

## Chapter 2 This Is Inappropriate

Vivian smiled, her face adorned with two dimples.

Surprise took hold of Eileen. The thought had not crossed her mind that Vivian might see value in her professional abilities, enough to forge a friendship.

Yet, the motive behind Vivian's offer puzzled Eileen.

Seeing Eileen's hesitation, Vivian asked, "Are you unwilling to do it?"

"Oh, of course not." Eileen, masking her reluctance with a courteous smile, retrieved her phone. "I'll add you now," she said, seeing no valid reason to object.

Vivian quickly tapped on WhatsApp, and they quickly added each other as contacts.

Before Vivian could say more, Eileen noticed Bryan's absence. She reminded Vivian, saying, "We shouldn't keep Mr. Dawson waiting. Let's head out now."

"Alright," Vivian agreed, then started walking with a quick pace.

The streets were nearly empty at midnight as they got into the black Benz.

Bryan and Vivian took their seats in the back, while Eileen took the driver's seat.

Eileen's gaze was fixed on the road ahead, though her focus wavered. The soft murmurs from Bryan and Vivian filled her ears.

They sounded like a couple who adored each other with passion.

Hearing them talk was reassuring for Eileen; it meant they were simply talking, nothing more.

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But after a brief silence, Eileen suddenly considered the possibility that Bryan and Vivian might be kissing.

She glanced at the rearview mirror to catch a glimpse of the backseat.

Bryan appeared cheerful, his smile evident as he sat with his fingers entwined over his crossed legs.

Vivian was leaning in his direction, nearly closing the gap between them as if she wished to be in his embrace.

It seemed they had paused their conversation, possibly lost in a shared past memory.

Before Eileen could think any further, she met Bryan's gaze.

His eyes were enchanting, and she quickly looked away.

Clearing her throat, Eileen said, "We'll reach the Warren family's residence soon, Mr. Dawson. Do you prefer I drive through or stop at the entrance?"

She immediately regretted her rushed question.

The Warren family's home was in Sunrise Villas, and there was a significant walk from the gate to the closest villa. Eileen doubted Bryan would want Vivian to make that walk with her luggage.

"Bryan, why are you dropping me off at my home?" Vivian suddenly realized they were reaching her family's residence. She bit her lip and voiced her reluctance. "I don't want to go home yet."

"You haven't been back in years. It's time for a family reunion," Bryan said. Then, he looked Eileen in the eye and said, "Stop at the gate."

A heavy silence enveloped the car.

Once they had stopped, Eileen exited the car swiftly and opened the back door.

"We've arrived, Mr. Dawson, Ms. Warren," she announced before heading to retrieve Vivian's suitcase from the trunk. As she did, she noticed a figure approaching.

Clad in a set of sportswear, the man moved towards them under the moon's glow.

Kian Warren, who was two years Bryan's senior, managed the Warren family's affairs and was well-known in Onaland.

He and Bryan's frequent meetings meant Eileen often encountered Kian. His gentle demeanor and charming gaze lent him the air of a playboy.

However, Eileen was aware of the danger he posed to those who crossed him. He was far from harmless.

Vivian, as his cherished younger sister, held a special place in the Warren family.

Eileen greeted him, "Hello, Mr. Warren."

Acknowledging Eileen with a nod, Kian embraced Vivian warmly.

"You were away for six long years. Aren't you happy that you're back?" he said to Vivian.

Seeing her brother brought Vivian joy, yet she felt unsettled by Bryan's unannounced decision to bring her home.

This time, she was back to reconcile with him. She had chosen him over her own family to make him happy.

"I was the one who asked Bryan to bring you home. Mom and Dad have been eagerly awaiting your return," Kian explained. "Your journey with Bryan is long. There's no need to rush."

Upon hearing Kian's words, Vivian felt a bit relieved. She smiled and glanced at Bryan. "I had hoped to spend a bit more time with Bryan, yet now that I'm here, heading home first seems fitting."

Bryan's reaction was stoic, his face unreadable. He casually placed a hand in his pocket, leaning against the car, and offered a simple nod in acknowledgment.

"I think it's time that I leave," he said.

Eileen, upon catching this cue, promptly moved to open the door for him. Bryan turned and got into the car. However, just as Eileen was about to





close the door behind him, Vivian intervened, leaning in to exchange a few more words with Bryan.

"Bryan, I plan to visit Stella in Dawson Mansion first thing tomorrow morning," Vivian said.

The light inside the car was dim, and Eileen could barely make out the defined contours of Bryan's profile through the window.

Bryan parted his lips slightly to respond, "Sure."

Content with his answer, Vivian stepped back to rejoin Kian, sending a parting wave Bryan's way.

After shutting the door, Eileen addressed Kian and Vivian with a courteous farewell. "Goodbye."

She then circled to the driver's side of the car, seated herself, and drove off with a practiced ease that belied the heaviness in her heart.

The return to the company was necessitated by Bryan's schedule, which included an international online meeting demanding his attendance. As his assistant, Eileen's duties tethered her to his side almost incessantly.

Consequently, at two in the morning, she found herself waiting for the end of his meeting.

He called and said in a clear, pleasant voice, "Come in."

The command was brief. There was no need for him to confirm her presence. Three years had nurtured a tacit understanding between them, perfect in both personal and professional contexts.

Eileen, with the divorce papers in hand, walked into the office. Before she could turn around, a strong hand pulled her into an embrace.

Bryan kissed her the next second, and his hands moved restlessly over her body.

Stunned for a few seconds, Eileen leaned back to avoid his lips, surprise showing in her eyes.

"What's the matter?" Bryan asked, his voice almost hoarse with evident arousal.

Biting her lip, Eileen gave the divorce agreement to him. "Mr. Dawson, here is your divorce agreement. Do you need to revise it?"

Bryan took a deep breath, placed the agreement on the desk without looking at it, and turned to gaze at her.

"Eileen, you don't seem like yourself today," he said.

Eileen couldn't tell if his comment was because she had been watching them in the car or because of the current situation. She tried to change the subject with a strained smile. "Mr. Dawson, it's getting late. Should I take you home to rest? You have to be at the Dawson Mansion tomorrow morning, remember?"

"It's too late to go home now. Let's stay here tonight," Bryan said, looking towards the lounge.

Eileen's time in the lounge never exceeded three hours whenever he required her presence. Once he had satisfied his needs, she would put on her clothes and leave.

The only occasion her stay had extended beyond this duration had been when the weakness in her legs had compelled her to rest on the bed for some time.

This was the first time Bryan had invited her to spend the night.

It was her first instance of refusing Bryan. "Mr. Dawson, engaging in such actions is inappropriate, not to mention that..."

Vivian had returned.

But before she could complete her sentence, Bryan interjected, "Are you rejecting my request?"

Eileen furrowed her brow. Shouldn't she refuse him?

As his wife, she was about to get a divorce. How could she continue to stay in the manner of a mistress?

Furthermore, if he desired companionship, why hadn't he asked Vivian to stay, especially considering Vivian's apparent willingness?

However, it wasn't her place to pose these questions. Regardless of her internal confusion, she was compelled to suppress it.

"Mr. Dawson, I have commitments at home," she stated, her words a polite but clear denial.

Bryan dipped his head, resting it against her shoulder, his breath warm

against her collarbone, causing a tingling sensation.

"Then take me to Oak Villas on your way back. Tomorrow, bring the divorce agreement and pick me up to go to Dawson Mansion," he murmured, his breath brushing her neck. Then, he straightened up, walked back to his desk, took his suit, and departed.

Eileen remained silent as she followed him out. Claiming she had matters to attend to at home wasn't entirely an excuse.

After dropping Bryan off, she reached her apartment within ten minutes.

The apartment was a duplex. It was modest in size but spanning two levels, valued at around two million dollars due to its desirable location.

Bryan had given it to her as a birthday present the previous year, at a night they had been intimate.

Upon returning, she set down her purse and car keys, switched on the light, and ascended to the second floor. There, she retrieved her marriage certificate and the needed documents from the bedside drawer before heading back downstairs to place them in her bag.

If Stella Dawson, Bryan's grandmother, consented to Vivian and Bryan reconciling tomorrow, the subsequent step would be to finalize her divorce with him.

She knew she wouldn't have the opportunity to return for the documents tomorrow.

Exposing her identity as his wife would invariably end her role as his assistant.

She pondered over how to reveal to him tomorrow that she was the wife he had forgotten.

Would Bryan ever believe her intentions had been to solely work for him?


Due to Bryan's inability to recognize her and her urgent need for the job, she had kept her identity hidden.

Later, discovering his disdain for deceit had complicated matters further.

She had found herself too fearful to tell him that.

But now, she was left with no option but to hope that she would not be in a terrible situation tomorrow.

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 +120 Points at most

Lost in thought, she eventually dozed off on the sofa. The alarm, set for six in the morning, woke her up.

Glancing at the clock, she hurried to get ready, applying makeup meticulously, even though the makeup was unable to conceal the shadows under her eyes.

She boiled two eggs and warmed up a bottle of milk as her breakfast. She finished eating before setting off to Oak Villas.

Despite lacking an appetite, she had forced herself to eat. Knowing the divorce papers would mark the start of her job search, she needed the energy.

Looking tired, Bryan boarded the car and immediately closed his eyes, adding to Eileen's already somber mood.

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