

Resent Reject Regret

Chapter 171 This Is Charlene's Favorite Dessert

Deirdre was touched by Sam's words. She tried to lower her head and control her emotions.

"It's no longer important. I'm the one who was delusional enough to think that Brendan wouldn't favor anyone over the truth."

Now that Deirdre had said it, she found the idea stupid and ridiculous.

Humans were generally sentimental. What's more, Charlene was the woman Brendan had loved all his

life. Hence, a dog's life and a trivial truth were nothing compared to this fact.

At that moment, the sound of a car engine being switched off was heard outside.

Brendan had gotten back?

"What's the time?" Deirdre asked Sam.

"It's three o'clock."

At the moment, Brendan should be still working at the company. Why would he return now?

Before either of them could react, Brendan was already at the door. When he saw Deirdre and Sam standing together, he furrowed his brows slightly.

Sam tactfully greeted Brendan and went out. Meanwhile, because Deirdre was suffering from an intense headache, she went to the kitchen to get a couple of painkillers.

As soon as she got to the kitchen, Brendan followed her.

He had a strong aura, so even though he didn't speak and Deirdre couldn't see him, she would always feel goosebumps in his presence.

"Leaving as soon as you saw me?" Brendan said in an indifferent tone, as though he had been frigid all this time. It was only when he faced Charlene that he would show rare tenderness.

With downcast eyes, Deirdre fumbled to open the cabinet on the far left. After doing that, she explained, No, I just want to take some painkillers. I've had a headache since I woke up not long ago."

"You haven't had any food, have you?"

"No, I haven't," Deirdre replied. She found the bottle, unscrewed the cap, but before she could pour the pills out, it was taken away. Following that, Brendan handed over the box he was carrying to her. "Don't take painkillers before your meal. Eat this first."

"What's this?"

The box was rather heavy and felt like a meal box.

Brendan calmly changed his expression. "Open it up and you will know."

He had been in line since noon- two hours ago- to get this box. He could recall that Deirdre liked it.

Deirdre didn't know why Brendan had asked her to do so but she still fumbled to open it, took the food out of the box, and when she brought it to her mouth, she smelled the pungent smell of meat floss and

sweetness

That sticky feeling made Deirdre unconsciously retch.

Brendan was furious. "What is it?"

He knew Deirdre couldn't be pregnant. Hence, he wondered whether she was resisting eating the dessert

in her hands on purpose.

Deirdre had been retching to the point that her eyes were red. Hence, she threw away the dessert in her hand without a second thought.

The ball of buttery meat floss fell on Brendan's foot. Deirdre washed her hands frantically, but she still couldn't stop that nauseous feeling.

Brendan furrowed his brows, and his face turned gloomy. He reached out to grab Deirdre's shoulder and said while resisting the urge to get angry, "What do you mean by that, McKinnon? Wasn't this your favorite dessert before?"

"My favorite dessert?" Deirdre gritted her teeth to swallow her jealousy and sneered with red eyes, "No, you're mistaken. This is Charlene's favorite. I hate meat floss and butter the most!"

"Impossible!" Brendan shot back. "I remember clearly that when I bought it for you on Lena's birthday, you had it all and requested that I buy more for you!"

Deirdre wanted to laugh, but tears welled up in her eyes.

The reason she'd had it all was because Brendan had given it to her.

At the time, Brendan had been her everything. Even though he had bought her meat floss, which she detested, even if he had given her a piece of raw, bloody meat, she would have

willingly eaten it. After all, there were only a handful of things that Brendan would buy for her.

Chapter 172 Because She No Longer Loved Him

But now Deirdre didn't have any reason to force herself to eat something she disliked.

"Can't you understand why I ate it in the past?" Deirdre took a deep breath. "Because at the time, the things you gave me were the most precious to me. Back then, even though the ring that you forced to buy me didn't fit, I was reluctant to take it off at all. I preferred to put something on the ring and wear it on my finger, but now..."

She shuddered as she breathed but didn't continue. Brendan, however, looked like he had received a blow in the face and had found the answer himself.

It was because Deirdre no longer loved him. Hence, she wouldn't treat whatever he bought as a treasure. The pastry had melted into a puddle of butter on the ground, as she didn't need to force herself to eat this

anymore.

Brendan felt a sudden heartache and felt so stuffy that he had difficulty breathing.

He didn't understand why he would feel uncomfortable and furious. However, he clearly felt that something was separating him and Deirdre.

This made him feel extremely uncomfortable. He furrowed his brows as he said, "Deirdre, I didn't force you to do anything when we got married. I won't force you to do anything now either. I won't force you to eat this pastry if you refuse to. You don't have to compromise."

"Yes, you've never forced me," Deirdre jeered. "It was all wishful thinking on my part, so I can only blame myself for feeling contempt. You're innocent indeed."

Brendan responded with a change in his expression. "McKinnon, do you have to be so sarcastic?"

Deirdre admitted that she had spoken aggressively and with resentment. But she was not blaming Brendan, only herself.

If she hadn't been so ignorant back then and had clearly understood that she and Brendan were people from two different worlds, she might still have been an ordinary person with her own freedom.

"No, I don't. I'm just telling the truth." Deirdre lowered her eyes and looked tired as she said, "I'm exhausted, so I'll go rest."

She turned and left. However, she had only taken two steps when Brendan suddenly grabbed her wrist. "Haven't you eaten yet? Don't tell me that your stomach has gotten better?"

"I'm not hungry."

Deirdre didn't feel hungry indeed. She had just woken up, and due to the smell of meat floss and butter just now, she felt nauseated and had no appetite at all.

"Eat something even if you aren't hungry." With a frigid face, Brendan opened the refrigerator. There was everything one could want in it, but because he had limited cooking skills, he just took out some noodles and ordered Deirdre, "Go and sit at the dining table."

Deirdre did what she was told while Brendan took off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, and started cooking. There were loud noises in the kitchen, but Deirdre merely sat blankly on the chair. She had no idea what Brendan was doing.

Brendan had not only bought her dessert, but he was also cooking for her himself. After all, he had always been a fan of cleanliness, and what he disliked the most was the smell of oily smoke.

While Deirdre was thinking while suffering from a headache, Brendan's phone on the table rang.

"Brendan, it's your phone."

Brendan was really busy and had no free hands, so he sullenly said without turning his head, "Pick it up."

Deirdre picked up the phone and fumbled to press the answer button. Just as she pressed it to her ear, she heard Charlene's gentle and timid voice. "Bren, I've reached your office, but you aren't here. Where are you? I cooked your favorite porridge for you today. Come and eat it while it's still hot."

Deirdre didn't feel anything in reaction to the intimacy expressed by Charlene's words. She was not surprised at all that the relationship between Brendan and Charlene remained unchanged.

Because of the incident that had occurred yesterday, Brendan had allowed Charlene to go to his office and bring him porridge.

Chapter 173 Don't Want to Confront Her

"Brendan? Why aren't you speaking?" Charlene felt rather surprised when she did not receive a response. She bit her lower lip and said, "Are you still angry at me?"

Deirdre could only say, "Brendan is not in the office."

As soon as those words were spoken, Charlene's expression changed drastically and her voice turned into a high-pitch screech. "Deirdre! Why are you picking up Brendan's phone?! Who gave you permission to do so? Pass the phone to Brendan immediately."

Her voice was so piercing that Deirdre had no choice but to hold the phone further away from her. She could not help mocking her. "Ms. McKinney, it would be best for you to be gentle. If Brendan is next to me, he's probably going to be very disappointed to hear your hostile tone."

"Stop talking nonsense. Deirdre, you b*tch. Did you figure out a way to get Brendan to come to you? Are you going to take Brendan away from me?"

Charlene had lost her senses from anger. It was most likely because none of her calls had been picked up by Brendan after her departure yesterday.

She had comforted herself by telling herself that Brendan was probably asleep. However, she had felt lingering fear when Brendan had yet to respond the next day. She had thus prepared the porridge and taken it to Brendan's office to make it up to him.

She had not expected that she would miss Brendan and Brendan would actually be at Deirdre's place!

"Take Brendan away from you? Do you think it's necessary for me to do so?" Deirdre listened to the sounds in the kitchen and increased the intensity of her mockery as she spoke to Charlene. "You should

understand Brendan's character much better than I do. If he wasn't here of his own volition, no one could

have made him do it. Hence, he's only here because he wants to."

'He willingly headed to Deirdre's place and ignored my text messages and calls?'

Charlene panicked. She clenched her teeth and made a threatening remark. "I'm warning you to stay far away from Brendan at once, Deirdre. Otherwise, I assure you that you will regret this! I'll make you suffer so much that you'll wish you were dead!"

"Whose voice is that?"

Brendan walked over with a plate of pasta and overheard the clamorous voice. Even though he had no idea what the conversation was about, it was apparent that the caller was furious.

Charlene felt her heart racing while Deirdre placed the phone on the table calmly. "It's Charlene."

Brendan's dark eyes were tainted with a wisp of astonishment and complicated emotions when he heard the name. Soon, he pushed the plate in his hand toward Deirdre and said, "Eat this first."

Deirdre picked up a fork and began eating without uttering a word.

Brendan picked up the phone and took the call. "Charlene."

Suppressing the restless feeling in her heart, Charlene began to cry and complain. "Is what Ms. McKinnon told me true, Brendan? Are you really going to leave me? I know that it was my fault for causing Bliss' death. I didn't manage my subordinates properly. I will take the punishment willingly if you wish, but please don't ever ignore me! I'm really scared!"

"I'm not ignoring you." Brendan watched Deirdre eating the pasta slowly and walked to the other side. before he said, "You're overthinking this."

"Really?" Charlene sobbed. "Then why won't you take my calls and why are you with Ms. McKinnon? I waited for you in the office for a long time, and the food I specifically prepared for you all morning is cold. now. Before Ms. McKinnon picked up my call, had you been planning on ignoring me from now on? Do you hate me?"

Charlene's pressure made him appear agitated. He did not wish to confront Charlene at this exact

moment for some unknown reason.

He had yet to come up with an excuse to convince himself to believe that the woman who had risked her life by running into the fire to save him in the past would kill a dog so cruelly.

Had Deirdre not found the evidence, Charlene would have never cared about the countless grievances Deirdre had endured.

Chapter 174 Have Children When Your Body Has Recovered

At that thought, Brendan was having trouble concealing his agitation. He had to calm himself down for a moment before he said, "I don't have any urgent matters to attend to today, so I'm back home to rest. Don't overthink the situation."

He ended the call concisely. Charlene clenched her teeth and swept away all the items on the table out of anger after seeing her phone's dark screen.

'Deirdre! Deirdre! Screw you, Deirdre!

'If it was not for Deirdre, Brendan and I would have already consummated our relationship yesterday night and perhaps I might have already been pregnant with Brendan's baby. But Deirdre had to destroy everything for me!"

"I want you dead, b*tch!"

After venting her anger frantically, Charlene turned around to find the assistant standing at the door, looking embarrassed. A look of surprise flashed past her expression.

The assistant suppressed her shock when her eyes met Charlene's and forced a faint smile. "Are you alright, Ms. McKinney? I heard noise in the office earlier and I thought it was the mouse that I found some time ago."

"Yes, it was." Charlene smoothed her hair and smiled apologetically. "I saw the mouse on the table and it startled me. I'm sorry for messing up the room."

"It's fine." The assistant said, "It's good that the mouse didn't scare you too badly. You can leave everything for me to clean up."

"Hmm, sure." Charlene left, holding the food container, but she stopped for a moment when she reached the door and said, "Ms. Scott, Brendan doesn't like it when someone messes up his things. Please don't tell him about this incident. Otherwise, it will affect our relationship, which won't be beneficial for anyone." "Of course, of course. Don't worry about that, Ms. McKinney. It's just a trivial matter, so it's not necessary to let him know about it."

Charlene walked out of the office with a smile. Her smile faded when she got in the elevator, and she pulled out her phone to make a call, her eyes tainted with coldness.

"Hey, have someone monitor Deirdre and inform me as soon as she is alone. I would like to talk to her privately. Also, get rid of Ms. Scott, Brendan's assistant at the company, for me." 1

Brendan returned to the dining table after ending the conversation and saw that Deirdre had already finished half of the pasta in the bowl.

He could see that her appetite was big, as he had cooked quite a large portion of pasta. His initially cold expression turned normal, and he got himself a plate from the kitchen so he could share some of Deirdre's pasta.

Deirdre was stunned upon sensing his actions.

She knew that Brendan was not accustomed to sharing food because she remembered Brendan sharing

a portion of his food with brand-new cutlery when he had been with Charlene once.

"What's going on? Eating?"

Brendan was unconcerned. He ate slowly and found that the food had a delicate flavor but was not too

bland either.

Deirdre stopped herself from overthinking and got up from the chair after she finished her food.

Before she headed upstairs, Brendan caught her off guard by saying, "Deirdre, my offer to compensate you still stands."

Deirdre's footsteps halted to a stop. She could not understand why Brendan would suddenly bring that up, but he said, "I've already sent someone to look for doctors specializing in infertility treatment. There's still a chance that you might get pregnant. You could be a mother after your body has recuperated."

Deirdre was shocked and felt her blood rushing through the veins in her body frantically. She bit her lower lip abruptly and said, "It's fine, I don't want that!"

Brendan furrowed his eyebrows. "I don't believe that you would want to lose your chance of becoming a mother so easily, which is why I'm trying to help you!"

'Help me?

'Am I supposed to thank you for that?"

"What's going to happen when my body recuperates? Am I supposed to have a child?"

Chapter 175 Bear a Child for the Brighthalls

It was what Brendan wanted indeed. However, he was puzzled and displeased by Deirdre's attitude.

"Yes, you're going to bear a child," Brendan said in a calm tone. "I refuse to believe that you don't want a child!"

Deirdre took a deep breath because she felt suffocated. "Whose child am I going to bear? Yours?"

"Who else's?" Brendan's voice turned nonchalant abruptly, as if he was doubting Deirdre. His dark eyes. turned cold as well. "Who else do you want to have a child with other than me?"

Deirdre wanted to laugh but could not bring herself to laugh after feeling the acid reflux in her throat.

Brendan had destroyed her first child and her ability to become a mother, yet he claimed that he would help her seek treatment as if he was doing charity. 'Does he think that doing this will offset his guilt and the hardships that I've endured?"

She had to push her tongue against her teeth with great effort to stop herself from asking him to leave, yet her body was still shaking. She looked in the direction of the dining table with bloodshot eyes and said, "I don't want to!"

"What did you say?"

"I said I don't want to!" Deirdre roared. "I would rather not have a child for the rest of my life than have. you hire someone to treat me!"

"Why are you acting like a mad person!" Brendan got up from his seat swiftly and frowned deeply. "So were you putting on an act for me when you bawled so profusely the other day? Or do you just not want to have my child? If you don't, whose child do you want to bear? Sterling's? Or Sam's, whom you've recently. seduced?"

He sneered coldly, feeling so furious that his fists were clenched tighter and tighter. He said, "Deirdre, this is up to you. You can either get a divorce immediately, or you must get yourself treated so you can bear a child for the Brighthalls!"

He did not say 'me' but 'the Brighthalls'. Hence, Brendan had not wanted a child of his own from the start

but he did want an heir.

Deirdre teared up from laughing too hard. "Brendan, I will never bear your child. I will never give birth to a bastard without a father or mother!"

She emphasized the word 'bastard'.

Brendan's dark pupils were shaking from anger. He stepped forward swiftly and clutched her lower jaw." What did you say, Deirdre!"

Deirdre said in an extremely determined tone, "I said that I will never bear your bastard!"

"Are you trying to get yourself killed!" Brendan flung her away, his icy face filled with savage-looking anger at that very moment.

'Bastard?

"How could she call our child a bastard? Would she only consider a child with Sterling a product of love?"

Deirdre fell on the steps and teared up from the pain. However, she kept her teeth tightly clenched and stubbornly refused to make a sound.

Brendan became even more infuriated. He pulled up Deirdre with one arm and threatened her through

tightly-clenched teeth. "Deirdre, I don't care if you want it, and you don't have a choice either. Even if it's a bastard, it's still going to be my bastard!"

He loosened his grip and left angrily upon saying that, leaving Deirdre, whose entire body was icy, in the spacious living room. Even though it was just autumn, she felt as if she was trapped in an ice cellar.

The next day, a doctor came to the villa. He was rather surprised by the sight of Deirdre but he did not express too much astonishment thanks to his fine upbringing. He immediately introduced himself by saying, "Hello, Ms. McKinnon. I'm the doctor assigned by Mr. Brighthall to treat you."

Deirdre sat on the sofa without moving.

The doctor was not discouraged by Deirdre's lack of response and took it upon himself to examine Deirdre and prescribe the medication needed.

It did not take long before he gave her liquid medication. The medication emitted a pungent, bitter smell, and just the smell of it could cause a patient discomfort.

The doctor said with a smile, "Don't worry, Ms. McKinnon. I've already read through your report, and your condition is not so serious that it's untreatable. I've treated plenty of patients like you, and they made a full recovery and gave birth to children in the end."

Chapter 176 The Child Won't Be a Bastard

"You only need to comply with my treatment and take the liquid medication."

Deirdre's empty eyes finally moved once. Her soft lips parted to blurt out, "Leave."

"Ms. McKinnon... You really don't need to be so sad because you're going to be pregnant again..."

Deirdre stretched out her hand to knock over the medication cup and the warm water. She didn't feel anything, even though the warm water splashed her hand. She glared at the doctor with bloodshot eyes. and said, "I told you to leave! Can you hear me? I won't take the medication!"

The doctor was stunned for a moment but he noticed Deirdre's hand soon enough. Your hand is hurt, Ms.

McKinnon!"

"Leave!"

The doctor had no idea what to do against her resistance, so he could only call up Brendan to report the situation.

Brendan left an important meeting halfway and found Deirdre sitting on the sofa as soon as he entered the house. There was a mess on the rug, and Deirdre's hand, the one she had used to protect herself, was already swollen and red from blisters.

'She would actually go this far not to bear my child"

Brendan felt a knot in the pit of his stomach and ineffable pain in his chest. The old Deirdre would have regarded this as a huge privilege, right?"

"Deirdre, why are you acting like a mad person again? Is it because you think I'm being too kind to you?!" He moved closer to Deirdre, speaking through tightly-clenched teeth.

Deirdre was still unresponsive, just like before, but she kept her body tense with great effort.

Brendan asked the doctor, "Do you have any more medication?"

"Yes, I do!" answered the doctor in a haste. There was still some liquid medication, but it was mixed with the sediment found at the bottom of the bottle, so it would be too bitter. He was worried that Deirdre

would not be able to accept the taste, so he had not served the rest.

"Serve it!"

The doctor served the medication, and Brendan pushed the cup close to Deirdre's lips and said, "Take it!"

His gaze was icy, and he uttered word by word, "Unless you don't wish to meet your mother again for the rest of your life!"

Deirdre finally responded by looking in Brendan's direction. There was intense hatred in her seemingly empty gaze.

She wanted to kill the man before her so badly.

"What are you still waiting for? Do you want me to feed it to you?" Brendan glared at Deirdre's face as he argued with her.

Deirdre took the medication shakily and took a sip.

She choked on the liquid abruptly after taking one sip, and her eyes began tearing up frantically. It felt as if the bitterness in her mouth was coursing through her veins along with her blood, and she was gagging constantly due to the unbearable discomfort.

Brendan furrowed his eyebrows. He did not comment further while Deirdre had a second and a third sip.

The doctor still found it unbelievable when Deirdre finished the medication. Deirdre had actually finished the medication without a single complaint even though it was many times more bitter than bitter gourd...

"Have some candy, Ms. McKinnon!" The doctor hastily gave her the candy he had prepared in advance.

Deirdre refused to open her mouth, but Brendan stuffed the candy into her mouth after forcefully opening it.

Then, Brendan asked, "Do you have anything for the burn?"

"Yes!"

Brendan dressed the burn injury on her hand personally. He had a hold on Deirdre, and that was why Deirdre surrendered herself to him without struggling.

By the time everything was done, Brendan's phone, which had been placed on the table, had already rung countless times. He took the call and said impatiently, "I know, I'm coming over at once."

He got up and took a glance at Deirdre once again. He felt uneasy to see the calmness on Deirdre's face. Soon, he said, "Deirdre, the child won't be a bastard if you're willing to behave yourself."

Even though the woman was not pure-minded, he would provide the best life for her because they had known each other for a long time, as well as because she was Charlene's scapegoat.

A few days passed and Deirdre became more obedient. Other than taking her medication, she would stay in her room and spend the day absentmindedly.

Chapter 177 It's Only Because He Needs an Heir

She was left all alone in the villa that particular afternoon, as the doctor had coincidentally left to purchase something for the prescription.

She was bored of staying in the room, so she felt her way downstairs. She heard noise from outside as soon as she got to the living room and assumed that the doctor was back. Then, she heard the sound of high heels clicking on the tiles, approaching her.

Charlene showed up at the door arrogantly, and Deirdre could feel her hatred even from a few meters

away.

Deirdre did not find it surprising. In fact, she felt that Charlene was late to see her.

She ignored Charlene and leaned back on the sofa. Charlene sneered upon smelling the pungent smell in the air. "Why does the house smell so strongly of medication? Deirdre, are you dying?"

There was no one else around them, so Charlene had spoken in a harsh tone.

Deirdre answered nonchalantly. "I'm sorry for disappointing you, Ms. McKinney. I won't be dying anytime soon. The medication prescribed to me will help me get pregnant. Brendan hired a doctor to treat me, and I heard that the medication is very effective. You can have a taste if you like."

"What?"

Charlene's beautiful eyes widened, and her delicately pretty face was shocked.

'Brendan assigned a doctor to come here and treat Deirdre specifically just because Deirdre has been diagnosed with infertility?

'What is he trying to do!

'It is very difficult for me to meet Brendan these days as it is!"

"You're lying! How is your infertility any of Brendan's business?" Charlene calmed down completely after a brief moment and sneered in contempt. "Deirdre, I know your position in Brendan's heart better than you! Brendan knows that I am the one who disemboweled and dismembered your puppy yet he still chose to forgive me willingly. This signifies that I'm his first choice to be his wife, so why would he care if an insignificant woman is capable of becoming pregnant?"

Before Deirdre could answer, Charlene said with a twisted expression, "Even if he does care about your fertility, it's only because of my health, which makes it inconvenient to get pregnant. After all, the Brichtalls need an heir!"

Deirdre was stunned for a moment when she heard Charlene's remark clearly. She then realized instantly why Brendan insisted on getting her pregnant.

'It's no wonder he cares about my infertility. It's because Charlene cannot get pregnant.

'He wants me to go through pregnancy for ten months and risk my life in labor so I can give birth to a child who will address Charlene as mommy.'

At the thought of the man making a convincing remark for her own good, Deirdre clenched her fists tightly and could not help trembling from anger!

Charlene stared at Deirdre's changed expression and curled her red lips into a smirk. "Why, Deirdre? Could you have such a wild imagination that you thought that Brendan would want to have a child with you?"

Charlene bantered recklessly while Deirdre grew disappointed.

'I do not have a wild imagination but I still find how heartless that man can be totally amusing.

'Why didn't I realize that in the past?'

"Yikes. Frankly, Brendan has always wanted to have a child with me, but I can't because I haven't gone through fertility treatment. He can't bear to see me suffering through the treatment so... But don't worry, Deirdre. I will treat the child that you'll carry for ten months like my own biological child..."

"Are you done?" Deirdre suppressed her anger and looked at Charlene. "It seems that you've forgotten something, Ms. McKinnon. Brendan and I are still married. Even if we get pregnant, the child will not be related to you in the slightest! Plus, shouldn't Brendan arrange for a doctor to treat you if you're unwell? He's trying everything just to get me pregnant, when you still can't have a child of your own, Ms. McKinney. Shouldn't you pity yourself? What's there to be proud of?"

Charlene's expression changed drastically. Deirdre had actually become sharp-tongued after winning their quarrel.

Chapter 178 Ophelia is dead

However...

A moment later, Charlene's gaze turned sharp and her lips curled into a smirk in delight.

Would Deirdre still be so sharp-tongued when she found out about that matter?

Charlene looked forward to that very much.

Deirdre could not be bothered to beat about the bush anymore, so she turned around and headed upstairs after she finished her sentence.

"Hold on, Ms. McKinnon!" Charlene beamed widely and said, "Don't be in such a rush to leave. There's something else that I wanted to tell you when I decided to come here today."

"It's fine." Deirdre continued to walk up the stairs.

Charlene spoke slowly as she said, "Are you sure it's fine? This is related to your mother."

Deirdre's footsteps halted to a stop. 'Mother?'

Even though she knew that nothing good would ever come out of Charlene's mouth, Deirdre still could not help stopping because she wanted information related to her mother so badly.

Brendan had always kept a very tight lid on that. Despite speaking to her mother's attending physician on the phone the other day, she knew nothing.

She turned her head and said, "What is it?"

Charlene's red lips curled up into a proud smile. "It's hard for me to explain this, so I'll just have to something."

you listen

She tapped on the voice clip she had prepared on her phone. Accompanied by a buzzing electrostatic noise, a voice said, "A middle-aged woman fell to death from the third floor of East Neve's Prunus Estate villa, unit 209, recently."

There was confusion in Deirdre's eyes. 'East Neve's Prunus Estate villa, unit 209... Why does this address sound so familiar...'

The voice clip continued to play. "It is said that the woman had a mental illness and slipped and fell accidentally when no one was home..."

'Mental illness?'

All of a sudden, Deirdre's mind went blank and her expression turned extremely unpleasant instantly.

"That's impossible... That's impossible!" She ran over and tugged on Charlene's arm. "What kind of wild tales are you cooking up again! Charlene McKinney, I'm warning you not to joke about my mother's life! She used to live in Prunus Estate in the past but she doesn't live there anymore! How could she have fallen to death there!"

Charlene looked at Deirdre's confused, emotional expression and smiled wider. "I forgot to tell you that this news was broadcast a year ago, Deirdre. On the day you were released from prison. Your mother fell to her death, and her corpse was kept in the morgue at the time. No one claimed her. It's a pity that you're blind, or I could show you the photos."

Deirdre felt her heart wrench in pain and attempted to calm herself with great effort. "Do you think I'll believe your nonsense? My mother is still alive!"

"Have you considered why you haven't met your mother after one and a half years if she is still alive? Has

Brendan ever set up a meeting between you two?"

Deirdre's pupils were shaking frantically. "That is... That is because my mother is still receiving treatment!"

Charlene sniggered. "Deirdre, why would you believe a lie that he made up to deceive you? My voice clip was released by the most reliable news reporter. Ophelia is dead!"

"Shut up!" Deirdre threw herself at Charlene and pinned her on the ground before clutching her throat tightly. There was no telling where she mustered the strength to do so. Her eyes were bloodshot as she said, "Shut up! I won't believe a word that comes out of your mouth! You're a malicious dog killer! What can't you do? You killed Bliss and now you're trying to fabricate my mother's death. Die, Charlene!"

Anger amplified Deirdre's strength instantly.

Charlene was panic-stricken, as the feeling of suffocation was growing stronger. Then, the person guarding the villa came in and shoved away Deirdre in a haste.

"Ms. McKinney? Are you okay?" He helped Charlene to her feet quickly.

Chapter 179 I Would Like to See Her at Once

Charlene's face was green and purple. She had almost fainted, and her lips were trembling.

Deirdre still wanted to throw herself at Charlene but she was stopped by the man. Charlene said, "Haven't you wondered why Brendan refuses to let you see Ophelia, Deirdre?! It's because she is dead, of course! Her corpse has been burned to ashes! Hence, you won't be meeting a dead person no matter how obedient you are. You may ask Brendan personally if you don't believe me and see how he answers you!"

Upon saying that, Deirdre knew that time was running out, so she turned around and left with the man.

Deirdre sat on the rug by herself and felt icy coldness spreading through her body. There was confusion and fear in her eyes when she muttered to herself, "It can't be... It can't be..."

"Brendan promised me that he would let my mother off if I agreed to be the scapegoat. How is she dead?"

How?"

She attempted to convince herself over and over again, yet her mind was filled with past events constantly.

It seemed as if Brendan had been very resistant every time she had brought up Ophelia and he would make up countless excuses. He would not even let her listen to Ophelia's voice...

Deirdre's entire body was shaking. The doctor returned and found Deirdre sitting on the icy floor by herself. He let go of the things in his hands.

"Ms. McKinnon, why are you sitting on the floor? Your body is weak, so you shouldn't expose yourself to the cold!" He looked anxious as he was about to help Deirdre to her feet.

The moment he touched Deirdre's arm, Deirdre grabbed his hand abruptly and said with bloodshot eyes, "Where's Brendan?"

"Mr. Brighthall?" The doctor paused for a moment and said, "He is on a business trip to Eastgene and he will be back in three days."

"Three days?"

Deirdre could not bear to wait anymore. She said, "Please call Mr. Brighthall at once. I have something to

ask him!"

The doctor could sense that something was off about Deirdre and that she was unstable. Hence, he could only agree to help her by calling Brendan.

The first call was not picked up, and neither was the second call.

The doctor said, "Ms. McKinnon, perhaps Mr. Brighthall is still busy. Why don't we wait a while?"

Deirdre's eyes were unfocused. She bit her lower lip tightly and said, "Call him until he picks up!"

Her ears were humming. She was scared, terrified, and restless. She needed an answer urgently to comfort herself.

The doctor could only call over and over again. Fortunately, his call was picked up in the end. Brendan sounded fatigued and impatient when he said, "What happened? Why are you calling me constantly?"

"It's Ms. McKinnon... She would like to talk to you."

The doctor passed the phone to Deirdre, and she took it. Her hands were shaky, her lips were pale, and her eyes were moist with despair and conflicting emotions. "It's me, Brendan "

It was the first time Deirdre had taken the initiative to call him, but her voice was filled with fear. Brendan

could feel that something was off, so he gestured with his hand for the people in his surroundings to quieten down.

"What's going on?"

Deirdre's eyes were red with tears. "I would like to see Ophelia now. At once. Immediately!"

The determination in her tone stunned Brendan. He furrowed his eyebrows and said, "What are you concocting this time, Deirdre? Didn't the attending physician tell you that your mother is ill and you can't meet her yet?"

"Is it because she is ill? Or because she's dead?!" Deirdre clenched her teeth tightly, tears streaming down her face frantically.

Brendan was stunned while Deirdre roared in rage, "Tell me! Give me an answer! Is it because she is ill or because she's dead!"

"Who told you that?" Brendan calmed himself with great effort and said in a deep voice, "Where did you get that? Who told you that your mother is dead?"

Chapter 180 I Want to See Her in Person if She Is Alive and I Want to See Her Corpse if She Is Dead!

"You only need to answer me if my mother is still alive or not!" Deirdre was having an emotional breakdown. Her tears seeped into her mouth, and she could taste their bitterness. "Brendan! You promised! You promised me that you'd take care of my mother if I agreed to be Charlene's scapegoat! If anything bad has happened to her, I will hate you for the rest of my life!"

'If anything bad has happened to her, I will hate you for the rest of my life!'

Brendan's mood was affected, and his breathing pattern changed as well. His voice sounded cold when he said, "No! Ophelia is still well and safe in the hospital! Deirdre, stop believing hearsay and learn to think in every situation. If Ophelia was dead, she'd be dead. Why would I lie to you about that?"

Deirdre sobbed soundlessly and shook her head. She was almost hysterical. "I don't know..."

She had no idea why Brendan would need to lie to her, yet she had no choice but to believe the voice clip after everything that had happened recently.

"Since you claim that she is still alive, I would like to meet her now."

"That would be impossible!" Brendan denied her request with a stern voice. He then explained with a frown, "Deirdre, hasn't the attending physician explained this to you clearly? Ophelia can't meet you now. Do you want Ophelia's illness to deteriorate because she'll get emotional after meeting you?"

Deirdre did not want that, of course. However, she did not wish to be controlled by his excuse anymore. 'I want to see her in person if she is alive and I want to see her corpse if she is dead!'

"I've already been disfigured, and my face has changed. If you and I don't tell her, she won't recognize me even if she meets me." Deirdre felt her collarbone area tense up and suppressed the urge to cry. "You only need to bring her to the villa and let me talk to her for a while. As long as I can confirm that she is still alive... Brendan, I will agree to do anything for you..."

In the end, she was begging him.

She had lost everything, so she did not wish to lose the last family member in her life.

Brendan was overwhelmed with emotions and felt like his chest was weighed down so much that he almost blurted out the truth.

'But wouldn't Deirdre lose the hope to live if I told her the truth?'

His mind went blank. On his right, Sam came and told Brendan that the guests were waiting in the boardroom. Brendan figured out something and said coldly, "I will let you meet your mother, but not today. We will discuss this more when I'm back in Neve."

Upon saying that, Brendan ended the conversation rashly without giving Deirdre the chance to respond. This was precisely why the final ounce of hope in Deirdre's heart was diminished.

She knew Brendan all too well, and he would act rashly if he was avoiding something.

Deirdre bit her lower lip so tightly that her lips cracked and blood seeped out. Her bloodshot eyes were filled with despair, and she was making an agonizing, sad howl in her throat.

The doctor was startled "Ms. McKinnon... Don't hurt yourself. You can discuss this further when Mr. Brighthall is back. If there's anything wrong, he will most certainly be able to solve it for you."

Deirdre could not hear anymore. She stood up and walked upstairs, holding the handrail numbly with her remaining energy. Her emaciated body looked like a ruined doll as she walked up the stairs step by step.

The doctor was relieved and proceeded to deal with the aftermath. He had never seen Deirdre head straight to the third floor without stopping on the second floor..

There was a huge balcony on the third floor that had been built so Charlene could breathe the freshest air back when she had been comatose.

The villa had been built on a supreme plot, and it was said that one could have a wide view of the beautiful scenery from the third floor..

Deirdre had never seen it with her own eyes but she could feel the wind blowing against her from all directions now as she stepped on the icy tiles. She felt calm for a brief moment.