

## Master 50

### Chapter 50

Brielle's momentary panic flickered across her eyes before calm reclaimed its territory.

Tiffanie seemed utterly indifferent to any expectations of a response, nor did she act as if she had just dropped a bombshell.

"Brielle, you're quite the tragic figure, aren't you?" she said with a detachment that belied the sharpness of her words. "You don't

want to be a burden to anyone, yet you crave love. But I see you've come to terms with the fact that you're unlovable. I mean,

you wouldn't hook up with Maxie otherwise."

Her tone was innocent, yet the words cut deep.

'Poor thing, I actually feel a bit sorry for you. A guy like Maxie, you can have him for a night but you'll spend a lifetime trying to

keep him. And he'll never love you back. He can give you anything but his heart."

Brielle straightened her back slightly, adjusting her posture. Her spine arched like a crescent moon, delicate and enticing. She

lifted her chin slightly. "Tiffanie, I think you've got it wrong. Max and I, we're just scratching mutual itches."

She needed a temporary shelter, and Max happened to fancy her curves.

"No misunderstanding here. I admire you, so I thought I'd offer a friendly warning. Everything comes easy to Maxie. Tell me,

Brielle, what game can you play with him? Your life?

Brielle felt as if she had been hit right where it hurt, thinking to herself that Tiffanie must be friendless. Such candor was blinding

in the circles of Beaconsfield.

It was like a beam of light shining into a dilapidated gutter. This beam of light might accidentally shine on the corrupt and dirty in

the ditch. And everyone wished the light would just go away.

"I won't fall for Max, let alone love him. But thanks for the heads-up.

"Really?"

That same naive tone.

Brielle pursed her lips, nodding firmly. "I'm petty, and I hold grudges. If someone doesn't want me, I certainly don't want them. I

got involved with Max as a way to get back at Spencer.

The soft glow from outside reflected on her face, her gazes as still as a deep pool.

'There are many villains in this world; why should I be expected to play the saint? I can't suppress the urge for revenge, so I

turned to Max. And as for him being incapable of love, that's a lesson I've already learned."

"Tiffanie, you have a profound analysis of human nature, even to the point of seeing right

Chaplet SJ

through my desire for love. I admit I'm lonely, but that's precisely why I humans crave love, including you, Tiffanie. Aren't you the

same?"

derstand why

At the ripe age of twenty, she had managed to tarnish her reputation so thoroughly. It was as if she was declaring to the world-

this is who I am, indeed promiscuous and unworthy. So, spare me your love.

a

Without expectation, hope would never rise. Tiffanie's heart was as barren as a wasteland.

"Brielle, you-" Tiffanie suddenly found herself at a loss for words, unable to comprehend how she had been so quickly

overpowered.

Brielle's gaze was direct and audacious. "Tiffanie, you've been with so many men, surely you're looking for one who truly loves

you. Someone who loves you despite knowing your foolishness, frivolity, empty-headedness, vulgarity; someone who loves you

even though you're

Kind of second-rate tabloid fodder everyone criticizes."

"Max won't love, and neither will you, Tiffanie. Or rather, the Dorsey clan, none of them. know how."

When trapped by love, a person became deaf and blind to the rest of the world, like a slave chained to an oar on a tiny boat,

utterly powerless. And the Dorsey family's creed would never allow anyone to be a slave.

The words were straightforward and somewhat crazy, like holding a gun against someone's heart.