

## Chapter 3 Apex Group's CEO Is Getting A New Wife

The Dawson Mansion occupied a sprawling hillside, encompassing over five thousand square meters. At its iron gate, Vivian awaited in her vehicle.

Bryan and Eileen arrived at the gate. "Stop the car," Bryan said. Without delay, Eileen steered the car to the roadside and parked.

Bryan then opened the door and exited the car. Vivian, who was vibrant like a young girl, had been in the car ahead of them. She also disembarked and hurried towards Bryan.

"Bryan, I was too apprehensive to enter alone, so I waited for you here," Vivian admitted.

For the first time, Eileen chose to remain inside the car. She observed through the window, noting Bryan's face was turned away from her, his expression one of tenderness and indulgence towards Vivian. However, Eileen knew that his softness would evaporate once he was confronted with the truth.

At that moment, the iron gate began to open slowly, and the butler, Jarred, emerged.

"Miss Warren, welcome back. It's been a while," he greeted.

With a bright smile, Vivian responded, "Yes, it has been a long time! But... We'll see each other often soon!"

Jarred offered a courteous smile before turning his attention to Bryan. "Sir, had you informed me of your arrival earlier, I could have been prepared. Your grandmother mentioned wanting to visit the church and, acting on a sudden impulse, she went there last night. Yet, here you are today."

Vivian's smile faded at his words.

Bryan furrowed his brow in response.

Eileen, on the other hand, was still seated in the car, struggling to

suppress her laughter.

Her amusement wasn't sparked by the delay in exposing her identity.

Rather, it was Stella's deliberate avoidance of them and her overt revelation of this fact, designed to provoke their frustration, that Eileen found humorously ironic.

"When will Stella return?" Vivian asked, struggling to conceal her disappointment.

Jarred took a moment before responding, "She didn't mention a specific time, but she won't return soon. She usually stays there for at least half a month. This time, she mentioned wanting to enjoy a few extra days of quiet."

Stella had chosen to be absent this morning because she knew Bryan would come here with Vivian.

Bryan's parents had been living abroad for more than ten years. Their work kept them so busy that they only managed to come home once or twice a year.

Stella had raised Bryan and valued him more than her own life. Eileen could understand why Stella would have hard feelings toward Vivian because of what had happened six years ago.

Yesterday, Eileen had been too concerned about the consequences of her identity being revealed to consider Stella's feelings.

How could Stella easily forgive Vivian?

Eileen got out of the car and greeted the butler, "Good morning, Jarred."

When Jarred saw her, his smile was more sincere than it had been for Vivian. "Miss Curtis, Mrs. Dawson mentioned you two days ago. She appreciated how hard you've been working for Mr. Dawson and reminded me to tell Mr. Dawson to treat you well."

At that moment, Eileen stiffened because she noticed Bryan and Vivian were both looking at her.

Now, it was clear that Stella valued Eileen, Bryan's assistant, more than Vivian.

At this point, Eileen regretted getting out of the car.

She turned to Bryan, unsure of what to say next.

"Since grandma is not here, let's go back first," Bryan suggested.

He didn't hold Eileen responsible. He knew Stella had done that deliberately. He opened the door of Vivian's car and told Vivian, "You should go back."

Vivian walked over to the black Benz and got in, refusing to go back. "I don't want to go back. I want to go to the company with you," she said.

Bryan remained quiet for a moment before he turned, offered Jarred a look, and entered the black Benz.

"Take care, Jarred. Goodbye," Eileen said her farewells. Then, she entered the car and drove off.

Vivian's arrival at the company stirred discussions.

Everyone was aware of Bryan's marriage, understanding it was primarily to please his grandmother.

In the six years that followed, his wife had never been seen by them, making it clear Bryan's marriage was in name only.

Vivian's return, marked by her presence at the company, seemed to stake her claim.

The implications for the future were clear.

While Eileen was preparing coffee, some colleagues approached her, eager for gossip. "Eileen, is the boss about to change his wife?"

"He has never actually had a wife before," Eileen replied.

Despite feeling upset, Eileen reminded herself to come to terms with reality.

All she could do was brace for the eventual revelation of her identity and the consequences that would follow. She resolved not to disclose her identity proactively.

She believed that telling Bryan the truth herself wouldn't mitigate his anger. Anticipating her inevitable dismissal, she valued each day that she could still work here.

"You're right. I just saw Miss Warren. She's stunning!"

"Indeed. Mr. Dawson has clearly not forgotten her even after six years."

She must be charming!"

As this topic unfolded, more people joined the conversation. Eileen, holding her coffee, took a sip amidst the chatter.

After finishing her coffee, Eileen washed the cup and addressed her coworkers, "Let's focus on our tasks. Remember, work is paramount."

The identity of Bryan's enigmatic wife sparked widespread curiosity within the company. Eileen often caught snippets of their conversations, their speculation about the wife's identity never ceasing.

There were even whispers about a plan to loosen Bryan's tongue with alcohol at a social gathering, hoping he would reveal information about his wife.

Eileen wished she could enlighten them that no amount of alcohol would help because Bryan was oblivious to his wife's identity himself.

As her colleagues dispersed, Eileen anticipated their continued gossip in quieter corners.

Returning to her desk, she found Vivian occupying her chair.

"Eileen, you've returned," Vivian greeted her with a warm smile, looking like she was in a good mood. Clearly, she didn't take the butler's earlier comments to heart.

"Miss Warren, shouldn't you be with Mr. Dawson in his office?" Eileen approached, wearing a courteous smile.

"He's occupied with a meeting," Vivian responded, gesturing to the chair beside her.

That chair was usually situated in Bryan's office, but it had been relocated by Vivian, indicating her intentions to stay here for a while.

"There's no need for formality between us. Just call me Vivian. We're about the same age, after all." Vivian noticed Eileen's hesitation and gently urged her to take a seat.

Eileen, on the other hand, was apprehensive because she was worried about what Vivian might do.

"Bryan can be quite temperamental. You've probably been scolded a lot by him over the years, right?" Vivian said, her tone casual.

"It's alright. I've come to understand his actions," Eileen replied.



"Bryan mentioned you're the longest-serving assistant he's had, a testament to your competence," Vivian remarked. "I've seen many male assistants like my brother's assistant, Benjamin. You seem to be better than most of them."

Eileen listened with her gaze lowered. There was a sense of detachment in her eyes. Vivian's friendliness left her feeling slightly guilty.

"Is Bryan always so tied up with work?" Despite the fact that Eileen wasn't responding, Vivian kept the conversation going.

"He's extremely busy, not finishing work until around ten each evening," Eileen replied.

"Could you share his schedule with me?" Vivian asked, gesturing with her phone. "You can send it to me over WhatsApp."

It became clear to Eileen now that Vivian's reason for connecting on WhatsApp had been merely to access Bryan's schedule.

"I'm sorry, Miss Warren, but I'm not at liberty to share Mr. Dawson's schedule," Eileen said, respectfully refusing Vivian.

"Not even with me? Given our connection, I assure you, I wouldn't disclose his schedule to anyone," Vivian said.

"Miss Warren, please understand my position. Don't make things difficult for me," Eileen replied, not wanting to seem obstructive to Vivian deliberately. Her commitment to professional ethics simply wouldn't permit such an action.

Disclosing Bryan's whereabouts carelessly could lead to dire repercussions.

Vivian exhaled in resignation. "It seems neither of you is easy to sway. Yet, if I can make Bryan happy, I'm confident he'll manage the situation with his grandmother."

Eileen, however, silently considered Vivian's optimism misplaced. Had Bryan been capable of navigating his relationship with Stella, the coerced marriage six years prior would not have occurred.

The marriage seemed more like an agreement between Bryan and Stella.

Bryan wouldn't even be able to get a divorce without Stella's approval.

"I think he holds some resentment for what transpired six years ago. My

return is an attempt at restitution. If you're unwilling to disclose his schedule, might you assist me in another manner?" Vivian said, staring at Eileen with hopeful eyes.

Faced with Vivian's earnest request, Eileen found herself unable to decline.

"If it's within my capacity, I'll lend my assistance," Eileen replied.

Vivian's expression brightened at the response. "I haven't finalized my plans yet. I'll reach out to you on WhatsApp once I do!"

Eileen nodded in agreement. Before Vivian could say something more, an intercom buzz interrupted them.

"Bring me a cup of coffee." Bryan's voice was clear and pleasant to the ear.

Before Eileen could rise, Vivian was already on her feet, declaring, "Leave these small tasks to me from now on. Focus on your responsibilities!"

With that, she proceeded to prepare coffee and delivered it to Bryan's office.

Eileen massaged her temples, refocusing on her tasks. She removed the USB drive from her computer and headed to the copy room.

There, while lost in thought beside the printer, she inadvertently produced ten copies without realizing it.

A colleague entering the room noticed it and said, "Eileen, why did you make so many copies?"

Eileen's mind had been preoccupied with thoughts of what might be transpiring between Vivian and Bryan in his office. She was snapped back to reality by her colleague.

"I've finished using the printer. You can use it now," she said.

Exiting the copy room with the documents in hand, she was swiftly guided to a secluded corner.

"Eileen, is it true that Mr. Dawson's first love has returned?" Judie Curtis asked, donning a business suit and makeup too heavy for her age, not pausing for a response. "What's gonna happen to you? Were your two years sleeping with him all for naught?"

Perhaps due to how agitated she was, her voice was loud enough to

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garner the attention of the people leaving the copy room.

Frowning, Eileen responded, "Please, you don't need to worry about me. Moreover, such topics are not appropriate for work hours."

Judie was the only person privy to Eileen's private matters with Bryan.

"How could I not worry? Roderick and I are looking for a place in the school district, remember?" she said with urgency.

Eileen met Judie's gaze, which carried a hint of self-serving intent.

Roderick was Eileen's younger brother, and Judie was his spouse, a modest university alumna.

Judie had benefited from Eileen's support to secure a position in the company.

Now, Judie's expectations had escalated to a car and a house, and she wanted Eileen to help her achieve that.