

Master 35

Chapter 35

Max didn't do what she said. He reached out to touch her forehead, confirming the fever he'd suspected. Lifting her gently, he

made his way upstairs.

Brielle tried to pry her eyes open to gauge his expression, but exhaustion won, and she drifted off to sleep.

The doctor, who'd just left, was hastily summoned back and spent the night administering IV fluids.

The entire Premier Palace was in an uproar. The seasoned butler, Wesley, paced the living room full of vim and vigor,

occasionally consulting with Patrick. "Should I whip up some chicken soup for Ms. Brielle?" he asked. "We got some fresh

chicken this morning. Maybe add some ginger for good measure."

Patrick knew there was a misunderstanding. Brielle's fever and vomiting the night before had somehow convinced the entire

household she was pregnant. The rumors grew wilder by the minute.

"No need, Mr. Wesley, Ms. Brielle is just down with an ordinary fever."

Wesley couldn't sit still, though, and ordered the kitchen to stew a chicken. Thinking of Brielle's slender frame, he also demanded

a whole lobster be prepared.

Hands clasped behind his back, Wesley personally oversaw the chicken stewing in the kitchen. "Don't make it too salty," he

instructed.

The household staff buzzed with curiosity.

Max was usually so aloof, and only a few had been to Premier Palace. Ms. Brielle had visited just twice, and each time she was in Max's arms.

"Could she be the future lady of the house?"

"But isn't Mr. Max and Ms. Alivia a pair?"

"Ms. Alivia has an outstanding appearance, conducting research abroad, and comes from a good family. However, in terms of

looks, this Ms. Brielle is not inferior either. I just wonder which prestigious family she belongs to."

Wesley overheard the servants' gossip and coughed into his hand. The chatter ceased immediately.

Wesley then made his way upstairs, his knock on the door much softer than usual. Brielle had burned with fever all night, her lips

now cracked and parched. She was still asleep. After knocking for a bit, Wesley headed to the study across the hall.

Max, still in his meeting, looked sharp in a gray suit, his features serene Wesley didn't want to intrude, so he simply brought in a

cup of coffee.

Max glanced up, inquiring, "Is she awake?"

Wesley's eyes lit up. In the midst of a meeting, yet Max was concerned about Ms. Brielle's condition. His cheeks flushed with

excitement. "Not yet, Sir. I've had the kitchen prepare chicken soup."

"Hmm."

Max returned his focus to the computer screen. "Continue."

Wesley knew the command wasn't for him, so he quietly left.

Brielle was jolted awake by the jarring ring of a cellphone. Instinctively, she reached for it beside her pillow. The slight movement

sent a sharp pain through her hand.

Turning over, she felt the soft duvet and slowly surveyed her surroundings.

This was Premier Palace. She was in Max's bed.

After a whole night of fever, the heat had subsided, but her body felt as though it had been drained of all moisture, her lips

cracked. As she struggled to sit up, the bedroom door opened and Max entered with a tray, giving her a glance.

Brielle paused her attempt to get out of bed until he came closer, placing a glass of water to her lips. Her hand was bandaged

like a bun, making it impossible to take the cup herself. She had no choice but to sip from his hand until the glass was empty.

After drinking, she licked her parched lips, the scent of soup tantalizing her senses.

Max set the tray down, picked up a spoon, and stirred the bowl before bringing a spoonful to her lips.

Brielle was overwhelmed by the gesture, sinking back onto the bed before blinking in disbelief. “Uncle Max, this isn’t a dream, is it?”