

## Master 91

### Chapter 91

“Ugh, Andrew just bailed me out of the police station, and he was like, ‘you can’t just brush this off. I mean, isn’t Brielle just an

employee at Dorsey International? Why does he have to go this far?”

Tessa’s breath grew heavier, and she couldn’t help but cough violently a few times. She was growing more and more disgusted

with her frail body. On most days, she could only rely on medication to keep going, and the slightest agitation was off-limits. Just

hearing this news had already caused beads of sweat to form on her forehead.

“Should I go?” Sophia asked, testing the waters with her question, though deep down she had zero desire to go, especially since

it meant seeing Emily. Just the thought that she had gotten into this mess because of Emily made her blood boil.

“If he said so, then just do it,” Tessa replied, knowing Andrew’s intentions all too well. “There’s no way he’d have anything to do

with Brielle.”

“I trust Andrew, but I’ve heard Brielle is quite the loose cannon.”

Tessa took a deep breath, a sharp look crossing her eyes. “Sophia, keep an eye out for me while you’re out there. If you see

Brielle getting too close to Andrew, give me a call.”

Sophia’s lips curled into a wry smile. “Don’t worry. I’ll keep an eye on Andrew for you.”

After hanging up, Sophia shot a message to Emily. Emily had been living in a state of constant anxiety, and though she heard the

issue had been resolved, she was now told she needed to apologize to Brielle, which instantly made her feel nauseous. [I’m not

going, why should I grovel to that tramp Brielle.]

Reading Emily’s response, a sneer crossed Sophia’s face. [I’ve got Brielle’s address from Lillian. Andrew said we have to

apologize in

person. If you don't show, you're on your own.]

Knowing who Andrew was, Emily felt a wave of intimidation wash over her, but at the same time, she was seething. Why would

Andrew side

with Brielle?

Could it be that Brielle didn't just hook Max but was also stringing Andrew along?

Fuming with malice, Emily's scalp tingled at the thought. An apology? Fine, she had a belly full of fire that needed venting

anyway.

Half an hour later, the two women arrived punctually at Brielle's apartment door.

Sophia knocked without courtesy and then crossed her arms, ready to confront her adversary. She glanced sideways at Emily,

her expression

colder than ice.

"Using me as your pawn, Emily, you've really outdone yourself. After this mess, we're done. I can't afford a 'friend' like you."

Emily knew she would be humiliated. "How was I to know Brielle was so cunning, coming up with a story about a ten-billion-

dollar business secret?"

And how could those six or seven men not handle one woman, letting Brielle slip away? What garbage help had Sophia enlisted.

Emily kept her composure, but inside she was railing against Sophia's

unreliable choices.

Both outsiders in their own families, they'd grown up in luxury and now could hardly stand the sight of each other.

Sophia felt jinxed and banged on the door again. Inside the bedroom, Brielle was awakened by the heat.

The evening sun poured through the window, casting an orange glow on the bedspread. By the window, a man in a simple robe

was working on

company emails using her laptop, his profile shadowed, his hair kissed by the fading light.

Brielle couldn't help but linger her gaze on him, not for the first time seeing Max like this, but his face never failed to dazzle her.

He sat by the window, the breeze carrying his bracing scent. From noon till dusk, he had been busy for five hours and still had

the energy to work.

Brielle rubbed her sore back, thinking she had brought it upon herself.

The knocking continued from the living room. Spencer again?

She casually threw on a robe and strolled to the window, leaving a kiss on his lips. "Bear with me, Uncle Max. Hide out in the

bedroom for a bit.

I've got someone to meet."

Max paused, his gaze falling on her neck. The marks from before hadn't faded, now joined by new ones. The thought of a man

outside made his brow crease, and he began fastening her buttons, one by one, up to the very top – still not satisfied.

"Wear a scarf."

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Brielle felt the top button of her blouse choking her and raised her hand to unfasten it, but Max caught her wrist, "Or maybe try a

different

outfit."

A smirk played at the corners of Brielle's mouth; his possessiveness was baffling at times.

She turned and grabbed a light turtleneck sweater from her closet, not showing any sign of bashfulness as she stripped off the

one she was wearing. After changing, she twirled in front of him, "Is this better?"

Max averted his gaze, his naturally long lashes casting a shadow, "Barely."

Rolling her eyes inwardly, Brielle walked towards the living room, making sure to grab her cane.

She shut the bedroom door behind her with a soft click.

Sophia and Emily had been waiting impatiently outside the door, their hands raised to knock again when it swung open.

Brielle hadn't expected them. She arched an eyebrow lightly, then offered a cool smile, "Make yourselves at home. Don't be shy."

Sophia had initially intended to directly give Brielle a piece of her mind, but upon encountering Brielle's smile, it felt like punching

into cotton, losing the intended impact. She glanced around the modest room, which in comparison to her luxurious villa, could

only be described as

humble.

Emily, standing next to her, struggled to mask her resentment towards Brielle.

Brielle turned away with a measured pace and settled on the couch, placing her cane beside her, "Come in, don't just stand there

at the door."

Fuming, Emily stormed in, "Brielle, don't get so smug."

Brielle glanced at the table, where Max's glass of water had long gone cold. She picked it up and took a sip. "I just have a few

questions, and after that, you can start apologizing."

She set the glass down and found a comfortable position, eyes fixed on the two visitors. "Who's the accomplice and who's the

mastermind?"

Emily's hand clenched at her side, itching to throw the fruit from the table at Brielle's face. This despicable bitch was ignoring her!

Brielle's casual demeanor only aggravated Emily further.

Noticing the thick bandages on Brielle's leg, Emily moved forward, aiming to stomp on her foot. But Brielle was quick to dodge,

retracting her foot and splashing the water towards Emily.

Emily's hair got drenched, and she almost screamed as she lunged at

Brielle.

Sophia intervened, grabbing Emily's arm with impatience. "Andrew sent us to apologize. If you don't play along, he'll throw me

back to the police station. Emily, I don't care what beef you have with Brielle, but if you don't help me wrap this up, I'll never let you off the hook."

Sophia had more sense than Emily's twisted rage. She shot a disdainful look at Brielle, planning her revenge for after this was all over, but for now, she couldn't act on impulse, not with Andrew's intolerance for disobedience.

Taking a deep breath, Sophia said, "I don't know you well, and it was Emily who detests you. I just hired that thug, gave him a million to trouble you. Sadly, he messed up and let you get away."

Sophia had seen Brielle before but only from a distance. Now, up close, she realized how stunning Brielle was.

With a light laugh, Brielle put the empty glass down, "Why does Emily hate me?"

Whether at the company or now, Emily's malice was obvious. Yet Brielle had never had any dealings with her.

Sophia snorted, her gaze filled with contempt, "There's no one in our group chat who doesn't despise you. We're well aware of

all your misdeeds. And as if having Spencer wasn't enough, you had to go after other men, and even tried to seduce Max. Emily

has been pining for Max for ages, how do you think she feels?"

So, it was Max's troublesome admirer.

Brielle raised an eyebrow, noting another keyword—group chat.

Tiffanie had told her about the group chats of socialites in Beaconsfield, and in Lillian's circle, almost everyone looked down on

her. It was all thanks to Lillian playing the victim, ruining Brielle's reputation.

Brielle found it amusing, though they weren't entirely wrong—she had indeed seduced Max. She turned to Emily, who still looked

at her with venomous eyes, as if ready to tear her apart.

Brielle's lips curved slightly, "So, you came to Dorsey International all for Mr. Dorsey? Well, congratulations, you're fired from the

M&A department."

Emily's face froze, her eyes widening in disbelief, "What did you say? Say that again!"

"You're fired, for trying to frame your own supervisor over a personal vendetta. Isn't that reason enough?"

## Chapter 93

Brielle's tone was nonchalant, and seeing Emily turn red with anger brought her a perverse sense of satisfaction.

"And you think you can fire me? Does Mr. Dorsey know you're abusing your power?"

Brielle glanced at the bedroom door. He hadn't known before, but she figured he must be aware now.

Inside the bedroom, Max certainly heard the commotion outside. He was about to step out when his phone rang—it was Kenzo

calling.

"Max, Alivia's back tonight. We threw her a little welcome back shindig. You coming?"

Tequila Sunset was the go-to haunt for Beaconsfield's elite, a place where privacy reigned supreme and only those with clout

mingled. It was the venue of choice for their inner-circle soirees and gatherings.

Kenzo glanced at the woman sitting opposite him. She appeared calm, but her body was taut with tension. He chuckled to

himself, thinking how quickly girls grow up and out of their shells.

"Another time, I'm swamped."

The call was on speaker, so Alivia overheard, "I've only got a few days off before I have to return. Max, it's been ages."

Everyone in Beaconsfield knew about their near-engagement. Back then, her pride was too strong. She feared rejection from

Max, so she rejected him first. Now she deeply regretted it. If she had agreed back then, perhaps Max would have agreed to this

marriage out of

consideration for Michael.

She lowered her head, caressing her rosary. The cool black beads reminded her of the identical one on his wrist, and her heart softened.

“If you’re really tied up, I could come over to Dorsey International.”

With the conversation going this far, it would be cruel for Max to refuse. He frowned, but out of consideration for Kenzo, he relented,

“Tomorrow night, then.”

Alivia breathed a sigh of relief, her heart swelling with sweetness, “Great, I’ll wait for you.”

After hanging up, Kenzo gave her a teasing look, “You know, you could’ve just called him yourself instead of using me as a go—

between.” Alivia shot him a mock—angry glance. “Stop teasing me.”

They weren’t alone. Others sat nearby, but these folks weren’t part of the same circle as Sophia.

The elite had their hierarchies, with illegitimate children and distant relatives of prominent families rarely rubbing shoulders with

those present unless they were introduced by someone. Alivia and Kenzo were at the core of the true elite, so naturally, those

seated with them were central figures too. Everyone had heard about Alivia and Max’s past, and now they couldn’t resist ribbing

her.

“That guy hardly ever shows up to parties. We can’t even get his personal number, but you, Alivia, you’ve got some serious pull.”

“Get out of here. You want his number? At an international auction abroad, I was signing papers backstage with him, and I tried

to say hello. He didn’t even glance my way. So cold, like an emotionless robot. I swear, you’d freeze talking to him.”

“Alivia, that rosary—don’t tell me it’s a matching set with his?”

Max was known for his black rosary, but Alivia having one too certainly spoke volumes about their special relationship. Even

Alivia, usually so composed, blushed at this, “Max isn’t that scary. He’s just not big on talking. He’s quite gentle when it’s just us.”

“That’s because he’s only gentle with you. After all, you’re his old flame.” Laughter erupted around them as they teased about

expecting to celebrate their eventual nuptials. Elated, Alivia let herself drink a few too many.

Meanwhile, Kenzo sat by her side, long fingers idly spinning his glass. He didn’t bring up the matter with Brielle—his sister was

probably unaware. A smirk danced on his lips in anticipation. There would be drama to watch in the days ahead.

## Chapter 94

Kenzo knew his sister like the back of his hand. She was the center of their social circle, having been doted on since childhood.

Coupled with her own impressive achievements, she wore a halo that shone brightly. A person like that would never settle for

defeat.

Kenzo had attended Beaconsfield College, where even then, Brielle’s name was known. She was beautiful and unassuming,

with a talent. that could have taken her even further if the Haywood family had not kept a tight rein on her.

Kenzo was well aware that, if it came down to it, Brielle was every bit as capable as Alivia.

Brielle’s first decade was spent in an orphanage, struggling even for the most basic needs. In contrast, Alivia was born with a

silver spoon in her mouth. From her earliest words, she was surrounded by different languages and nurtured by top-tier tutors

brought in by the Barnes family to cultivate her interests and hobbies. The amount of money the Barnes family invested in her

was beyond reckoning.

Alivia was who she was because she was a child of the Barnes family. She simply fulfilled a destiny that seemed written from

birth. But Brielle was who she was because she was Brielle—and that was the whole story.



Kenzo set his glass down, his gazes showing layers of emotions.

Alivia, noticing his distraction, teased him, "Bro, haven't you thought about finding yourself a lady? Look at Andrew, already

engaged, and the others switch girlfriends like they're changing clothes. Max has me, but you've got no one. Are you planning to

be a bachelor forever?"

Max has me. Those words carried such conviction.

With a small smile, Kenzo twirled his empty glass, "Haven't found anyone I like."

Kenzo wasn't just at the epicenter of power; he was also a fixture in the complex whirlpool of the entertainment industry. In the

entertainment industry, men and women were adept at playing games, and as the most talented scriptwriter, Kenzo's scripts

brought fame to many, but he remained alone.

He never publicly acknowledged having a girlfriend.

"So, what's your type? I'll keep an eye out for you," she offered.

A face flashed through Kenzo's mind, and the corners of his mouth lifted slightly, "Someone beautiful."

Alivia thought she had misheard, her eyes widening before she let out a chuckle. "There are plenty of beauties in the industry, all

those actresses with faces to die for. Haven't seen you bring any home, though."

The term 'beautiful' was indeed too vague.

"Beautiful, and someone who knows how to charm," Kenzo added before closing his eyes.

His presence was gentle and warm, unlike Max's chilly demeanor. Max was untouchable, but Kenzo was like the comforting glow

of a thousand homes, softening the world.

"Don't worry, I'll find her for you," Alivia said noncommittally, thinking he was just joking.

Kenzo withdrew from the welcoming party, feeling out of place.

Max ended his call and then heard a knock at the bedroom door. It was Emily.

The moment the phone had rung, Emily and Sophia had heard it. And there was a man's voice from the bedroom, soft but

unmistakable.

Emily even thought she recognized it from somewhere. She knocked on the door, ignoring Brielle sitting in the living room,

almost eager to

announce that Brielle had a man hidden in her room.

“Brielle, you’re shameless, bringing home some random guy. Does your fiancé know about this?” Emily spat out.

Brielle sat on the sofa, a smirk playing on her lips, imagining the shock. on Emily’s face if Max were to emerge right then.

Venom filled Emily’s eyes, and she had Spencer’s contact at her fingertips. Why not call him over and catch them in the act?

Without hesitation, she whipped out her phone and dialed Spencer’s number.

## Chapter 95

Spencer picked up the call quickly, already at his suburban villa, having just had sex with Lillian, a way to soothe her.

Lillian lay gently in his arms, yet she couldn’t shake the desire to reach out to Max. She had to find a chance to talk to him.

The ringtone of her phone broke her train of thought. As the name. Emily flashed on the screen, a dark gleam crossed her eyes.

Spencer knew Emily worked at Dorsey International. Lillian had mentioned her before, but he hadn’t expected her to call him

directly. “What’s up?”

Emily looked triumphantly at Brielle and raised her voice, “Mr. Spencer, I’m at Brielle’s place. Is the man in her bedroom you?”

Spencer’s grip on the phone tightened instantly, his tone turned menacing, “What man?”

“There’s a man in Brielle’s bedroom, but the door’s closed. I thought it. was you. If it’s not you, then who could it be? Aren’t you

two engaged? Could it be she’s brought another man home?”

Spencer was seething with rage, feeling utterly humiliated. “That... that bitch’s affairs are none of my business! She could parade

a hundred men around for all I care!” He hung up without hesitation, his chest heaving with fury.

Lillian was lying right beside him, hearing every word clearly. She was secretly pleased, thinking keeping Emily around was

indeed useful.

“Spencer, shouldn’t you check it out? Emily’s not wrong. Bri is your fiancée, after all. She’s been in and out of the police station,

now hiding men in her bedroom. If the Dorsey family gets wind of this...”

Spencer’s chest hurt unbearably, his face paled with anger. He got up to dress, a wildfire of wrath spreading through him.

How could Brielle stoop so low! What made her different from a prostitute right now!

However, the thought of breaking off the engagement was unbearable. How could he accept that?

The taste of blood was in Spencer’s mouth, his breath hot with rage. Once dressed, he clenched his teeth, “Lillian, you don’t

blame me for not breaking off the engagement?”

Lillian stood up and wrapped her arms around his waist, “Whatever decision you make, I’m with you, Spencer. In this life, you’re

the only

man for me.”

Saying such things in this context was implicitly a jab at Brielle’s promiscuity.

Spencer was filled with hate and anger, and in the end, he pushed her back onto the bed. “Lillian, you’re the best. That... that

woman can’t even compare to one of your fingers.”

Only by saying this could he feel a little better.

It was he who rejected Brielle, feeling she was tainted, not that he was the one being abandoned. He wouldn’t break off the

engagement just to teach Brielle a lesson, to have the engagement hang over her, dragging her down until no other man dared

marry her. This was the price for betraying him.

After hanging up, Emily looked triumphantly at Brielle, trying to detect even a hint of panic on her face, but Brielle sat there

calmly, even nonchalant. Seeing that Emily was done, she simply crossed her arms, “Shall we start with the apologies now?”

Emily's face stiffened, her fingertips trembling with anger.

How shameless could this woman be, still so composed after being caught in an affair.

Sophia, unable to stand the atmosphere in the room, felt disgusted by

everything around her. Lillian had been right. Brielle was indeed unprincipled.

She took a deep breath, eager to quickly end things here, so without hesitation, she bent down.

"Brielle, I'm sorry. I shouldn't have hired someone to come after you. I hope you can forgive my foolishness."

Sophia had been holding back her emotions from the beginning, and after saying her piece, she waited for Brielle's response.

Brielle looked at Emily, raising an eyebrow, "And you?"

Emily was so angry her face turned ashen, unable to utter a single word.

Brielle not only wanted to dismiss her but also demanded an apology now. It was nothing short of wishful thinking.

"Go to hell! Brielle, I won't let you get away with this."

## Chapter 96

fist

Emily spun on her heel and departed without another word, leaving Sophia standing there, her face contorted in anger.

Clenching her at her side, she spat out, "I've apologized already. If Emily doesn't want to make amends, that's her business.

Can I go now?"

She sneered to herself, thinking about calling Andrew the moment she was out the door to say she'd done her part. After that,

how she'd deal with Brielle was nobody's concern. She sure as heck wasn't going to let Brielle off the hook for humiliating her

like this.

Brielle pushed herself to her feet, leaning heavily on the cane resting beside her. "Andrew must have told you both to apologize

together. Since Emily's gone, today's little show doesn't count. Find another time, and make sure you both show up."

Sophia was incredulous, feeling like she'd been played for a fool. "Brielle, the only reason I'm standing here is out of respect for

Andrew. Who do you think you are, anyway? Without him, someone of your status wouldn't even have the right to speak to me."

She was fuming, her face red with rage, yet she bit back her anger, remembering Andrew's instructions.

As Brielle reached the bedroom door, she saw it ajar, with Max about to step out.

Quick as a flash, Brielle slipped through the door and pushed him back inside.

Outside, Sophia caught just a glimpse of a man's silhouette through the crack before it vanished.

It was too quick, she hadn't seen his face, but she sensed he had an air of distinction about him.

Brielle stood inside the bedroom, leaning against the door, and found it amusing to see Max being pushed to sit at the foot of the bed.

"Uncle Max, if you went out there now, in less than an hour, all of Beaconsfield would be buzzing about you and me."

"Afraid?"

Brielle was conflicted, unsure what game this man was playing. He seemed oblivious to the chaos their exposure would bring,

not just the tittering gossip but also the potential shock to Michael.

Max could stand tall and unaffected, but what about her? The slightest flick of a wrist from those people could erase her

completely.

Her eyelashes fluttered down as her hand, hidden behind her, clenched tight, her nails digging into her palm. "Not now, at least,"

she murmured, avoiding his gaze.

Sophia, oblivious to the undercurrents in the bedroom, was left cooling her heels and eventually left in a huff.

Descending the stairs, she couldn't resist dialing Emily's number. There was no answer. Sophia was livid. If it weren't for Emily's

sudden exit, this whole mess would be over.

In a fit of pique, she blocked Emily's number, vowing never to see that wretch again. As for explaining to Andrew, she'd simply

say Emily wasn't cooperative. And if Brielle dared to tattle to him, Sophia would just spill the beans to Tessa, who, with a mere

flick, could make

Brielle's life a living nightmare.

Content with her plotting, Sophia scoffed and made her way out.

Upstairs, Brielle approached Max and began to pat him down. Finding his phone, she looked up at him.

"Uncle Max, can I borrow

your phone

for a call?"

Personal items like phones were off-limits to others, but given Brielle's soft tone and fluttering eyes, Max relented.

She took the phone, unceremoniously grabbing his hand to unlock it with his fingerprint, then dialed Andrew's number. It was

eight o'clock in

the evening, and Andrew was at the Tequila Sunset, having attended the welcome party.

However, he didn't particularly enjoy the so-called welcome party, so he just made a brief appearance and found a corner to sit

down. Seeing Max's call, Andrew raised an eyebrow in curiosity.

Alivia, who was with him, assumed Max was coming over and smiled. "Is Max heading this way?" she asked.

Andrew shook his head and answered the call. "Max, what's up?"

But instead of Max's voice, a woman's voice came through the line.

"Mr. Clements."

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Andrew froze for a second, his reflexes kicking in as he swiftly turned off the speakerphone. Brielle was actually using Max's

phone to call

him?

Max was a man who prided himself on his privacy, always loathed anyone touching his personal belongings, and yet, here he

was, letting her get away with this much.

Andrew was a moment too late; Alivia had already caught a snippet of Brielle's voice. Her brows furrowed, doubt crept in. Had

she misread the display? It definitely flashed Max's name, but the voice emanating from it was unmistakably feminine.

And Andrew's hasty move to silence the speakerphone only served to fan the flames of her suspicion. Her face cooled, fingers

pinching the stem of the wine glass, silent, eyeing Andrew.

Andrew, trying to appear unfazed, continued, "What's up?"

The corners of Brielle's lips curled, "You promised me, Mr. Clements. You wouldn't go back on your word, would you?"

Andrew frowned, puzzled by her cryptic message.

Brielle added, "Sophia and Emily showed up. They mocked me a bit and left."

Andrew snorted quietly. He couldn't quite figure out if Max was by her side, and he didn't want to tarnish the brotherhood by

throwing shade

at Brielle.

But if he complained about Max spoiling Brielle too much, especially with Alivia right there, she'd certainly overhear.

Andrew was seething, his facial muscles tensed, "They mocked you and apologized, didn't they?"

"They did, but I wasn't satisfied. You know, Mr. Clements, my face nearly got disfigured this time. And I even broke my leg. Uncle

Max has been absolutely distressed over it."

Oh, the nerve of her. Andrew felt his scalp tingle with irritation. Standing up from the couch, he walked towards the door, voice

lowered, "What do you want, exactly?"

As he spoke, he moved to the exit, his tone harsher, "Don't think you can ride on Max's current favor, Brielle. Save yourself some

future trouble. What if Max gets tired of you? Do you really want to burn all your bridges?"

Offending him would get her anything good.

"Mr. Clements, didn't you make a promise in front of Uncle Max himself? What's this, a change of heart?"

Andrew had now left the private room, the surrounding quietness making his voice even clearer. He lit up a cigarette, chuckling

with a hint of venom in his eyes, "Is Max with you?"

Brielle glanced over, poking Max's shoulder, "Uncle Max, say something."

Max knew she was doing this on purpose, but he had to admit, he rather liked Brielle's cunning ways. She was so vivacious.

Brielle stuck out her tongue, unable to resist a lick of her lips, eyes locked on him, "Uncle Max?"

Max's breath hitched, his fingers gripping the back of her head, pulling her down into a kiss, grinding against those plump lips.

"Mmm."

Brielle tried to pull away, but the firm hand on the back of her head kept her in place. She relaxed into it, humming softly.

The call continued, and Andrew's fingertips held a cigarette. Just as he

was about to put it in his mouth, he heard a suppressed moan from the other end.

His hand paused, suspecting a trick of his mind, he couldn't help but glance down at the screen. It was definitely Max's number,

definitely Brielle who had called, and definitely Brielle making those sounds.

And the one who could make her sound like that, was definitely his buddy Max, the man known for his stoic distance from

women.

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Andrew's world seemed to momentarily shatter as he took a deep drag of his cigarette, annoyance edging his voice, "Max,

you're just gonna let her reel you in like that?"



Brielle gasped for air, freed from his grip. It wasn't her seducing Max at this point; he had been the one to lean in for the kiss.

Talk about a misunderstanding.

Max's fingers grazed her cheek as he reached for his phone. As he was about to speak, Brielle's lips silenced him again. If

Andrew was accusing her of seduction, she might as well own up to it.

When the kiss finally broke, she noticed the call was still connected and curiously asked, "Mr. Clements, you haven't hung up

yet??"

Andrew was lighting his third cigarette, snorting coldly, "I just wanted to see how shameless you could be."

Brielle's lips twitched, finding humor in the situation. Was this tarnishing Max's reputation?

She cleared her throat, taking the phone, "I had no intention of performing for anyone over the phone, Mr. Clements. Perhaps

you should focus on how you'll follow through on your promises."

A dangerous glint flashed in Andrew's eyes as he growled, "Nobody dares to threaten me like this."

His words had barely faded when Max intervened, "Stop scaring her all the time."

Andrew paused, unintentionally dampening his imposing aura, but quickly got irritated again, "Fine, I'm not scaring her. She

seems bold enough to me."

Brielle felt her ears burn. Max's sudden interjection had left her mind

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reeling. She couldn't help but glance at him. His gaze was so detached, as if the intimate moment held no sway over him.

Her heart ached, and she averted her gaze. His presence was binding like the sun's rays, intense and overpowering. He confined her

made her greedy for more. His gaze was chilly, but to her, it was like fire igniting her completely, yet his heart seemed as cold as ice

fire met ice, it would surely extinguish, taking her soul along with

Andrew's voice continued in the background, but Brielle couldn't make out his words—it was probably something about making

those two apologize again.

As the call ended, the room fell silent. The phone was still were in her grip, her inner turmoil raging like a storm at ses, while Ver

nonchalantly stood up, I've got an international conference ten"

His fingers, cool to the touch, plucked the phone from her heated calm Brielle felt as if he had stripped away her warmth as well.

Max always seemed in control, eager one second and indifferent the next, as if he could walk away at any moment, without a

care in the world.

Brielle lowered her eyes and when she looked up again, a smile was plastered on her face. "I suppose Mr. Dorsey won't object to

me firing Emily?

"Just submit the reasons for her dismissal to HR

"Right, I'll send it over in a bit."

She followed him into the living room where Patrick was already waiting, a crisp new suit jacket in his hands. Patrick quickly

averted his gaze when they emerged together.

Max took the jacket from Patrick and went to change.

Brielle just stood there, surprisingly unsure of what to say, and it wasn't

until the two were about to leave that she squeezed out, "Mr. Dorsey, take care."

She hobbled to the door on her crutches, seeing Max fitting his earpiece, ready for his meeting. She should be content. Despite

his busy schedule, he still took the time to indulge her.

The thought struck her, and she froze. What was this?

Falling for him seemed to mean waiting hopelessly, nailed in place, full of hope and anxiety, like a forgotten parcel in some

corner of a train

station.

She couldn't allow herself to be so vulnerable. If he couldn't give her those three words, she wouldn't ask as well.

## Chapter 99

Once the room had finally settled into silence, she sent the email to Human Resources, officially terminating Emily's employment.

It was late, but the HR department replied swiftly, agreeing to her request.

Brielle sighed in relief. She took a couple of days off to rest at home, not returning to the office until her foot was no longer a

hindrance to walking. As she parked her car downstairs, a vehicle revved up furiously from behind and rushed forward.

Brielle frowned and quickly swerved the wheel. The other car whizzed past her, crashing into the side of a building nearby. This

building was a standard design for Dorsey International, reportedly crafted by an Italian designer, with just the design fees

running over a million dollars. As she got out of her car, she spotted Emily stumbling out of the wreck, her forehead smeared with

blood. Brielle couldn't help but chuckle. Had Emily been shaken up by Lillian again, taking a bullet for someone else not once but

twice?

"Brielle, you actually had the nerve to fire me?"

Brielle had no interest in entertaining such a foolish question. As her supervisor, what was wrong with firing an employee who

had tried to

harm her?

The incident that almost ruined Brielle's appearance this time didn't directly involve Emily, but she was the one orchestrating it

from behind the scenes. And now, she had come up with another move.

Brielle's lips curved into a smile as she unhesitatingly dialed 911. "Attempted murder. Go tell it to the police."

Desperate, Emily lunged forward, attempting to slap Brielle across the face, but her hand was caught mid-air as Brielle pushed

her against the

car.

“Bang!”

Emily felt a sharp pain in her back, and her face contorted in response.

Gritting her teeth, she pulled a dagger from her purse and lunged at Brielle.

Brielle sidestepped and struck Emily’s wrist hard. “Have you lost your mind, Emily?”

Emily laughed coldly, as if she wished she could drink Brielle’s blood.

“It was Max in the bedroom that day, right? Lillian told me. You whore, how dare you—I’m going to end you! I won’t be at peace

until you’re

dead.”

The dagger clattered to the ground, and only then did Emily realize that. Brielle had some self-defense skills.

Brielle found it amusing that Lillian had some talent after all, having guessed correctly that it was Max in her bedroom that day.

She smiled faintly and said softly to Emily, whose face was a contorted mask of rage, “Since you know it was Max in the room,

you should also know that he permitted me to fire you. And considering how hysterical you were that day, do you really think he’d

have any interest in you?”

What a stab to the heart. Brielle knew exactly what Emily cared about. Most and targeted it mercilessly.

The last trace of color drained from Emily’s face as she stood frozen in place. Max had allowed her firing? Max had been hiding

in a woman’s

bedroom?

How’s that possible? He was untouchable!

Tears welled up in Emily’s eyes. “Aren’t you afraid I’ll tell Spencer? You seduced his uncle; you’re insane. Max would never want

you—you’re filthy.”

Brielle raised an eyebrow and slowly released Emily’s wrist. “The fact is,

he’s quite satisfied with me in bed.”

Her words were like knives, leaving Emily bleeding inwardly. Even as she was escorted away by the police, she hadn't

recovered, looking as

wilted as a dried-up flower.

As the handcuffs clicked around Emily's wrists, Brielle could hear her mumbling.

"Impossible... impossible... He would never want you. He would never touch you,"

When the police were forcing her into the car, Emily suddenly thrashed like a madwoman. "Don't you gloat, Brielle! I'll see your

downfall. Do you think Max would love you? You're just a fling, nothing more. He'll discard you like trash, just like he will with

me—ha, ha, ha, ha, ha..."

Her hoarse cackling was eerie.

Brielle stood still, understanding now why Emily was so easily manipulated by Lillian. Her obsession with Max was bordering on

madness; the slightest spark could set her aflame.

The momentary satisfaction was followed by discomfort. Emily's fate seemed to be reminding her, "Look, this is your future. This

is the consequence of liking Max."

Taking a deep breath, she warned herself never to end up like that.

## Chapter 100

As Brielle walked into the department, all eyes swung her way—word had spread like wildfire that Emily had been let go, but what

no one knew was the drama that had just unfolded downstairs.

She grabbed the file handed to her and scanned it, finding it detailed a new project—an investment evaluation for a company

named Alpha. She thought she must have read it wrong, and flipped through the thick stack of papers again.

It was indeed Alpha.

Though Dorsey International had long branched out into diverse operations with numerous businesses, this was their first foray

into internet companies.

Rubbing her temples, she had a hunch that this move wasn't Max's brainchild. Probably, because of the scandal that had leaked

about the building, the board was panicking, fearing Max's scrutiny, and was eager to show some results.

In the afternoon, she was summoned to a meeting on the top floor. Stepping out of the elevator, she overheard some gossip.

"Didn't the media just catch Ms. Alivia? When did she come back from abroad?"

"Did you notice the rosary on her wrist? It's identical to the president's. They must be a set."

"I heard Mr. Dorsey personally visited Ms. Alivia's research institute. Seems like he's interested in investing in a project she's

involved with."

"Never thought Mr. Dorsey was the type to splurge for a lady love."

"Well, you've got to consider who she is. Ms. Alivia is top-notch in every way, and they've been childhood sweethearts."

The buzz grew louder and more animated.

Max had never been one for tabloid fodder. His interviews in the financial papers were terse and to the point. Celebrities looking

to latch onto his success had no inroad, and within the social circles of Beaconsfield, one couldn't even snag his contact

information.

Brielle, who rarely paid heed to celebrity news, couldn't help but stealthily check her phone. There was no mention of Max, just a

side shot of Alivia brushing her hair aside, revealing that telltale string of beads.

Phrases like "golden couple" and "match made in heaven" were thrown around with abandon. She pocketed her phone,

struggling to maintain composure, and took her seat.

Max was absent, and the directors' voices were louder than usual.

Especially Ryan, who should have been ousted, had wormed his way back in while Max was away.

And with Max's two other brothers on the board, the atmosphere was tense. However, Ryan, shameless as ever, had pushed this new project to the forefront.

"Alpha has been around for years. Their CEO approached me privately last night, inquiring about investment from Dorsey

International. I've reviewed the data and believe this to be a promising endeavor."

Ryan's audacity knew no bounds. Even as others around the table scowled, he dropped Michael's name to silence any dissent.

"The CEO of Alpha and I go way back. I promised Dad that if we could triple the profits this time, he'd let me return. So I hope

everyone will

cooperate."

Ryan's smug expression made it clear he was determined to succeed, gesturing everyone to view the presentation on the big

screen. "This overview shows Alpha's main business areas: social networking, online gaming, digital advertising, and others.

Their social network has

over three hundred million users. With our investment, we could own thirty percent of Alpha. Alpha's battle last year is no secret.

They were blindsided by a rival company's malware, losing many users. They're on the eve of their final funding round. If Dorsey

International invests two billion, we'll be their largest shareholder."

Ryan went on to outline Alpha's potential, making it clear that this project was non-negotiable.

Brielle sat back and laughed softly. The room was silent, making her laughter stand out all the more.

The first to speak was William, pushing up his classic glasses, "What are your thoughts, Brielle?"

William, Michael's eldest and Max's big brother, was known for his scholarly demeanor. He never fought for the spotlight, making

his presence often overlooked. But to Brielle, William was more formidable. than the blatantly aggressive Ryan.

In her three years at Dorsey International, Brielle had never heard a bad word about William. He always played the peacemaker,

offending no one, with barely passable performance that left no room for criticism.

Like now, while others had shown their displeasure with Ryan, William's face was all seriousness, as if genuinely considering

Ryan's spiel.

Now he'd passed the buck to Brielle, letting her be the one to stick her neck out.