

Master of his heart (Brielle And Max)

Chapter 1

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Max Dorsey never imagined he'd wake up under a woman in a woman's bed. Brielle snagged his collar and planted a wet kiss on his neck, ensuring she left a telling mark before releasing him.

"Morning, Uncle Max."

After the greeting, she leaned in for a passionate good morning kiss on his lips.

Max's hair was a tousled mess, his hawk-like eyes narrowed slightly, and he chuckled, his hand playfully squeezing her neck. "Brielle, you're quite bold."

Taking him for a ride, she certainly was bold.

His grip tightened.

Brielle's face turned a deep shade of red as she flashed him a charming, breathless smile, "Life is too short, better make every moment count, right?"

Max paused, a frosty glint in his eyes as he let her go and reached for his clothes.

"Uncle Max, where are you off to now?"

His features were staggeringly attractive. Even a casual glance sent shivers down one's spine. "Off to pick out a plot for you in the cemetery. Do you prefer a sunrise or sunset view?"

Brielle's pupils dilated, and she looked away sheepishly, "You're really funny, Uncle Max."

Max stood nearly six-foot-three, an imposing figure with a black rosary bracelet giving him an otherworldly air. He was the Dorsey family's fifth son,

commonly known as The Priest. "Coffin preferences? What kind of wood do you fancy?"

There was not a hint of a smile in his eyes. His wrist bones were tense, and his dark eyes, slightly lowered, were tinted with a hint of indifference.

Brielle licked her lips, "Is there also a coffin? It looks like you want to preserve my whole body. Should I say thank you?"

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Max had never encountered such an audacious woman. A few specks of ruthlessness surged in his eyes. His long finger lifted, tilting her chin up.

Her face was one of the most stunning in Beaconsfield. Describing her as breathtaking wouldn't be an exaggeration, but she was vain, pretentious, and pompous, the type of woman he despised the most.

"You want to remain intact?"

"If you are generous enough."

She didn't have a flamboyant beauty, rather a delicate and soft air, her expressions softening her features just right.

Max suddenly laughed, the harshness in his eyes receding, but his grip on her grew firmer. He tormented her until she winced in pain, his other hand tracing down along her waist.

The cold touch of the black rosary bracelet against her skin made her tense up. He wasn't flirting: he was appraising her like an item for sale.

"Can't Spencer satisfy you?"

Spencer was Brielle's fiancé, Max's nephew.

But not for long. Spencer had been caught in bed with her best friend, and now Brielle had returned the favor with this grand gesture.

What a delightful game!

"What do you mean, Uncle Max? I assure you, there's nothing untoward between your nephew and me."

Brielle's voice was dripping with seduction, her glossy tongue peeked out from between her lips, enchanting like a siren.

Max narrowed his eyes. In Beaconsfield, countless women desired to be with him, but he had never taken them seriously. And now, his soon-to-be niece-in-law had succeeded.

A dangerous aura began to envelop him.

"Are you sure this is what you want?"

"Huh?"

Brielle had just enough time to let out a gasp before a wave of intense trepidation swept from her throat to her stomach, as Max pinned her back onto the bed.

"Mmph."

His force was overwhelming, ensnaring her limbs and torso with an overpowering grasp.

In the end, Brielle couldn't even summon a sound. It wasn't until the jarring ring of her cellphone that she blinked awake from the chaos.

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Chapter 2

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Brielle glanced at the date on her phone screen and realized she'd lost herself in another night.

Outside, the rain was coming down in buckets, and the warmth wrapped around her waist tightened like vines. She reached for her phone and saw it was Spencer calling, so she hit the answer button.

“Hello?”

The man beside her seemed to stir awake. Brielle quickly lowered her voice, “Spencer,

what’s up?”

Her throat was so hoarse she could barely speak, so she got out of bed to pour herself a glass of water to soothe it.

“Where have you been these past couple of days? Lillian and I have been texting you like crazy, and you haven’t responded.”

Brielle tied her robe and met the man’s gaze as she lifted her head. He had a strong presence, with a high nose and deep-set eyes, which gave him an air of aloof coolness.

A sense of relief washed over her: Sure, she was spent, but at least she’d managed to cheat on Spencer as well.

What goes around comes around.

“Well, I didn’t see them. Is there something wrong?” Brielle nonchalantly picked up the suit jacket from the floor.

“Uncle Max is back in town. I’m picking you up in ten minutes for a family dinner.”

Before Brielle could reply, Spencer hung up. Brielle raised an eyebrow and then turned to

Max.

“Uncle Max, you are going back home?” Her tone was teasing and alluring.

Just then, a knock came at the door.

Was Spencer here already?

She glanced at Max, searching for even a hint of guilt on his face. Nothing. He looked as

casual as if he were in his own home.

Brielle pointed to the bathroom and chuckled. My fiancé's here. Mind hiding out for a bit?" Her tone was casual, but the message was clear.

The voice outside was unfamiliar. "Ms. Brielle, I'm here to deliver Mr. Dorsey's clothes."

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Brielle opened the door to find an assistant-like figure holding a suit, greeting respectfully

to her

He didn't ask much about her relationship with Max, typical of Max's people.

She took the suit and handed it to Max

"Quite sensible" The tone that emerged from his throat was like a brook with a hint of snow, chilly and indifferent. Despite the lingering lust in his eyes, once the suit was on, Max reverted to his usual cold and abstinent demeanor.

Brielle remembered how fiercely he'd been in bed, and she mused that his moniker, The Priest' was quite the misnomer. Even so, as she caught sight of the bruised nail marks on his back, her cheeks flushed without reason.

After bringing him to this apartment while he was drunk, she never imagined they'd end tangled together more than once.

She thought to ease into a conversation, but her phone rang again. It was Spencer, sounding impatient. "Are you coming down?"

She thought about the fact that the guest of honor at the family dinner was still here, so why rush?

But Spencer had little patience for her, "The rain's heavy, and there's traffic ahead. Don't make me wait, and remember your place."

His disdain was undisguised.

Brielle didn't feel like arguing, so after hanging up, she kissed Max in a sort of vengeful defiance. His fingers responded by gripping the back of her neck. Spencer's car was waiting downstairs, and she reveled in the secret thrill of the moment.

"Brielle, be careful not to get burned when playing with fire," Max warned.

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Chapter 3

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Riding shotgun in Spencer's car, Brielle's mind was still replaying Max's words.

Be careful not to get burned, huh?-

Her marriage to Spencer was an arrangement made by their families. The Dorsey family held an unrivaled position in Beaconsfield, while the Haywoods barely made the top ten. Next to the Dorseys, they were essentially small fry.

Her little stunt had allowed her to let off some steam, but it also meant she'd crossed one of the most untouchable figures in the circle of the elite.

The rain was pouring down, reducing visibility, and within two miles, traffic had slowed to

a crawl.

Spencer, already in a foul mood, frowned upon seeing her bundled up in a turtleneck, her chin almost disappearing into her collar.

"Is that what you're wearing?"

It was early fall, hardly the season for turtlenecks. Despite Brielle's striking looks, it was a

bit odd.

Thinking of the love bite Max had left on her neck, the corners of her lips curled up. "Yeah," it's chilly with the rain."

"Such a delicate flower," Spencer muttered, his irritation growing.

Brielle's pale fingers brushed her collar. "Haven't been to the office these past two weeks?" Spencer despised her tone, as if nothing mattered to her. "It's none of your business where I go." He honked the horn twice in quick succession, feeling like sharing the confined space with Brielle was pure torture.

The phone rang. It was Spencer's. From the corner of her eye, Brielle noticed the caller

ID-Lillian.

Unlike the impatience he showed her, Spencer's face softened immediately upon answering. "Lillian, you're up? Don't go out in this awful weather. You have a fever? How bad is it?"

His voice went from joy to concern, then to panic. Brielle twirled a strand of hair in front of her, not asking further.

Spencer cursed under his breath, hung up the phone, and then angrily punched the steering wheel.

Brielle found his frustration amusing. If he'd gone up to her apartment just now, he would have discovered her scandalous affair with another man. However, Spencer never

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showed interest in her affairs, nor had he ever visited her apartment.

Imagining his future reaction, Brielle's lips formed a smirk.

Suddenly, Spencer yanked the car key out and, without bothering with an umbrella, stepped into the deluge.

“Not heading to your home?” Brielle rolled down the window and called out to his retreating figure.

“She’s sick; I need to check on her. After all, Lillian is your friend.”

Brielle closed the window, her eyes brimming with sarcasm. “Then you’d better take good care of my ‘friend.’”

Spencer paused for a moment before disappearing into the rain.

Brielle sighed. Once unfaithful, always useless. She watched the rainstorm outside and turned to find that Spencer had taken the keys with him. Her brow furrowed in

annoyance.

The traffic ahead began to move, but her car was stuck, quickly attracting a chorus of honks and curses.

Brielle wanted to search for an umbrella, and got out the car. However, she stumbled upon several used condoms wedged in the seat’s crevice. Her face turned pale, and nausea hit her.

Opening the glove compartment, she found a limited edition lipstick, a gift she’d once given to Lillian. Only thirty in the world, a rare find.

She chuckled, closing the compartment. She chose to ignore the blatant provocation.

She stepped out of the car, soaked through by the rain, only to watch helplessly as a traffic cop directed her car to be towed awa

away.

Standing amidst the bustling downpour with nowhere to hide, she wiped the rain from her face and was about to make her way to the sidewalk when a black Bentley pulled up

beside her.

The Bentley’s license plate bore a conspicuous series of 1, and a small flag next to it. That flag signified that the car could freely enter any place, even military no-go zones.

She raised an eyebrow and slipped into the car “Uncle Max, what a coincidence.”

Max barely glanced at her before looking away, his fingers idly playing with the black rosary on his wrist. “Did my nephew dump you?”

So much for The Priest, she thought. Brielle found Max to be more of a devil than a cleric, always keen to jab where it hurt.

“Uncle Max, I took good care of you in bed last night, didn’t I? Why do you act like you

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don’t know me now?”

She laughed charmingly, and there was a captivating charm in her eyes as they lightly swept across him. Her words bore no trace of the humiliation or frustration of being abandoned.

Patrick, in the front seat, quietly put up the privacy screen, unwilling to listen to any more from the backseat.

“Not bad at taking care of me?” Max repeated her words, then lazily swept his gaze over her. “You were like a dead fish, all noise, no action. What’s so good about that?”

Brielle clenched her jaw, forcing a smile. “Sorry that you had to fuck a ‘dead fish’ so hard. I almost thought you’ve never seen a woman before.”

Retaliating with sarcasm, her smiling lips pressed together, appearing somewhat pitiful.

She leaned to get out of the car but was roughly pulled back by a strong grip. Max’s fingers settled on her wrist, pinning her down as he told the driver, “Head to Premier Palace.”

Premier Palace, Max’s residence. It seemed he had decided to skip the banquet, even though he was the guest of honor,

Brielle froze, her disheveled state not fit for the event anyway. She leaned into his embrace instead.

Max looked down at her, his eyes dark and inscrutable like winter snow.

“You are not gonna walk out now?*

“Uncle Max,” she retorted with a smirk, “how can a dead fish walk?”

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Chapter 4

Chapter 4

How the tables had turned.

Satisfied, Brielle sat back, not caring whether she had dampened his suit or not.-

The ride to Premier Palace was wrapped in a comfortable silence, as if by unspoken agreement, and neither of them felt the need to engage in idle conversation.

Brielle knew that Max’s attentiveness wasn’t due to pity or a flutter of the heart. He was predator at the top of the food chain, having made his mark on Wall Street at the tender age of seventeen, orchestrating the biggest corporate merger of the year. His rise to fame was built on the ruins of his rivals. A man like him, she mused, didn’t have a heart to

spare.

A chill ran through her, and she sneezed uncontrollably. A clean blanket was tossed her way. Looking up, she saw him engrossed in papers on his lap, not sparing her a glance.

"Thanks, Uncle Max," she said, grabbing the blanket and drying her damp hair.

As the wrought iron gates of Premier Palace slowly swung open, even Brielle, no stranger to grandeur, couldn't help but be captivated by the opulence within.

The car came to a halt at the villa's entrance, and Patrick stepped out to respectfully open the door for them.

The cold air hit Brielle as she stepped out, causing goosebumps to spread across her skin. She rushed to keep up with Max, a smirk playing on her lips. "Am I the first woman to set foot in here?"

Max paused, and Brielle nearly bumped into him. His eyes twinkled with amusement as he gestured toward a maid trimming hedges in the distance. "No."

"Then I must be the first woman to make it to your bed successfully, right?"

Her chin was lifted by his firm grip, forcing her to meet his gaze. Panic fluttered in her chest. She had initiated this game, but the ending wasn't hers to dictate.

"Yes," he answered simply.

Brielle was at a loss for words, her mind momentarily adrift. By the time she collected herself, Max had walked away. She took a deep breath and bit her lip before catching up to him, her voice light and carefree. "So, Uncle Max, you gonna look out for me from now on?"

Entering the villa's grand hall, he loosened the tie around his neck. The rosary beads glinted darkly.

"Depends on how you behave."

She took that as a sign of a potential long-term arrangement. Brielle thought of Spencer,

and that tiny bit of regret instantly disappeared.

Spencer found her dull, his mother Faith thought her restrained, and the Haywood family believed her to be demure. They were all wrong. She was wild at heart.

“Don’t worry, Uncle Max. I’ll take good care of you.”

Max raised an eyebrow, his dark eyes indifferent. He casually unbuttoned his shirt, scooping her up in his arms. “Until I tire of you

“You don’t mind that I’m a dead fish in bed?” She was still holding a grudge over their

earlier encounter.

Max’s master bedroom was dark as he pinned her against the door. “No complaints. You just lie back and enjoy.”

Brielle was thankful for her striking looks, but before she could ponder any further, she was swept up in lust once again.

Their bodies were close, their souls drifting apart. She knew too well that Max was an extreme, a madness that could devour everything.

Falling for Spencer, she could walk away unscathed. Falling for Max would be a catastrophe, a point of no return.

After another night at Premier Palace, Brielle returned to her apartment to freshen up before heading to the office.

Her phone was bombarded with missed calls-some from the Haywood family, others from Spencer’s mother, Faith.

Last night’s dinner party, spoiled by Max’s absence, had obviously been a debacle. As the prospective daughter-in-law, her no-show was a breach of etiquette.

She dialed Faith, but before she could utter a word, the woman’s interrogation began.

“I asked you to keep an eye on Spencer. I heard he hasn’t shown up at the office for weeks. Brielle, what have you been doing?”

Standing outside the towering Dorsey Tower, Brielle looked up at the skyscraper piercing the sky.

“Faith, he won’t take my calls.”

“Then why don’t you go find him? I thought you were smart, Brielle. I placed you in Dorsey International to watch over him. Now that Max is back, the company’s bound to face turmoil. As a finance graduate from Beaconsfield College, you should understand what that means.”

Max had rarely been at the helm of Dorsey International, preferring to pull strings from abroad. Even so, the company’s performance had soared under his leadership, with

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Chapter 4

stocks skyrocketing.

Now that he had returned, the slackers at Dorsey International were understandably unsettled.

“Think about it, Brielle. If you can’t handle this, then perhaps this marriage arrangement isn’t necessary.”

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Chapter 5

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Faith’s tone was icy, her words dripping with disdain as though Brielle was beneath her notice. Brielle knew that if she didn’t take action, the next call

would be to the Haywoods, and then her parents would be on the line, lecturing her on her lack of charm and tact.

She was tired of being a puppet on strings. After hanging up, she texted Faith the address of the suburban mansion, Spencer's little love nest. If Faith cared to dig, she would discover her son's mistress.

Brielle also wondered if Faith already knew about Spencer and Lillian's affair, which would explain her increasingly imperious attitude. Not only did Faith expect her to play the dutiful daughter-in-law within the Dorsey clan, but she also expected her to handle Spencer's business affairs. Talk about making the most of her assets.

When Brielle arrived at Dorsey Tower and pushed open the office door, she found the entire floor eerily silent.

Everyone sat up straight, casting anxious glances toward the elevators. Whispers echoed through the cubicles.

"All the execs got called up for a meeting. Word is Mr. Dorsey's not staying abroad this time."

"The Wall Street Journal had a feature on him just the other day-Harvard wunderkind."

"Looks like a shake-up at Dorsey International."

At her desk, Brielle thought of the man who had left her bed that morning, now presiding over the top floor, and the corner of her mouth twitched with amusement.

He was sexy in bed, and just as much so in a suit and tie.

She had barely sat down when a tap on her shoulder made her turn. "Why's the director not here? If he skips the exec meeting, our department's going to be in the crosshairs, right?"

That was her coworker Lucinda, the only one who knew about her and Spencer.

Brielle clipped on her badge, "I don't know."

A hint of surprise appeared in Lucinda's eyes, followed by a deeply hidden disdain. "Isn't he your fiancé? Really? With your looks, you can't even keep a man?"

Beauty was an ace up her sleeve, but it wasn't everything.

Brielle graduated from the top university in the country, Beaconsfield College. However, in a company like Dorsey International, you could randomly throw a brick, and it would hit a high-achieving graduate from an Ivy League school. However, not everyone had her stunning looks.

Chapter 5

"Brielle, I saw the director with another woman at the mall last week. Don't tell me you got two-timed?" Lucinda's pity hinted at the harsh reality of marrying into wealth.

Brielle sighed and organized her documents, "Maybe."

As she finished, the elevator dinged, and Spencer emerged, suave in a grey suit. He quickly straightened his tie and smoothed out any wrinkles-clearly, last night's indulgences had taken their toll.

Brielle handed him the organized files.

Spencer's face twisted with distaste as he impatiently headed to the private elevator, "You're coming to the meeting with me." She had prepared the files. If he was questioned, she'd be the safety net.

The atmosphere on the top floor was tense, the senior executives ready for battle.

Spencer felt a shiver of dread as he entered the boardroom and met the cold gaze of the man by the window. He greeted respectfully, "Mr. Dorsey."

Behind the main seat was a large French window. Max sat there, like a tree covered with frost in winter when everything withers, devoid of warmth.

The boardroom was silent, the directors rigid with sweaty palms.

Brielle recognized many faces from the Dorsey family, some even elders to Max. She pressed her lips together in a small smile, meeting Max's impassive stare. He really was a different person off the bed.

Spencer, pale-faced, found a seat, regretting last night's indulgences.

"Thud." A file hit the table, filled with countless receipts of personal expenses-luxury cars, villas, furniture, rugs-charged to the company accounts.

"An explanation?" Max's eyes swept over everyone, finally resting on Spencer.

Spencer paled further, "Mr. Dorsey, I... His heart pounded with regret for arriving late and being the focus of scrutiny. The suburban villa was for Lillian, charged to the company.

Max chuckled softly, tapping the marble table, "For whom?"

It was a slap to Spencer's face, but with many Dorseys present, he couldn't admit to infidelity.

"For my fiancée."

Brielle rolled her eyes internally. She was the scapegoat for Lillian again.

Max looked down, languidly closing his eyes, "Really? Then consider it a gift I'm giving to

my future niece-in-law. But don't let it happen again."

The warning was for everyone.

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Chapter

With Max's reputation as a Wall Street prodigy, no one would challenge him on his first day in charge.

Two hours later, the meeting ended, and the directors left with grim expressions.

Brielle, knowing Spencer barely noticed her, lingered at the back.

Meanwhile, Max remained seated by the window. He saw her close the door and walk

towards him with quick steps in her high heels

“Uncle Max, you’re really something.”

Of course, she had to butter up her sugar daddy.

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