

Master 37

Chapter 37

Realizing the awkward atmosphere, she quickly changed the subject, simultaneously diverting her own attention. "Uncle Max,

tomorrow is Friday. How do you plan to play out this scene?"

The stakes involving that building were high, with several board members of Dorsey International reaping benefits. If he made a

move on this, there would be inevitable turmoil within Dorsey International.

"We'll do what needs to be done."

Max's voice was casual, wrapping up one meeting before diving into another.

Brielle realized just how busy he was; even as he sipped his coffee, his other hand was methodically tapping away at the

keyboard. Feeling rather bored standing there, she was about to suggest a stroll downstairs when she noticed someone sent

Max a video call invitation.

Brielle's eyesight was sharp. The screen displayed-Alivia.

Max was in the midst of a meeting, but his finger accidentally hit accept. The screen revealed a beautiful face against a backdrop

of towering bookshelves. And on Max's side, his bedroom-and an unexpected shadow of a woman.

Brielle hadn't expected Max to take the call. Tactfully, she sidestepped, ensuring she was out of the video frame, but Alivia had

already spotted her, only to look away indifferently moments later.

"Max, you at Premier Palace?"

"Yeah."

Alivia's expression stiffened, quickly capturing the image of the face that had just appeared. "I've got the stuff. I'm on vacation

next month. Shall I bring it back for you?"

Max finally looked up, glancing at the screen, "Isn't Kenzo coming back?"

Brielle wasn't eavesdropping, but at the mention of 'Kenzo', she paused.

Kenzo Barnes, the prodigal son of the Barnes family, Alivia's brother.

"My brother's already left. I forgot to give it to him." The woman sounded annoyed, then quickly perked up, "But me bringing it to

you is just as good."

"Kenzo didn't visit you?"

"He made a quick loop around Palm Beach and then left."

"That's typical of him."

Brielle could tell that Max's tone had shifted significantly. It seemed Max and Kenzo had a solid relationship, and by extension,

he was quite gentle with Alivia. Their familiarity was a unique atmosphere that outsiders couldn't penetrate. Without intruding,

Brielle quietly opened the door and stepped out.

The butler, Wesley, awaited her downstairs, greeting her with a warm smile. "Ms. Brielle, feeling any better?"

She nodded, eyes catching the sight of a massive bookcase near the floor-to-ceiling windows, adorned with various books.

Wesley, fearing she might be bored and considering her bandaged hand, suggested, "Ms. Brielle, do you watch movies?":

Brielle didn't decline and discovered Wesley had queued up a scientific research-themed film. Inevitably, her thoughts drifted to

Alivia.

Having spent over a decade in Beaconsfield, Brielle hadn't integrated into the Haywood family nor the social elite of the town of

Beaconsfield.

The young elite often flocked to soirees, but Brielle seldom attended. Between her demanding studies and distaste for

sycophantic gatherings, she preferred solitude.

At the one single event she attended, she heard Alivia's name whispered among the crowd. Eight out of ten elite young men

fancied Alivia.

Since her school days, Alivia's grades had been stellar. No one dared reduce her to a mere trophy. And among Beaconsfield's

men, Max stood out. His innate business acumen had caught his grandfather's eye, who entrusted him with significant

responsibilities without

hesitation.

Facing external skepticism, Michael, a top-tier businessman, never concealed his favoritism towards Max.

"Max isn't someone I found; he's a gift from above."

The term 'genius' seemed insufficient for him.

"Ms. Brielle, the garden is in full bloom. If you find the movie dull, feel free to take a stroll, Wesley suggested.

Leaning back, Brielle mused at the butler's overly kind treatment. With a smile, she replied, "Scientific stuff is a bit over my head.

I'm a finance girl, after all."

Finance was all about money, sometimes feeling crass. She occasionally felt the same.

Wesley brought over a dessert, still smiling, "It makes no difference, really. If Mr. Max likes it, whatever you do will be fine. If he

doesn't, whatever Ms. Brielle does...well, it'll be fine

too."

Language is an art. Amused and aware of the butler's likely misunderstanding, Brielle

chose not to clarify.

Meanwhile, on the other side of the globe, Alivia ended the call and texted Kenzo. [Kenzo, did Max get a new assistant?]