

## Master 38

### Chapter 38

Just now, that woman was clearly at Premier Palace, and not in the study or the living room. The bedroom, then?

But Max's bedroom was a sanctuary. Aside from the housekeeping staff, he never allowed others to enter.

Kenzo's response was swift. [Max changing assistants? Not a chance.]

[Go check for me, will you? During my video chat with Max, I saw a woman. Does he have a girlfriend now?]

[Max couldn't possibly have a girlfriend.]

Alivia felt a wave of relief wash over her as she read this. Exactly, if Max really had a girlfriend, not only would someone from her

family notify her, but Michael himself would personally call her. She glanced down at the screenshot in her hand, certain she

hadn't encountered this woman at any social gatherings-definitely not a rich girl from a prominent family. She's probably just a

new hire of Max's. As for her presence at the Premier Palace, perhaps there was some urgent matter.

She decided not to concern herself with it. After all, this was a trivial person, hardly worth her attention.

Unbeknownst to Brielle, she had already been appraised from head to toe. Halfway through her movie, her phone buzzed with a

message. At the top of the list was one from

Aubree.

The shock of the previous night, coupled with a high fever that left her delirious, had made Brielle instinctively shut the world out.

Now, seeing Aubree's name, she finally remembered the incident at Tequila Sunset.

Back when Andrew and Tessa announced their engagement, the two families celebrated over a lavish dinner. Aubree had

missed that dinner, opting instead for drinks with her.

At the time, Brielle didn't give it much thought. Now, with the situation clear, she realized she might have been too carefree, as

the signs had been there all along.

But Aubree could like anyone she wanted. Why on earth would it be Andrew? Andrew was ruthless to others and even more so

to himself, completely unhinged.

His obsession with Tessa was so deep it seemed he'd hold her in the palm of his hand if he could. For Aubree to get entangled

with him was, to put it bluntly, demeaning. Just the way Andrew treated Aubree that night, using her as nothing more than a tool

for his frustration, made Brielle's chest tighten uncomfortably.

She didn't reply to Aubree's text. Instead, she booted up a computer to search for news about Andrew.

The public profiles of these high-society bachelors were all impeccable. Ivy League graduates, heirs to the Clements family

fortune, net worth over a billion...

She scrolled down and stumbled upon news about Infinity Brilliance. The Clements family was collaborating with Infinity

Brilliance.

The news had been released just an hour ago, and it was already trending. Infinity Brilliance was a titan in the diamond industry,

and its owners knew how to play the marketing game generation after generation. Their most successful campaign had linked

diamonds to engagements.

No one knew why diamonds became synonymous with marriage proposals. It seemed like an unwritten rule everyone just

followed. However, Brielle knew the company well from her college days, and it was all just a brainwashing marketing scheme.

Infinity Brilliance was notoriously domineering in their industry practices, and this was the first time they'd so publicly collaborated

with a rival company. She was about to scroll further when her phone pinged again with a message from Aubree. [Bri, can you

tell me what's going on with you and Max?]

Aubree had thought long and hard before sending that message, not expecting an immediate response. She had been taken

aback to learn about the so-called “little canary” from Andrew’s lips. She also understood that Brielle was in no mood to engage

with her

now.

Brielle stared at the message for ten minutes. Their years of unspoken understanding told her this was Aubree’s olive branch.

[We have slept together.]