

Chapter 30 Bring Millie Back

Once "Glimmer of Love" was officially released, the legal notice was already prepped and ready to go at a moment's notice.

Selling a song only transferred the rights to use it. But now, with no credit given to Eva at all, the situation had escalated into something far more serious.

A sly chuckle crackled through the line as Charles spoke from the other end. "Great minds think alike. I'm already on it."

"But," interjected Millie, her eyes lowering just a touch. "Don't post it online just yet. Send it to Vivian directly."

"Is there a reason for that?" Charles asked.

Millie remained calm as she answered, "A legal notice is meant to notify and warn. It's simply a procedural step."

"Got it," Charles replied, his laugh carrying an edge of understanding.

Sharp minds didn't need anything spelled out.

Charles was known for his short temper, but despite that—and growing up in a family where internal rivalries ran deep enough that both his older brothers had stepped into adulthood long before he did—he had still managed to seize control of Evans Entertainment. That alone proved he was far from reckless or naive.

Both he and Millie were fully aware that Vivian was currently protected by the public's affection for those who seem to be fading away.

If they chose to speak out now, even while defending what was rightfully theirs, the public would likely view them as the ones causing trouble.

The public would rush to defend the delicate, suffering Vivian, accusing Evans Entertainment of taking advantage of Vivian's situation to chase profit.

In the world of business, perception was just as powerful as numbers. A scandal could easily damage a publicly listed company, sending stock prices tumbling—especially with the weight of the larger Evans Group sitting over their heads.

So they needed to act strategically. They couldn't afford to jump too soon, but neither could they afford to stand by and do nothing.

Sending the legal notice to Vivian wasn't just a formality—it was a key move that marked the timeline and secured a documented trail of action, which was crucial for any future proceedings.

Millie couldn't quite figure out what Vivian's true motives were, but one thing was certain—she was not the type to surrender quietly.

After a few more messages were exchanged, Millie finally set her phone down.

But just as her hand left the screen, it buzzed again.

Her eyes locked onto the display. The name "Brandon's Grandpa" lit up in bold, and she pressed her lips together in silence.

For several days now, Brandon's grandparents had been trying to reach her, but she hadn't returned a single call.

She couldn't bring herself to face them, especially not Derek. His health was already fragile, and the entire marriage had started as a way to lift his spirits.

For now, she chose to avoid what she knew couldn't be avoided forever.

With that, she let the call ring out and disappear once more.

"Knock, knock, knock..."

A light tapping came from the lounge door, followed by a staff member's voice calling out, "Miss Ellsworth, all contestants have finished their performances. It's time to head to the stage for the team selection part."

"Alright, thank you," Millie replied politely.

She was just about to stand when her phone buzzed again.

Something felt off this time.

The message had come through on her secondary SIM card.

She glanced down, her eyes scanning the screen as her thoughts drifted.

Beside her, Barbara noticed the sudden stillness and asked, "Serena? Did something happen?"

Millie gave a small shake of her head and said, "It's nothing." She pushed the thoughts aside, pulling herself back into focus, and stood. "Let's go."

With Barbara by her side, she made her way toward the stage.

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Up on the top floor of the Watson Group building, things felt wrong the moment Brandon stepped out of the elevator. The air was heavy with tension, and every assistant kept their head down, not a word spoken.

As Eugene pushed open the door to the CEO's office, Brandon walked in—only to have a cane come swinging straight at him.

He reacted on instinct, stepping aside just in time.

"Stay right where you are, you brat!" yelled a voice he knew all too well. Brandon looked up and saw Derek standing in front of him, eyes blazing.

"Grandpa," he said quickly, moving to steady him as Derek's stance wobbled.

But the moment he got close, Derek struck him hard on the arm with the cane.

"So you still know I'm your grandpa?" Derek's chest rose and fell with fury, his hand trembling as he pointed. "Are you trying to send me to an early grave? Weren't you supposed to be at that show for that Vivian woman's performance? Why are you here now?"

As he spoke, Derek motioned furiously at the screen next to him.

Brandon turned his eyes to the screen, which was airing a live broadcast of Heavenly Melody. The team selection segment was underway, and Vivian was in the middle of choosing contestants for her group.

"You're still watching!" Derek's voice rang out again, full of scorn.

Brandon looked away from the screen and murmured, "Grandpa..."

When Derek wouldn't even glance at him, Brandon shifted his gaze toward Norma, hoping for some support. "Grandma..."

"Don't bother calling me," she replied sharply, her tone laced with disappointment as she gently tried to calm Derek. "I've stood beside your grandfather for a lifetime, and not once has he taken up with someone else or treated me with disrespect. I truly believed you, after being raised by us, would turn out a decent man and give Millie the same devotion.

But it seems I was wrong."

"Grandma..." Brandon said again, his voice softer this time.

Derek snapped, "You should go find Millie." His fury hung heavy in the air. "You're a married man, yet you went to see another woman perform, and the whole thing was streamed live. The Internet's a mess with speculation. Millie must be beside herself with anger."

He pointed his cane directly at Brandon and screamed, "I don't care what it takes—swear an oath, get down on your knees if you have to—just bring her home!"

It all unfolded so quickly that the office door hadn't even been shut yet.

Derek's outburst carried through the open space, echoing across the floor and reaching every ear nearby.

Brandon winced as he gripped his arm, still sore from the cane's blow, his lips drawn into a tight line.

"Did Millie come to you complaining?" he asked quietly.

Hearing that only made Derek more furious. He lifted the cane again, clearly ready for another strike.

Norma rushed to steady him, knowing how fragile his condition had become. After two angry swings earlier, his face had turned pale, and his knees nearly gave out.

"Grandpa," Brandon said as he stepped forward to help, but Norma brushed his hand away without hesitation.

She waved Eugene over, and then turned her back to Brandon and said, "Your parents weren't around much when you were a child, and we, as your grandparents, probably didn't know what we were doing either. If this is how you turned out, the blame falls on us."

Her voice remained steady, but every word struck deep.

A wave of unease rose in Brandon's chest.

Without glancing at him again, Norma instructed Eugene to guide Derek into the wheelchair and take him to the elevator.

Brandon took another step toward them, but Norma didn't allow it. "If you're set on pushing your grandfather to his grave, then by all means, follow us," she said. "But don't come see us again unless Millie is with

you."

With that, she stepped into the elevator, leaving Brandon behind in complete silence.

Not a single voice rose across the entire floor.

It was as if everyone had been struck mute, their silence thick with tension.

The entire space felt frozen in stillness, the only sound cutting through the air coming from the broadcast playing on the screen.

There, Vivian stood holding a microphone, her expression poised and full of confidence. "Serena, your talent is undeniable, and I truly admire it. If we become a team, I can promise you a stage that shines. I'll give it my all to support your journey. So, will you join me?"

Beside her, the host announced excitedly, "And there you have it, folks! Judge Vivian has officially invited Serena. Now, let's see what Serena decides!"

The camera then shifted to Serena, who was dressed in a blazing rose-red stage outfit. She stepped forward, calm and composed, and reached for the microphone handed to her.



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