

Master 391

Chapter 391

At the poker table, the game was heating up, and only Brielle had the guts to raise the stakes, pushing in a massive twelve

million. If anyone wanted to stay in the game, they'd have to match that hefty sum,

Some players folded, but the pot was swelling, and was now over eighty million.

The dealer confirmed the end of the first round and flipped the community cards: a pair of fours. and the King of Hearts.

As the second round of betting began, the player to Brielle's right put in their chips. After a moment's thought. Brielle casually

said, "Check."

Her words triggered laughter around the table, not just from Connor but from the onlookers as well. Dustin, seated to Brielle's

left, couldn't help but chuckle, resting his head in his hand. Brielle, puzzled by the reaction, turned to ask, "What's so funny?"

Dustin found her innocent confusion utterly charming. "You can't just check after someone's raised," he said with a light-hearted

flick to her forehead. "It's either put up or fold, darling. Don't you know the basics?"

The murmurs started to spread through the crowd.

"I thought she was some kind of poker pro with that cool act of hers."

"Who gave her the nerve to sit there, not knowing squat?"

"This is no-limit- she could lose billions if she messes around."

Connor was practically giddy with delight. It seemed she didn't even grasp the fundamental rules. "So naïve," he thought, "Max

would never fall for someone as clueless as her."

Undisturbed by the chatter, Brielle tossed her cards into the muck. "Then I fold."

Her fold brought the round to a swift end as the seasoned players made quick decisions.

Brielle's first round was a comedy of errors in the eyes of the onlookers, raising blindly and trying to check when it wasn't

allowed.

That round saw Connor rake in three hundred million. A passing Bunny got a firm smack on the behind from Connor, who then

slipped a couple of chips down her cleavage with a flourish. Whistles filled the air as she blew a bold kiss his way.

After his show, Connor sneered at Brielle. "Brielle, you can still back out now. Spend a couple of nights with me, and I'll cover

what you lose so you won't owe Mr. Lynch."

Before Brielle could respond, Dustin chuckled. "Connor, even the ones who've just held my hand would get more than a measly

twelve million from me. Be careful with your words." His eyes twinkled with amusement.

Connor quickly apologized, "My apologies, Mr. Lynch. I just don't want you to be fooled by this

woman. Her past is a tangled mess."

No sooner had he finished than Brielle arched an eyebrow. "Mr. Connor, before you talk about others' messy private lives, why

not ask around about your own reputation? You were the one chasing me for marriage, remember? Sour grapes much?"

Dustin was the first to laugh, followed by Sammuel, even to the point of coughing.

Connor turned red with fury. His constant needling at Brielle had everyone wondering if there was truth to her words; was he

really just bitter because he couldn't have her?

Frustrated, Connor snapped at the dealer, "What are you waiting for? Get on with the second. round!" Clearly, he was

embarrassed and angry.

For the next rounds, Brielle was the fastest to fold. It seemed she had finally grasped the rules. and didn't dare to gamble

recklessly as she did in the first.

Sammuel won the second round, pocketing five hundred million.

Brielle lost six million in the third round and three million in the fourth. She folded early in every round, never making it past the

first cycle of bets. To the seasoned players, she was the least. interesting, too cautious and afraid to lose, an oddity in a no-limit

game.

After four rounds, Brielle had lost the least, but the spectators were growing restless.

"If you don't know how to play, step down and let me take over."

"Yeah, just hogging a seat and folding every hand. You should have picked up the basic rules by now, right?"

"Typical woman, too timid. If you know your place, why not just be a pretty face and stay out of the game?"

Hearing these comments, Connor's face was the picture of arrogance. He had won two billion over the four rounds, emerging as

the biggest winner at the table.

Of course, the biggest loser was Dustin – the infamous Money Burner.

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Dustin remained cool as a cucumber throughout the game, only casting a glance when he overheard someone gossiping about

Brielle, which promptly silenced the chatter.

Brielle paid no mind to the whispers, focusing intently on the fifth round. This time, she upped the ante with a whopping 18

million. She held her ground through the first round of betting and waited as the community cards were revealed.

Connor, spotting her serious expression, couldn't help but smirk. "Brielle, looks like you're finally willing to dig deep into your

pockets. Too bad, though. The more you lay down, the harder you're gonna fall. There are plenty of ways for a lady to make a

buck, but you just had to pick the one you're least cut out for."

The community cards were a Jack of Spade, a Five of Hearts, and a Five of Diamonds.

In Connor's hand was a Five of Spades and an Ace of Diamonds, giving him at least a pair. He matched Brielle's 18 million bet

and provocatively eyed her.

Unfazed by his taunts, Brielle watched as the betting round completed and the fourth community card was turned over – an Ace

of Spades.

Now, it was just her and Connor left at the table. She raised to 24 million, giving Connor a measured smile. "Mr. Connor, you

wouldn't happen to be sitting on just two pairs, would you?"

Her tone was light as a feather. After speaking, she nudged her chips forward, indicating she was ready to keep playing.

This was the first time Brielle had made it to the end, and it was down to just the two of them. The onlookers, curious about her

hole cards given her confident demeanor, began to murmur among themselves.

"She's gotten the hang of the rules and has been playing it safe. She must have something solid to have stayed in this long."

"Ha, the dark horse is betting 24 million now. She wouldn't stick around without a surefire win." "That's why playing with these

types isn't fun. There's no suspense in winning' or losing."

Connor couldn't believe Brielle could have a better hand, but the spectators' comments sowed a seed of doubt, making his

decision to raise a shaky one. In the end, he just called.

The pot was nearing the four billion mark, and he couldn't believe Brielle had the appetite for such a gamble. He figured she'd

never seen so much money in her life, so her calm must've been an act, especially since she had barely known the rules at the

start.

Just as this thought crossed his mind, Brielle confidently raised again. And she doubled it, shooting up to 48 million.

Someone who had been folding at the start was suddenly betting 48 million in one go, a clear sign she was holding a very strong hand.

Sweat began to bead on Connor's forehead, but he tried to look cool as he locked eyes with Brielle.

"Brielle, what's in your

hand?"

Brielle's smile grew. "Though it's my first night at this game, I'm pretty sure revealing hole cards to the opponent isn't allowed.

Mr. Connor, you've played long enough; don't you know the rules?"

Connor bit his lip in frustration. If he called, the pot would grow to six hundred million. He had won a lot that evening, but he was

there to win more, not to gamble recklessly, especially not with Brielle looking so sure of herself.

Wiping the sweat from his brow and internally cursing Brielle once more, he gritted his teeth and called the 48 million.

The final card was revealed – a King of Spades.

Brielle didn't hesitate to raise once more, this time to 96 million. Everyone thought she had lost her mind. She alone had put

nearly three hundred million on the line.

That wasn't a surprise for someone like Dustin, but Brielle? Could she handle the consequences?

The crowd's murmurs grew louder.

"If that's not a strong hand, I'll eat my hat."

"All five cards are on the table, and she's still going all in. Considering her previous play, could it be the legendary royal flush?"

"The odds of hitting a royal flush are tens of thousands to one. It's her first time playing: how.

could she possibly

"If it's not a royal flush, I'll run naked right here."

Connor's forehead was slick with sweat as he pondered his next move. He had already sunk four hundred million into the game,

and now he had one choice: to call or to fold.

Calling meant throwing in another 96 million. Raising would only mean putting in more.

If Brielle had the royal flush, he'd lose another hundred million or so for nothing. But what if she didn't?

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Brielle was the epitome of cautious, never going all-in unless she was one hundred percent. sure of a win. This was simply her

nature and not a trait she was willing to compromise on.

Once Connor understood this, no matter how unwilling he was, he could only discard the two cards.

"How could this damned jerk be so lucky. Damn it, after leaving the casino tonight, I must have someone kill her." Connor was

cursing in his heart, his teeth grinding together in anger.

His discard wasn't made with a full heart, and the distance from the dealer prompted a second check.
"Mr. Connor, are you sure

you want to fold?" the dealer inquired.

Connor glanced at Brielle's smug expression, tasting the bitterness in his mouth. "Fold!"

The dealer collected his cards, turning them over for all to see a pair of fives and a pair of aces. Not the strongest hand, but not

the weakest either, thanks to the aces. All eyes were on Brielle now. Everyone was itching to see what she held.

With a nonchalance that only added to the tension, Brielle raked the entire pot towards herself, offering Connor a simple.

"Thanks for the game."

H

Connor was livid, fists clenched. "Don't get cocky, Brielle. Do you think I'd lose if it weren't for you holding a royal flush? Just your

damn good luck."

Brielle let out a soft chuckle and flipped her cards for all to see. A four and a seven. There's no royal flush, not even a pair, let

alone a straight.

With the community cards factored in, she had what folks would call a big fat nothing – not even strong enough to beat Connor's

two pairs.

Brielle had been holding the weakest hand possible!

Silence descended upon the room. The crowd was speechless.

Connor's eyes bulged, staring at the cards in disbelief as if his body was on the verge of rejecting reality. It took a while before he

seemed to choke on his own anger.

Meanwhile, Brielle just smiled and started to organize her chips. She was the new billionaire at the table.

After about twenty seconds of stunned silence, someone finally dared ask, "So she bluffed with nothing and raised three hundred

million?"

“Who was it that said they’d eat their hat?” another added.

“And who was betting on a streak run?”

Everyone looked at Brielle as if she were a creature from another world, while she just smiled sweetly at the mountain of chips

before her. She offered one more piece of wisdom, “Mr. Connor, you really need to work on your game face. If you had called,

these billions could’ve

been yours.”

Connor’s chest heaved, and he leaned back, nearly passing out from the shock.

Sitting beside Brielle, Dustin couldn’t help but chuckle at her audacity. Was a rookie bluffing a pro? That took some serious guts.

Brielle’s move wasn’t unheard of in Texas Hold’em, but it rarely paid off, especially in a no-limit game like this. However, her

early show of careful play, folding hand after hand, had convinced everyone that she couldn’t afford to lose. Her sudden three-

hundred million bet made everyone think she had a winning hand.

A lousy hand had scared off Connor’s two pairs. Only Brielle could pull off such a bluff.

Connor gulped down a glass of ice water handed to him by a waitress in a bunny outfit, managing to quench the fire in his belly.

He glowered at Brielle as if wishing he could carve out a piece of her victory for himself.

But Brielle? She just played with her chips, as serene as a summer sky, utterly indifferent to his rage.

With a loud thump, Connor slammed his glass back onto the waitress’s tray, his eyes bloodshot with anger. “Next round, let’s go,

Brielle. I swear, by the end of tonight, you’re going to lose everything, including the shirt off your back!”

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Brielle was nonplussed by his tirade it was nothing more than Impotent fury.

—

Connor, a big-shot CEO, was stooping to berate a woman for winning a poker game? It was crystal clear who held the moral

high ground here.

The other guys at the table had been tempted to speak up for Brielle. Her stunning bluff had caught everyone off guard. Even

they would've fallen for it, hook, line, and sinker. Brielle wasn't just playing cards; she was playing mind games.

The onlookers weren't fans of Connor's antics either. In this place, your poker face reflected your true character, but with Dustin

holding his peace, they just continued to watch the spectacle unfold.

The no-limit Texas Hold'em game had drawn a crowd, with folks from other floors now pressing in to see the action.

Andrew, with his arm snug around Tessa's waist, noticed the movement towards the poker table and raised an eyebrow

curiously. "What's the hubbub?"

"Mr. Clements, haven't you heard? There's a newbie at the no-limit table."

No-limit? That wasn't a game for greenhorns. Was this just another lamb walking into the slaughterhouse?

The same person who'd informed Andrew couldn't help but add, "Connor from Apex Dynamics is there, too. Some rookie bluffed

him out of millions, and he's fuming. The game's still on. Mr. Clements, want to take a look? The newbie's a lady, goes by the

name of Brielle, I think."

At the mention of Brielle, Andrew's face tensed, thinking he'd misheard. Brielle at a high-stakes table? Membership alone cost a

fortune, and she didn't seem the type to indulge in such luxuries. Even if she were with Max, that workaholic was the last person

you'd expect to find in such an establishment. So, who had she come with?

Andrew felt an almost uncontrollable urge to check out the commotion, but Tessa clung to his arm for dear life.

Ever since her fallout with Brielle, Tessa had hardly set foot outside. The last person she wanted to cross paths with was Brielle.

She was already feeling out of sorts, and her eyes reddened with anger. Her health had been fragile, and she hadn't been to

any entertainment venues in years. But now, she couldn't let Andrew out of her sight. An unsettling feeling had gripped her.

"Andrew, let's not go over there. I'm not feeling well," she said, her already pale face taking on a pitiful cast that easily stirred

Andrew's protective instincts. After all, nothing was more important than Tessa's health.

He pulled out his phone and shot Max a message. [Did you know Brielle's at the underground casino?]

Max was at the Dorsey family estate, where Michael sat at the head of the table, coughing twice but remaining silent.

Ryan had followed through on Brielle's expectations and sought out Michael that very evening, clarifying the pending contract

between Dorsey International and Kingston Enterprises. The delay in signing was an undeniable issue.

The executives at Kingston Enterprises, although too busy to manage their business directly, were growing dissatisfied with

Dorsey International's stalling tactics. A little digging would bring everything to light.

The atmosphere at the Dorsey family gathering was tense, and Max, having been dragged into it, couldn't leave just yet. His

phone was on silent, so he missed Andrew's message.

After sending the text, Andrew carefully escorted Tessa to one of the luxurious private rooms upstairs. As they reached the

stairwell, they could survey the lavish scene below, including the central poker table.

The crowd surrounded the table so thickly that a new round of the game was about to commence.

Tessa leaned on Andrew, sneaking a glance below, and that's when she saw Brielle, the center of attention. Behind her stood a

retinue of Beaconsfield's top brass, and even her tablemates, including Dustin, were prominent figures.

Tessa's breathing quickened, and her palms turned white with the pressure of her grip. How could Brielle, who crawled up from

the mud, rub shoulders with such elites? Even Tessa herself hadn't spoken to these big shots. Damn it all!

Did Brielle deserve this adulation? It was Tessa and Alivia who should be Beaconsfield's most sought-after socialites!

Seething with jealousy, Tessa wished Brielle would just drop dead at the poker table. Andrew, too, caught sight of the bustling

table below and hesitated, explaining to Tessa. "No-limit Texas Hold'em, I mean, even I've only played it once after years of

poker. You meet a few wild cards, and you can drop a hundred billion in one night, just like that. You've heard of Dustin. right?

He's one of those wild cards. They said Brielle bluffed her way to millions. Max's Little Canary is something special, alright. Most

women would've buckled at the 'sight of that lineup."

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Andrew, though never having been a fan of Brielle, now spoke with a candor that was laced with a begrudging admiration for her

Indeed, there were plenty of women onlookers, but most were merely arm candy, clinging to the sides of their men, and lacking

the guts to play in the big leagues.

Some truths were hard to swallow, but for these seasoned business tycoons, a beautiful woman often resembled the currency of

high society. As for the celebrities, the common folk might've elevated them to the status of demigods, but to the insiders here,

they were merely numbers in a game.

Tessa, overhearing Andrew's words, felt a surge of anxiety. She had to admit that if she were in Brielle's shoes, under the

scrutiny of such powerful figures, her nerves would betray her with trembling that she couldn't control. The clearer this

realization, the more resentment she harbored against Brielle. Where on earth did that wretch find the courage?

Her grip tightened around Andrew, her lips beginning to quiver.

"She's only winning because of dumb luck. Remember, Brielle's never seen this kind of money before, not to mention the millions

she extorted from you. I've never had a good impression of her," Tessa said, her voice a mixture of vulnerability and frankness in

front of Andrew. Besides, her feud with Brielle had reached a boiling point; there was no need to feign appreciation, which would

only invite Andrew's suspicion.

Andrew sighed and affectionately ruffled her hair. "You're right. The stakes are high, and everyone at that table is no amateur.

Brielle's winning streak is pure luck, and it was just one hand. In no-limit Texas Hold'em, each hand is critical; one can spell life

or death. She's overstepped her bounds, but now, with everyone watching, she has to play the next round or risk

embarrassment."

Inwardly, Tessa sneered. Perhaps the next round would see Brielle lose everything. A woman should be content being a delicate

vine by a man's side, not bounding about as if she were the second coming of Alivia. She clearly didn't know her place.

Wanting to conserve her energy for more important matters than Brielle, Tessa leaned even more weakly against Andrew. "I'm

exhausted. Let's go rest," she murmured.

Andrew's gaze lingered downstairs, intrigued by the game like any other man, but Tessa remained his priority. He nodded,

supporting her as they moved to the lounge.

Downstairs, the next round was in full swing, and to everyone's surprise, it was unfolding almost identically to the previous one.

Even the community cards were strikingly similar.

Now, four community cards lay face up—Jack of Spades, Six of Hearts, Seven of Hearts, and Ace of Spades.

With four players remaining—Dustin, Sammuel, Brielle, and Connor—and two more betting rounds to go, tension was palpable.

Connor gripped his hole cards, both Sixes, tightly. Without the river card, he already had a set, a strong hand that could beat any

two pairs. Should the river bring another Six, he'd have quads. over which only a higher set of quads or a straight flush could

prevail.

Excitement made Connor's palms sweat, not just because they were down to four players, but because the pot had swelled to a

billion. The cards seemed promising this round, and he felt confident his hand was the strongest.

Dustin was up first. He raised an eyebrow and casually tossed in a hundred million, quieting the room with the gravity of the bet.

This was the essence of no-limit Texas Hold'em—it could bankrupt a CEO or revive a fallen empire.

Sammuel, always smiling as if he barely existed at the table, followed suit and raised two hundred million.

Connor, hardly able to contain himself, matched the two hundred million.

The pot soared to 1.5 billion and kept growing. Now, it was Brielle's turn. She sat with her eyes closed, deep in thought.

Connor sneered at her contemplative state. "What's the matter? Lost your nerve?"

"Raise," Brielle declared without hesitation, slapping down four hundred million.

The pot hit 1.9 billion, and the table waited with bated breath for what would come next.

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Just as everyone

expected Dustin to chime in. Brielle looked up, her tone casual. "Ah screw it. I'm going all in," she said as she pushed her

remaining four hundred million in chips into the

pot.

The pot swelled to 2.3 billion, but three players had yet to make their move. Brielle must've been on cloud nine, having won only

one hand, and now daring to go all in like this.

Dustin maintained his pose, propping his chin with one hand. A faint smile curled at the corners of his mouth as he watched

Brielle risk eight hundred million on her own. "Since Bri's got guts. I might as well go all in, too." In front of him lay a towering

stack of two billion chips

Chips here could be exchanged anytime, so he wasn't fazed by the sum.

It wasn't unusual for Dustin to go berserk nobody was surprised by it. But with the pot hitting 4.3 billion, who wouldn't be

tempted? Everyone seemed to hold their breath, their palms slick with sweat.

It was Samuel's turn to speak. Unruffled, he matched the two billion.

"Wow! What on earth are they holding?!"

"Damnation, the last community card's not even out yet, and they're playing this big!"

"Dustin probably doesn't have much. He's always messing around like this."

"If the pot hits ten billion, the casino boss usually meets with the winner, right? Who was it last time?"

Everyone turned to look at Dustin, it seemed like it was Dustin's game last time. All eyes turned to Dustin as if expecting him to

reveal his hand. He tapped his cards lightly, his eyes twinkling "Just a pair of aces, that's all"

Those who had gambled with Dustin knew he was a straight shooter, hence the nickname 'Money Burner.' With just a pair of

aces and the community cards, it was madness to bet so much.

Samuel chuckled at Dustin's admission. "Mr. Lynch claims a pair of aces, so it must be true. Funnily enough, I've got two

pairs."

One with a pair, the other with two pairs.

The pot hit 6.3 billion. The players were seemingly out of their minds. With hands like these, the odds of winning were slim!

Now, it was Connor's turn. He was visibly the most agitated at the table. Sweat beaded on Connor's forehead, his fingers

trembling as they clutched his cards.

Dustin had a pair, Samuel had two pairs, but Connor had three of a kind. His hand was surely stronger than the other two. With

the pot already at 6.3 billion, he could either call or fold, but

with such high chances of winning, folding was out of the question. Yet to call, he needed to match another two billion.

Connor's starting funds for the night were less than a hundred million; he couldn't possibly cover the bet. His company was deep

in debt, and he had come here hoping to take eight. billion off the table to save it. And the opportunity was right in front of him!

Flushed, he looked around desperately. "Who'll lend me two billion in chips? I'll pay you back. after I win this hand."

Connor was red-hot with feverish determination, shooting Brielle a look that could kill.

The crowd held their breath. Not a single round of betting had begun, and yet the pot was about to reach a staggering 10.3

billion. Someone extended the needed chips to Connor, and with a heated breath, he called. "Call! Brielle, if you think you can

pull that stunt again, you're dead wrong. I won't be fooled this time!"

The game had reached a fever pitch, and everyone was eagerly anticipating the final community card.

The dealer, swallowing hard, flipped the last card: the King of Spades.

The reaction was immediate; a collective gasp rippled through the spectators. It was a repeat of the previous round.

Connor let out a scoff. "Looks like it's my turn to make a comeback. Last hand, your trash cards just got lucky."

Brielle's lips quirked up in amusement. "A royal flush is a one in millions chance, Mr. Connor. You flatter me by thinking I had

such a hand last time," she said.

But then her tone shifted. "However, this time, I do have a royal flush, so maybe you should fold, Mr. Connor. Otherwise, you'll

have to chuck in another two billion next round. I'm not comfortable winning so much from you, you know?"

If the pot reached ten billion, she could meet the elusive boss behind the scenes. She had to try. Her goal was to find Daniel, and

only the casino's shadowy owner knew of his whereabouts.

Damn her! The nerve of this woman! She had bluffed Connor like that in the last round, and now she dared to talk big!

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Connor simply scoffed with a derisive smirk, choosing to remain silent, but the onlookers were anything but calm.

Everybody was aware of Brielle's victory in the previous round, and using the same tactic again would be foolish. Yet, with the

pot swelling with money, everyone held their breath in

anticipation of this round's outcome.

The last betting round was upon them, and it was Brielle's turn to act first. However, Brielle had already gone all-in during the

last round of betting. Now, she could either call or fold.

If she folded, she would lose everything she had invested—the colossal sum of eight hundred million would become someone

else's fortune. Continuing to call, though, meant risking losing far more than that.

The spectators' throats were tight with tension, yet Brielle merely turned to Dustin. "Mr. Lynch, could I trouble you for a loan of

two billion chips?"

Dustin raised an eyebrow, seemingly enjoying the sight of Brielle asking him for help. Without hesitation, he gestured to a waiter,

who quickly returned with two billion in chips.

At this poker table, money had ceased to be just money; it was as if the chips were merely insubstantial pieces of paper.

Once the chips were in her possession, Brielle tossed them into the pot. The pot swelled by another two billion, reaching an

astronomical 12.3 billion.

The onlookers fell silent, their excitement mounting as they waited to see who would win this gamble.

It was Dustin's turn to speak next. He flipped his hole cards with a flourish. "I fold. No way I'm playing this hand. Little Bri's

claiming a royal flush, and I'm not about to be the big loser here." His face was alight with amusement, seemingly indifferent to

the billions he had just lost.

His words drew scornful chuckles from the crowd, with someone shouting out. "If Brielle has a royal flush, I'll livestream myself

eating a chair!"

His neighbor sneered. "Weren't you the one threatening to streak last round?"

The heckler's face turned beet red, and the surrounding crowd erupted into laughter. The laughter died quickly as attention

returned to the game.

Following Dustin's fold, Sammuel also bowed out as if they truly believed Brielle's claim of a royal flush.

Now, only one person was left to act—Connor. If Connor tossed in another two billion, they would go to showdown. Victory or

defeat would be revealed shortly.

Connor unhesitatingly borrowed two billion in chips and threw them into the pot. The pot grew to a staggering 14.3 billion.

11:08

Such an amount was beyond the wildest dreams of the average person, let alone on a poker table. This game was even worthy

of high society's attention. Thus, the area was packed to the brim with onlookers.

After Connor's bet, he stared intensely at Brielle. "I won't be fooled again, Brielle. You've

borrowed so much money, you could sell yourself thousands of times over, and it still wouldn't cover your losses."

Leaning back casually, Brielle responded, "Mr. Connor, I did tell you I have a royal flush. Why won't you take my advice?"

Connor was in no mood for banter and revealed his hand—a three-of-a-kind, three sixes. Dustin had just admitted to having a

pair of aces, and with the community cards being what they were, it was impossible for Brielle to have a straight or four-of-a-

kind. For Brielle to win, she needed a royal flush, but that was one in several tens of thousands chance!

Connor was bold in his move because Dustin's and Sammuel's hands had lessened the probability of Brielle having a three-of-

a-kind. The most Brielle could have was a pair, maybe

two pairs like Sammuel.

Connor was nearly bursting with pride, his eyes gleaming with triumph. "Bitch, you think I'm scared to call your bluff this time?

Let's see how you get out of this one!"

The crowd around them shook their heads.

"Young and naive indeed. The same trick won't win twice, and Connor's no fool."

"She got greedy. She could have walked away with millions."

“Youths often fail to recognize their opponents. But this is a costly lesson. Billions in debt, and working it off in a place like this,

with severe consequences for unpaid debts...”

Even if Dustin fancied her, would he really pay off billions for her? In all the years, none of

Dustin’s companions had come with such a high price tag. After all, their time at his side was always too brief.

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Everyone was shaking their heads in disappointment, the murmurs growing louder as Brielle had yet to reveal her hand. It

appeared to all that this round was Connor’s win. Even Connor himself believed so. He stood up with a smug grin, his hands

ready to rake in all the chips.

“Brielle, of all the people to cross, you had to pick me. I once said I’d marry you, but with your debts piling up like that, you’re not

even worth a second glance. Let’s see how you’re going to

walk out of here.”

Upstairs, someone was watching the commotion from the balcony—it was Tessa.

Tessa felt a wave of satisfaction seeing everyone mock Brielle and called over Andrew to join her. She wanted Andrew to see

Brielle for who she really was—a gambler who dared to sit at the high—stakes table. She had lost a fortune, and yet she thought

she had the same clout as the big players. High society didn’t care about your looks; it was all about your family’s status and

your capabilities.

What did that lowlife Brielle have?

Andrew walked over, hearing the bystanders’ comments, while Connor looked like the cat that got the cream. Andrew pulled out

his phone and texted Max. [If you don’t show up soon, Brielle’s going to be in deep. Heard she’s down by billions.]

Tessa, seeing Andrew texting, snuggled into his arms. “You really should advise Max to stay away from the likes of Brielle.”

Andrew chuckled softly, pocketing his phone. "He'll get bored of her eventually."

Tessa felt reassured and glanced down once more. "Now that she's in debt, let's see how she wraps this up. She could work her

entire life and never pay it off."

If you were not born with some things in life, you would never have them. Brielle was obviously blinded by the glitz of the casino,

treating billions as if they were mere dollars. Foolish!

Brielle sat casually at her spot, watching as Connor smugly began to collect the chips. She stood up.

"Isn't there supposed to be

security in a place like this? Isn't touching someone else's chips without permission grounds for being thrown out?"

The onlookers thought Brielle was just being stubborn.

Connor raised an eyebrow in amusement. "Still struggling, Brielle? Face it, you're done."

Brielle arched her own brow. "Face what, Mr. Connor? The odds of a royal flush are one in tens of thousands. Just because I

didn't have it last round, doesn't mean I don't have it this time."

"You're delusional, thinking you could win. You're talking nonsense!"

Connor was so animated he was practically dancing, eager to have his security toss Brielle out, but Brielle slowly revealed her

two cards.

The Queen of Spades and the Ten of Spades. A true royal flush!

"Impossible!!

Connor let out a scream, his face draining of color.

The crowd, ready to jeer, suddenly fell silent. Their eyes were glued to the two cards on the table. Those cards, along with the

three community cards, formed a royal flush. Against such odds, Brielle had hit the jackpot.

The room was silent. Brielle twirled the card between her fingertips, her eyes fixed on the pile of chips.

"Mr. Connor, I believe you

owe me my winnings."

The cards dropped lightly from her fingers.

The onlookers' expressions varied, but they all shared one thought—monster.

"Impossible! You're cheating! You dare to cheat here, Brielle! You're done!"

Connor was shaking; his chair overturned in his agitation.

Initially, everyone was shocked, but now the room fell into a hushed silence.

How is it possible that one would bluff about having a royal flush in one round, and then incredibly get dealt a royal flush in the

next? No wonder Connor's interrogations carried a hint of disbelief.

Those who had admired Brielle now watched her with suspicion.

"Yeah, Connor's right. She must be cheating."

"Are you crazy? Who would dare to cheat here?"

"She's new, isn't she? Probably doesn't grasp the consequences."

Hearing the crowd echo his sentiment, Connor's face twisted malevolently. That bitch dared to cheat here? Once the boss

showed up, she would probably be dead on the spot.

In this underground casino, money and honor were trivial—everything could be bet on the table. This place was a hell of human

nature and a paradise for devils. If Brielle dared to cheat, she'd be tormented here for life, until she met a miserable end.

Chapter 399

Connor's smile was fraying at the edges, a clear sign that he wouldn't need to deal with Brielle himself; she seemed perfectly

capable of causing her own downfall.

\$7777uddenly, the overhead speakers in the hall crackled to life, broadcasting a voice crisp with authority.

"Ladies and gentlemen, our casino's state-of-the-art surveillance system offers 360-degree, no-blind-spot monitoring,

capturing every nuanced movement—even the trajectory of a single hair strand. Throughout this game, we've observed closely,

and I can assure you, Ms. Brielle has played a fair hand."

No one doubted the capabilities of the casino's security. Even the slickest card sharks known to grace the world's gambling hot

spots could pull no tricks here. Brielle, a mere rookie, stood. no chance of cheating under the watchful eyes of countless

cameras, let alone in full view of a captivated audience. Not to mention the numerous staff backstage who had their eyes glued

to this very game, making any deception on Brielle's part next to impossible.

Connor felt as if his soul had been yanked out of his body. He slumped backward, collapsing onto the floor. It was over. All was

lost.

All those chips were squandered—his company's last lifeline was gone.

14.3 billion. He could've won 14.3 billion, but Brielle, that wretched woman, had ruined everything. And now, he was in debt—4

billion in the hole.

Trembling took over Connor's frame as he watched Brielle return 4.3 billion in chips to Dustin with a smile playing on her lips.

"Mr. Lynch, consider this doubled and returned."

Dustin raised an eyebrow playfully. "Should I say you're lucky?"

Others might have been unsettled sitting next to Brielle, but her expression remained impassive throughout, a blend of audacity

and charm.

Brielle had the remaining 10 billion in chips converted into a check, her smile curving deeper. "There are 1,326 possible two-card

combinations in a 52-card deck, and when you factor in the four suits, each non-paired hand has 16 variations, and each off-

suited non-pair hand has 12. Given the pairs you and Mr. Hatfield held, it narrowed down the range for the last community card.

Your blockers were the most decisive cards in determining the odds."

Dustin chuckled, draping an arm around her shoulder to halt her explanation. "So it's not luck. but card counting?"

Brielle nodded with a spark in her eyes. "But odds can be so unpredictable."

"Such brilliance—not at all surprised by your academic accolades."

The title of valedictorian, in the eyes of people like Dustin, held little value. Yet the more he observed Brielle, the more he was

taken by her—she was smart, beautiful, and gutsy. He took Brielle's hand, gently kissing it—a gesture devoid of any untoward

implication, simply an

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expression of delight.

“Little Bri. I’m growing quite fond of you. How about you come with me...”

Dustin’s offer was cut short by Connor’s bellowing. “Bitch! You vile bitch! I don’t believe it! I don’t believe this!”

Connor’s rage was swiftly quelled as burly security guards dragged him away; his figure was the epitome of disarray.

The onlookers exchanged knowing glances at Brielle. The older ones chuckled at the audacity of youth. They had overheard

Brielle and Dustin’s exchange, realizing that this wasn’t merely luck at play: Brielle had been calculating her moves all along. The

gambling world was rife with. pros skilled in the art of odds, but none so meticulous as this.

She’s a true prodigy.

After this night, Brielle’s name would be synonymous with victory in this illustrious casino. The crowd, having gossiped their fill

about the night’s events, dispersed back to their own games.

Brielle, holding the check worth 10 billion, allowed a triumphant smirk to form. It was the perfect infusion of capital her company

needed.

Upstairs, Andrew’s cold laughter went unnoticed, as did Tessa’s bitter expression beside him.

Brielle! Tessa seethed with hatred, unable to fathom how this woman kept stealing the spotlight.

Damn it, why her!

Andrew remained oblivious to Tessa’s turmoil. He could have snapped a photo of Brielle cozying up to Dustin and sent it to Max,

but he refrained. It was better for them to split sooner

rather than later.

Yet, the thought of Max potentially being cuckolded soured Andrew’s opinion of Brielle even further. Still, as a brother, he had

already warned Max twice—that was enough.

Chapter 400

Downstairs, after the crowd dispersed, Tiffanie approached with a pile of chips in her hand, giving Brielle a thumbs-up.

Tiffanie had just left a high-roller suite and wasn't quite clued in on the recent events. Having heard the buzz, she couldn't find

any words more fitting than her silent gesture of approval. No wonder Maxie was smitten with Brielle.

But who was this guy with Brielle? Her gaze shifted to Dustin, sizing him up with curiosity.

In Tiffanie's eyes, Maxie was the *crème de la crème* of men. Despite this new guy being a looker, she couldn't let Brielle's

attention stray toward him. So, with feigned nonchalance, she wedged herself between the two, casually grabbing hold of Brielle.

"Brielle, you must have other fish to fry here at the casino, right?"

Brielle was oblivious to Tiffanie's subtle maneuver and simply nodded in agreement.

A waiter approached, requesting Brielle's presence backstage.

Brielle wasn't overly concerned about being able to leave with her winnings. The onlookers had already stated it was the casino's

policy. Plus, she had heard through the grapevine about a gambler who had made a miraculous comeback with a fortune, safely

walking away with the loot.

She had a hunch, too, that if there was any danger, Dustin would step in.

"Mr. Lynch, shall we meet again sometime?"

Regret tinged Dustin's expression. "I'm headed back tomorrow. It's a shame I can't take you out for a meal. Little Bri." He

genuinely had pressing matters to attend to, or else he would've seized the chance to spend more time with Brielle.

Brielle could tell he meant it, and oddly enough, she felt a twinge

of reluctance at his departure. "When you're back in town, Mr. Lynch, give me a call. Dinner's on me."

Dustin's eyes sparkled with mischief, and he barely resisted the urge to tousle her hair.

Tiffanie quickly pulled Brielle behind her, eyeing him with wariness. Dustin's fingertip drifted up, playfully lifting Tiffanie's chin.

“Take a look at that. You’ve got some fire in you, too.”

Tiffanie frowned, well aware of who this man was—a notorious playboy known for his escapades across North America, a

heartbreaker of the highest order. Yet, his wealth and status were undeniable. And that face, damn, it was handsome.

Tiffanie silently chanted her boyfriend Mason’s name in her head and sighed. That was the downside of being in love—you could

look at the feast before you, but you couldn’t taste it.

Brielle patted her shoulder. “Shall we check out other spots?”

Looking up, Tiffanie realized Dustin had vanished. She felt a twinge of annoyance. “When did he leave?”

Brielle chuckled, “While you were busy admiring that face, nodding and shaking your head.”

“Seriously, that wasn’t me being lovestruck. I was just lamenting that he’s not as handsome as Mason! You have no idea how he

toys with women abroad. Stay away from that sort of man at all costs.”

“Really? I thought he seemed pretty decent. But anyway, Tiffanie, I need to see the casino boss. now.”

“Aren’t you afraid they might carve you up?”

“It shouldn’t come to that. Do you know who runs this place?”

With arms crossed, Tiffanie shook her head slowly. L, “All I know is they’re connected to some big shot overseas and have been

known to play masked at the tables. This casino is Beaconfield’s grey area. You’ve seen the clientele—wealthy and powerful.

Who knows how many secrets they hold over them?”

Indeed, the patrons were all influential, some even with political ties. If anything happened to the casino, the dirty laundry of all

who had passed through its doors would be aired. It wouldn’t just be Beaconfield facing upheaval but potentially the entire

country. That was why both business magnates and politicians preferred the casino to operate without a hitch. It was the secret

to its longstanding presence.

Brielle gazed out at the night, curiosity getting the better of her. "Have you heard anything about them holding Beaconfield's elite

hostage?"

The glint in Tiffanie's eyes flared with the thrill of gossip. "Well, rumors are all over the place, but nobody's sure. There was this

one bigwig's son who got detained here. He came in fat and sassy and left looking like a skeleton. Do you know what happened

to him?"

Tiffanie's voice dropped to a whisper, "Rumor has it he was drained dry by a bevy of beauties every day."

Brielle's mouth twitched, and she rubbed her temples. Trust Tiffanie to deliver the most outlandish stories.

The waiting server spoke up respectfully, "Ms. Brielle?"

With no other option, Brielle asked Tiffanie to stay put and followed the server.