

Chapter 41 Brandon's Jealousy

The crowd's focus shifted at once.

"Is that really him? Gosh, it has to be!" someone whispered. "He's driving the Bugatti Centodieci. Only ten of those exist in the whole world."

"He almost never takes it out," another reporter added. "They say Brandon's is custom-made worth more than a hundred million."

"In the past seven years, he's only shown up at three social functions. One was two years ago, then four years ago, and the other seven years ago. The rest of the time, he just sent his assistants. He hasn't been to a single event in the last two years."

"Well, considering the Watson Group leads the country in charity work, it's not surprising He's always been a major donor."

"Still, why did he choose to come tonight?"

"Do you think he came alone?"

"Who would he even bring? Millie?"

"I'm not sure. But there's no way it's Vivian. He and Millie haven't divorced yet. He wouldn't dare show up with Vivian at an event like this."

"You're right."

Curious murmurs rippled through the crowd as Millie and Charles followed the others' gaze, watching the car glide forward with deliberate ease.

Charles clenched his jaw and glanced at his own Ferrari parked nearby. It was a LaFerrari Aperta, but next to Brandon's car, it suddenly didn't feel that special.

Millie's eyes followed the Bugatti as it parked. Within seconds, reporters and paparazzi surged forward, surrounding the car in a chaotic frenzy.

couldn't help but drift closer, curiosity etched on their faces.

Security quickly stepped forward to manage the crowd as the driver's door opened.

Gasps followed as Brandon stepped out.

There was no doubt left—it was really him.

Brandon moved with effortless confidence as he circled the car and opened the passenger door himself—a small gesture that only deepened the crowd's curiosity.

Who was inside? Who could possibly make the famously private Brandon appear so publicly, so boldly?

A single foot stepped out, perched in a pair of sparkling Jimmy Choo Averlys, the signature bow catching the light and drawing gasps from the crowd.

Then came Vivian, dressed in a stunning black gown that hugged her figure with elegant precision.

At first glance, the dress looked simple and elegant. But upon closer inspection there were soft, bridal-like touches that made it stand out.

She stood beside Brandon and gave him a warm smile. Together, they looked perfect, as if they belonged beside each other.

"It's Vivian... it's really her."

"So Brandon came here just to show off Vivian?"

"What about Millie? It really looks like he's leaving her behind"

"Or maybe Millie's stronger than we think. This isn't the first time she's been in a situation like this."

The crowd quietly murmured with judgment and curiosity, their eyes still on Brandon and Vivian.

Charles stood stiffly, his expression tight with anger. "How could he do this?!" he muttered under his breath. He could not believe Brandon would treat Millie this way in front of everyone. It felt careless and cruel.

Deep down, Charles also blamed himself. After so many years of planning events in the entertainment world, he had assumed this charity gala would be simple. He had arranged for Millie to wear a dress borrowed from one of his brand partners, thinking it would be enough.

He turned to Millie, guilt flickering in his eyes.

But she looked calm. She gave him a small, reassuring smile. She truly

was not upset.

Millie didn't think she had anything to feel bad about. Lately, she had been trying to save every bit she could to buy back the old properties that once belonged to the Bennett family. If borrowing a gown helped her stay on track with her goals, then it was worth it.

This event wasn't about showing off clothes. It was a charity gala. Looking presentable was more than enough.

And as for Brandon's appearance with someone else—that wasn't her concern anymore.

Not far away, Brandon and Vivian were surrounded by reporters asking questions. Flashing cameras and voices echoed around them.

Millie turned away without a second glance. Then she looked at Charles and spoke softly. "Let's go inside."

"Okay," Charles replied gently, and then walked beside Millie as they made their way toward the villa.

At the same moment, Brandon felt an unexpected pull and lifted his eyes. Ahead, Millie and Charles were moving at an unhurried pace toward the entrance.

Charles scarcely registered in his thoughts; all of his attention settled on the woman beside him.

In the silver glow of the moon, she seemed set apart from everyone else, a vision of quiet grace.

Soft curls were gathered at her crown, while most of her hair slipped down her back, framing the gentle line of her neck.

She leaned toward Charles and spoke, the slight curve of her crimson lips turning the simple motion into something striking.

It was Serena.

"Brandon?" Vivian's voice broke through the moment. She had been enjoying the attention from the crowd, but now she noticed he had gone quiet. His eyes were somewhere else.

What had caught his attention?

She followed his gaze but saw nothing unusual.

Brandon looked away and turned back to her. "Let's go inside," he said calmly.

"Okay," Vivian replied with a gentle smile, slipping her hand into Brandon's

as they walked into the villa together.

The paparazzi tried to follow, but the doors closed before they could step inside.

Security held them back.

There was nothing more they could do now except watch helplessly as the couple disappeared into the grand entrance.

Still, having captured clear photos of Brandon and Vivian showing up together was enough to spark headlines across the city.

"So that's it for Millie, then?"

"I don't think it's over just yet. Isn't Vivian only expected to live another six months?"

"Yes. These next few months will be difficult. Let's see if Millie can hold on."

They whispered among themselves, quickly reaching for their phones to send updates to editors and media outlets.

The Evans family's villa stood tall and impressive, its structure spread across three spacious levels. The first floor was set up as the main hall, where the evening's event was being held. The second offered a quieter space with reserved seating for high-profile guests. The third included exclusive lounges and an open-air terrace garden.

Inside, Brandon's arrival stirred a quiet wave of surprise. Conversations paused, and curious glances followed him. It wasn't often that someone like him made a personal appearance.

As the head of the Watson Group—one of Crobert's top three corporations—he held unmatched influence.

He rarely attended events like this himself, which made his presence even more striking.

But Brandon didn't linger in the main hall. After completing the formal sign-in with Vivian by his side, he walked straight to the second floor without stopping.

Only a handful of people had access to that level. The rest could only watch as he disappeared upstairs, their eyes filled with admiration and silent envy.

By then, Millie and Charles had already taken their seats on the second floor.

The moment Brandon walked in, his eyes naturally scanned the room and quickly found them sitting not far away.

Vivian noticed them too. Her attention paused briefly on the woman beside Charles, the one wearing a delicate mask. Her brows drew together slightly.

Serena was here as well.

But after just a second, Vivian relaxed again.

If Serena had come with Charles, she likely wasn't an invited guest but had simply accompanied him.

That thought comforted Vivian. Attending the gala as Brandon's female companion held far more weight than coming along with someone else.

To her, the difference mattered.

A few minutes later, the charity auction officially began. The auctioneer stepped forward, standing beneath the soft lights at the front of the room.

"Let's begin our charity auction for the evening" he announced clearly. "The first item is a valuable antique, generously donated by a private collector. Fifty percent of the final bid will go directly to charity. The starting bid is..."

The atmosphere quickly became lively. Guests raised their paddles, one after another, excited by the rare items and eager to show support. The quiet murmur of conversation turned into a gentle buzz of energy as the bidding began.

Brandon sat back in his seat, quietly watching.

Vivian, beside him, leaned forward and scanned the list of upcoming

auction items.

"If something catches your eye, feel free to bid," Brandon said, nodding toward the paddle next to him. His meaning was clear—he would take care of the cost.

Vivian looked up and smiled. "That's kind of you, Brandon, but it's all right. I've saved a little money of my own, and I don't need anything extravagant. I just want to take part in my own way."

Brandon gave a light nod, saying nothing more.

But her words stirred something in him. His thoughts drifted to the day at the courthouse where Millie handed him the property agreement.

The document clearly stated that from the day they filed for the divorce, any new earnings would remain separate.

Now, without meaning to, his mind returned to Millie again.

He remembered the blurred image of her and Giffard behind the frosted glass door.

Had she seen him arrive with Vivian tonight? 🤔

Brandon looked down, his expression unreadable. A heaviness settled in his chest, the kind he didn't want to name. His right hand curled slightly, fingers tightening. The jealousy crept in before he even realized it. 🤔