

Chapter 8 Thank You For Taking Care Of My Sister

Eileen grabbed Bryan's phone and deleted the number he had been dialing.

Roderick's surprise at seeing a stranger in Eileen's home was evident. When he realized the man was Bryan, he widened his eyes.

Judie had told him that Bryan's loved one had returned, making Eileen's relationship with Bryan unstable. Yet, the scene before him painted a different picture.

Rising quickly, Roderick reached out to Bryan with a flattering grin. "You're Mr. Dawson, right? I'm Roderick, Eileen's younger brother. It's a pleasure meeting you."

Bryan paused, eyeing Roderick's hand without any move to return the gesture.

Eileen, caught in an awkward moment, felt sorry for her brother, who seemed unaware of the faux pas.

Pulling his hand back, Roderick didn't miss a beat. "Mr. Dawson, I can't thank you enough for looking after my sister. As her brother, it means the world to me. I..."

"Cut it out. We're already late," Eileen cut him off, urging him with a look.

Roderick, with a nod and a respectful bow, moved towards the door, dropping a hint as he walked. "Eileen, about that house in a good school district, I've only got fifty thousand saved. I'm counting on you now."

Eileen's stare turned icy as Roderick's smile wilted. He left without another word.

Hopping on his delivery tricycle, Roderick rang Judie, bubbling with news. "All's going according to plan. And guess who I bumped into at Eileen's

place? Bryan Dawson, her boss. He's at her place early in the morning. It's clear she's in a solid spot with him. That house in the school district is as good as ours now."

Judie's silence lingered before she queried, "Has Eileen agreed to the house purchase?"

"Well, not yet, but..."

Before Roderick could finish, Judie interjected, "Idiot! Your sister's making moves with Mr. Dawson and keeping us in the dark. She'll never buy that house. Are you blind?"

Roderick, at a loss for words, could only ask, "What should we do?"

"Time she learned a lesson. With the rumors about Vivian, Eileen must be nervous..." Judie mumbled a lot, but Roderick didn't follow. He decided to leave the plan to her.

Back at the house, Eileen felt Bryan's gaze intensify, his silence weighing heavily. "Is this why you needed the money?" he asked.

Eileen, who had kept her mother's sickness from Bryan to avoid any unwarranted associations, now faced his scrutiny. She didn't want him thinking she was doing this only to give money to her brother.

Bryan took her silence for agreement, his disappointment evident. "You have ten minutes. We need to leave soon."

With that, he left first.

Eileen rushed to clean up the kitchen; there's no time for her to think about Bryan's view of her.

Once the ten minutes passed, she got in the car and drove off, Bryan's presence a silent force beside her.

On the way, Bryan's phone suddenly rang. He answered swiftly.

Vivian's voice, though unclear, was unmistakable to Eileen.

"Okay." Hanging up, Bryan directed, "Let's head to Riverside Estate."

Eileen, sensing his frustration, made a quick detour. "Mr. Dawson, is there trouble?"

"Reporters have surrounded the Warren family's residence, so Kian sent Vivian to the Riverside Estate. But the reporters caught wind of it. Now, Vivian's alone there," Bryan said.

Eileen pressed on the accelerator, determined to outpace the relentless pursuit of news hounds known for preying on the vulnerable. They didn't dare confront Bryan directly, choosing instead to harass Vivian.

Riverside Estate was no high-end haven. It was respectable enough, yet the security left much to be desired. Reporters swarmed the building Vivian was in.

Eileen and Bryan made their way into the underground parking lot with a stealth that belied their urgency. The elevator ride up was silent, a calm before the storm. Outside Vivian's apartment, a gaggle of reporters lay in wait, their eagerness palpable.

The moment Bryan stepped out, the air charged with excitement, reporters closing in with questions sharp enough to cut.

"Mr. Dawson, your thoughts on Miss Warren?"

"Have you considered your wife's feelings?"

Eileen found herself a barrier between Bryan and the probing microphones, the crowd's pressure pushing her against him.

She found it puzzling that the reporters seemed more thrilled than she was. After all, she was the wife in question.

"Everyone, what you're doing might just cross the line into illegal territory. I'm asking you kindly to leave." Eileen raised her voice. Yet, her plea was lost in the noise, drowned out by their relentless questioning of Bryan until the sound of the door interrupted.

Vivian, drawn by the commotion, emerged, likely unprepared for the situation.

Her eyes, red from crying, peeked out. However, in an instant, the door

was pulled wide open from outside, sending her tumbling out onto the floor.

Eileen felt a shove from behind and suddenly found herself amidst the reporters, unable to pinpoint who had stepped on her or which camera tripod had collided with her. Pain shot through her.

Regaining her balance, she noticed Bryan had already made his way to Vivian, wrapping her protectively in his arms. His gaze, fierce with anger, was fixed on the photographers who didn't stop taking photos.

Eileen attempted to speak, but words failed her, at a loss for how to deal with the insistent crowd. Then, as if on cue, Kian appeared with bodyguards, quickly clearing the reporters away.

Vivian, now visibly injured on her leg, was carefully picked up by Bryan and escorted away. He shot Eileen a look and noticed her disheveled state.

He narrowed his eyes as he declared, "You're coming with us to the hospital."

Then, he strode into the elevator. Eileen followed, pressing the button for the floor and remained quiet, head bowed.

With Kian handling the reporters, it was just the three of them who went to the hospital.

Once at the hospital, Vivian was whisked away for examination, leaving Bryan in the waiting area. Eileen, having paid the bills, returned slightly limping from the discomfort in her leg.

She tried to mask it, but Bryan caught on immediately. "Did your legs get hurt?"

As she handed the payment receipt to the nurse, Eileen dismissed his concern with a shake of her head. "Oh, it's nothing serious. A bit of rest should do the trick."

Bryan, not convinced, told the nurse, "Make sure her legs get checked as well."

The nurse said to Eileen, "Please come this way. The doctor will see you now."

Eileen quickly refused her. "Really, there's no need. A few days of rest, and I'll be as good as new."

Bryan's expression grew stern. "Show me the way. I'll take her there," he told the nurse, who then started to lead the way.

Bryan caught hold of Eileen's wrist. Eileen was on the verge of pulling away when she caught the sound of someone exiting the examination room.

"Who's Vivian Warren's family member?" the doctor asked.

Bryan stopped walking, and Eileen withdrew her hand. "How is Vivian?" she asked.

"The wound on her leg is deep. It requires a couple of stitches, but the patient is not cooperating. She insists on the company of Bryan Dawson," the doctor explained, looking rather distressed. "We'll need to heed her request, or we cannot proceed with the stitching."

Eileen glanced at Bryan, noticing the concern etched deep on his face. "You should go in," she suggested.

Bryan met her gaze, remaining still.

Only when Eileen agreed to accompany the nurse for her own check-up did he break eye contact. He then went inside to calm Vivian down. The door to the examination room shut gently behind him. From within, Vivian's voice, tearful and full of grievances, could be heard calling for Bryan.

"Let's go," Eileen told the nurse who had been waiting.

Upon examining her legs, the doctor saw a significant bruise and swelling on one of her knees.

"It appears to be caused by an external force. You'll need to rest adequately for the next few days. Forego wearing high heels and minimize walking," the doctor recommended, prescribing medication to aid blood circulation. "Staying in bed would be ideal."

"Is there a quicker way to lessen the swelling?" Eileen inquired. Staying in

bed was not an option for her. She had not taken a single day off in three years, weekends aside, while working for Bryan.

Understanding her professional commitment from her attire, the doctor suggested, "Acupuncture could be beneficial. It might take around twenty to thirty minutes and could be slightly uncomfortable."

"That's fine," Eileen replied, assuming Vivian's stitches would take a while, too. She had time.

As she lay on the examination table, the doctor approached with a set of silver needles, pressing against the swollen area of her leg, which caused discomfort and made her wince.

The real pain came with the insertion of the first needle. She nearly cried out; her instinct was to reach out for something.

A warm hand then enveloped hers. Glancing over, she saw it was the nurse offering comfort. "This might sting a bit. If it becomes unbearable, you can hold my hand, but please avoid interfering with the doctor," the nurse said.

For a moment, Eileen's gaze lingered. Then, she let go, clutching the blanket instead. "Thank you, but I can manage."

Yet, she felt a profound sense of emptiness.

Once the needles were in place, the discomfort began to subside. Fatigue from a restless night took over, and Eileen drifted off to sleep.

She was rudely awakened by a sharp pain as the doctor began removing the needles.

"See, the swelling has significantly reduced," he said, pointing to her leg as she woke. "Should time allow, another session tomorrow could help eliminate the swelling. The medication should heal the injury in about a week."

Eileen observed the remarkable reduction in swelling.

She requested more medication, indicating she might not come tomorrow. The doctor obliged, writing her a prescription for several days. Taking it, Eileen left his office.

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Rather than fetching her medicine straightaway, she made her way to the examination room. There, she learned Vivian's stitches were done, and Vivian had been moved to the VIP ward where her family was gathered.



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