

Resent Reject Regret

Chapter 111 How Did You Develop Such Great Ability?

Sam didn't fake his concern, although he could ignore Deirdre just like other bodyguards.

"Thanks." Sam's kindness touched Deirdre. She hesitated and decided to ask, "Sam, can you help me?"

"If it's not something that will place me in a difficult situation, I'm happy to oblige."

Deirdre hurriedly said, "No, it won't! I'd just like you to help me find out where Sterling is now, his current situation, and whether he's living a good life during your spare time."

Deirdre was assured that Brendan wouldn't give up easily. The fact that Brendan hadn't humiliated her continuously at the party led to her assumption that Brendan might have shifted his focus on Sterling. Hence, she wanted to know Sterling's condition.

However, before Sam could answer, the sound of clothes hangers falling to the ground came from the door.

Deirdre was stunned, and her chest tightened suddenly. She heard Brendan say while gnashing his teeth, "You really miss him."

It was as if Deirdre had crossed Brendan's bottom line. He was emitting a bone-piercing chill aura, creating a suffocating atmosphere that turned Deirdre's face white as a sheet.

Deirdre tried to explain, "No..."

"No?" Brendan approached Deirdre, gripped her chin, and forced her head up. Rage overtook him as he barked, "What do you mean by a no? Why would you want to know about his current situation if you weren't missing him? Don't tell me that you wanted to know when he would die!"

Deirdre shivered intensely. Brendan's anger spiked to the point that he gripped Deirdre so hard that he wanted to crush her.

Brendan hadn't slept all night. The moment he got back from the outside, a fresh swell of rage rose in him when he heard Deirdre talking only about Sterling without showing any concern about him not coming back all night.

"Mr. Brighthall." As Sam saw how Deirdre's forehead knitted in pain, his heart skipped a beat. Hence, he faked a smile, trying to explain. "Mr. Brighthall, you have misunderstood. Ms. Kinnon definitely didn't mean that. She's trying to show care to

her acquaintance-

Sam received a glare from Brendan before he could finish his explanation.

“Did I let you talk?”

Sam grimaced.

Deirdre was afraid to involve Sam, so she said while enduring the pain, “Just go out, Sam. This matter has nothing to do with you.”

As soon as Sam left, Brendan smirked. “So, you’ve started trying to protect anyone you meet? Is it because Sterling alone can’t satisfy your needs? That’s why you want to seduce even a bodyguard?”

Before Deirdre could reply, Brendan went on teasing. “The ability you have is not ordinary, indeed. Among all the bodyguards, Sam is the one I am most satisfied with. Not only does he have wisdom, but he also never minds other’s business. Yet, he’s broken the precepts a couple of times just because of you. I don’t even know how you develop such great ability.”

Deirdre gripped the sofa so tightly that her fingernails blanched. Brendan was bored, and an idea popped into his mind. “Go up and change your clothes. We’ll go out.”

“Where are we going?”

Deirdre became tense, and her heartbeat accelerated.

Brendan curled the corner of his lip into a mocking smile. “You don’t have to know. But no worries, you’ll definitely be thrilled at the place we are going.”

Deirdre didn’t have the right to refuse. She went upstairs to take a shower. Although she had changed into a new dress, it was still a monotonous long gray dress. Moreover, because she didn’t smile often, she looked lifeless.

Compared to the first time Brendan had met Deirdre at Sterling’s place, she looked a lot more awful now.

Brendan was irritated as he looked at Deirdre. Hence, he left. It was Sam who came in and said, “Ms. McKinnon, let me take you out.”

Deirdre was momentarily startled before she replied, “Sure.”

She couldn’t understand Brendan’s capricious character. She didn’t know what had infuriated Brendan again this time.

Chapter 112 Sterling is Here

Brendan started the engine when they got into the car, and they remained quiet throughout the journey.

When the car stopped, Brendan took Deirdre to the destination.

The floor manager greeted Brendan with a broad smile in the lobby. "Mr. Brighthall, welcome. We've prepared a table for you on the second floor. Let me take you there. By the way, the dishes will be served in minutes."

'Dishes? Are we here t-to have a meal?' Deirdre was astonished. But her instincts told her that it wasn't as simple as she was thinking.

However, when she sat on her seat fearfully, nothing happened.

Brendan asked indifferently, "What do you like to eat? I've simply ordered some dishes, but I don't know if they suit your taste."

Deirdre clenched her fists as she felt inexplicably uneasy. "Anything is good."

"Really?" Brendan smirked. "You've said it yourself. Don't you blame Lena again when you have something you dislike later."

Deirdre felt tense. She couldn't help but ask, "Why are we here?"

"This is a restaurant. Do you know why I brought you here?"

Deirdre was wondering whether Brendan wanted to make up for that matter.

Deirdre's mind went blank as she tensely waited for the answer. When there were noises coming from the outside, Brendan suddenly said, "Come over. Come near me and kiss me."

Such an answer was out of Deirdre's expectations. She lifted her head with disbelief.

Brendan expressed dissatisfaction. "Are you unwilling? Or do you feel disappointed that I only took you out for a meal? You wanted to chat and dance with those rich guys yesterday, right?"

Deirdre's face turned pale in an instant. She put her arms on the table and moved her face closer to Brendan to feel his breath and locate his lips.

Brendan snorted mockingly. He kept a distance from Deirdre and watched her try her best to get near him indifferently, even though she was trembling.

Brendan held Deirdre's waist and teased her, "How long do you want to remain irresolute? Just so unwilling?"

Deirdre took a deep breath. "I-I just can't locate your lips."

Brendan shifted his focus to Deirdre's neck and the unbuttoned uppermost button. He then said casually, "Since you are the one who does this, you should know how to use your advantage to get others to take the bait. Unbutton the rest below."

"Here?" Deirdre asked in a trembling voice because she was afraid that people might come in anytime.

"You can choose not to unbutton yourself, but..." Brendan smirked coldly and didn't say anything further. Deirdre understood what Brendan meant. She closed her eyes and unbuttoned herself.

Brendan seemed to be rewarding Deirdre by going near her and having his lips collide with hers. It was at this moment that the door flung open.

Before Deirdre could react, Brendan held her head back and forcefully deepened the kiss.

Deirdre heard the sound of plates falling to the ground near the door. Sterling's furious voice followed it. "Brendan Brighthall! You b*stard!"

Deirdre's eyes widened with disbelief. Even though she couldn't see anything, she saw endless darkness and her desperation.

She couldn't believe that Sterling was here in this restaurant!

Before Deirdre could react, Sterling rushed toward Brendan and punched him. He then took off his jacket and put on Deirdre.

Deirdre was shivering. She finally knew the reason Brendan wanted her to unbutton herself and kiss him. Brendan wanted Sterling to see how she did whatever she could to curry favor with him like a sl*t.

"Sterling Fuller, what are you doing!? Do you know that he's our VIP? What the hell are you doing? Do you still want to work here and get your salary!"

Chapter 113 Can't Just Endure the Punch for Nothing

The restaurant manager was astounded. It was his first time seeing a measly waiter hitting Brendan. If Brendan was angered, let alone Sterling, even he would be fired from his job!

"Apologize to Mr. Brighthall immediately!"

"It's fine." Brendan wiped away the blood on his mouth and chuckled. "How can I have the audacity to make the Fullers' young heir with a renowned reputation apologize to me?"

"What?" The restaurant manager's expression changed drastically. "You are that illegitimate heir of the Fullers, huh? Why didn't you tell me about that earlier? If I were to know that you're him, I wouldn't even have let you work in our restaurant even if you asked for no pay!"

He said to Brendan in haste, "Mr. Brighthall, I was clueless about that! The boy claimed he would be fine with the wage of a little over 100 dollars with accommodation and meals provided. I was under the assumption that he was a pauper. How would I have the courage to defy your order if I were to know about his real identity? Bring the boy here!"

Deirdre was utterly disappointed. So, it turned out that Sterling was already reduced to this extent. Brendan had already given the strict order of not giving Sterling a job in Neve, and

Sterling would put up with the monthly wage of a little over 100 dollars with accommodation and meals included.

Her eyes welled up with tears. It was all her fault. She was the jinx...

Brendan clenched his fists tightly and sneered after seeing Deirdre's lower lip redden from her bite. "I understand that the restaurant didn't hire him on purpose, of course. However, I can't just endure the punch for nothing, right?"

The restaurant manager said, "Sterling! Apologize at once!"

"That would be impossible!" Sterling's eyes widened in anger and turned bloodshot. "I would rather die than apologize to an evil b*stard like you!"

He checked on Deirdre and felt his heart wrenching in pain. His voice turned hoarse when he said, "What the heck is wrong with you, Brendan! It has only been a short time, right? How... How did Deirdre lose so much weight..."

Brendan's gaze turned colder as he observed Deirdre and Sterling's loving exchange.

Meanwhile, someone suddenly walked into the room from the outside. The person

was stunned for a moment after seeing the mess on the floor and Brendan and Sterling standing opposite each other in confrontation.

"What happened here? I've only arrived a little late, and there's trouble in the restaurant?"

Deirdre felt difficulty breathing when she heard the voice. It was one of the people in Night City from yesterday, and the person held a rather high authority in Night City.

"You're here at last, Mr. Dean." The restaurant manager looked at Andre Dean like a savior. Andre was the good friend of the restaurant's owner, so he would most certainly be able to resolve this dangerous situation.

He explained the situation. Andre cracked a spurious smile and assumed the behavior of a good cop. "It's a great day today, Mr. Brighthall. Let's not ruin your mood because of the illegitimate heir. How about we get Sterling to clean up the floor and let bygones be bygones?"

'Clean up the floor?'

Deirdre recalled how she was forced to scoop up the shattered glass with her bleeding hands in the hospital at once. At the thought of how the meals were hot and salty, she could not help panicking. "Don't!"

She blurted but regretted it immediately. It was because she could immediately feel, Brendan casting his killing gaze at once.

"Don't?" Andre immediately repeated and heaved a sigh. "It would be fine for him not to do it. We'll get the police involved then. It should not be a serious matter. He will only be jailed for ten days to two weeks for assault."

The saying was ten days to two weeks, but Deirdre had no doubt that Brendan could make Sterling stay in jail longer than that in view of Brendan's capability.

If Sterling were to get a permanent criminal record, he would not be able to practice medicine as he did before, even if he were to move to another city.

Chapter 114 Can't Get a Permanent Criminal Record

Deirdre's entire body was shaking. She felt as if the sky was collapsing on her and that the coldness of the world was endless.

"Don't..." She inhaled a deep breath shakily, and her eyes reddened with tears in an attempt to calm herself as she pleaded with Brendan. "I'm begging you, Brendan. Don't get the police involved. I'll agree to any condition..."

"Don't beg him! Deirdre!" Sterling felt his heart wrench in pain. He rubbed Deirdre's hair gently without any concern for Brendan's cold stare and said in a determined tone, "I'll just be placed in a detention facility for a few days. It's nothing serious, and I don't care anyway."

He looked toward Brendan once again, his eyes filled with coldness. "Our society is governed by law. Could it be that he's going to get me killed in the detention facility?"

Brendan's gaze shifted away from Sterling's hand that was touching Deirdre's hand. He felt so agitated in his heart that he wanted to hit someone. While he was suppressing his anger, he lit a cigarette and cracked an enraged smile. "I can see that you still don't understand what's going to happen to you, Sterling. Don't even think about becoming a doctor no matter where you are if you get a permanent criminal record."

Sterling's eyes shook. "So what? I'll be fine with not being a doctor. Could it be that I won't be able to live anymore after losing the job?"

"Sterling..." Brendan sneered, yet Deirdre's eyes were reddened with tears. She knew that being a doctor was Sterling's life pursuit. It was his life and dream.

How could he possibly not care about that?

"No! Don't! Sterling can't get a permanent criminal record!" she cried profusely and shook her head frantically.

Brendan furrowed his eyebrows tightly and was completely indifferent.

Andre said, "If word of Sterling hitting someone without resolving the matter were to spread, Mr. Brighthall would be seen as easily bullied. We're only asking you to clean up the floor. Are you so noble that you can't lower yourself, Sterling?"

"You may call the police," Sterling said in contempt. He was about to grab Deirdre's hand and leave with her.

Brendan swept away the glass on the table and said, "Clean it up, Deirdre."

He gave the order by saying, "You don't want Sterling to be detained in a detention facility, right? Since Sterling won't yield, you'll take his place. Don't get your hands all bloody like last time because you can't see."

Upon saying that, he looked at Sterling with a mocking gaze.

Deirdre got up in haste upon hearing that.

Sterling pulled her back. "Have you lost your mind, Deirdre!? I don't need you to do this for me!"

"I will do it!" Deirdre inhaled a deep breath and held back her tears with a determined expression. "Sterling, you've already gotten in enough trouble because of me. I won't be able to hold my head up for the rest of my life if you get a permanent criminal record because of this incident."

"What are you talking about? It was me who wanted to hit him, so how is that your fault?"

Deirdre shook her head frantically. She did not have the courage to cry but

understood more than anybody else that Sterling's act of punching Brendan was well within Brendan's plan. It was her who caused Brendan to vent his anger at Sterling once again.

"It doesn't matter."

She hastily got down on her knees to pick up the mess, yet her eyes could not see, and her hands were moving toward the glass shards. Sterling could not bear to watch it anymore and stretched out his hands to stop Deirdre.

"That's enough, Deirdre! I don't need you to pick up my mess... Even if I have to pick up my mess, I'll do it myself!"

Andre clapped. "You're doing the right thing. You must handle your own matters as a manly man. If you don't, Ms. McKinnon will have to do it for you. Why would you do that to her?"

Sterling's face turned pale. Deirdre was about to speak when Brendan suddenly stood up and pulled her into his arms forcefully. The intense anger filled his chest, and he said in a raging voice, "It's time to put an end to the disgusting interaction between the both of you."

Soon afterward, he shoved her away as if he was disgusted.

Sterling clenched his teeth, got down on his knees, and picked up the shards with his hands.

Andre exchanged a few looks with Brendan and walked toward Sterling, who was cleaning up step by step. Just as Sterling was picking up a glass shard, he raised his leg and stamped on Sterling's hand.

Chapter 115 She Has Admitted to it

Cold beads of sweat streamed down Sterling's face, and he groaned in agony from the pain of the glass shard stabbing into his palm.

Andre said 'Oops' and chuckled while he pulled back his leg. "I'm sorry, I was a little careless earlier. I haven't gotten you injured, right?"

The restaurant manager was having a hard time regulating his breathing at the sight of a glass shard stabbing into Sterling's palm. It was painful, yet he immediately stopped himself from speaking at the thought of Sterling almost getting him in trouble.

There was only confusion in Deirdre's eyes. She asked frantically, "What happened?"

"Nothing." Andre stared at Sterling and enunciated his words clearly as he said, "Mr. Fuller was injured a little from his carelessness during the cleanup earlier."

'Injured?'

Deirdre's mind went blank. 'Sterling is a doctor. He can't afford to get his hands injured.'

She hastily asked, "How do you feel, Sterling? I'll do it!"

"Yes, don't push yourself, Sterling." Brendan flicked the cigarette between his fingers and sniggered. "No one can stand the pain of a glass shard stabbing into the palm. If you really can't bear it anymore, let Deirdre do it. She will endure the hardship for you."

'What?'

Deirdre was shocked. 'Glass shard stabbing into the palm?!'

Blood drained from her face, and she felt dizzy. She gnashed her teeth in preparation to run to Sterling, but Brendan blocked her between the table and the sofa. He spoke in a cruel tone with his hand grabbing her hair. "Sterling has yet to agree to swap with you. Behave yourself."

'Swap with me? Sterling will never agree to that!'

Brendan did it so she would accept the punishment helplessly. She would live in torment and agony if Sterling declined the offer. If Sterling were to agree to the offer, she would be sent to the dungeon for being ungrateful!

Any outcome would be a delight to Brendan.

Sterling refused to accept the offer, just as expected.

Brendan took a puff of the cigarette and exhaled on her face. "What a touching love story. You're really good, Deirdre. He would rather destroy his hands than swap with you willingly."

Deirdre loathed herself for being blind at this very moment because she could not see the severity of Sterling's injury.

She sobbed, roared deeply, and clutched his arm tightly. "Brendan, you promised that you wouldn't get him involved! You liar!"

Brendan found her tears an eyesore and looked at her in disgust. "You still have the nerve to bring that up, huh? I told you to exercise self-control and behave yourself in the past. Have you fulfilled your part, then? Since you violated the agreement on your side, why would I keep my promise then? You b*tch!"

Deirdre covered her mouth because she was deeply hurt by those words. 'If you're out to condemn someone, you can always trump up a crime.'

Brendan clutched her chin. He felt a knot in the pit of his stomach, yet he cracked a smile. "Are you in pain? You should feel the pain because Charlene was in a hundred times more pain than you when she took the sleeping pills and had to get a gastric lavage! It's a thousand times more painful!"

Just as expected... He did it for Charlene. Brendan was so cruel because of her. He ruined her yesterday and was out to destroy Sterling's hand today so his life pursuit would be forsaken.

She cried and was having an emotional breakdown bit by bit. She was about to lose her sense of pain.

She kept her head lowered, her reddened eyes all blank. She knew what Brendan wanted from her.

"Let Sterling off... I was wrong. I admit that it was me who vilified Charlene. I was malicious, and I plotted a scheme to frame Charlene. I will take my punishment willingly."

Brendan was stunned, and his heart was racing. He could not feel the pain when he crushed the cigarette butt in his palm.

'Has she... admitted to it?

'That's unbelievable. I treated her that way yesterday, but she stubbornly refused to admit it. It felt like the most humiliating thing that has ever happened to her in her life, but now, she actually...'

Chapter 116 Will You Let Him Off

'All this just because of Sterling? She has a complete emotional breakdown just because he is punished lightly? She declared something that she has denied all this time.'

Brendan's chest was burning with anger, and he had no idea why.

He wanted Deirdre to admit to it and was aiming for this particular goal, yet he was furious at the very moment she finally relented.

He clutched her weak, thin wrist with his grip so strong that he could crush her bones. "Deirdre, you have finally admitted to it!"

"Yes."

She had no choice but to admit it. Her innocence was nothing compared to Sterling. Moreover, Brendan had never believed that she was innocent.

"I knew it. You're despicable and unscrupulous, just as expected." He was infuriated, and his grip over Deirdre was so strong that her little face turned pale. "Why did I trust you and feel sorry for you in the past? Deirdre, you should be the one to take the sleeping pills! You should be the one to die!"

Deirdre was about to suffocate to death. "Yes, it should be me..."

She endured the pain and held back her tears. She enunciated her words clearly when she said, "Hence, I will apologize to Charlene and beg for her forgiveness. I will also swear an oath, just as long as you let Sterling off..."

Her hands would be fine, but he would not be able to perform surgeries if his hands were damaged.

The hands were a doctor's most important tool.

Brendan pushed away Deirdre ferociously, and she was caught off guard that she fell to the sofa, hitting her head.

Sterling's thin lips were ghastly pale, and he had his head lowered to clean up the floor. He ran up to her upon witnessing the scene. "What are you doing, Brendan!? How could you do this? It's Deirdre's misfortune for being acquainted with you!"

Had Andre not stopped Sterling with his quick, agile movements, Sterling would have already hit Brendan.

Brendan wiped his hands with a tissue after touching Deirdre's hands. He looked at Sterling with icy-cold eyes and a sneer on his lips. "Misfortune? You're wrong.

Deirdre enjoyed being treated by me in this manner. She is inherently despicable and comes to me obediently like a dog when I call out to her. You may ask her if you don't believe me."

He spoke in contempt.

Sterling's eyes were bloodshot with anger.

Deirdre was gasping for air but still struggled to speak. "Yes. I chose to stay with Brendan willingly. Sterling, I'm grateful that you came to my help, but you will only put me in more trouble when you behave this way."

"Deirdre... Why are you being like this? What does he know that gives him a hold over you?"

Deirdre got up from the sofa with great difficulty. She did not answer the question but said with a lowered gaze, "Sterling, listen to me and leave Neve for the sake that we're friends."

Sterling was incredulous. "Deirdre... Are you getting rid of me?"

Deirdre turned her face away. Brendan narrowed his eyes because he understood Deirdre's intention.

He would not be able to do anything to Sterling if the latter were to move to another city. She would spare no effort in saving Sterling.

'That's really naive!'

"Sterling, don't you understand the words?" Brendan had a mocking expression. "She wants to get rid of you. If that's the case, you should leave soon so you won't be an eyesore."

Sterling refused to do that, naturally. However, he could not fight against Andre and the few bodyguards posted outside. He was pulled outside by force.

Deirdre was gasping for air when the door was closed, holding her chest. She could feel the constant heartburn from the acid reflux. Even though she did not eat much, she could not refrain from hurling.

'This is disgusting. Everything is too disgusting.'

When the hurling was over, she suppressed the bitterness she tasted on her tongue and said with reddened eyes, "You're going to let him off, right? Don't let him be sent to the detention facility. I'll apologize to Charlene."

Chapter 117 You're So Unwilling to Part With Her

Brendan gnashed his teeth. 'This is all she's concerned about at this point.'

"You should have acted differently if you knew it would come to this!"

Deirdre laughed and felt her head spinning. 'You're right. I should have acted differently if I knew it would come to this...'

In the end, Brendan drove and abandoned her at the villa. He said coldly, "Charlene is still in the hospital. I'll bring her to the villa when she has recovered. Remember to speak, and don't pretend to be mute by then!"

Brendan drove away before Deirdre could answer. He found Madam Brighthall in the room when he arrived at the hospital. Her expression was slightly unpleasant when she saw Brendan.

“You’re here just at the right time, Brendan. Follow me outside. I have something to talk to you about.”

Madam Brighthall got up, shut the door, and made her way to the side with Brendan. She said eagerly, “Have you lost your mind, Brendan? That woman has already resulted in Charlene’s admittance to the hospital twice. Charlene almost lost the use of her legs previously, and she almost caused Charlene’s death this time! You still won’t get rid of the woman after all these?”

“Mother.” Brendan furrowed his eyebrows. His flawless, handsome face was filled with gloominess. “This is a complicated matter. You shouldn’t intrude.”

“Complicated?” Madam Brighthall sneered. “I would like to know how complicated it is. Could it be that this is not that woman’s fault? Charlene is in her current condition after she showed up!”

“Yes.” Brendan exhaled, looked up, and said in a righteous tone, “However, I’m equally responsible too.”

Madam Brighthall was shaking. “Here you go again! You are still obsessed and are constantly backing that woman. When it comes to assuming responsibility, do you remember that you promised Charlene that you would treat her well for the rest of your life? What’s with that woman that makes you so unwilling to part with her!?”

The words ‘unwilling to part with her’ affected Brendan. He furrowed his eyebrows and said, “It’s not that I’m unwilling to part with her!”

“If that is not the case, make her leave then! Don’t let her show up, within our sight anymore!”

Brendan clenched his fists tightly until his knuckles turned white. “I have to give her the punishment she deserves first, anyhow.”

As soon as he made the remark, Madam Brighthall was momentarily stunned.

Brendan said, “How can she get an end so easily? The act of making Deirdre leave is an easy out for her. I’m going to handle this matter properly to ensure that Charlene won’t be treated unjustly again. Don’t worry. You should head home earlier to rest.” He gave the order to the bodyguards to send Madam Brighthall off. He turned around and found Charlene already standing at the door of her room. Her face was ghastly pale, and she forced a quick smile. “I heard what you told Mother earlier. I hope you don’t misunderstand this. I didn’t tell her that my injury was due to Ms. McKinnon. She found out about it herself, and I don’t have any intention for her to get rid of Ms. McKinnon either...”

She had her head lowered, aggrieved. Brendan suppressed the agitation he felt in his chest and patted her back. Charlene took the opportunity to lie on his chest.

"Brendan, isn't it good to let Ms. McKinnon leave? I'm so scared that you'll be deceived by her once again. I was lucky to be found by you and saved. How about next time?"

"I won't." Brendan pursed his lips tightly, his dark eyes cold. "I will never believe a single thing that comes out of her mouth from now on. When you get better, come back to my villa to recuperate. I'll get Deirdre to take care of you and compensate for her mistake."

'Compensate?'

Charlene's expression turned unpleasant, and she clenched her fists so tightly that her nails dug into her palms where Brendan could not see.

'Brendan still doesn't want to get rid of Deirdre even after almost causing my death? What the heck is he thinking!?'

Charlene attempted to calm herself with all her might from the anger.

'It's fine. If I can vilify Deirdre once, I can vilify her once more just the same.'

Chapter 118 Uproot

'Deirdre will not be able to outshine me when I move into the villa.'

A tinge of cruelty flashed past her beautiful eyes. Soon afterward, she nodded with a gentle expression. "I don't have any request except for Ms. McKinnon not to hurt me anymore."

In the next three days, Brendan did not visit the villa anymore. Deirdre sat in the spacious living room by herself just as she did two years ago.

The only change was her state of mind. She went from being a white jasmine waiting for the rising sun to a wilted rose emitting rot and stench inside out.

"Ms. McKinnon." Sam had been guarding the door all this time and had been watching as Deirdre sat on the sofa in a daze from sunrise to sunset. He felt rather sorry for her and could not refrain from striking up a conversation with her. "The flowers in the yard have bloomed and smell great. Would you like to head outside for a stroll? Perhaps you can get a whiff of the floral scent while you're at it?"

Deirdre remained in the same position for a long time before she suddenly moved. "The flowers have bloomed?"

"Hmm. There are many of them, and they look like a massive sea of flowers from afar. The scent is not too overpowering either."

"Really?" Deirdre lowered her head and chuckled.

She planted those flowers.

"Take me there, please."

Sam was stunned for a moment upon seeing the smile on the woman's face. He only recovered from the surprise after a long while and felt his face burning slightly. He led Deirdre by supporting her arm.

The floral scent in the yard was not overpowering and stirred up emotions in her. Deirdre touched the flowers and realized that the flowers were not that different from how she remembered them. She said, "Sam, please bring me a spade."

"Sure." Even though Sam had no idea what was the purpose of the spade, it was Deirdre's first time uttering a word in three days. He hastily grabbed a spade from the garage.

"Here, Ms. McKinnon." He passed the spade and asked, "You want the spade..."

Before he could finish his sentence, he watched as Deirdre felt for a flower's root and lifted the whole flower together with its soil.

The flowers fell over and stunned Sam. He came to respond to the situation by saying, "What are you doing, Ms. McKinnon?"

Deirdre wiped away the sweat on her face and thought about how weak she was. She did not utter a word, but she uprooted another flower. A small area of the beautiful flower bush fell over within a short period.

"I planted these in the past." She caught her breath after she stopped before she said, "However, this place doesn't deserve them anymore. Sam, you can plant them in your house garden if you like. If you don't, just bury them elsewhere so they won't be trapped on this ground for the rest of their lives without anyone to appreciate their beauty, just like their master."

She was very calm. She was so calm that she saddened Sam.

He took the spade and cracked a smile. "Why didn't you tell me that earlier, Ms. McKinnon? I was under the assumption that you were bored from staying in the house and had too much energy to use. There are too many flower bushes here, and you can't see them. You can leave this task to me. Don't worry, I'll dig them up until the soil is clean without leaving any stalks behind."

Deirdre was stunned. Soon afterward, she cracked a smile and said sincerely, "Thank you."

She packed up the flowers by tying them with agile movements so Sam could take them. Sam returned at night and placed a box on the coffee table.

"What is that?"

Before Sam could speak, the sound of a puppy's whine could be heard coming from the inside.

Deirdre's empty eyes glistened with a glint. Sam pulled out the puppy and sniggered in an embarrassed manner. "You gave me those flowers, so I thought I should also return your gift. This is the puppy born by my neighbor's old dog. It has just opened its eyes, so I believe that you will enjoy holding it."

She liked it. She liked it, of course. However, the glint in her eyes turned into dread soon afterward.

"Please send it back."

Chapter 119 I Won't Let You Off

Sam could not help feeling disappointed. "Don't you like it, Ms. McKinnon?"

"No..." Deirdre rubbed the puppy's head, and it moved closer to her affectionately to lick her fingers. "I can't see, so it will be very difficult for me to take care of it. Moreover... I'm living in someone's house now, so how can I keep a pet without Brendan's permission?"

"So it turns out that you're concerned about this, Ms. McKinnon." Sam could not help chuckling. "Don't worry. I'll take care of the puppy's day-to-day needs. As for Mr. Brighthall, I'll inform him once he has cooled down. It's just a pet. He won't mind it."

"Don't..."

"Don't reject me anymore, Ms. McKinnon. In truth, I can't send back the puppy anymore because the neighbor's dog died after giving birth to it. The neighbor tore himself away from the puppy in fear that he would miss the old dog. However, I'm not at home most of the time. If you don't want it, I really don't know what to do with it anymore, Ms. McKinnon."

Deirdre was touched. She could hear the puppy's whining and how it was suckling on her fingertip so sentimentally as if it was looking for its mother.

"You don't have a family, huh?" She hugged the puppy in her arms. It was tiny and curled up in her arms comfortably without any shyness.

'It is just like me now. I have a mother, but it's so difficult to see her.'

"Alright then..." Deirdre loved the puppy so much that she could not bear to part with it. She assumed a gentle expression for the first time. "I'll take it."

Sam was slightly stunned by Deirdre's current expression. He nodded after a long while and said, "I'll get some pet milk powder for the puppy then."

"Hmm."

Sam left to buy it in a rush. Deirdre cautiously placed a blanket in the box and placed the puppy in the box.

"You don't have a name yet, right?" She muttered to herself, "You shall be named... Bliss. I hope that you can be in perfect happiness."

It was a simple name, but it was something so extravagant for her.

The sound of a car's engine was heard coming from the courtyard. Deirdre shut the box and made her way to the door under the assumption that Sam was back. She

said to the sound of footsteps, "Did you get everything?"

"Get everything what?"

Deirdre's smile vanished abruptly. The man's cold, impatient tone sent a chill down her spine until her joy of receiving Bliss vanished completely.

Brendan stretched out his hand and clutched half of her face, his expression icy cold. "Speak. Have you lost your voice?"

Deirdre could not refrain from shaking and said with great difficulty, "Sam went out to get some stuff."

"What is he getting?"

Deirdre clasped her hands tight behind her and lowered her eyes. "Tampons."

Brendan furrowed his eyebrows and removed his jacket. "Aren't you supposed to get it on the 20th? Why are you getting your period on the 15th?"

"Lifestyle factors."

Brendan ignored her and poured himself a glass of water. He took a sip and said in a cold voice, "Charlene will be discharged from the hospital tomorrow."

Deirdre pursed her soft lips. No wonder he came today out of nowhere. He came to warn her.

"I'll move Charlene into the villa for a few days by then. Remember what you promised me. I will never let you or Sterling off the hook if anything bad happens during her stay."

Deirdre's face turned ghastly pale, and she lowered her head. "Noted."

Brendan was infuriated by the sight of her fearful, tortured mannerisms. He had no idea why he would come here when he had tons of work left in the company.

All of a sudden, the box moved, and he shifted his gaze. "What?"

Deirdre took two steps forward in haste and protected the box, "No... Nothing..."

Chapter 120 Something Is Missing

Brendan's eyes were narrowed, and he wore a very dangerous expression. 'She is already starting to keep her own secret after leaving her in the villa for just a few days.'

“Deirdre, I’m going to count to three. Don’t evoke my anger.”

She bit her lower lip tightly.

“Three, two…”

“It’s Bliss.”

“Bliss?”

Deirdre had only come to realize that she had called out the puppy’s name. She opened up the box, completely terrified, and revealed the furry, whiny puppy head inside. The puppy moved toward Deirdre to sniff at her.

“This is it.”

Brendan backed away in disgust. He was allergic to dogs. “Why did you bring this here? Get rid of it immediately.”

Deirdre bit her lower lip and did not attempt to refute. Instead, she wrapped her arms around the box to protect it.

Brendan sneered. “What are you doing, Deirdre? Do you regard this as your home? You’re just a dog to me, yet you’re still trying to keep a pet?”

The remark was so harsh that Deirdre’s eyes reddened with tears as she attempted to explain, “It’s a young puppy, and its mother is dead. It is still very young and going to die without someone caring for it… I’m just going to keep it until it’s a little older, then I’ll send it away. Is that alright?”

Brendan was not planning on letting Deirdre keep the dog, but his expression changed drastically when he heard Deirdre mention that its mother was dead. He could not bring himself to voice his disapproval all of a sudden.

The puppy opened its eyes and rubbed itself against Deirdre’s arm. It reminded him of Deirdre. ‘Isn’t the puppy the same as her? Both Deirdre and the puppy have nothing and live pitiful lives.

‘It’s only that Deirdre is not smart enough. If she were to depend on me and behave herself like the puppy, she wouldn’t have ended up where she is now.’

He did not comment further.

Sam showed up coincidentally and saw Brendan’s car parked in the courtyard. He felt rather embarrassed with the items he was carrying in his arms.

“Mr. Brighthall.”

Brendan nodded and headed upstairs by himself. No one had expected the outcome of this situation.

His behavior signified his acceptance of the puppy. Deirdre teared up in joy and sniffed as she fed milk to the puppy with Sam's company. She waited until the puppy dozed off after being fed full of milk before she headed upstairs.

She headed to the bedroom and felt the overbearing presence in the surroundings.

Brendan furrowed his eyebrows lethargically and removed his tie. "Take a shower and clean yourself properly before you come out. Don't blame me for taking it upon myself to wash you if I smell even a tinge of dog stench on you."

It was very obvious what would happen next. Deirdre bit her lower lip tightly and thought, 'Isn't it enough for you that you have Charlene?'

Unfortunately, she could not bring herself to say it.

It was because Brendan would be infuriated for sure, and she wanted to prevent Bliss from being abandoned.

In the end, she got into the bathroom and took a shower. She was tossed into the bed for an amorous congress when she got out of the shower. In the midst of the act, Brendan asked, "Are you having your period?"

Deirdre shut her eyes as he mocked her crude lie.

When it ended, Deirdre's head was spinning, but she still reached for the pill in the drawer.

Brendan watched as she consumed the pill and wrapped his arm around her. He was well aware of how the malicious woman was skilled in putting on an act but felt comfortable for reasons that he could not explain when he smelled the faint scent of her body.

Before they slept, he whispered into her ear, "Deirdre, my patience has always been very limited. This is the last chance you get. If you still don't behave yourself, be warned that you won't be able to bear the consequences."

Upon saying that, he fell asleep and breathed evenly.

Deirdre had her eyes opened, her heart filled with boundless coldness.

Brendan was awakened instinctively while Deirdre was still asleep in his arms. She was tiny and was sleeping soundly without twitching.

Before heading downstairs, he covered her with a blanket and put on his suit. He walked past the yard and halted to a stop abruptly. He saw the barren ground on the right side that looked as if something was missing.