

## Chapter 25 Glimmer Of Love

A sense of mystery hung over the situation.

Only a handful of people knew the truth, and Vivian had been forced to rely on Brandon's influence just to dig up the details. Within the company, the matter was locked down as highly confidential.

Most employees had simply heard that Serena's injuries were serious enough to keep her bedridden.

Charles had been the one to champion Serena's rise. Even though he was just the third Evans son, the Evans family's reach and power were legendary.

He held the reins as CEO of Evans Entertainment, a major branch of the Evans Group and one of Crobert's top three entertainment empires.

Rumors circled about his personal life. He had never married or publicly dated anyone. Whenever he lavished attention on a woman, most assumed she was someone special, maybe even a secret lover.

Brandon listened to Vivian's theory without showing any opinion.

He normally paid little attention to other people's affairs, yet something about that shadowy figure beside Charles he glimpsed earlier managed to stir his curiosity.

Still, he convinced himself it meant nothing. ②

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Meanwhile, the dressing room backstage buzzed with activity as Millie finalized last-minute details with staff.

With so much happening behind the scenes, Charles had been pulled away to handle urgent matters. He might be the company's CEO, but he couldn't stay glued to Millie all night. To help out, he had assigned her an assistant.

Barbara Myers, all sharp eyes behind thick glasses and a practical air beneath her cuteness, was a whirlwind of efficiency as she helped Millie prepare.

A flurry of notes filled her clipboard as she murmured, "Stage is set. Lineup confirmed. Serena, you're third to go on stage."

A slight nod from Millie acknowledged the update.

Unexpectedly, she felt the weight of someone's gaze.

Lifting her eyes, she spotted Vivian at the far end of the room.

Vivian offered a polite smile and a small nod.

With a blank look, Millie simply regarded her, refusing to engage further.

Barbara leaned in and whispered, "Mr. Evans asked me to pass on a warning. Vivian has a powerful, secretive team backing her—not the Watsons. Every move she makes, every word she says, is planned out by her people. Best to steer clear of her unless there's no choice."

Which, in other words, meant that if confrontation was unavoidable, she'd have to be ready.

Turning away, Millie gave a silent nod, showing she understood.

Vivian looked away too, but the moment her eyes shifted, the smile slipped right off her face.

Such boldness for someone who was supposedly nothing more than a man's secret lover!

Yet beneath Vivian's gentle expression, a calculating glimmer flashed.

Even if Serena's position was merely that of a kept woman, Vivian saw potential for her own advantage.

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The broadcast kicked off, signaling the start of the live show.

Three judges took the stage in quick succession.

First came two established names in music, both delivering polished introductions and impressive acts.

When it was Vivian's turn, the energy in the room subtly shifted.

All eyes were drawn to her as she entered beneath the bright stage lights, her white gown shimmering with an almost ethereal glow.

Facing the audience, she remarked with confidence, "Good evening, I'm Vivian Simpson, and by trade, I'm a floral designer. It's an honor to be here tonight. Some of you may be wondering what brought a floral designer to this stage. Many have accused me of chasing publicity. Well, they're not wrong—I am!"

Her words, punctuated with a fearless smile, rang out with refreshing honesty.

She directed her gaze straight into the camera, her tone steady. "I want the world to see me—see the ways I'm searching for a new direction, see how it's possible to shine even when you're backed into a corner."

There was something about the way her delicate smile paired with her message that tugged at the hearts of those watching, drawing tears from more than a few in the audience.

From her seat backstage, Millie reclined in the lounge, fighting the aches in her body as she quietly took in Vivian's performance.

What exactly was it that drew Brandon to Vivian?

Could it be this determined spirit, or was there something about her boldness that echoed who he once was?

People often found themselves moved by others who mirrored the vulnerable versions of their past.

That sense of care, that impulse to help, was sometimes really about soothing a wound in themselves rather than in another.

For men however, these tangled feelings of sympathy could easily become something deeper.

Vivian faced the audience with composure. "I'd like to share a song called 'Glimmer of Love.' It captures the journey I've taken lately. Maybe it will bring hope to anyone else out there who's had to push through pain to stay strong."

After a deep, respectful bow, she disappeared as the lights faded to black.

A hint of surprise flickered across Millie's face. "Glimmer of Love?"

She remembered titling it "Glimmer of Light" in her original draft.

Her intent had been for the song to reflect moving on from the past and searching for new possibilities, with the breaking dawn as its central

image.

But if Vivian wanted a different name, so be it. Their agreement allowed for artistic changes.

Now the real question was whether the final release would credit both "Eva" and Evans Entertainment as promised.

The backstage area split into two distinct sections.

One space, designed like a small hall, let contestants and judges mingle and chat.

Beyond that, individual private lounges gave each performer a place to retreat and prepare.

Most people didn't have time to watch an entire live show, so the producers planned to create a snappier, edited version for online viewers.

Reactions from various contestants and judges would be needed to round out the final cut.

Screens and recording gear dotted both the public hall and private lounges, allowing for both viewing and feedback recording.

None of this, however, would go out unedited—production would stitch together the best moments according to their plan.

Recording devices weren't standard in the dressing rooms, unless someone broke the rule and took it upon themselves to set something up.

Right now, Millie relaxed in her private lounge, Barbara never far from her side.

A large wall-mounted screen showed Vivian's performance as it played live on stage.

Along the screen's edge, a flurry of comments appeared.

"That opening is gorgeous! This whole performance is breathtaking!"

"Why am I already crying? Even those first few seconds leaked online made me tear up—now I can't stop!"

"My heart feels too full. I don't even know which ex I'm supposed to be thinking about right now, sobbing."

"Can anyone spare a boyfriend for me?"

"Let's start a waiting list for boyfriend sharing!"

"Count me in. I wouldn't mind two, if we're being honest."

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"Those 25 seconds have been everywhere lately—background music for every trending video. I thought I'd be sick of it by now, but hearing the full version here makes me cry all over again."

"Millie, are you glued to the broadcast right now? Still refusing to bow out with a little grace and file for divorce?"

"I'll say it again! Millie's twenty-five years mean nothing next to Vivian's twenty-five seconds!"

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While online chatter reached a fever pitch, Millie sat comfortably in her private lounge, scrolling through her phone and browsing music apps.

Vivian had promised the world that "Glimmer of Love" would drop on every major platform the moment she performed it. Verifying the song's credits would only take a glance. There was no need to dig deep.

The moment Millie opened the first app, the song popped up in a full-screen ad, paired with a sleek photo of Vivian looking perfectly put together.

Millie tapped the screen and read it line by line. "Glimmer of Love. Singer: Vivian Simpson. Lyrics: Vivian Simpson. Composer: Vivian Simpson." ✨

For you