

Master 39

Chapter 39

Aubree's gaze was glued to her smartphone screen, her heart racing with anticipation for Brielle's reply. When the message

finally popped up, a sudden wave of relief washed over her, and they instantly fell back into their usual banter.

[You hooked up with The Priest?! Bri, you totally hit the jackpot!]

Aubree had been feeling pretty down, but Brielle's news perked her right up. She couldn't help but keep probing for juicy details.

[Does he kiss with tongue? Is it intense? I mean, a

like him, a real catch – does he actually get passionate in bed?] guy

–

Aubree was nothing if not blunt in their private chats. She was dying to get Brielle to spill every last detail. Brielle, on the other

hand, was quite the opposite. Influenced by Aubree, she had grown more comfortable talking about such matters, but she was

nowhere near as forthcoming.

Did Max kiss with tongue? She stared at the message just as Max descended the staircase, indicating the meeting was over.

He was dressed to the nines in a custom-tailored black suit that made his skin look especially perfect, the overhead lights

softening the sharp lines of his face. A man like Max, if he ever decided to cast his net, he'd probably catch everyone in it.

Top-notch looks, top-notch pedigree, and top-notch savvy – he was pretty much flawless. If he had a flaw, it was probably that he

was a bit too impersonal.

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Max was fastening the cufflinks on his shirt as he caught her gaze. “Doesn’t your hand hurt?” He approached, his eyes settling

on Brielle’s hands.

In her eagerness to chat with Aubree, she had unwrapped her bandages. Her hands were swollen but, thankfully, not broken.

“Uncle Max, has anyone ever told you how dashing you look in a suit?”

He meticulously fastened the topmost button and glanced down at her at her words, his eyelashes casting a faint shadow over

his eyes.

Brielle’s playful teasing was just a facade. With Max staring intently at her, her mind hit a wall, and she felt a flush of warmth rise

to her cheeks.

“Uncle Max, if you keep looking at me like that, I might not be able to stop myself from doing something rash.”

It’s a universal reaction

—

any woman would inevitably feel the urge to lean in for a kiss. Brielle felt a flicker of attraction, but catching the calm in his eyes,

she quickly suppressed it. The words ‘heart flutter’ simply did not exist in Max’s world.

He remained detached from others’ admiration, affection, or desire, watching from a distance until it faded away.

Brielle had seen his wild side in bed, but it was passion without desire. He was a man of extreme rationality, so much so that he

could pull away from the brink of ecstasy at a moment’s notice, stepping out of the chaos with ease.

Brielle looked away, laughing softly to herself.

Max tilted her chin up, noticing the fading imprint on her cheek, and asked with curiosity, "What's so funny?"

"Uncle Max, there's a line from 'The Little Prince' by Antoine de Saint-Exupéry, 'Please, tame me.'"

"I

Brielle had always been a top student with a unique, mellifluous voice that unwittingly carried a hint of seduction. The phrase was

an invitation a plea for closeness.

—

Max was the untouchable priest, the unattainable prize. Women wanted to worship him yet also yearned to drag him into the

depths and devour him. Everyone wanted to be near him, even if only as an obedient pet. So, 'Please, tame me, was her

unspoken request.

Max met her gaze and gently patted her cheek, his touch feather-light. "Cut the theatrics around me." Though his words were

dismissive, his eyes betrayed a flicker of

amusement.

Brielle knew she had pleased him. Indeed, he was susceptible to such charms. But Brielle knew her limits. After all, he was her

sugar daddy. Flirting with danger was one thing, but to overstep was to court disaster.