

Master 46

Chapter 46

Spencer's face went as pale as a sheet, shooting Tiffanie a venomous glare before reluctantly pushing the door open and

walking in.

Tiffanie turned, a playful smirk dancing across her face as she eyed Brielle. "No need to thank me. Consider it a thank you for the

makeup remover."

Brielle found Tiffanie's audacity amusing and raised an eyebrow. "It's in my office. Let's go."

Tiffanie flashed her cute little fangs in a grin, obediently trailing behind Brielle.

As they reached the director's office downstairs, Tiffanie took a quick look around before her gaze settled on the desk.

"You really should get a new desk. I once caught Spencer pressing Lillian against this one. Just last year. The whole corridor

could hear her moans."

Brielle paused, her hand frozen on the drawer she was opening, feeling a wave of revulsion. She fought down the nausea and

handed the makeup remover to Tiffanie.

Tiffanie eyed the cheap bottle with a look of pity. "As much as the Dorsey men are no good, Spencer really takes the cake. The

car he bought for Lillian was worth over five million."

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Brielle stepped away from the desk, her curiosity piqued. "How do you know all this?"

Tiffanie chuckled, pouring the makeup remover onto her arm and rubbing vigorously. "Because I bought the same model, an

import. I often buy cars, and my dear cousin asked me to handle the paperwork with him."

"Why are you telling me this?"

Tiffanie took a tissue and wiped her arms. The tattoos on them indeed disappeared completely.

"Because you're the new

director, I figured you ought to know. And as for why I'm telling you only now, I thought if you were naive enough to be fooled by

him for a lifetime, then you're not worth a few minutes of my time. We're hardly close, after all."

She unreservedly used up an entire bottle of makeup remover, then threw the empty container into the trash bin.

"Come out with me to Tequila Sunset tonight. I'll introduce you to a hot stud. If men can play around, so can we women."

Her face was the picture of innocence as she opened the office door. "I'll go up first to get my card from Maxie. Wait for me after

work."

Brielle was about to refuse when the conference room door slammed shut.

Bang!

There was no opportunity to say no.

Sitting down on the couch, she suppressed the wave of disgust, wondering if the couch had also been desecrated by Spencer

and Lillian's antics. She stood up and walked to the floor-to-ceiling windows, calling Lucinda inside. "Get someone to replace

everything in this office. Everything."

Lucinda had heard from friends upstairs that Spencer was in the building and assumed Brielle would soon be out. Her tone was

dismissive. "Ms. Haywood, you might want to hold off on that. Replacing things requires a report to the finance department, and

it takes time for the funds to be approved. Besides, finance may not even approve it. Everything here was personally picked by

Mr. Spencer. You'll need his permission to change it. Don't get ahead of yourself."

No sooner had the words left her mouth than a cup of ice-cold coffee splashed across her face. Lucinda was in a sorry state,

brown coffee flowing down from the top of her head, dripping onto her clothes along her chin. She paused for a few seconds in

disbelief before looking up at Brielle as if she were a monster. "Have you lost your mind?"

"I've wanted to do that for a long time. And now, I formally notify you, you're fired."

Lucinda took a few deep breaths, resisting the urge to slap Brielle. "You think you can fire me?! Who do you think you are? Mr.

Spencer is here, and you're nothing but his little pet, a pet that's not even well-regarded. You're being cheated and still whoring

yourself out for Dorsey International. How cheap can you get?"

Brielle ignored Lucinda's rage and dialed HR from the desk phone. After a brief conversation, she looked up at Lucinda. "I've

already submitted the competency value assessment to HR, which aligns with the newly implemented ABC policy. Lucinda, if I

were you, I wouldn't keep making the same foolish mistakes. You're here pledging loyalty to Spencer, let's see if he has the clout

to bring you back after I've dismissed you."

Lucinda's face turned beet red, her hands clenched at her sides. She was about to speak when the door was pushed open by

someone from the HR department, and to her surprise, the dismissal letter was handed to her personally. It all happened too

fast, in less than five minutes.

"Ms. Lucinda, please leave the premises now."

Lucinda's eyes bulged, feeling as if she were in a nightmare. Her lips quivered, failing to form a coherent response, and she left

the office with tear-rimmed eyes.

She had to find Mr. Spencer!