

Master 43

Chapter 43

Spencer floored the gas pedal all the way to Dorsey International, and when he reversed to park beneath the towering edifice, he

scraped a Lamborghini that was just pulling into the spot next door.

Recognizing the familiar license plate, his brow furrowed with irritation as he stepped out of the car. Of all the rotten luck, he just

had to run into this jinx!

A petite girl emerged from the other vehicle, her nose adorned with designer shades, her skin so smooth it almost glared in the

sunlight. She glanced up at the imposing Dorsey Tower, slid her sunglasses off, and let out a sharp whistle that cut through the

hustle and bustle of the crowd before tossing them carelessly back into her car.

The tattoos covering her exposed, pale arms belied her girlish demeanor, giving her an air of rebelliousness.

Upon s

seeing Spencer, she turned and greeted him with a casual swagger. "Spencer."

Tiffanie Harkins, clad in a crop top tank, slung her purse over her shoulder with a flamboyant toss.

"I heard you got the boot from Maxie, and that Brielle got bumped up to director?"

Tiffanie was the indulged daughter of Victoria, the Dorsey family's fourth daughter, notorious for her extravagant spending and for

cycling through boyfriends like seasonal outfits. She was the black sheep of the capital's elite, her reputation in tatters since

coming of age.

Spencer's gaze lingered on the rose tattoos adorning her arm, his expression souring. "Who told you that?"

Tiffanie blinked, stifling an unladylike yawn. "Just got back from the family estate. Uncle Ryan's getting an earful from granddad.

Broke a couple of priceless vases too."

Hoping to avoid further entanglement, Spencer made to head upstairs to settle scores with Brielle.

Tiffanie, never short of cash, simply called for a tow to the garage and flashed a toothy grin at Spencer. 'I'm actually headed up

to see Maxie too. Let's ride up together?"

A flicker of disgust passed through Spencer's eyes at the sight of her dressed so inappropriately, daring to strut in front of Max in

such garb.

They entered the elevator together, and Spencer's rational mind began to regain control. This was the time for executive

meetings; making a scene now would only put him further in Uncle Max's crosshairs.

As the elevator reached the top floor, Tiffanie stepped out first, her familiarity with the place evident as she headed straight for

the conference room, chewing her gum

nonchalantly.

Inside the conference room, the board members' faces were shades of displeasure. The document circulated by Dorsey

International the previous day had set new rules for departmental appointments, challenging their authority.

None dared to speak out against the man seated before the floor-to-ceiling windows, his presence casting a chilling silence.

Max scanned the room with a quiet gaze, briefly noting the newly promoted Brielle before returning to the matter at hand. "Any

additions to the document?" he asked coolly.

Brielle, seemingly the most at ease, leaned back in her chair, licked her lips, and caught her name amidst the discussions. Her

eyes met Max's just as a beam of sunlight glinted off the buttons of his shirt, casting an ethereal glow.

"Ms. Haywood?"

It felt like a college professor calling on a student, and those not singled out exhaled in relief.

Max's naturally downturned lashes and the way his fingers tapped lightly on the marble table conveyed a sense of reserved

sensuality. For a fleeting moment, Brielle's thoughts wandered to imagining those fingers deftly undoing a belt, and she felt a

rush of heat. She quickly refocused and opened the folder.

“Mr. Dorsey, I’ve thoroughly reviewed the document over the past few days. The competency value system and the ABC

principle are impeccable.

“But I’ve looked into the internal selection principles of several international firms and believe we could add two more elements:

the 80/20 rule and the 2N principle.

The others in the room thought Brielle had lost her mind, their faces etched with scorn. With this sacrificial lamb drawing Max’s

ire, it might defuse his anger towards the building, sparing them from his wrath.