

Resent Reject Regret

Chapter 151 Did Nothing to Deserve the Favor

It was apparent that it was a critical situation judging by Brendan's sternness. Sawyer did not have the courage to procrastinate, so he hastily asked, "What happened, Mr. Brighthall?"

"Someone stirred up trouble and got several people injured. Sam was one of them, and his condition is quite critical."

Brendan described Sam's condition as quite critical, so the critical level would surely be unusually bad in reality. Sawyer hastily opened the car door for Brendan. The latter was about to get into the car when Deirdre suddenly grabbed his arm.

"Brendan, who did you say is injured? Is Sam injured? How bad is his injury?"

There was no telling if her face was pale from the cold or scared out of her wits from overhearing the conversation.

Brendan's face was filled with evil emotions. He clutched her hand and pulled it away by force. "This is not an issue that you should concern yourself with. The pressing matter for you now is to figure out a way to make Charlene forgive you."

Deirdre's heart was racing. "I will, but Sam's safety is very important too. Just tell me his condition first so I can set my mind at ease."

"You care about him so much, huh?" Brendan sneered. "I think you'd be clapping and cheering in delight if I were in Sam's shoes instead, huh?"

Deirdre lowered her eyes but did not answer his question. Her action was regarded as silent acknowledgment in Brendan's perception, and he felt his heart wrench in pain. He flung away Deirdre's hand in disgust. "He's not going to die! However, his condition might be different if you can't complete the mission that is assigned to you."

He got into the car coldly after making his threat.

Sawyer was stunned by Brendan's mockery but still started the car's engine.

Deirdre stood at the door by herself, her head filled with Brendan's threatening remark.

'Sam is Brendan's subordinate and also his bodyguard, yet he seems like he would sacrifice Sam because of Charlene at this point.

'Is he going to spare no effort in sacrificing everyone who displeases Charlene?"

She inhaled a deep breath, turned around to face the door, and asked the servant, "Is Miss McKinney willing to see me now?"

The servant sized up Deirdre with her gaze. Sawyer had left, so it was unnecessary for her to hide the contempt in her eyes anymore. "So, it turns out this is how Mr. Brighthall treats you, huh? I was under the assumption that you're some exquisite beauty when I found out that Mr. Brighthall is keeping you in the villa. You're hideous, and I don't know how you find the nerve to show yourself."

Her mockery of Deirdre came as blunt as it could.

Deirdre did not even blink once, but she asked, "Will Miss McKinney see me now?"

The servant said impatiently, "Wait there, and I'll ask."

The servant did not return even after half an hour.

Deirdre stood by the door all alone and could not tell if the sky was dark. She could only feel the wind

growing stronger and the temperature dropping lower until her nose turned numb from the cold.

Meanwhile, the servant came after a long time. She said while yawning, "You're still here? I was under the assumption that you had left, so I went to take a nap in the room."

Deirdre's fingers were stiff from the cold. She exhaled a warm breath and listened to the servant's rude, intentionally provocative remark. She understood the servant's attitude but had already lost her temper.

She said, "It's fine."

The servant opened the door. "You may enter now if that's the case. Miss McKinney is growing eager from the wait as well."

Upon saying that, the servant left.

Deirdre's eyes were blind, and she could not tell where the living room was. She was not counting on the servant to help her but listened to the direction of the servant's footsteps with great effort and followed closely after the servant.

When she stepped into the living room, someone intentionally stretched out a leg to trip Deirdre. She toppled to the ground heavily, but fortunately, the carpet softened the fall. In addition, her body was stiff and numb from the cold, so the fall was not particularly painful, only that she fell in a humiliating posture. Deirdre heard Charlene's laughter coming from above. "I did nothing to deserve the favor, Miss McKinney. I can't accept you getting on your knees as soon as you come into the house."

Chapter 152 Cook Something for Miss McKinnon

Deirdre could not see Charlene but could hear Charlene's arrogance and also pride in her tone.

'It seems that Charlene has been waiting for me to come for a long time.'

Deirdre inhaled a deep breath. Her self-respect refused to let her enemy defeat her.

Yet at the thought of Sam...

She smiled in defeat. 'Who am I to deserve self-respect...'

"Miss McKinney, I'm here to seek your forgiveness." Deirdre raised her head, her gaze empty. "A person of great moral stature does not remember the offenses committed by one of low moral stature... Please don't be offended by a person of low moral stature like me."

Charlene smiled. "You're too courteous, Miss McKinnon. Why would I make things difficult for you when we're both women? It's only that I'm in a bad mood because of that incident."

She insinuated, "How about this, Miss McKinnon? You help me with something, and I won't make a fuss. with you if I'm pleased with the result. How about that?"

Deirdre was surprised by how gentle Charlene was. 'Can Charlene actually be so kind?'

The next moment, she was disappointed immediately.

"Take Miss McKinnon to the backyard and have her hand wash my clothes."

"Wash clothes by hand in the midst of winter and also in the open-air backyard?"

"Do you have any objections, Miss McKinnon?"

Deirdre clenched her teeth tightly. How could she not know that Charlene was tormenting her on purpose?

It was Brendan's goal as well.

'It was to torment me.'

Deirdre shook her head. "Alright, I'll do it."

Charlene was escorted to her meal time while a servant led Deirdre to the backyard and stuffed numerous clothes in her arms.

"Be dextrous! Hand wash these clothes, but if you have the audacity to do anything crafty, I'll tell Miss McKinney!"

Deirdre fixed her attention on washing the laundry. The water in the winter was icy cold, and half of her arms turned numb as soon as she dipped her arms into the water.

She braced herself to agitate the laundry, but her hands were numb from the cold wind. The servant sat by the side with her legs crossed and felt furious that she had to stay outdoors in the midst of winter because of this woman.

"I told you to be dextrous. Are you deaf?" The servant got up and threw a kick at Deirdre.

Deirdre stabilized her body with great effort and raised her head to look at the servant coldly. Even though her eyes were empty yet out of focus, her expression was tainted with a tinge of ferocity. The servant felt fearful for no apparent reason upon meeting Deirdre's eyes. "What... What are you doing? How dare you glare at me when it's your fault for not being dextrous enough? Who do you think you are!" The servant was furious. Deirdre wiped away the water on her face, got up, and filled up a bucket of water

again.

Her arms were unbearably sore from filling water too many times. On the other hand, Deirdre's hands were covered in blood streaks from pulling the rope tied to the bucket. Combined with the cold water's stimulation, Deirdre's hands were more painful than getting chili in her wounds.

The servant seized the opportunity to pour laundry detergent on Deirdre's bloody hands and cracked an arrogant smile while she scolded, "Hey! Do you even know how to do laundry? How are you going to get the laundry clean without using laundry detergent?"

"Gah!"

Deirdre's eyes reddened with tears instantly, and she shoved her hands into the cold water with all her might, yet the pain still pierced into her palms over and over again like sharp knives.

'That hurts so much...'

Her entire body was trembling violently, with cold sweat streaming down her face. The servant was only pleased by Deirdre's reaction. After leaving the laundry detergent behind, she headed to the courtyard to hide from the wind

Deirdre only recovered from the pain after washing her hands in clean water. She gnashed her teeth and braced herself to continue doing the laundry

Her hands were already senseless when it all ended

She carried the clean laundry to the living room and found that Charlene had already begun consuming her meal with a few servants attending to her needs. She watched as Deirdre returned with frost-ridden, reddened hands and felt pleased in her heart but heaved a sigh

"Miss McKinney, I was initially planning on sending you home earlier, yet you work too slowly. She tutted and said, "You've only done washing the laundry after more than three hours, so there's no time left to dry the laundry anymore. What are the servants going to wear tomorrow?"

Deirdre clasped her frozen fingers together and kept her head lowered. "I'm sorry..."

"It's useless for you to say sorry to me. We'll just have to see if my servants accept your apology."

Standing behind Charlene was the servant who had kept Deirdre company in the cold wind earlier. She had already grown eager to complain, so she immediately said, "Miss McKinney, I don't accept the woman's apology. It's fine that she was slow in washing the laundry, but she didn't even wash the clothes clean."

She pulled out a piece of clothing from the basin and scolded, "You live up to your reputation of being a blind person. You didn't even see the dirty spots on the clothing, and you didn't manage to wash it cleanly. You washed the clothes in vain, and we're going to have to wash everything again!"

"That's impossible!" Deirdre ensured that she washed every piece of garment cleanly.

"How is that impossible?" The servant sniggered and said in a mocking tone, "Can't you see how dirty it is? There's a dirty, dark patch over here. How can anyone wear this?"

Deirdre's fingers were icy cold. She could not see if the clothing was dirty, but the person blamed her for being blind and could not see the dirtiness.

Charlene beamed widely and cast a satisfied look at the servant. She heaved a sigh. "Miss McKinnon, it seems that you didn't do a very good job. What should we do about that, huh?"

Deirdre inhaled a deep breath. Her hands were senseless from the extreme cold, but her body warmed up after returning indoors. Her hands began to hurt violently all of a sudden, and she was sweating from the

pain.

At the same time, her stomach had already begun to hurt indistinctly.

Deirdre realized that she had not eaten anything for a whole day.

She placed her hand on her stomach, and her face turned ghastly pale from the pain, her head growing dizzy.

Charlene said, "Yikes. What's going on, Miss McKinnon? Why is your face pale when you've just washed a piece of garment or two? You're not going to blame it on me, right?"

Deirdre's lips were trembling, and she suppressed her shaky voice when she said, "No. My stomach is not feeling so well after not eating anything for a long time..."

"So you're having gastritis, huh?" Charlene smiled casually and cast a glance at her servant. "I'm not a merciless person. I'm really sorry for making you work for me without eating, Miss McKinnon. Greenlee, go to the kitchen and cook something for Miss McKinnon."

Chapter 153 Are You Going Back on Your Own Word

"It's fine." Deirdre immediately rejected Charlene's offer. "You will only need to tell me what else I can do to seek your forgiveness, Miss McKinney."

Charlene looked at the servant holding a bowl of stew mixed with horseradish, mustard, and chili and

smiled in satisfaction.

“You don’t need to do anything else, but I’ll forgive you if you can finish the bowl of stew in Greenlee’s

hands.”

A look of astonishment flashed past Deirdre’s eyes. “That’s all?”

“Yes, that’s all.”

Deirdre could smell the pungent horseradish smell from a distance. However, she perked up at the thought that everything would come to an end if she could finish the bowl of stew. “Alright, please hand it to me.”

She stretched out her arms to receive the bowl, but the servant avoided her hands and placed the bowl on the floor.

Charlene said proudly, “However, there’s no extra seat and cutlery for you at the table, Miss McKinnon. You’re going to have to lie on the ground and eat it with your mouth bit by bit! Will that be alright?”

“What?”

Deirdre raised her head abruptly, her face ghastly pale and her eyes overwhelmed with emotions upon hearing that.

‘If I were to lie on the ground and eat with my mouth bit by bit, wouldn’t I be eating like a... dog?’

The feeling of humiliation coursed through her entire body instantly. She was so furious that she clenched her fists tightly, and her entire body was shaking uncontrollably.

Charlene chuckled in contempt. “Why? Are you unwilling? Deirdre, don’t forget why you’re here. Even though I have no idea how Brendan made you come to me, I’m certain that he must have a hold on you. You’ve already washed the laundry for more than three hours, and you will only need to lie on the floor to have a meal now. Are you going to waste all your previous efforts?”

“Yes, am I going to waste all my previous efforts? I will only need to lie on the floor to have a meal for everything to come to an end. Then, Sam will be able to get out of the dangerous situation....

‘As for my honor, it doesn’t worth anything anymore.

‘Brendan is always humiliating me as well and cursing me for being a disobedient dog, right?’

Deirdre could not suppress the feelings of hurt in her chest. Her empty gaze was filled with sorrow when she opened her eyes. "Are you sure that you will let this matter pass if I finish the food?"

"Of course."

After receiving a confirmed answer, Deirdre suppressed all her thoughts, got on her knees, and lay prone on the floor. The smell of the stew was nauseating, but she endured the acid reflux and swallowed the food bit by bit as if she could not taste anything.

Charlene felt delighted to witness that.

This is the consequence that Charlene deserved for almost ruining her life.

Her eyes were glistening with joy, and she watched the scene closely without missing any detail.

Deirdre's mouth could not feel anymore after she finished the stew. She was almost crying from the spiciness, but she gnashed her teeth to refrain from the urge to cry. It was because it was already embarrassing that she had to eat on her knees like a dog. It would only make the perpetrator event prouder.

"It's done... Can you call up Brendan and tell him that you're willing to forgive me now?"

"About that..." Charlene pretended as if she was troubled but could not hide the smile on her face.

Blood drained off Deirdre's face. She glared in Charlene's direction incredulously and said, "What do your mean, Charlene? You gave me your word! Are you going back on your word?"

She ran toward Charlene desperately and startled Charlene. It was fortunate that the people around Charlene reacted swiftly by restraining Deidre immediately.

Charlene covered her racing heart and curled her red lips into a reckless smile. "You're right. I am going back on my own word. I enjoyed watching you eating the food like a dog, only not to get anything out of it. Why? Is there any objection from you, Deirdre?"

Deirdre's eyes were moving quickly, and the corners of her eyes were moist with tears. She let out an agonizing roar while the servants restrained her with their strong arms akin to sharp claws until she could

not move.

"

Chapter 154 The Sins She Has Committed

"Charlene! You deserve to die!"

Charlene chuckled. The curse was so gentle that she could not be bothered about it. "Deirdre, you're very naive. How will I forgive you so easily when I hate you so much? You're the person who robbed me of my life!"

'Rob her of her life?'

Deirdre clenched her teeth tightly. She was the one who had saved Brendan, and Charlene went under her name and took her place by undergoing plastic surgery to look like her. Now, Charlene had actually accused her openly that she robbed Charlene of her life?

"Tell me, who robbed whose life off?" Deirdre spoke through her gritted teeth.

Charlene's beautiful eyes darkened abruptly. She took a step forward and glared at Deirdre ferociously. "Shut up! If I say that you robbed me of my life, that is the truth, then! If you have the courage to declare otherwise in Brendan's presence, I will assure you that you won't end up well!"

Charlene grew tired when she had her fill of complacency. She yawned gracefully and said, "However, since Brendan has already sent you here to preserve my reputation, I will forgive you. Still, that is under the condition that you stand in the yard outside for one night. If you can do it until tomorrow, I'll tell Brendan that I'm letting bygones be bygones."

Deirdre clenched her fists tightly. "Do you think I'll trust you again?"

Charlene sneered. "You don't have the right to choose."

Upon saying that, Charlene left with a gentle stance. She left Deirdre with the servants restraining her in the living room. Deirdre's eyes were bloodshot.

However, Charlene was right about her not having the right to choose. She was a stranger in this unfamiliar location. Even if she were to turn around and leave, she would not be able to make it home, but she would still stand a chance at staying alive if she were to stay.

The servants did not procrastinate either. They left Deirdre in the yard.

The moment Deirdre went outdoors, the cold air immediately attacked her while the coldness bore into her body endlessly. Deirdre could not refrain from shivering in the cold.

The servants could not withstand the cold and turned around to leave. Deirdre wrapped the clothing on her body around her tightly. She felt that she was fortunate that her senseless hands did not hurt anymore. in the cold.

She shut her eyes tightly, but her breathing grew heavier. Her head was throbbing in pain, and her mind was filled with a chaotic mess of thoughts. Deirdre thought that she might not be able to live until the next morning.

She figured that her death would be good news to everyone. She felt way too much sorrow when she thought about how Charlene and Brendan wanted her to die as soon as possible. The only person who cared about her had been forced to move away.

She wondered if she was in a disheveled state and whether it would be inappropriate for her to meet Bliss and her child in such a state.

The dizziness flooded her in waves, and she fought against it with gnashed teeth.

A servant could not bear to watch anymore when she noticed that Deirdre was almost collapsing. She

noticed Charlene, but the latter could not be bothered.

Charlene said, "She can't withstand the cold out there after such a short while?"

The servant forced a smile. "The temperature has dropped drastically because it's almost winter."

Charlene did not pay attention to the servant's remark. "She won't die because of the sins she has committed."

As she was speaking, the sound of a car driving in echoed suddenly. Charlene was momentarily stunned. before tearing off her facial mask abruptly. "Whose car is that?"

"It's so late. Other than Mr. Brighthall-"

Before the servant could finish her sentence, Charlene shoved her away and ran downstairs right away. The moment Brendan got out of the car, his gaze subconsciously landed on the figure standing by the door. It looked as if the emaciated figure would vanish in the cold wind with just a slight blow.

He walked closer and saw Deirdre's face turned green in the cold, her soft lips losing their color. Her lips were cracked and bleeding, and her entire body was trembling violently.

She wrapped her clothes tightly around her body with all her might but was on the verge of collapsing. Her pale, numb face made her look no different than a corpse.

Chapter 155 Price of Forgiveness

At that moment, Brendan felt his heart wrench in pain violently for no apparent reason.

He felt an ineffable anger surge into his head and could not help holding Deirdre's wrist. "Deirdre? Why are you here?" he asked in rage.

Deirdre opened her eyelids ever so slightly and jerked back from unconsciousness to reality by the pain in her wrist. She listened to Brendan's query and found his remark taunting. Her lips moved when she said, Where else can I be if not here? Didn't you make me come here?"

The woman's wrist felt ice cold, and the coldness seeped into Brendan's palm like an invisible hand. His face turned green with anger.

"Yes, it was me who made Deirdre come here. Yet, I assumed that Charlene would not make things difficult for Deirdre because she is such a kind woman, Still, she actually

punished Deirdre to stand in the cold yard when the temperature is dropping from the impending winter?"

Brendan felt his chest hurting and darted a look at the bloody, mushy laceration wounds on Deirdre's palms. His breathing pattern changed, and he suppressed his brutality when he inquired, "What's going on. with your hands then?"

Deirdre shut her eyes and pulled back her hand. She did not wish to pay attention to him because she was already exhausted enough by just trying to regain her consciousness.

"Speak! Deirdre!"

Brendan grew angrier as he looked at her deathly state. He wrapped his arms around her shoulders and felt boundless cold on every part of her that he touched.

"This isn't right." His flawless, gorgeous face was tainted with a tinge of panic. He remembered the doctor had told him not to let her catch a cold anymore. He held her hand and interlaced his fingers with hers. "Follow me inside."

"Let go of me." He did not expect that Deidre would pull back her hand and stand in the same spot. stubbornly. Her entire body was trembling from the cold, and her eyes were tightly shut. "Go inside by yourself if you want to."

Brendan's face was green with anger. "What are you trying to do? Are you trying to win my pity by tormenting yourself? Or are you trying to die because you're done with living?"

Deirdre sneered. She remained indifferent while he flew into a rage. "I'm only doing what you asked of me. I thought you wanted me to seek Charlene's forgiveness? This is the price...of Charlene's forgiveness

Her teeth were chattering with every word she uttered. In the end, she had to inhale a deep breath just so she could utter a word.

Brendan's eyes were bloodshot. He loathed Deirdre's stubbornness and recklessness in not caring about. her survival. However, he still removed his jacket and covered Deirdre's head with it.

The man's jacket carried warmth and a familiar scent. Deirdre was stunned for a moment. She felt a pain in her numb heart that came in dense, dull waves.

'What is Brendan doing? Is he feeling sorry for me? Or is he afraid he can't continue torturing me after I'm dead?"

She could not stop her teeth from chattering. Brendan appeared to be providing her with a tinge of warmth, but his act was actually cruel and brought her even more agony.

'How can he be so carefree that he can punish me first, then reward her?'

Deirdre gnashed her teeth, exerted strength to raise her arm, and pulled away Brendan's jacket. She was in so much pain that she could no longer open her eyes. "I don't need this... Brendan, I don't need your pity."

Her stubbornness infuriated Brendan even more, and he was about to speak.

“Brendan!”

Charlene headed downstairs in her pajamas hastily, her expression filled with panic. She saw Brendan’s concern and worry that he could not conceal when he was standing next to Deirdre. She bit her lower lip and acted astonished. “Miss McKinnon? Why are you standing in the yard? I thought I told you to rest in the living room?”

Deirdre found it amusing that Charlene always adopted the tactic of feigning innocence and pulling a sad face.

She did not utter a word. On the contrary, the servant hastily stepped forward and said, “Miss McKinnon volunteered to stand outside. She claimed she felt very sorry for hurting Miss McKinney and wanted to punish herself by standing outside.”

Chapter 156 How Did She Get the Injury on Her Hands

She was under the assumption that her well-coordinated lie would be flawless. Brendan’s expression turned cold, and his dark eyes were rippling with evilness as he stared closely at the speaking servant.

“So, you let her punish herself by standing outside just because she said so? You feel no sympathy at all. If she were to tell you that she wanted to commit suicide, would you give her a knife too?”

The servant’s face turned ghastly pale in an instant. She hastily defended herself by saying, “No... I wouldn’t... Mr. Brighthall, we’ve already advised Miss McKinnon against doing it, but Miss McKinnon insisted on...”

Blood drained from Charlene’s face similarly. She did not expect that Brendan would be so concerned about Deirdre that he would lecture her servants.

“Brendan, it’s my fault. I was too tired, so I went upstairs to rest after chatting with Miss McKinnon for a while, and that is why I didn’t notice that she punished herself by standing outside at once.” Charlene expressed her grievance, yet her face was already stiff from the piercing cold wind. She could only curl her lips as she said, “It’s too cold outside. Miss McKinnon’s body can’t withstand the cold. Why don’t we go inside and talk later?”

Deirdre refused to walk. She looked in Charlene’s direction and cracked a smile. “Will you still forgive me if I go inside?”

Charlene’s hands that were pulled back into her sleeves clenched tightly, but she forced a chuckle on the surface. “What are you talking about, Miss McKinnon? Haven’t I already forgiven you?”

“That’s right.” The servant chimed in. “How can you forget about that, Miss McKinnon? Miss McKinney has never blamed you from the start.”

‘Never blamed me from the start?’

Deirdre felt that there was nothing else more amusing in this world than this. Before she could laugh. about it, a dizzy spell hit her like a storm. Her body relaxed, her mind went blank, and she collapsed.

“Miss McKinnon!” Charlene feigned her shock.

In an instant, Brendan’s sturdy grip caught Deirdre’s collapsing body. She weighed nothing much and felt. light in his arms. He felt a feeling of discomfort beyond his expectation while he looked at Deirdre’s face, which had turned green from the cold.

He felt as if he could not breathe-he felt suffocated.

He shielded Deirdre from the wind, opened the car door, and placed Deirdre in the backseat.

Charlene was freezing but endured it and stepped forward to explain herself, “Brendan, why aren’t you speaking to me? Are you mad at me? I swear that I never ordered Miss McKinnon to stand outside as punishment. Even though Miss McKinnon has vilified and framed me and almost caused my death, I’ve never blamed her, so how can I possibly do something so malicious?”

Brendan shut the door so that no trace of coldness could seep into the car. Soon afterward, he

suppressed his agitation and looked at Charlene once again. “How about the injuries on her hands? How did she get them?”

Those badly mutilated wounds with unknown causes and the wrinkled-looking flesh both inside and outside the wounds were bloody.

“Uh...” Charlene bit her lower lip tightly and looked at the servant next to her.

The servant immediately said, “Miss McKinnon tried to atone for her crime by getting water from the well in the backyard to do laundry. As for the severity of the injury on her hands... Perhaps she mutilated herself when she pulled the rope from the well on purpose. I believe she has always been very good at asking for pity to vilify Miss McKinney.”

“Shut up, Greenlee!” Charlene scolded Greenlee with reddened eyes. “What do I teach you on usual days? How could you speak ill of Miss McKinnon like this!”

Soon afterward, she admitted to Brendan by saying, “Brendan, it’s my fault. I never put in the effort to find out about these things. Miss McKinnon has been working on chores since she got here in her glorified mission to atone for her crime. I told her that it was fine, but she refused to accept it... If only I could be by Miss McKinnon’s side at all times...”

Chapter 157 Found Something

“Yes.”

“I wanted to inform you the other day that the homeless man is dead.”

Deirdre was incredulous. "He's dead? How did he die out of nowhere?"

Sam's eyes turned gloomy. "I'm not too sure, but I heard that he died from food poisoning. However, I believe that the matter is certainly not as simple as it seems. I believe that Miss McKinney tried to destroy all the evidence in an attempt to hide her tracks after executing her plan."

Upon hearing that, Deirdre shivered despite not feeling cold and felt a shiver down her spine.

'How can Charlene be so sinister? She took a man's life!

'On the other hand, Brendan is ridiculous. How will he feel when he finds out one day that the woman he trusts and loves is actually a devil?'

She bantered herself in her head and said to Sam, "So, does that mean that dead men tell no tales?"

"I thought so too initially." Sam smirked. "For that, I looked into the homeless man and found nothing useful other than that he had a homeless friend when he was alive. I didn't pay much attention to it until yesterday when the homeless man's friend showed up in the casino."

Deirdre was momentarily stunned but came to realize something soon afterward. Her expression was tainted with a tinge of joy. "The homeless man's friend is a homeless man too. He can't possibly have the money to go to the casino. Something must have happened!"

"That's right." Sam stared closely at the woman's face. Her face was savagely hideous without any sense of beauty, yet he could feel his heart racing when he saw the joy on her face.

He stopped himself from behaving strangely and said, "Hence, I think that it's highly possible for the man to be the profiteer. He used the homeless man's mental illness and made him kill Bliss. This is why the police can't find anything."

Deirdre asked cautiously, "Did you manage to find out anything then?"

She was worried that all the effort would be futile.

"Soon. I'm looking into his unknown income. If I can find the source of the money transfer and get someone to make him speak, I believe that this matter can be solved."

"That's great..." Deirdre clenched her fists tightly while her eyes reddened with tears. She was so powerless in the past that she could only endure the pain of losing her child. However, she would be able to provide a proper closure to Bliss today.

Sam refrained from the urge to touch Deirdre's teary eyes. He poured a glass of water and moved closer to Deirdre.

"Here, Miss McKinnon. You've slept for three whole days, so I believe that you must be thirsty after talking so much earlier. Have some water."

"Sure." Deirdre was so excited that she was in a dazed state. She stretched out her hand to grab the water, only to hold Sam's hand accidentally.

Sam pulled back his hand because he was caught off guard by the electric-like sensation and dropped the glass on Deirdre's leg, splashing her with water.

Brendan witnessed the scene as soon as he came into the hospital. He furrowed his eyebrows upon

seeing Sam's reaction. Yet, Deirdre was still smiling in a clueless, innocent manner.

"What's with the huge reaction? My hands are rough, but they are not knives. They won't hurt you."

She cracked a sincere smile after learning that Bliss' death would be cleared at last.

Brendan clenched his fists so tightly that his knuckles popped after seeing her smile.

'An errant woman will never know her place even in death.'

He gnashed his teeth and sneered aloud. "Is this not a good time for me to visit?"

His voice sounded icy cold, like a curse in the dark night.

Deirdre trembled. The joy on her face vanished into nothingness, and it was replaced by confusion and terror instantly.

She looked toward the door, completely perplexed.

Chapter 158 Found Something

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"I thought so too initially." Sam smirked. "For that, I looked into the homeless man and found nothing useful other than that he had a homeless friend when he was alive. I didn't pay much attention to it until yesterday when the homeless man's friend showed up in the casino."

Deirdre was momentarily stunned but came to realize something soon afterward. Her expression was tainted with a tinge of joy. "The homeless man's friend is a homeless man too. He can't possibly have the money to go to the casino. Something must have happened!"

"That's right." Sam stared closely at the woman's face. Her face was savagely hideous without any sense of beauty, yet he could feel his heart racing when he saw the joy on her face.

He stopped himself from behaving strangely and said, "Hence, I think that it's highly possible for the man to be the profiteer. He used the homeless man's mental illness and made him kill Bliss. This is why the police can't find anything."

Deirdre asked cautiously, "Did you manage to find out anything then?"

She was worried that all the effort would be futile.

"Soon. I'm looking into his unknown income. If I can find the source of the money transfer and get someone to make him speak, I believe that this matter can be solved."

"That's great..." Deirdre clenched her fists tightly while her eyes reddened with tears. She was so powerless in the past that she could only endure the pain of losing her child. However, she would be able to provide a proper closure to Bliss today.

Sam refrained from the urge to touch Deirdre's teary eyes. He poured a glass of water and moved closer to Deirdre.

"Here, Miss McKinnon. You've slept for three whole days, so I believe that you must be thirsty after talking so much earlier. Have some water."

"Sure." Deirdre was so excited that she was in a dazed state. She stretched out her hand to grab the water, only to hold Sam's hand accidentally.

Sam pulled back his hand because he was caught off guard by the electric-like sensation and dropped the glass on Deirdre's leg, splashing her with water.

Brendan witnessed the scene as soon as he came into the hospital. He furrowed his eyebrows upon

seeing Sam's reaction. Yet, Deirdre was still smiling in a clueless, innocent manner.

“What’s with the huge reaction? My hands are rough, but they are not knives. They won’t hurt you.”

She cracked a sincere smile after learning that Bliss’ death would be cleared at last.

Brendan clenched his fists so tightly that his knuckles popped after seeing her smile.

‘An errant woman will never know her place even in death.’

He gnashed his teeth and sneered aloud. “Is this not a good time for me to visit?”

His voice sounded icy cold, like a curse in the dark night.

Deirdre trembled. The joy on her face vanished into nothingness, and it was replaced by confusion and terror instantly.

She looked toward the door, completely perplexed.

Chapter 159 Hasn’t Gotten Pregnant After All

Brendan felt his rage growing because her smile vanished as well.

Sam’s expression was rigid. He greeted his employer before he left respectfully. Brendan shut the door and approached Deirdre step by step before grabbing her lower jaw in a brute manner.

The woman could not conceal her panic, and the sight of her hurt Brendan inside. He spoke in a solemn tone. “Smile.”

“What?” Deirdre was confused.

Brendan exerted more strength in his hand and said, “Don’t you understand? I’m asking you to smile. Why? You can smile so joyously in Sam’s presence, but you pull a long face when I’m around as if you’re mourning the death of a family member?”

Deirdre felt her heart racing from the coldness emanating from the man’s body. She clutched the blanket and forced a smile, yet she was caught off guard when Brendan flung her away.

“Your smile looks disgusting.”

‘Why is her smile in Sam’s presence relaxed and carefree, but her smile is so troubled and agonized when she is with me?’

Deirdre shut her eyes and opened them again. She suppressed the bitterness of her gaze, and the redness of her eyes vanished as well. She was already used to his insults, so she kept her mouth shut obediently.

Brendan would not be able to pick a fault anymore if she kept her mouth shut.

She had no idea that Brendan would be infuriated even more. "You were chatting and laughing with another man, but you turned into a mute now that you're with me. Is it because I'm impervious to your seduction, so you're shifting your seduction to someone else?"

Deirdre bit her lower lip so hard that her lip turned white.

Brendan scolded her, "Are you deaf? Speak!"

Deirdre looked toward him with her bloodshot eyes. "What do you want me to say?"

Brendan felt suffocated and pulled at Deirdre's collar to bring her in for a kiss. He did not need her to say anything at this moment—he wanted her to keep her mouth shut.

His expression was cold, and he kept her arms tightly restrained before he tossed her to the bed. Deirdre realized what was going to happen, so she began struggling to get up and resist with all her might.

Realizing that her resistance was futile, she inhaled a deep breath and said, "Brendan, that hurts. I'm in pain!"

Brendan wanted to mock her for asking for pity, but he saw the red stain on the bed sheet. His expression darkened instantly, but at the same time, he felt a piercing pain in his chest.

'She hasn't gotten pregnant after all.'

"You've got your period." He was turned off instantly. Brendan did not go as far as to lose his temper on her now, but he carried her to the toilet and sat her on the toilet bowl.

"Wait for me. I'll get it for you."

Deirdre nodded, her face ghastly pale. It was Brendan's first time entering a convenience store, and he found a shelf full of different tampons, so he grabbed a few. He did not head to Deirdre's room when he was back at the hospital but went to meet up with the attending physician.

"Have you run a full physical examination on Deirdre?"

The attending physician removed his mask and said in a flattering tone, "Yes, of course. We've already examined Miss McKinnon's body many times over the past few days, and she is completely fine!"

Completely fine?

Brendan's eyes were showing his agitation. "How about her fertility?"

"What?"

Brendan found it difficult to talk about this topic but still braced himself to speak with his eyebrows tightly furrowed. "Deirdre and I have engaged in sexual intercourse without

protection on many occasions, so she should be pregnant by now. Why hasn't she gotten pregnant yet?"

The attending physician could not conceal his shock when he heard the remark, no matter how hard he tried to control himself.

'I figured that Deirdre was Brendan's younger sister or something at most in view of her facial appearance. They're actually lovers? Not only that, but Brendan is trying to get her pregnant?

'The world of wealthy people has me totally twisted.'

The attending physician said with great effort, "I'm not too sure about this yet. Miss McKinnon is already awake anyhow, so shall I just arrange for an examination in the next two days to investigate that?" "Hmm. Hand me the result as soon as possible."

Chapter 160 Infertile

Brendan left the office, but his tightly-furrowed eyebrows had yet to relax. He was worried that Deirdre had been rendered infertile for the rest of her life after the miscarriage of her first child. As for the reason he was worried, the only thing he could think of was that he needed a child.

'Deirdre is the most suitable candidate to provide me with a child now.'

He arrived at Deirdre's room to find Sam guarding the door outside. At the thought of how Deirdre could possibly still be sitting on the toilet bowl and not be properly dressed, his gaze turned colder as he looked toward Sam. "You haven't gone in the room, right?"

Sam kept his head lowered. "No."

Brendan felt relieved. He warned Sam with a cold voice before he entered the room. "Don't get fancy ideas, and remember your place. Don't forget what you promised me."

After entering the room, he found Deirdre already shaking in pain on the toilet bowl. He wrapped her in his arms and fed her warm water before calling the doctor. After settling her down, the attending physician's expression was unpleasant.

"She has been pregnant before, right?"

"Hmm." Brendan's lips pursed into a thin line, and he felt the urge to get a smoke. "About a year ago, but she miscarried."

"I suspect that it was a medically-induced miscarriage. Moreover, it wasn't done properly. As a result, her uterus was damaged in the process, in addition to her weak physical condition. The possibility of her getting pregnant..." The attending physician considered his words before he said, "Is very minute..."

'Very minute?'

It was already the vaguest answer one could give. Brendan could see from the attending physician's expression that the real answer was possibly even more hopeless.

'Deirdre is most probably infertile for the rest of her life.'

He looked at the woman on the bed whose face was ghastly pale. He felt a stinging pain in his chest, but at the same time, he thought about how Deirdre would feel if she were to learn of this information.

If she were to find out that her punishment for cruelly killing his child in the past would be lifelong infertility, he wondered if she would regret it, bawl bitterly, and hope that she could turn back time.

He felt delighted just by thinking about it but did not reveal the information to her.

He left and did not turn up at Deirdre's room for the next two consecutive days.

Deirdre could feel that something must have happened but had no idea what it was. However, her biggest hope was placed on Sam now.

She was waiting for the evidence to surface when Charlene gave herself away accidentally, and Sam did not disappoint her either.

A few days passed, and he came with the evidence. His tone was one of excitement as he said, "Miss McKinnon, your faith was not in vain. The situation is just the same as my speculation. Check this out!

This is the homeless man's account!"

Deirdre held the document, and Sam came to realize something. "I'm sorry, I've forgotten that you can't see, Miss McKinnon."

"It's fine." Deirdre suppressed her excitement. "Please tell me."

Sam said, "I found the account of the homeless man's friend. A transaction was made into his account.

on the night of Bliss' accident. I looked into the source of the account and found that it belongs to a servant working for Charlene!"

"This is great!" Deirdre inhaled a deep breath, her body shaking from joy.

Her faith was not in vain indeed. She was lucky to capture Charlene's careless mistake. 'This time, will Charlene still be able to extricate herself from her crimes?'

Sam handed the document to her. "All the detailed evidence is here. Mr. Brighthall will understand after reading this. Ms. McKinnon, you should hand this to Mr. Brighthall personally."

As Deirdre received the document, her gaze dimmed. Brendan had not stepped into the hospital over the past few days, and she had no idea why.

'Is it because I'm having my period at a bad time that he is disinterested?'

"Sam." She asked, "Did something happen on the day Brendan came after I lost consciousness?"