

Resent Reject Regret

Chapter 11 That's Not Her

He had one hand in his pocket, and his eyebrows were tightly furrowed. However, he said in a soft voice as he listened to the woman's complaints, "Your body is frail, and you're constantly experiencing dizzy spells that you still can't recover from after seeking treatment for a year. It's apparent that your body has yet to recover fully. Even though this place is tiny, the doctor who runs it is highly reputable. He will certainly be able to cure you."

"This tiny little clinic?" Charlene was filled with disbelief but she saw Brendan's displeased expression out of the corner of her eyes. She bit her lower lip to brace herself before assuming a different expression immediately and wrapping her arm around the man's strong shoulder. "I'm only worried that this is some swindler and you're going to waste your money and time on this. Do you know how guilty that makes me feel, especially when you're such a busy man?"

"I won't." Brendan's gaze landed on her arm, and he furrowed his eyebrows in an uneasy manner. "Your health is more important than anything else, and I won't let the opportunity to cure you slip, even if there's just a 1% success rate."

Charlene's cheeks blushed. "You're really good to me, Brendan."

The two of them entered the clinic and asked about the location of Sterling's office. Brendan was about to head to the location when he heard the sound of children clamoring all of a sudden.

"Ms. Deirdre, I want to get on the swing!"

Brendan could not hear it clearly because he was standing far away but he looked toward the backyard subconsciously and saw a figure. Brendan was stunned.

'Deirdre? That can't be right!' He denied the thought at once. 'She's not here. She already escaped to another country with the child a long time ago.'

'Besides, she is supposed to come and see me if she is back. Why would she be at this small clinic?'

"What's going on with you, Brendan?"

Brendan collected his thoughts, but Deirdre's name was deeply ingrained into his mind and he was having trouble stopping himself from thinking about it.

"I'm fine." A moment later, his tightly-clenched fist relaxed. "Let's head inside."

Sterling checked Charlene's vital signs before he scribbled a prescription for medication and told her to take some precautionary steps. Brendan was seated in an area not far away, fiddling with the Coral Bells potted plant placed at a corner.

The potted plant looked rather familiar to him. He remembered that when the woman had married him, she had not been fond of being outside. It was as if her biggest hobby was to spend all day pruning and fiddling with the Coral Bells in the living room.

She would chuckle and say, "Brendan, do you know what Coral Bells symbolize? They symbolize a bright future because they can bloom with the most beautiful colors on the coldest days. Do you think that our relationship will be the same?"

"The potted plant." Brendan tugged at his tie impatiently and spoke out of nowhere. "Is not a common plant. Why did you choose to plant it, Dr. Fuller?"

Sterling looked up. His expression was stern, but he appeared to be smiling when he looked at the Coral Bells. His eyes were swirling with emotion. "I don't know much about plants. She planted them."

"She?"

Brendan became agitated for no apparent reason but remembered the figure he had seen in the backyard earlier, so he asked almost instantaneously, "Who is she?"

Before Sterling could answer, the office door was opened and Deirdre walked through, saying, "Sterling, the rope swing in the backyard snapped and the children almost got hurt. Remember to get a sturdy rope to replace it after work."

Deirdre suddenly felt a scorching hot gaze on her when she finished her sentence. Her senses were sharp due to her impaired vision, and she felt uneasy.

"Is there a patient here?" she asked, looking in Brendan's direction cautiously.

Brendan's fists were tightly clenched, and he was furious beyond comparison. He could feel his blood pulsing in his veins the very moment he saw Deirdre's face.

Her face was covered in deep scars, and there was no way to see her facial features. She was beyond hideous, and her eyes were even worse. Not even a glint of radiance could be seen in her dead eyes, and it felt as if her pupils were covered with a layer of gauze.

Brendan was stunned so much that he could not move his body.

'Is that Deirdre?

'No... This can't be Deirdre!'

Deirdre was supposed to show up before him beautiful and filled with delight, holding a one-year-old child.

'How did she turn into this? It must be an illusion. It must be!'

Brendan refused to believe that.

He had protected Deirdre despite her wild ambitions and her constantly going against his wishes. He had always assigned someone to protect her in view of her willingness to act as a scapegoat.

'How did she end up disfigured and blind?'

Brendan's expression was ice-cold, and he exuded a cold demeanor as he left, slamming the door under the watchful eyes of everyone else.