

## Chapter 35 Get A Copy Of The Footage She Filmed

Eugene's anxiety was beginning to show.

He had watched everything unfold, remembering how Macauley, who used to be the head of procurement in the Watson Group, landed in so much trouble after that event.

Holding the position of procurement manager came with plenty of benefits, especially for someone who led the Watson Group's procurement team.

As Eugene mulled it over, he turned to Brandon. "Mr. Watson, do you think we should bring in some bodyguards? And maybe let Miss Simpson know as well?"

Brandon pressed his fingers to his temples and gave a nod, telling Eugene to take care of it.

Just the thought of Macauley brought a dangerous glint to Brandon's eyes.

There was no way Brandon would let Macauley get away with what he had done.

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Meanwhile, at the hospital, Millie had taken off her makeup and settled back onto the bed.

Alexia arrived not long after to visit her.

"Millie, you were fantastic tonight!" Alexia grinned as she grabbed Millie's arm. "That performance really blew everyone away!"

"Was it really that much?" Millie asked, watching Alexia's animated face with a small laugh. "I have a feeling you might be biased since you're my best friend."

Alexia scooted closer, refusing to agree. "No, I'm serious! We've known each other since we were kids. I know exactly what you can do. I didn't even bother with those edited clips online; my friend who works on the



show streamed it to me live. It's a shame the official recording didn't catch everything, but maybe she managed to save it."

Alexia's excitement kept growing. "When I was just a little girl playing around with my brother, you were already practicing piano and violin every day. Eventually, you picked up all sorts of other instruments too, and all of it just for fun. Mr. Bennett started grooming you early on to take over the family one day. Back then..."

Her words trailed off as she paused.

A small crack appeared in Millie's smile, though her face barely changed.

Thinking of her father's death always struck a nerve and brought all the chaos back to the surface.

"Millie, I'm sorry. I didn't—" Alexia squeezed Millie's hand even tighter.

Millie noticed the worry in her friend's eyes and quickly tried to put her at ease. "You don't have to tiptoe around me. I'm not made of glass, and besides, it's all in the past now. I'm doing well now, don't you think?"

She gave Alexia's hand a reassuring squeeze.

The sincerity in Millie's look finally helped Alexia to relax.

After a brief pause, Alexia spoke up again. "And what about her? How is she these days?"

Millie lifted her gaze and caught the careful way Alexia looked at her.

When the conversation turned so delicate, there could only be one person they meant—Millie's mother.

After her father was gone, a swarm of opportunists had tried to strip away everything Millie and her mother owned.

Even though Brandon had announced that they were under the Watson family's protection and even let the Watson Group oversee the remaining Bennett family fortune, things never came easy for them.

In her younger days, Millie's mother had turned heads across Crobert with her beauty and grace on the dance floor.

Later on, though, the years caught up with her, and exhaustion replaced her shine.

She went searching for someone to lean on, which eventually led her to

marry Millie's stepfather.

Alexia's worried tone broke through the heavy silence. "Millie..."

Shifting her focus to the TV, Millie replied, "We haven't really talked lately. The last time I saw her, I gave her some money. I heard she rented a shop and started a small business, so I think she's doing fine."

Deep down, Millie understood that her mother's feelings toward her had only grown more complicated over the years—especially after what happened that year.

Alexia let out a sigh. "Maybe it's best if you both keep your distance for now."

"Maybe you're right," Millie answered in a gentle voice.

A hint of uncertainty lingered.

Turning her eyes back to the television, Millie watched as the weather forecast scrolled across the screen. "Attention, everyone! Heavy rain is on the way tonight, so remember to bring your umbrellas if you're heading out..."

Next to her, Alexia began to complain about how hard it would be to get home in the storm.

A laugh escaped Millie. "Why not just stay over tonight? There's no need to rush back in this weather."

They used to share a bed often when they were little girls.

Alexia shot her a playful look. "Forget it. If I accidentally crush you, someone's going to lecture me."

Millie's laughter bubbled up again, though she did not answer, fully aware that Alexia meant Giffard.

Alexia had teased about giving Giffard to her as an apology, but Millie's focus had shifted to more pressing matters.

There was so much waiting for her attention now.

Six days earlier, when she Brandon filed for the divorce, she had handed him a property settlement that contained a deliberate loophole.

The document clearly said her belongings would stay with her, and she would take them away.



Since Brandon was planning to remarry in half a year and felt provoked that day, he barely bothered to study the agreement carefully.

He missed the detail that, along with several specific items, there was a catchall phrase—"Other assets originally under Millie Bennett's name," which included properties from the Bennett family that the Watson Group had absorbed.

She would not give up her father's legacy, even if nearly all the former Bennett Group employees had moved on.

The vague wording meant it would take negotiation if Brandon chose not to hand it over freely.

After being merged into the Watson Group, the department had always been separate from the company's core. Millie believed that with the right offer, she could get it back.

And if Brandon refused to budge, she was ready to use the contract to fight for her share, determined to win back at least part of what belonged to her.

To make this happen, she would need a significant amount of money.

Knowing how sharp Brandon was in business, Millie realized such opportunities might never come again.

That was why staying on the show Heavenly Melody mattered so much to her.

This show's publicity, her musical background, and the songs she presented here would all raise her value in the industry.

New streams of income seemed almost guaranteed if everything went smoothly.

Even if Brandon tried to shut her out, there were still other possibilities to consider, especially since Charles was backing her.

Still, Millie wondered if Brandon would really go that far.

Her eyes fell to the floor. She recalled how guarded Brandon became any time Vivian was involved.

Because she could not predict his next move, Millie made sure she was prepared for anything.

She understood that Charles had already put everything on the line.

His two older brothers had long secured their places at Evans Group, making it harder for Charles to gain a foothold because he was the youngest.


Now that Napier Evans, the current Evans patriarch, was growing older and battling poor health, the three Evans brothers were locked in a fierce fight for power within the company.

If Charles managed to succeed alongside her, the two of them might finally tip the scales and help him rise in the Evans Group.


This thought brought Millie's focus back to Alexia, who was absentmindedly switching through TV channels.

"Alexia, do you think you can reach out to your friend who streamed the show for you?" she asked.

Alexia kept flipping through, still unimpressed by what she saw. "Sure, what do you need her to do?"

Eyes on the television, Millie answered in a quiet tone, "I'd like to get a copy of the footage she filmed." 



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