

Chapter 24 A Miscarriage

"Yes, I'm with her now. I'll take her over myself." Charles' voice came just before his footsteps reached the door. He gave a quick knock and stepped inside.

The moment he caught sight of Millie, he stopped.

"Wait... are you—Millie?" His voice held hesitation, like he wasn't sure if he was seeing correctly.

It wasn't his fault. Millie had changed. She was thinner now, wore a mask, and had dressed with such quiet intensity that her beauty looked almost unreal—so striking that even Alexia might not recognize her at a glance.

Millie caught the look on his face and gave a small nod, almost apologetic.

"It's me," she said simply. "Let's go."

Charles nodded slowly, like his brain hadn't caught up with his heartbeat.

Millie had always been beautiful. But this was different.


Before, her beauty was soft, something that blended gently into the room. Now, it was sharp and bold.

Without saying anything, Charles picked up a long coat and carefully draped it over her shoulders.

Then he helped her outside, guiding her toward a sleek SUV waiting by the curb.

Inside, a stylist was already set up, ready with tools, nail polish, and heels lined up in a row. They began the finishing touches while the driver pulled onto the road, heading straight for the live broadcast of Heavenly Melody.

At the same time, another car was making its way there. And this one carrying Vivian.

In the backseat, Vivian sat as the makeup artist worked carefully around her eyes, building the image she wanted—soft, delicate, almost fragile—while she called Brandon. 

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"Brandon, it's me—Vivian," she said sweetly. "Yes, today's the first live taping. You have to come. I saved a seat just for you. They're only letting me in because of you, Brandon. I'm really grateful for everything. I'll give it my best, I promise."

After she hung up, she sent a quick text. "Brandon will be attending today. Make sure the follow-up steps are ready."

When a simple "OK" came back, Vivian leaned back and smiled, satisfied.

Backstage at Heavenly Melody, Millie stood among the other contestants.

A stir moved through the room. Millie looked up to see Vivian walking in, her assistant following behind.

Most of the contestants were from smaller labels or were fresh faces just getting their start. They had already been told—"Don't cross Vivian Simpson."

So as soon as she entered, one by one, they stood to greet her.

"Miss Simpson!"

"Pleasure to meet you, Miss Simpson!"

"Hello, Miss Simpson!"

Millie stayed where she was, silent in the background, her eyes steady.

She had learned the rules of the industry long ago.

Vivian had Brandon's support now—the entire Watson Group was behind her. That alone was enough to make people treat her like royalty.

But Millie had no interest in playing along.

She turned quietly and walked away, without a word.

Vivian, warm and friendly with the others, took note of the silent figure slipping out. Her eyes paused for a moment.

She had read up on all twelve contestants. She knew eleven well. Only one name, Serena Ellsworth, had no clear profile.

The others had background info, pictures, past work. But Serena's details were sealed.

Even with the Watson Group's name behind her, Vivian couldn't get past the block.

The staff only told her Serena was under Charles' personal management, and that all records were kept within Evans Entertainment.

Vivian just met Serena backstage, but nothing about her sparked no memory.

Confident, cool, slightly distant—maybe she was Charles' girlfriend?

It didn't matter. Vivian had already dealt with Brandon's wife. Charles' mystery lover wouldn't be harder.

With that, she put the thought aside.

Elsewhere, Millie stood beside the stage, quietly reviewing the setup.

The show had twelve contestants, three judges, and a five-round competition format, each round spaced a week apart.

The show aired live first, with a shorter, polished version uploaded later for viewers who preferred quick highlights.

Today's live broadcast was the first of the season—a soft opening, mainly to introduce the performers, meet the judges, and split everyone into teams.

Twelve contestants, three teams—each led by a judge.

Vivian was one of the judges. The other two were well-known singers with solid reputations in the industry.

Millie stepped onto the stage, choosing her spot with care.

She hadn't joined the earlier rehearsals in person. Back then, she was still recovering and had only watched and helped coordinate remotely.

That absence had stirred whispers. Some said she was difficult. Said she thought too highly of herself. Charles had handled it behind the scenes. He sent out a medical report—her name carefully removed—confirming that Serena had been through a serious accident just ten days before.

Now, with her standing here under the stage lights, people could see the faint bruises along her arms, even with makeup doing its best to hide them.

The rumors died quickly. The truth was visible enough.

Millie noticed some of the staff watching her curiously. She didn't know why and didn't care to guess. She kept her attention on the setup.

A stir rippled through the venue. She looked up instinctively.

Brandon had arrived. She heard the whispers behind her.

"Wait... that's Mr. Watson, right?"

"What's he doing here? Didn't he usually avoid public events like this?"

"You know who's on the guest list."

"Oh, right. He's here for Vivian."

"Of course. The Watson Group has some investments in entertainment, but it's mostly tech. The only person here who could bring Brandon to a set like this is Vivian."

"So those rumors are true?"

"Looks like it."

"Doesn't he have a wife though?"

"This is common among the rich. And Vivian's sick. His wife probably lets it go. I think Vivian's a better match. At least she's strong enough to deal with it. The wife probably clings to the Watson name and looks the other way."

"If my boyfriend ever pulled something like that, I'd walk out. No hesitation. A woman who tolerates that kind of thing deserves what she gets." 🗨️

Charles' voice came in, cold and sharp. "That's enough. You know better than to gossip here."

The room fell silent immediately.

He walked up to Millie, his eyes scanning her face for any reaction.

He couldn't say much with people around, but his concern was clear.

Millie caught his look and gave him a small smile, followed by a slight shake of her head.

She wasn't bothered. She had already made her peace with letting Brandon go. So what if people talked?

"I've arranged for someone to go through the program with you backstage," Charles said. "Let's head there."

Millie nodded and walked with him toward the side of the stage.

Meanwhile, Vivian had reached Brandon.

"Brandon," she greeted warmly with a smile.

"Mm." He gave her a nod, his eyes already drifting past her. He caught a

glimpse of a woman in a long coat walking beside Charles.

Vivian noticed. "That's Serena Ellsworth," she said casually. "The one I told you about. She's probably Charles' secret girlfriend."

Brandon raised an eyebrow.

"She missed rehearsals," Vivian went on. "People said she was acting like a diva. But then Charles submitted a medical report—said she'd been in an accident ten days ago, so she couldn't make it." Vivian leaned in slightly, voice lowered, but her smile wide. "I didn't think much of it—until I heard something more private."

She paused. "The accident involved a miscarriage." 🌀