

## Chapter 23 Prepare For Divorce

By late afternoon, Millie's public statement had already made its way online.

Her long-dormant account suddenly sprang to life as she posted.

What she wrote was simple and direct. "Rumors about Brandon, Vivian, and me have gotten out of hand. Brandon and I are still legally married. I hope this nonsense stops now. The rest will become clear when the time is right."

The backlash was almost instant, with negativity flooding the comments section.

"Nonsense," she said? Why not just leave Brandon already?"

"Seriously! Vivian's on her deathbed—can't you at least show some decency and ask for a divorce so they could be together?"

"This whole post is revolting. Are you here to mark your territory as his wife and throw shade at Vivian? If you can't hold onto your husband, maybe look at yourself first!"

"Why bother pointing out you're still legally married? We all know what you're trying to do."

"I can't handle people who dance around the truth. Vivian confessed her feelings for Brandon out in the open!"

"Exactly. And Vivian and Brandon never crossed any lines. She just gave him a ride to work. Journalists even confirmed with timelines and photos that Vivian was there only a few minutes—unless Brandon broke some Olympic record in bed..."

"Stop talking nonsense! Mr. Watson's not that type of person..."

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Comment after comment, criticism continued to pour in. Inside the quiet hospital room, Charles gave Millie a look filled with concern and confusion.

He said, "All you really did was hand them a chance to let out everything

they were holding back."

Millie set her phone aside, unfazed. "Whether it's my post or someone else's, they'll always find a place to unload. It makes no difference."

A crease formed on Charles's forehead. "But why make it so understated? You didn't even bring in a lawyer. What's the point of a statement like this?"

Looking him in the eye, Millie explained, "That's exactly what I wanted. This isn't about changing minds. It's just proof that I said something—nothing more."

Still puzzled, Charles could only trust her judgment. Millie carried herself with quiet certainty, and he was sure her decision wouldn't harm the company.

No connection tied Millie to the employment contracts signed by "Eva" or "Serena" after all.

Pushing her phone aside, she turned her energy toward preparing for her Heavenly Melody's debut performance.

Charles never learned that Millie had a much deeper motive behind her public statement.

To begin with, she wanted it known she had witnessed the flood of nasty gossip about her, Brandon, and Vivian.

Posting her thoughts also sent a subtle message—a reminder to Brandon and Vivian that their behavior had not escaped her notice.

Beyond that, every harsh comment collected beneath her words would later serve as proof of the emotional distress she suffered, helping to demonstrate that her marriage with Brandon had truly unraveled.

Smooth divorce proceedings were the outcome she desperately hoped for.

In case things grew complicated, Millie was more than willing to take the initiative and apply for a trial on her own.

There was no way she would cling to Brandon any longer.

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Elsewhere, in the Watson Group's corporate tower, a knock sounded against the office door.

Brandon's eyes lifted to see Eugene entering.

"What's going on?" he asked.

Crossing the room, Eugene handed over a tablet. "Mrs. Watson just released a statement on her social account."

The news left Brandon with a trace of irritation.

Back when they married, Brandon had insisted that any posts made under her name should get his approval, because she was no longer just Millie—she was his wife. Yet today...

Checking his own phone, Brandon found no message from her at all.

She had moved ahead without consulting him.

He took the tablet from Eugene and scanned the statement for himself.

Swiping to the comment section, he saw the backlash firsthand.

Usually, Brandon let the company's PR experts deal with online chaos, rarely bothering to check these things himself. This time, though, he read every word from the public, taking it in for the very first time.

One thought came to him immediately—since she managed to post, her injuries from the fall couldn't be serious.

A fresh wave of realization hit Brandon—Millie was definitely stirring the pot.

Choosing not to send him a message, she instead made her point using the one platform she knew would catch his eye, firmly reminding everyone of their marriage.

Familiar with his habits, she understood that any update from that account would never go unnoticed by him.

From across the room, Eugene asked, "Should I get in touch with Mrs. Watson and bring in PR?"

Brandon let the tablet rest on his desk, brushing the idea aside. "Leave it alone."

Retrieving the tablet, Eugene gave a small nod. "And what about Miss Simpson?"

With a gentle drumming of his fingertips against the polished wood,

Brandon replied, "That's something I'll deal with myself."

A moment of silence hung in the air before Brandon asked, "What's Macauley up to these days?"

Caught off guard, Eugene needed a second to recall, his voice dropping to a whisper. "He's gone back to his hometown. Your orders have kept him far from Crobert."

A sideways glance at Brandon told Eugene all he needed to know. "You made it clear—he'll have a hard time fitting in anywhere for now."

Brandon acknowledged this with the barest nod.

As Eugene exited, tablet in hand, Brandon let his gaze wander out the floor-to-ceiling windows.

From his office at the summit of the Watson Group tower, the city's wind still managed to make its presence felt.

Gusts swept over Crobert with unrelenting force.

Nothing had slowed this wind, which moved like an invisible tide across the whole country.

Below, the city buzzed with energy, its people rushing through their daily routines.

Business carried on, no matter how the weather roared outside.

Newly bloomed April flowers scattered their petals into the currents, leaving the air heavy with a bittersweet, romantic feeling that bordered on lonely.

Eventually, even that relentless wind faded away.

Three days slipped by in a blur.

Though Millie's body remained fragile, her recovery had come along—especially the spells of dizziness left from her concussion.

During those days, she poured her efforts into preparing for her debut performance. She rehearsed her song, coordinated her outfit, and picked out the right makeup.

Following her miscarriage, she was still weak and had to avoid exposure to wind, cold water, and any foods that might sap her strength. Spring's warmth had started to return, but she still dressed in long sleeves and

pants, protecting herself until she was ready to face the world again.

Bedridden for three days, Millie still managed to give her statement to the police between moments of rest.

Each piece of information she offered carried the hope that investigators would wrap up the case soon.

Day by day, life began to feel a little brighter—like the city warming after a fierce storm.

Recovery was within reach.

When the morning of Heavenly Melody's live debut arrived, Millie rose, washed, and lingered a moment before her reflection.

A striking red dress waited on the rack nearby, every rose-layered detail vivid as fire, its artistry evoking petals blooming from embers.

Set just beside the dress, her mask sat in pristine condition, ready to complete the look.

Thick rose appliques curled along the mask's surface, lending it an air of wild beauty and danger.

All this fiery glamour clashed with the pale, reed-thin woman standing quietly beside it.

A mere handful of days had cost her ten pounds.

Already slight, she now seemed as delicate as a breath of wind.

She slipped into the scarlet dress, hooked the oversized rose tassel earrings, and finally reached for the mask.

No hint of hesitation showed as she pressed the mask to her face.

The fit was seamless, her features now hidden from the world.

A new figure stared back from the mirror—a vision transformed.

Serena.