

## Master of his heart ( Brielle And Max )

### Chapter 26

Chapter 26

Cameron breathed a sigh of relief. It's indeed a little abrupt. "No worries, take your time to

think it over."

Spencer's face darkened with fury at the side. The woman who frequented his bed was now considering settling down with another man. How had he never noticed Cameron's affection for Lillian before?

But besides Cameron's feelings, the instigator that brought this to light was even more despicable. He shot Brielle a venomous glare, but she remained as cool as if it was just another day.

While they were talking, Brielle had finished her meal, delicately wiping the corners of her mouth with a napkin. "Now that we've discussed my brother's business, let's talk about mine, shall we? Spencer, don't you have something to say?"

In a seize Spencer stiffened, his face turning a shade paler. Brielle wasn't seriously going this chance to trap him in marriage, was she? Disgust swept through him, and suddenly, he lost his appetite completely.

"Brielle, are you itching to get hitched with me or what?" he asked, his tone dripping with disdain, though he was careful to keep it subdued out of respect for the Haywood family.

Lillian, who was on the sidelines, heard this and clenched her fists secretly in anger. Brielle, that bitch, no wonder she purposely talked about her and Cameron tonight. It turned out she wanted to marry Spencer herself. Lillian's fingernails dug into her palm marring the skin.

Lillian used to deliberately lead Brielle to find out about her and Spencer, and even lure Brielle to that villa so she could catch them in bed together.

Back then, while Spencer was complaining about Brielle's dullness, he was fucking Lillia good and hard. And Brielle had stood at the door, her face ashen.

Lillian had thought she won easily, but tonight reminded her that as long as Spencer's engagement stood, she would always be the mistress lurking in the shadows. She couldn't accept that.

Brielle hadn't expected Spencer to twist her words so, and seeing his face that was filled with aversion, she found it almost laughable. This man was far too full of himself.

"It's not about getting married. It's about breaking off the engagement."

Once she returned to Dorsey International, Faith and Miranda, and even Spencer's father would be after her. It's better to dump him first than be dumped, at least to save some dignity.

Spencer froze, and after a moment, felt an unbearable sense of humiliation. It was a

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Chapter

humiliation that struck out of nowhere, and the memory of the marks he'd seen on Brielle's neck surged forward like a slap in the face.

The woman he had no desire to bed, had been with another man.

He felt rage and bitterness. Who would want to sleep with such a log? She must be frigid in bed

The jab hit a raw nerve, and he lashed out without thinking "Brielle, what, got a taste for those male prostitutes, did you? How low can you get? You are engaged to me, yet you've been with other men. The mere thought of you makes me sick."

His words cast an eerie silence over the room. Miranda, already in shock, felt the room spin as she processed this new revelation.

With a fiancé as eligible as Spencer, her daughter was still fooling around. She couldn't believe it, fear creeping into her disbelief as she demanded confirmation. "Is what Spencer's saying true?"

Brielle laughed lightly, surprised Spencer would bring such matters into the open. The nerve of him.

"Spencer, don't you have someone you like? Or are you just playing the field, with no intention of marrying?"

Her words not only hit Spencer but grazed Lillian too. Lillian fought to keep her expression neutral, her jaw clenched tight. She tried to convince herself that Brielle was just trying to drive a wedge between them.

Spencer loved her, and he had made promises. He surely wanted to marry Brielle, sticking to him like gum on a shoe, impossible to shake off.

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Spencer was caught off guard by this statement, and almost instinctively, he answer. Of course, he wanted to marry Lillian. But then he caught sight of Brie smile, and the promise died on his lips.

What was happening to him?

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## Chapter 27

### Chapter 27

The air at the dinner table was thick with unspoken tension, which erupted violently when Miranda suddenly lost her cool. She grabbed Brielle by the hell have you been up to outside this house?"

ollar of her blouse. "What the

Brielle had only just finished a tryst with Max the night before, and the faint marks that had begun to fade were now a vivid crimson. As her collar was yanked open, those damning marks were exposed to the scrutinizing eyes of everyone present.

Miranda froze, then, unable to contain her fury, she slapped her daughter across the face. "How could I have raised a daughter like you! Get out! Get out of

my sight!"

It was all over. Her daughter had been fooling around behind the back of the Dorsey family's son. If Faith got wind of this, the Haywoods would be in jeopardy.

Faith, who never tolerated any nonsense, would never allow her son to marry a fickle

woman.

How did things get this bad? Miranda's fingertips quivered with the urge to slap her daughter again, but she found herself powerless, torn between regret for raising such daughter and resentment towards Brielle's disobedience.

Brielle wiped the corner of her mouth where the slap had landed harder than ever before. She should feel heartbroken, but instead, there was a bizarre sense of relief.

Lillian, witnessing the scene, felt like she'd just won the lottery. Brielle, always so prim and proper, had been cavorting with someone behind closed doors. She feigned shock, covering her mouth, "Bri, have you been cheating on Spencer?"

Brielle calmly fixed her slightly disheveled hair, "My fiancé has been keeping a bitch as his mistress on the side. Why shouldn't I get my revenge? Spencer, you were right. He did indeed show me what I was missing."

The thought of a male prostitute, one who wouldn't even show his face, and yet made Brielle willing to break off her engagement, was a humiliation too

intense for Spencer to believe. Spencer's chest heaved with anger, his eyes red with rage.

Brielle was always so composed. How could she fall for a male prostitute? How could she go crazy like this?

Spencer felt a metallic taste in his mouth, as if tasting blood. His fiancée was ready to toss him aside for a male prostitute. It was an embarrassment, a slight that made him feel an unfamiliar pang of hurt. She even said that male prostitute was irresistible, words that didn't sound like they could come from Brielle.

Spencer's heart ached. Was he not attractive enough? Was his family not prestigious enough? How dare she!

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"I disagree. His voice was hoarse, his gaze piercing, "I will not dissolve our engagement, Brielle. You've lost your mind."

He didn't understand why he wouldn't agree, only that he couldn't stand to stay there any longer.

Brielle had changed so much.

Spencer had never wanted to destroy someone so badly, all because of that detestable male escort. If he ever found that gigolo, he would make him pay dearly.

Brielle hadn't expected Spencer to react this way, and it only added to her frustration. Yet, seeing the color drain from Lillian's face brought her a twisted sense of satisfaction. So, Lillian, his long-term mistress, meant so little to Spencer after all.

However, it still wasn't enough. She remembered the rage and humiliation of catching them together. Comparing that to what they were experiencing now, it was a drop in the

ocean.

“Mr. Spencer, you sure have a big heart, knowing your fiancée has been promiscuous and yet refusing to break off the engagement. Seems like you have a taste for being cuckolded.”

Her laugh was cold as her gaze swept over the shocked faces around her. She gracefully picked up her purse.

After tonight, the Haywoods would no longer see her as the obedient daughter. The Dorseys probably wouldn't hear about this shameful affair right away, as no one present would want to spread such disgraceful news. Except for Lillian-who knew what she might stir up.

But Brielle didn't care anymore. Things had escalated to a point of no return.

The constraints of both the Haywood family and the Dorsey family made her feel miserable day and night. It would be better to break free from them sooner. And somehow, she had always suspected Spencer wouldn't let go of their engagement so easily. He had been talking about it for years, yet aside from verbal humiliation, he never

took action.

That was why she chose Max.

Max was her last card to play to end this engagement-a card she wouldn't play unless absolutely necessary.

Because the stakes were high, and it was a card she couldn't control. It could set off a chain of events she wasn't ready to deal with yet.

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## Chapter 28

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Brielle stepped out from the Haywood residence, exhaling a breath of relief as if she was expelling all the toxicity from her lungs. She had never felt such a sense of liberation.

Next on the agenda was to prepare for her new job thoroughly. She was about to go back and show her colleagues who doubted her what she was truly capable of.

A smile played on her lips as she felt the bright future ahead of her. Without a single hesitation, she hopped into her car. But no sooner had she driven a few blocks, than a blinding beam of high-beam headlights dazzled her eyes. Instinctively, she jerked the steering wheel in a panic.

She thought the high-beam was an accident at first, but from the corner of her eye, she saw the other vehicle barreling towards her. On pure reflex, she swerved, spinning the wheel hard. The car jolted violently, careening around the corner before crashing into a roadside flowerbed.

“Bang!”

Her forehead slammed against the windshield, the pain nearly knocking her unconscious.

With the car’s hood starting to smoke, Brielle unbuckled her seatbelt and saw two men approaching her.

“Ms. Brielle, our boss would like a word with you.”

Her mind was foggy, and for a moment, she even wondered if these men were hitmen hired by Lillian. After all, Lillian had been muddling through Tequila Sunset for ages, and it wouldn’t be out of the question for her to have cozied up to some shady characters behind Spencer’s back. “Who’s your boss?” she demanded.

The two bodyguards wore expressions of ice as they pulled her out, “You’ll know once you meet him, Ms. Brielle.”

Their muscles were notably pronounced, and an aura of cold professionalism enveloped them, clearly trained fighters. Brielle knew any struggle would likely end with a snapped arm, so she stayed put, allowing herself to be dragged to another vehicle.



After a half-hour drive, when she saw the mansion they pulled up to, she knew exactly who had summoned her.

Ryan, Spencer's father, a board member at Dorsey International, must have caught wind of her pending promotion.

The position was meant for Spencer, a role Ryan had fought tooth and nail to secure for his son, and now it was about to fall into the hands of an outsider.

This outsider was also the person he sent to keep an eye on his own son. If the informant didn't behave, then they had to be removed. And that car accident? Merely a warning.

Brielle had anticipated trouble from the Dorsey family but hadn't expected it to come knocking

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so swiftly.

She reached for her phone, almost instinctively wanting to send a text to Max. Not that she hoped he would come to her rescue, but at least someone would know *to* retrieve her body afterward.

However, the moment she had her phone in her hand, she remembered she didn't have Max's private number. Their communication had always been over email.

She let out a wry laugh, realizing she couldn't even notify anyone to claim her remains.

Meanwhile, Max had just wrapped up an overseas video conference, rubbing his temples. "How's everything coming along?"

Patrick, standing by, promptly responded, "Mr. Dorsey, we've checked. They're indeed planning a gathering at that building on Friday. The initial funding was mainly managed by Ryan, though the other board members have also benefited."

Ryan was using Dorsey International's funds for his own advantage, treating it like a personal piggy bank. The so-called Night of Decadence club gathering wasn't just for a select few from the Dorsey family. It included top executives

from other companies, securing a wealth of contacts and resources for those directors.

Max's fingertips tapped lightly on the black marble table, his long legs sheathed in suit trousers, the hem riding up to reveal dark grey dress socks.

He was the epitome of restraint, yet that restraint only seemed to amplify his allure, making one want to tear off his suit. Unfortunately, aside from Brielle, no one dared to try..

"Ryan's appetite sure is growing."

Max shut his laptop, "What's Faith been up to lately?"

Faith was the quintessential society lady, and even after years of marriage, she still carried an air of pride, but that pride had been worn down by Ryan's frequent infidelities.

"She is still trying to reclaim Ryan's affections, and she's become increasingly harsh on her son. However, Spencer's performance has been quite good in recent years. She's hoping to leverage her son's success to mend her relationship with her husband."

Good performance? A layabout like Spencer holding down a Director position was

inconceivable.

It took Max barely a second to think of Brielle, "Get me her file."

Patrick paused, then quickly compiled Faith's file and handed it over with reverence.

Max glanced at it and frowned, tossing it into the trash. "I meant Brielle's file."

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## Chapter 29

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Patrick froze in place, his mind racing to catch up with the unfolding situation. If it had been anyone else, they probably would have seamed by now.

Max had been a paragon of restraint for years, never seen in close proximity with any woman. Emotions that came naturally to most seemed absent in him, which was why Patrick was so astounded the first time he visited Brielle's apartment. He had prepared himself mentally all the way there, just to make sure he didn't gawk at Brielle the moment she opened the door.

Now Max was asking for Brielle's file again, and this was the first time he'd shown interest in someone outside of a business partner.

"Here's Ms. Brielle's file. She's quite exceptional in her capabilities." Patrick added the last bit on impulse, but Max's expression remained unfazed.

Could it be that he'd guessed wrong? That Max wasn't particularly interested in Brielle?

Max scanned the documents with a placid look, his eyebrows lifting slightly when he saw her academic accomplishments. And she'd maintained her leading position throughout her time at Beaconsfield College, graduating at the top of her class. Afterward, she went straight to Dorsey International.

Max's eyebrows arched again at the sight of her 50K monthly salary.

A top student from Beaconsfield College, with so many cases under her belt, was only making a 50K monthly salary at Dorsey International?

Patrick had apparently noticed that as well. "I don't know if it's Spencer's but Ms. Brielle's salary has always been at that figure.

Graduates of Beaconsfield College typically started at top firms with salaries of thousands of dollars, Brielle's paycheck was indeed modest in comparison Faith's doing.

Could Brielle really tolerate that?

Faith's,

Thinking about the person who showed a mix of submission and sharpness before flicker of amusement crossed Max's eyes. "Does she have a weakness that Faith is exploiting?"

"I've wondered about that myself, so I did some digging and found there's a connection with the Sunflower Children's Home. Ms. Brielle grew up there until she was ten, and that property should have been auctioned off again after the government's deadline expired. Faith, however, pulled some strings and got the deadline extended by another five years."

Patrick's report was thorough, including a detailed analysis of the Sunflower Children's Home.

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Developers had been vying to turn the property into an amusement park three years ago when the deadline approached, and the government had even considered opening it up for bidding, but the issue was quietly dropped,

Max flipped through the pages nonchalantly, musing over Brielle's acceptance of the director position, a slight smile forming on his lips.

"By becoming director, she's crossing Faith. If Faith is holding this over her, how can Brielle dare return to Dorsey International?"

Patrick's cheeks flushed a hint of red, and he cleared his throat subtly, "Perhaps that's why Ms. Brielle chose you."

Max understood instantly. From the moment their relationship escalated beyond professional, Brielle had this angle in mind.

"Moreover, Ms. Brielle was smart to get Faith to agree to a five-year delay. They must have signed a contract, so even if they fall out now, Faith can't touch the Sunflower Children's Home for at least that period. As for what comes after, Ms. Brielle hasn't made any demands of you yet. Maybe once the relationship ends, she'll naturally bring it up."

Patrick's voice was very serious, and when he spoke, he didn't hold back. He was confident that Max wasn't lost in a fool's paradise and had probably been aware of Brielle's ulterior motives since the moment he woke up in her apartment for the first time.

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the door swung open and several burly bodyguards entered and forced the men. He and pushed her aside while the others began unbuckling the belts with a

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waned inwardly refusing to swallow the pill, but her jaw was swiftly dislocated,

Vats of polycricketing pain through her-she neatly passed out

Chapter 30

“What are you doing?”

Fear crept into her eyes as she desperately tried to back away, only to be pinned down by

the men.

Ryan pushed his assistant aside and strode over. “I hear you and Spencer haven’t shared a bed in years. You know I’m capable of anything. If you don’t want to be gangbanged, revoke the contract and return the Director position to Spencer. Just be a good little manager and support Spencer from the shadows, like you have been since the day I recognized your talents.”

He sneered, patting Brielle’s face mockingly. “Or to put it another way, just be Spencer’s stepping stone, or neither you nor those kids at the Home will be safe. Don’t push me.”

Brielle paled, the drug making her weak and feverish. Fear had taken hold.

Every member of the Dorsey family was formidable, especially those on the board, each harboring their own dark ambitions.

“Spencer says you want to call off your engagement? You think you’re worthy to make that demand?”

Ryan’s foot came down hard on Brielle’s hand without hesitation. She broke out in a cold sweat, unable to suppress a whimper as red-hot anger flared in her eyes. The pressure intensified until her bones felt like they might shatter.

“You manipulated Faith into signing that contract, playing on her affection for Spencer. But to me, you’re transparent. I dictate whether you live or die.”

Biting her lip until blood appeared, Brielle fought the encroaching darkness as Ryan’s foot finally lifted, just before she could pass out.

Gasping for air, her vision blurred, all she could hear was Ryan’s icy voice, “I’m sparing your life, but just barely. Once they’re done with you, you’ll still be nothing more than a stepping stone for Spencer.”

The sound of leather belts hitting the floor filled the room.

“No,” she whispered weakly, “please...” But her pleas were drowned by the overwhelming terror seizing her heart.

Fumbling for her phone, her trembling, agonized hands failed her. Any rescue would do. Even if it were Spencer.

As a man’s hand forced her head up, the door abruptly opened-it was one of Ryan’s men.

“Sir, Max has arrived unexpectedly.”

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