

Master 33

Chapter 33

Brielle's inner sneer was a frozen blade as she slowly rose to her feet. No bodyguard dared to stop her this time.

She looked disheveled, almost unable to stand from the pain. However, when she met Ryan's gaze, it was cold. The deep-

seated disgust and resentment hidden within her were like knives cutting through bone.

"Brielle, if you keep looking at me like that, I promise you won't live to see tomorrow's sunrise," Ryan warned, waving a

dismissive hand. "Get out. And keep me updated on Max's every move."

eyes

As director of mergers and acquisitions, she often had meetings up in the glass tower, always close to Max.

Max didn't trust any of the directors at Dorsey International, but he had just shown a rare approval of Brielle's skills, ensuring

their paths would cross again soon.

Ryan sneered to himself. Brielle was nothing but a puppet he'd controlled since she was young, disposable the moment she

ceased to be useful. Spencer would never marry such

a scheming woman.

Lowering her gaze, Brielle thought of the "gift" she'd prepared for Friday, licking the blood from the corner of her mouth. The

feeling of suppressed rage ready to burst forth was like a tempest, sweeping through her entire being. She would remember

tonight's

humiliation.

"Rest assured, I'll keep a close watch on Max."

Ryan knew she would say that, his eyes glinting with disdain. "What are you waiting for?

Get out!"

It's like sparing her life entitled him to her eternal gratitude.

Brielle moved slowly, an undercurrent of rebellion stirring within her. The Haywood family was partly to blame for this mess.

Robert and Miranda owed Ryan too many favors; over the past decade, their business ties had only tightened. Even Robert and

Miranda had to play by Ryan's rules, let alone Brielle.

What Ryan didn't realize was that this pawn could bite back.

Reaching the door, Brielle saw Faith sitting on the couch, holding her face and sobbing softly. She looked away, finding the whole

scene absurd.

People despising each other while flattering each other. Everyone wanting to be above the rest, yet crawling before one another.

This world was thoroughly rotten.

She moved forward, teeth clenched, blood from her leg trailing down, leaving spatters on the floor, but she felt no pain.

Then she stepped outside and saw the car waiting in the distance, and the man standing by it. He leaned against the vehicle in

the quiet night, the dim streetlights stretching their shadows long enough to blanket the street.

After a while, Max patted the car, signaling her to come over, just as he had once casually patted the spot beside him at the

karaoke bar.

Brielle admitted that hearing he was there had set off countless thoughts. But when she descended and didn't see him, they all

vanished. Max was still the untouchable man in the clouds, not there for her.

Seeing him now made her heart soar back to heaven from the abyss. His mere presence could shake the business world, let

alone stir the heart of a young woman.

With her mind blank, she followed her instincts towards him.

Max was impressive, his mere presence enough to bring tears to her eyes. Brielle fought the tears in her eyes as she

approached.

She bypassed the usual playful greeting of "Uncle Max," fearing her voice would betray her tears, and slid into the car.

She could pretend he was here for her, she thought.

Max stood a moment longer before returning to the car. Brielle, leaning against the window, glanced up at him as the door

closed. She was tired, her throat burning.

The car's motion prompted her to lean onto his shoulder, then slide down, her head resting against his thigh. This position was

comfortable, allowing her to gaze up at his cold, distant chin. "Uncle Max, did you come to rescue me tonight?"

His hand, unusually gentle, prevented her from slipping further. "Not really," he replied coldly.

"I see." Brielle closed her eyes. "Good thing you didn't, or I might fall for you."

She thought he wouldn't respond, but as she drifted off, she heard a faint "Hmm."

That was the thing about Max-he never gave false hope.