

Resent Reject Regret

Chapter 101 Still Trying to Deceive Me

“Sam.” Brendan interrupted Sam, his expression icy cold. “You’ve been deceived by her too.”

He sneered through his tightly-clenched teeth. “Deirdre made you come to me

because she wanted to use today’s plot to guilt me, of course. Then, she would lead me to put the blame on Charlene bit by bit.

“She is the kind of woman who uses unscrupulous tactics to achieve what she wants from the start. On the other hand, I’ve also almost caused the death of

Charlene for a nobody like her!”

The anger of being deceived and the guilt of almost causing his savior’s death filled his chest. He felt his head spinning and clenched his fists tightly.

He walked toward Deirdre’s room with swift strides and kicked the door.

Deirdre was not asleep, but she tensed up at the commotion of the door. Before she could react to the situation, Brendan’s hands were already clutching her throat ferociously.

“Ugh...”

The feeling of suffocation flooded her entire body, and her neck would be broken at any moment if he were to exert just a little more strength!

She heard Brendan’s angry scolding. “Deirdre! You’re a disgusting, sinister woman! Why aren’t you dead yet!?”

Deirdre pushed away Brendan’s arms with all her might in an attempt to inhale just a bit of air. Her eyes were reddened beyond her control from the suffocation.

‘What’s going on? What the heck is going on?’

Brendan flung her off the bed at the very moment before she was about to lose consciousness.

She could not care about the pain from the fall as she gasped for air. Her face was covered in tears from the choking.

She could still feel Brendan looking at her from above, and his hatred was enough to kill her after it ended.

“Cough cough! What... What ha... What happened?”

"What happened? Your scheme has been completely destroyed!" Brendan took a stride and stepped on her injured hand.

Blood seeped out instantly, and Deirdre shrieked in pain. "Ouch!"

"Ouch?" Brendan grabbed her by her hair and pushed her against the wall. He sounded hysterical when he said, "If you're in pain, is Charlene not in pain? You've successfully vilified her. She almost died from a sleeping pill overdose. Are you proud of yourself?"

'What? Charlene took sleeping pills?'

Deirdre was astounded at first, and then she felt calm soon afterward.

"You felt sorry for her because she took some pills, so you put all the blame on me, right?" Blood dripped down from Deirdre's fingertips constantly. She finally came to understand the situation and cracked a hideous smile. "Brendan, you really do care about her so much. You consider her innocent just because she took two sleeping pills and feigned suicide after feeling wronged.

"Cough, cough... Then, you tried to punish me? If that's the case, why did you make her apologize to me then?"

"Shut up!" Brendan's face turned green with anger. He clutched Deirdre's throat with a deadly grip. "You still refuse to come to your senses at this point. You're still going to continue to put on an act, huh? Heh! Deirdre, you really did a good job planning a great scheme that deceived me!"

Deirdre's expression was tainted with a tinge of confusion. "How have I deceived you?"

Brendan lowered his head and found the sight of her bleeding hand to be taunting him. He stretched out his hand and grabbed her hand before tightening his grip.

Deirdre teared up from the pain instantly. She was in so much pain that she could not make a sound.

"Are you in pain? I'm in more pain than you!" Brendan pushed her away. The pity and guilt he felt were all for nothing now, even though it mattered a few hours ago.

'Why am I so foolish that I felt a tinge of pity for this woman and doubted the kind Charlene? I must have lost my mind.'

"Deirdre, you made me do this. Since you still refuse to behave yourself despite your blindness, don't blame me for violating our prior agreement. I'm going to make you suffer so much you'll wish you were dead!"

Chapter 102 Mr. Brighthall Doesn't Want to See You

"Brendan? Brendan!"

Colors were drained off Deirdre's face. She pounced at him, throwing her arms around his thigh the exact moment she understood what he meant. He was going to blame it on Sterling again!

"I-If you're mad because Lena almost died, I... I can apologize for that! I will swallow those pills so I can suffer the same pain she's undergoing right now! But please, stop taking your rage out on innocent people!"

"Innocent people?" Brendan scoffed. He lowered himself to her height and grabbed her by her jaw, examining her tears-stricken cheeks. "Here I thought you didn't believe in concepts like leaving the innocent alone. Isn't Lena innocent? Christ, Deirdre. You could have come clean with me. Things would have ended much sooner ... much better. But you had to accuse her of doing something she didn't do! You just had to lie to me!"

He rose apathetically and kicked her away. Deirdre's head knocked on the side of the bed. She felt a buzzing shockwave coursing through her brain like a hive of disturbed bees. Still, with her one hand cupping the side of her head, she crawled after Brendan frantically.

"I didn't do any of that! I didn't lie!"

"You didn't?" He stopped in his tracks so he could turn around and shoot Deirdre a disgusted glare. "Your accomplice confessed to your scheme out of guilt, McKinnon. But you're surprisingly cold-hearted, aren't you? You hardly seemed fazed! Or are you still trying to pretend you're innocent?"

Accomplice? Who was that supposed to be?

Deirdre's mind blanked. She stayed on the cold, hard tile floor, yet the chill did nothing for her frazzled mind. Brendan kept insisting that she lied to him, but about what? What was the lie supposed to be?

Sam pushed open the door and found her lying on the floor, her hand bleeding. He was instantly alarmed. "Miss McKinnon!" he said, hurrying toward her and helping.

He did not expect Brendan to be so violent.

Deirdre sat on the edge of her bed, her eyes transfixed on the floor unseeingly. Sam was about to summon the nurse when she pulled him by his hand. "Sam, can you tell me what exactly happened?"

He sighed and obliged. He spared no details, including the janitor's statement.

Deirdre felt a pang in her chest. Her head was spinning. "That's nonsense! It's a load of crap!" she protested raspily. "I don't even know who that janitor is! This... This is Charlene's work. She came up with this plot to frame me!"

Sam was certain that Deirdre was innocent as well. The young woman's character was not the only argument he had, too-Charlene was the biggest pretender he had

ever seen.

"I know, but Mr. Brighthall believed her. The janitor also paid you a visit in the morning that day. That was before I arrived."

Deirdre felt a chill crawling up her spine. Had Charlene planned all of this the moment she stepped out of her ward? More importantly, Deirdre's biggest issue right now was how much Brendan trusted Charlene. He wanted to believe she was the kind, nice girl he thought she was. He wanted to believe this so much that he would proclaim Deirdre guilty even without hard evidence.

"Sam, you have to tell him to see me again. I have to explain this to him."

"Uh, about that," Sam muttered hesitantly. "I don't think now is a good time, Miss McKinnon. The odds are, well... Overwhelmingly against you. I suggest waiting until Charlene's up and Mr. Brighthall's rage has passed."

Deirdre felt a lump forming in her throat. The luxury of patience was not something Sterling shared with her. She had to act now before Brendan felt the whim to

torment the poor man again.

"P-Please?" she whispered.

Sam sighed. "Fine."

He went out of the room. A few moments later, he was back. "I'm afraid Mr. Brighthall, uh... Doesn't wanna see you, Miss McKinnon."

Brendan's original reply was a hundred times harsher than Sam made it out to be. The kind-hearted man simply could not bear to repeat it verbatim.

Deirdre was stunned. Then, curling her wounded finger into a fist, she cast her eyes down and smiled mirthlessly to herself.

Chapter 103 Clean Up Your Mess

Deirdre had been stupid. All Brendan cared about was whether Charlene lived. Why would he give a damn about Deirdre's innocence?

Three days passed. She never saw Brendan in her room. He even replaced Sam with a newly-hired nurse, who quickly took advantage of Deirdre's blindness and how little anyone cared about her. She abused Deirdre-she would finish about half of the meal Deirdre was supposed to have before passing it back to the woman she was supposed to care for.

Deirdre hated it. She was not going to eat a stranger's leftovers, so she pushed the bowl away.

"Whoa! Are you actually being picky about your food? Or do you just have a bone to pick with me, huh? You act like me eating your food is disgusting while looking like a disgusting freak yourself! God, can you get over yourself for a hot second? You're a nobody without family or friends, b*tch. You should be grateful to even have a nurse helping you out!"

The nurse was enraged. Deirdre, unfortunately, became an easy target to let out all of her steam. “No, you’re not making things hard for me. You are gonna eat this right now! If Mr. Brighthall sees this, he will think I’ve been maltreating you!”

She shoved the bowl close to Deirdre’s lips, who struggled against her until she managed to swat the bowl away from her, sending it hurtling to the floor before cracking into a few pieces.

“F*ck! You temper-throwing Karen!” the nurse shrieked. She grabbed a handful of porridge from the floor and began to shove it into Deirdre’s mouth.

The door to Deirdre’s ward suddenly opened. The nurse looked up and saw Brendan in his suit and his most dominating aura. Alarmed, she backed away from Deirdre.

Brendan saw exactly how distressed Deirdre was. Cold, dirty porridge was dripping from her jaw.

“M-Mr. Brighthall!” the nurse stammered. How could she not be terrified? Brendan was the boss who appointed her Deirdre’s personal nurse!

To her wildest disbelief, all Brendan did was cast an apathetic glance at Deirdre before turning back to the nurse. “What happened?”

Deirdre’s eyes reddened. He might as well have stabbed her in the chest with that nonchalance question. He knew what had happened to her just by looking at her

right now! So why the “question?”

Because he approved of the nurse’s abuse.

Without him sanctioning her attitude, the nurse would not have dared to treat Deirdre like this. God, the lengths he would go to torment her...

The nurse read the room quickly. She knew exactly what to say. “You have to excuse me, Mr. Brighthall. Miss McKinnon is just difficult! I made this porridge the best I could, but she was so upset about it being bland and not seasoned with expensive food that she wouldn’t eat it. I tried to persuade her, but it made her so mad that she knocked the bowl off my hand like that!”

Naturally, the nurse skipped the part where she scooped the porridge back from the floor and stuffed it into Deirdre’s mouth.

“Oh, is that so?” Brendan intoned, scanning Deirdre with a twinkle of danger in his narrowing black eyes. “If Miss McKinnon made this mess, then it’s only fair for Miss McKinnon to clean it up herself, right? How fair is it if you made a mess and then demanded someone else to clean up for you?”

The glee in the nurse’s mien was palpable.

Deirdre hung her head, her fingers tightly clutching the edge of her blanket. Watching her, Brendan asked sharply, “What? Are we asking too much from you?”

His tone spelled trouble. Deirdre dared not defy him any longer. She yanked her blanket away and stood on the floor, barefooted. She was not sure where the broken pieces were, so she began to feel her way across the floor.

Her hands swam in puddles of porridge. It was unpleasant, but she gnashed her teeth and felt for one of the bigger ceramic pieces. She scooped the porridge up and discarded it into the bin.

She was nearing the end when the nurse had an idea. She jostled Deirdre.

The young woman lost her balance and crashed onto the floor. The edge of the piece skated through her skin and carved out a long gash in her hand. Blood soon followed.

Brendan's eyes narrowed. The nurse shot an ingratiating glance at him and raised her voice, saying, "Miss McKinnon, oh no! What happened? You're a little too young to be that clumsy with your hands, miss. Are you hurt?"

"Sorry." Deirdre huffed. Her hand hurt, but she was even more afraid of Brendan's fury. Instead of gingerly picking the pieces with her fingers, she resorted to just cupping them with her palms.

Blood drenched and dripped from the ridges of the bowl. Some of its debris fell into her wound.

Chapter 104 Welcome to Night City!

"That's enough!"

Brendan stormed forward and snatched Deirdre's hand away from its motion. The entire spectacle was just so grating to him that he gnashed his teeth and snarled, "Are you done playing the victim!? You're so into it! So into trying to make yourself look like the most tragic woman in the world that nothing is below the belt, isn't it? God. You keep proving me wrong when I think you can't stoop lower!"

Playing the victim? How blind was this fellow to think this whole thing was an act to 'play the victim'?

Her injury stung so much her arm was shaking despite herself. She had not finished the task Brendan had ordered her to do, so she simply muttered, despite her ashen expression, "Can you please let me go? I'm not done cleaning up..."

"To hell with cleaning up!" Brendan bellowed suddenly. He kicked the garbage bin so hard that every fragment from the broken bowl spilled back to the floor.

He glared at the nurse and thundered, "You clean this up! And I want you to do it with your hands! You're not stopping unless your fingers are bleeding!"

This sudden turn of events threw the nurse so off-balance that she thought the world was going dark in a second. Before she could even reply, though, Brendan had dragged Deirdre out of the room to get her hand treated.

It was not a smooth journey. Deirdre kept struggling against his grip until Brendan pinned her down on her chair. "If you think I'm trying to save you, stop deluding yourself. My only concern is for you not to bleed to death because I've got a plan for you. A really entertaining one. I don't want it to go to waste just because you're dead!"

'A plan?' His cryptic statement drained the colors of her face. 'W-What was that supposed to mean?'

Brendan snickered in satisfaction. "Well, well, well. You at least catch on quickly." Deirdre's jaw clenched. "Haven't I been obedient, Brendan? Haven't I been listening to you and doing everything you want me to do? Haven't I? If I have, then, please... I'm begging you, don't drag Sterling back into this!"

Brendan's expression darkened as a pang struck him on his chest. So, she pulled off this whole drama because of f*cking Sterling Fuller again!?

A plague of rage spread all over his body like wildfire. He tightened his grip-one of the debris jabbed into his palm, yet he felt nothing over his ballooning fury.

A cold smile surfaced on his lips. "You're never gonna stop being so full of yourself, are you? Let me remind you one thing, Saint Deirdre. You can't even protect yourself. What makes you think you can protect Sterling? And will he even remember your oh- so-noble sacrifices?"

Deirdre shrugged and thinned her lips. "I don't need him to remember anything. The only reason I'm doing this is that I owe him-"

She faltered into silence. Brendan could never understand any of this-he was just that narcissistic. He did not even think he could ever owe anyone anything.

"Owe him what, hmm? Owe him a relationship?" Brendan retorted, clenching his jaw so hard the tip of his tongue pressed against his teeth. "You surprised me again, Deirdre. Your face looks like sh*t, and yet your seduction techniques just keep growing!"

The atmosphere in the room was so stiff that the doctor who came inside had to pause in his tracks in bewilderment. Nonetheless, he took his seat across the table and turned his attention to his patient. "What happened? This is serious! Any deeper and you could lose your hand, miss." He asked, frowning. "And what's with this debris?"

He began to pick each one up with a pair of tweezers. Deirdre's face turned as white as a sheet as the doctor worked. The doctor looked up at her with newfound respect when it was over. "You're awfully good at withstanding pain, miss. That was no simple agony you had to go through. Yet, you bore it in silence!"

She said nothing while Brendan let out a sneer that seemed to say, "What else could a b*tch with no self-respect be good at?"

He would have said that aloud if the doctor was not there.

"I notice you're bleeding from your hand too, Mr. Brighthall. Are you wounded as well? Let me treat you."

It was then Brendan noticed his own injury. Blood was oozing out of the rather deep gash and dripping from his fingertip, yet he had not felt any pain at all.

"Thanks."

After their injuries were treated, Brendan shoved Deirdre into his car and drove away.

The car stopped somewhere rambunctious. Brendan got out of the car and began to yank her out of her seat. It was then that she heard a chorus of excited people greeting them.

"Welcome to Night City!"

Chapter 105 You'll Regret This One Day

Night City?

Deirdre was aghast. As a local of this city, she knew exactly where this was. It was an entertainment establishment on the outside, but it was more of a sanctuary for the rich and powerful. Nothing was off-limits within Night City as long as nobody

died.

Her face turned pale. "Why did you bring me here, Brendan?" she cried as she struggled to wriggle herself free.

Brendan could not possibly let her go so easily. His fingernails burrowed into her wrist like shackles. He yanked her close to himself and whispered, "Too late, Deirdre. You almost cost Lena her life. That isn't something I'm gonna handwave away."

"But I didn't!"

Brendan shot her an icy glare. It had been three days, yet she still held onto her lie. He loosened his grip suddenly and said, "You wanna leave here, go ahead. I just wonder what's gonna happen to Sterling if you go."

Deirdre was stopped dead in the middle of her bid to run away. Her chest ached as though someone was tearing it open with their bare hands. Her eyes reddened as she cried, "You're cruel."

Brendan sneered. "Nowhere as adept in cruelty as you are, Deirdre. You would do anything to slander Lena, even hurting yourself."

Deirdre clenched her fists before looking up to meet his scornful smirk with despair. "One day, when you realize that Charlene is behind all of this... Will you regret all that you've done?"

Brendan felt as though his heart was being yanked from under its feet. "That day will never come because it isn't true! Charlene doesn't concoct schemes. As for me?"

He loomed close to Deirdre and fixed his eyes straight through her face. He enunciated every single word emphatically, "I don't have regrets. Ever!"

"Okay." She smiled. "You'll regret nothing."

Every second of that smile drove Brendan up the wall. He turned on his heels, avoiding it, and barked, "Come on!"

Deirdre lowered her head and followed him obediently inside. They entered one of the establishment's VIP rooms, where booming rave music came straight at them as soon as the door was opened. The music was later turned off, but much of its initial merriment remained. Deirdre could hear giggles and snickers from both men and women.

Someone rose to their feet. "Mr. Brighthall, welcome, welcome! I honestly thought you wouldn't come! Guys, give him his seat, please..."

It was then that he saw the woman tailing him.

She looked like a nightmare, especially when illuminated by the club's lighting. He froze for a moment before asking gingerly, "Er, who is this?"

Brendan gave a cruel smirk. "I've been feeling under the weather lately, so I brought someone to drink in my stead. Hope you don't mind."

"God, who would even mind that? We're stoked just to have you grace us with your presence!" the man replied. "Come on, here's your seat!"

The crowd was positively ingratiating in how they ushered Brendan to his seat. Deirdre was left by the door, rigid and awkward as a statue, without anyone sparing her even a glance.

This was the kind of place where only those who thrived on their ability to read the room and chose their allegiance could gather. Naturally, they noticed Brendan's contempt when looking at her and made their verdict.

One of the women dragged a stool from somewhere and placed it in front of Deirdre. "Sorry, man," she said while holding back her laughter. "There are too many of us here. You could sit here."

Deirdre crouched low and felt for her "seat". It was placed in a corner so crowded she could not even spread her legs as she sat on that uncomfortably low stool.

The crowd began to laugh. "Aww, Mr. Brighthall, you even brought us a party clown! You shouldn't have!"

Deirdre had grown used to mockery and scorn by this point, and yet she still found the simple act of raising her head a challenge. The force of humiliation itself seemed to be weighing on her neck.

Wine and women were fun and pleasing to any rich young man, but the crowd soon grew a little weary of it. One of them—a young man wearing an extravagant necklace around his neck—decided to have fun with the novelty item in the room. He prepared a bomb shot and placed it in front of Deirdre.

Chapter 106 Forced to Drink

“You’re here to drink in his place, right?” The young man started. “Time to do your job! Chug this!”

“Chug! Chug! Chug!” The crowd began to clamor excitedly.

Deirdre had always been alcohol-intolerant. Just the stench of beer triggered a gag reflex, and she pushed the pint away, to the young man’s displeasure. His smile stiffened. “Hey, what’s this supposed to mean? Are you trying to tell me that since you’re Mr. Brighthall’s b*tch, you wag your tail only for him? Boooooo! You’re no fun!” Brendan watched the exchange from his seat. He crossed his legs and fiddled with his ring, his frigid onyx-black eyes boring straight through Deirdre’s face. His lips were curved when he chided placidly. “Now, now. What did I tell you about your attitude when you were at my party? Have you forgotten already?”

He did not sound particularly angry, but that nonchalance was a front to the biting chill only Deirdre understood. He was warning her. “Defy me, and I’ll take it out on Sterling.”

“Um, I...” Deirdre forced herself not to tremble. The more fear she displayed, the more excited these people would become. “I’ll have it.”

She took the pint in her hand. Someone from the crowd shouted, “Chug it! Don’t drink it in sips like a wuss! Chug it in one go!”

Deirdre’s heart raced. The stinging stench of alcohol made her nauseous, but she thought of Sterling. If alcohol poisoning could save Sterling from being dragged back into hell, then so be it.

She gnashed her teeth and chugged the cocktail down her throat. It stung—it felt like swallowing a long knife into her innards.

The crowd cheered.

Deirdre wanted to puke it all back out, but the man kept telling her to “chug it in one go.” It was humiliating.

When it was finally over, the world was already spinning. She was drunk. So much so that her mind had turned blank.

Unfortunately, her pathetic stupor simply excited the crowd even more. “More! More! More!”

A woman in red stopped the man who started it. With a wink, she wondered aloud, “I don’t think she can take another one shot, guys. We might break her if we push for another one, and it’s no fun playing with someone who’s completely drunk, isn’t it?”

“So, what do you suggest?”

The woman in red scanned their surroundings. Her eyes fell onto the stage not far away, and she grinned. “You guys have gotten used to seeing hot babes strip- dancing, right? But have you seen a sick girl do it? I mean, this girl has alabaster skin, guys. I bet seeing her strip-dancing is gonna be a vibe you’ll never forget!”

“Oh my God! Sofia, you’re a genius!” The crowd went wild. They pointed at Deirdre and cried, “There’s the stage! Dance! Dance! Dance!”

Deirdre’s senses were so blurry that she could not hear them at all. It took someone pouring a bucket of iced water over her to wake her up, though it could very well be the effects of having ice cubes raining down on her head like hailstones. The water was so nipping she breathed hard. It was like being scalded by hot water and being left in a frozen lake simultaneously.

“Oy, wakey wakey! You can’t seriously think you can wriggle out of this one by pretending to be drunk, right? Strip dancing, b*tch! Up there, on the stage! Now! Don’t be a killjoy!”

Strip dance? What?!

Deirdre was aghast. She was shaking like a leaf-perhaps from the cold. These people saw her as a clown who existed for their amusement, and now they came up with something new to humiliate her?

“Come on, b*tch! You’re wasting precious time here!”

Someone among the crowd was beginning to feel impatient. They began to jostle her toward the stage.

Just as Deirdre felt despair consuming her, she heard Brendan speak. “Do you want to, Deidre?”

She shook her head like her life depended on it. Tears rolled down her icy-cold cheeks. There was a painful storm in her heart.

Brendan snickered. He was the pack leader, the one who ultimately called the shots.” You don’t have to dance if you don’t want to. All you have to do is to call anyone you like with my phone and have that person replace you.”

Deirdre felt a strike of lightning coursing through her brain. His intention was so transparent.

Who else could she call... other than Sterling?

Brendan was forcing her to make a choice. She could save whatever remained of her dignity, but Sterling would have to lose his on her behalf. She would have to doom him to save herself.

Brendan's sadism knew no bounds. How could he be so heartless?

Deirdre sobbed. She felt faint spells, yet her heart was ironically much calmer than before. "It's alright," she said, her eyes as empty as her tone. "I'll do it."

The room cheered. It was what everyone wanted. Amid the revelry, though, was Brendan's increasingly stormy expression. His eyes were cold.

"Do you understand what you've just said? You're going to strip yourself clean and dance in front of a crowd of strangers. If you call Sterling, the most I'll make him do is make him drink."

The most he would do?

Deirdre smiled between her tears. To hell would she even believe that!

She would never believe him ever again.

How could she? When he told her he would never play favorites and stand behind

Charlene without reason that night, he had said it like he meant it. When he made

Charlene apologize, she believed his proclamation. It even made her wonder... that maybe Brendan was not the one who had orchestrated her torment while she was incarcerated.

Maybe both of them had been played by Charlene. He was simply in the dark.

Now, though, she was wiser. That delusion of hope was shattered.

He said he would not play favorites, yet all it took to reverse his stance and see Deirdre as the sinner was Charlene overdosing on sleeping pills and the words of a random janitor. That was apparently enough "evidence" for him to bring her here so she could suffer and be humiliated by so many people.

almost feel pity for you, Brendan. You're so blind and dense. I think you deserve what's coming for you.'

"You don't have to say a word more. I'll do it."

She was a murderer whose face and eyes were ruined to the world. What else did she have? Why did she even need to preserve her dignity as a human being?

Brendan was apoplectic. Disbelief practically coursed through his veins before emanating from him like a murderous aura.

"Perfect! Just perfect!" He scoffed. "You chose this, Deirdre! You lost the right to even regret this now."

"Someone, lead her to the stage! She's blind as f*ck. She's gonna have to find her way up there if we leave her on her devices, and that will be wasting all our time, won't it?"

The crowd was beyond excited. Sofia was particularly ecstatic. She was eager to make as much impression on Brendan as she could, so she led Deirdre up the stage. The colors of the lighting changed the moment the music played. Everyone looked at the stage. Their eyes fixed on the ugly freak. "Strip! Strip! Strip!"

A few of them began recording just so they could share some entertainment with their friends.

Deirdre felt cold. Her expression was that of numbness. The cheers and shrieks of her audience faded into white noise. Her trembling hand fell onto her collar and

began to yank it open.

"Whoaaaaaaaaaaa!" the crowd screamed. Who would have known someone so skinny would look so good underneath?

Some of the more red-blooded men could not take it anymore. "More! Nowwwwww!"

Deirdre steeled herself and pulled her shirt down even harder.

She hardly felt the cold on her naked skin when a coat suddenly surrounded her.

A familiar stench filled her nose. Brendan's hands were clutching her shoulders like talons. "Wh*re! You don't even respect yourself!"

He was right. She did not. It was the same reason she had fallen in love with him or wanted to keep their child back then.

The crowd's excitement died down into a puzzled silence. They stared at the stage, their expressions frozen, and exchanged glances. What the hell just happened?

"Uh, Mr. Brighthall? What's up?"

Brendan gnashed his teeth and locked his arm around Deirdre's waist. He then turned around and smiled. "You have to excuse me, ladies and gentlemen. This woman's body is practically marred with scars-it's honestly disgusting to look at. It's gonna kill your mood, trust me. I have someone more interesting in my mind, so I was thinking of having him over as a form of even more superior entertainment later!"

Chapter 108 A Psychopath

"Oh, you're really thoughtful, Mr. Brighthall. This woman is indeed too skinny to look at. It's better to look for other fun than to disgust all of us here."

"You're right. Such a skinny woman won't look beautiful when dancing."

The group repeated in agreement. It was only Sofia who furtively clenched her fist.

'How did Mr. Brighthall know when he said this woman was too skinny to look at? Can it be that he has seen this woman naked? Didn't he feel disgusted?'

The alcohol kicked in, and Deirdre began feeling hot and cold. Brendan dragged her forcefully to sit on the sofa.

Deirdre was drunk and devoid of energy. She could only rely on Brendan for support. But when she sobered up, she would strive to hold herself up, unwilling to even

touch Brendan.

Brendan was infuriated when he became aware of it. He harshly grabbed Deirdre by her jaw as he barked, "Deirdre, are you a psychopath who doesn't even know how to be thankful? Why didn't you appreciate my kindness in saving your life at all?"

'Appreciate?' Deirdre felt it was such a ridiculous remark even though she was feeling dizzy.

Brendan was the main cause that Deirdre was finger pointed and was forced to that stage to do a striptease dance! Did she have to be grateful just because Brendan was not interested and dragged her off the stage?

Could a thief not be a thief if they were to return a small part of what they stole because of a momentary soft-heartedness?

It was just that Deirdre was so dizzy that she didn't have time to reply. She just felt nauseated and vomited on Brendan.

Screams were heard from the surroundings. Brendan was covered with the stench of puke, which turned his face pale.

The man beside Brendan was frightened. He knew how Brendan was notoriously squeamish with cleanliness. No one could handle it if Brendan was to fly into a rage.

"Mr. Brighthall, shall I get someone to tidy you up and change your clothes?" the man suggested.

Sofia instantly rose to her feet and offered, "Mr. Brighthall, let me help you."

Sofia looked at Deirdre, who was lying on the sofa, with disgust. "Such a disgusting woman. How could she puke on you? Let me help you to tidy yourself up."

Just as Sofia came toward Brendan, the latter shook her off even before she could touch him. "Get out of my way!"

Brendan would feel disgusted being touched by any woman, let alone a woman with a chaotic private life.

Brendan pushed Deirdre away. Frowning, he cleaned himself up with paper towels. When he was done, he held Deidre in his embrace again.

“I’ll take her inside to tidy up. You guys can just go on.”

Everyone around was stunned, looking at the unbelievable scene.

They knew how squeamish Brendan was with cleanliness. Brendan would rub his hand until it turned red whenever someone, especially a woman, touched it.

To their surprise, Brendan hugged Deirdre, covered with filth, in his arms. He even took the initiative to tidy her up regardless of the stench and the possibility of getting dirty again.

This was simply shocking!

It was explicable if Deirdre was a peerless beauty. However, Deirdre was a woman with an ugly, disfigured face. Such an ugly woman was usually detestable even by any passerby on the street.

Sofia’s eyes reddened. She had attempted to seduce Brendan numerous times but to no avail. Looking at how Brendan treated Deirdre, she couldn’t believe that she had lost to the ugly monster!

Even under such an embarrassing situation, someone kicked the embarrassment by saying, “Mr. Brighthall simply wants to clean up his mess, not because of the special relationship between the two. After all, no one wants to touch such an ugly and stinky woman, would you?”

“Moreover, all of you should have known the lady Mr. Brighthall is fond of. She is totally different from this ugly monster here. How can Brendan like this one here? So, please don’t misunderstand. Let’s continue enjoying our food and drinks!”

Chapter 109 You Are Such a Person

“That’s right. Mr. Brighthall just wanted to clean up the stench of that woman. Let’s continue drinking!”

Everyone agreed but smiled rather forcefully. It was difficult for them to believe what they had said themselves.

Brendan went to the room inside, kicked open the bathroom, and filled the bathtub with water. Following that, he tore Deirdre’s clothes and threw her into the bathtub.

“Ah!” Deirdre choked on water, struggled vigorously, and her hands weakly clung to the edge of the bathtub. Her eyes reddened as she lifted her head to look at Brendan.

Deirdre’s whole body flushed at the effects of alcohol. Brendan was allured as his Adam’s apple moved. He held her neck and kissed her hard.

“N-No-D-Don’t-”

Deirdre gasped for breath. She tried to push Brendan away, but she was so weak that it made her look as if she was pretending to be shy.

Brendan ruthlessly restrained her wrist with formidable power. With hostility, he reprimanded, "Don't? Weren't you trying harder than everyone else to be sexy? Weren't you going to do a striptease dance and really undress!?"

Deirdre felt so painful that she sobered up. Under the stimulation of cold water, Brendan's voice sounded even harsher.

"Brenda..." Deirdre took a deep breath and retorted, "W-Weren't you the one who asked me to do it?"

Deirdre didn't understand why Brendan would blame it on her.

"You had the choice."

"I had the choice?" Deirdre smirked. "Did you want me to get Sterling here?"

Deirdre knew she was inferior but was not to the point of being ungrateful!

Brendan held her chin tightly as he said lightly, "Huh? Were you afraid that Sterling would be wronged? In order to protect him, you are actually willing to sacrifice yourself by shamelessly undressing in public, aren't you?"

Deirdre was used to being humiliated by Brendan, so she merely looked up with her reddened eyes.

"This matter has nothing to do with him. Don't involve an innocent man."

'Innocent man? If it weren't because of Sterling, how would Deirdre have a change in her character?'

Indifferently, Brendan asked, "Since you know so well, why do you still provoke and disobey me again and again? I told you to be honest, but you didn't! Why?"

"Why should I be dishonest?" Deirdre closed her eyes tremblingly. She knew she couldn't wake a person pretending to sleep. "That night, you were the one who asked me and forced me to answer your question. That was the reason I told you, wasn't it?"

"Yes, but having me force you to answer my questions was part of your plot, right?" Brendan smirked. He was rather annoyed as he accused her. "You deliberately showed me your wound and involved Lena so that I would get angry at her in order to seek justice for you, weren't you? And now you're feeling you're receiving unfair treatment when you're such a vicious woman?"

Deirdre was startled by Brendan's accusation. Immediately after, a wry smile extended from the corner of her lip.

If she were to be calculative and plotting, how would she be treated like a clown by those people out there?

Brendan squinted as he continued. "Deirdre McKinnon, don't act as if you are aggrieved. What you need to do now is to admit the fact that you've done it. Don't you ever think that you aren't vicious, provided you aren't admitting it!"

Brendan seemed to be merciful as he said, "Apologize to Lena and swear that you'll behave yourself. Then, I'll consider forgetting your wrongdoings."

Deirdre's face turned as pale as a sheet. Charlene had injured her, and she had fallen victim to Charlene's plot. Yet, in the end, she had to take the blame and apologize to the perpetrator?

It was the greatest leg-pulling joke ever!

"Impossible." Deirdre's lips trembled as she persisted. "I won't admit to things I've never done before! Brendan, would you rather trust a janitor than trust me once?"

"That's because you're such a person yourself!" Brendan replied sternly and shook off Deirdre.

Deirdre fell into the bathtub and choked on some more water.

Chapter 110 I Don't Owe You Anything

Brendan said in an icy-cold and condescending tone, "It's because you can do such a thing. Anyway, I've made a concession. If you are still stubborn, don't blame me!"

Brendan went out and slammed the door behind him. Deirdre was freezing. However, her disappointed heart was far colder than the freezing cold water itself.

Deirdre's teeth chattered from the cold. She climbed out of the bathtub with difficulty, used her touch to locate a bath towel, and wrapped herself in it. When she opened the door, she felt an unfriendly gaze.

Sofia was sizing up Deirdre before she said dismissively, "Your figure is nothing more than that. I thought even if you looked ugly, you might have a good body shape. Now it seems that I'm wrong."

From the voice, Deirdre knew who the person was. However, she didn't want to argue with her because her hair was still wet, and her head was in pain. She simply asked, "Anything?"

Sofia threw the bag she had been carrying at Deirdre's feet. "These are the clothes Mr. Brighthall got me to buy for you so that you can put them on."

"Oh."

When Deirdre picked up the bag and was about to enter the bathroom to change, Sofia couldn't wait to step forward and asked, "What's your relationship with Mr. Brighthall?"

Deirdre didn't take it seriously as she asked in a reply, "What do you think?"

"What do I think?" Sofia gnashed her teeth and said decisively, "I think you're definitely not Mr. Brighthall's sexual partner. You don't look good enough for him!"

"Why would you ask me when you have denied the answer that you are concerned about?" Deirdre smirked and went toward the bathroom.

Sofia was infuriated. She strode forward and blocked the door of the bathroom. "How can you be so rude? You should just answer me when I ask you questions!"

The stabbing pain in her head propelled Deirdre to say coldly, "I don't owe you anything. Get out of my way."

"Ugly monster, what are you pretending to be? Do you really think you can get carried away with complacency when Mr. Brighthall treats you somewhat preferentially?" Sofia gritted her teeth as she said that.

Following that, she thoughtfully added, "By the way, do you know that Mr. Brighthall told those men out there that they can freely hook up with you, provided someone is willing to take you home?"

'What?' Deirdre's pupils constricted, her hands clasped on the door frame tightened, her face turned pale, and she felt that blood rushed into her head in rage.

Deirdre couldn't believe that Brendan would do that to her.

Did Brendan want to drive her to her death?

When Sofia saw Deirdre's pale face, her smile widened with satisfaction. "Don't worry. There isn't anyone who has agreed yet. Your look is too disgusting, so no one is willing to take you back and scare themselves. Therefore, it's best that you clearly know your identity. You're merely just a toy to Mr. Brighthall!"

Following that, Sofia left, leaving Deirdre alone. She bit her lip till it started bleeding while feeling nauseous and violently retching.

The party was about to end when Deirdre went out after putting on clothes. Surprisingly she was not troubled any more.

As soon as Brendan sent Deirdre back to the villa, he received a phone call from Charlene, who told him that she was fearful after having a nightmare.

When Brendan heard Charlene crying softly at the other end, he immediately rushed to the hospital. Meanwhile, when Deirdre heard the sound of the car starting and driving away, she lay on the sofa and spent the whole night in the cold.

The next morning, it was Sam who placed a blanket on Deirdre. "Ms. McKinnon, why are you sleeping here?"

Deirdre replied in a hoarse voice, "I was rather tired and too lazy to go up. As such, I just sleep here on the sofa."

"Oh I see. But please don't do it again because the weather is getting colder and colder. Moreover, you've just come back from the hospital, so be careful not to catch a cold again."