

Master 36

Chapter 36

Max paused and set his bowl down on the nightstand.

The maid, already waiting by the door and keenly observant, quickly stepped in with a bowed head. She carefully took the bowl

and began to feed her with meticulous attention.

Brielle instantly regretted her impulsive comment. Had she kept quiet, she might have enjoyed the privilege of Max's personal

care. But now, she didn't have the nerve to ask him to continue.

After finishing the soup, she finally felt strong enough to get out of bed. The maid was gone, and it was just the two of them left in

the room.

Outside, the sun was blazing, its rays cloaking the garden beyond the floor-to-ceiling windows. Max sat in a chair by the window,

the very picture of grace, his fingers tapping away on the keyboard.

Brielle had managed to pull herself out of the fear she had felt the night before, but now -she felt neglected, and a bit bored. She

got out of bed and moved closer to him, standing

behind his chair. She inhaled his crisp scent and glanced at the screen. "Hatfield Inc., huh? Are you planning to take over

this.company?"

Dorsey International was a giant in its field, having started with semiconductors. The older generations began with transistors,

and while overseas companies were already in the game, nobody domestically had realized the future impact of transistors.

Thus, the first domestic processors came from the Dorsey family.

The industry was the first in human history to develop at an exponential rate.

Over the years, the Dorsey family had risen to the top in the transistor processor market. However, since Max took charge, he

began cutting back on many superfluous operations, keeping only two core businesses.

In his first year, he slashed over seven thousand positions, nearly a third of the company's workforce. Not only that, amid howls

of protest, Max sold off several subsidiaries, securing a billion dollars in cash flow for Dorsey International.

Everyone thought Dorsey International was strapped for cash and tightening its belt, but in the following year, Max led Dorsey

International on a campaign of conquest, flames of battle burning bright.

Now, Dorsey International had formed a diversified industrial chain with numerous luxury brands in its portfolio. It was said, half-

jokingly, that the executives were either buying something or on their way to buy something.

A few years ago, a financial newspaper even exaggeratedly claimed that from the top of Dorsey Tower, everything as far as the

eye could see was part of its empire.

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"Uncle Max, pursuing Hatfield might be tricky. I remember five years ago a company tried to take over Hatfield, but their

management immediately implemented a poison pill strategy. The tug-of-war lasted two years, and the suitor eventually had to

back down."

Brielle was too close, her breath tickling Max's ear. To see the screen better, she leaned in, resting her chin on Max's shoulder.

This posture was too intimate, like she was snuggling up to him.

Max didn't push her away but instead slid the laptop closer, "What's your take on this?"

"Hatfield is family-owned, structured much like Dorsey International, but its management plays a different game. Dorsey has

been aggressively expanding its territories and sectors, while Hatfield has always stuck to perfumes, avoiding overexpansion

and not chasing profits. They even use eco-friendly packaging in response to national environmental initiatives. The Hatfield

family owns over seventy percent of the shares, spread across more than two hundred members, with no single heir holding

more than five percent. For Dorsey International to take them over, we'd be looking at a prolonged battle of at least a year."

She leaned in with a playful twinkle in her eye, "Plus, the takeover is bound to fail. During my time at Beaconsfield College, I met

one of their family members. After that hostile takeover attempt, most of the Hatfield heirs have locked up fifty percent of the

company shares in a rigid trust arrangement. According to their plan, these shares can't be sold without the consent of over

seventy-five percent of the family members. So, during this lock-up period, no one can take over Hatfield."

This was Hatfield's secret, known only to the family. Max turned, surprised, and gave her a look.

Feeling suddenly awkward, Brielle straightened up, "He was drunk at a party and let it slip. Everyone else forgot, but I

remembered."

Max closed the laptop, decisively abandoning the Hatfield project.

"Uncle Max, you trust me just like that?" Brielle was taken aback by his decisiveness.

"A leader employs those he trusts and trusts those he employs."

Her heart warmed at his words. She had planned to be flippant in front of him, but now she couldn't utter a word.

The Haywood family didn't believe her, and the people at Dorsey International humiliated her, but Max trusted her.