

## Chapter 7 He's My Brother

Eileen's eyes grew wide with surprise. The idea of going to her place had caught her off guard.

"Bryan!" Vivian reappeared, nestling into Bryan's embrace with a playful smile. "My high school graduation photos are missing, and they're not giving them to me. Come and help me out here!"

With those words, she rose, took hold of Bryan's hand, and led him away through a sea of people.

Eileen sat up straight, turning Bryan's suggestion over in her mind.

The reporters gathered there weren't just aiming to snap pictures. They would certainly attempt to halt their progress for interviews if given the opportunity.

If Bryan ended up drinking too much, it would be a simple task for someone from Oak Villas to intercept them. It was a given that individuals would be waiting at the Dawson Mansion's gates as well.

Compared to these scenarios, her home was indeed a safer option, yet it wasn't the sole choice available.

As Eileen waded through her uncertainty, the crowd began to thin out. Jacob made his way to Eileen and spoke. "Bryan's had too much to drink. Bring the car around, and I'll assist you in getting him inside."

"Thank you, Mr. Meyer," Eileen said.

Grateful for Jacob's offer, Eileen left to fetch the car. She parked at the entrance of D.V Club, exited the car, and opened the door to help Jacob with Bryan.

Bryan slumped into the seat, his head lolling to the side, visibly intoxicated. It was a first for Eileen, witnessing Bryan in such a state.

"He's never been one to drink heavily. Vivian's presence must have thrilled him!"

This remark led to a burst of laughter, with Vivian turning a shade of red and retreating into Kian's embrace.

"Miss Curtis, I'm entrusting Bryan to your care. Please be cautious on your journey," Kian said, turning to Eileen with a smile.

After closing the car door, Eileen offered a brief nod. "Mr. Warren, Miss Warren, Mr. Meyer, I'll be taking Mr. Dawson home now."

Vivian waved goodbye but whispered a complaint to Kian, "Can't I go and take care of Bryan?"

"No, you cannot," Kian said, denying her request without hesitation.

With Vivian watching regretfully, Eileen departed with Bryan. As predicted, Oak Villas and Dawson Mansion were besieged by reporters.

Driving near her apartment on quieter roads, Eileen found herself circling, unsure of her next move.

"Planning to keep driving until dawn?" Bryan's low, raspy voice broke the silence from the backseat.

Eileen turned to see him massaging his temples, his eyes still closed. His ability to speak indicated he had been conscious for some time.

So, he wasn't truly inebriated.

"Mr. Dawson, perhaps I should book a hotel room for you?" Eileen suggested softly.

Any location seemed preferable to her own place now.

"I'd rather go to your place," Bryan stated, his voice carrying an undeniable allure in the silence of the car.

Eileen bit her lip, on the verge of speaking, yet Bryan continued, "Alternatively, we could just park by the roadside and spend the night here."

He stressed the final words significantly, leaving her no room to interpret 'spend the night' as merely sleeping.

Setting aside her reservations, she evaded the reporters in pursuit and headed for her home.

The moment the car stopped, even before Eileen could unfasten her seatbelt, Bryan exited the vehicle.

As Eileen made her way to the door, Bryan was already there, leaning against the doorframe. The moonlight stretched his shadow across the floor.

Eileen approached, her gaze fixed firmly on the floor, unable to meet his eyes. She typed in the password to unlock the door.

"What's the password?" Bryan inquired.

"My birthday," Eileen replied casually, knowing Bryan wasn't aware of her birthday. The door clicked open, and she gestured for him to enter. "Welcome, Mr. Dawson, to my simple home."

Bryan let out a soft laugh and stepped inside.

After shutting the door, Eileen drew the curtains of the floor-to-ceiling windows, hoping to deter any reporters from taking photos. Such an incident would be difficult to explain.

Just as she was putting away the remote, she felt a warm hand on her waist. Bryan's body was close against hers, making her pause.

Bryan rested his chin on her shoulder, his breath warm against her ear, causing a shiver to run through her.

"Forget about the lounge; let's make this our spot from now on," he whispered.

His hand guided her to face him, her expression one of worry and confusion.

"Mr. Dawson, Miss Warren has returned. We shouldn't carry on like this." Eileen managed to speak, aiming for directness.

Bryan laughed softly, giving her a look that seemed to challenge her words. "Oh? Don't need the money anymore? Since when do you make the decisions?"

Speechless, Eileen realized she had no authority over the beginning or end of their unusual relationship.

The mix of alcohol and smoke clung to Bryan, enveloping Eileen as he drew closer. "Eileen, you've never been one to play by the rules. Why start now?"

Eileen pondered whether his words were a critique of her transition from assistant to mistress, or for breaking protocol on Vivian's behalf that evening.

Bryan's gaze was intense as he held her closer. Taking a deep breath, Eileen finally looked up at him. "Mr. Dawson, I refuse to be a home wrecker," she said.

Bryan's response was a soft chuckle. "A home wrecker? Weren't you that already?"

That was not what Eileen believed.

She was Bryan's wife, after all. Even if he didn't acknowledge her, calling her a home wrecker wasn't fair before.

But now, with Vivian in the picture, Bryan choosing divorce meant... The thought of being intimate with him while he had feelings for another was unbearable for Eileen.

Eileen averted her gaze, sensing the edge in his tone.

"Why?" Her voice was barely above a whisper, yet it carried a firm determination.

Bryan's eyes, deep and unfathomable, glanced down at her. "Because I need you, and you're just obedient enough," he said, his voice a mix of allure and command that clouded her thoughts. Eileen struggled to grasp what he meant.

She wanted to challenge him, to question why he wouldn't seek out



Vivian instead. Wouldn't his action make Vivian sad?

"Mr. Dawson..." she began.

But Bryan quickly cut her off, "We're not at work. Call me Bryan, okay?"

Taking a deep breath, Eileen felt a turmoil inside her, making it even harder for her to meet his gaze.

It wasn't until Bryan scooped her up effortlessly that she finally looked directly at him, finding in his eyes a wild, captivating fire that melted away her resolve.

She found herself unable to deny Bryan, nor could she escape the choice he had made for her.

Resistance seemed futile, particularly with the looming burden of Ruby's medical expenses... The reality was, she might be cast aside eventually. So, why not secure what financial support she could get now? The notion that Bryan might ever look upon her fondly in the future seemed far-fetched.

The single word, "Impossible", echoed in her mind as Bryan's fingers worked the buttons of her shirt, the cool air brushing against her skin.

At home, she realized, it felt vastly different from when they were in the company's lounge. Here, there were no interruptions, no need to rush for fear of drawing suspicion.

Bryan's stamina was a new revelation, extending what used to be mere hours into a whole night.

It wasn't until after four in the morning that he finally released her, and they emerged from the shower, only to fall into bed, exhausted.

But sleep eluded Eileen. Bryan's scent filled the room, subtle yet intoxicating, and in the dim light, she could just make out the lines of his face.

He lay there as if he were in his own home, sleeping soundly.

As dawn broke, sunlight slipped through the curtains, casting a soft glow on Bryan's face.



He stirred, shielding his eyes with a hand, reaching out for Eileen in a half-awake gesture, only to find her not within his grasp.

Opening his eyes a crack, he found the space beside him empty and lacking warmth, indicating that Eileen had been up for quite some time.

He flung the covers back and rose from the bed. Slipping into his pants, he moved downstairs, his feet bare, his torso uncovered. In the kitchen, Eileen, clad in her professional attire, busied herself with breakfast.

She was holding a white plate hosting two fried eggs. Turning, her eyes met Bryan's.

Bryan propped himself against the railing, a cigarette hanging unlit from his lips.

In his view, Eileen hadn't changed. She was as steadfast as ever.

However, to Eileen, Bryan appeared transformed. His posture relaxed, his hair slightly unkempt, he was miles away from his office persona, exuding an effortless charm.

Eileen set the plate on the table, offering a slight nod. "Mr. Dawson, I've prepared some breakfast. You can join me if you want. I've also arranged some toiletries for you; you might want to freshen up first."

She had bought the items early in the morning, even remembering to pick up a pair of men's slippers for him.

Bryan turned, heading back upstairs. Returning, he was already wearing his suit. After freshening up, he took his place at the dining table.

The spread included fried eggs, bowls of cereal, and several slices of toast.

It was a lavish setup. Bryan's comment broke the silence. "It appears you are not tired enough from last night, Miss Curtis."

He reserved the title Miss Curtis for moments of sarcasm shared between them.

Eileen, taken aback and unsure of his irritation, glanced his way with a mix of surprise and confusion. But he had already immersed himself in

his meal.

Eileen ate quickly, her hunger sated, then turned to clean up the mess of their previous evening's escapades upstairs.

A soft noise from the door caught Bryan's attention. Placing his fork down, he approached the door and peered through the peephole, greeted by a disheveled head of hair.

Opening the door, he was met with a man in a delivery vest who stumbled in with a pained "ouch."

"Are you using delivery as a pretext to spy on single women?" Bryan's voice dripped with disdain as he looked down at the man. "She's taken. Best to move on."

The commotion drew Eileen downstairs in haste. Spotting Bryan reaching for his phone, possibly to alert the authorities, she intervened. "Mr. Dawson, he's my younger brother!" she called out.

