

Master of his heart (Brielle And Max)

Chapter 32

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“Ryan, what you’ve gotten yourself into this time is absurdly over the top.” Max never saw himself as one of the juniors, and he slowly stood up, his voice steady, “And that nephew of mine, Spencer, I don’t care about the dames you guys keep, but I sure as hell don’t like them parading around me.”

Ryan’s face turned sour, finally realizing why Max had stripped Spencer of his position. It seemed Spencer’s little mistress from the suburban villa had decided to mess with Max.

What a foolish move!

His hand, dangling at his side, clenched into a fist. He wished he could take care of that woman right then and there.

Then he thought about the woman he’d been with tonight, the one who had shamelessly thrown herself under Max’s car wheels. No wonder Max had chosen to come over at night.

Twice now, they had crossed Max’s line. If there was a next time, forget Spencer’s directorship-his own seat on the board would be on the line.

He was furious and resentful, but Max, holding fifty-one percent of Dorsey International’s shares, was the absolutely of the company. Whoever he wanted out, had to pack their bags and leave, pronto.

He couldn’t afford to cross Max, at least not now.

“Max, don’t worry, I’ll take care of it all. I already heard about Spencer’s mess, and you promoted Brielle?”

As he descended the stairs, Ryan had thought Max was here because of Brielle. He even suspected there might be some sort of illicit affair between them. Why else would he promote Brielle?

However, within the M&A department, Brielle seemed to be the only one capable of stepping up as director.

A little digging by Max would reveal who had really been behind the recent acquisitions. Brielle's competence was beyond question; she was a piece he had to keep close at hand. Max-chuckled, "If not her, then who?"

So unabashed. If there was something going on with Brielle, he wouldn't be openly mentioning her name.

Ryan relaxed completely. His plan to ruin Brielle tonight had been based on the suspicion that she was involved with Max. With his doubts dispelled, there was no need to push her

to the brink.

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"Brielle's quite talented. I'll make sure Spencer learns a thing or two from her."

Max glanced upstairs nonchalantly, then casually looked away. "I've got other things to handle, so I'll leave you to it."

Ryan couldn't wait for him to leave, his gaze now fixating on Faith.

Faith hurried to see Max out. Only when the iconic black car vanished did both their faces

darken.

Ryan didn't hesitate to slap her, "Are you satisfied with this mess?"

Faith's face swelled from the slap, "I didn't expect her to come to Max."

Ryan snorted and walked into the house, "There better not be a next time."

Faith took a deep breath, her pride had been worn away by the years with Ryan.

Heading upstairs, Ryan pushed open the door to his study and was hit by the stench of blood. Brielle was there, squeezing a piece of broken glass, having cut her own thigh to stay alert under the drug's effect.

The bodyguard stuffed a towel in her mouth and wrapped her up, forbidding her from cutting any further.

Brielle was sweating bullets, her pupils shrinking as Ryan returned. Then she went still.

Ryan removed the towel from her mouth, "Brielle, I'll let you off the hook tonight. I won't touch the Sunflower Children's Home land for now, but you need to keep an eye on Max for me." His tone was airy, as if he had no doubt she would comply.

"The director position is just for you to watch over for Spencer temporarily. He'll be back soon, and later you'll be my eyes. If Max gets close to any woman, I want to know immediately."

Little did Ryan know, the one closest to Max was Brielle herself.

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