

Chapter 5 Do You Know Who Bryan's Wife Is

"You—" Ruby was about to say more, but Bailee cut her off. Bailee just arrived at the ward and heard what Ruby was talking about.

"Mom, there's no need to concern yourself with Eileen's matters like that," Bailee said, helping Eileen and stopping Ruby from continuing the topic.

Eileen returned the gesture with a smile, took some pieces of bread and a glass of milk, and found a quiet spot to enjoy her meal.

Ruby's stern look fell on Bailee. "You always stir the pot, don't you?"

Yet Bailee's energy was infectious. She soon had Ruby chuckling, deflecting any further matchmaking talk for Eileen.

Post-breakfast, it was time for Eileen to depart for work. She and Bailee shared small talk as they descended in the elevator.

"I'm gearing up for my internship," Bailee said.

Eileen considered that for a moment. "Need me to pull some strings?"

Bailee waved off the offer. "No, I've got to carve my own path. It's important to me."

A fleeting thought of Judie brought a wry smile to Eileen's face. Just last night, Roderick had tried to lure her out with a dinner invitation, but Eileen saw through the ruse and politely declined.

Bailee's tone took on a determined edge. "I'll be earning soon. Not only will I stand on my own, but I'll also contribute. And when I'm able, I'll start to repay you for all the money you've spent on Mom."

Her words were not loud but filled with earnest resolve.

Exiting the elevator, they were greeted by the hum of the lobby. Eileen halted when Bailee's words reached her, and they turned to face one another.

Eileen's hand found Bailee's shoulder in a comforting gesture.



"Don't fret about the finances," Eileen reassured her. "I never expected repayment. It was Mom's grit that got me here, not to feel like a stranger in my own life. But if you're set on contributing, that's alright by me."

A guilty look often clouded Bailee's face, which Eileen found heartbreaking. "Just make sure you're making money through your hard work, Bailee. That's crucial," Eileen said.

A shadow passed over Bailee's usually sparkling eyes. She alone bore the secret of Eileen's sacrifice for Ruby's sake.

"From now on, Bryan's support may not be an option. We'll look after Mom together, alright? Just say the word if anything happens," Bailee said.

Eileen's eyes widened at Bailee's words. The news of Vivian's return had quickly spread in the business world and upper society. But how could Bailee, who was still in school, know that?

Seeing Eileen's expression, Bailee retrieved her phone.

"Haven't you heard? Bryan and Vivian were out together last night, having dinner and watching a movie. Afterward, they went back to Bryan's place together. It's the talk of the town," Bailee said.

Eileen glanced at the screen, her emotions a whirlwind of hurt and confusion.

"I have to go to work now," Eileen said, her voice steady despite the storm inside. "You head back to Mom. Remember, if the internship throws you a curveball, I'm here."

With those parting words, Eileen turned and walked away, her morning too rushed to see the news that now shook her world.

"Take care..." Bailee's voice trailed after Eileen, a soft echo in the busy hallway. She watched until Eileen blended into the distance, then turned to go back to Ruby's ward.

Ruby was quick to express her discontent as Bailee reentered. "You cut me off. Your sister and I weren't done. She's not seeing anyone, is she? Must be hung up on that old flame six years ago..."

Bailee, tidying up amidst Ruby's ongoing musings, finally spoke up. "How about scouting a boyfriend for me instead? I'm graduating in the second half of the year. I'll be an intern soon."

At Oak Villas, several people were taking a stroll outside Bryan's place.

Eileen spotted the leisurely figures for what they were—prying eyes of the press. She shielded the scene from them with her car, typing in the security code with practiced ease and stepping inside.

Upon entering, her gaze landed on a pair of high heels—unmistakably Vivian's from the day before.

Bryan's shoes were its companion, and a weight settled in Eileen's chest, her steps suddenly leaden.

Had Vivian spent the night in Bryan's place?

A realization dawned on Eileen—she had the access code not out of intimacy, but for utility, to assist Bryan home when he was drunk.

The familiarity of his corporate lounge contrasted sharply with the foreignness of his personal space.

Lost in thought, the sound of footsteps snapped Eileen back to the present. It seemed like they went to the dining room.

Eileen steadied herself with a deep breath, donning a practiced smile as she entered the dining room.

However, in the dining room was only Bryan, clad in casual gray pants, his upper body bare.

His abs were visible and incredibly sexy.

Despite the familiarity of his athletic build and his striking appearance, Eileen felt her heart flutter every time.

But she had become a master at concealing her feelings over the years.

Her voice was even as she spoke. "Mr. Dawson, the press is swarming outside. Would you like me to create a diversion to allow you an escape with Miss Warren?"

Bryan, milk in hand, regarded her with an intensity that belied the casualness of the moment. Her attire was slightly less than immaculate, and there was a faint smell of disinfectant mixed with her familiar scent.

Bryan frowned. "Vivian isn't here," he said.

Eileen's surprise was genuine, a brief flicker before she regained her poise.

Without offering further details, Bryan sipped his milk and ascended the stairs, likely to change.

Eileen, anticipating the next move, stepped outside to ready the car. By the time Bryan emerged, she smoothly took her place at the wheel, starting the car and bypassing the journalists with ease.

Their escape was smooth, but Eileen noticed the journalists tailing them in their cars through the rearview mirror.

Upon arriving at the company, Eileen parked the car in the underground parking lot and got out with Bryan. Their ascent was silent and swift through the CEO's elevator, delivering them to the top floor.

They arrived early and encountered no other employees on their way there. Bryan gestured for Eileen to proceed straight to his office.

Eileen delivered her update in front of Bryan's desk. "I've alerted the PR team en route. They're gearing up to manage the news. The rumors shouldn't shake the company."

Bryan, lingering by the lounge entrance, simply arched an eyebrow. "Forget the media frenzy. Come and take a shower," he said.

Eileen's confusion was palpable, her eyes wide with surprise. "A shower now?"

The bathroom's subdued lighting had once flattered her, a setting Bryan had favored.

She used to do whatever he would ask her to do. But that was before, now...

Bryan's impatience crept into his voice as he ushered her into the bathroom. "Why the hesitation?"

Before she could muster any resistance, she found herself pushed into the bathroom.

Bryan's presence remained outside as he informed her through the closed door. "You've got spare clothes there from our last event. Get changed once you're done showering."

Then, the sound of the lounge door signaled his exit.

In the stillness of the moment, Eileen grappled with a whirl of emotions, the immediate threat evaded yet an emptiness looming within.



She couldn't stand Bryan being close to Vivian one minute and then coming to her the next.

But his distant demeanor now made her feel bad, too.

Resigning to the situation, she shed her garments and let the water wash over her. She only took ten minutes to shower.

Stepping out with damp locks, she found no dryer, resorting to a half-dried state with the towel's help.

Bryan approached her, bending slightly to smell her scent.

"That's better," he remarked. "Inform the PR department. No need to suppress the rumors; let's build some hype instead."

Eileen's tenure with Bryan had spanned three years, yet recent events had blurred the man she thought she understood.

Regardless, she replied dutifully, "Yes, Mr. Dawson."

Leaving his office, Eileen clutched the clothes she had worn before. She realized now that their scent was tinged with the sharpness of disinfectant.

She stowed them away before delivering directives to the PR team.

Back at the office, the hum of productivity enveloped her as a secretary leaned in with a concern written across her face. "Eileen, Mr. Warren and his sister, they seemed quite upset entering Mr. Dawson's office just now. And they still haven't left. Could there be trouble?"

Eileen's voice was calm. "It's alright. Don't worry," she said.

The latest news hadn't cast a flattering light on Vivian, and murmurs of discontent had been growing. So, it was perfectly normal for Kian to be mad.

But what surprised Eileen was that Bryan hadn't made moves to quell the growing storm on the news.

Eileen had barely settled into her chair when Vivian stormed out of the office.

"Miss Warren," Eileen greeted Vivian, standing up from her seat.

Vivian, fraught with frustration, walked over and collapsed into Eileen's



chair. "It's my brother. He is furious and wants to confront Bryan. He might even get physical, and I'm worried."

Eileen just listened.

"Eileen, why don't you go in and check on them? Ensure the situation doesn't escalate. Kian's barred me from entering. But you could go in," Vivian said.

Eileen remained unmoved. "Miss Warren, don't worry. Mr. Dawson is capable enough to deal with this on his own. And my presence would hardly change the course of their actions."

With a heavy sigh, Vivian walked to the door, seeking solace in eavesdropping.

Eileen remained where she was, merely watching as the chair spun because of Vivian's action. With a gentle touch, she stopped its motion.

"Even without clarity on their discussion, the absence of conflict is reassuring," Vivian said.

She walked back towards Eileen and sat down again, lowering her voice to a whisper. "Eileen, do you have any idea who Bryan's wife is?"