

## Master 40

### Chapter 40

Brielle lingered at the Premier Palace until Friday before returning to her apartment.

In truth, she had expected to be sent back the day she woke up, but Max hadn't broached the subject. However, when she

attempted to flirt with him the previous night, she was swiftly pinned against the massive floor-to-ceiling window.

"You don't want your hands?" His tone was casual, as if her advances hadn't affected him. Brielle tried nibbling at his Adam's

apple and noticed his eyes darken, his voice becoming husky. "Does Spencer know you're such a firecracker in bed?"

She couldn't remember her response, only the crackling sound akin to flames consuming wood and the dance of ever-changing

shapes of fire before her eyes. The vibrant colors burst before her, swirling, eventually turning into stars scattered across the sky.

When she finally lay beneath him, she heard him softly say, "Thanks for the hospitality."

Now, remembering it still made Brielle's ears burn. She rubbed her ears, trying to focus her attention on the computer screen in front of her.

Today, the news about that building would break, and of the implicated directors, Ryan was bound to be the most affected.

Michael likely wouldn't allow Max to pull out so many people at once, so someone needed to be made an example of.

Thinking of Ryan, a chill passed through Brielle's gaze.

At twelve sharp, Dorsey International announced the removal of Spencer's position.

At twelve ten, Dorsey International further announced the revocation of Ryan's directorship.

At twelve twelve, a heavyweight document circulated within Dorsey International, causing an uproar.

The directive, issued by the president's assistant directly to each department, strictly required all departments to manage

personnel according to this classification.

Having been kicked out of the work group chat by Lucinda and unfriended by several colleagues, Brielle could only find the

document on the Dorsey International's latest news website. After reading it, her eyebrows slowly rose.

Before Max's return, Dorsey International's hiring, retention, and even dismissal of employees was largely at the discretion of

department heads. But this document meticulously classified all employees based on their skills and alignment with the

company's values into four categories.

The first category, labeled as Scrap Metal, consisted of those with poor skills and values

drastically misaligned with the company. Dorsey International had no place for such employees.

The second category, Iron, included those whose values matched the company but whose performance fell short. These

employees would be given a chance to transfer. To put it plainly, a sales employee failing to meet performance standards might

be asked if they wished to switch to a different position, with the company offering at least one opportunity to choose.

The third category, Steel, represented the core of the company's workforce.

The fourth category, Gold, consisted of employees with exceptional abilities and values highly aligned with the company.

Beyond these four, there was a fifth type: those with top-notch skills but low value alignment, known as Rust. These were the

most challenging to deal with, with

management needing to address rust as a priority.

Rust was worse than Scrap Metal. The latter lacked both skills and values, posing no significant threat. Rust, however, was

corrosive; highly skilled and potentially influential, such individuals could lead others and, if they turned against the company,

cause considerable damage.

For Rust, no matter how great the loss to company performance, not a minute could be wasted in removal.

Brielle grasped the intent behind the document and sensed the unrest brewing within. Dorsey International.

Scrap metal, Iron, Steel, Gold, Rust. These classifications were innovative and resonated with the grassroots.

Max had not only achieved a warning shot with the building situation but had also used it as an opportunity to overhaul the

company's management system.

Brielle had always seen Max as a shrewd and detached figure who belonged in the clouds, holding vast resources, perhaps only

seeing the grandeur of fleeting dreams. But it turned out, he could also see from down low, witnessing the myriad human

conditions among the ordinary staff.

In the financial sphere, he truly was a godlike figure.