

## Master 42

### Chapter 42

She trudged to her cubicle, firing up her email with the usual lack of enthusiasm, but as the name atop the message loaded on

her screen, the color drained from Lucinda's face, leaving her ashen.

Around her, the complexions of her colleagues went through a spectrum of hues, eventually settling on a collective look of pensive dread, all eyes flickering toward the director's office door.

Lucinda felt as if her strength had left her body. She slumped into her chair, powerless.

A colleague approached, placing a sympathetic hand on her shoulder, "Ms. Lucinda, didn't Ms. Haywood just mention the

proposal?"

Now, no one dared to call out Brielle's name in casual familiarity; it had to be the respectful 'Ms. Haywood.'

Snapping back to reality, Lucinda quickly retrieved the proposal. The feeling in her gut was. akin to swallowing a fly-disgusting,

unbearable, and impossible to ignore.

Standing before the director's office, Lucinda was acutely aware of the pitying glances. thrown her way. Her face was pale, her

fingertips clutching the proposal with white-knuckled intensity. After a few seconds of hesitation, she pushed open the door.

Brielle stood at her desk, focused on sorting through documents. Her hair was pulled up. with a few strands framing her delicate

swan-like neck.

A surge of envy flashed through Lucinda's eyes. Why did this bitch deserve it all?

Suppressing her emotions, Lucinda announced begrudgingly, "Ms. Haywood, here is the proposal from Integral Elements Inc."

Brielle took it, her gaze briefly landing on the empty coffee mug on her desk-another one of Lucinda's tasks. Lucinda caught the

hint, her manicured nails digging into her palm.

That bitch!

Taking a deep breath to stave off an outburst, Lucinda managed to pour a fresh coffee without a change in her expression.

Brielle didn't verbally mock her, but her silence was cutting, making Lucinda extremely uncomfortable. Lucinda stood awkwardly,

wanting to ask a question but fearing the cold rejection. Her heart was in turmoil.

Brielle sipped her coffee while flipping through the proposal. It was one she had prepared earlier and was flawless.

It took Lucinda a while, but she finally managed to say, "There's an executive meeting in twenty minutes. Ms. Haywood, you're

expected to attend."

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Brielle nodded absentmindedly, surveying the office. "Ms. Lucinda, I'm not fond of this office décor. Would you mind arranging a

makeover? Shouldn't be a problem, right?"

Lucinda felt a tingling at the scalp, nearly passing out from rage.

Brielle didn't wait for an answer, just grabbed her documents and headed to the penthouse.

That bitch! Lucinda raged inwardly countless times, her eyes glinting with malice as

she dialed Spencer's number. She refused to believe Spencer couldn't handle Brielle.

"Mr. Spencer, hello, this is Lucinda."

Spencer, who was dealing with his own irritations at home, scowled upon receiving her call. "What is it?"

Lucinda swallowed nervously, knowing full well that Spencer was not someone to cross. She chose her words carefully.

"Brielle came to work today, and she's been made the new director. She even asked me to redecorate the office-a space you

personally designed, Mr. Spencer. I wasn't sure.

Spencer sprang from his couch, his eyes aflame, "Who's the new director?!"

Lucinda flinched. Perhaps he wasn't informed of Brielle's promotion?

Indeed, Spencer was in the dark. Demoted without explanation, scolded and sent home, and now with Ryan called back to the

Dorsey family estate due to some property issues, no one had filled him in on Brielle's situation.

The directorship of the Mergers and Acquisitions department?! That was not meant for Brielle!

Fuming, Spencer smashed his phone on the floor and stormed out, driving off in his flashy sports car. Something had happened

that he was oblivious to.

Hearing the call disconnect, Lucinda's eyes sparkled with glee. It looked like Spencer was on his way. She couldn't help but

smile smugly. Brielle's triumph would only last a few hours.