

Chapter 42 Why Hasn't She Sent Him A Message Yet

At the same time, photos and clips of Brandon and Vivian arriving at the charity event had already made their way online.

In a matter of minutes, the hashtag #Brandon&Vivian shot straight to the top of the trending topics.

"No way, even Mr. Watson showed up, and he did it in a Bugatti Centodieci!"

"I called it—his date is definitely Vivian!"

"Seriously, the last time he appeared at the Heavenly Melody live show, it was for Vivian. Now, he's here with her at this charity gala, and he hasn't shown up at any of these events for two years! Everyone knows what's up!"

"There's only one reason—Vivian!"

"He's just trying to get to Millie, isn't he? I'm dying over here!"

"I'm rooting for them! And did you see how amazing Vivian looks tonight?"

It did not take long for another hashtag to rise—#Vivian'sBlackWeddingGown.

"Wait a second, Vivian only has six months left. That's a wedding dress, but it's black. I can't help but feel emotional."

"She obviously wants to marry Brandon, but this annoying certain someone keeps standing in her way!"

"I wish Millie would just walk away. Didn't you notice? Vivian fainted last night from exhaustion, yet she's still working to help sick children and raise awareness. How can Millie even compete with that?"

Praise for Vivian exploded online, with emotional reactions pouring in from every direction.

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Inside the charity gala hall, Charles scrolled through the endless stream of comments, his anger barely contained.

"This is disgusting" he remarked, facing Millie. "Evans Group never sent an invitation to Vivian! For a charity gala of this level, why would we include someone with her reputation? Just look at what she's doing—showing up in what's basically a wedding dress? It's infuriating! This was supposed to be about raising funds and helping sick kids, but now all anyone can talk about is her and Brandon!" Charles' frustration grew with every word.

At gatherings like these, it was normal to see guests showing off their looks or relationships, just as long as they made real donations.

However, Vivian's behavior was almost too much to stomach.

Online, everyone was fixated on her supposed "wedding dress", and there were endless gossips about Brandon going out of his way for her every chance he got.

Vivian was clearly doing all this just to get under Millie's skirt

"I've never seen anyone try to ruin someone else's relationship and be so proud of it!" Charles hissed. 🗨️

Millie felt grateful for Charles' support. Yet, there was little either of them could do to change anything.

Vivian was protected by her story—that she only had six months left. And people were willing to overlook almost anything because of that.

Elsewhere, Brandon was also on his phone

Seeing the trending hashtags, he realized the publicity campaign was working at full force.

He switched over to check his messages.

Still nothing from Millie.

Brandon's brow furrowed. Was it just a bad signal?

Ever since the last time he left the Watson Group with Vivian, Millie had started spending more time with Alexia and Giffard, stirring up plenty of drama herself. 🗨️

Now that he was at the gala with Vivian, he wondered what Millie would do in response.

The screen remained frozen on the final thing he had typed to her, the words still lingering like they were waiting for an answer. "My grandfather's condition has deteriorated significantly. He's requesting to see you."

He scrolled up to see if he missed anything but there was nothing

Brandon's fingers hovered for a second before he closed the chat

window. No sooner had he done so than the screen blinked and filled with a stream of incoming messages.

The connection had no issues.

There just hadn't been a single word from her.

A faint tension pulled at his mouth.

"Brandon?" asked Vivian, watching his expression shift. "Did something happen?"

Brandon let his eyes fall shut, slipped his phone into his pocket, and when he looked up again, his expression was composed.

He gave a slight shake of his head. At the same time, his hand tightened into a fist beneath the table where no one could see.

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Minutes dragged on, with each new auction item brought forward, introduced, and carried off by eager buyers.

Each donor at the event could choose what percentage of their earnings from each item they wished to contribute. At the Evans Group's auctions, items with matching donation percentages were always grouped within the same session. For this reason, unless otherwise indicated, every item on offer during this session carried a 70% donation rate.

Only the very first item, which was an antique meant to get the audience warmed up, featured a lower donation rate of 50%. All others that followed held steady at 70%.

Because this auction was organized by the Evans Group, every item up for bid represented something truly valuable.

Vivian observed as more and more items appeared, yet she kept quiet and refrained from making any bids, knowing how high the prices were.

She felt determined to show Brandon that she could handle things herself and pay with her own money, but she had no interest in making any extravagant purchases.

At last, right before the scheduled break, a new item made its entrance.

"The next piece we have for auction is a tanzanite stone. According to our assessment, the value of this tanzanite is at least one million dollars, its..." The auctioneer continued while the richly colored tanzanite was displayed.

Lighting inside the Evans Group's auction hall was flawless, so when the vivid blue tanzanite went up on the stage, it drew everyone's eyes.

The quality of this tanzanite was outstanding, making it one of the most striking gems in the room.

In one classic film, the female lead wore a necklace described as a blue

< Chapter 42 Why Hasn't She Sent Him A Mes. +120 Points at most
diamond. However, the gemstone used for the movie's prop was actually
tanzanite.

Even though this tanzanite was still in its natural state, just looking at it
brought to mind that famous necklace.

With the crowd focused on the gemstone, Millie turned her attention to
it as well.

This particular gem had come from her collection.

She had originally sold it to Charles, and he made sure to erase any
identifying details before sending it to auction.

When she made the decision to attend, Millie realized she needed to
contribute something special.

This event, after all, was a charity gala.

Arriving without any kind of donation would have made it impossible to
gain Napier's approval.

Her intention tonight was to impress Napier and leave him satisfied with
her actions.

While the tanzanite did not reach the staggering prices of other pieces, it
still held just enough value to reflect her reputation as an emerging star.

On top of that...

Millie let her gaze drop toward the floor.

She had originally picked out this tanzanite as a gift for the child she
never got to meet.

When she purchased the gem, her heart was filled with anticipation, and
she looked forward to welcoming her baby.

Things had changed since then...

After she found out the donations would benefit children suffering from
illness, she felt moved to part with the tanzanite.

Letting this stone go became her personal way of doing something kind
in honor of the baby she lost.

A quiet wish formed in her heart, hoping her child was safe and at peace
wherever they were.

In the spotlight, the deep blue tanzanite sparkled with an almost magical light.

"The bidding for this tanzanite starts at seven hundred thousand dollars, and the minimum increase..." The auctioneer's announcement trailed off as someone in the audience raised their paddle, prompting the number board to flash a new figure.

"An offer has been made for eight hundred thousand dollars." When the auctioneer repeated the amount, all eyes turned to the bidder.

The entire room realized at once that it was Vivian who now held up her paddle. 🎁