

Master 49

Chapter 49

However, Brielle was unaware of all this. After signing the contract with Integral Elements Inc. she just got off work, and was

stopped by Tiffanie

Tiffanie's fingertips held the card, the convertible top wide open, and the colorful

accessories looked very flamboyant. She lifted her chin towards Brielle, revealing a sweet smile "Brielle, let's roll. Time to paint

the town red"

Brielle and Tiffanie were not close, but Tiffanie was too presumptuous, and it seemed like she couldn't read the room at all. Now,

she was already waving at Brielle.

The car was parked right outside the bustling entrance of Dorsey International, drawing curious looks from the staff. It was a

luxury car that commanded attention wherever it was parked.

Tiffanie honked the horn a couple of times, her grin widening into something more genuine. "Life's too short. Wait 'til you see that

movie star hunk. You'll realize how ridiculous it is to hang all your hopes on one branch."

Her tone

was very innocent, and she blinked her eyes while speaking. It was difficult to reconcile such a sweet appearance with a messy

personal life.

Brielle took a deep breath and slid into the passenger seat. "My engagement to Spencer is heading south sooner or later."

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Tiffanie's smile faltered, and she turned with a look of surprise. "What? For real? After playing the martyr all these years, you're suddenly done?"

Tiffanie had a real knack for getting under people's skin.

"Oh, and guess what? Lillian dragged me into her group chat. There are several young ladies from prestigious families in

Beaconsfield in the group, and they just love to make you the butt of their jokes."

With no further ado, Tiffanie revved the engine and they were off.

A light chuckle escaped Brielle, her posture relaxed. "Is she saying that I bullied her, hit her, or envied her again?"

Tiffanie's lips were glossed with a subtle shade of pink as she smirked, "Spot on. They roast you daily, but hey, Lillian's got the

charm. She's the life of the party and everyone seems to think she's the real daughter of the Haywood family."

Indeed, Lillian never missed a high society gathering. The extent of her connections remained a mystery to Brielle. And Lillian did

have a talent for drama. Her tears could flow on cue, and nobody seemed immune.

"It really piques my curiosity though. You're supposed to be the Haywood lady, so why does everyone seem to prefer Lillian?

Whenever she's in a tight spot at a party, Cameron's

the first to jump to her defense. And that bracelet she flaunts, wasn't that from some high-end auction? But based on what I see

of your clothing, food, and lifestyle, well, the maid who collects garbage in my house lives better off than you.

Brielle grimaced. Tiffanie's fingertips gripped the steering wheel, and she appeared Innocent Innocently cruel.

"I'm not as popular as Lillian"

"Is that so? I think Maxie seems to have a soft spot for you

That casual remark made Brielle narrow her eyes. She had a nagging suspicion that Tiffanie knew about her and Max.

Tiffanie was an enigma, appearing naive yet every word she uttered was a precision strike.

The word to describe her? Unvarnished.

“Mr. Dorsey is always generous with his praise for outstanding employees.”

Tiffanie parked outside the Tequila Sunset, and turned to Brielle with a playful gaze. “Brielle, you’ve been to Maxie’s bed, haven’t

you?”

The question struck like lightning, freezing Brielle in place. Her blood seemed to rush to her head, face flushed with shock.

Tiffanie tapped her fingers idly on the wheel, that innocent smile never wavering.

Brielle straightened her back, finally understanding why Tiffanie sought her out. Maybe the pretense about borrowing makeup

remover was just that a pretense. Tiffanie wasn’t clueless about subtext.

She was intrigued by Brielle, in the way a cruel child might be fascinated by a new toy. Not calculating in the traditional sense,

but undeniably terrifying.