

Master 201

Chapter 201

Brielle couldn't believe her ears. It was either she had misheard or Spencer had truly lost his marbles. Frowning, she lifted her

foot to step into the office but was blocked by Spencer's outstretched arm.

"Brielle, we both messed up with those photos, and you have to come with me to see her. Maybe it's the photos that's got her all

worked up." Spencer said, his voice loud enough for the surrounding colleagues to overhear.

Brielle couldn't help but glance around at the reactions of others in the department. If she wasn't mistaken, they had all received

that incriminating photos. It wasn't just the social circles of Beaconsfield; it seemed like everyone she had ever interacted with

had gotten a

copy.

Looking back at Spencer, her disgust was no longer concealed. "You know damn well how those photos came to be, better than I

do," she retorted.

A flicker of guilt passed through Spencer's eyes, but he quickly regained a defiant stance. "I know you are not over me. Cut the

crap, Brielle. We've known each other for years. There's no need for things to get this bad between us."

Feeling a pain in her chest at the thought of all the one-sided efforts she had made for Spencer over the years, Brielle wondered

how she could have been so blind. "Spencer, I don't want to fight right now. I've got bigger fish to fry."

As she spoke, William approached them. "Ms. Haywood, Spencer was just telling me last night. how you were keen on getting

back together. Didn't expect it to be true. You lovebirds need to clear up this misunderstanding. Ms. Haywood, you can take the

afternoon off."

Brielle initiating a reconciliation?

The bystanders caught every word, raising their eyebrows suggestively.

Meanwhile, Max didn't stop for the drama, heading straight for the executive elevator to the top

floor.

Spencer hadn't expected William to spill the beans in front of everyone, and the awkwardness was palpable. Worried Brielle

would expose him, Spencer grabbed her wrist. "Let's step outside for a minute."

Brielle, although stunned, knew that if she left now, she would never be able to clear her name. She shook off his grip with a swift

motion.

Spencer's face clouded over, and he pulled her close, his voice a low growl. "Brielle, don't bite the hand that feeds you. I said we

don't need to be at odds. If that scene you made at the Haywood family banquet was to get my attention, you've succeeded. I'm

somewhat interested in you again, but I also care about Lillian. If you don't mind, we could all be together. Whichever of you has

a child, I'll be the father."

Brielle's eyes widened in disbelief at Spencer's words."

Misinterpreting her shock for acquiescence, a smug look crossed Spencer's face. "I knew your still had a soft spot for me. I was

wrong before, and I shouldn't have kept my thing with Lillian from you. You've seen how my mom and dad are. My dad has more

than one woman, and yet they've made it work all these years. We could do the same, Brielle. If you want, you could even have

my child."

This had been Spencer's overnight brainwave, but before he could say more, his cheek stung with the impact of a fierce slap.

The slap echoed through the office, causing everyone to freeze, some gasping in shock at the scene. Spencer, touching his

throbbing cheek, felt his eyes well up with tears. "What the hell is that for?"

Brielle's lips trembled with the urge to slap him again.

Having been coddled all his life, Spencer had never been slapped in front of an audience like this, especially one comprising his

former subordinates. He stared at Brielle, but the emotions in her eyes pained him—anger, regret, revulsion.

Those emotions were like daggers cutting deep into him, but what had he done wrong?

He couldn't let go of Lillian, nor of Brielle. Was it so wrong to want a life together with both of them?

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The women of the high-society families were known for turning a blind eye to their husbands' extramarital escapades. Spencer

had even promised that Lillian was his only indiscretion. So why did Brielle still feel humiliated?

She withdrew her hand and let out a scornful chuckle. "Spencer, you go ahead and have your little threesomes with whomever

you like. I'm really not interested in your schemes. And about those photos, if you think you can use them to prove there's still

something between us, you're sorely mistaken."

Spencer's face turned from shades of red to pale, wishing he could just silence Brielle then and there.

"You broke into my place. You know exactly what you intended to do."

As she turned to leave, Spencer reached out to grab her, but Brielle countered with a swift judo throw, pinning him to the ground

with her knee on his back, wrenching his arm behind him. The position was a blow to any man's pride, and Spencer started to

sweat buckets. "Brielle, let me go this instant!"

There was a chilling edge in her voice as she responded, "You should be thankful you didn't succeed that day, or I would've

ended you right there." Her knee delivered another heavy blow, forcing Spencer to stay hunched on the ground, unable to get up.

Filled with resentment, he wished he could find a hole to crawl into. Who could explain where Brielle had learned such moves?

Releasing him, Brielle collected her scattered documents with practiced ease, while the onlookers stepped back, as if afraid they

might be her next target. Without a word, Brielle marched into her department.

The onlookers whispered among themselves.

"Did you see Brielle's moves? She's gotta have some martial arts training."

“No way, I’ve never heard about it.”

“She said Spencer forced his way in, and judging by the way she took him down, it looks like he didn’t get the upper hand.”

Their eyes drifted to Spencer, who had managed to get off the floor, his chest heaving and his cheek swelling. His eyes

reddened with rage as he wiped the blood from his lip..

William chuckled nearby. “Spencer, you alright there, buddy?”

Spencer didn’t reply, just pursed his lips and stomped toward the elevator. It was a disgrace. He wished he’d never shown up

that day. Brielle had the audacity to do this to him, damn it. Back in her office, Brielle slumped into her chair, exhausted, dreading

the rumors that would undoubtedly swirl around Dorsey International after today’s drama. She rubbed her temples. her thoughts

turning to Max and the misunderstandings that had piled up. With a sigh, she put down her phone.

Meanwhile, in the executive suite, Max had just loosened his tie when his phone buzzed with a call from Andrew, who delighted

in kicking people when they were down, especially after seeing photos of Brielle and Spencer together. He couldn’t resist the

urge to call Max for his reaction.

Max, with his usual foresight, promptly hung up, but that didn’t stop Andrew from texting the incriminating photos.

[Are you being cuckolded?]

Max’s expression turned icy as a second message arrived.

[But strictly speaking, it wasn’t really cuckolding, was it? After all, you are the newcomer. Little canary really doesn’t know better,

does she? To have you and still mess around with her ex–fiancé.]

Max sneered and shot back a reply. [Aubree must be doing a better job than Brielle.]

He put down the phone, feeling frustrated. To alleviate the discomfort, he unbuttoned one button and then another.

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Just as the office door swung open, Spencer stormed in, his face a mask of fury. "Uncle Max," he called out, his posture a picture

of dishevelment.

Max glanced at the imprint of a hand on Spencer's cheek and felt the knot of irritation inside him loosen somewhat.

Spencer's demeanor was respectful, and it took him a moment before he hesitantly spoke. "My dad and mom both hope that

Brielle and I can get back together. Grandpa thinks the same way. Uncle Max, can you arrange a position for me? I want to come

back first."

In the past, Spencer would have undoubtedly left Dorsey Tower long ago, and he would never have condescended to think about

staying. It was simply because he couldn't accept it. To him, Brielle had changed too much; she used to be so agreeable.

Max's slender fingers spun a pen with effortless grace, a simple gesture that exuded a sleek, statuesque elegance, like a marble

sculpture in a silent, cold gallery. He chuckled softly. "Getting back together with Brielle?"

For some reason, Spencer felt an overwhelming pressure emanating from him and involuntarily swallowed hard, his fingertips

beginning to tremble.

tch up to

His reverence for Max was deep in his bones, "Brielle's background might not match mine, but I can't find a better bride in such

short notice. I'm not like you, Uncle Max. I never had

woman like Ms. Alivia waiting for me since my youth."

Max's brows furrowed, and a flash of annoyance passed through his eyes, "If you want to come back, you'll have to go through

the proper channels and submit an application."

A spark of hope crossed Spencer's face, "Alright, I'll send it tonight." With that, he walked out with a spring in his step.

Back behind his desk, Max was surrounded by piles of paperwork that he couldn't bring himself

to read.

Downstairs, Brielle was equally restless. She hadn't even turned on her work computer all day. and, as soon as the clock

signaled the end of the workday, she reflexively grabbed her purse to head back to her apartment, but then she remembered the

threatening texts. Frowning, she decided to head to the hotel instead.

The meal box the butler had sent over was still sitting on the coffee table. After debating with herself until eight in the evening,

Brielle finally decided to call Patrick.

Patrick glanced at Max, surrounded by a crowd, and cautiously answered, "Ms. Brielle."

"Um, Patrick, is Michael still at Premier Palace tonight? Wesley sent me a meal box, and I would like to return it."

Speaking with smart people didn't require explicitness. Everyone knew she was looking for an

excuse to return to Premier Palace.

A trace of relief crossed Patrick's face, but then he frowned, "Mr. Michael isn't there, but Mr. Dorsey isn't at Premier Palace either

tonight. The Hatfield family is hosting a charity gala, and he's attending."

"Oh, I see." Brielle sounded somewhat dejected.

"Ms. Brielle, would you like to come? I can pick you up. The rest of the Haywood family is here. as well."

The Haywood family was there too? Brielle's frown deepened, immediately feeling like it was at bad omen. "No, that's alright. I'll

return the meal box some other time."

After hanging up the phone, Patrick debated before approaching Max, "Sir, Ms. Brielle just called."

Max instinctively checked his phone, finding no missed calls. The chill in his gaze intensified in an instant, "Hmm." So, she didn't

call him but called Patrick instead.

Patrick wanted to add something else but noticed Lillian approaching with a drink in hand, "Max, I've heard so much about you."

Lillian was dazzling that evening, her neck adorned with a string of diamonds that shone under the bright lights. She had spent a

pretty penny on her ensemble and had made an extra effort knowing Max would be there.

Her gaze shifted to Patrick, a sly smile on her lips, "Patrick, didn't Brielle come with you? Your two seemed quite close last time.

How come I haven't seen her tonight?"

She asked as if casually interested, but inwardly she sneered.

Patrick was a driver, after all, and how much could he possibly contribute to a charity gala? He was barely qualified to bring a

date.

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A trace of satisfaction flashed in Lillian's eyes as she looked towards Max, almost appearing a bit intoxicated.

"Max, you probably don't know this yet, but Patrick and Brielle, they're an item. Saw it with my own two eyes last time. But I gotta

say, Patrick, Brielle's already got another suitor lined up. and I hear wedding bells are about to chime. You might wanna keep

your eyes peeled if you're on the market for a lady friend."

She swirled the red wine in her glass, trying to craft an image of elegance and sophistication.

Patrick felt that Lillian was a woman with no brains at all, completely unable to read people's expressions. He sneaked a glance

at Max and, sure enough, Max's eyes were frosty.

Lillian, oblivious as ever, edged closer, her mind preoccupied with the perfume she wore. She had done her homework on Max's

preferences; he wasn't fond of overpowering scents. So tonight, she had chosen a fragrance with a subtle hint of tea.

Before she got close enough, Max's voice cut through. "Wasn't her engagement with Spencer canceled?"

This was the first time Max had engaged in direct conversation with her, even if it was about that bitch Brielle. But Lillian was far

from thinking Max had any real interest in Brielle. After all, Brielle had hooked up with his driver. Surely a man like Max, perched

high on his pedestal wouldn't stoop to pick up someone else's leftovers?

"The engagement with Spencer is indeed off," she asserted with a hint of triumph, "but my parents have arranged another match,

with Mr. Connor of Apex Dynamics."

Apex Dynamics?

Max had never heard of it. Patrick, on the other hand, was quietly filling in the gaps. "Connor, a notorious playboy pushing fifty,

got some messy business with the Haywood family. Looks like they're shipping Ms. Brielle off to settle scores."

Max's fingers suddenly tightened around the stem of his wine glass, nearly shattering it. To Lillian, however, this seemed like

Max was just lamenting the poor choice of his driver. "Max, I'm just running my mouth a bit, that's all. Hate to see another guy get

duped by Brielle. She once openly confessed in the Haywood household to having a man on the side."

"Really?" Max's eyes narrowed, a vortex that seemed to swallow light, covered with a shimmering ripple.

Lillian could practically drown in such a gaze. She felt certain that her little act of espionage tonight had elevated her in his

estimation. She had thought it would take a serious effort to hook Max, but he seemed an easy catch. Her excitement was

palpable, and the smugness was impossible to hide. "Max, let me toast to you. And I wonder, do you have any plans after the

dinner?"

She asked the question very tactfully, her cheeks blushing.

Meanwhile, Cameron watched Lillian sidle up to Max with a furrowed brow, worried she might upset him. The room was crowded

with women harboring hopes of clinging to Max's coattails, yet none dared to approach him directly. Who wasn't aware of Max's

slight obsession with cleanliness? Anger him, and the whole venture could backfire.

But there stood Lillian, right by his side for quite some time, and he hadn't budged. Not just Cameron, but others too, were

puzzled. Everyone knew Lillian's reputation was in tatters. How could she be so close to Max? Could it be that Max had a taste

for just that kind of company?

The very thought left Lillian's so-called friends, some of whom had gathered for the evening, seething with envy.

"Look at her eyes, practically glued to Max."

or sleeve."

"How can Max stand her? She's wearing her intentions on her

The more indignant the onlookers, the more triumphant Lillian felt, almost convinced she had Max in the palm of her hand.

She signaled to Cameron with her eyes. After some consideration, Cameron decided to have someone prepare things.

Tonight, Max and Lillian must be in the same room.

Chapter 205

The charity banquet hosted by the Hatfield family was different from other events. Being at powerful family, they didn't need

media hype, so the venue was chosen in a suburban mansion. There would be a bonfire party at the mansion in the evening,

and most of the attendees for this event were young people.

Max's attendance was a surprise that buzzed through the crowd. Polite to a fault when approached by networking

entrepreneurs, his cool detachment was palpable. Business niceties aside, he kept personal connections firmly at arm's length.

Over time, the consensus became that Max was supposed to be untouchable and unreachable. so his presence that evening

was nothing short of astounding.

Rumors swirled that he might even stay the night at the accommodations provided by the Hatfields.

Setting his drink down, Max caught Lillian's persistent gaze. The corners of his mouth tilted ever so slightly, his dark lashes

casting shadows over enigmatic eyes. Her heart raced at his aloof demeanor, her voice catching in her throat, "Max, are you

planning to stay at the estate tonight?"

Max raised an eyebrow, lightly chuckled, and nodded, as if extending an unspoken invitation. He originally had no intention of

staying, but now he wanted to. He was looking forward to tonight's drama, hoping not to be disappointed.

Lillian's hopes soared at his nod. She leaned in, only to be interrupted by a businessman eager to discuss a deal. With a sigh,

she retreated to her brother Cameron, clutching her drink with barely contained excitement. "Cameron, you said you'd help me,

right? He's staying over, and he told me. Does that mean something?"

Her cheeks flushed with anticipation. She had even ordered a set of custom, sensuous nightwear, determined to win Max over.

Seeing her expression, Cameron felt a bitter taste in his mouth. "I've made arrangements, Lillian, but remember, this is Max. If

you upset him..."

"Cameron, didn't you see? He was talking to me. He doesn't dislike me. If I can successfully get pregnant, I'm sure I can marry

him."

"But there's Alivia..."

Lillian scoffed, "Max never acknowledged Alivia. That's just media speculation. Even if they were to marry, it's a long way off. I

just need to catch his eye first, and I've won.

Cameron immediately fell silent. He had no principles when it came to Lillian.

Lillian's triumphant smile grew. Her gaze kept flickering to Max, wishing she could stick to him like gum on his shoe.

After concluding his discussion, Max sipped the drink handed to him by a waiter and immediately sensed something amiss. The

off-taste was a telltale sign of tampering, though amateurish compared to what he had experienced abroad. Nonetheless, in a

country with strict drug regulations, this was a bold move.

He didn't set the drink down but casually swirled it, casting a glance towards Cameron and Lillian, who appeared tense. He

drank a few more sips before placing the glass down.

A staff member from the Hatfields approached to escort him upstairs for rest. He followed, leaving the gathering behind, heading

to a separate building where all the guests' accommodations were, with him alone on the top floor.

As the elevator doors closed, the heat rose within him, reminiscent of a past experience overseas that ended up as a juicy tidbit

for Dustin to entertain Brielle with.

Perfect. This would only enhance the act.

The people from the Hatfield family stood beside him. Facing his calm demeanor, they also softened their tone. "Mr. Dorsey, do

you find the surroundings to your liking? It's serene here. and with the Hatfield security, it's quite safe. Patrick discussed this with

us before, but we didn't expect you to come in person today."

Max rubbed his temple, feigning weariness, "The environment is decent. Discuss the rest with Patrick."

Sammuel nodded, ensuring the nearby bodyguard received his instructions. "Make sure no one disturbs Mr. Dorsey's rest

tonight. Keep an eye on the other floors as well."

The bodyguard acknowledged the order.

As Sammuel stepped into the elevator, he couldn't help but reiterate, "Especially those women. of ill repute, keep a close watch,

and report any issues immediately."

Chapter 206

As the elevator doors sealed shut, the bodyguard wiped the sweat from his brow, ready to tell the guys to keep their guard up

and be vigilant while posted here.

Then a nearby door swung open, and there was Max, leaning casually against the frame. The hallway lighting cast an almost

ethereal glow around him, as if he were enveloped in an unreal. aura. His eyes were dark, like flames burning within them, yet

those flames seemed to smother against cold ice, extinguished one by one.

“Mr. Dorsey, do you need anything?” the bodyguard asked.

“You don’t have to guard this place.”

“But Mr. Hatfield explicitly instructed...”

“I’m not comfortable with it.”

There was a hint of amusement in his gaze, though it seemed diluted.

The bodyguard could only nod. After seeking approval from Samuel, he removed the security on this floor.

Inside the room. Max surveyed the space that had been sterilized several times over. He approached the window and pushed it

open.

The location was indeed prime real estate. Previously, when Brielle was scouting locations for the orphanage, Patrick had

shortlisted several spots, and after process of elimination, only this area remained. It was a bit removed from the city center, but

with the Hatfield family’s security. safety wasn’t an issue.

Nevertheless, this was Hatfield territory. Having accepted their generosity, he had to accept the Hatfield family’s invitation to

attend their charity gala to show his gratefulness.

The cool evening breeze helped dissipate some of the heat as he shrugged off his suit jacket. Meanwhile, in the other building’s

hall, Lillian looked to Cameron, her nerves frayed. “He definitely drank it, right? We’re staying in the same building tonight, but

there’s bound to be security on the top floor. Can you help me handle it?”

There was no turning back now.

Cameron thought it would be tricky, but he’d just heard that the top floor’s security had been withdrawn by Max himself. What

was Max up to? Could it be, as Lillian suggested, that he was signaling her?

Uncertain but faced with Lillian's question, he nodded, emphasizing, "Don't provoke him too much, Lillian. He's not like Spencer."

Lillian said yes out loud, but inside, she was scoffing. All men were the same to her. And given that Max had taken something not

readily available on the market, the slightest touch could

make a man's determination falter, causing him to see only the woman he craved. "Let's go. now. You check the top floor for

anyone else, and leave the rest to me."

She prepared the most seductive lingerie, ensuring that Max wouldn't be able to look away once he glanced at it.

Cameron nodded, noticing others heading to rest as well, and followed suit. A few youngsters. chose to stay and continue the

night's festivities.

Lillian, buzzing with anticipation, felt her body grow warm as if she had taken the drug, not Max. She went to her room, slipped

into her nearly non-existent lingerie, covered it with an oversized robe tied at the waist, and prepared to head to the top floor.

Clutching her phone, she awaited Cameron's signal. The moment the top floor was clear, she'd make her move.

Sweat pooled in her palms as she paced. Finally, her phone buzzed. Her eyes lit up as she hit the answer button. Could it be this

easy?

Cameron's hesitant voice came through, "Lillian, are you sure about this? Really sure? Mom and Dad would still prefer you with

Spencer, and something feels off about tonight."

Lillian's frustration flared, her eyes welling up, "You saw the pictures Spencer got caught in. Hel didn't even come to explain.

Clearly, I'm not in his heart. So what's wrong with chasing the mant I like?"

Cameron fell silent. He rubbed his temples, his mind in disarray. After all, they were talking about Max, who was notoriously hard

to impress. Even if Lillian was exceptional, if she didn't catch his eye, how would he deal with the Haywood family?

Lillian's crying broke through his indecision. Like a hammer, it shattered his hesitation. "The top floor's clear. Max's door is

closed. Come on up."

With this special permission, Lillian quickly wrapped herself in a robe and opened the door to her room. Looking around as if

feeling guilty, she made sure the corridor was empty before entering the elevator.

Chapter 207

Meanwhile, Brielle was sprawled out in the hotel room from the previous night, her eyes glued to her phone as she flipped it over

in her hands restlessly. She hadn't reached out to Max all day, and he hadn't made any moves either. He was probably upset,

especially after overhearing her conversation in the elevator and then witnessing Spencer's clingy display.

Biting her lip in frustration, Brielle racked her brain for a plausible excuse and finally came up with something passable. [Mr.

Dorsey, the soup Wesley brought over was delicious, thank you.]

After sending the message, she waited for a while, eager to see how he would respond, but her phone remained silent.

Brielle had never been good at this kind of thing. Seeing no reaction, she tossed the phone aside. She laughed at herself,

wondering why she even thought Max would be upset. Was it because of Spencer? Was it because of what she said?

She didn't think she had that kind of charm. If that was the case, there was no need to go out of her way to explain.

On Max's end, he was holding a cup of coffee, gazing out the window. The suburban view was quite nice, and the coffee beans

specially prepared by the Hatfield family were rich and

aromatic.

He had taken off his suit jacket, leaving him in his white dress shirt with the top three buttons undone, casually revealing his

collarbone.

His tall frame leaned against the window, the shirt and pants accentuating his stature, his long lashes casting a shadow across

his chiseled features.

Brielle had called Patrick but not him. Did she think the morning's incident didn't need clarification?

He was feeling irritated because of her, and now he had to repay a favor to the Hatfield family on her behalf? The thought just

added to his frustration.

Max felt a heat building within him, and not even the coffee could chase away the rising temperature in his body.

There was a knock on the door, persistent and quick. He put his phone down, rubbed his temples, and walked over to the door to

open it.

Standing outside was a woman, dressed to impress and wrapped in a flowing gown, her innocent eyes looking up at him.

"Max," Lillian drawled, her fingers delicately undoing the belt at her waist. "I've admired you for a long time, and I wanted to offer

myself to you. I hope you won't reject me."

As the gown fell to the floor, her other hand hidden behind her back, her cheeks flushed with a feigned shyness.

14:18

Max didn't give her a second glance, his expression as cold as ice, unimpressed by the tacky seduction. He couldn't help but

wonder how Brielle could have been deceived by such a woman for years.

A pair of arms wrapped around his waist. "Max, I know you're suffering. I can help you," she whispered, her breath sweet.

Lillian was determined to hook him, her eyes filled with resolve and even forcing her way into the room.

Outside, someone had locked the door with a heavy padlock, making it impossible for those inside to open it. The heat within

Max intensified as he sensed someone lunging at him, and without hesitation, he pushed her away. "You've got some nerve," he

said coldly.

Lillian was shocked. He hadn't succumbed?

She had used a hefty dose. By all accounts, he should have lost his senses by now and been all over her. What was happening?

Panic set in, but she quickly composed herself. There was no turning back now.

"Max, take me, please. I'll make you feel good," she pleaded, kneeling before him, her gaze almost obsessive as she inched

closer.

Max's forehead was beaded with sweat, his eyes half-closed.

Lillian mistook his silence for consent, but before she could rejoice, she felt the cold, dark barrel of a gun against her forehead.

The coolness in his eyes was like the scythe of the Grim Reaper. Lillian's face turned ghostly pale, her body trembling

uncontrollably. How had it come to this? How much longer could he hold on? She cowered on the floor, not daring to move.

Max seemed to be holding on by a thread, his fingertips lightly grazing the trigger. At the sound of the trigger's crisp click, Lillian

nearly burst into tears. "Max, please don't be angry. I just wanted to make you feel good. I didn't mean anything else."

Max's fingertips caressed the trigger, and he leaned back slightly. The action made his Adam's apple protrude, his beautiful eyes

reflecting the overhead lights like a desolate sea at night.

Lillian swallowed hard, thinking he was on the brink of giving in, and quickly reached out to grasp his fingers.

Chapter 208

As the confrontation unfolded, the man nonchalantly raised his leg, stepping on her outstretched hand. His voice was husky with

authority, "Call Brielle." Even as he spoke, he casually unfastened another button at his throat, revealing a glimpse of skin.

Lillian stared in disbelief, her eyes wide with shock, "What... what did you say?"

Max chuckled, idly spinning the gun in his hand, "Did you not understand? I said, call Brielle."

Lillian's lips trembled, uncertain if she was grasping his true intent. Did Max need a woman right now, and was Brielle the one he

desired? The realization ignited a raging jealousy within Lillian. How could all the good fortune in the world fall into Brielle's lap?

Even a man like Max wanted her? Damn it all!

Her hand, hanging limply at her side, clenched into a fist, her mouth filled with the metallic taste of blood. She felt an immense

humiliation. There she was, kneeling with barely any clothes on her body, and yet, in Max's eyes, she didn't even qualify as a

woman.

Tears welled up in her eyes as she wished Brielle would just vanish from the earth. "Max, why? Anything Brielle can do, I can do

too. She's been with so many men. She's not even a virgin. Max, let me serve you."

The word 'serve' betrayed her sense of inferiority in Max's presence.

Max laughed, his gaze never quite settling on her, "I don't want to say it a third time, and your probably don't have a third chance

to listen."

Someone needed to tell Brielle that he had been drugged and needed her now. And that's why Lillian was here.

Lillian's lips quivered, realizing he was serious, and she scrambled back in panic. She reached the door, desperately wanting to

escape, but then she remembered instructing Cameron's ment to lock it from the outside as soon as she entered, making it

impossible to open from the inside.

She pulled out her phone, only to find that Brielle had already blocked her, cutting off any connection. A glimmer of hope rose

within her, her nails digging into the floor as she broke into a sweat, "Max, Brielle blocked me. I can't call her. Let me stay. I can

take care of you."

Max's wrist hung loosely at his side, his grip tight, a sign of his growing impatience. He tilted his head back slightly. "Use my

phone."

Lillian's pupils contracted sharply, knowing he wasn't joking. Tears spilled down her cheeks as she took Max's phone, her hatred

flaring wildly. Her fingertips trembled as if she had received countless slaps across her face.

She was dressed in so little, kneeling at his side, yet he seemed blind to her, asking her to call the woman she loathed the most.

This was more humiliating than any disgrace she had ever suffered at the Haywood family's banquet.

Lillian could barely hold onto the phone when Max's voice came through, indifferent as ever, "If she's not here within an hour, the

Haywood family will disappear from Beaconsfield."

Lillian stiffened, her eyes wide with disbelief. Was he really going to take down the Haywood family? All because of that bitch

Brielle?

A chill crept up from her feet, spreading throughout her body, and then she heard his light, airy tone. "You've got half an hour's

drive to the city. How much more time do you have to waste?"

It's like to him, the Haywood family was nothing more than a piece of cheap paper in his eyes. Lillian was consumed with a

sense of injustice. She could not bear it!

Her lips quivering, she dialed Brielle's number, only to see that there was already a note attached to it. A spark ignited in her

gaze. Had that slut already hooked up with Max?

How many men did she have on the side? How could Max want such a worn-out woman? His taste was truly questionable.

If she survived this night, she would never let Brielle off the hook. Lillian took a deep breath, her fingers trembling as they

hovered over the call button.

While she was infatuated with him, she had never found a man so terrifying. He was like a demon, reaping souls. Yet, even so,

there was a deadly allure about him.

“Max, what should I say to Brielle? If she finds out it was me who called, she’ll never want to show up,” she said, her voice

quivering with tears. She was still hoping to catch Max’s attention even at this perilous hour. She even pushed out her chest,

trying to entice him, her voice thick and almost dripping with emotion.

Max didn’t even glance her way, instead frowning in disgust. “If she doesn’t come. I’ll kill you. What do you think you should say?

Naturally, you should beg her to come save you.”

The cold barrel of the gun returned to Lillian’s head, and she truly believed that Max would kill her. This man had no heart: he

was completely merciless.

Lillian felt like she’d been slapped repeatedly, tears streaming down her face uncontrollably. The idea of calling Brielle to save

her was laughable. All this humiliation came from Brielle, all because of her.

She dared not delay any longer, sobbing as she pressed the call button. The line was quickly picked up.

“Mr. Dorsey.” It was Brielle’s polite voice.

Lillian was truly terrified now, her tears falling nonstop, her speech broken, “Brielle, you need to come to the Hatfield family’s

party venue. Max, he... I drugged him, he won’t let me touch him. and he said... he said he’ll kill me. Hurry over.”

Uttering these words, she felt as if her very bones were being crushed.

Brielle shot up from her bed, first carefully checking the caller ID on her phone to confirm it was Max’s number. But why was

Lillian on the line?

Her voice immediately became anxious, “Lillian, do you realize what you’re doing? You dared to harm Max?”

Lillian clenched her teeth, locking eyes with Max, who was smirking slightly. Her nails dug into her palm.

She was being used. Max allowed her to touch his phone only to test Brielle. So he could be cautious too.

A lump formed in Lillian’s throat, “I’m begging you, Brielle. You have to get here within forty minutes.”

“What good does begging me do now?! If anything happens to him. I won’t let you off!”

Brielle felt her chest tighten as if it would explode. What on earth was going on with Max? How could he fall prey to someone like

Lillian?

She practically leaped out of bed, threw on her clothes, and dashed downstairs.

This was Max's phone. She was afraid to imagine what was happening on the other end. Where was Patrick? And Max's bodyguard?

She felt like she was boiling over, Max hadn't called her. Could it be because he was no longer conscious?

Lillian said Max was so angry that he wanted to kill Lillian. Brielle wondered how much Max must be suffering.

Brielle floored the gas pedal, wishing she could fly there.

Back in the room, after Lillian finished the call she watched as Max kicked his phone into the trash bin. It was tainted by her

touch, and he wouldn't use it again. The thought humiliated her. "Get dressed and get out before Brielle arrives." he commanded.

Tears started to fall down Lillian's cheeks again, "But the door's locked from the outside, Max. Can I..."

She was cut off by his cold voice. "Isn't there a window? Jump."

Lillian stared in disbelief. They were on the fourth floor; a jump could be fatal. "This is the fourth floor."

*Staying in the room, and you'll die even faster. Jumping gives you a chance to live. What's your choice?"

Lillian felt weak all over. Seeing the dark gun, she scrambled to the window, crying and climbing. down the adjacent drainpipe.

Max set the gun aside, thinking of Brielle's frantic voice, and the scowl on his face softened. The phone in the trash can began

ringing frantically, Brielle's number flashing, but he didn't pick up. Instead, he unbuttoned his shirt, turned off the room's lights,

and waited in silence.

Like a hunter anticipating his prey.

Chapter 210

"Thud!"

Lillian hit the ground with such force that she felt as if her insides were about to bounce out of her body. To make matters worse,

several people between the second and third floors were asking aloud what that noise was.

Panicked, she limped quickly into a nearby bush, shivering as she dialed Cameron on her phone.

Cameron arrived with his bodyguard in tow and found her wrapped in a robe sitting at the base of the building. His heart skipped

a beat. "Lillian, are you okay?"

Her eyes brimmed with tears, and her palms were stained with blood. "That bitch Brielle has seduced Max a long time ago. Max

would rather have her than me," she whimpered.

While Cameron felt a pang of sympathy, his heart also raced with concern. "Did Max get angry?"

Lillian pursed her lips, then suddenly reached out and grabbed Cameron's hand. "Was Mr. Connor at the party too?"

She thought she might have seen him tonight, but she wasn't sure if it really was Mr. Connor. Cameron nodded, feeling a bit

uneasy at this moment. If Max were to investigate this matter. could the Haywood family's business stay afloat?

"Give Mr. Connor a hint. Just say that Brielle is coming to see him and let him prepare. Isn't Mr. Connor about to marry Brielle

soon? Let them settle things sooner rather than later."

Cameron hesitated, but Lillian gripped his hand tightly. "If Brielle really gets a hold of Max, our Haywood family will be done for.

With Max as her support, she won't spare us. It's better to ruin her first. Even if Ma

still desires her afterward, he won't want a woman who's been played by

Connor."

After mulling it over, Cameron finally let out a heavy sigh. "Lillian, don't be reckless. I've told you before, Max isn't just any guy.

But Lillian couldn't think of anything else, her mind consumed with thoughts of revenge against Brielle. The greatest humiliation

of her life had all come from Brielle.

Connor had always been a playboy. In a gathering full of young girls like tonight, how could he possibly resist the temptation?

Besides, he'd had his eye on Brielle for a while, or else why would he agree to a deal with Robert?

When Connor got the message, he felt a surge of heat throughout his body, staring disbelievingly at this bodyguard from the

Haywood family. "Are you serious? Brielle has come around?"

The bodyguard nodded. "Yes, Ms. Brielle asked me to inform you. She's waiting for you in a private room on the third floor. Here's the room number."

Connor, feeling like a kid in a candy store, took the room number, his chest ablaze with anticipation.

He downed his drink in one gulp. If his future bride wanted his affection sooner, who was he to deny her? It seemed Brielle was

quite bold, seeking him out even in such a setting.

Connor strode out, smug with satisfaction, and made his way to the third floor of the adjacent building.

Meanwhile, Brielle had also arrived.

The Hatfield family's soiree required an invitation, and she hadn't received one, so the doorman stopped her, albeit politely.

"Sorry, no invitation, no entry."

Brielle, desperate and sweating nervously, pleaded, "But I have an urgent matter."

The Hatfield family's security was notoriously tight, and sensing something special about Brielle, who looked radiant even without

makeup, they quickly consulted with Sammuell.

Sammuel had already returned to his main house. Hearing that someone was trying to barge in, he asked warily. "What's the

name?"

The bodyguard turned to Brielle. "Miss, may I have your name?"

*Brielle. My name is Brielle."

Upon hearing the name, Sammuell couldn't help but recall the incident involving Emily Hatfield's departure overseas. Max had

given him a piece of his mind back then, and wasn't that woman named Brielle?

And just moments ago, he had received a call that Max had cleared the top floor's security. Wasn't that setting the stage for

someone? Could that someone be Brielle?

Sammuel was sharp, and he felt as though he was piecing together a puzzle. “Let her in,” he instructed, “and leave the rest be.”