

Chapter 34 Did She Take It The Wrong Way

As Brandon questioned Vivian in the Bentley, something else was brewing online—conversations about the live sound quality of "Yesterday" had started trending.

Vivian's team caught it quickly.

Johnny frowned as he read through the comments, uneasy.

He typed a message to Vivian. "We tried flagging the accounts at first, but they knew how to play the system. They just switched to new ones and brought in more people to push the trend. It's already gained attention. If we start mass-reporting now, it'll only look like we're hiding something. What do you think we should do? I've listed a few options..."

That was how their team usually worked—Johnny came up with the possible moves, and Vivian picked the one that fit her image best.

Not long after, Vivian made her choice.

Elsewhere, Seville scrolled through the trending thread, pleased with how fast it had spread.

It was easy to shut things down when only a few people were talking. But what happened when the numbers kept growing?

He knew this crowd—curious, nosy, always hungry for drama. He was waiting for someone to bring the truth forward.

But then, the conversation began to twist.

"You keep talking, but where's the proof?"

"Exactly. If there's no evidence, it's just noise. Rumors are easily spread these days."

"This is clearly a Serena fan trying to pull Vivian down. They just want 'Yesterday' to outshine 'Glimmer of Love.' It's pathetic."

"I used to like Serena. But if this is how her fans act, she's lost me."

"This feels like a PR stunt. Probably Serena's team stirring things on purpose."

"Vivian came on this show to inspire people who are suffering, to give them hope. And now she's getting attacked for being kind?"

"Whoever's doing this has no conscience. Vivian's not even part of the competition, and still she's being dragged through the mud. It's just cruel."


Heavenly Melody was already a hit show. Add in the emotional weight of Vivian's illness, and people were ready to defend her at all costs.

With everyone feeling for Vivian and no solid footage from the live show to say otherwise, the crowd naturally leaned in her favor.

Seville sat back, stunned. This wasn't what he'd expected.

He hadn't even mentioned Vivian when he first questioned the audio quality.

He had just noticed that the online clips didn't sound like what he heard in person. But now? Now he was being labeled Serena's obsessed fan, hell-bent on destroying Vivian's image.

As more voices poured in, the direction of public opinion began to take shape. 

Seville was frustrated.

He wanted to explain he'd never even heard the name Serena Ellsworth until today. She was new in the industry and wore a mask throughout the show.

How did he suddenly become her die-hard fan in everyone's story?

And to make things worse, he had always liked Vivian and thought her performance was equally beautiful. He never had anything against her.

"This is insane," he muttered. "I can't let it go. They want proof? Fine. I don't believe for a second that out of all those people at the venue, not one person secretly recorded something."

He stood up, already scrolling through his contacts. He wasn't the type to sit quietly and watch.

He decided to make a call.

He dialed one of his friends who had also been at the event.

After a few moments of small talk, Seville casually asked him about his opinion on the stage performance.

His friend replied, "Honestly? I thought 'Yesterday' sounded amazing live. But when I watched the clips online later, it didn't hit the same."

Once they were sure they were on the same page, Seville shared everything. "Taylor, you know how I am. I can't just let this slide," he said. "What I said online was true, but now they're calling me a Serena obsessed fan trying to attack Vivian. I'm not okay with that. You helped me get in, so I figured you might have a way. If no one's uploaded footage from the live event yet, maybe there's a group chat or something? Somewhere people shared clips or talked during the show?"

His friend thought for a moment, and then finally added him to a chat group. "This is my ticket resale group," he warned. "It's full of all kinds of people—some are legit, some aren't. Be careful. Don't say anything that could get the group shut down."

"Thanks, I owe you one," Seville said, already planning his next move.

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Inside the Bentley, Vivian was caught off guard by Brandon's question.

"I don't understand," she said, eyebrows pulling together.

Brandon looked at her, quiet. The silence made it hard for her to meet his eyes.

Vivian looked down, pausing to think.

"I really don't know what you mean, Brandon," she said, voice soft. "I did speak to her."

She glanced up again, her expression delicate, almost unsure. "I heard she'd had a miscarriage recently and that she was still recovering. I just wanted to check on her—to see if she needed anything."

She blinked, trying to read his face.

"Did she take it the wrong way?" she said, worriedly trying to remember. "I only mentioned her injuries and her... loss. Brandon, do you think she thought I was the one who told people? That's not what I meant at all." Vivian lifted her hand to her face, looking distressed. "I only ever told you. No one else."

Brandon studied her closely. Everything she said made sense.

Her face, her voice—it all fit.

She looked genuinely regretful. Without waiting for him to speak, she pulled out her phone and typed a message to Serena, as if to prove her sincerity.

Maybe it really was a misunderstanding.

"It's fine," Brandon said. "I was just asking."

To him, there was Vivian—the woman he'd once failed and still felt responsible for—and Serena, Charles' rumored lover who had absolutely nothing to do with him. There was no need to push further.

Rain brushed lightly against the windows. The city outside looked hazy, the damp air making everything feel heavier.

They rode in silence for a while.

Then Vivian broke it. "Brandon," she said softly, "did you think I sang well today?"

She did. But not as well as Serena.

That was his honest thought.

Still, instead of being completely honest, he just gave a short, low hum. "Mm."

Vivian smiled at that. Then her smile trembled just slightly.

"With your approval," she said quietly, eyes glistening, "I can leave without regrets."

Brandon's brow tightened.

He turned slightly, and then sighed.

"Don't talk like that," he said. "Vivian, you're already remarkable."

Vivian reached out and took his hand. She didn't say anything more—just held it and smiled gently.

Soon, they pulled up to Vivian Floral Design. Brandon walked her inside, helped her settle in, and returned to the car.

"Mr. Watson, where to next?" Eugene asked.

Brandon didn't answer immediately. He was still watching Vivian through the window. His index finger tapped against the armrest.

Then he said, "Send a message. Tell Macauley to come see me." 1

"Got it," Eugene replied, pulling out his phone.

The engine hummed back to life, and the car pulled away towards the Watson Group.

But a moment later, his face went pale. "Sir—something's wrong. Macauley's missing." 4

Brandon turned sharply. "Missing? Since when?"

"It was just reported," Eugene said, voice quick and nervous. "They say he disappeared a month ago. The team hid it from us, believing they could track him down before anyone noticed. We only found out because someone asked the right question."

He hesitated and then added, "After everything that happened, Macauley holds a deep grudge. He went back to his hometown, but life hasn't been good for him. If this turns into something serious..." 8

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