

## Master 34

### Chapter 34

The car pulled up to the Premier Palace, and the private doctor was already waiting there.

In her slumber, Brielle could feel someone tending to her thigh, bandaging it up, while a feverish heat made her want to turn over,

only to have her wrist gently grasped.

“Hot,” she mumbled, her brow furrowing as she sought out a cool spot.

Max propped her up and pressed a cold pack against her cheeks. Brielle sighed in relief, snuggling into the comfort of his

embrace.

The doctor breathed a sigh of relief, finishing the bandage on her leg and administering a shot. “She’ll be fine after some rest, sir.

No need to worry. However, this young lady’s constitution is delicate. She should take care in her daily routine.”

Max set the cold pack aside, pulling out a handkerchief to dab at the sweat on Brielle’s forehead.

When Patrick returned after seeing off the doctor, he was greeted by this tender scene. He couldn’t quite gauge Max’s feelings-

whether he was concerned or indifferent.

If indifferent, why had Max rushed to Ryan’s side upon hearing of Brielle’s mishap late at night?

If concerned, then why did he do it when Ms. Brielle had directly asked?

Having worked closely with Max for years, Patrick knew all too well Max’s views on emotional entanglements.

They were burdens, shackles. Release worldly attachments, and things would have clear structure.

That philosophy had allowed Max to be decisive in business, sweeping through challenges with ease.

But Brielle was different. Her forceful entrance and occasional fiery passion were like a wildfire, threatening to consume the cool,

collected glow of his nights.

It was like watching The Priest contend with a worldly siren-victory was anyone’s guess.

Patrick couldn’t help but feel a mischievous desire to see how this drama would unfold, his lips curling into a smile, “Sir, about

the overseas conference-”

His words were cut short as Brielle stirred in Max’s arms, her throat too hoarse to speak. Max gestured for Patrick to be quiet,

then brought a glass of water from the coffee table to her lips.

Brielle took a few sips, surveyed her surroundings, and recognized the Premier Palace. She softened, nestling back into Max’s

chest. “Uncle Max, are my fingers broken?” Her whole body ached, and she couldn’t pinpoint the worst part.

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“I almost...” Her voice trembled, unable to form a complete sentence.

Fear was setting in—the fear of being violated by Ryan’s bodyguards, the fear that Ryan would take her life.

She looked down at her hands, which were bandaged up like little buns, wrapped tightly in gauze. Tears began to flow as panic

filled her heart. Were her fingers useless now?

Max was somewhat at a loss, a rare look of bewilderment on his typically stoic face. He had thought she would not be afraid, for

she had been calm despite her disheveled state when she had gotten into the car.

Suddenly, two arms wrapped around his neck, and before he could react, he was pushed back onto the couch. Her kisses were

clumsy, like those of a puppy, causing him to furrow his brow.

Patrick, from a distance, discreetly exited, signaling the household staff to do the same.

“Brielle.” Max raised his hand to push her away, guessing the medication hadn’t worn off yet.

Brielle’s cheeks were flushed, unable to undo his buttons with her wrapped hands, so she resorted to biting them with her teeth

in desperation.

Max caught her hair, tilting her head back. Brielle’s lips were red, and she spat out the damaged button, inadvertently licking her

lips, gazing up at him with innocent eyes.

Max's breathing grew heavy, his voice low, "You really are asking for..."

Asking for what, he couldn't bring himself to say.

Brielle laughed, her eyes gleaming beautifully, "Uncle Max, fuck me."

She was desperate to know, to confirm that she was still alive. Desperate to erase the scene from Ryan's study, she urged him to

use her body.