

## Chapter 6 Let's Head To Your Place

Uncertainty flickered across Eileen's eyes, masked by her dense lashes. "That's a question for Mr. Dawson," she suggested gently.

Vivian was perplexed. "I've asked him. He insists he's in the dark, though I doubt that. Even though his wife was chosen by his grandmother, he must know something about her, don't you think?"

Eileen could only respond with a shake of her head. "In all my time here, I've never seen Mr. Dawson seek out that information. Whether he's had others look into it, that I can't say."

The disbelief was evident on Vivian's face, her mind grappling with the idea of Bryan not pursuing the matter.

Eileen considered for a moment before replying, "Perhaps Mr. Dawson is waiting for the right moment, needing his grandmother's say-so for decisions like a divorce."

Vivian pondered the response, then said, "That's valid. Yet persuading Stella might prove difficult without his wife's support."

The smile on Eileen's face began to wane as she felt a sense of burden creeping in.

"I'll take this on myself. Bryan doesn't need the added stress," Vivian muttered.

The moment Kian emerged from the office, Vivian's concern propelled her to his side. "What happened? Did you do something to Bryan?" she inquired, a note of anxiety in her voice.

"We just had a conversation," Kian assured her, though his attention seemed anchored on Eileen.

He leaned in, resting his hands on Eileen's desk.

"Miss Curtis, expect Vivian here more frequently. If she steps out of bounds, I apologize in advance," he said.

Eileen held his gaze, her demeanor steady. "Understood."

Rising to his full height, Kian told Vivian, "I'll come pick you up this afternoon. You'll go home and lay low for a few days. Don't go out alone with Bryan."

As Vivian clung to Kian's arm, her eyes flitting with thoughts, she requested, "Come pick me up post-lunch with Bryan."

Kian, with a playful jab, asked, "Tired of Bryan, are you?"

"I'm planning a surprise. You won't understand. You can leave now..." Vivian responded.

With Kian gone, Vivian slipped back into Bryan's office, leaving Eileen to her thoughts. Composure had returned to her more swiftly than she had anticipated, her resolve firming. Whatever Vivian's search might unveil, Eileen was ready to face it without fear.

As Vivian departed with Kian, she gestured to Eileen with her phone, signaling a promise to reconnect. "Stay in touch!"

"Of course," Eileen responded, offering a warm smile before returning to her tasks.

The whirlwind of rumors surrounding Bryan and Vivian had vanished as swiftly as they had erupted, yet the ripples were felt throughout Apex Group.

Amid the day's chaos, Eileen navigated a stream of urgent tasks, her presence in Bryan's office frequent as she facilitated the necessary approvals.

Their interactions were brief. Bryan's penetrating gaze often met hers, laden with unspoken thoughts.

Eileen knew better than to engage, focusing instead on her work, and kept her distance.

The day progressed without much happening between her and Bryan. And soon, it was almost time to get off work.

However, a text from Vivian broke the rhythm.

"There's a surprise planned for Bryan tonight at the D.V Club. Could you assist in getting him there?"

A previous dinner plan, now derailed by the rumors, had cleared Bryan's schedule tonight.

Eileen was hesitant. But before she could decide on what to do, she received the details from Vivian.

"D.V Club, Room 520, 7 P.M. Thank you so much!"

With a steadying breath, Eileen texted back an acknowledgment.

Approaching Bryan's office, she rapped on the door, a measured double tap. Bryan's voice, resonant and inviting, called her in.

Upon entering, she said, "Mr. Dawson, there's been a change for this evening. There's a new dinner engagement."

Bryan glanced at the clock signaling the approach of the evening. "We can reschedule the lesser meetings."

"This one's critical," Eileen replied.

Bryan rose with purpose. "Hand over the paperwork. Meanwhile, ready the car."

Eileen passed him the papers she had prepared concerning the urgent matter with Quasar and left without delay.

Sliding behind the wheel, she navigated the car smoothly from the underground parking lot. Bryan joined her as she drove past the gate, evading the prying lenses of the press.

The D.V Club stood resplendently in Onaland's vibrant heart, a beacon of opulence. It wasn't foreign to either of them, its luxury a backdrop to many of their shared ventures.

They entered the elevator together, a silence enveloping them as Eileen pressed the button for their destination.

The limited space brought her inadvertently closer Bryan, his distinct scent surrounding her.

Upon reaching their floor, the doors receded with a soft chime, Bryan stepping forward with an air of familiarity, his gaze capturing the room number. He paused at the entrance to Room 520.

Eileen, with swift steps, nudged the door open to a room swallowed in darkness. Bryan's silhouette hesitated as a sudden burst of light unveiled





a celebration in wait.

The room bloomed to life, awash with roses and the soft glow of candles encircling Vivian, resplendent in salmon, her allure amplified by her makeup.

Her gaze, tender yet expectant, met Bryan's less than pleased one as she announced, "Surprise!"

Friends, familiar faces from Bryan's university days, came into view. They were Vivian's schoolmates as well. Eileen's face remained stoic, betraying none of her inner turmoil.

Bryan turned suddenly, his unreadable look directed at Eileen, who stood motionless, caught in a moment of uncertainty.

As the cheer ebbed under Bryan's unimpressed demeanor, attention flitted between him and Vivian.

Confronting the awkward silence, Vivian approached, positioning herself between Bryan and Eileen. "This was my doing," she said, her eyes on his. "It's me you should be upset with, not Eileen. It was all for a surprise."

Eileen, feeling the weight of Bryan's stare, managed to keep her composure, despite knowing she was part of the ploy.

But shouldn't this be a moment of joy for Bryan, with Vivian orchestrating such an elaborate gesture?

Yet, Bryan's gaze lingered on Eileen, who finally spoke. "Mr. Dawson, the fault is mine. I'm prepared for any repercussions."

Vivian, quick to Eileen's defense, took Bryan's hand. "Please, no blame should fall on her. It was my plea that convinced her."

The focus shifted seamlessly to Bryan as he gave the slightest hint of a smile, a gesture that seemed more diplomatic than joyful. "Let's just not have a repeat of this," he said.

Jacob, always the provocateur among friends, couldn't resist a tease. "Come on, you enjoy the attention, right?" His levity cut through the tension as he chided Bryan for not fully appreciating Vivian's efforts.

Nods and murmurs of agreement circled Bryan and Vivian as friends closed in, drawn by the festive ambiance Vivian had meticulously curated.

Eileen, watching from a careful distance, noticed the strained cheer in Bryan's facade. Was it an unspoken reprimand aimed at her?

Navigating this social minefield was delicate for her. Crossing Vivian could do nothing but harm to her, considering Vivian's standing within the Warren family.

As the party buzzed on, Eileen kept a respectful proximity to Bryan, her gaze occasionally meeting his over the rim of his drink.

With Vivian engaged in conversation with friends, Jacob slid into the space beside Bryan, a cigarette in hand. Lighting it for Bryan, he observed the smoke rings Bryan cast—a veil of sorts.

Then, turning his attention to Eileen with a mischievous quirk of his brow, Jacob remarked, "Bryan, you've got quite the standout assistant, don't you?"

In the low light of the room, Bryan's eyes briefly met Eileen's downturned face. "What do you mean?" he asked, an icy undercurrent in his voice.

"I mean, who knew she'd side with Vivian and draw you in? Do you think it's because your charm is wearing thin?" Jacob's tone was light but probing. He had been the first to uncover the affairs between Bryan and Eileen.

But he knew how to keep a secret well.

Bryan's gaze, sharp and questioning, met his. "Cut to the chase."

Jacob, undeterred, nudged at the truth he perceived. "Seems she's more interested in your wealth than anything else." Patting Bryan's back, a seemingly jovial suggestion from Jacob followed. "Now that Vivian's back, how about passing Eileen to me?"

The suggestion struck a nerve. Bryan's expression tightened, a storm brewing in his eyes. Jacob recoiled, his joke souring. "Easy, just a thought. You know what they say about mixing business with pleasure. I was just wondering how she's managed to get your attention; that's all. Just forget about what I said."

Jacob quickly stood up and returned to his seat.

Bryan reclined on the couch, a cigarette dangling from his hand while his arm found comfort on the armrest. There was an effortless nobility about him, heightened by his charming gaze.

Eileen's pale reflection danced in his dark eyes.

She radiated charm, even bare-faced, and he couldn't deny her allure,

both at the office and in bed.

Eileen lifted her gaze, her eyes locking with Bryan's. A moment passed before she approached him, her voice a whisper. "Mr. Dawson, how may I assist you?"

Bryan lowered his gaze, scanning the delicate skin on her neck. "The press will swarm us soon. Dawson Mansion and Oak Villas are out of the question. Let's head to your place later," he said.