

Master 253

Chapter 253

Unaware of Max's hospitalization, Brielle went about her business with a calculated calm. Spencer, who had recoiled at the sight

of Brielle's glinting switchblade, was now quivering. unable to utter a single word as he stared at her with trembling lips.

Brielle had little patience for his cowardice and didn't bother to rush into contacting Ryan, choosing instead to wait for news from

the outside. She knew that Ryan, failing to find Spencer, would inevitably reach out to the authorities.

By the afternoon, Brielle had made all her preparations. Spencer had hailed his own cab to the hotel a Dorsey International

establishment that no one would suspect as a hiding place. Indeed, the most dangerous places can often be the safest.

Brielle had prepared a back-up phone with an anti-surveillance system, which she knew was untraceable. It offered only a

vague location within Beaconsfield to Ryan—a needle in a haystack for him to find.

Brielle shoved Spencer into the bathroom, his mouth gagged, leaving him helplessly watching as she closed the door.

Outside the hotel room, Lillian had been lurking until a patrolling staff member spotted her suspicious behavior and demanded to

see her room card. Lillian, prepared, took out a card from the adjacent room and slipped in after the staff walked away, standing

vigilant throughout the night.

She sent Max a message, sowing seeds of doubt: [Brielle and Spencer are holed up in that room all night. What do you think

they're up to?]

Max, restless and sleepless, stared at the message for minutes before blocking the number. Lillian, desperate for a response,

tried calling, only to be met with the dispassionate tone of an automated message; she had been blocked.

Anger flared in Lillian's eyes—how could Max favor Brielle so? She clenched her phone so tightly her teeth nearly shattered.

Plotting Brielle's downfall, a wicked scheme began to take shape in her mind, and she smirked as she gazed towards the

neighboring room, beginning to lay her trap.

Meanwhile, Brielle ordered a hearty breakfast, and after eating, she dealt with several company emails online. It was only when

internal messages revealed Max's hospitalization and subsequent high-level meetings that Brielle sprang into action. She called

Max, then Patrick, to no avail.

Packing up a breakfast that Max favored during his stays at the hotel, Brielle finally obtained the hospital address from Kenzo

and rushed to see him.

Upon reaching the hospital door, she was about to knock when she overheard Max's conversation with Patrick.

"Mr. Dorsey, Ms. Brielle called. Are you sure we shouldn't tell her?" asked Patrick, concern lacing his voice.

Max, looking trail with an IV needle in his hand, remained indifferent. "No need."

"But she'll worry if she finds out later," Patrick pressed.

A flicker of coldness passed through Max's eyes. Worry? She was probably cozying up to Spencer, realizing her past mistakes,

and hoping to rekindle what they had. Blind, indeed.

Max let out a self-deprecating chuckle, suppressing the tumultuous emotions within him. "Our relationship is about to end

anyway."

Better to end things on his own terms than wait for her to do it. It was a relationship teetering on the edge, after all.

Exhausted from days of sleepless nights abroad, Max had tasted longing for the first time, only to be met with a crushing blow

from Brielle. Thankfully, such feelings were retractable. He just needed a few days to recover.

His gaze fell back to the documents in his hand, but his heart couldn't help but feel slighted. He had treated her well, certainly

better than Spencer had. Why then would she turn to Spencer?

Brielle, standing just outside the door, fingers curled around the doorknob, felt a painful twist in her heart as she listened to Max's

words. Her fingertips involuntarily curled tighter.

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She gazed at the takeout she had carefully packed, a hint of self-mockery tinging her thoughts.. Taking a deep breath to

compose herself, she opened the door. "Mr. Dorsey, I heard you were in the hospital. Feeling better?"

Neither of the two in the room expected her visit. Max's grip on his paperwork tightened, the slight sense of grievance he had

vanishing instantly. He looked up at Brielle.

With a warm smile, Brielle placed the takeout on the bedside table.

Patrick, sensing the moment, discreetly exited, closing the door behind him, leaving them to their privacy.

Max didn't speak, and Brielle began unpacking the food. "Have you had lunch? I brought some. things from the hotel. Care for a

bite?"

The dishes were all light and bland, perfect for someone recovering from illness.

Max stayed silent, eyes fixed on the documents, though he wasn't really reading them.

Brielle scooped up a spoonful of soup, bringing it to his lips, only to hear him ask, "Weren't you supposed to be at home? Why

the hotel?"

Brielle realized she had misspoken. The food was obviously from that particular hotel's menu. and Max, with his own suite there,

would surely know where she got it. Lies were bound to unravel.

"I-" Brielle struggled to find an excuse. Should she divulge the whole kidnapping Spencer affair? But Max was a Dorsey, after all.

He wouldn't tak her side.

"I had some business at the hotel."

Max remained silent, his gaze unsettling her, turning her normally confident demeanor into a display of discomfort.

He closed his eyes, and after a while, he chuckled softly. "Brielle, let's end this charade."

Brielle's grip on the spoon tightened, her throat constricting as if choked, unable to speak.

To mask the hurt, she pretended to stir the soup, her eyes reddening, striving to keep her voice steady. "Alright."

No plea, no pain, just a calm affirmation.

Max felt a surge of frustration. Her seemingly indifference hurt him in ways he couldn't describe. He held back before finally

saying, "You can go now."

Brielle slowly set down the bowl and stood up with difficulty.

A myriad of needles seemed to prick at her heart. She admitted to a fondness for Max but was far from love. It was a mistake

from the start, and perhaps it was for the best that it ended.

She turned swiftly, and as she reached the door, her throat tightened. Upon opening it, she saw Patrick sitting outside in the

hallway.

Patrick, taken aback by her tear-rimmed eyes, stuttered, "Ms. Brielle, are you-"

Brielle didn't answer, just shook her head and hurried to the elevator.

Patrick stood frozen. Was it an illusion? He thought he saw Ms. Brielle crying. Did they have a fight? But he didn't hear any

arguing.

In the room, Patrick saw Max toss the documents aside in irritation. This was the first time. Patrick had seen Max acting so

petulant. "Sir, it seems like Ms. Brielle has cried."

Max's hand froze, discomfort evident.

Brielle crying? Was it possible? She seemed so composed.

Noticing the still-warm meal Brielle had brought, Patrick assumed it wasn't to Max's liking. "Shall I have the chef bring something

else? What would you like?"

Max looked down, his voice husky. "No need."

He picked up the bowl and ate a spoonful. It was indeed from the hotel. So, she hadn't gone home last night and spent it with

Spencer at the hotel?

As he took a second bite, he pondered whether his earlier words had been too harsh.

By the third, he was feeling regret. "You said Brielle was crying?"

Chapter 255

Patrick thought he was hearing things. Just a minute ago, Max had been as nonchalant as ever. "I saw Ms. Brielle with red-

rimmed eyes running out. She must have been crying."

Max's fingers froze around the spoon, his heart feeling like it had been pricked with a needle. He stared at the bowl of soup in

front of him, wondering if Brielle had slipped something into it.

Had Ryan instructed her to do so, and she complied, all for Spencer's sake? Would she do anything for Spencer? The realization

made him distinctly uncomfortable, and his stomach clenched in response..

Catching the shift in Max's expression, Patrick quietly excused himself and stepped out. After a moment's hesitation, he dialed

Brielle's number.

Brielle hadn't even gotten into her car yet; she was sitting on a bench just outside the hospital entrance. The ring of the phone

elicited no immediate reaction from her. She just gazed blankly ahead.

She should've left immediately, but her mind was in turmoil, and she needed a moment to calm her thoughts.

The phone kept ringing, as if it wouldn't stop until she answered. Her body moved slowly, like a piece of rusted machinery, as she

pulled out her phone and saw Patrick's name on the screen.

Was he calling to tell her to hand in her resignation at Dorsey International?

Brielle bit her lip and, with resignation, hung up the call. If Max wanted her out of Dorsey International, what would she do?

She had anticipated that their ambiguous relationship would end eventually, but not this soon. A bitter taste filled her mouth as

she leaned back on the bench, her eyes half-closed. She couldn't afford to stop now; stopping would mean dwelling on the

complexities of her relationship with Max. She needed to do something to occupy herself.

Brielle took out her other phone, the one she always carried, and sent a message to Ryan. [Spencer's life for the life of Mark.

Fair trade, right?]

Ryan had already reported Spencer missing and had his own people searching alongside the police. The message furrowed his

brow, and he sent a quick reply. [Brielle?] Who else would care about that old man's well-being enough to kidnap Spencer?

Brielle knew it was only a matter of time before she was exposed, but as long as she didn't confess, Ryan had no proof it was

her doing.

A venomous look crossed Ryan's eyes. Brielle used Spencer to threaten him. He took a deep breath and ordered his bodyguard,

"Bring her in, and check her recent whereabouts. We need to find Spencer quickly."

The bodyguard nodded and hurriedly got into the car..

Meanwhile, the news of Spencer's disappearance had spread throughout the Dorsey family.

"Sir, many from the Dorsey family are out looking for Spencer. He's been reported missing."

Max frowned, his confusion apparent as he asked, "What?"

Unable to contain himself, Patrick repeated, "Spencer's missing. He's been kidnapped."

Max's mind sparked like a short-circuit, and he immediately called the hotel manager. The last time Brielle had stayed at that

hotel, Max had made it clear to the staff that if Brielle was there. they were to delete all surveillance involving her. It was a form of

protection for her, and he didn't need to be consulted about it.

Now, considering Spencer's disappearance, he couldn't help but suspect Brielle's involvement.

The hotel manager had been waiting for his call and answered promptly. "Sir, Ms. Brielle checked in last night with a man, but

this morning she only ordered breakfast for one. The hallway cameras show they haven't left, and there's been another woman

keeping watch next door. I've deleted all footage of Ms. Brielle's stay, as per your instructions to protect her."

Max rubbed his temple and gave his instructions, "Has Brielle returned?"

“Ms. Brielle went out this morning and hasn’t come back yet.”

Chapter 256

The lobby manager nodded curtly, swiftly grabbed a set of keys from the front desk, and, flanked by two burly bodyguards, made

his way to the room Brielle had requested the previous night.

This was Max’s private suite, a place only accessible to cleaning and sanitization staff. No one else ever set foot in there.

The manager unlocked the door and was greeted by the sight of a pristine living room. The security feed showed that the man

Brielle had brought with her had never left, yet the room was now eerily empty.

Clang Clang!

A noise echoed from the bathroom.

The manager thought his ears were playing tricks on him, but he cautiously approached the bathroom door and pushed it open.

Before him, tied to a chair, was Spencer. The sight threw the manager’s world into disarray. Wasn’t this the young master of the

Dorsey family?

Hope flickered in Spencer’s eyes as he saw someone other than Brielle, and he began to struggle frantically.

The manager broke into a cold sweat and shot a look at his bodyguards. Without hesitation, one of the bodyguards crept up

behind Spencer and knocked him out.

The manager almost dropped the phone he was holding. “Do you have any idea who he is? Who gave you the order to hit him? I

meant for you to untie him!”

The bodyguards were flabbergasted.

As the manager gazed at the unconscious Spencer, he felt the air being squeezed out of his lungs. This was a disaster. He

clutched his phone with trembling hands and called Max.

“Uh, Mr. Dorsey, it seems Ms. Brielle has... uh, tied up Mr. Spencer in the hotel, and, well, there’s something stuffed in his

mouth.”

Max’s eyes narrowed. “You’re saying Brielle kidnapped Spencer?”

The manager nodded frantically. “Yes, what should I do now?”

Max tapped his fingers lightly on the bedspread, pondering. Brielle had lured Spencer to the hotel to kidnap him? But why?

“Is the surveillance footage destroyed?”

“From the moment Ms. Brielle arrived at the hotel, all footage related to her and Mr. Spencer has been destroyed.”

“Alright, I’ll have someone come to move Spencer.”

“But Mr. Spencer saw our faces”

“It doesn’t matter.”

With Max’s assurance, the manager wiped the sweat from his forehead, relieved that he wouldn’t be held responsible for

Spencer’s predicament.

Max’s voice came through the phone again, “Who was watching them?”

The manager, prepared for this question, didn’t hesitate to reveal the name. “A lady named Lillian. She seemed to have spent

the entire night outside Ms. Brielle’s door and was the one who followed Ms. Brielle in, taking the room next door.”

A chill passed over Max’s eyes. It was her again. “I understand.”

The manager let out a sigh of relief and couldn’t help but ponder. Ms. Brielle had kidnapped Mr. Spencer of the Dorsey family,

and yet Max, the CEO, seemed to be covering up for her.

It appeared Ms. Brielle held a significant place in the CEO’s heart. He turned to the bodyguards and cautioned them. “From now

on, keep a closer eye on Ms. Brielle’s affairs.”

“Understood.”

After hanging up. Max had Patrick arrange for a team to move Spencer. They acted swiftly. transporting the still unconscious

Spencer to a secure location.

No sooner had they left than Ryan's men arrived, but after scouring the surveillance, they found no trace of Spencer at the hotel

nor any sign of Brielle's check-in.

How was this possible?

The street cameras had clearly shown Spencer heading to the hotel and Brielle had been seen arriving too. Why were there no

records of their stay? The footage suggested nothing out of the ordinary, with no sign of either individual

Ryan's expression darkened. He had thought that finding Spencer would allow his men to deal with Brielle safely, but now, with

Spencer missing, there was a risk.

Despite his reluctance, Ryan had to order his people to withdraw and focus on searching for Spencer.

Meanwhile, Brielle was on her way back to the hotel. She parked her car by the curb, intending to head inside. Just as she came

to a stop, a van nearby hurtled towards her, seemingly out of control.

Brielle didn't have time to think. She flung open her car door and leaped out. The car smashed past her, grazing her thigh and

drawing blood. Her own car was sent careening into a nearby building, its frame grotesquely twisted. Had she not jumped in

time, she would likely be dead.

Brielle stood to the side, her heart racing as blood trickled down her leg.

The commotion drew the attention of others in the hotel, and the lobby manager was the first to emerge. Seeing Brielle's bloody

leg, he was taken aback and immediately called Max Sr. MS. Brielle's been in an accident."

Before he could finish, the call was abruptly ended.

Chapter 257

Max yanked the IV from his hand and grabbed his jacket, striding toward the ward room door.

Patrick moved to support him but was met with a curt, "Check on Brielle's car crash."

Taken aback, Patrick nodded and hurried to make the arrangements.

As they stepped into the elevator, Max's icy presence was so overpowering it left Patrick struggling for breath. Noticing the blood

still seeping from Max's hand, Patrick wanted to say something—anything—to break the tension, but the words wouldn't come.

Max was already on his phone to Brielle as they exited the elevator. Her phone, engulfed in flames inside her car, went

unanswered.

Frustrated, Max redialed his manager's number. By now, the manager, having the good sense to support Brielle, had ushered

her into the hotel lobby to rest.

"Ms. Brielle, Mr. Dorsey is really worried about you. He'll be here soon," the manager reassured her.

Brielle frowned in disbelief. Max? "You mean Max?" she asked, incredulous.

The manager nodded, going pale at the sight of her bleeding. "We should get you to the hospital before this gets any worse."

Brielle, who had a lump in her throat at the thought of Max's concern, felt her grip tighten on her pants. "He's worried about me?"

After the cold way they'd ended things, could he really be worried?

The manager nodded vigorously. "To Mr. Dorsey, you're more important than family."

Brielle couldn't help but laugh at the rumor, though it eased the bitterness she felt.

Sensing her skepticism, the manager was about to mention Spencer when the hotel doors swung open, and Max strode in. His

jacket dangled from his elbow, his expression as frosty as ever. The sight of the blood on Brielle's foot made him grimace.

She was shocked. How did he get here so fast?

Max crouched to inspect her injury, with onlookers beginning to take notice. Brielle was worried that someone might recognize

Max. If that scene ended up online, it would undoubtedly attract gossip and rumors. Andrew's words from earlier had become a

thorn in her side. She was Max's only stain.

This untouchable man was meant to be suspended high above all else.

Her nose stung with the effort to hold back tears as he examined her wound. The thought of Spencer still locked upstairs made

her anxious, and the memory of Max's words to end things filled her with hurt.

Without a word, Max wrapped an arm around her. "If this gets infected, you could lose the leg. If you don't want to go to the hospital, I'll take you to Premier Palace. You can heal there, and you'll have care. If you don't want to see me, I'll stay at a hotel."

Brielle's frown deepened. Why would she not want to see him?

Meanwhile, the manager's eyes bulged. Ms. Brielle was already staying at Premier Palace? Had Mr. Dorsey really given up his home just to appease her?

This was no different than a husband kicked out of his own house after a tiff with his wife.

The manager looked at Brielle with newfound reverence, realizing that anything concerning her had to be a top priority.

If Max hadn't shown up, Brielle would have considered the injury trivial, just a bit more blood than usual. She'd been through

worse. But with him there, the pain seemed to intensify to an unbearable level.

Biting her lip, tears started to flow. Whether it was the pain from her wounds or the emotional ache from his declaration of ending

things, she couldn't tell. All she knew was that she couldn't hold back the tears any longer, and like a faulty faucet, they wouldn't

stop falling.

Max, thinking her pain was too much, held her close in a tight embrace.

Chapter 258

The manager scrambled to clean up the scene, making sure no one would snap pictures before leading the way out.

After settling everyone into the car, Max gently wiped away Brielle's tears. With her lips tightly pursed, Brielle seemed to lose her

voice to silence.

Max felt as if his own pain was amplified tenfold. He pulled out a tissue and dabbed at her cheeks, over and over.

As the car started to move, Max leaned in and captured her quivering lip with his own. A flicker of surprise crossed Brielle's eyes,

and her tears stopped as if frozen, her gaze reflecting his silhouette. She tensed, not daring to move.

The car came to a halt inside the grandeur of Premier Palace, where the doctor was already waiting. Spotting the injured Brielle,

he quickly grabbed his medical kit.

When the doctor's hands touched her leg, Brielle belatedly felt a piercing pain. Only then did she realize her leg was broken and in need of a cast.

Max sat beside her, frowning in silence.

Embarrassed by her earlier behavior, Brielle finally came to her senses. Max didn't look at her. and was busy inquiring about the

next steps from the doctor.

Wesley, was sweating bullets, quickly instructing the kitchen to simmer extra batches of soup.

Brielle sat in place, observing the hustle and bustle at Premier Palace due to her arrival, and a warm feeling filled her heart.

When Max announced it was time to end things, she truly felt miserable. Before she was ten. she lived in an orphanage where

having enough to eat was a constant struggle. But after ten. as she was brought back to the Haywood family, she never felt the

warmth of a true home.

Her heart carried hidden ailments, burdened with too much pride and self-esteem. For many years, weathering all storms alone,

she had grown into a towering and solitary giant tree.

Such a tree was, as Spencer would say, dull and lacking feminine charm. It's not like a flower, trembling on a branch, stirring

emotions, nor like a vine, weaving its way into hearts. So, she never fancied the idea that a man like Max could be moved by her.

In the midst of their silence, Patrick entered with a grim face. "Mr. Dorsey."

He approached Max with respect. "We've got control over the driver. Breathalyzer shows he was under the influence. But this

morning, his account received a hefty sum, a million dollars. The deposit..."

Patrick paused, mindful of Brielle's presence. "came from someone in the Haywood family."

At that, Brielle looked up, "Lillian?"

Patrick nodded, seeing that she took the news without distress, he continued, "This account has been funding various online

trolls for years, spreading rumors about you, Ms. Brielle. Created long ago, Lillian probably didn't realize the need for discretion,

so it's under her real

name."

Foolish.

A cold glint passed through Brielle's eyes, ready to settle scores with the Haywood family once she recovered. But then she

heard Max speak up. "Get me a breakdown of the Haywood family's business empire."

Prepared, Patrick produced a file, sensing Max was about to make a move against the Haywoods. "Here are the profiles of the

Haywood family's key clients. The Haywoods have been riding the coattails of the Dorsey family's power due to Ms. Brielle's

engagement with Mr. Spencer. They've been climbing, but since the wedding keeps getting delayed, the clients, who were only

in it for the Dorseys, are getting restless. The Haywoods are starting to have cash flow problems. We just need to give them a

little nudge."

"Do it." Max instructed.

The topic was about Brielle, yet she felt like an outsider in her own matter. As Patrick turned to leave, she blurted out. "Wait-

Max looked up, his gaze coolly sweeping over her, "What, feeling sorry for them?"

Surprised, Brielle retorted, "No way. When I got engaged to Spencer, they didn't bother asking. me. To them, I'm just a cheap

commodity to be used up and thrown away."

Spencer's name made Max sit up a little straighter.

Chapter 259

He hoped Brielle would say something more, like why on earth she had taken Spencer to the hotel and kidnapped him in the first

place. Did she even have any feelings for Spencer?

But after Brielle's last comment, she just frowned and fell silent, her thoughts drifting to Spencer, who she had left bound in the

bathroom. Her arm now encased in a cast, so she was unable to move him herself, and if Spencer were to be discovered by

someone else, all her efforts would be for naught.

Should she reach out to Aubree? But her phone had gone to smithereens along with her car. which meant that if she wanted to

contact Aubree, she would have to rely on Max.

Glancing at Max, she found his gaze already on her. Their eyes met, and she quickly looked away, feeling a flush of nervous

heat wash over her.

Max stood up and asked, "Does your leg hurt?"

Brielle meant to deny it, but instead she murmured, "Mhm."

Max asked Wesley to bring over a wheelchair and gently helped her into it.

Brielle noticed his carefulness, and it made her nose tingle with emotion. Even after declaring their end, Max was still the kindest to her.

*Stay here and heal up," he said.

He was about to leave after saying that, but then he heard Brielle ask, "And what about you?"

Her words hooked him, holding him in place. He wanted to say he'd stay at a hotel or one of his other properties, but it felt like

Brielle was subtly asking him to stay. So, instead, he offered. "How about I wheel you around the garden for a bit?"

Brielle wasn't sure what to say, so she nodded instinctively. Both seemed to be looking for excuses to stay together.

As Max pushed her through the garden, trying to think of a new topic of conversation, his phone started to ring. He frowned,

instinctively not wanting to answer, but the ringing persisted.

Even Brielle looked up at him, "Go ahead, it might be something important at the office."

He took out his phone, and when he saw it was Andrew calling, his expression darkened, and he hung up without hesitation.

Andrew called a few times, but there was no answer. On the last hang-up, Andrew frowned and turned to Kenzo, "Didn't you say he was in the hospital?"

Kenzo, holding a glass of wine, nodded slightly, "He was, but I heard Brielle had a car accident. He probably rushed over there."

At the mention of Brielle, a surge of distaste welled up inside Andrew, his lips tightening. Always because of Brielle.!

"He must be in love with Brielle!" he concluded. The thought made Andrew restless, but what could he do?

"Kenzo, we can't just watch Max fall like this."

Kenzo sipped his wine, smiling lightly, "I don't want to see you tangled up with Tessa either. Why don't you break it off with her?"

At that, Andrew froze. "My situation with Tessa is different. Tessa is innocent, but Brielle."

Kenzo pinched the bridge of his nose, exasperated, "Let's just stay out of Max's business, okay?"

"Kenzo, you don't seem to have any issues with Brielle?"

Raising an eyebrow, Kenzo chuckled, "I'm just curious to see how far those two will go."

Andrew's lips thinned, a cold glint flashing in his eyes, "They'll never end up together."

After hanging up several times, Max handed his phone to a servant nearby. He continued to wheel Brielle around the garden, but

she was obviously distracted, trying to figure out how to ask him for his phone. She had to get someone to move Spencer, and

she couldn't let Max find out.

Max was waiting for her to bring up Spencer, but after a complete round of the garden, Brielle was still silent, her brow furrowed

with worry. It seemed she had no intention of speaking. In her heart, he was not a person she could trust.

Realizing this, Max didn't linger any longer and left Premier Palace.

Chapter 260

Brielle lounged on the sofa, her mind in a daze. She couldn't sit idly by any longer, so she turned to the busy-bodied Wesley and

asked, "Hey Wesley, can I borrow your phone for a sec?"

Wesley paused, Mr. Dorsey had made it clear: if Ms. Brielle ever asked to borrow a phone, he had to be informed. Still, he

handed over his phone with a smile, nodding, "Sure thing, Ms. Brielle."

Relieved, Brielle grabbed the phone and strolled into the garden, ensuring no one was around before dialing Aubree's number.

Aubree picked up swiftly, and Brielle spilled the beans on what she'd done.

On the other end, Aubree took a deep breath, her voice a whisper of disbelief. "You've really lost it, kidnapping Spencer? And

hiding out in a Dorsey International hotel? If any of the Dorsey clan finds out, you..."

But before Aubree could finish, Brielle cut her off, "Aubree, think of something. Move him, even if it means sneaking him out in a

trash bin. Don't raise any red flags. Ryan's searching high and low, and I can't have him finding Spencer."

Aubree had never imagined Brielle capable of such a wild scheme. After hanging up, she rushed to the hotel, only to be turned

away from Brielle's room. It belonged to Max, and even Brielle had forgotten that crucial detail.

She'd chosen Max's private suite because it was the safest bet, and no one would dare enter without cause. Now, that very

safety became her trap.

With the room key destroyed along with the phone, getting a new one meant a personal trip to the front desk. But there she was,

at Premier Palace, under Max's watchful eye. A hasty departure would only deepen his suspicions.

Brielle's head pounded with the stress of it all. After mulling it over, she decided to risk the trip to the hotel. She relayed the plan

to Wesley, who frowned, "Do you have to go back right now. Ms. Brielle?"

She nodded, "Keep this under wraps from Mr. Dorsey. I'll try to be back by morning."

Max hadn't shown his face at Premier Palace for days, their strained relationship keeping him at bay.

Wesley sighed, reluctantly giving his consent.

Back at Pearl Estate, Brielle bought herself a new phone and immediately reached out to Aubree.

Aubree arrived in no time, fretting all the way, “Ryan’s making a scene. Everyone knows Spencer’s gone. Getting him out of that

hotel, just us two? It’s unrealistic. I suggest we bring in a third party.”

“Who?”

“Tiffanie.”

Tiffanie knew everyone, inside the circle and out. With her help, the move might just work. Desperate, Brielle called Tiffanie

without delay.

An hour later. Tiffanie’s car waited downstairs. Brielle and Aubree hopped in to find Mason sulking in the passenger seat. He

barely nodded at Brielle before crossing his arms and shutting down.

Brielle swallowed hard, uncertain if Tiffanie had seen the message she’d sent. If she had, even with Tiffanie’s carefree nerve, she

wouldn’t be caught dead with Mason again. But Tiffanie smiled and hummed along to a tune, drumming her fingers on the

steering wheel.

“Don’t sweat it, Brielle. I’ve got this.” Tiffanie assured her. “Already called a buddy of mine. You get that key card, and tonight,

we’ll move him.”

Brielle exhaled with relief, “Tiffanie, let’s keep this among us for now.”

Tiffanie winked. “My lips are sealed.

Trusting Tiffanie’s reliability in such matters, Brielle didn’t push further.

When the car pulled up to the hotel, Brielle, leaning on her crutch, made her way inside, but as she approached the front desk,

she ran into someone unexpected—Lillian.

Lillian had been waiting on that driver’s news forever and was getting antsy, especially after hearing about Spencer’s

disappearance. Spencer was supposed to be with Brielle, right? Why was everyone saying he was missing?

Curiosity piqued, she’d returned to the hotel only to bump into Brielle herself.

Lillian staggered back, spooked as if she’d seen a ghost. “How are you still...”

Brielle raised an eyebrow, a cold smile playing on her lips as she glanced at her leg. "You mean, how am I still alive?"

Lillian checked their surroundings, making sure no one was eavesdropping before tearing into Brielle. "Yeah, how are you still

breathing, you wretch? You should've been dead long ago. I heard Spencer's missing. Wasn't he with you last night? I saw you

both enter the same room. Don't tell me you've locked him away?"