

## Resent Reject Regret

### Chapter 141 Too Late to Be Scared Now

Deirdre returned to her room in the mansion and sat on the edge of her bed in a dissociative trance.

Minutes crawled, possibly hours. She had no idea how long it took until she finally felt sleep catching up to her. She lay down.

Then, suddenly, her door swung open from a kick. Brendan lurched like a mad beast and pinned her wrists. against the floor. The air chilled, but Deirdre could almost feel frost coming from the man's eyes furiously scanning her face.

"Didn't even lose a sleep over the sh\*t you do, did you?" Brendan bellowed, his rage-powered might crushing her shoulders.

"That f\*cking injury on Lena's neck! Nothing could make it go away, and everyone saw it, McKinnon! They were talking about it behind her back and among themselves during her own party all because of the stupid sh\*t you did! She wouldn't even come home after the party! That's how humiliated you made her feel, you black-hearted b\*tch! Do you even know how to f\*cking stop!?"

Pain flared like wildfire across her shoulders, and Deirdre's face went white from the ordeal. Brendan sounded so furious it was as if he was going to hurl her from the balcony right there and then.

What a joke. Deirdre had retreated into a state of inactivity ages ago, but Charlene was the one who did not know how to stop. She could not even spare a literal dog.

"Why don't you ask her to stop? See if she agrees to it?" Deirdre shot back. "Honestly, how could a docile blind woman like me suddenly choke her if she didn't provoke me in the first place?"

"How dare you!?" Brendan's eyes were red with fury. He yanked her by the collar, pressed her against the wall, and gnashed his teeth. "Victim-blaming again, aren't we? The only reason Lena didn't hit you back. was that she was too kind for it. She can't even bring herself to hurt a fly, let alone another human. But that doesn't mean you can take advantage of her kindness!"

"Kindness?" Deirdre echoed with downcast eyes. She remembered the wails and whimpers Bliss made. and how Charlene had gleefully recorded it just so Deirdre could hear it in posterity. Kindness! Goddamned kindness!

"Oh, Brendan... Your judgment of people... is abysmal."

"You are f\*cking right," he snarled and shoved her to the floor. He glared at her from above. "So abysmal that I kept deluding myself into giving a sociopath like you more

chances than you ever deserve! You are a vile, low, and wretched \*sshole. You will never know how to behave yourself without good f\*cking

lessons!”

He grabbed Deirdre’s wrist and began to trawl her out of the room, heading to the stairs. “Get up!”

Deirdre staggered through the floor, her bare feet registering the cold hard tiles underneath her. She shivered.

Then, the entrance door opened. Nipping gales howled as they barged into the living room, and Deirdre grew alarmed. “W-What are you doing, Brendan?!”

Watching her retreat to her backfoot, Brendan flashed her a cruel smirk. “A bit too late to be afraid, McKinnon!”

He trawled her out of the house and into the backyard, where a crowded storehouse stood. It was an oft- ignored building that had not seen any maintenance for years.

Brendan swung her inside. She fell, her hands bruised from pressing against the ground. The pain hardly

dissipated when she heard a guttural growl nearby. It was a hunting hound.

“Chain it inside,” he commanded.

Deirdre’s face turned pale. The hound’s breath had an odious stench. It was clearly in a highly volatile state-perhaps even rabid. And Brendan... He was planning to shut Deirdre in with this mad hound inside. a crowded old shack!

“What’s the matter? I thought you were a dog lover! You loved your stupid mutt so much you would hurt a human over it, so I thought I should reward you with another dog! Why are you scared now?” he jeered.

“Let me give you a piece of advice, Deirdre. You should probably make yourself at home at the corner for as long as you can. This dog isn’t exactly sane, and it’s not gonna get better once its tamer leaves. You might get bitten if you aren’t careful... And you should be because it won’t be the first time this dog killed a human.”

What!?

Deirdre’s eyes reddened. This dog... had killed people before? Was it why he decided to lock her up with it? Because if she died... he could just handwave it and say, “Aww, tough luck!”

Deirdre was shaking. Even in the darkness of her lost eyesight, she could feel the dog watching her from its corner, waiting and eager to strike.

Chapter 142 It’s The End of Everything

At that moment, Deirdre's mind went blank. She reflexively rushed toward a corner and tightly stuck against the wall.

She heard Brendan's disdainful smirk. "McKinnon, I didn't know you were afraid of death. I thought you weren't afraid of anything, and that was why you'd dare to injure Lena."

The chill storehouse was far warmer than the chill in Deirdre's heart. She stared into space with reddened eyes and said in a quavering voice, "Brendan, would you regret it if you were to realize one day that Charlene is the Devil behind everything that had happened? That she killed Bliss and has arranged all these?"

Brendan was subconsciously startled 'Lena killed Bliss. She was the culprit behind all these."

For an unknown reason, he felt a quick moment of sharp heartache when he thought of the possibility. It was instantly transformed into a detesting frown, and he glared at Deidre

"McKinnon! Even after all these, you still can't stop yourself from slandering Lena, can you!?" Brendan's last bit of mercy dissipated. He said through gritted teeth, "Just because I wanted to trust you, I've put Lena in peril. Now I won't repeat the same mistake twice!"

His black eyes were icy cold as he jeered, "It's probably better that you conserve your energy and pull through the night. I'll come over tomorrow morning. By that time, I may consider freeing you, but it's your responsibility not to be bitten by the hound!"

Following that, Deirdre heard the footsteps receding. It was Brendan who led the rest away.

Meanwhile, that hound which was chained at the door, let out a guttural growl as a warning sign, poised

to strike.

At that instant, Deirdre was filled with fear. It was made worse by the bad weather. The stormy downpour increased the humidity in the shabby storehouse, and its cold water leaked through the damaged roof, seeped through the wall, and fell on Deirdre. Misfortunes never came alone, indeed.

Deirdre felt cold and hot, triggered by tense emotions. She then felt a spell of dizziness until the sound of thunder awakened her. Immediately following that, she heard the restless howling of the hunting hound.

The hound was in shock and lunged toward Deirdre. At that split second, Deirdre could feel that she was a palm distance from the hound.

Even that oft-neglected storehouse trembled at the tension of the chain tied on the hound.

"Ahh!" Deirdre screamed in fear.

The hound was a foot away. It bellowed continuously while trying to get closer to Deirdre, exerting a pulling force that shook the storehouse. The fear made her tense. Biting her lips, she couldn't help her tears from dropping one after another.

She collapsed at the torture. She didn't dare to relax even for a bit as she was filled with fear. If Brendan intended to punish her this way, he had made it.

The bellowing sound of the hound was so loud that it was heard clearly even in the mansion. The few bodyguards and the hound trainer were on tenterhooks.

"Mr. Brighthall... shail we stop it? Even if that dog doesn't bite, Miss McKinnon will collapse if it goes on."

Brendan flashed the questioner an ominous and indifferent glare. "So? Do you want to accompany her

there?"

His reply silenced everyone in an instant.

Brendan went up the stairs. Halfway, he turned and demanded, "Look at her and tell me if she's dead."

The hound trainer turned pale. He just found it difficult to understand the eccentric personality of Mr. Brighthall, the director of the Brighthall Group. Mr. Brighthall looked as if he wanted that woman dead, but he repeatedly emphasized that he didn't want a dog that bit.

The heavy downpour of the night and the shabby, under-repair storehouse had soaked the area Deirdre occupied in an instant. Deirdre began feeling hot and cold flashes while shivering in the chill.

The moment her mind went blank and fell, she thought, 'It's the end of everything.'

#### Chapter 143 It'd Be Too Late

Deirdre McKinnon eventually was about to end her miserable life in the most embarrassing and ridiculous way possible

She fell and was just reachable by the hound She sensed that the savage hound was opening its mouth from the odious stench before she passed out

In her fever, Deirdre seemed to be in a dream She dreamt of a puppy wagging its tail, eagerly

approaching her. It should be Bliss because it kept licking at her face Meanwhile, her body temperature dropped

Finally, the rain stopped.

Brendan was standing on a balcony The smoke of a cigarette he stubbed out remained, lingering underneath him. Raising his head, he looked into the hazy sky it was another hour before sunrise

Downstairs.

«.

Sam, wearing a coat, strode into the mansion through the gate while brushing the rainwater off himself he saw his colleagues on the sofa. He was startled for a moment and felt somewhat worried. What has

kept you all here today?

Sam didn't receive any direct reply and only a bodyguard curled his lips into an awkward laugh Reflexively, Sam took a look at the door into Deirdre a room on the second floor His heart missed a beat when he saw that the door was open and asked Mrs. Sery. Where is Misa McCann?

A bodyguard pointed at the backyard and whispered. "Talk softer Mr. Brighthall is still furious because of this matter. I've no idea how Miss McCannon offended Mr. Brighthall. She's been trawled into the storehouse located in the backyard and is locked together with a hound I think she's having a

breakdown"

mum

Locked in the storehouse in the backyard Sam's mind went blank He knew how heavy the downpour was when he rushed here after waking up. Even though he had turned the car's wipers to the speed, he couldn't see the road clearly at all. What's more, the thin metal roofing covering the storehouse was completely ineffective in blocking the rain

Under such cold weather, Sam rushed out without thinking.

The bodyguard was startled before he recollected himself and tried to stop Sam. He growled softly. "Are you nuts!? Don't tell me you're going to take that woman back here? Don't you know Mr. Brighthall's temper? Do you dare to disobey him when he said no? Have you gone nuts?"

"Don't touch me!" Sam freed himself and strode toward the backyard.

Upstairs...

When Brendan saw a figure rushing toward the storehouse, his black eyes squinted.

As soon as Sam reached the storehouse, he could feel a chill and saw the unconscious Deirdre on the ground while a black hunting hound lay beside Deirdre, continuously licking her face.

Meanwhile, Deirdre's face had turned black and blue.

Sam instantly rushed toward Deirdre. Fortunately, she was still alive even though her breath was faint. If it weren't because of the hound, the consequence might be disastrous.

"Miss McKinnon! Miss McKinnon!" Sam reached out. As soon as his finger touched the exposed surface of Deirdre's finger, he felt it was icy cold. He gnashed his teeth as he took off his coat to cover her before

he held her in his embrace.

As soon as Sam got out of the storehouse, he met the icy-cold glare of Brendan, who had just come over.

Brendan was especially furious when he saw Sam's hands on Deirdre. "Sam, do you think you can do as you wish when I promote you after dismissing Steven temporarily? Tell me, who's agreed to let you touch Deirdre?"

Sam's face turned pale as he apologized. "I'm sorry, Mr. Brighthall. However, it'd be too late if I didn't come over. Miss McKinnon is..."

He choked. Deirdre's body was so icy-cold that he couldn't imagine what she had experienced yesterday.

Brendan's black pupils constricted. Without hesitation, he strode toward Sam and took over Deirdre. The moment he held her in his arms, he froze. He seemed to be hugging ice because she was too cold as a human being.

"What's going on?" His voice was stained with an inexplicable panic. Omitting the dirtiness of Deirdre, he tightened his arms further.

Chapter 144 Deirdre is My Woman

Was the person he hugged Deirdre McKinnon? Was the person the stubborn Deirdre who wouldn't stop provoking him?

Why did it seem like he was hugging a cold, lifeless corpse?

Brendan couldn't even sense her breath. This made him worried. Before he could recollect himself, he had strode into the house and rushed upstairs.

Everyone in the living room was shocked, looking at Brendan rushing in. His eyes reddened while carrying Deirdre, who was in a life-threatening phase. They were surprised to see the panic on Brendan's face, which didn't appear even when the Brighthall Group was placed in a menacing state

Brendan turned on the hot water tap of the bathtub and put her in "Deirdre! Deirdre!"

He gnashed his teeth and commanded, "Wake up! Do you hear me!?"

Why would it turn out like this when he merely wanted to punish her by locking her in the storehouse? Brendan couldn't figure it out and never knew the punishment would eventually fall on him.

Brendan was afraid. He was afraid that Deirdre would stop breathing, even just for a split second. Hence, he couldn't stop worrying.

When Deirdre's body got warmer, he instantly called the doctor. After he had done all he could, his shirt was soaked in sweat.

All his subordinates were standing quietly in the living room. When they saw Brendan stepping down the stairs, tired, the atmosphere grew oppressive. None of them would even dare to breathe loudly.

"All of you, go back."

Brendan's command sounded like long-awaited freedom. Everyone except Sam left immediately. Sam remained standing at the door, his heart aching so much that he hardly breathed.

Traveling all over the world, even though he used to experience the critical moment of almost losing his life in the hail of bullets, he had never been as scared and restless as he was today.

Sam clenched his fists and fell silent for a moment. Without hesitation, he asked, "Mr. Brighthall, can I wait a little longer? I'll leave immediately after the doctor declares that Miss McKinnon is saved."

Brendan was unhappy at Sam's request. Sam had crossed the line outrageously.

His black eyes narrowed, his gaze became indifferent, and the aura he exerted forced Sam's face to turn pale.

"Sam, don't you think that I don't know who brought the puppy to Deirdre. Although I don't care about it, it doesn't mean that I don't know. It's just like you now," said Brendan in a condescending manner. Indifferently, he added. "Deirdre is my woman. Now and forever."

Sam's face went white. "Mr. Brighthall...Y-You've misunderstood..."

Brendan sneered, but he slowly tightened his fists behind him. "I hope that I've misunderstood. Now, get

out!"

Sam eventually went out without saying a word. Meanwhile, Brendan leaned on the chair with his hands as support. He looked unexpectedly grave, and his eyes turned stormy.

He knew better than anyone else that Deirdre's face had been disfigured. He didn't care about that disgusting face of hers. However, he had never thought that someone would not care either.

All of Sam's ex-girlfriends were charming and alluring. Yet, such a man would have a crush on Deirdre.

"Deirdre, I've really underestimated you."



Brendan gnashed his teeth. First was Sterling, and now Sam. Yet, it was the result of disfigurement. If Deirdre wasn't disfigured and maintained her natural beauty, she would be more attractive, wouldn't she?

After the doctor checked on Deirdre, he fed her some medicine. Following that, he checked on her a few times before relaxing his tightly knitted eyebrows. "She's temporarily safe. But she has to be taken care of because of the severe cold."

Watching Brendan staring at the woman lying on the bed without uttering a single word, the doctor couldn't help but say, "What kind of hatred is it that she's been forced into this state? Even if it was a punishment, reprimanding her would be more than enough. If she hadn't been so lucky and her body temperature hadn't completely cooled down, she'd have already..."

#### Chapter 145 Don't be Self Righteous

Before the doctor could finish his sentence, he realized who he was speaking to and immediately shut his mouth. However, he had not thought that Brendan didn't even frown. He merely locked his gaze on the woman lying on the bed.

The doctor was stunned. When Brendan recollected himself, he asked, "When will she wake up?"

"I'm not sure, probably the latest on the second night."

"Okay."

After seeing the doctor off, Brendan returned to the room. While looking at the pale face of Deirdre and the beads of sweat dripping from her forehead, he sat at the edge of the bed, feeling complicated.

After a day, Brendan had remained like this.

Deirdre finally woke up from the nightmare. She opened her eyes, short of breath. The moment she sat up, she laughed at herself.

Was 'luck' the only advantage she had now? She actually survived under that condition.....

She touched her cold face, just to realize through her sixth sense that someone else was in the room.

"Sam, is that you?" Deirdre asked in a hoarse voice.

The man who had been blown by the cool wind for a night at the balcony flashed Deirdre a chilled look when he heard the name. He strode in and jeered, "You only think about Sam right after waking up. Since when did you have such a good relationship with him?"

Deirdre's face suddenly turned pale, and her eyes filled with fear. Her response made Brendan unhappy and restless.

Why would he feel so unhappy when she was the one who had gotten her punishment?



“Say something! Are you dumb?”

Deirdre’s lips quivered while she closed and reopened her eyes to suppress the fear within her. Following that, she slowly said, “There’s nothing special between us. I-I just never expected that you’d be here in the room.”

It should be by chance, shouldn’t it?

Brendan would go to work as usual and ignore her even if she were dead, wouldn’t he? The reason he showed up in the room was probably that he happened to be there to check out whether she was still alive.

“There’re lots of things that you never expect of.” Brendan shot back while his black eyes kept checking on Deirdre’s current state. When he saw Deirdre was recovering fairly well, he felt slightly relieved.

Brendan had not slept for a night just because he was afraid something might happen to Deirdre. It was until she got up that he felt relaxed, and endless fatigue immediately assaulted him.

Brendan frowned and tore off his tie with a hand. Just as he took off his coat, he went up the bed, wrapped his arms around Deirdre’s waist, and brought her into his embrace.

Deirdre’s body was visibly tense, and her curves became stiff. She hurriedly said, “B-Brendan, I-I can’t...”

“What you can’t?” When Brendan saw her face distorted in fear, he was even more annoyed. He clasped the back of Deirdre’s head and pressed her against his chest. Following that, he snorted. “Don’t be so righteous of yourself. You aren’t attractive enough for me to hit on you, particularly on a woman who’s

just woken up from illness.”

‘So, he didn’t want to...’

Deirdre heaved a sigh of relief. But it was immediately followed by the feelings of being lost and restless. She wondered what he actually wanted to do.

Deirdre closed her eyes while her eyelashes trembled uncontrollably. She doubted what Brendan’s intention was. After all, Brendan had cruelly locked her up together with a ferocious hound in the storehouse, leading to her mental breakdown, and then hugged her in his embrace now.

Brendan squinted as he watched all the emotions Deirdre expressed on her face without difficulty. She had been doing so since the beginning. The only difference was that she was filled with joy and carefulness, but now these feelings were replaced by anxiety and fear.

Everything from the past had been shattered.

Brendan closed his eyes, feeling depressed, as if a huge stone was pressing against his chest. He let go of Deirdre, got off the bed, took his coat, and slammed the door behind him, leaving Deirdre in a trance.

## Chapter 146 Sam Had Left

Deirdre waited for quite some time to ensure that there wasn't any movement outside before she tried to get off the bed.

She was so thirsty that she simply pulled out a coat from the wardrobe, put it on, and went downstairs. After satisfying her thirst, she heard footsteps approaching. When she was assured that the sound didn't belong to Brendan, she asked, "Sam, is that you?"

The man outside scratched his head in embarrassment and chuckled. "Miss McKinnon, you're mistaken. I'm not Sam but Sawyer."

"Sawyer?"

The man quickly introduced himself. "Sam and I are the bodyguards of Mr. Brighthall. We used to meet in the past, but I think you can recall who I am now."

Following that, he felt rather guilty because he used to mock Deirdre a lot because she was both ugly and blind. However, the incident yesterday night made him somewhat realize the status of Deirdre to Brendan. Hence, it was best for him if Deirdre could not recall.

In fact, Deirdre couldn't recall it. After all, many had treated her badly. It was just that she frowned when she heard Sawyer talking about Sam.

"Where's Sam? Why is he not here? He should be the one who comes here, shouldn't he? Has anything happened to him?"

Sawyer replied, "No, he's fine. It's just that when Sam learned that you were locked up in the storehouse in the backyard, he disobeyed Mr. Brighthall's order and took you out. I think this is why Mr. Brighthall's assigned him to another place. From now onward, I'll be the one to take care of you, miss."

Following that, Sawyer couldn't stop blurting out, "But Sam is really miserable. He's been assigned to the casino, which is chaotic and tiring. For the sake of saving you, I think he'll be very busy from now on..."

Deirdre's face turned pale.

She had assumed she was lucky. It turned out that it was Sam who had disobeyed Brendan's order and taken her out. As a result, Sam was punished by Brendan, who sent him to a place where it was hard and tiring.

Her heart trembled. Brendan was indeed very domineering and authoritarian. Whoever disobeyed his order would not end well. Perhaps, what he had wanted was for her to die in the storehouse.

Thinking of that, Deirdre felt the wind outside was colder than usual. It was cruelly blowing in, blowing over her skin.

She bit her lip as she asked, "Can I call Sam?"

"Err..." Sawyer was put in a quandary. "I'm sorry, Miss McKinnon. Mr. Brighthall has demanded that we must not let you contact anyone alone."

"A-Alright, I got it." Deirdre closed her eyes and put down the teacup in her hand. "Where is Brendan?"

"Mr. Brighthall is in the house. I think he should be resting in his bedroom."

When Deirdre heard the reply, she took the familiar route and walked cautiously to the stairs. Following that, she went up along the stairs and got to the door to Brendan's room.

She didn't dare to knock on the door because she knew how angry Brendan would be if someone woke him up. Hence, she merely sat outside the door while glazing over.

She had no idea how long it took. She felt cold, and her limbs were numb until the door was finally opened.

Brendan was wearing a suit. The moment he saw Deirdre, he stopped, and his eyes narrowed. "What are you doing here?" he asked.

Deirdre grabbed the railing to pull herself up. Her face was pale, and her chapped lips trembled. She licked them before she said, "Did you send Sam to the casino?"

Brendan frowned. He had not thought that Deirdre would wait for him at the door for the sake of Sam. His face instantly turned gloomy, and he said coldly, "What do you mean by I sent Sam to the casino? He is originally from the casino, so I didn't send him back just because of you."

"Why would you send him back suddenly?" Deirdre grabbed the railing tightly while trying to stop her eyes from turning red. She took a deep breath and raised her head. "Is it because of me?"

Chapter 147 Have You Fallen in Love With Him

Brendan furrowed his eyebrows. "Stop flattering yourself, Deirdre."

"Am I wrong though? He defied your order when he saved me from the storeroom, so you were pissed off and punished him in that manner, right?" Deirdre thought about how anyone who helped her would end up in a tragic state and smiled bitterly.

"In your perception, I deserve to die, right?"

"Deirdre!" Brendan said in a stern voice, his dark eyes tainted with coldness. "Your survival is none of my business, nor is Sam being sent to the casino. He's only sent back to where he's supposed to be!"

Deirdre's eyes reddened with tears. "Let him come back. I shall acknowledge my mistake to you, Brendan."

She was most afraid of someone else suffering hardships because of her.

If you feel it's infuriating that I was saved, I will go to the storeroom, and you can keep me there for ten days to two weeks!"

Brendan took a step forward and clutched Deirdre's lower jaw so hard that she took a step back from the pain. She pushed herself against the banister as she looked at Brendan's dark, raging eyes.

The main reason Brendan had sent Sam away was no more than Sam having feelings for Deirdre. Brendan would not allow himself to keep a man with feelings for Deirdre near her.

Yet, he did not expect Deirdre to approach him and plead for Sam helplessly. In fact, she would even return to the storeroom, which almost killed her.

"When have you grown so close to him? You don't even mind getting yourself killed just because of him! Do you know what being kept in the storeroom for ten days to two weeks means for you? You won't even be able to survive a day there in your current state!"

Deirdre was shaking in pain and answered in a hoarse voice, "I understand."

"If you understand, why do you still..." All of a sudden, Brendan's voice halted to a stop, leaving only coldness emanating from his eyes. His eyes were locked on Deirdre's face without looking away for a moment. "You're risking your life so much. Could it be that you've fallen in love with Sam?"

Brendan felt as if his heart was wrenched ferociously as soon as he made the remark. Other than him, Deirdre was incredulous too.

"Love?"

She was caught in a daze. "It takes too much to love someone. I can no longer love again, and I don't dare to love anymore..."

The more Brendan thought about it, the more furious he was "Deirdre, you put your feelings for Sterling entirely out of your mind just because he's not in this city anymore. You've shifted your attention to loving another person Why is your love so cheap!?"

Just like how she was in love with him, yet she turned into a different person who loathed him so much in just two years

"I don't" Deirdre breathed heavily, her fists clenched tightly, and she muttered to herself, "Brendan, I just don't want to owe it to anybody."

"Don't want to owe it to anybody? The excuse was simply ludicrous in Brendan's perception."

"How do you still find the nerve to say that you don't want to owe it to anybody? You owe Charlene so much that it's immeasurable!"

Upon saying that, the phone in Brendan's pocket rang. After taking the call, he heard Charlene's servant say, "Please come over quickly, Mr. Brightbhall Miss McKinney shut herself in the room and refused to come out since yesterday evening. It's past noon now, and she hasn't even consumed a drop of water. If this were to continue..."

Brendan grew anxious. He hung up the call and was about to head downstairs when Deirdre grabbed Brendan's arm. "Brendan, please let Sam come back. I'm begging you. I'll do anything that you want me to do!"

'She is constantly begging for Sam to come back. After Sterling's departure, now there's Sam that she would die just to be with him.'

Brendan felt infuriated for no apparent reason. He flung Deirdre's hands and said, "Who do you think you are to beg me? With everything you did, it's already considered merciful for me not to let you die a thousand times!"

Chapter 148 In the Room All by Themselves.

Deirdre's eyes were bloodshot, and she bit her lower lip tightly. "I didn't..."

"Charlene shuts herself in the room and refuses to eat now because of you, and you're still stubbornly denying it?" Brendan was laughing from anger, his eyes bursting with coldness. "I thought you were begging for Sam to come back? Sure, if you can make Charlene forgive you, I'll let bygones be bygones!"

'Make Charlene forgive me?'

Deirdre felt her heart wrench in pain violently. He wanted her to beg the woman who killed Bliss for forgiveness? More importantly, Charlene would never let her off easily after seizing the opportunity with great effort.

Brendan sneered. "How is it? Do you still want your Sam back?"

He used the words 'your Sam' to mock her.

Deirdre swallowed the bitterness in her throat, but her heavily damaged heart was still hurting. She could not care anymore. Would she still be afraid of being tormented when she had almost lost her life?

"Sure, I'll seek Charlene's forgiveness if you can keep your word."

Brendan's dark eyes burst with coldness as he walked downstairs with strides. Right before he left, he said to Sawyer at the door, "Send her to Charlene's villa at five in the evening. You're not allowed to take her home if Charlene doesn't forgive her."

It was Sawyer's first time seeing Brendan lose his temper in that way. Brendan had always been a reserved person. Even if he was angry, he would keep quiet, and that made Sawyer find Deirdre event more astonishing.

He wondered who Deirdre was to Brendan, as not even Charlene could affect Brendan in this manner. He ordered Sawyer to send Deirdre at five, but it was only ten minutes apart from his departure time. Sawyer helped Deirdre get into the car and took a seat in the driver's seat. He could not refrain from saying, "What was Mr. Brighthall thinking when he insisted on me sending you over, Miss McKinnon? Wasn't he heading there as well? Wouldn't it be more convenient for you to tag along with him?"

Deirdre was caught in a daze, yet she heard Sawyer's remark absentmindedly. She chuckled in a self-mocking manner. "It is because he refuses to sit with me in the car, not even for just a short ten-minute car ride, of course."

The car's engine was started. Sawyer was not Sam, so he was not very good at choosing his words. Soon, he could not stand the boredom and began to strike up a conversation by saying, "Miss McKinnon, I heard most of the conversation between Mr. Brighthall and you on the second floor earlier. You were bad at pleasing him because you constantly talked back to him. It would be unusual for Mr. Brighthall not to be pissed off. You're Mr. Brighthall's woman anyhow, so you should behave yourself appropriately, and that's not going to be bad for you, right?"

'Behave myself?

Deirdre lowered her gaze and batted her eyelashes. 'Am I not behaving myself enough yet? I'm a competent zombie who suppresses all negative emotions and never speaks out of turn. Yet, will anyone let me off after doing all that?

'Brendan refuses to let me off, and Charlene is even more unwilling.'

She pressed her face against the icy cold window and said calmly, "I'm not Mr. Brighthall's woman. It's

Charlene."

She had to set Sawyer's remark straight. Otherwise, Brendan would think that she was brainwashing the bodyguard to indulge in wishful thinking.

Sawyer said in astonishment, "You're not? What is your relationship with Mr. Brighthall, then?"

Deirdre did not manage to answer before the car was stopped. She asked, "Have we arrived?"

"Yes, we're here. Mr. Brighthall's car is parked in the yard, so I believe that he has already headed into the house."

Deirdre opened the door and got out of the car, and Sawyer led Deirdre to the door. As soon as the doorbell was rung, a servant came, and her gaze changed ever so slightly at the sight of Deirdre.

"Who are you?"

Sawyer took it upon himself to say, "This is Miss McKinnon, and she wishes to meet Miss McKinney." The servant said shyly, "I'm sorry. Miss McKinney and Mr. Brighthall are in the room by themselves. Moreover, Miss McKinney especially gave orders for us servants not to disturb them."

## Chapter 149 Wait Here

Deirdre was stunned for a moment. She could obviously tell from the servant's tone what it meant by Brendan and Charlene being in the room by themselves.

Deirdre felt unusually disgusted by the thought of Brendan raping her when he was already sleeping with Charlene. She suppressed the acid reflux in her stomach with great effort and said, "When will Brendan leave the room?"

The servant smiled and said, "I'm not too sure about that. Perhaps Mr. Brighthall will be down in an hour

or two."

Sawyer felt slightly uneasy because the servant's remark was too strange. He immediately said, "Please let Miss McKinnon and I enter the house first. Miss McKinnon caught a cold yesterday, and her body is weak, so she can't stand waiting in the cold wind. We'll wait in the living room."

The servant's gaze changed for a moment before she forced a smile. "I'm sorry, but I don't have the right to invite a visitor into the living room without Miss McKinney's order. If it's fine with you, please just wait at the door. It's possible that Mr. Brighthall will be down in a short while."

"How can you not have the right to do this? We're talking about Miss McKinnon here!"

The servant answered, "I'm sorry."

Sawyer still wanted to say something, but Deirdre stretched out her arm to stop him. She had already figured it out. It would be meaningless for them to make a fuss and infuriate Charlene because the result would be even worse if she was infuriated.

"It's fine. I'll wait here."

Sawyer spoke in a gruff tone without realizing that he was making things difficult for the servant. He said, "What do you mean by you're fine to wait here? Miss McKinnon, you've only just regained consciousness, and you've yet to recover fully. Just go to the car and wait there. You can go into the house after Mr. Brighthall is down."

Deirdre cracked a smile. She knew that she did not have a choice, so she asked the servant, "Will I be able to see Miss McKinney if I wait here for Mr. Brighthall to come downstairs?"

The servant said, "Wait here, and I'll notify them."

"Sure." Deirdre inhaled a deep breath and stood straight by the door.



It was fortunate that it was dusk and the sun was about to set. It was not too hot, but a piercing cold gust of wind came with the night and blew into Deirdre's body through her pants.

She had just recovered from a serious illness, so her face began to turn ghastly pale after standing in the cold for five minutes.

Sawyer could not refrain from saying, "Why don't we give Mr. Brighthall a call, Miss McKinnon?"

Deirdre shook her head. "If I were to call him, would he pick up the call?"

In the bedroom on the second floor....

Charlene stood by the window, watching the woman standing straight by the door. Her beautiful eyes glistened with contempt. Brendan got out of the bathroom holding a towel, his shirt drenched in water. Charlene had splashed water on his body when she drank some water earlier.

Charlene drew half the curtain to hide Deirdre's body. She approached Brendan with guilt and said apologetically, "Are you alright, Brendan? I didn't mean to do that on purpose. I haven't eaten for such a

long time, so I don't have any strength in my hands. I didn't expect that I'd spill water on you."

"It's fine." Brendan was unbothered. "I'll just dry myself with a hair dryer."

"Remove your jacket then. I'll help you."

Brendan removed his jacket while Charlene brought over her hair dryer. She could not refrain from staring at Brendan's strong, muscular body. The thin shirt could not conceal his toned, powerful body. It's truly at waste that such a fine body only belongs to Deirdre alone."

At the thought of this, she put down everything in her hands and ran her long, slim arms around his waist when the man was still fixated on fixing his watch. She pushed half her body close to his and said gently,"

Brendan."

The man's body stiffened involuntarily, and he could not budge anymore. Charlene said, "I was thinking about this constantly last night. Is Miss McKinnon hurting me so fearlessly because she is emboldened by her sexual relationship with you?"

Chapter 150 Do Nothing While I Watch Deirdre Sleep With You

"She is your wife and has no fear of being harmed in any way... What is so different about her and me? Is it only because she is your first woman?"

Brendan furrowed his eyebrows ever so slightly, yet he could not answer her question.

He knew that everything felt very natural when he was with Deirdre while he resisted Charlene's physical interaction with him.

Perhaps it was because he still could not accept having intimate interaction with Charlene as a married

man.

"Don't overthink this." In the end, Brendan gave this answer while attempting to move her hand away.

Charlene's eyes were reddened with tears, and she hugged him tightly to stop him from moving. "I can't stop myself from overthinking. Brendan, why can't you accept me if you can accept Deirdre? We have been together for such a long time, yet we have never engaged in lovers' intimacy. Could it be that you want me to do nothing while I watch Deirdre sleep with you?"

She wept profusely. Brendan's body was stiff as he watched Charlene circling over to his front and biting her lower lip tightly. "Brendan, I'm not asking for much today. Even if we have to take it step by step slowly, just let me kiss you, alright?"

She sobbed while she finished her sentence. Charlene's eyes glistened with a tinge of overwhelming emotions. She had never made peace with the fact that she lost to a hideous wench like Deirdre.

'Brendan resists me because he is obsessed with Deirdre and has never had anyone better than Deirdre.

'He will surely know how bad Deirdre is after touching me. Moreover, he won't be able to keep his hands off me once he has gotten a taste of me.'

Brendan suppressed his dark gaze as he was having an intense struggle deep within himself. He could not bring himself to reject Charlene.

Charlene was his savior, and he had made a promise in the past that he would never let her shed a tear. Her life was in such a mess because of Deirdre and him.

"I..." He could only utter a word before his voice halted to a stop.

Charlene hid her smile and stood on her tiptoe to move her lips closer to his. Just as her lips were a few millimeters away from Brendan's, the phone in Brendan's pocket buzzed.

He turned his head to the side, and Charlene's kiss landed on his chin.

"Hold on. I have an incoming call." Brendan felt as if a weight had been lifted off his chest.

Charlene bit her lower lip tightly, her eyes filled with hatred because the call came at such a bad time.

Brendan made his way to the side to pick up the call. In the next moment, his flawlessly gorgeous face was filled with coldness. "Alright, noted. Keep everything under control first, and I'll be there at once."

"Brendan."

It was her first time seeing Brendan being so anxious, so she hastily said, "What happened?"

"One of our subsidiary companies is facing some emergency issues. It's fine, but I will have to go over to check on the situation. You must eat and mustn't make me worry. I'll come and check on you afterward."

"Alright."

Brendan got downstairs in haste and found the woman's silhouette in the yard after getting outside. Her weak body was wavering in the wind, and her supple lips were ghastly pale as if she was about to

collapse at any moment.

He pulled a long face and asked the servant, "When did they come? Why are they still standing outside?"

The servant was momentarily stunned and said in a vague tone, "They arrived not long ago. They were worried that they would disturb you and Miss McKinney, so they wanted to wait at the door."

'Worried that Charlene and I would be disturbed? When did Deirdre become so sensible?'

Brendan clenched his fists tightly.

'Is she not concerned that something might happen when both of us are in a room together by ourselves?' Feeling slightly resentful, Brendan swiftly made his way to the yard and refused to glance at Deirdre after he was outside. He said to Sawyer with a stern expression, "Let her stay here. You and I will be going to the casino first."