

Master 361

Chapter 361

Spencer stiffened at the mention of Brielle's name, a guilty pang striking his heart. The woman didn't glance at the stack of bills

on the bed but instead, fumbled to her feet, standing before him. "I knew it was you. I've seen your photo, and there was another guy, too."

She touched her chin, wistfully. "You're quite the looker, but that other guy, he's like something out of a fairytale. Brielle's one

lucky lady. Did she dump you?"

The moment the words left her lips, Spencer's head snapped up. "Who are you?"

She chuckled, "A relative of mine lives next door to Brielle. Mentioned setting me up with someone, asked if I fancied him for a

potential match."

Spencer recalled Brielle's chatty neighbor from her apartment days, who indeed had made such a fuss about introducing him to

someone but he'd taken it as a joke. That wasn't the point, though. The point was this otherworldly man. Who was he?

—

His eyes reddened, and his insides churned with unease. He feigned calm as he pulled up a photo on his phone. "You said

you've seen this other guy? What did your relative say? Was he also visiting Brielle?"

The woman smiled, "Yeah, Brielle's got a fiancé, but it seems like this guy is her kept man. Though judging by his looks, I doubt

it." Such an aura he had, he couldn't possibly be a mere boy toy.

Spencer's hand, resting by his side, clenched until he felt his palm might bleed. He thrust the phone in the woman's face. "Him?"

Is it him?"

The photo showed Max, the same one Spencer had shown around the apartment. Except for those who had perished, he felt he

hadn't missed anyone.

He had thought Brielle and Max were above board, but the woman's sparkling eyes sent his heart plummeting. The anger in him

boiled over.

"It's him, so handsome. I was drooling over his picture. Shame, he's probably not just anybody. right?"

Oblivious to the financial

world, she didn't recognize Max's renowned face..

After she spoke, the room seemed to be engulfed in a dangerous aura. Spencer's scalp tingled with the urge to destroy

something in his fury.

It was Max! Max was with Brielle!

He had suspected as much, but just as he was about to dismiss the idea, it was this woman's words that confirmed his fears. His

chest heaved violently, the chair crashing to the floor in his rage.

The woman, startled, quickly dressed and made for the door. But before she could exit, Spencer's roar stopped her cold. "Stop

right there!"

His face flushed with anger, and he resembled a lion ready to pounce, determined to drag this

woman before his grandfather to reveal Max and Brielle's indiscretions.

He remembered the scene by the floral wall all too well, Max openly embracing and kissing at woman. How could he forget?

Now he knew it was Brielle!

That was Brielle! They had cuckolded him right under his nose!

The taste of blood filled Spencer's mouth, but amidst the shock, his mind cleared. Even if he brought this woman before his

grandfather, Michael wouldn't believe him.

The apartment was burned down and there was no video evidence, no solid proof, just this woman's word against his. Besides,

Max himself held such a high status in the Dorsey family.

Spencer's fists clenched again. He had respected his uncle, but Max betrayed him.

His eyes reddened as he slowly closed them. He must have his revenge!

But he would have to bide his time.

Meanwhile, Brielle was oblivious to Spencer's newfound clue. She opened her laptop to tackle some work, her waist was aching,

and her stomach was rumbling with hunger.

Just as she contemplated making some soup, there was a knock at the door, and a delivery arrived – all tailored to her tastes.

After eating, she noticed several personal messages from colleagues.

[Ms. Haywood, are you there? You should check the company chat.]

[Ms. Haywood, someone posted the video of you making Sarah sing in the big group.]

Brielle's frown deepened. She rarely engaged with social media and had muted the company chat long ago, but now she clicked

in.

The chat was ablaze with discussion. The video was being shared back and forth. She watched the video, which was indeed

from that night. However, the uploader had carefully omitted the part where Sarah was drunk and provoking Brielle, only showing

Brielle forcing Sarah to sing. Out of context, it looked like Brielle, the boss, was abusing her power to bully a female colleague.

"I can't believe she's like that. Poor Sarah."

"Disgusting, how can she be a boss? She should be fired."

"We need to take this to the higher-ups, or Sarah will continue to suffer under her."

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Brielle stared at the chatter in the group chat, a frown creasing her brow.

In the video, Sarah was crying her eyes out, her plea for help making the unsuspecting guys' hearts break, and they rallied to her

defense.

Sarah wasn't about to miss this opportunity. Instead of worrying about being fired by Brielle, she'd rather make a scene to get the

higher-ups' attention and then take the lead in firing Brielle. It was a classic case of striking first to gain the upper hand.

Sarah had already checked with the venue they had dinner at, confirming there were no cameras in the private room. So the

truth, whatever it was, only the colleagues knew.

Brielle had been MIA for the last couple of days, missing her chance to set the record straight.

The scales had already tipped in Sarah's favor. If Brielle were indeed driven out by public opinion, then anyone who came out to

vouch for Brielle now would stick their neck out and might be ostracized by everyone.

In the workplace, being ostracized was a fate worse than death.

Sarah's lips curled slightly as she read the ongoing discussions in the group chat and chimed

1. in.

[I upset Ms. Haywood, and I'm sorry. Please, let's not talk about this anymore.]

The more she played the damsel in distress, the angrier everyone else became. People tended to sympathize with the underdog,

and since Sarah was just another rank-and-file employee, they were eager to band together against a common foe.

[Why shouldn't we talk about it? She bullied you like that, and what, now she wants to silence all of us?]

[How did she even become a director? Didn't she just sleep her way to the top?]

[I saw posts about her on the Beaconsfield College forum before. Her character has always been questionable.]

Triumph gleamed in Sarah's eyes as she thought of the indignity she had suffered that night. She's gonna use this incident to

ensure Brielle never recovered.

Meanwhile, Brielle was reading these discussions. She hadn't had a moment to check her phone these past few days and,

indeed, missed the best opportunity to speak up. Now, any statement from her would only add fuel to the fire. And because of

her silence, the colleagues who initially spoke up for her were now being attacked by the masses, looking like fools.

Brielle hadn't expected Sarah to go this far. It seemed her adversary was all in.

Suddenly, a flood of complaint emails were sent to the CEO's assistant. It was Sunday, and the office was not empty; Max was working overtime.

Reading through the barrage of complaints, Patrick frowned and hesitated before speaking to Max, who was busy with an

international meeting. "Mr. Dorsey, there have been complaints against Ms. Brielle."

Max's fingers stilled, and he slowly looked up. "Complaints about what?"

"Abuse of power, bullying staff."

Patrick scanned through the messages, noting there were as many as thirty emails. This was the most concentrated wave of

complaints Dorsey International had ever seen.

"Hmm." Max responded with a nonchalant hum, then fell silent.

"Mr. Dorsey, people are saying the company chat is full of discussions. Because Ms. Brielle hasn't come out to clarify, the rumors

have gotten out of control."

Brielle hadn't had the time to explain these past few days, and Max's eyes twinkled with mirth as to why. "Then dissolve the

group chat."

Patrick blinked, but he didn't question further.

Two minutes later, the group chat that was abuzz with discussion was dissolved. Sarah, who was itching to spill her long-

prepared tirade against Brielle, watched in disbelief as the group fell silent. Her typed words went unanswered.

All that was left was a cold message-[The group admin has dissolved this group.]

Sarah had a lengthy rant ready, listing all the ways Brielle supposedly mistreated her subordinates-most of it fabricated. With the

video and her lengthy message, Brielle seemed beyond redemption. But before Sarah could send it, the group was dissolved.

Only someone in upper management could dissolve the group. Who was helping Brielle?

Sarah's mind immediately went to Noah-everyone knew that Noah had been pursuing Brielle. Hah, did they think that just by

dissolving one group, she'd have nowhere else to post?

There were plenty of employee groups, and several didn't include the higher-ups; they were formed on the down-low. So she

posted her rant in another group, and watching the fresh wave of indignation against Brielle, she smirked with satisfaction.-

"Bitch, let's see how long you last at Dorsey International.

She congratulated herself for having the foresight to record that video.

Relishing the feeling of revenge, Sarah continued to provoke the matter. "You guys probably have no idea how loose she is with

men. She only got promoted because she clung to Mr. Noah's coattails--and that was while she was still engaged to Spencer.

She shamelessly flirted around. I only spoke the truth, and she had the audacity to make me sing in front of everyone. I hope our

CEO notices what's happening. I don't want to endure this any longer."

The group offered her comfort, assuring her that with such a commotion, Mr. Dorsey would definitely take notice.

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Max slouched in his high-rise office chair; his brow furrowed as he absorbed Patrick's news about the increasing number of

whistleblowing letters. He snapped his laptop shut. "Push back the overseas meeting." It was time to pay a visit to Brielle at Pearl

Estate.

Patrick, knowing what was on Max's mind, followed suit.

They had just reached the exclusive parking garage via the private elevator when Max was halted in his tracks. Sarah stood

before him, her eyes wide with trepidation and rimmed with red. "Mr. Dorsey."

It was Sunday, the office was sparse with staff, but top-floor happenings were hard to hide. Someone had tipped Sarah off,

prompting her to rush to Dorsey International. She lay in wait by the private elevator exit.

Her heart swelled with pride at the unexpected encounter with her top-tier boss. Gossip in the group chats wasn't enough; she

was determined to make Mr. Dorsey despise Brielle enough to fire her.

Max regarded the woman before him impassively. Sarah momentarily flinched, unsure if Max was privy to Brielle's situation. "Mr.

Dorsey, I—I wish to formally accuse my supervisor. She's been—" Max's presence was overwhelming, and despite Sarah's internal

struggle, she couldn't

muster a complete sentence.

Max, out of patience, stepped around her to leave.

As Sarah's mind scrambled, she hurried after him. "Mr. Dorsey, my supervisor, Brielle, has abused her power during department

gatherings. There's been discontent ever since she was promoted, and... and she's been involved in inappropriate relationships!

Many in the department are her... her bed partners!"

Seeing Max's stoic reaction, Sarah, feeling like a small fry, thought she needed to up the ante. Her next words halted Max in his

tracks. And Patrick, standing behind him, furrowed his brow deeply.

Max turned, his gaze cool as he looked at the flushed woman. Her words had struck a chord, and Sarah, feeling emboldened,

pushed on, "Every word is true, Mr. Dorsey."

She held her breath. She may have fancied Spencer, but being close to Mr. Dorsey left her breathless. No wonder the finance

papers deemed him a prince of commerce; he personified

the term.

Max stood there, untouchable and distant like a lofty, snow-capped peak.

Sarah's heart raced. She could throw herself at Spencer without a second thought, but in front of Max, all her tactics seemed

transparent, as if her soul lay bare with every word she uttered.

Who could possibly stand by Max's side and become his woman?

Dazed, Sarah came to her senses only to find Patrick in front of her, all business. "Miss Sarah,

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11:00

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please hold.”

Skipping the chain of command to report her department head to the CEO was foolish.

Sarah paled, “But I must report Brielle to Mr. Dorsey.”

“You may submit your evidence to the company.”

Frustration flashed in her eyes as her fist clenched at her side.

Patrick, indifferent, simply nodded and walked away.

Sarah, seething, pondered the point of her trip to Dorsey International if Mr. Dorsey wouldn’t personally punish Brielle. Was she

doomed to watch Brielle fire her?

She stomped in vexation, and as the garage quieted down, a well-dressed man emerged from the adjacent alley.

Sarah recognized him and immediately masked her spiteful expression. “Mr. William.”

What was he doing here? And he seemed to have been waiting for some time.

William’s eyes twinkled with a serene smile, and he patted her shoulder. “Your name’s Sarah?”

She was taken aback that such an executive knew her name, and she nodded eagerly, her face flushing.

“Yes, I’m Sarah.”

Mr. Dorsey had brushed her off, but Mr. Ryan was surprisingly approachable. Sarah was thrilled and blurted out more about

Brielle. “Mr. William, it’s just like I said. I’ve even shared the video in the group chat.”

A flicker of something passed through William’s eyes, and a smile curled his lips. “So, Brielle is at fault. You want her out of

Dorsey International?”

A twisted look of hatred crossed Sarah’s face. Brielle had stolen her man and humiliated her publicly. Sarah wouldn’t let her get

away with it!

“Yes, I want her ruined! I want her barred from Dorsey International.”

As William stepped past her, he gestured to his car with a smile. “Shall we discuss this in my car? It’s not very private here.”

Sarah’s eyes lit up. Mr. William was willing to help her! “Of course, thank

you.”

She hurried to the car, and William, ever the gentleman, opened the door for her.

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Sarah felt her heart pounding as if it were on the verge of bursting. She glanced at the figure following her into the car and then

heard the definitive “click” of the doors locking. She didn’t find it strange for a moment but looked up expectantly. “Mr. William,

has Brielle crossed you too?”

There was a slight smile at the corner of William’s mouth as he reached for a handkerchief. “Hmm.”

A sparkle lit up in Sarah’s eyes, and just as she was about to say something more, the handkerchief came down swiftly,

smothering her mouth and nose. Her eyes widened in shock, and she tried to struggle, but the pungent odor overwhelmed her

senses, and her head felt heavy in an instant. Her attempts to fight back grew weaker by the second.

William released his grip, his expression one of distaste.

Sarah lost consciousness and slumped down limply.

William had parked cleverly. His movements were so calculated that from their conversation to the car, everything had taken

place out of the surveillance cameras’ sight. He wouldn’t have made his move otherwise. Sarah had been waiting like a sitting

duck, but William was the bigger predator.

With Sarah’s newfound enmity towards Brielle and her sudden disappearance—or even possible death—Brielle would certainly not

escape implication.

Trouble for Brielle meant Max would have to step in.

William sneered, nudging Sarah’s inert body with the tip of his polished shoe. She’s just a pawn of no consequence.

He took out Sarah’s phone, unlocking it with her fingerprint. Several group chats in Sarah’s WhatsApp were buzzing with activity.

William noted that she had already laid the groundwork for prior events, saving him a great deal of effort. He typed the words

“Help me” in one of the groups and then tossed the phone into a nearby pond.

Twenty minutes later, the car stopped at his residence. He got out and glanced at the bodyguard who had been waiting. “Take

care of the person in the car, and make it clean.”

The bodyguard, no stranger to such tasks, nodded slowly.

William took the handkerchief from a man at the door, wiped his fingertips clean, and then casually discarded the cloth into a

trash can.

A meaningful smile played on his lips. With Sarah gone at this critical juncture, the waters. would be muddied.

What would Brielle do? And Max—how would he react? William was looking forward to it.

“Beaconsfield,” he thought, “the more chaotic, the better.” Only then could he seize the opportunity to fish in troubled waters.

Max’s car was already parked at Pearl Estate, but before he could get out, he received a message.

Reading the short text

message, his brow furrowed. “Patrick, head over to the Clements family.”

Patrick, sitting in the driver’s seat, was puzzled. Shouldn’t Brielle’s situation be the priority? Why was the boss suddenly

interested in the Clements family?

“But Ms. Brielle-”

Max glanced up at the building above. As her man, he should indeed intervene when Brielle faced trouble. But Max was no fool.

Acting too hastily wouldn’t draw Brielle closer to him; it would push her away.

Brielle was like a lone mountaineer. Just give her a rope, and she would climb with all her might.

Max let his gaze fall away. If he treated her like a caged bird, it would be his loss. He would never have the real Brielle. What he

needed to be was the rope for Brielle.

A caged bird never saw the wider world if it was merely kept by his side. But a mountaineer, who was used to love along the

trails and still needed him, was Max's understanding of a relationship. So, he couldn't intervene too much.

Patrick, catching a glimpse of him in the rearview mirror, couldn't guess his thoughts but he wouldn't go against his decision

either. So he stepped on the gas, and the car moved away.

Brielle stood by the window, rubbing her eyes, feeling a sense of familiarity with a car that had just passed. When she looked

again, it was gone.

Messages in the group chat piled up, most demanding an explanation. Sarah's video had been incendiary. By now, Brielle's

name was notorious at Dorsey International.

Brielle wasn't panicking. She was considering her next move. She had already contacted the establishment from the dinner, only

to learn there were no cameras in the private room. The complete events of that night, beyond what Sarah had cunningly

recorded, remained unaccounted for.

This lead was a dead end; she needed a new plan.

Brielle lowered her lashes, her calm deepening with the gravity of the situation. After all, she never mistreated Sarah.

Her phone rang. An unfamiliar number popped up on the screen. After pressing the answer button, an angry female voice

blasted through.

"So you're the one bullying your staff, huh?! You bitch, thinking you're some kind of god. Screw you. Dorsey International is

disgraced with you in it!"

Brielle didn't bother with a verbal spat and hung up.

But then, a barrage of calls flooded in. Her number had been leaked.

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Brielle didn't hesitate for a moment before she turned off her phone. Once it was off, she logged onto her computer and checked

her WhatsApp, only to discover that it wasn't just her phoner number that had been leaked; her WhatsApp was blown wide open,

too. She was bombarded with new contact requests, and the accompanying messages were filled with curses and vitriol

This was a premeditated cyber assault. And it wasn't just a virtual threat. If she didn't address it soon, it could escalate into real-

world violence.

Brielle skimmed through the messages in the group chat and saw that someone had taken a screenshot of Sarah's cry for help..

-Help.

Just those two terse words, and silence thereafter. It seemed like it was Sarah who had stirred up the online mob.

But something didn't add up. If Sarah merely wanted to use public opinion to force her out, why send a "Help" message in the

group? Was Sarah planning to play the victim and then pin everything on her?

With that thought, Brielle didn't second-guess her next move – she called the police.

Reporting the incident now was a smart move. There were surveillance cameras outside her house. It something had actually

happened to Sarah, she had the perfect alibi.

Besides, stirring up online opinion would only incite strangers to morally grandstand and curse her, which wouldn't physically

harm Brielle in any way. She never cared about the opinions of these faceless masses.

Moreover, she had checked with HR, and Sarah hadn't handed in her resignation. It looked like she intended to stay at Dorsey

International. As long as Sarah remained at Dorsey, she was bound to slip up.

So Brielle calmed down quickly, took a relaxing shower, had dinner, and then sat down at her computer to deal with company

business.

Before going to sleep, she texted Max a simple – Goodnight. She didn't mention the ordeal she was going through. Max didn't

reply, but Brielle didn't wait for him. She just drifted off to sleep.

The next morning, when Brielle arrived at the office, she found the place buzzing. People in the elevator gave her strange looks.

No one wanted to stand near her. They all preferred to crowd together than to be too close to her.

Brielle was quite content with the space. As she stepped out of the elevator, she even flashed them a smile.

The elevator crowd grimaced, and whispers followed.

“How can she still smile after all that?”

“Well, why can’t she smile? She’s a Director at Dorsey International. That leaked footage of her is actually against Sarah’s

interests. If Brielle wanted to clean house, wouldn’t it be a piece of cake?”

“Are we sure the video was leaked by Sarah? She seems pretty naive, and she’s staying at Dorsey International. Picking fights

with the higher-ups isn’t going to win her any favors.”

“Heh, power trumps all, doesn’t it?”

Because of the video portraying Brielle’s overbearing behavior and Sarah’s pitiful weeping, people had already formed a

negative opinion of Brielle. The more they saw her unbothered demeanor, the more repulsive they found her. This only fueled the

rumors.

When Brielle entered her department, she noticed the gloomy expressions of her colleagues. They had all been part of that

infamous dinner and knew the real story.

However, in the corporate world, they were just minor players. On the internet, their voices were insignificant. So, they faced

Brielle with a mix of shame and guilt. Those who hadn’t dared to speak up for Brielle now couldn’t even meet her eyes.

Brielle clapped her hands, her demeanor as professional as ever. “Let’s pull ourselves together, folks. Morning routines,

remember? If you’ve got reports to review, get on it. Don’t let the outside chatter get to you.”

Her words were like a pebble tossed into still waters, making ripples that forced everyone to truly see Brielle for the first time.

Before, they had grumbled about her youth and how she didn't deserve her position. But now, the difference was clear.

The office tried to mumble words of comfort to Brielle, but she just smiled and pointed to the clock on the wall. "Work time."

Reluctantly, everyone turned back to their tasks, some slapping their cheeks to bring their focus back to the present.

That morning, the gossip spread like wildfire throughout Dorsey International, except in Brielle's department, where everyone

was busy working.

The peace was shattered just before lunch when a scream tore through the department. A bloody box was knocked over, spilling

its gruesome content – a dead rat – onto the floor. The stench of decay filled the air.

"Ugh," someone gagged, while others pinched their noses.

This package had been addressed to Brielle, and a colleague was on their way to deliver it to her office when the grim discovery

was made. Besides the rat, the box was teeming with writhing maggots.

Brielle stepped out of her office and immediately called building maintenance. As soon as the mess was cleaned up, the elevator

dinged open, and a group of people stepped out. The woman

leading them locked eyes with Brielle, her face contorted with resentment.

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Suddenly, she lunged at Brielle, her face contorted with rage. "Bitch! Give me back my daughter!"

Luckily, her charge lacked force, and Brielle simply stepped back, quick on her feet, which sent the woman tumbling to the

ground.

About four people had come with her, and they were visibly agitated upon seeing me. "It's you! You killed little Sarah! You are a

murderer. How can Dorsey International shelter a murderer!"

No sooner had the words left his mouth than the woman on the ground burst into even more pitiful sobs. "My poor, poor child,

how did you end up with such a boss? Dorsey International must give us some answers!"

It was clear that this woman was Sarah's mother, while the man who had spoken was Sarah's father.

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Greed flickered in the man's he also began to cry. "Dorsey International can't bully people like this. We need an explanation

today – my daughter can't just die without reason. It must have been her boss who drove her to death. Brielle is the murderer!

How can such a

prestigious company as Dorsey International protect a killer?"

Their cries grew louder, each trying to outdo the other, and the two family members who had come along were just as adept at

shedding tears.

It was now lunchtime, and employees from other departments were also gathering around to

see what the commotion was about.

Brielle pressed her lips together, uncertain, and asked, "Sarah's dead?"

Brielle didn't have much of an impression of Sarah. If it weren't for her repeated targeting. Brielle would not have paid her any

attention.

To other employees, Sarah, like many young people, often spoke of not wanting to live, yet in reality, she clung to life dearly.

Brielle even thought that Sarah might've played a victim card next, forcing Dorsey International's higher-ups to fire her, but

Brielle never thought Sarah would die.

She died so suddenly.

Hearing Brielle's words, the woman collapsed even more dramatically. "Oh, my daughter, my unfortunate child. You were bullied

to death all because I'm useless. We should never have agreed to you joining Dorsey International. We worked so hard to send

you to college, only for you to be taken from us so abruptly- what am I going to do now?"

Her wails grew louder as if trying to draw all the attention to herself. The two other people even took out a framed photo of

Sarah, clutching it to their chests. The photo was in black and white.

Seeing that the audience was sizable, the woman cried with even more fervor. "I slaved and scrimped to get you through college,

thinking you would make something of yourself, but now you've ended up with such a boss. Oh, god, why are you so blind?"

Standing beside the wailing woman, Sarah's father, Simon, covered his face with his hands and started to weep heartbrokenly.

The department's staff looked at each other, unsure of what to do. Only Brielle watched this spectacle unfold and then asked a

colleague, "Where's the security?" Weren't there a bunch of security guards downstairs? How on earth did these people get in?

Hearing Brielle's question, Simon looked up furiously. "You want to throw us out? Do you have any idea how long my little

Sarah's body was in the water? You must compensate us for our loss! I was counting on my daughter for my golden years, and

you've cut off our lifeline!"

Simon reached out to grab Brielle as he spoke. Brielle dodged and stared at him. "Who says I killed Sarah?"

The woman, still weeping, glared at Brielle with resentment. "Everyone knows it was you. How would Sarah have suddenly lost

hope if you hadn't pressured her so much?"

Brielle narrowed her eyes. "Sarah left a message in the group chat asking for help, then something happened. Why do you think

she took her own life in despair?"

This was a glaring contradiction. Screenshots of Sarah's cry for help had been shared in numerous chat groups. Would someone

planning to commit suicide leave such a message in a chat group?

Caught by Brielle's question, a brief flicker of panic crossed the woman's eyes, but then she cried even harder. "If you hadn't

treated Sarah that way, she wouldn't have been in such a bad mood. Even if she was murdered, it's still your fault!"

The man chimed in, supporting her. "Yes! Maybe it was you who killed Sarah! You must give us an explanation, or we will make

such a scene that the whole of Dorsey International will know. We'll affect Dorsey International's stock price! Everyone will

condemn you, heartless woman!"

Brielle found another flaw in their words. Sarah's parents didn't seem like highly educated folks, so how could they know that

making a scene could impact Dorsey International's stock price? First, they claimed Sarah had committed suicide, then

insistently accused Brielle of the deed. Their aim was clear – to pin everything on Brielle.

Brielle's mind raced with thoughts, though her expression remained calm. She'd already thought of a strategy.

The true puppeteer here wasn't Sarah; as the one who'd lost the most, death had taken everything from her. Given Sarah's

character, which was brash enough to act out in front of her superiors, she didn't have the cunning to play such a complex game.

So, the conclusion was simple. Sarah was just a pawn to someone else.

As for the mastermind behind the scenes, Brielle couldn't pinpoint them yet, but for now, she could start by clearing her own

name of suspicion.

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Brielle began, her voice steady despite the chaos. "A whole bunch of folks saw the message Sarah left in the group chat. Plus, I

called the cops the minute I saw it last night, asking them to keep a close eye on Sarah's whereabouts. And let me tell you, the

surveillance around my neighborhood is top-notch monitors my every move 24/7. I didn't step foot outside my complex last

night, so I've got a solid alibi. To say I'm the killer is jumping the gun, don't you think?"

Brielle's composure was unexpected, given the circumstances.

Simon, not the sharpest tool in the shed, only knew how to make a scene. Sweat broke out on his forehead, betraying his panic.

This was not going according to plan. He shot his wife a look, and they were both wailing again in an instant.

"Oh Lord, what sins have we committed to cross paths with such a person? Sarah, Mom and Dad miss you so much."

“Brielle, it’s all your fault. An eye for an eye – I’ll fight you to the end!”

The woman lunged forward again, but the security team from Dorsey International was already on the scene, and the police had

arrived with them. The officers were taken aback by the couple’s spectacle at Dorsey International.

Brielle, under the watchful eyes of the crowd, approached the police. “Hello, I’m the one who called in last night.”

The officer snapped to attention, all business. “Ms. Brielle, good to hear from you. After your call last night, we’ve been tracking

Sarah. But by that time, she was already missing. We’ve been searching non-stop until about two hours ago when we found her

body.”

The body had been found just two hours ago, but the parents had the obituary photo ready. They had already pinned the murder

on Brielle, demanding an explanation from Dorsey International before the police had even identified a suspect.

The bystanders were starting to catch on – it seemed like the grieving parents were trying to shake down Dorsey International for

a quick buck.

The onlookers, previously spectating, now was impressed with Brielle’s transparency. The fact that Brielle was the one who

called the police, had them tilting their sympathies toward her. But that didn’t fully clear Brielle of suspicion, especially with the

video of her pressuring Sarah still circulating.

Brielle nodded coolly at the officer. “Do I need to come with you to the station for a statement?”

That was what the officer had in mind, but Simon and the woman resumed their theatrics, collapsing onto the floor in tears. They

might have had the moral high ground at first, but their tantrum was quickly eroding it.

Brielle looked up at the Dorsey International employees. “Could someone assist these folks to the lobby to rest? As for the rest, let’s wait for the police investigation results.”

The security guards nodded, moving to help Simon and the others. But Sarah’s father, Simon, a seasoned drama king, whipped

out his phone to start recording. "Look at this, everyone! This is the vile face of Sarah's boss she's the one who killed my daughter."

Body Jewelry

The woman's cries tore through the air, and the chaos intensified. Brielle, however, remained focused and asked the officer,

"How long will the statement take?"

The officer, caught off guard by her composure, replied, "Half an hour."

Brielle nodded, then addressed her colleagues, "I'll try to make it back by the afternoon shift. I'd appreciate it if the reports on the

other company issues could be on my desk before I return."

She was wrapped up in a murder case and was still delegating tasks for the afternoon. Her colleagues were stunned but then

returned to their desks, their respect for her growing.

Witnessing the scene, the crowd outside was at a loss for words.

Somebody had already started a live stream of the drama, and initially, the comments were full of vitriol against Brielle. But now,

different opinions were surfacing.

"This Brielle is really pretty, and her colleagues seem to respect her a lot. Could we have gotten it wrong?"

"Pretty, sure, but don't be fooled. She looks so good and so young – who knows how she really got her job."

"She was a valedictorian, for heaven's sake. It was all over the papers. Heck, her study notes are still selling like hotcakes

online."

"Now that you mention it, I remember. My daughter was in the same class as her. A real looker, that girl – such bright eyes, but

she never was one for mingling."

"You guys must've been paid off by Brielle to say such things. It's disgusting, siding with a murderer!"

Chapter 368

Online opinions were a mixed bag, with some rallying behind Brielle, but the majority were against her.

“What a pretender! The true colors of these capitalists are just hideous.”

“Is a human life so worthless in her eyes?”

“She’s just so smug. So what if she was the valedictorian? People change.”

The live stream continued unabated. Brielle stood beside the police, responding to questions with a mix of humility and pride.

Especially noteworthy was Brielle’s composure amidst the cacophony of sobs. Coupled with her striking presence, the number of

viewers on the live stream skyrocketed.

Unaware of the live broadcast, Brielle finished recounting the afternoon’s events and followed behind the officers.

Simon wasn’t about to let her off the hook that easily. He grabbed a chair, intending to hurl it at her.

“Give me back my daughter!

You’re not going anywhere!”

The police sprang into action, blocking Simon with stern resolve. “Mr. Simon, the autopsy report for Miss Sarah hasn’t been

released yet. Ms. Brielle is a suspect, but we need the investigation to conclude before any judgments are made.”

Simon, red-faced with rage, nearly poked the officer in the face as he spat out his words. “You’re clearly in cahoots with her. She

must’ve bribed you, or maybe Dorsey International did! Get out of my way, all of you! I want her to pay for what she’s done!”

Brielle frowned, spotting a glimmer of greed in the depths of Simon’s eyes and suspecting he was being manipulated. She ran

through the possibilities in her mind but couldn’t pinpoint the puppet master.

That was until Spencer walked in.

He looked from the officers to Brielle, perplexed. “What’s going on here?”

An employee quickly filled him in on the whole story. Spencer sneered inwardly, seeing this as Brielle’s comeuppance, his gaze

settling on her. “I never thought you’d do something like this.”

His words brought an eerie silence to the room, and even the live stream viewership spiked as they speculated about Spencer’s

role.

When Simon saw Spencer, a glint of cunning flashed in his eyes. He pushed through the crowd and fell to his knees before him.

“Mr. Spencer, you must seek justice for my daughter. How can someone like Brielle remain at the company? She must be locked

up and face the law. Surely, Dorsey International won’t shield someone like her, right?”

Spencer looked up, his eyes brimming with resentment as he let out a cold laugh. “Indeed, a murderer should be behind bars.”

With Spencer joining the fray, those condemning Brielle grew in numbers. Whispers spread among the onlookers. Spencer’s

pursuit of Brielle was well-known, but now, in such a short span, he seemed to have turned against her entirely.

Brielle watched Spencer’s act with quiet scrutiny, unsettling him with her gaze, as if to suggest she’d never esteemed him, and

that she’d aimed for Max from the start, climbing into his bed.

He felt like a stepping stone, used and discarded by this vile woman! Internally, he cursed her a thousand times over, his eyes

bloodshot. “Brielle, have you nothing to say?”

In Spencer’s mind, Brielle was cornered, with no one to turn to but him. If she asked for help, he wasn’t entirely unwilling. He

might forgive her indiscretions if she would stay by his side and be a plaything for his whims.

Fate seemed to favor him—Brielle had become embroiled in a murder at such a crucial time.

Brielle lifted her head, cutting through Spencer’s sordid thoughts. “Has the police determined I’m a murderer?”

She directed her question at the officers. The officer shook his head, naturally taking over the conversation. “Ms. Brielle, please

come with us to give your statement.”

Brielle then turned to Spencer, a faint smile on her lips. “Even if you slander me and turn everyone against me, I will never yield

to your advances. I don’t want a man who cheats so freely. It seems the executive decision to have me take over your position

was the right one. A director’s role is no place for someone swayed by hearsay, who was unable to separate personal from

professional.”

Her words caused a stir. The live stream chat exploded.

“What’s going on? This guy’s name is Spencer, Brielle’s ex–fiancé, and she took over his position.”

“This Spencer guy cheated, and now he’s harassing his ex–fiancé, using this incident to isolate her, and forcing her to ask for his

help. How devious!”

“Brielle got her position by sleeping her way to the top? Disgusting!”

“Dorsey International is a Dorsey family business. As Spencer’s ex, Brielle even took over his role, which means she must have

outmaneuvered the Dorsey family’s own to get there. How does that translate to sleeping her way to the top?”

Chapter 369

Spencer’s cheeks flushed with a mix of embarrassment and anger as he felt the weight of everyone’s gazes upon him. The calm

composure he had walked in with was now a distant.

memory.

“Me, a serial cheater? Why don’t you take a good look at yourself?!” His voice was thick with rage, his chest heaving with every

breath..

Brielle let out a soft chuckle.

“Spencer, it’s all about evidence. There’s a video of you and my so–called sister getting cozy floating around. And let’s not forget

all these lovely witnesses here who can testify that you’ve been hounding me even after we called off our engagement. If I’m so

terrible, why are you so desperate to rewind time with me? Are you blind?”

Spencer was speechless, his fury nearly choking him. He wanted to lash out and question Brielle about her dealings with Max,

but the room was too crowded.

He knew if he let slip even a hint of scandal, regardless of proof, Dorsey International would take a hit. And he’d become public

enemy number one in Max’s eyes.

Hanging onto his last shred of sanity, Spencer clenched his fists by his side, wishing he could throttle Brielle.

That witch.

Damn her!

Noticing his silence, Brielle's lips curled into a slight smile. "You've badmouthed me more times than I can count, Spencer. I used

to think you were just immature. Now I see you're just petty and mean-spirited. So, let's cut to the chase and not keep the police

waiting for their statement."

Brielle rarely aired her dirty laundry in public, but now she was using it to her advantage—not to condemn Spencer but to shift the

focus.

Her lack of grief over Sarah's death wasn't due to cold-heartedness; she had no reason to feel guilty. As Sarah's boss, Brielle

had been lenient despite repeated provocations. She hadn't fired Sarah or cut her pay. That was mercy enough.

Sarah had maliciously leaked that video, inviting cyberbullying from the oblivious masses. Brielle was the victim here.

Sarah's death, to her, was just the loss of an employee—and not even a pleasant one.

It wasn't callousness; it was simply the truth.

However, this persistent belief that the dead must be honored made her pragmatism seem selfish.

"People are dead, Brielle, and you're just standing there unaffected. Is there anyone colder than you?" Spencer spat the words

out like they left a bad taste in his mouth.

Brielle frowned, her disdain for Spencer growing.

"She's gone, and the real question is who's responsible. I'm cooperating with the investigation—that's the most meaningful thing I

can do right now. Move aside!"

She brushed past Spencer, not even sparing him a glance.

Spencer watched her go, his face a patchwork of anger and pallor.

At the door, Brielle turned to Simon. "This was the former head of our department. Go bother him if you want scene."

Her voice was indifferent as she addressed the crowd, then made her exit.

The police officer, following her lead, tried to calm the situation. "Currently, there's no evidence pointing to Miss Brielle. The

autopsy report will be out soon, so please wait for further investigation."

With that, the officer followed Brielle out of the department.

Simon and his group had come for Brielle. They were urged on by someone who had paid them to stir up as much trouble as

possible, hoping to drag Dorsey International into the mess.

But Brielle's quick wit had foiled their plan. She remained composed and managed to walk away unscathed.

Feeling the pressure of the ten million he'd been paid for this job, Simon tugged desperately at Spencer's sleeve.

"Mr. Spencer, you've got to back us up. You've seen Brielle's attitude—it's atrocious. We expect Dorsey International to fire her

and compensate for my daughter's loss."

A woman joined Simon, clutching at Spencer as if he were her last hope.

Spencer's face darkened instantly. Simon was clearly after money, but Spencer wasn't a fool to throw Dorsey International's

funds at him.

With Brielle gone, who was he putting on this show for?

He shrugged off Simon's grasp and frowned at the security guard. "What are you waiting for? Take them to the lobby."

His change in demeanor didn't go unnoticed by the live-stream viewers.

Chapter 370

"Can you believe Spencer has a two-faced act going on?"

"I was skeptical when Brielle mentioned it, but seeing is believing. The second Brielle's out of the picture, he turns into Mr. Ice.

Looks like he's got it out for her."

"A guy acting like that? That's just low class."

“Team Brielle all the way. At least she’s upfront and genuine. Let’s wait for the police to sort this out.

Spencer was unaware of the live stream capturing his every move. He might have restrained himself had he known.

After instructing security to escort certain individuals out, Spencer cast a chilling glance at the onlookers.

“What’s everyone staring at? Don’t you have jobs to do?”

They all knew him; he was from the Dorsey family, after all. No one dared to talk back.

The person secretly streaming quickly shut it off, but not before Spencer’s sudden switch in demeanor was broadcasted clear as

day, cementing his reputation as a total jerk.

Meanwhile, Simon and his group were ushered downstairs.

Seeing that Brielle hadn’t faced any repercussions yet, Simon grew impatient.

“We’ll just wait here in the lobby. There’s no way that bitch is getting off scot-free!”

The itch of frustration crawled up his scalp as he eyed the Dorsey International lobby, grand as a palace. His fists clenched with

greed.

or

If they could get Dorsey International to pay off this mess, he wouldn’t have to worry for the rest of his life.

Simon didn’t spare a thought for his daughter’s welfare. In his eyes, she was nothing more than a financial drain, a bad

investment that had yet to net a wealthy husband.

The only silver lining was the ten million they landed. Otherwise, raising her would’ve been a complete waste.

Simon felt a cloud of bad luck looming as they settled into the sofas, determined to corner Brielle again.

No sooner had Simon’s rear hit the cushion than his phone buzzed with an anonymous text.

[Keep it up.]

Three short words, but he knew exactly who sent them. His body shook, and without hesitation, he stood up and began shouting

throughout the Dorsey International lobby.

“Poor Sarah, you died so tragically. That heartless Brielle just left us high and dry. What kind of world is this?”

Simon’s wife, Sue, knew the drill. Sensing that their benefactor wasn’t satisfied, she joined in the commotion.

Her tears were real; soon enough, a crowd gathered downstairs at Dorsey International.

Journalists smelling a story swooped in for interviews.

Sue was sharper than Simon. She had heeded advice on how to sway public opinion.

She used words like, small-town girl, prestigious university, and the crush of capital.

Each keyword added weight to the public sentiment.

Even as some speculated about the couple’s motives, the death of their daughter and their genuine grief couldn’t be ignored.

Public opinion once again swayed, and concerned citizens soon converged at Dorsey International’s doors, demanding that

Brielle be handed over.

Standing in the lobby, Spencer smirked as he heard the angry chants against Brielle.

She deserved it!

Women like Brielle ought to be put in their place!

He stepped into the private elevator with a sneer, only to bump into William.

William, ever the picture of benevolence, patted Spencer on the shoulder.

“Spencer, I hear Brielle’s been taken in by the cops?”

Spencer nodded but was caught off guard by William’s next question, “Has your Uncle Max said anything?”

The question sent a chill through Spencer’s spine.

What was his uncle implying? Did he know about Brielle and Max all along? m

Body Jewelry

Humiliation bit at Spencer, his teeth nearly grinding to dust.

Seeing how his casual question ignited Spencer’s rage, William smiled slyly.

“Spencer, when you talked about marrying Brielle, I wanted to advise you. She’s not worth it. Better move on sooner rather than

later.”

Tasting bitterness, Spencer realized his great-uncle knew of Brielle’s affair with Max and was subtly warning him.

How foolish he had been to announce his intention to marry Brielle in front of the Dorsey family. like a clown performing for an uncaring audience.

“That woman is definitely not worth it. Rest assured, I’m over her.”

Spencer had to make Brielle pay for her betrayal.

William raised an eyebrow, his smile faint yet knowing. Another player like Spencer in the game. would only thicken the plot.

“Max, what will be your next move?”