what I've been feeling. It's full of passion, love that hides beneath the surface, and a kind of fear—fear of losing, fear of holding on too tightly. It speaks about giving everything, about the happiness that comes with that, and..."

Vivian paused. "And the sorrow that comes from knowing the end is near. That kind of sorrow eats at you, slowly. It keeps you up at night, makes you question everything. But what moved me the most was the way the song lets go at the end. That release. That peace. It feels like what I'm going through now—accepting what is, letting go of everything else, and just living what little time I have left."

Her voice swayed between barely holding it together and sounding perfectly at peace, as if she had faced something so heavy that even her calm was fragile.

Brandon, sitting beside her, watched her with concern, his expression soft in a way Millie had never seen before.

Seven years of being with him, and she had never seen that look. Not once. Millie felt like an outsider looking in on a couple weathering a storm together.

But she wasn't an outsider. She was his wife. And somehow, none of it moved her.

What a shame!

"Eva, this song tells so much of my story. I really understand what you were trying to say when you wrote it. And wouldn't it be nice to sell it to someone who actually feels it the way you meant it?" Vivian continued, her voice still soft.

She spoke as if that should be enough to convince anyone.

It made perfect sense—if you were going to sell a song, it might as well go to someone who understood it.

But Millie wanted to laugh.

Because the song was never about romance—it was about choosing the wrong person, about trusting someone who didn't deserve it.

It was the story of falling for Brandon, of how happy she'd once been to become his wife, only to uncover the betrayal, endure the heartbreak, and then, finally, find the strength to walk away. ○

And now Vivian, with her sad smile and soft voice, was trying to twist that pain into her own love story. To use what had broken Millie as a plea for sympathy.

The irony of it all made Millie laugh loudly.

Brandon scowled, his eyes narrowing.

"Eva, if Vivian even saw this song, it means you put it up for sale," he said, his tone flat and steady, the way he always sounded when handling deals—no emotion, just business. "Now you've changed your mind. That either means you don't like the buyer—or the price."

He looked straight at her, but her sunglasses gave nothing away.

"A songwriter of your level can easily command over a million," Brandon continued. "With royalties, the value climbs even higher. Ten million. I believe that is a good price for you to sell at."

Millie laughed even harder.

Ten million? That was generous.

She knew full well that a songwriter like herself would be lucky to get a few hundred thousand from selling a song.

He wasn't making that offer for the song. He was doing it for Vivian.

Millie laughed until her sides hurt. She could barely breathe.

Vivian looked confused, and then offended.

"Eva," she said, trying to stay calm, "that's already a very generous offer. I'm planning to use this track for a show called Heavenly Melody. You've

probably heard of it. I want this to be my signature performance..."

She kept talking, but Charles had heard enough.

He slammed his palm against the table and stood. "She already said she doesn't want to sell it, Brandon. Stop pushing her."

Brandon didn't move. He stayed seated, his eyes cold and blank. Even seated, he looked intimidating.

Millie wiped the corners of her eyes, still smiling. She reached for Charles' sleeve.

"It's alright. I'll sell it," she said.

Heavenly Melody was the very show she planned to be on.

