

Master of his heart (Brielle And Max)

Chapter 31

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Ryan thought his ears were playing tricks on him. How on earth had Max shown up here, of all places?

He frowned, glanced down at Brielle, then directed a stern look at the bodyguards, “Keep an eye on her. Make sure she doesn’t make a peep.”

The guards, who had been busily unbuckling their belts, stopped and nodded respectfully.

Ryan took his time descending the staircase, spotting Max lounging on the sofa with Patrick tagging along.

It was Max’s first time visiting, and he’d always been a reserved person, with even less interaction with the rest of the Dorsey family.

At that moment, Faith graciously brought out a platter of fruits, relief washing over her when she saw Ryan was unaccompanied by his female assistant.

Ryan’s history of parading mistresses through the family threshold wasn’t new. The first few times had caused quite the scandal, leading to a public ruckus from Faith. The uproar had become the talk of the Dorsey family, only to be met with Ryan’s ruthless retribution.

In her earlier years, Faith had been the devoted housewife, but sensing Ryan’s growing impatience with her, she’d thrown herself into her own business ventures.

With Dorsey International looming large in the backdrop, her company thrived, yet its annual revenue was a mere drop in the ocean.

Later, she’d had an epiphany. Secure her son Spencer’s position, and she could reclaim Ryan’s affections. After all, despite his notorious escapades,

Ryan had never sired an illegitimate child. Spencer was Ryan's sole heir, his importance unquestioned.

Faith forced a smile, "Max, what brings you here so late? Trouble at the company?"

Max casually sipped his tea, taking his time to reply, while Patrick nodded in confirmation. "Mrs. Dorsey, someone blocked the CEO's car tonight-a pregnant woman."

No sooner had Patrick spoken than a visibly expecting woman was ushered in. Pale-faced and visibly shrinking upon seeing Faith, the woman clutched her belly and burst into tears the moment her eyes fell on Ryan.

Ryan's expression darkened. He couldn't recognize her.

Equally flustered, Faith's voice turned icy, "What is this?" She glared at Max, lips pressed tightly together, panic swelling within her.

Max set down his cup, voice imbued with a chill, "She's been tailing me since I left Dorsey International, brazen enough to stop my car-apparently, a mess my brother here has created."

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The woman's voice was hoarse with sobs as she rushed toward Ryan, "Ryan, I've been trying to see you, but Dorsey International wouldn't let me in at all, and your wife has been making trouble out of it, even trying to get me to abort this baby." Her glare then turned venomous towards Faith.

Faith's throat tightened, her hands wringing together on her lap.

Michael never concerned himself with the bedroom antics of his son. Even illegitimate children didn't matter as long as they proved themselves worthy. But Faith would never allow anyone to threaten Spencer's position. This unborn child could not be allowed to exist. She never anticipated the woman would go to the lengths of stopping Max's car.

Furious, Ryan signaled the guards by the door, and the woman was promptly dragged away. He managed a strained chuckle, "Sorry about this, Max. Didn't mean to make a spectacle."

"The skeletons in my brother's closet are quite the sight," Max commented dryly, eyes following the woman's retreat before resting on Faith. His gaze held nothing but made Faith feel unbearably exposed.

"I would prefer not to have women clinging to my car wheels, wailing like banshees. Nor do I want Dorsey International's stocks to suffer because of a director's personal affairs. He smiled, a smile that sent shivers down Ryan's spine and left him feeling as though he'd stepped on an ice pick, frozen in place.

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