

Chapter 36 The Police Came To Learn About The Situation

Alexia put down the remote and looked over at Millie, confused. "Why don't you just ask Charles directly? Isn't Evans Entertainment one of the sponsors for the show? I'm sure they have access to the live recordings."

Millie had already tried that—on their way back to the hospital, she'd brought it up with Charles. But the moment she mentioned it, he was fuming.

"I already went after them for that," Charles had snapped from the driver's seat. "I gave them a proper warning, made it clear they crossed the line. They said someone from Brandon's side sent threats. And if that wasn't enough, Oakley started stirring things too. Complete madness."

He slapped his hand hard against the steering wheel. "That idiot told our father I've been keeping a woman on the side! Said I'm dragging Evans Group into a fight with Brandon just because of her. I got chewed out like a kid."

In short, Charles' second brother—Oakley Evans—was also knee-deep in it. Like always, Oakley enjoyed causing trouble and watching Charles for a mistake.

It left Charles with no room to act openly. He had to move carefully or Oakley would turn even the smallest thing into a scandal.

After dropping Millie off at the hospital, Charles tried to reassure her. He told her things would settle down, that Evans Entertainment was still under his control. As long as that stayed patient, things would work out eventually.

He just needed time to handle it all quietly.

Now, hearing that someone might've recorded the original live show, Millie was eager to get a copy to spare Charles some trouble.

She told Alexia her plan, and without hesitation, Alexia pulled out her phone to contact her friend.

Time passed quickly, and morning arrived before anyone realized.

The air smelled clean and sharp, washed by the rain from the night before. There was still the scent of wet earth and fresh grass outside.

That morning, Alexia dropped off breakfast for Millie, said a few quick words, and rushed off to work.

Not long after, there was a knock at the door. Millie glanced up, expecting Alexia to have come back with the video. But instead, two police officers stepped inside.

A woman introduced herself as Officer Lynda Owen, with a man beside her who seemed to be her partner on the case.

"Sorry to bother you," Lynda said.

Millie tried to get up from bed, but they quickly motioned for her to stay seated.

"We just wanted to follow up on the statement you gave us earlier. We've made some progress and have a few more questions," Lynda said, her voice calm but serious.

Millie nodded and gave her full attention.

"The black Santana that hit you—we found it," Lynda said. "Turns out, it was a stolen vehicle. The driver was completely covered. Surveillance only picked up a person in disguise. No face, no details." She paused, her tone darkening.

"Whoever it was knew what they were doing. No trace left behind. No slip-ups. They avoided every camera."

Lynda looked at her steadily. "This person could be a professional. We can't rule out the possibility that it was a hired hit."

She looked at Millie and said, "Take a moment and really think—have you ever gotten in someone's way, someone who might still be holding on to it?"

Millie stiffened. A hired hit?

She heard the weight in Lynda's voice and felt her mind drift, quietly pulling up memory after memory.

It was the first time anyone had tried to kill her so directly.

And the timing—it wasn't random. It had to be tied to everything that was happening now.

Her mind immediately went to the divorce.

If that was the trigger, there were two people who came to mind—Brandon and Vivian.

Then she thought about how much the story had changed online.

People were talking about Vivian's illness, her relationship with Brandon. And Millie's name—Brandon's official wife—had resurfaced because of it.

The Internet had quickly dug up her past, including her background as the Bennett family's only heiress.

Once, Brandon had protected her and her mother. But now, with the public fixated on his relationship with Vivian, it was easy to believe that protection was gone. And some people might finally feel free to act.

There was also the matter of Brandon's enemies—people who might target her to get to him. When he took over the reins of Watson Group, he didn't just inherit a powerful company—he inherited resentment.

And then there were other things, smaller on the surface but still strange. Like Macauley Valdez. The former procurement manager had been abruptly fired nearly a year ago.

It was around the time she and Brandon got married, and she remembered the whole thing didn't end up well.

Millie still remembered bumping into Macauley that day. His look had been mysterious—dry amusement mixed with something sharper.

He'd looked Brandon straight in the eye and said, "Brandon, this is your wife?"

The tone was off. Their marriage wasn't private. Everyone at Watson Group knew who she was.

She'd been showing up regularly by Brandon's side for years, especially after graduation. There was no way Macauley, as a department head, didn't know her. Which meant something else was going on.

She'd asked Brandon about it back then. He had shut the conversation down before she could finish her sentence.

Now, sitting across from the police, Millie shared everything she remembered, hoping they'd be able to get to the bottom of it. 🕒

After noting everything down, the officers got ready to leave. Just before stepping out, Lynda turned back. "By the way, your car's been repaired," she said. "You can pick it up when you're feeling better."

Millie nodded. "Thank you, officer."

The moment they returned to the station, the team began sorting through the case.

They placed photos of everyone involved—Brandon, Vivian, Macauley—on a board and jotted down details.

"These are all potential suspects. Do we start questioning them?" one officer asked. "Should we begin with the husband?"

Lynda thought back to the day she had used Millie's phone to call Brandon, and how he hadn't picked up. "They're all too close to each other," she said after a moment. "This has to be handled carefully."

The officer who had visited the hospital with her nodded. "It's indeed strange. His wife was in a hit-and-run, and instead of checking on her, he was with another woman. Ignored every call."

Another officer passed over a report. "Just came in— Brandon and Millie are getting divorced."

The room went quiet for a moment.

It wasn't the first time they'd handled a case where a man hurt his wife just to be with his lover, or where both the husband and the lover were involved.

After going back and forth, the team leader finally said, "We'll go by the book. At some point, we'll have to talk to Brandon. But we also need to keep our eyes open—he might not be the only one with a reason to want her gone. The connections here are tangled, and the lack of physical evidence makes it harder. We'll need tact—and pressure," he said, turning to Lynda. "You'll take the lead. Decide how to approach them, who we speak to first, and how we gather what we need."

Lynda stood up. "Got it."

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At that moment, across the city, Brandon arrived at the hospital.

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His grandfather, Derek, had been admitted the day before.

Brandon had tried visiting a few times, but Norma, furious on Derek's behalf, had sent him away every time.

Now, finally, he'd heard that she'd stepped out to rest at a nearby hotel. This was his chance.

He pushed the door open slowly. Derek lay in bed, fast asleep.

The caregiver was struggling to turn him and clean his back. Despite the movement, Derek didn't stir.

His condition was clearly worsening.

Without warning, Millie's face flashed across Brandon's mind.

He remembered the quiet way she had cared for Derek during his last round of illness.

The caregiver lost grip and almost dropped Derek. Brandon stepped in without thinking.

Derek wasn't light—lifting him took effort.

Again, he thought of Millie. Of her small hands, her slight frame. How she never said anything, just handled it all quietly.



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