



Chapter 39 The Only One At His Side


A strange feeling settled in Brandon's chest, one he could not push away.

Little by little, something important seemed to be slipping out of reach, though he did not yet see it for what it was.

At last, Brandon opened his eyes, and his expression was steady and unruffled.

He knew her tricks inside and out, after all the years they had spent together. 

Life without him was something she could never accept. 

Turning his focus back to work, Brandon drove to the Watson Group headquarters and threw himself into his usual routine, handling business as if nothing had changed. 


Everything on the surface stayed the same, but underneath, things no longer felt quite right.

A chime from his computer broke the quiet.

Brandon glanced at his inbox and saw a new email had arrived.

Brandon clicked on the message and saw it was an invitation to a charity gala, set for tomorrow evening at seven.

The invitation mentioned he was expected to show up, preferably with a date.

Almost at the same moment, his phone lit up with a new message from Vivian. "Brandon, I heard the Evans Group is organizing a charity gala. I'd love to help support the patients, but I don't have the right connections. Did you get an invite? Would you bring me along?" 

Charity galas were not events Brandon attended often.

In the last seven years, he had only shown up at three.

Usually, people brought an assistant from work, a trusted companion, a

girlfriend, a spouse, or a family member to these gatherings.

For Brandon, there had always been just one person who filled that spot—Millie.

No matter the occasion over those years, Millie was the only one at his side at those events.

Now, while their divorce still hung in the air, he meant to turn Vivian down. Still, the memory of Millie and Giffard together back in the hospital, lingered in his mind and made him hesitate.

He pressed his lips together, feeling a wave of unfamiliar emotion rise up inside him.

Without thinking much more, he sent Vivian a reply. "Of course." 📧

...

The hours moved by slowly.

At Crobert Hospital, Millie was on a video call with Alex, going over plans for the next round of Heavenly Melody.

Her phone vibrated, announcing a new message.

A glance at the screen revealed it was a charity gala invitation.

At that moment, the hospital room door flew open and Charles rushed in.

Millie turned to him, curiosity in her voice. "What's happening?"

Catching bits of the conversation, Alex took the chance to excuse herself and left Millie to deal with the situation first.

Once the video call ended, Millie focused on Charles.

He dropped into a chair, seeming unsure where to start. "Um, how are you feeling lately? It's just..."

His hesitation was obvious, as if he struggled to get the words out.

Before he could continue, Millie interjected, "I'll go to the charity gala."

Charles blinked in surprise. "You already knew what I was about to say?"

She handed him her phone.

Displayed on the screen was the invitation, addressed to "Serena" for the

charity gala.

The event held by the Evans Group was set for seven o'clock the following evening.

Seeing the invitation on Serena's phone meant Charles lost this battle with his family.

Millie was set on staying in the show, and now that the invitation to the charity gala was hers, she knew she could not miss it.

Charles paused, choosing his words carefully. "Things are a little tricky, to be honest."

She gave him a questioning look.

Rubbing the back of his head, Charles said, "My grandfather seems to think I have feelings for you, and he'll be there at the gala, so..."

Millie's lips curved into a smile. "Then you'd better help me pick out a gift for your grandfather—something thoughtful, but not over the top."

"How can you still joke about this?!" Charles stared at her, half exasperated.

Handling his family's complicated dynamics was nothing new for him. His two elder brothers could be a handful, and his father preferred to take life easy. Still, things were manageable.

But when it came to Napier, the family patriarch and founder of Evans Group, everyone treaded more carefully.

Millie knew the dynamics well.

The Evans family stood among the top three most powerful families in Crobert.

Napier had raised two daughters and two sons. Charles' father was the younger son. His older brother died before having any children, while Charles' father, never too ambitious, spent his time chasing women and expanding the family tree.

Over the years, he had married several times, leaving behind three sons from different mothers.

Charles' mother came into the family late, as the last wife, and had Charles later in life.

Eventually, Napier criticized his son's reckless ways, and he finally stopped bringing new wives home. Otherwise, Charles might have ended up with even more siblings.

The family's female members, including Charles' aunts, were all involved in running Evans Group, but ultimately, Charles and his brothers held the reins and one of them would someday inherit the family business.

Because of Millie's ties to Evans Entertainment, her interests lined up with Charles'; and since he had already done a lot to help her, she felt she owed him her support in return. 3

It was a matter she needed to take seriously.

Charles read her mind and didn't argue anymore.

"I'll handle the dress and the gift," Charles remarked. "I'll be here to pick you up tomorrow."

After thinking for a second, he added with sincerity, "If I can outmaneuver those two brothers of mine and move up in the company, I'll make sure you get a share of the Evans Group."

Millie said nothing, neither agreeing nor refusing, and simply let him take care of the details.

Before leaving, Charles remembered one more thing. "By the way, the legal team said the legal notice to Vivian has been delivered." With that, Charles headed out.

Millie gave a quiet nod.

Sending the legal notice was just a way to test the waters. Millie wanted to uncover what Vivian truly had in mind.

There was always something off about the way Vivian behaved.

As night settled in, Vivian sifted through her wardrobe, trying to decide what to wear for the gala.

Her caregiver from Flaville was at her side, offering quiet company.

"Miss Simpson, I thought the buzz from your last livestream was still ongoing. Why would you want to go to the charity gala too?" The caregiver sounded puzzled. "Your health isn't suited for such exhausting events, at least according to your medical records."

Vivian's eyes moved to the caregiver. "Then figure out how to make my story believable."

The caregiver seemed ready to argue but ended up saying nothing.

With a bitter look in her eyes, Vivian stared at her own reflection. "I'm at the height of my fame and linked to Brandon, but somehow I'm not on the guest list for Crobert's top charity gala. It's absurd! Still, it doesn't matter whether I was invited or not. I'll just go anyway, and I'll go with Brandon."

Her lips curled into a smirk as she rehearsed a perfect, charming smile in the mirror. "This is my moment. I want to make Millie lose her mind. When she sees me standing at Brandon's side, the spot she always filled, maybe she'll finally be crushed and disappear for good. Wouldn't that be something?"

Vivian's eyes gleamed with determination.

A notification from her email cut through her thoughts.

She frowned, walked over to her computer, and clicked to open the message.

On the screen was a legal notice concerning the song "Glimmer of Love."

The message spelled out, without any room for confusion, that Vivian had to stop all acts of infringement.

Panic washed over the caregiver as she asked over Vivian's shoulder, "Miss Simpson, what do we do now?"