

Master 48

Chapter 48

Lillian put the phone down and looked down to rub her belly. She and Spencer had been playing fast and loose, never bothering

with contraception, but her body was betraying her stubbornly refusing to conceive

Lately Spencer had been especially attentive, hopeful that this time would be the charm. If she could just get pregnant, Brielle

would be out of the picture for good.

Faith, sitting across from her, saw her wandering off and a hint of displeasure crossed her brow Lillian lacked Brielle's

professional prowess, but she had her own

advantages-compliant, sweet-talking, and without an overabundance of ambition.

Lillian Faith began, her voice laced with a firm reminder. "I told you from the start to be mindful of your place. It's Spencer's

choice to keep you around, but I won't have you jeopardizing his advancement. His recent demotion-did you blab something to

Max that you shouldn't have?"

There had been whispers that a woman had taken her complaints straight to Max.

Faith had a soft spot for Lillian, but now she doubted whether the woman was fit to be seen in their circles.

Lillian's eyes reddened, her face a picture of sincerity. "Faith, I truly love Spencer, and I never wanted anyone to find out about

us. Besides. I've never even met Max."

Max of Dorsey International-his name was known to all. For Lillian to even dream of meeting a man of his stature was folly, let

alone speak out of turn in his presence.

She had seen Max's face in the financial papers, expecting Spencer's Uncle Max to be a stern, commanding figure with an

authoritative square jaw. She hadn't expected him to be so young, so astonishingly charismatic.

The very first time Lillian had seen his face, it felt as though someone had squeezed her heart. He was perfection personified, nearly

surreal. It would be wonderful to cross with a man like that. Her eyes fell, her thoughts racing with a warm fervor.

Faith, noting the expression on Lillian's face, frowned slightly, wondering if perhaps she was being paranoid. After all, Max had

resources at his disposal. He could have found
out on his own.

Faith's eyes drifted to the laptop on the table-the one Lillian had been using to do her research. Now it was paused on a forum

page.

[Have you heard? Brielle's been with two guys, giving Spencer a real kick in the teeth.]

I were Spencer, I'd break off the engagement pronto. It's disgusting.]

[Who knows how many have had her? Even if she's good at her job, who's to say she didn't sleep her way to the top?]

Lillian noticed Faith's prying eyes and hastily reached to close the laptop. "It's all nonsense. Please don't give it another thought

Brielle isn't like that."

Faith's eyes blazed with an incensed red as she yanked the laptop towards her, inhaling sharply. "What's this website?"

Lillian's eyes dropped, her fingers nervously twisting her blouse. "I have a friend at Dorsey International. It's their internal forum,

anonymous, so maybe someone's spreading
rumors."

Her lips pursed, her gaze flitting about, "But, Faith, you should really ask Spencer himself. That night, Brielle was furious, confessing

in front of all of us that she'd been with other men. I think she just spoke without thinking. Spencer would know the truth."

Faith's pupils constricted fiercely. She couldn't believe someone like Brielle would speak carelessly.

Brielle was stubborn to a fault; if she did something, she'd own up to it. If she had admitted it openly, then there was a very good

chance it was true.

Her son had been made a fool of!

Faith stood abruptly, wishing she could confront the Haywood family and call off the engagement on the spot.

Watching Faith's livid departure, Lillian took a smug sip from her teacup on the side, a smile curling her lips. People could be so

delightfully gullible.