

Resent Reject Regret

Resent Reject Regret by Aqua Summers chapter 161

Chapter 161 He Was Angry

Sam replied, "I'm not very sure."

He was unsure indeed because he had been guarding the door at the time without stepping into the room even for a moment.

"Mr. Brighthall talked to the attending physician for a while in the room and left afterward. Why?"

Deirdre said with a bitter smile, "It has been close to a week since he last came here."

She had not felt much previously, but the situation was different now. The truth about Bliss' death had already surfaced, and she wanted to hand the evidence to Brendan so eagerly that she could not wait a moment longer.

Sam furrowed his eyebrows, unable to figure out the situation either. However, he tried to pacify her by saying, "Don't worry, Ms. McKinnon. It's possible that the company has been busy."

Deirdre did not believe him because she knew that Brendan would still find time to visit the comatose Deirdre on the third floor daily even if he was so busy at work. Nothing could stop him from coming if he wanted to.

Besides, it had been a week. He could not be so busy that he'd be occupied for a week, so it was apparent that he was reluctant to come.

She took a deep breath, wishing that this could continue, but she could not procrastinate anymore, not when the evidence was right before her.

"Sam, please lend me your phone to call Brendan, will you?"

Sam could not bring himself to say no. He dialed the number and passed the phone to Deirdre. Deirdre pressed the phone against her ear and the call was picked up after a while. The man's attractive voice. was tainted with coldness when he asked nonchalantly, "What's going on, Sam?"

He did not sound like he was busy.

Deirdre smirked in a self-mocking manner and said bitterly, "It's me, Deirdre."

The other end of the line was silent. Perhaps he was considering whether he should hang up. In the end, he resisted the urge and asked impatiently, "Anything wrong?"

"Hmm." Deirdre asked, "Are you free today? I... I have something that I need your help with."

"I'm not free." Brendan rejected her without the slightest hesitation. "Just get Sam to help you if you need anything. You're the best at getting a man and flirting with him, aren't you? However, I don't have the time. to play your cat-and-mouse game."

He ended the call coldly, and even Sam felt uneasy while listening to his cruel remarks. Deirdre was used to it but she was still confused by Brendan's hot and cold attitude.

Her heart told her that something had happened, but she could not figure out what it was.

Sam said, "Ms. McKinnon, shall I take it to Mr. Brighthall personally?"

"It's fine." Deirdre rejected his offer. Charlene was involved in this case, and Sam's help with acquiring evidence was already beyond his job description. If he were to hand in the evidence to Brendan in person, perhaps Brendan would penalize Sam.

"I'll wait to be discharged." She would meet Brendan personally when she was discharged from the hospital.

"That's fine too." Sam did not insist but he advised Deirdre to rest before he turned around and left.

Deirdre placed the document carefully under her pillow but she could not sleep. She felt suffocated by the emotions that swarmed her head. On one hand, she wanted the truth about this incident to be revealed, but she was also afraid.

She was afraid that the evidence would be utterly meaningless to Brendan. If he chose to love Charlene, everything else would be regarded as a useless joke.

She fell asleep feeling anticipation and ineffable fear. She lost track of time and only woke up when the door was opened. She was a light sleeper, and she opened her eyes as soon as she woke up.

She wondered if it was Sam, when she smelled the pungent smell of alcohol in the air and furrowed her eyebrows.

"Brendan?"

The person did not answer but he took off his jacket and leaned close to her roughly.

Deirdre endured the man's rough movements weakly, as well as the resentment and anger in his cold

eyes. He was angry.

Deirdre could not figure out why because nothing had happened during this period of time.

Chapter 162 He Robbed You of Your Chance to be A Mother

When Brendan was finally done, Deirdre waited for him to fall asleep before climbing out of their bed with her hand on her waist. He had deprived her of birth control pills, so the only thing she had left to prevent a pregnancy was the primitive way of washing it away.

Brendan suddenly opened his cold, black eyes. They zeroed in on her retreating back as a frigid question escaped his lips. "Where do you think you're going?"

Deirdre bit her lip. "To wash."

Brendan smirked. "Really? To wash? Or get birth control pills from the pharmacy?"

Deirdre had planned to do that the next day, which was why she froze on the carpet when she was called out on it. Before she could respond, Brendan had yanked her by the arm and pinned her against the bed

once more.

His eyes were as all-consuming as the abyss, and his lopsided smirk twisted his features completely. Don't bother. You're infertile anyway."

Deirdre was stunned. The assurance in his tone suckerpunched her into a daze. "What's that supposed to mean?"

"Exactly what I said." He fixed a bellicose glare on her. "I don't know how you performed that abortion, but it damaged your uterus enough that you can't conceive a child anymore. Do you even know that?"

What?!

Deirdre's mind went blank. Her ears were ringing, but she still heard Brendan's follow-up remark, which was accompanied by his trademark cruel mockery. "A fitting punishment for you, isn't it? You failed to protect your own child, so when the Reaper took him away, he took your chance to be a mother along. You'll never be able to bear a child again, Deirdre. Isn't that just convenient for you? You won't even need to bother with birth control ever again!"

Deirdre's eyes reddened. "No! No, you're lying to me!"

Her lips were trembling, and her eyes were wet. She suppressed her tears stubbornly and channeled her grief into infuriated denial. "You're just messing with me, aren't you?! How can I possibly be infertile?! How could I have lost my ability to bear a child, Brendan?!"

"What's so impossible about that?" Brendan snarled back accusingly. His grip on her wrists tightened. You aborted your baby by taking an unknown drug-God knows if it was actually safe or approved for use! You did it in a place that wasn't dedicated to women's health anyway! Did you really expect to do all that

and somehow leave unscathed?!"

Deirdre fought her tears back, but sobs had begun to escape her, "You... bastard..."

She bit his shoulder with all her might. Even so, her eyes were filled with too much hate. "Why won't you just die already, you bastard?! Why won't you ever die?!"

She screamed in her mind. "What kind of sin did I commit to deserve this?!"

Tears broke out of her eyes like a deluge. Even her chance to be a mother had been robbed. What else did

she have left?

Despite the woman's unreserved might, pain somehow eluded Brendan. To be more accurate, any pain in his shoulder seemed insignificant compared to the suffocating agony in his chest. Ultimately, it was his impatience with her hysteria-rather than pain itself-that made him pry her jaw away from him.

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He clutched her chin and forced her face to come close to him. "Does it really pain you, Deirdre? My pain is greater than yours! You made this choice! You have no right to play the victim when you're the one who made all those choices-including your fling with Sterling!"

Deirdre breathed hard. She was about to have a nervous breakdown.

And he had the gall to say his pain was greater than hers!

On what grounds could he play the victim card? He was the one who had ordered them to remove her child!

He was the one who had ruined her face, her eyes, and her unborn kid! And now, it turned out that he had robbed her of the chance to be a mother all along!

"How dare you, Brendan... Why didn't you tell me... that when I saved you back then, I saved you at the cost of everything else?" she croaked, her words slurred through her chattering teeth. Tears kept rolling out of her eyes. "Had I known... Had I known... God, I would have never... leapt in there and saved you..." She regretted that day so much. Back then, she had thought she was diving into the flames to protect something she held dear.

Now, she realized she had never left the fire. She had been trapped in that inferno all along, suffering in hell.

Chapter 163 The Odds of the Child's Survival Are Almost Zero

"Saved me?" Brendan's glare was grim. The words had taken an absurd quality the moment he had heard them escape Deirdre's lips. "You saved me? When, might I ask?"

Deirdre pressed her lips shut in despair.

He snickered. "You can't even save yourself!" he sneered. "For the love of God, don't ever say something that cringeworthy again. People around you are gonna feel embarrassed on your behalf!"

He let Deirdre go. Now that his booze-addled frustration had found an outlet, there was no reason for him

to stay.

She lowered her trembling eyelids. In the darkness, she dreamed of a blurry visage. A child. She had hoped that, should reincarnation be true, it would become her child again, and she would pay the debt she owed. But now, she wondered if it was just a pipe dream after all.

Sam came to visit her the next morning. He noticed the mess, Deirdre's unmissable fatigue as she lay on her bed, and the telltale signs on her neck and collarbones. It was easy to tell what had happened last night, and his heart ached.

"Mr. Brighthall came by, didn't he?" he asked.

Deirdre opened her eyes and forced the desolation in her chest back into her stomach. "He did." She

nodded with difficulty.

"Uh, did you...?"

"He came by so suddenly that I didn't have the time to tell him."

Sam was tongue-tied. He licked his bottom lip, scrambling for a reply, and finally said, "Okay. But in my humble opinion, the sooner we get that information to him, the better. If you drag it out too much, he might care less and less. That apathy isn't gonna benefit you, Miss McKinnon."

"I know." She nodded, but her mind was colonized by something else, so it was impossible for her to shift her focus to anything else.

Her infertility.

She forced her spirit to perk up and climbed out of bed. "I'm gonna take a shower while you help me clean this up. After doing that, let's get the discharge papers filled out."

"Got it."

He haphazardly tidied the room up, and the two of them left the ward. A few steps later, though, Deirdre suddenly asked, "Sam, who's the doctor in charge of my treatment?"

Sam did not understand why she would care. Nonetheless, he said, "Want me to take you to him?"

"Thanks."

Deirdre entered the man's office and shut the door while the doctor watched her, looking unsurprised. After a while, she asked, "I can't have a baby anymore, can I?"

The doctor was hard-pressed to find the perfect response. As he paused, she added, "All I need is a clear, detailed answer. You don't need to worry about my feelings-I'm a lot tougher than you might think."

"Well, the answer is... yes. And no," the doctor said hesitantly. "It's not like you can't ever bear a child, period. You can, but the odds are... pessimistic. The state of medicine today can't improve those odds, so for the time being, whether you can get pregnant again or not depends on luck. Maybe... If you take better

care of yourself and your body, you could bump that chance a little more. But then again, the fetus' survivability rate will still be near zero. I'm sorry, ma'am."

Deirdre smiled mirthlessly. "I see. Thank you."

Sam greeted her as soon as she walked out of the office. She mustered all her strength to cover up the pang in her chest and took a deep breath. "Let's go."

Throughout their journey, Deirdre tipped her head to the side and leaned against the window. She could feel the chilling gale coming from the other side, but all she could think about was the doctor's prognosis.

Low odds of pregnancy. And even lower odds of the fetus surviving. The chance of the latter happening...

was near zero.

"...Miss McKinnon? Hey? Are you alright?"

Sam's words drifted into her ears and finally shook her out of her trance. She cast her eyes down. "Sorry, what did you say? I spaced out."

Sam did not mind at all. He could tell that something was weighing her down. "Well, I was just wondering when you're going to hand in those documents, you know?"

Deirdre inhaled sharply. "Is he at the company now?"

"No. Mr. Brighthall, uh, went to meet Madame Brighthall with Miss McKinney."

Chapter 164 Is The Wedding Coming Soon?

Deirdre was in a daze. They were going to see Brendan's parents at the old Brighthall mansion?

Well. Their relationship was progressing swimmingly, was it not? Was that why Brendan could not imagine how wicked Charlene really was?

She snickered self-deprecatingly. "Let's go back to the mansion."

She doubted that man would skip going to the mansion tonight.

Sam heeded her order, and the car was on its way. Deirdre marched inside when they arrived and took a seat on the living room couch. The long wait began.

The boredom of waiting could be mind-numbing, Sam knew, so he turned the TV on. The first thing that leaped onto the screen were images of Brendan and Charlene shopping for goodies. Then came the speculations of media talking heads and celebrity gossipers.

“The dashing, young CEO of Brighthall Group has been in a very stable relationship with the same young woman for two years, and now, they were caught on a shopping trip together. Is this a sign of a very specific celebration coming up? Maybe the country will be treated to news of their wedding by the end of this year!”

Deirdre froze.

Sam hastily changed the channel. Sounding contrite, he said, “Sorry for that, Miss McKinnon. You know these media people, right? They ain’t got nothing to do all day other than spew baseless speculations for cheap entertainment. Mr. Brighthall and Miss McKinney were just doing normal shopping—nothing more than that.”

“It’s alright. You don’t have to tell me that,” Deirdre replied with a small smile. She appeared unfazed.” Whether those two are in a relationship or not doesn’t concern me at all.”

Sam scanned her mien for any sign of her being upset, but he found no obvious emotional arousal. He sighed in relief and stared at her in slight disbelief. These two had spent the night together just a few hours ago, had they not? So how could she not feel even a pang of sorrow after hearing that the man was moving on with another woman right before the public’s eyes?

No matter how many questions Sam asked, he knew he could not penetrate Deirdre’s thoughts. He remained in the living room for a while and then left, leaving the young woman alone on the couch, suffering through the laughter and cheers emanating from the TV.

Her heart felt cold from dejection.

Deirdre had no idea how much time had passed, but she could guess that it was probably near dusk because Sam was about to leave. He could not resist voicing a suggestion even as he was about to excuse himself, though. “Maybe you should rest in your bedroom instead of camping out here, Miss McKinnon. I mean, if Mr. Brighthall has a little too much to drink, he might decide to just spend the night in the old residence, right? But I bet he’s gonna come here tomorrow.”

“I know.” Deirdre stared at the TV screen unseeingly. A few beats of silence later, she forced a smile. “I’m not sleepy, though. Probably slept too much in the hospital. You don’t have to worry about me. Just go. I won’t run away.”

Sam felt his reply choking in his throat. Deirdre running away was the least of his worries! He was just-

No.

He checked himself and snuffed the thought out. He was just a subordinate carrying out orders. He had

to remember that.

“Okay. In that case, excuse me, Miss McKinnon. Have a good evening.”

Sam left. The living room suddenly seemed so much more spacious and empty. The TV began to play reruns of previous programs, and Deirdre began to feel colder and colder.

Maybe tonight would not be the night of truth, after all.

Suddenly, the door opened. Shock and anxiety flitted through her eyes as she leaped to her feet. Before she could speak, however, she heard Charlene’s breathy, almost-purring moan, “S-Stop, Bren! We a-a- aren’t in our bedroom yet, God... Stop, my dress is coming undone...”

“Is that a bad thing?” said a man’s voice, undergirded by drunken passion and a shred of desire.

Deirdre knew exactly what was going on between them. She took a sharp breath.

The chilly gale coming from outside seemed to have become so frigid that it cut through her skin and reached her spine. Even a breath of that air prodded her chest, as if she had just swallowed a bowl of glass shards.

“You’re unbelievable, you horndog!” Charlene breathed sweetly. Then, as if she had just noticed Deirdre. for the first time, she gasped in shock and blushed. “Oh my God! M-Miss McKinnon! I didn’t know your were here!

“Bren! Damn it, Bren! You should have at least told me she would be around, you silly man.”

Chapter 165 Our Relationship Will Be Official After Today

Brendan narrowed his eyes as his gaze swept past the woman near the couch.

He had never noticed it when she was in his arms, but now, it became impossible to miss- she was almost emaciated after a week. He could see her collarbones heaving in and out just from her effort to breathe.

It pissed him off for some reason.

“Ignore her. For all intents and purposes, she’s invisible,” he scoffed with characteristic callousness and disdain without reservation. He leaned close to Charlene, his lips inches away from her ears, and added, ” Come to my room. Our relationship will be official after tonight...”

He did not say it aloud, but it was enough to let everyone in the living room hear it. Deirdre felt a sting in her chest, but it was nothing compared to the biting frost in her heart.

She was hardly surprised, though. In fact, she wanted to laugh. Just a few days ago, Brendan had demanded that she bear him a child-and now, after the revelation of her infertility, she had lost her purpose and function in his eyes immediately. Naturally, he had tossed her aside the way a man disposed of unwanted stuff. He had brought Charlene home with him so that they could spend the night together.

So he could make their relationship official.

He must have waited for this moment for so, so long.

Deirdre pressed her tongue against her teeth, her words seemingly stifled, as she cast her eyes down to the floor. Charlene, however, had more false modesty to spare. "B-Bren! I believe you, but can you, you know... at least not talk about this when Miss McKinnon is still here? She's still your legal wife, you know..."

"Not anymore!" Brendan snapped impatiently, as if any mention of her was a crime against his mood. Deirdre had so much emotional sway over him that it infuriated him. It had been a grueling week, and he'd had to rely on his workaholic attitude to suppress his desire to see her in the hospital and ignore his stubborn heartache.

He could not understand why this was happening to him. Why was this woman-whose heart was uglier than she could ever look-dominating his every thought?

Was it because she was the first woman to have sex with him? The first to become his "wife"? Was this all just confusing, messy sentiments his mind created simply because she had been the first to be

intimate with him?

If yes, then Charlene could do the same. In fact, Charlene could do it better. They were at least genuinely in love, after all.

"Should we go upstairs? Unless... Unless you're not feeling it. We could do it next time."

"No! I mean, nothing's changed about the way I feel!" Charlene's reply interrupted the tail end of his suggestion. If she let this go, he might regret saying yes to her advances later! She had only gotten the chance to cuddle with him because Brendan was so drunk, God, she wanted to consummate their relationship so much, but Brendan... She could not tell if he would even agree.

Tonight was the first time he had finally agreed. It was also the first time he was this eager! If she let this chance slip and he walked back on his promise once sobriety kicked in, then Charlene would lose it all again!

She shot a gloating smirk at the pale woman standing next to the couch. "Let's go, Bren. I'm sure she could turn a deaf ear to our activity if we try to be quiet about it."

Brendan hummed. They started moving toward the stairs, but as he was about to climb the first step, he felt a force tugging on his arm. He turned and saw Deirdre.

A strange feeling took shape in his mind. Was this a jealous expression? Was she upset that he was about to be with another woman? Did this mean she still... cared?

But if she cared about their union, then why had she removed their child? It had been more than a possible life to Brendan-it had been their seed. She had hated the product of their union so much that she had even sacrificed her future chance to be a mother to abort their kid!

"Piss off!" he snapped. His previous thoughts had clouded the initial sentiment he had felt. His eyes turned cold, and his voice was as bitter as frost in the worst of winters.

The disgust and disdain in his voice were so pure and striking that Deirdre felt a little suffocated. Nonetheless, she knew better than to let go. Once these two went to their room and screwed each other, the truth behind Bliss's death, as well as the undue accusations and slander she had endured, would no longer mean anything to this stupid bastard.

"B-Brendan, stop." Her lips were trembling slightly. She had to muster all her strength just to maintain the composure in her voice. She raised her head to meet his gaze. "I'm not trying to stop you or anything. I'm just asking for a few minutes. There's something I need to tell you."

"Not interested." Brendan slapped her hand away frigidly. He would not even spare her one more look. Read the room, McKinnon. I'm not gonna give you another chance to fix everything."

Chapter 166 Miss McKinnon Made It All Up!

Deirdre knew what he really meant: a chance to create doubt against his conclusions.

Brendan turned on his heel and marched up the stairs while she clambered a little at his force. Gritting her teeth, she finally snapped, "So you're not interested in the truth behind Bliss' death! You don't give a sh *t even if what I'm about to say concerns Charlene! Is that it?!"

Just as she had expected, the bastard stopped dead in his tracks.

Deirdre was this close to laughing aloud at his absurdity.

Brendan's brows were furrowed. He was practically glowering when he shot daggers at her. "What did you just say?"

Deirdre enunciated her every word as she announced, "The homeless man who killed Bliss was controlled by the woman standing right next to you!"

Charlene stared at Deirdre in shock, but her bewilderment did little to conceal her scorn. Repeating the same things over and over again, despite seeing no result, had to be the

definition of idiocy, right? She could not believe this b*tch would stop them from going to town over something that had been settled long ago!

Well, if Deirdre insisted, Charlene would dance along!

She recovered from her shock by acting innocent again. Her eyes practically went red on command." What's that supposed to mean, Miss McKinnon? You just won't let up, will you? I can't believe you treat my willingness to forgive as some kind of twisted encouragement for more baseless attacks! Me being a nice gal means you can keep gaslighting me, huh? You just have to keep accusing me of the death of your own dog!"

"Gaslighting you?" Deirdre murmured, her eyes red. She scoffed in the direction of Charlene's voice. "Still committed to your innocent darling act, aren't ya? You confessed to being the one who killed Bliss back in the lounge at the old Brighthall residence. You! How else could I have made the connection?"

Charlene did not even need to hit back. Brendan had grown frustrated enough that he erupted and yelled to be heard, "Enough!"

The glare he shot Deirdre almost made him look like he was created from pure ire and irritation alone. Deirdre just would not learn! She had failed the first time she had tried this sh*t, and instead of learning from the torturous lessons he had put her through, the lessons had simply galvanized her to try the exact same sh*t again!

She kept refusing to change!

"You're f*cking shameless, you know that?! What other tactics do you have other than slander, huh?" he bellowed, his face almost blue from rage. He trained his finger on the door and snarled, "Get the f*ck out

of this house-now!"

Despite already expecting his reaction, Deirdre could not help feeling her heart sink. "You don't believe me."

Brendan's eyes narrowed. "No one should believe you at all!"

This was it. The cue. She had been waiting for him to say this. She felt her way across the couch and grabbed the folder she had prepared. She picked it up and extended it in Brendan's general direction. "Take a look. Am I making things up, or is it all true? You tell me."

At first, Brendan simply looked at her icily. Everything this woman had done thus far had surprised him,

including the appearance of this folder. She was even acting as though it was some top-secret dossier that would change everything!

He took the folder, thinking to himself, 'Fine. I'll play along.'

Brendan opened the folder quickly and took out the document inside. He had originally planned to perform a cursory look-over, but more things inside caught his attention than he had thought.

His expression stiffened. Then, instantly, it turned grim. He began to thumb through the pages with genuine focus.

“Bren? What’s the matter?” Charlene was alarmed. What was this document? What was inside? Why was he looking like that?!

Panic flitted through her face. She had made sure the central figure involved in that incident was gone good! There should be no more tracks leading back to her!

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“Brendan, is this document filled with more slander against me?” she asked again, this time playing up the vulnerability in her tone and making her eyes redder. “But you know I’m nothing like that! You know what kind of person I am. There is no way I could do anything described in that folder-it’s all made up. You must know that already, right?”

Chapter 167 Sacrificial Lamb

She directed her attack back at Deirdre with a voice tight with tears. “What the hell did I do to you, Miss McKinnon?! Why are you doing this to me?! If it’s because you love Bren-if it’s because you want to snatch him away from me, then at least fight me fair and square instead of employing all these disgusting schemes to persecute me!”

In the past, this used to be the sort of trigger that would kick Brendan’s rage straight to the boiling point. He would have immediately booted Deirdre out of the door right there and then. And yet, today, the man simply stood a step away from her, leveling his eyes at hers without a word.

There were signs of conflict in his eyes. There was doubt.

Charlene grimaced. The gnawing panic inside her mind had grown to a chomp. “W-What’s wrong, Bren?” He handed the document to her. “See for yourself.”

She almost snatched it out of his hand in her franticness. As she read, all the color was drained out of her face. Brendan’s voice, cold and commanding, came from above her like thunder. “Explain to me why that homeless man received money from your subordinate’s bank account, Lena.”

Charlene had not predicted this at all. She had never imagined that Deirdre would unearth this small but incriminating detail. “I... I don’t know, Bren! I don’t know what’s going on!” she argued frantically. “I didn’t know any of this! You know the kind of person I am, right? How could I possibly have it in me to do something so wicked and heartless? I am not that kind of person! You need to give me a chance to clear my name-I’ll call Greenlee right away!”

Brendan’s mien had been stormy and grave while she defended herself, but that last bit made him release a breath of relief. It was hard to tell if he was just happy to hear that

Charlene had nothing to do with this or if he just could not bear the thought that he might have believed the wrong person all along.

“Okay. I trust you.”

Deirdre had been standing behind the coffee table. His answer sent a chill through her heart. When she had begged Brendan to trust her instead of that deluge of baseless accusations, all that plea had resulted in was a sneer of disdain. Meanwhile, even though concrete evidence of Charlene’s wrongdoing was now staring him right in the face, the same hard-nosed skeptic had decided to just trust Charlene because he wanted to.

The disparity made her chest hurt. She was suddenly unsure if bringing this issue to light was the right thing to do.

“You have to believe me, Bren. This has nothing to do with me, I swear to God! I knew nothing about this! I’m gonna call Greenlee right away!” Charlene added indignantly as though the document had

assassinated her character. She used the phone in the living room and, biting her lips, ordered Greenlee to come to the mansion right away.

The distance between Deirdre’s place and Charlene’s was very short. A few minutes later, Greenlee was at the door. As soon as she stepped inside, though, Charlene chucked the folder at the confused young woman and shouted in rage, “What the hell did you do?! I want this explained now!”

Greenlee picked the papers up and read their content. Her face paled. “M-Miss McKinney, listen! It wasn’t

“The evidence is right there, Greenlee, so spare me your excuses!” Charlene snapped, cutting off the other person’s defense almost a little too hastily. “How could you do this to Miss McKinnon’s pet? How black-hearted did you have to be to hire that homeless man to kill a puppy? Didn’t you know that this sh*t would

make it seem as though I was the one behind it?”

Greenlee finally understood the subtext. Her bank account had been Charlene’s last line of defense. She was the sacrificial lamb, the designated fall guy

She was all too familiar with the lengths Charlene would go to and knew better than to defy her. Falling down by her feet, Greenlee could only confess. I’m sorry, Miss McKinney! I shouldn’t have done this, I know! I just... I just couldn’t bear to see Miss McKinnon acting like she had won! I couldn’t stomach that gloating face!

“Ever since her arrival, you had been sobbing at home, weeping about how much you were losing day by day. That wasn’t all, though Miss McKinnon kept coming up with disgusting schemes and baseless attacks against you until you couldn’t take it anymore and tried to kill yourself! That was the last straw-1 couldn’t just stand and watch you go through that horror anymore. How could something so cruel happen to someone as kind and angelic as you?! Why do good people have to suffer at the hands of evil individuals?!”

Chapter 168 It Didn't Mean You Could be Aggressive

"These are all excuses! Regardless of how badly Miss McKinnon had been treating me, there was no reason for you to harm her. Charlene's eyes turned redder as she added, "It's my own business if she treated me badly. And one day, she'd understand that I've had no ill intentions toward her. Now that you have done this to her, how am I supposed to stand firm before her?"

"I'm sorry, Miss McKinney!" Greenlee apologized guiltily. "I promise I won't do it again. I won't do it again, I promise!"

"It's useless for you to tell me now. The harm you've done to me and Miss McKinnon has been done! I'm so disappointed in you" Charlene was heartbroken. She had victimized herself with just a few words. Following that, she turned to Brendan and choked. "I'm sorry Bren, it's my fault. I didn't know that she really had done this kind of thing. I'm sorry for Miss McKinnon. Please punish me. Otherwise, I'll keep fidgeting..."

Brendan frowned, but his tone was softer than ever. "This had nothing to do with you. It was her own decision, and you didn't know." s

"But..." Charlene cried bitterly while covering her face. "I can't accept that someone around me would do this kind of thing. How could they do such an immoral thing! How am I supposed to face Miss McKinnon in the future?"

Deirdre stood alone at the back. When she heard Charlene, she didn't even bother to sneer. That heartbroken cry was really hypocritical.

How could a servant be capable enough and spend so much money just to kill a dog?

If Brendan believed it, it would be too...

"No worries, you just met the wrong person. I'll only punish the culprit behind this, and this is irrelevant to

you."

Deirdre suddenly felt a chill.

Brendan had already given a tissue to Charlene and shot Greenlee a frigid look.

He commanded his bodyguard to take Greenlee away. Charlene was still crying in Brendan's embrace, and when the whole incident ended, she paced toward Deirdre, taking Deirdre's hand in an aggrieved

manner.

"Miss McKinnon, I'm sorry. I never thought that I would really be involved in this matter. It turns out that it was my subordinate who hurt you. I'll strictly discipline them from now on. I-I promise what happened to Bliss will never happen again."

Deirdre frigidly withdrew her hand.

"A servant who had never met me but knew that I had a dog. She let my dog out of the room and arranged for a homeless person just to disembowel it. McKinney, aren't you just pulling my leg?"

Charlene was startled for a moment before her eyes reddened. "Miss McKinnon, I'm to blame for this matter I had told Greenlee that you had a dog. I only thought of her as my sister, but I never thought that she'd do such a cruel thing for me.

"Then, where did she get the money? How could a servant have three million?"

"Enough"

Charlene didn't answer. It was Brendan who chimed in with an annoying snarl. He glared at Deirdre from

above. "Even though you're reasonable about this, that doesn't mean you can be aggressive."

Aggressive? Deirdre smirked.

The culprit behind Bliss's death was very obvious, yet he pretended to be ignorant and was covering up. for the murderer. Meanwhile, Deirdre herself was merely questioning Charlene, but she was regarded as the aggressive one?

What a joke...

Brendan ignored Deirdre's thoughts and comforted Charlene directly. "I'll handle this issue myself. You may just return."

"Okay..."

Chapter 169 She Didn't Hurt Anyone

Charlene no longer expected anything else to happen tonight. She bit her lip and left. However, as she was leaving, her eyes were filled with intense hatred.

Damn Deirdre! Deirdre had not only spoiled her good deed, but she had also almost made Brendan doubt her. Charlene was determined not to forgive this b*tch!

After Charlene left, the huge room instantly looked empty. Brendan strode away, and when he took two steps down the stairs, Deirdre gritted her teeth and said, "You knew it. You knew that Charlene was

related to this matter."

Brendan stopped moving.

His frigid face was full of complicated feelings, and his brows were furrowed. He turned and looked eyes. with Deirdre. "What do you want to say?"

"It's simple." Deirdre gritted her teeth. "Are you protecting Charlene just because you love her? Just because she is the one in your heart, you can turn a blind eye even if others are hurt?!"

Brendan remained silent for two seconds before he replied with a frown. "What do you want me to do then? Do you want me to get Charlene to bow to you in apology? Deirdre, don't you forget that you're the one who led her to commit suicide. Therefore, it's normal for her to have resentment in her heart. Plus, she only killed a dog. She didn't hurt anyone!"

"Didn't hurt... anyone?"

Deirdre's mind went blank. She only felt heartache. Sharp heartache.

Charlene had not only caused her to stay with a hunting hound in a storehouse and almost die on a rainy night, but she had also tortured and humiliated her. Did that mean that Charlene hadn't hurt anyone?

Or that Deirdre was not human in Brendan's eyes?

When Brendan saw her face suddenly turn as pale as a white sheet and her emaciated figure tottering, he felt a trace of an unbearable feeling.

"I'll compensate you." Finally, he said, "Just let this matter end here, offset by Lena's suicide attempt. I'll pay for what she did. Just tell me what you want and I'll give you what I can."

What did he mean? Did he want to utilize his wealth to stop her?

Eyes red, Deirdre bellowed hysterically, "What do I want? I want you dead, and I want Charlene dead too!"

But she knew she didn't have the right to do so. It was already utterly benevolent of Brendan to willingly compensate her.

She slowly inhaled while suppressing her internal trembling and raised her head. "I want to see my mother.

Brendan's black pupils constricted abruptly, and he rejected her idea instantly without a second thought. No, it's impossible!"

Deirdre was surprised. "Why? Why is it impossible? I'm not asking for much. Can't I just take a glance at

her?!"

Brendan's breath became disordered, pulling his suit tighter. It took him a while to calm down and explain, "She is still recuperating and she's staying very far away. If you want to see her, you'll have to travel a long distance.

"I can go over! You can get someone to look after me along the way. I just need to take a glance at my mother and I'll leave immediately!"

"That's not okay." Brendan objected coldly. "Didn't I tell you that your mother is currently recuperating? She will inevitably be agitated when she sees you. What should I do if her physical condition fluctuates?"

"Then when can I see her?" Deirdre's eyes were redder now, but she refused to shed tears. She clasped her fists hard as she asked, "If she's not well, will I never see her again?"

"No." Brendan pursed his lips into a straight line. "How about I call your mother's doctor and have you talk

to him?"

Chapter 170 You Should Be Comforting Yourself

Brendan dialed the phone number, and when the call was connected, he passed the phone to Deirdre.

The doctor sounded very stable as he said, "Miss McKinnon, I understand how eager you are to see your mother. However, because your mother's heart issue is at a critical junction, it's not advisable for her to see you. If meeting you affects her emotions, our hard work all this while will be in vain."

"T-Then..." Deirdre asked while biting her lip, "When can I see my mother?"

"It won't take long, Miss McKinnon. Provided that her situation gets better, probably in about a few months. It'd be good for you to see your mother."

"Alright."

After ending the phone call, Deirdre was still in a daze. She had to wait for several months. When every moment of her life was like a year, could she really survive through a few months?

Looking at Deirdre's bewildered expression, Brendan couldn't help raising his hand, wanting to stroke the messy hair on her forehead. But before he could touch her head, Deirdre seemed to sense it and took a step back.

When Brendan recollected himself, he frowned again. "Do you need another form of compensation?"

Another form of compensation? When Deirdre thought about it, she realized that she didn't.

Perhaps she needed one thing-she wanted to leave. However, she knew clearly that if she were to voice this desire, Brendan would not be happy and surely wouldn't fulfill her request.

"No." Deirdre replied in a raspy voice, "I don't think so."

For a moment, Brendan had a hint of sympathy on his face. But when he spoke, he said nonchalantly, "You may think about it and tell me when you figure it out."

"Okay."

Deirdre looked blank as she paced toward the stairs, staggering away from Brendan and going up to her own room step by step.

How much she had hoped that the truth behind Bliss's death would be revealed so that the real murderer would pay the price... However, she now deeply understood how naive her thoughts had been.

Charlene's position in Brendan's heart was unshakable. He would not do anything. In fact, he was even more reluctant to punish Charlene.

Deirdre buried her head in the pillow, and the pillow was soon soaked with tears.

"I'm sorry, Bliss. I have been completely incompetent."

Overwhelmed by these emotions, Deirdre fell into a deep slumber. When she woke up, she couldn't tell what time it was. She only knew that Sam was already there when she got downstairs.

"Miss McKinnon." Sam strode toward Deirdre. He had seen Brendan just get out this morning, which meant that Brendan had been there yesterday evening.

"How's it going? Did you show the document to Mr. Brighthall?"

Upon hearing Sam's question, Deirdre felt heartache. Sam had been working hard to gather enough evidence regarding this matter. He must have thought that the matter would be resolved with just a few

words.

In return, Deirdre had merely received the promise of compensation in a condescending tone.

"How's it going?" Upon seeing Deirdre remain silent for some time, Sam vaguely guessed something. "Miss McKinney found herself a good excuse, didn't she?"

"No." Deirdre smiled wryly. In fact, it wasn't a good excuse. It was a lame excuse that no one would believe.

"Anyway, this matter is over." Deirdre felt sorry for Sam. "I'm sorry, Sam. I was not considerate enough. I let your hard work go to waste."

"No worries, McKinnon. You shouldn't apologize to me." While feeling surprised, Sam stared closely at Deirdre's face and sympathized with her. "Aren't you the one who's been hurt the most?"

Sam added, "I just found something by accident and dug it out. But you should have placed a lot more hope in it, as the one who needs comfort the most is you."