

Master 211

Chapter 211

The bodyguard promptly let Brielle in with a respectful nod.

"Thank you," Brielle said as she inquired about Max's whereabouts before hurrying off in the direction she was given.

She had just turned down a narrow alley when she was stopped by one of the Haywood family's bodyguards. "Ms. Brielle, we've

been waiting for you."

Brielle recognized the bodyguard from previous encounters with the Haywood family; he seemed to be one of Cameron's men. A

frown creased her forehead, "Where's Lillian right now?"

The bodyguard feigned urgency, "Please follow me. They've been waiting for you for quite some time."

Brielle was no fool. Had it been a bodyguard from the Hatfield family, she would have followed without question. But knowing the

hatred the Haywood family harbored against her, she doubted the sincerity of their bodyguard's intentions.

She took a step back, her expression wary. "No need, I'll ask someone from the Hatfield family. myself."

She expected the bodyguard to get rough, but instead, he just stood there, watching her with an inscrutable gaze that unsettled

her even more. With a frown, Brielle headed toward the security booth by the garden. It was manned by the Hatfield family, and

she asked again for Max's location.

What she didn't know was that Cameron had made preparations for this night and had already bought off this particular security

guard. The guard pointed towards a building nearby. "Third floor, room 3001, right by the corridor."

Brielle breathed a sigh of relief and quickly made her way into the adjacent elevator.

Meanwhile, Lillian, who had been lurking in the shadows, glared resentfully at Brielle's retreating figure. Her nails dug deep into

her palms as she yearned to witness Brielle's downfall. A smirk curled on Lillian's lips as she followed to the third floor and

checked with her people, "Are all the filming tools we prepared ready?"

“Don’t worry, Miss Lillian, there are three cameras set up in the room. Once it’s all over, we can pull the footage,” one of her men

assured her.

Lillian’s frustration eased, but she worried Max might grow angry if Brielle didn’t show up soon. “Go to the party and find a

woman to take to Max’s room.”

“Who should we look for?”

Lillian’s mind raced before she sneered and picked a flower, “Sophia, she’s here too, isn’t she? She probably hates Brielle as

well. Given the chance to undermine her, I doubt she’d pass it up.”

The bodyguard nodded and quickly departed.

By this time, Brielle had reached the door of room 3001. As she pushed it open a crack, a peculiar scent wafted out to her. It

wasn’t the usual fragrance of perfume; it smelled more like some kind of drug. Her heart skipped a beat, and she immediately

turned to leave, but the overweight man inside, tormented by the drug’s effects, lunged at her. “Bri, I’ve been waiting for you for

so long. I’ve missed you terribly.”

Brielle dodged his advance and switched on the room lights. As the room brightened, she saw a man with a beer belly and

bloodshot eyes standing not too far away, staring at her as if he wanted to devour her whole.

Brielle had no interest in exchanging words. She opened the door to rush out. But Connor, who was used to women fawning over

him, grasped her wrist, panting heavily.

“Weren’t you the one who called me over? Come on, sweetheart, I can’t hold back any longer, it’s killing me.”

“Get lost!”

Brielle, who had trained in taekwondo, broke free and grabbed a vase from the entryway, smashing it over his head. Taking

advantage of his stagger, she bolted out the door.

Connor, accustomed to women who would kneel for his money, couldn’t believe how this fake heiress was treating him. His

vision blurred as he stumbled after her, cursing under his breath. “Bitch! You think you can escape tonight?”

He reached the staircase landing and grabbed the person he saw, but unbeknownst to him. Brielle had already run up the stairs,

leaving him with a panicked Lillian, who had been hiding. hoping to witness the drama.

Lillian’s face went pale as she shoved away Connor’s reeking breath. “Mr. Connor, you’ve got the wrong person. I’m Lillian.

Brielle’s gotten away, but I’ll have someone bring her right back to you.

Chapter 212

Lillian trembled violently, her thin robe barely clinging to her body, revealing the lacy lingerie beneath – an ensemble she had

chosen specifically for Max. Her vulnerability was further exposed when Connor, driven mad by drugs and pain, began to drag

her towards the bedroom.

“Bullshit! Your old man practically gift-wrapped you for me. Now come on, I can’t hold back any longer.

With that, he yanked her into the room, her robe falling open. Connor’s eyes gleamed with a rabid hunger at the sight of her

revealing attire, and in a fit of fury, he slapped her hard across the face. “Slut! Can’t believe how easy you are.”

The slap left Lillian disoriented, her ears ringing, unable to utter a word, as waves of coursed through her body..

“Help! Somebody help me!”

pain

Her pleas went unheard. Lillian, in an attempt to avoid any interruptions for Connor’s twisted delight, had already sent everyone

away. Now, she was utterly alone. Cameron and the bodyguards, never suspecting she would come to this ordeal herself, were

oblivious to her plight.

Desperately clinging to the door frame, Lillian was no match for the brute force of an enraged man. Connor pulled her in and

began tearing at her clothes, while she sobbed helplessly. cursing Brielle for her fate.

Brielle had already arrived on the fourth floor, her chest pounding wildly. As she ran, she kept looking back to see if anyone was

catching up. She got scared and hid in a dark corner for a while until there were no footsteps behind her. Only then did she

continue walking down the
corridor.

Where was Max exactly? She took out her phone and dialed Max's number again. She thought she heard a ringtone but

dismissed it as her imagination until she found the door that was locked from the outside.

"Mr. Dorsey?" she called out softly, but the thick walls muffled her voice.

Brielle, anxious, struggled with the lock for a while, and soon, the security team of the Hatfield family arrived. The security team

was directed by Samuel to check the fourth floor. They didn't expect someone to lock Max's room. Startled, they quickly forced

it open.

Brielle, relieved, was about to thank them when suddenly, a hand reached out from within the room, pulling her inside. The door

was left slightly ajar as the guard, hearing the commotion, hastily closed it behind him.

Recognizing Max's familiar scent, Brielle's anxiety eased. "Mr. Dorsey, are you okay? Let me get the lights."

But before she could, Max had her pinned beneath him, his body radiating an intense heat. She could hardly speak, her vision flooded with the dazzling fireworks of desire. "Mr. Dorsey. Max, please..."

Her use of his first name seemed to ignite something within him, and he held her even tighter, trapping her in his embrace.

Brielle struggled to breathe, unable to resist, and eventually succumbed to his passion.

As the night deepened, she found herself crying out, too weary to keep her eyes open, while Max never once loosened his grip

on her wrists. Her last memory was his voice murmuring. "Call me by my name from now on," before she drifted into a deep

sleep.

Max, feeling a weight lift from his chest, tenderly brushed a damp lock of hair from Brielle's face and watched the dawn break.

He kissed her forehead and wrapped his arms around her, finally allowing himself to rest without pondering why Brielle affected

him so differently than other

women.

Downstairs, Lillian bore the marks of the night's brutality. Connor, now sober and realizing his grievous error, dreaded the

consequences of assaulting a Haywood. He tried to bribe her silence with sleazy words. "Lillian, about last night., it was a

misunderstanding. How was I to know you'd be here? Let's just forget it all, huh? Even if the Haywood family makes a fuss, it

won't do them any good. No need to let everyone know, right?"

Lillian's eyes, swollen from crying, were filled with nothing but hatred. Then, a knock at the door sent shivers down her spine –

she realized the trap she had set for Brielle might have ensnared her instead.

Chapter 213

Lillian was shaking all over, the sound of Connor's voice still ringing in her ears, making her feel so nauseated she wanted to

vomit. She ran to the bathroom, but with nothing in her stomach from the night before, there was nothing to bring up.

Catching her reflection in the mirror, she looked a mess, bruised all over. The lingerie she had carefully chosen were torn to

shreds.

The knocking at the door was growing louder, and she could even hear the two people she had planted stirring the pot, making

her blood boil with rage.

"That's the room, I swear I saw Brielle dash in there, isn't that the room of Mr. Connor from Apex Dynamics?"

"Mr. Connor? Isn't he the one who just lost his wife?"

"Ugh, she'd go for a guy like that? He gave me the creeps with the way he looked at me last night. Brielle really isn't picky, is

she?”

The hallway was filled with young onlookers, all eager for some juicy gossip, especially if it involved catching someone in a

scandal. Even Spencer had been summoned.

Lillian had explicitly instructed her people to make sure Spencer showed up. Now there he was, standing among the crowd with

a dark expression, hardly able to believe Brielle could get involved with Connor.

Sure, Connor had money, but it was the kind of wealth that only fooled women with more beauty than brains. Brielle had once

been his fiancée; had she really sunk this low? Strangely. Spencer felt a twisted sense of relief wash over him. It was as if the

humiliation he had suffered at Brielle’s hands was dissipating.

As the crowd looked on, it seemed they were trying to read something in his face. Spencer pursed his lips. He had thought about

reconciling with Brielle, but if she was truly this disgusting, why bother trying to win her back?

“She’s no longer my fiancée. I agreed to end the engagement precisely because I knew what kind of person she was, and this

isn’t the first time she’s done something like this.”

Spencer’s mindset was bordering on pathological now. He felt disgusted that Brielle could stoop so low and still deny him while

maintaining a disdainful facade towards him in public...

It was all Brielle’s fault, he thought. A twisted sense of joy crept into Spencer’s heart, and he couldn’t help but let a smirk play on

his lips, “Her affairs have nothing to do with me anymore.”

The crowd nodded in agreement; they had heard the two were no longer engaged.

Someone suggested breaking down the door, and a few robust young men took the initiative. kicking at it repeatedly. Those who

had come for the spectacle were the types who took pleasure in others’ misfortune.

Inside, Lillian jumped at the sound of the door being battered, desperate to find a hiding place. But the room was too tidy, and

here was nowhere to conceal herself.

Her eyes fell on the window, and she hurried to the bed. Without any clothes to wear, her gown and lingerie having been torn to

pieces, she wrapped herself in a bedsheet. She moved to the window, but saw that the garden below was filled with people

enjoying their breakfast.

She was trapped.

Shivering. Lillian watched as the door nearly gave way and she shot a hateful glance at Connor, "Mr. Connor, think of something,

will you?"

Connor was still basking in the afterglow of the previous night. Though groggy, he remembered the taste of this woman. "Lillian,

why don't you just settle down with me? I won't short-change you or Bri. How about fifty thousand a month in pocket money?

What do you say?"

Lillian's eyes were bloodshot with rage, itching to grab the vase nearby and smash it over this man's head.

Fifty thousand to sleep with her? He should take a long hard look in the mirror.

Fury made her scalp tingle, but she could only watch helplessly as the door was about to give in. In a spark of desperation, she

threw the bedsheet over her head, hoping it would obscure her face from the onlookers.

At that moment, with a thunderous crash, the door broke open and fell. People saw the disarray in the room and the woman

hiding under the bedsheet and burst into laughter.

"Brielle, is it only now that you realize that you are a sight for sore eyes?"

"Disgusting. Can't even skip hooking up at a party."

"Mr. Connor, looks like you've bedded the honor student, huh?"

Connor was bewildered, but as he caught on, he understood Lillian's ploy. No wonder she hid her face—it was all a setup to frame

Brielle.

Well, this worked out just fine. It would save him from Robert's wrath.

A smug look spread across his pudgy face, "I'm about to tie the knot with Bri. What's wrong. with a newlywed couple enjoying

themselves? Besides, Brielle was the one who came onto me last night. It was absolutely intoxicating."

Chapter 214

Everyone in the social circle knew Connor was shameless to the core. The scandal involving his wife had become the talk of the

town, and his reputation had taken such a hit that he no longer feared public embarrassment.

Accusing someone like him was pointless. So, the crowd turned their jeering eyes toward the woman hiding her face beneath the

bedsheet. And Lillian, shrouded beneath that sheet, felt surge of satisfaction as the mockery was directed at Brielle.

Desperate to escape, she dashed for the door, but with her vision obscured, she stumbled out of the room and took a tumble in

the hallway, landing right at Spencer's feet.

The onlookers burst into laughter again.

"Look at her now, what a joke! Guess her only shining moment was acing those finals, huh?"

"I heard she's working at Dorsey International. Think Max knows how embarrassing his employee is?"

"What does Max have to do with this? He's leagues above someone like Brielle. They're in completely different worlds."

Lillian winced from the fall and her pride stung even more upon hearing the mentions of Max. It infuriated her that everyone

thought Max and Brielle shouldn't mix, yet during his vulnerable moments under the influence, it was Brielle he desired.

Why Brielle and not her? All she got was a night of humiliation from Connor. The more they insulted Brielle, the better Lillian felt.

She picked herself up, still clutching the sheet over her head, wrapping herself up tightly. Unaware that Spencer was right in front

of her, she attempted to bolt past him, but Spencer, never one to let things slide, saw a perfect opportunity to embarrass Brielle,

who had made him look like a fool at Dorsey International.

“Bri, what’s happened to you?” Spencer feigned concern, pulling her close, his hand reaching to peel away the sheet.

Startled, Lillian wondered how Spencer could be there. “No, don’t!” She clung to the sheet, wishing she could vanish from the

scene.

To Spencer, something felt off; the voice sounded more like Lillian than Brielle. As he peeled back the sheet slightly, he could see

Lillian’s tear-streaked face, though the others couldn’t.

There stood Lillian, a mess, her expression a silent plea. Spencer froze, disbelief etched across his face.

The crowd continued to taunt, “What’s wrong? Does it hurt to see your ex-fiancée like this, Spencer?”

“Why not pull off the sheet, Spencer? Let’s all see the state she’s in.”

14:20

Lip 2

A flicker of something passed through Spencer’s eyes amidst the internal turmoil, but he quickly covered Lillian again with the

sheet. “Let’s leave her be,” he said to the crowd. “Knowing it’s Brielle is enough.”

Hearing this, Lillian’s eyes gleamed with triumph. Spencer was on her side. Blind and desperate, she leaned on him and

whispered, audible only to them, “Spencer, please, get me out of here.”

Though feeling repulsed, Spencer’s hatred for Brielle outweighed his disgust for Lillian. As they made their way out, the

spectators followed, tossing barbs.

“Brielle slept with Connor, and Spencer’s still so kind to her. She must be blessed.”

“Well, they’ve known each other since they were kids. Guess Spencer’s just too soft-hearted.”

They managed to insult Brielle while elevating Spencer’s own status.

The elevator dinged open, and Spencer was about to step in with Lillian when he saw Brielle and Max already inside, looking

pristine and composed.

The crowd, too, was taken aback by Brielle’s tidy appearance, as if they couldn’t believe their eyes. Max himself was as cool as

ever, eyes half-closed, his lashes casting a chill of satiated indolence.

Chapter 215

Brielle had no idea what had just transpired, but she faintly caught her name being whispered. She glanced at the astonished

crowd outside, a sly smile curling on her lips. "Morning, folks. Up with the dawn, I see."

Their expressions changed in a heartbeat. If this clean, neatly dressed, and poised individual was Brielle, then who was the

woman shrouded in the bedsheet?

These trust fund kids were sharp as tacks. Their minds raced, piecing together the sordid puzzle.

That mysterious woman deliberately remained silent. Hearing them say it was Brielle, she tacitly accepted it. Wasn't this an

attempt to make Brielle take the blame?

Had Brielle not shown up in the elevator, everyone would have believed she was the one who had a fling with Connor last night.

Raising an eyebrow, Brielle turned to Spencer and then to the covered figure, her voice laced with mock curiosity, "Is this your

new girlfriend, Mr. Spencer?"

Her words slapped Spencer as if leaving a physical mark on his pride.

The crowd remembered how Spencer had just identified the woman under the sheets as Brielle. If it wasn't her, then who was it?

"Mr. Spencer, that was out of line." someone chided. "You saw her face and still hinted she was Brielle?"

"The one who was fooling around with Connor wasn't her at all. So, who is this shameless person? Doing such disgraceful things

and expecting someone else to take the blame?"

"Let's see her face! Do it, now!"

The crowd was getting riled up, feeling duped.

Lillian, paralyzed with fear, couldn't utter a word until she felt someone tugging at her bedsheets. In panic, she stumbled

backward. "No, stop! Leave me alone!"

Brielle, recognizing the voice, quickly put two and two together. "So it's Lillian."

At the mention of Lillian, disdain filled everyone's eyes. They hadn't forgotten the spectacle at the Haywood family's banquet,

where Brielle had exposed their true colors. They were skeptical then, but now the truth was undeniable.

"So it's Lillian. That's just revolting, trying to frame Brielle."

"This must be a habit for her; she's always bad-mouthing Brielle."

"She even accused Brielle of being promiscuous. Turns out it was her all along? God, if I were Brielle. I'd be livid."

At this point, hiding was futile. Her name was already out there. Fuming, Lillian yanked the sheet off her head, clutching it around

her frame. Yet, her heart skipped a beat when she spotted Max.

Brielle and Max were together, so they must have spent the night, right? This realization filled her with spite, an urge to lash out

at them both.

However, she couldn't stand up to Max. The memory of the gun pressed to her forehead left her speechless, unable to utter a

word against him, especially not in front of this audience. Her lips trembled as she caught Max's threatening gaze, a warning

only she could fully comprehend.

With puffy, tearful eyes and no dignity left for the elevator ride, Lillian bolted for the stairs.

The whispers continued as everyone's gaze shifted to Spencer. Brielle turned to him, her voice sweet as honey. "Aren't you

going to chase after your girlfriend?"

The term 'girlfriend' was a stab of humiliation. They all knew too well who Lillian had been with last night.

Spencer felt the sting of disgrace once again, his eyes seething with resentment towards Brielle.

Chapter 216

Brielle's eyebrow arch was nonchalant, untouched by the turmoil around her.

Spencer felt as if his pride was being trampled underfoot, the gods themselves seemed to conspire with Brielle. Why, at this

crucial moment, did she have to be in the elevator?

His eyes narrowed as he pondered. Had Brielle been at the soiree last night? And she had come down from the fourth floor.

Wasn't Max the only one living on the fourth floor?

This suspicion was fleeting, as the surrounding chatter became unbearable, and Spencer beat a hasty retreat.

The onlookers shared his curiosity as they glanced at Brielle, but she simply looked up at Max with ease. "Mr. Dorsey, about my

business trip, will you approve it?" she inquired.

Max's eyelashes fluttered, and he hummed an affirmative.

Brielle smirked. Seeing that the people outside had no intention of coming in, she closed the elevator.

As soon as it shut, she kept her distance from Max. After all, having just woken up and been dragged out for an passionate

lovemaking, she was wary of his stamina.

Max leaned in closer, noticing her awkward stance. "Feeling uncomfortable?"

Her cheeks flushed. When the elevator reached the ground floor, she hurried out. But after a few steps, she felt a painful tug in

her private area and slowed down.

Max intended to follow, but Sammuel, who had been waiting on the ground floor, approached him. "Mr. Dorsey, how was your

evening?" Sammuel asked, his tone suggesting he had figured out the connection between Max and Brielle. Otherwise, he

wouldn't have allowed her access or had security assist with unlocking the door.

Sammuel hadn't made a spectacle of the situation and had even agreed to sell the surrounding land, putting Max in his debt

twice over, so Max couldn't afford to be too cold now.

"Quite well. Your party was a hit, Mr. Hatfield."

Sammuel smiled, his eyes following Brielle's departure, and remarked meaningfully, "Ms. Brielle is as intriguing as the rumors

suggest.”

“She always is.” Seeing the smile on Max’s face, Sammuel knew he had made the right bet last night. Max deliberately removed

the security on the top floor, exactly for Brielle.

“It seems Ms. Brielle will soon be Mrs. Dorsey of Dorsey International. Congratulations on finding a fine partner.”

Max’s brow furrowed slightly, a sweet unfamiliar sensation blooming in his chest at the thought. Like a candy melting, sweetness

spread from his heart.

However, the idea of marrying Brielle had never crossed his mind.

“I haven’t thought about that,” he said.

Sammuel looked embarrassed, thinking he had misread the situation and quickly covered. “Right, you and Ms. Alivia are the

perfect match.”

Max hadn’t thought about that either, but arguing now seemed pointless.

Hidden behind a column outside the flower wall, Brielle overheard their conversation. He had never considered marrying her,

even assuming he and Alivia were the right match. Then why had he whispered those words last night?

She vaguely remembered him leaning close, telling her to call him by his name. When she did, at the height of passion, he

seemed thrilled, his embrace tightening.

It was all false, just sweet nothings whispered in the heat of the moment.

Brielle scoffed. If that was the case, why did she take it seriously? She couldn’t very well counsel Aubree while falling into the

same trap herself.

She left, hopped into her car, and drove back to the hotel.

The police had contacted her, saying there were no suspicious individuals around her apartment, and if she was still concerned,

she could sell it and move elsewhere.

Brielle was already considering it. She had selected a location for the orphanage and had enough funds to purchase a new

place. So, she started house–hunting that afternoon..

Unexpectedly, Kenzo called her.

“Kenzo?,” she answered, surprised.

“I heard you’re house–hunting?” Kenzo’s voice was gentle on the other end.

“How did you know?”

Kenzo chuckled, “I have a place that’s been sitting empty. Would you like to see it? I can have. my agent get in touch with you.”

Without his offer to involve an agent, Brielle would have declined, wary of owing a favor, but a business transaction was different.

“Sure, I’ll check it out this afternoon.”

Kenzo’s property was in a prime location with excellent privacy. The doorman resident, and no stranger without a card could

enter.

d every

Brielle liked the place as soon as she saw it and quickly transferred the money.

Kenzo, upon receiving the payment, chuckled and sent a screenshot to Max. [Your lady is. buying a house. Aren’t you

contributing?]

In less than a minute, Max sent the money, with a note [and buy the neighboring properties for her, too.]

Chapter 217

Kenzo chuckled in response. (Too bad, I wouldn’t mind pocketing that money myself, but I don’t own the houses next door.)

He sent Brielle a screenshot of Max’s transfer and refunded her money. The screenshot didn’t bring Brielle the joy she had

anticipated. Instead, it reminded her of something she’d overheard that morning, leaving a sour taste in her heart.

He was playing the role of a sugar daddy perfectly well, clearly seeing her as nothing more than a kept woman.

[Alright, Kenzo, thank you. You've saved me some money.]

Kenzo sensed Brielle's discontent but refrained from prying. Instead, he asked Max. [You knew about the house purchase, didn't

you?]

Max was caught up in legalities at the Hatfield family estate, which had delayed him. When Kenzo asked, a knot formed in Max's

stomach. He really hadn't known. Why hadn't Brielle told him? Did she think it unnecessary?

Meanwhile, Max was tuning out whatever Sammuel and Patrick were discussing, fixated on Brielle's contact in his phone.

He barely broke the deadlock with some efforts last night, so why did she leave on her own this morning without waiting for him?

Anxiety got the better of Max, and he rose from his seat.

Patrick, taken aback by his sudden movement, asked, "Mr. Dorsey, are we closing the deal on the contract now?"

Max, fingers elegantly buttoning his cuff, simply nodded, "Yes."

Without further ado, Patrick resumed discussing details with Sammuel, while Max excused himself, citing urgent matters..

Sammuel had no reason to detain him. Once in his car, Max couldn't resist and dialed Brielle's number, but Brielle was busy

exploring her new home and ignored her ringing phone.

In less than a day, she had acquired a property, and Kenzo had even had the keys delivered at lightning speed. She had already

called a moving company, and their crew was downstairs. ready to help her settle in.

Her belongings filled the spacious 300-square-meter house, yet it still felt empty. She snapped some photos and, in a rare

move, updated her social platform.

"New life begins," she captioned.

Brielle rarely posted online, maybe once a month, but she couldn't help sharing several photos. of her beautiful new place.

14:201

In the meantime, Max had messaged her on WhatsApp, which she deliberately ignored. After her update. Max was the first to

comment. [Why aren't you responding to my messages?] His tone carried a hint of hurt.

Brielle didn't have many people on her social media platforms, but individuals like Andrew and Kenzo were all there. However,

those like Spencer, who had conflicts with her, were mostly deleted.

Within a minute, both Kenzo and Andrew replied to Max's comment with a string of question marks.

Andrew, never one to hold back, added after his question marks. [You actually reached out to Brielle? And she didn't reply?

Shocking! The CEO of Dorsey International playing the simp for someone]

Surprised by their reactions, Brielle wondered if Max wasn't one to initiate chats. She didn't want to ask Andrew, and she

messed Kenzo privately. [Does Max not usually start conversations?]

Kenzo's response came swiftly—a screenshot of his chat with Max. Kenzo would say ten things, and Max might reply to one,

sometimes not at all.

Brielle chuckled slightly, but then she felt she might be reading too much into it. After all, she was still an employee of Max.

She put her phone down, deciding to treat herself to a home-cooked dinner to celebrate. Unbeknownst to her, the Haywood

family was already in upheaval. Since Lillian's return home that morning, she'd been wreaking havoc, throwing things around in a

tantrum.

Cameron, upon hearing about Lillian's ordeal with Connor, was in disbelief, but Lillian's tears and the witnesses forced him to

accept the truth.

Robert and Miranda sat grim-faced on the couch, at a loss for words. Surely they couldn't just marry Lillian off to Connor.

Miranda, humiliated by the taunts from the other high society ladies during her afternoon tea. had returned home feeling

disgraced, only to face her hysterical daughter.

"Lillian, how could you—"

Lillian, bitterness etched in her face, slumped on the couch. "Brielle has been sleeping with Max all along. She's the woman he

keeps! I can't stand it. How could Max be blinded by her? Brielle has been with so many men, how could this happen..."

Her voice trailed off into a whisper.

A gleam of light flashed in Robert's eyes. "Are you sure about that?"

Chapter 218

Lillian's face twisted in anguish as she spoke, her voice choked with emotion.

"How can there be any doubt? I saw it with my own eyes last night. Max actually cares for Brielle. How could this be? That bitch!

How did she manage to do it? Max is such a figure."

She couldn't get another word out as her voice broke down in sobs.

Robert was just as shocked because Max was always seen as the pinnacle of business royalty. a man so high up the social

ladder that women couldn't even dream of a casual conversation with him, let alone closeness. How could a man like that be

entangled with Brielle, especially since she was Spencer's ex-fiancée?

Robert still worried that Lillian might have been mistaken. "Lillian, Brielle is Spencer's ex, and Max wouldn't get involved with her.

Are you sure you didn't just see what you wanted to see?"

Lillian's face contorted even more, her chest heaving with emotion. "Max himself had me use his phone to personally call Brielle.

How could I be mistaken? That whore! I wish she would just disappear."

Besides cursing Brielle like this, she really didn't know what else she could do. The mention of Spencer seemed to reignite a

spark in Lillian, her face brightening with a vindictive satisfaction. "Dad, if Michael finds out about Brielle and Max, could he make

her disappear from

Beaconsfield?"

A hint of hesitation appeared on Robert's face, then it seemed like he came to a realization. "We shouldn't tell Michael about this

just yet. Lillian, after all these years you've known Brielle, she must have been really upset to cut ties with us. She'll come back

to the Haywood family eventually. As for her and Max, if she managed to snag him, that's her skill. You could learn a thing or two

from her."

Lillian was in disbelief, staring wide-eyed. She was already a mess, with swollen eyes, and now her twisted expression made

her look almost ghostly.

Miranda and Cameron couldn't believe what Robert was saying either. They started to argue but stopped when they saw Robert

stand up. "For years, the only woman who's ever caught Max's attention has been Brielle. His engagement to the Barnes girl

hasn't even been set in stone. If Brielle can get Max to call off that engagement, she'll be the future Lady of Dorsey International.

Who would dare cross her then?"

The two were about to retort but clamped their mouths shut, their fists clenched in frustration. They knew Robert was suggesting

they cozy up to Brielle.

Seeing no objection, Robert continued, "Brielle's always had a soft heart. How could she hold no affection for the Haywood

family? And with a grandfather who loves her, if she doesn't want to see him hurt, she wouldn't dare push too far."

Brielle hadn't visited the old man in the nursing home, opting instead for a caregiver, partly because she feared he would ask

about the Haywood family. Not wanting to lie to this kind.

elder, she had chosen to keep her distance – a weakness that Robert was willing to exploit.

Robert felt a surge of pleasure, initially thinking Brielle would end up with someone like Connor. It's a surprise that she managed

to potentially bag a bigger fish.

As soon as he left, Lillian completely broke down, smashing everything left on the coffee table. "Mom, can you believe what

Dad's saying?"

Miranda's face was etched with worry, but if Brielle really was with Max, they indeed wouldn't dare provoke her.

"Lillian, your father is looking out for you. You should focus on how to win Spencer back."

The mention of Spencer brought back a humiliating memory, and Lillian began to cry again.

With a sigh. Miranda got up, catching Cameron's eye, and left the room.

As soon as she was gone, Lillian threw herself into Cameron's arms, "Cameron, don't tell me you agree with them? Why does

Brielle deserve Max's affection?"

Cameron was still rattled by the previous night's events, fearful of Max's potential retaliation against the Haywood family.

"You'll help me, right?"

Cameron's mouth tasted bitter as he rubbed his temples, "I'll help you, but lay low for now. When Max gets tired of Brielle, you

can have your revenge."

Lillian thought it made sense. The Dorsey and Barnes family union was big news, and Brielle was just a passing fancy for Max.

But the thought of Robert siding with Brielle sent chills down Lillian's spine, her eyes glinting coldly. She decided to get Alivia

involved in the fight against Brielle.

When Alivia got the news, she was wrapping up an investment deal with Noah. Noah noticed her smile vanish and cautiously

inquired. "Alivia, what's wrong?"

Alivia's hand that was casually resting by her side clenched, "Ms. Haywood from Dorsey International is quite close to Max, isn't

she?"

Chapter 219

Noah had been harboring a crush on Alivia for years, and he agreed to this business trip mainly because it offered a chance to

see her. But deep down, he knew that Alivia dreamed only of tying the knot with Max.

"Brielle's reputation is in the gutter. I can't believe Mr. Dorsey would be blind enough to fall for her." Noah mused to himself.

Alivia breathed a sigh of relief at the thought that the rumors must be false, "Once you've settled things with my friend. I'll come

back home with you.

A flicker of joy passed through Noah's eyes, "Great."

Alivia, however, couldn't shake her unease. It seemed she had to fast-track her engagement with the Dorseys to ward off any

unworthy suitors who might have their eye on Max.

During her trip back home, she was determined to convince both families to move forward with the engagement.

She played with the bracelet around her wrist, a habit she picked up from Max. Mimicking his gestures somehow made her feel

closer to him.

Although she was aware of Noah's affection for her, her heart belonged to Max, and Max alone.

"Noah, I need a favor," she said.

Noah blushed at her request. Coming from a wealthy family, he had eyes only for Alivia and would do anything to help her. "Just

name it."

"I want you to pursue Brielle. Someone sent me an anonymous message, and I can't shake this feeling. You know how long I've

waited for Max, and I can't afford any complications. If Brielle's personal life is as messy as they say, maybe she's eyeing Max?

With your looks and family background, it should be easy for you to win her over, right? And after that, you can just dump her. It

wouldn't be a loss for you."

Noah didn't ponder whether Alivia's tactics were fair or foul. To him, it was an honor to be entrusted with such a task. "Don't

worry, I'll have her wrapped around my finger within a week." Alivia's lips curled slightly. "I'll handle things with my friend. You

should head back home. Give me no more than two weeks, and I'll have a definite answer for you."

"Alright, take care, Alivia."

Unbeknownst to Brielle, she had become Alivia's target. After sorting out her move, Brielle returned a call to the police

department..

In less than two days, she had settled into her new place, taking some time off work due to an overly passionate encounter with

Max that still left her private part sore.

In the afternoon, she finally decided to visit the hospital. As she lay on the examination bed, the doctor's expression grew stern. "Miss, do you need us to call the police for you?"

Brielle blushed with embarrassment, making up an excuse, "It's just my boyfriend. He can be a bit overzealous."

The doctor looked unconvinced and noticed Brielle's discomfort, his brow furrowing slightly. "Here's your prescription.

Remember, it's important to respect yourself."

Her cheeks reddened further as she left the office, overhearing a couple of doctors gossiping.

"Last month's case was even more outrageous. These young people today really don't know their limits."

"Right? They should find a decent boyfriend instead of hooking up with some rich kid. They get the cash but lose their health."

Brielle's head buzzed with irritation, mentally cursing Max as she rushed out of the hospital.

"Oof!"

Turning a corner, she bumped into someone, her nose throbbing from the impact as her medicine scattered on the floor.

"I'm so sorry," she murmured, bending to pick up the pills. But the man was quicker, his fingers tensing as he recognized the

medication and spotted the gynecology sign behind her. Handing them back, he muttered, "No harm done."

Brielle looked up to see a young man's face, one that seemed vaguely familiar.

Chapter 220

A few seconds later, her eyes widened, and she forgot about her embarrassment. "You are Mason? What brings you back in the country?"

Mason froze, then his features cooled off. "Sorry, you've got the wrong guy.

Realizing her mistake, Brielle hurried to catch up to him. "I apologize for not introducing myself earlier. I'm Brielle from Dorsey

International's M&A division. It's a pleasure to meet you. I've been collecting information on the company you started abroad,

and I was wondering--"

She was cut off as Mason interjected, "Dorsey International? The same Dorsey International that Max is part of?"

Brielle stopped in her tracks and nodded slowly, noting the sneer that appeared on Mason's face. "Does Max know you're here

trying to talk cooperation with me?"

Brielle frowned. Could there be bad blood between these two?

Mason's expression returned to neutral as he waved a dismissive hand. "I have no interest in acquisitions or investments from

Dorsey International. Don't bother me with this."

Standing there, Brielle felt a sinking feeling. The very company Mason had founded was her next business trip's target, and she

had never imagined she would bump into the founder back home.

Why did Mason harbor such disdain for Dorsey International? She hadn't uncovered any information linking Mason to Dorsey

International.

Not wanting to miss her chance, Brielle took out her phone, thought for a moment, and decided to call Max.

Meanwhile, at the top floor of Dorsey International, a serious meeting was underway when a ringtone sliced through the silence.

The executives exchanged nervous glances, sweat beading on their foreheads. Who could be so careless as to not silence their

phone during a meeting?

The finance director was the first to speak up. "Whose phone is that? Turn it off."

As the words left his mouth, Max raised his hand, grabbing the vibrating phone beside him and pressed the answer button. The

reporting individual quickly fell silent, as did everyone else, not daring to make a sound.

Max stood up and walked to a nearby floor-to-ceiling window, visibly brightening. "What's up?"

He had bought Brielle a house, a plot of land, and never even received a thank you, let alone a returned message. Max felt a bit

stifled, but now that she was calling him, his lips couldn't help but curl into a smile.

Was this a thank you call?

What Brielle asked next made his smile droop. "Mr. Dorsey, do you happen to know someone named Mason?"

Max remained silent, and the other executives nearby could almost feel a chill sweeping through the room, making them shiver.

Brielle couldn't see his face, nor could she gauge his mood. "The company I'm planning to approach was founded by Mason. I

just ran into him here, and it seems like a great opportunity to connect with him, but he seems to have a strong aversion to

Dorsey International. I want to understand why. Mr. Dorsey, can you shed some light on this?"

Max's grip on the phone tightened. Brielle was truly the fastest to change her attitude that he had ever seen. She had agreed so

sweetly in bed that she would call him by his name, and here she was, just two days later, politely calling him Mr. Dorsey again.

"I thought I told you to use my first name from now on."

His voice was audible, and everyone in the meeting room heard it, causing a collective jolt. Who was Mr. Dorsey speaking to so

intimately?

Whispers spread among the curious.

"It must be Alivia. It looks like the marriage between the two families really isn't far off."

"And Ms. Alivia is even helping Dorsey International with overseas investments. It's only right.

for the CEO to be nice to her."

Only the HR director and the finance director exchanged knowing looks, a silent understanding between them. They had

stumbled upon Max and Brielle's affair before; Max was different with Brielle. As for Alivia? Max had never personally mentioned

any alliance with the Barnes family. and everything was just speculation.

The person occupying his thoughts now was Brielle..

Max was oblivious to the undercurrents among his staff. After his statement, he waited for Brielle to respond.

flicker of confusion crossed Brielle's heart, but she maintained her polite tone. "I think it's appropriate to call you Mr. Dorsey. I

know where to draw the line." To avoid stirring up any undesired emotions within herself.