

Resent Reject Regret

Chapter 181 I Must've Lost My Mind a Long Time Ago

She believed that she would not end up the way she had when she had fallen from the second floor if she jumped from here.

She had broken a few ribs but she had lived and been discharged from the hospital previously. She would die if she were to fall from this floor.

However, Deirdre did not feel an ounce of fear in her heart as she felt the wind. She stepped over and sat on the ledge easily, her feet hanging in the air.

It felt as if she had traveled back in time while playing with the water in the pond of the slums. She felt more joyous and relaxed than she had ever felt before.

The doctor noticed that something was off and came rushing to the third floor. His expression turned pale with fear. "Ms. McKinnon! Don't do anything rash! Come down here, quick!"

"Don't come near me." Deirdre turned her head, her hair blowing in the wind, her gaze so empty that the sight of her was pitiful. "I will jump if you take one step closer to me!"

The doctor was almost in tears, as no one would be able to save her life if she fell from that place.

He attempted to console Deirdre with all his might. "I won't come closer, I won't come closer! However, this is not a game, Ms. McKinnon. If you like the wind, I'll take you for a stroll outside. It's too dangerous here. What will happen to you if you fall?"

"What will happen if I fall?" Deirdre was stunned for a moment. Then, she smiled and answered, "I'll die, of course. However, Dr. Ginger, do you think I'm scared of death? How am I any different from a dead man. when I'm living like this?"

She spoke nonchalantly at a speed that was not too fast or too slow. It seemed as if she would be utterly fearless if she fell off the villa the next moment.

Dr. Ginger's back was drenched in sweat when he heard that, and his facial muscles were shaking. "Don't do that to yourself, Ms. McKinnon. There are always people you care about in this world!"

The words stabbed Deirdre's heart, and she teared up from laughing.

'People I care about? One of the people I care about had his future ruined by Brendan, and the other one's life is uncertain. Who else could I care about at this point?'

"You don't need to try to convince me. Call Brendan and make him bring my mother to meet me at once." Deirdre touched the ice-cold stone ledge. "Otherwise, I won't get down."

"Sure, sure, sure! You must stay there, Ms. McKinnon. I will call Mr. Brighthall at once!"

The call was picked up, and Dr. Ginger briefed Brendan on the situation. Brendan pulled a long face and instructed Dr. Ginger to put the call on speaker.

"Deirdre! Have you lost your mind?! You're actually threatening me with your life?! Get down quickly!" Brendan roared in rage and heard the howling wind on the other end of the line. He could tell that the woman was standing on the balcony.

At the thought of the openness of that area, he could not help shivering once.

Deirdre appeared to be immune to Brendan's anger. She chuckled and said, "To be honest, I must've lost my mind a long time ago, Brendan. If I hadn't lost my mind, I would have known that you've been keeping

me in the dark

you that "Who's trying to keep you in the dark, huh!" Brendan could not explain his agitation. "I told Ophelia is still alive, didn't I? Wait for me to return when I'm done with everything here..."

"That's enough. I don't want to listen to your lies anymore!" Deirdre lowered her gaze, and her expression could not be seen anymore. "I begged you to let Ophelia say 'happy birthday' to me on my birthday, and you refused to do that... Brendan, I won't be foolish anymore. I won't get down if you don't bring Ophelia. If I fall off accidentally and die, that'll be great too. Then, you'll fulfill your wish to marry Charlene." Upon saying that, Deirdre ignored Brendan. Brendan felt his heart wrench in pain when he heard her 'fall off and die' remark. He felt a mixture of agitation and restlessness and wished that he could hop on a plane to head back to Neve immediately.

Sam opened the door of the boardroom, his expression solemn. "Mr. Brighthall, you interrupted the meeting twice, and the other party is already very displeased. They demand that you get back at once..."

Chapter 182 She's Dead, Right

"I have something important to attend to. Postpone the meeting!"

Sam was stunned, and his face turned pale. "Mr. Brighthall! You've been after this project for more than six months..."

"I said, postpone it! Get me flight tickets immediately! We're going back to Neve!"

Sam had also noticed that something was off. "What's going on in Neve?"

"Deirdre is threatening to commit suicide on the third floor of the villa."

He wanted to hop on a flight to return to Neve, but doing so was not as simple as he thought it would be. There was no available flight now, and the earliest flight would take off at midnight.

He would need to wait five more hours.

Forget about five hours. Deirdre might not necessarily be able to withstand three hours in the cold wind given her health condition.

Brendan could only arrange for a private jet, so more than two hours had already passed by the time he arrived in Neve. He ran through all the red lights on the way home and found the woman's emaciated figure on the third floor when he reached the courtyard.

Her white dress was blowing in the wind, her eyes were shut, and her face was ghastly pale and numb from the cold. However, she kept her body stubbornly still.

Brendan felt his back get drenched in cold sweat and went running upstairs, gritting his teeth. He bumped into Dr. Ginger and grabbed his shoulders tightly while he roared in a rage, "What the heck is wrong with you! You actually allowed her to go to the third floor?!"

Dr. Ginger was almost in tears. "I didn't know that there was such a dangerous spot on the third floor..."

"Why don't you pull her off the ledge then? Can't you handle a blind person?"

Dr. Ginger pulled a long face. "I tried to, but Ms. McKinnon's hearing is very sensitive. She would pull herself forward whenever I tried to move closer to her, so how could I dare pull her off the ledge?!"

Brendan's head was dizzy from anger, and his body broke out in a layer of thin sweat.

"Deirdre, you'll stop at nothing, huh? You're not even scared of death, huh?"

He ran upstairs to the third-floor room and, from his point of view, there was only blue sky in front of the woman. Brendan had no idea if it was due to the strong, cold wind in the surroundings but he shuddered in the cold involuntarily.

"Deirdre" He was about to lose his temper. "Get away from there!"

Deirdre opened her eyes, her body already numb. She asked, "Where's Ophelia? Did you bring her with you?"

Brendan could not bring her, of course Should he have dug her corpse out of the grave?

Even if he had, there would only have been bones and ashes left.

"I told you that Ophelia is.

"There you go again" Deirdre's voice sounded extremely calm, yet there was disappointment and fearlessness in her gaze. She stared in Brendan's direction with empty eyes. "Brendan, can you speak the truth for once? Do you think that I'll still believe you after all this time?"

Her lips were trembling, and she was holding back tears as she declared, "Ophelia is dead, right?"

Brendan felt his heart wrench in pain.

He did not speak, but Deirdre's eyes were bloodshot. "Brendan! Answer me! Is Ophelia dead?"

Her entire body was shaking, and it felt as if the scabbed wound in her heart had ruptured in an instant. and blood had begun seeping out of the wound. Then, as blood surged out of her open wound, she felt a suffocating ache all over her chest.

"Why did you lie to me! You promised me that you'd let her off if I agreed to be Charlene's scapegoat!"

She was agitated, and tears were streaming down her face constantly. She shifted half of her body from the ledge until it was in midair.

Brendan felt a tug in his heart and could not utter a word because he felt suffocated.

'Should I continue to deceive her? A lie is still a lie anyhow.'

He was rendered speechless.

Deirdre shut her eyes shakily. She had lost all hope at that very moment, and her heart sank.

Intense hatred enshrouded her body. She then took a deep breath and jumped without any hesitation.

"Deirdre!"

Brendan roared hysterically, his mind going blank. He ran forward despite the feeling of hopelessness in his heart.

Sam acted faster than Brendan, as he had been moving closer to the ledge constantly while Deirdre and Brendan had been talking.

Chapter 183 You Deserve to Die

Hence, Sam ran over instinctively with his arm outstretched and grabbed Deirdre's wrist the very moment Deirdre jumped without the slightest hesitation.

He only discovered how absurdly skinny the woman was the moment he grabbed her wrist. She was all

skin and bones.

"Ms. McKinnon! Give me your other hand! Quick!"

Deirdre's expression, which had been filled with despair, finally changed ever so slightly when she heard Sam's voice, but it was only a minute change.

Tears kept flowing out of the corners of her eyes constantly. She raised her head and said with feigned calmness, "Sam, I treat you well usually. If you really want to do something good for me, loosen your grip, okay? It's too painful to live. Let me be with my mother and perform my duty as a daughter."

Sam felt an ache in his heart so painful that he could not speak. Brendan ran over with bloodshot eyes. and clutched Deirdre's arm tightly.

No one knew this, but Brendan had felt his sinking heart halt to a stop the very moment Sam had grabbed Deirdre. He did not doubt that he would have descended into a boundless hell for the rest of his life if

Deirdre had fallen.

"Sam, grab Deirdre's other hand!" he ordered.

Deirdre was struggling with all her might. There was no telling where she had found it, but she was grasping a rock in her other palm, which she used to pound at Brendan's hand frantically.

The sharp rock cut out streaks of bloody wounds in Brendan's hand and turned the back of his hand into. a bloody mess instantly.

The sharp pain made Brendan's body shake once, but he tightened his grip even more.

Deirdre felt that and laughed so hard that she teared up. "Why are you trying to save me, Brendan? Just because you and Charlene need a child-birthing machine?"

"Shut up!" Brendan's body was tense, and his veins were bulging. "It's not about that. I just want you to

live!"

He did not have the time to ponder this closely, nor did he need to do that. He had always been reckless and unrestrained, so he would do whatever he wanted.

Deirdre found his remark ironic. "You want me to live? If you had spared no effort to save my mother before she died, would she still have fallen to her death? You have everything, yet you've taken everything from me, a person who has nothing left. Brendan, you deserve to die!

"I curse you to feel unrequited love for the rest of your life! May you be in so much agony that you wish you were dead!"

Her eyes were bloodshot. Even though she could not see, her eyes were filled with hatred. She wanted to see this man clearly before her death so she could haunt him.

"Deirdre! What are you doing?!"

Brendan could not help panicking. Deirdre's eyes were deathly still when she stretched out her other hand. and exerted her last ounce of energy to pry away Brendan's index and middle fingers.

Brendan was sweating profusely as he roared, "How dare you, Deirdre!"

He held her hand tighter but still could not fight Deirdre's resistance. He could feel the woman's wrist slipping from his fingers bit by bit.

Brendan widened his eyes and felt as if the world was moving in slow motion. He could feel Deirdre's fearlessness when it came to death.

All of a sudden, Sam stretched out his hand to grab Deirdre's other arm.

Brendan and Sam joined forces to pull Deirdre to a safe spot.

Brendan was relieved of his pain at that very moment. He made his way to Deirdre with bloodshot eyes. and grabbed her shoulders. "Do you know that you..."

'Almost died!

'You were almost gone from this world, Deirdre!'

Deirdre's gaze was fearless and disappointed.

She searched for Sam and said with trembling lips, "Why?"

"Why did you save me?"

Sam shut his eyes in agony. "I'm sorry, Ms. McKinnon. I can't just do nothing while I watch you die. While there's life, there's hope."

Chapter 184 Is She Really Still Alive

"While there's life, there's hope?" This was simply the biggest irony to Deirdre.

She had been trying to live with great effort all this time, yet in exchange for her effort, she had been dragged into this hell of despair.

"My mother is dead, and I've been turned into this creature. You tell me... What else is there to hope for?"

She loathed Sam for saying 'while there's life, there's hope' so easily. 'Can't he see that all that is left of my life is darkness?'

"Are you still lying to me at this point?" Deirdre looked at him with hatred and despair. "Why didn't you bring her with you if she is still alive? Brendan, does keeping me in the dark and using my mother to have a hold over me give you a sense of achievement?"

Her hysterical episode made Brendan's eyes redden, and he felt suffocated.

He had not wanted Ophelia to die.

But if he were to acknowledge her death, he would not only need to admit his mistake, but Deirdre would lose her hope to live too. She would loathe him and defy him for the rest of her life.

He did not wish for that to happen at all.

“I told you. Is it necessary for me to lie to you? Would it be possible to get Ophelia out of the hospital so she can see you within such a short time? Listen to this if you don’t believe me!” Brendan pulled out his phone and said, “This is a voice clip recorded and sent by the hospital.”

He tapped the play button and Ophelia’s aged voice came from his phone’s speaker, accompanied by electrostatic noise. “My daughter? She’s adorable and very kind. She just spends way too little time with me, and I haven’t seen her around much. I miss her very much, but others keep telling me that my child has already grown up, so she can’t keep me company frequently. That’s why I don’t have the courage to call her. I’m not asking for much. It would be nice if she came to see me when she remembers me...”

The wind on the balcony was very strong, but the voice coming from the voice clip was unusually clear.

Deirdre broke down into tears.

Brendan said, “That’s Ophelia, right? You’re her daughter, so you must certainly recognize her voice.”

Deirdre sobbed. “Is she really still alive?”

Brendan’s dark eyes turned darker, and his tone turned icy abruptly. “I told you that I would never lie to you. You’re the one who refused to believe me!”

Sam stood aside, his expression slightly unpleasant.

He had been on the flight too, so he was well aware of how the voice clip had been acquired. It was a voice recording made by Ophelia’s doctor while she had still been alive. It had been unintentionally recorded initially, yet it actually served a purpose now.

But was this really good for Deirdre?

Deirdre curled herself up, her eyes glistening

“So it turns out that Ophelia is still alive. She is still alive and well. I didn’t cause her death.”

“Wher

meet her then?

Brendan furrowed his eyebrows and answered, “Soon”

"Give me an exact time." Deirdre was no fool either. She would not wait indefinitely, as she found those days to be tormenting.

Brendan took a deep breath. Upon seeing Deirdre's empty gaze and the tears on her face, he suppressed his anger with great effort and said, "I can't give you an exact time but I will arrange a meeting between you and Ophelia in the next two weeks."

"Really?" Deirdre leaned on Brendan's arm, tears welling up in her eyes. "Brendan, don't lie to me this... time..."

Deirdre collapsed on the ground loudly when she uttered that last word.

"Deirdre!"

"Ms. McKinnon!"

Chapter 185 Just Get the Pain Over With Rather Than Prolong the Agony

Dr. Ginger ran over to Deirdre as well. He felt Deirdre's forehead with his hand, his expression unpleasant as he said hastily, "Take her to the room! Ms. McKinnon's body is too weak. She can't stand the cold."

Brendan carried Deirdre down to her room and wrapped her body tightly in a blanket. He turned on the heater as well. The knot in the pit of his stomach felt relieved ever so slightly when he felt the warmth returning to the woman's body.

He left the rest to Dr. Ginger.

Brendan headed outside for a smoke while Sam guarded the door. He said with difficulty when he noticed Brendan, "Mr. Brighthall..."

He kept his head lowered, his expression overwhelmed with emotions. He hesitated for a long time. before he finally said, "Is Ms. McKinnon's mother... still alive?"

Brendan turned his head and took a cold glance at him. He had a cold, threatening look in his eyes. "What are you trying to tell me?"

Sam pursed his lips. "If Ms. McKinnon's mother is not alive anymore, this lie won't last forever. It would be better just to get the pain over with rather than prolong the agony..."

"Better just to get the pain over with rather than prolong the agony?" Brendan smashed a painting on the wall with a punch and spoke through tightly-clenched teeth. "You make it sound so simple. You can see Deirdre's current condition. Do you think she would still want to live if she were to find out everything?"

When he had seen the agony in Deirdre's eyes and the way she had jumped without any hesitation when the only hope she'd had left in this world was more loss, he had known that he could only continue to keep up this sickening lie.

He would never allow Deirdre to commit suicide again. He did not wish to feel his heart skip a beat like it had after witnessing the earlier scene.

“Watch your tongue. You should know what you should meddle with and what you shouldn’t meddle with, understand?”

Brendan warned Sam with cold eyes. Had it not been for Deirdre’s request, he might not have necessarily kept Sam posted there.

Sam did not even have the courage to breathe loudly and he kept his head lowered.

Dr. Ginger opened the door just in time to witness the scene. He could feel the oppressive ambience in the air and he took a step back subconsciously.

Brendan asked, “How is she?”

“Not that well,” Dr. Ginger answered frankly. “It’s true that her life is not at stake for the time being, but her health is deteriorating with time. Even if we do manage to stabilize her now, if something were to happen to Ms. McKinnon’s health afterward, it would be the spark to the bomb of her weakened body. The bomb would be ignited and there would be no way out by then.”

Brendan’s expression turned green from anger. Dr. Ginger had already tried his best to gloss over Deirdre’s health condition by describing it in a less serious manner. However, Brendan could feel that Deirdre would not be able to live long if this continued.

“Aren’t you a doctor? Aren’t you a wonder doctor? Everyone recognizes your outstanding practices, yet you can’t even handle a woman? You must cure Deirdre regardless. I’m willing to spend as much as it takes!”

Dr. Ginger’s expression was unpleasant, and he forced a smile with great effort. “I’ll do my best.”

Brendan was about to walk into the room with a cold expression. He had just taken two steps forward when he backed away and said, “Also, why did Deirdre suddenly have such a huge reaction to Ophelia? What happened?”

He believed that the incident had been caused by something, as he’d had everything under control prior to that.

Dr. Ginger furrowed his eyebrows. “I’m not very sure. Ms. McKinnon was still very well this morning. Then, I left to get something and she acted as if she had turned into someone else when I came back. She asked me to call you, but I don’t have any further details.”

“Alright, understood.”

Brendan suppressed the agitation in his expression, entered the room, and shut the door.

The face and lips of the woman lying on the bed were the same color. They were as pale as paper. A sheen of sweat covered her forehead, and she was dreaming and muttering occasionally. Brendan was only able to hear her when he moved closer.

Chapter 186 Wish I Could Choke You to Death

It was all related to Ophelia.

Brendan had known how important Ophelia was to Deirdre for a long time.

Ophelia had been sick because of Deirdre, so she had carried the heavy burden of raising Deirdre by herself. She had refused to marry again and taken three laborious jobs to make a living.

Deirdre had once whispered to him, "Brendan, you're the second most important person in my life."

He had been agitated at the time and he had humored her by asking with a cold face, "Who's the most important person then?"

"My mother!" Her tiny face had blushed scarlet because she had misunderstood his reaction for jealousy. She had explained herself in a panic, "Don't misunderstand."

"What's there for me to misunderstand?"

Deirdre had chuckled before falling silent. "She has experienced way too many hardships for me, so I would die willingly for her if it meant that she'd get to live to see another day."

Deirdre had assumed that she was the happiest girl in the world at the time. She had lived a perfectly satisfactory life after marrying him, yet she would still have died just so Ophelia could live one more day.

It was apparent that Ophelia was more important to her than her own happiness.

Hence, it would be shattering for her to find out about Ophelia's death.

Brendan felt suffocated by the weight on his chest. One could describe him as a coward or a vile man, but he needed to keep this lie alive regardless.

However, he could not think of an excuse to keep this up for two weeks.

Brendan was exhausted from the long trip, in addition to the lingering fear of being on the brink of death. He lay down right away and cuddled Deirdre before he shut his eyes and rested.

He did not expect that he would wake up the next afternoon. Brendan looked at the woman in her arms instinctively and found her leaning on his chest, her hair messy. Her face was no longer ghastly pale, but her cheeks were stained with a sickly blush. Her breathing was shallow, and she was clutching his clothes. restlessly in her sleep.

Brendan was caught in a daze for a moment upon witnessing the scene.

He could count the number of occasions they had woken up together in the same bed during the past two years on his fingers, yet this feeling had actually aroused a sense of familiarity and sentimentality in him.

A moment later, Deirdre opened her eyes in confusion. After sensing the man next to her, she said in an anxious tone without thinking twice, "Who's there?"

Brendan's face turned cold instantly.

He pulled back his arms, flung the blanket on Deirdre's body, and reached for his clothes. He said in a cold, mocking tone, "Who else would want to lie on the same bed with you in your current state?"

Deirdre was stunned for a moment. Brendan put on his jacket and looked at Deirdre's face with a cold gaze. He said through clenched teeth, "Deirdre, do you think you're capable now? It's fine that you had a death wish, but you actually jumped off the building. Had Sam not grabbed you in time, you would have been in a morgue by now and Ophelia would be mourning her daughter's death!"

"I'm sorry..." Deirdre's lashes trembled, and she kept her head lowered. "I was too impulsive."

"Impulsive?"

'How can she summarize it all in just one word?' Brendan took a few steps forward and clutched the collar of her top. "I wish I could choke you to death now so I could end this once and for all!"

He was furious, and perhaps this was precisely why he did not put his hand on her throat. He was worried he might accidentally choke her.

Deirdre realized that she was at fault, so she did not have the courage to talk back. She rubbed the fabric of Brendan's collar while she kept quiet. Then, she said cautiously, "Don't deceive me, Brendan..."

"What?" Brendan was stunned for a moment.

"She is still alive... She has to be..."

Deirdre muttered to herself. The woman that she was referring to was Ophelia.

Brendan felt agitated for no apparent reason and pushed away Deirdre's hand. "I already played the voice clip for you. You can choose whether you believe me or not. You can kill yourself now, and no one will stop you. However, I'm telling you that I'll send everybody else that you care about your way if you have the courage to kill yourself!"

Chapter 187 He Taught You Frequently, Right

"I won't..." Deirdre's hand was swollen from the hit. She pulled back her hand and held it with her other hand as she said in an airy voice, "I want to live because I will only meet my mother by staying alive."

Brendan's expression was tainted with sternness when he heard that. He removed the tie that he had been attempting to tie around his neck but had failed due to agitation. He grabbed Deirdre's hand and stuffed the tie into her fingers.

"Fasten the tie for me!"

Deirdre reacted when her hands felt the tie. It had already been a very long time since she had done this, but her movements were still extremely skillful. It was because she used to practice every day in the past so she could perform her duty as Mrs. Brighthall.

Brendan was completely unaware of that.

The reason he made Deirdre fasten the tie was to change the topic of conversation, but he felt infuriated by the sight of Deirdre being so skillful with the tie.

"I suppose Sterling frequently taught you how to fasten a tie since you're so good at it." He then said in a sarcastic tone, "He's just a doctor who operates a run-down clinic. Does he need to wear a suit as well?"

Deirdre felt her heart wrench in pain when Brendan suddenly mentioned Sterling. She kept her gaze lowered and her lips shut.

Brendan clutched her lower jaw swiftly and pressed on, continuing the interrogation. "Are you mute? Speak!"

"What do you want me to say?" Deirdre was confused. "How is this related to Sterling? He has already left the city..."

'Is Brendan still going to involve Sterling in our conversation so he can mock and mess with Sterling every so often?'

"He has left the city, but that doesn't mean that nothing happened between you two in the past." Brendan grew more and more furious as he looked at the beautifully-fastened tie on his neck. He pulled it apart strenuously and glared at Deirdre. "Who taught you this technique?"

"I learned it myself..."

Brendan sneered. "I didn't know that you could still learn it as a blind person."

Deirdre bit her lower lip. "I learned it by watching you fasten your tie in the past."

She used to take his tie and wrap it around the servant's neck so she could practice fastening it in the past, hoping that a day like this would come.

The day had come, yet Brendan was being extremely cynical. On the other hand, she had already lost any feeling of excitement in her heart.

Brendan could not help being stunned. 'She learned by watching me? Does this mean that this matter is unrelated to Sterling?'

"She didn't sleep with Sterling, only to wake up the next morning to help him fasten his tie to build on their love daily?"

His expression relaxed when these thoughts popped into his mind. He clutched Deirdre's wrist and said, "It's good that Sterling was not a part of this. We're not divorced yet. I assure you that you won't have a good time if you are so eager to cheat on me!"

Deirdre did not speak. She would never have brought up anything related to Sterling if Brendan had not brought him up.

"Also..." Brendan loosened his grip over her hand and said, "Why were you so emotional yesterday that you called me and pleaded to meet Ophelia?"

His eyes were narrowed, glistening with sternness and suppressed anger. "Did someone tell you nonsense?"

Deirdre suddenly remembered the voice clip played by Charlene and felt her heart wrench in pain. She pursed her lips tightly and made up her mind to trust Brendan and stop having any other thoughts.

"No..."

"Why are you still trying to hide something from me?" Brendan could not suppress his anger. "Why did you suddenly bring up Ophelia and think that she might be dead? Someone must have instigated this! I won't ever let that person off!" 1

He would never let that person have a good time after exposing this matter no matter who they were.

When she heard that, Deirdre's expression turned solemn. She knew that Charlene must have been well-prepared for her to show up so grandly at the villa. Brendan would not only not believe her if she mentioned Charlene's name, but what had happened in the past would happen again.

Chapter 188 Would You Believe Me if I Told You the Truth

She could no longer care and she did not have the mental capacity to let herself be distracted by that incident. All she wanted was to meet her mother.

"Nothing happened, really. The idea occurred to me all of a sudden..."

Before she could finish her sentence, Brendan grabbed her face, exuding displeasure with his overbearing presence. "Deirdre, are you aware that I can see that you're lying every time you do it? You're really disobedient, which makes me think that you just don't want to meet Ophelia again!"

Deirdre felt her heart racing, and all the blood drained from her face instantly.

In the end, she bit her lower lip tightly and said, "Brendan, would you believe me if I told you the truth?" Brendan furrowed his eyebrows subconsciously when he heard her reply. "What kind of trick do you have up your sleeve again? If you're telling the truth, why wouldn't I believe you?"

"It was Charlene."

Deirdre could feel the coldness emanating from Brendan's body when she uttered that name. She found it ironic, but she said, "She showed up suddenly the other day and told me about my mother's passing. That was why I had such a huge reaction that I even tried to compel you with my death..."

Brendan's dark eyes turned gloomy. He stared closely at Deirdre in hopes of seeing the tinge of pleasure of someone who had successfully framed someone else on her face. However, he did not see such a thing. There was only calmness in her expression.

In fact, after Brendan fell silent, Deirdre said, "You can choose not to believe me and not to pursue this matter. You may just assume that I'm lying. The matter is already over anyway."

However, Brendan knew that this matter was not over because Ophelia was already dead and he had to figure out a way to comfort Deirdre within two weeks.

Everything was happening precisely due to this fact.

But had Charlene really done this? Was she really cruel enough to tell Deirdre the truth? She obviously knew better than anybody else the significance of this matter to him and Deirdre!

He did not say anything but he turned around and left. In the car heading to the company, he suddenly said, "Let's not head to the company for now. Drive to Charlene's place instead."

The driver turned the car around, and the journey to Charlene's place took a little over 10 minutes.

Brendan got out of the car and saw that a servant had already been assigned to welcome him. Charlene was still having breakfast when he entered the living room. She greeted him in a warm voice when she saw him. "Bren."

Charlene had a smile on her face that made her appear even more graceful, gentle, and charming. Brendan furrowed his eyebrows deeply, finding it unimaginable that Charlene would do something like

that.

'Is this another one of Deirdre's attempts to alienate Charlene?

'But who is the person who really told Deirdre the truth then?"

Brendan stood in the same spot without doing anything. Charlene's smile froze on her face for a moment, and she got up to approach him. "What's going on? What brings you to my place so early in the morning? You won't even say a thing. Did something happen?"

She wanted to help Brendan remove his overcoat, but Brendan stretched out his hand to grab her wrist. "It's fine. I'll be heading back to the company in a while. I'm here because I have something to ask you."

Charlene's smile froze on her face for a moment before she assumed an extremely innocent, pure expression. "What's going on? You sound so serious."

"Where were you yesterday?"

"Yesterday?" Charlene pretended to recall. "I was at the cinema. Then, I went shopping with my friends. from morning till afternoon. I was home by nightfall. What's going on?"

Brendan's dark eyes were glistening with coldness, and his expression was nonchalant. "Deirdre attempted to jump off the villa yesterday."

"What?" Charlene appeared to be very astonished. In truth, she was well aware of the situation. She said, "What happened? Why would Ms. McKinnon actually attempt to commit suicide?"

Brendan's gaze was locked on Charlene's face. His flawless, gorgeous face remained unchanged when he described the situation by enunciating each word clearly. "She found out about Ophelia's death."

Chapter 189 She's Lying

"How did that happen..." Charlene bit her lower lip, feeling scared out of her wits. She asked in a flurry, "What happened afterward? Is Ms. McKinnon alright? She's too foolish. Why would she commit suicide because of this?"

"She was saved in the end."

"Great then." Charlene felt relieved. She remembered something that made her face turn paler and she looked at Brendan incredulously. "Brendan, you're here to tell me about Ms. McKinnon's suicide attempt... What are you implying? You also asked about my whereabouts yesterday. Could you be suspecting me of exposing the secret?"

Brendan did not answer, but Charlene's eyes reddened with tears instantly. "Did Ms. McKinnon tell you that I told her the secret?"

"No." Brendan frowned deeply, and his voice sounded agitated. "I was only asking casually."

Tears were falling from Charlene's eyes. "You don't have to put in a good word for Ms. McKinnon. Why would you associate the incident with me if she hadn't mentioned it? Besides, Brendan, you're breaking my heart. Why would you think that I'm the culprit behind this incident? Is it because of that dog?"

"Yes! I admit that the dog incident was my fault! It was the servant who committed the act, but it was partly incited by me. But I truly had no idea that the dog would die such a tragic death! Even if I really did ask my servant to do that, was I not supposed to do it? Deirdre framed me and almost caused my death. She ruined my leg, and now she's trying to take you away from me too! I should be selfless in love and offer you to her magnanimously, right?"

Charlene was bawling profusely and hysterically.

Brendan furrowed his eyebrows. "Charlene..."

"Rosaly, bring me the receipts from my shopping trip yesterday!" Charlene ordered the servant while she wiped her tears. She then handed the receipts to Brendan when the servant brought them. "These are the receipts from my shopping trip yesterday morning till afternoon, with a timestamp printed on them. You can look into the receipts and ask around for information. The return journey from the shopping location. to your villa took two hours, so these will tell you whether I was at the villa or not yesterday, Mr. Brighthall!"

Brendan held the receipts in his hand and felt extremely agitated deep inside. Charlene could not be bothered to be in the same room with him, so she took it upon herself to head upstairs while she said, " See the guest to the door, Rosaly!"

By the time the servant led Brendan to the door and returned to the living room, Charlene had already gotten downstairs. Noticing the situation, the servant approached Charlene and complimented her by saying, "You're impressive, miss! You had already prepared an alibi for yesterday and you also explained the dog's death well enough that Mr. Brighthall is no longer bearing a grudge against you. Instead, he's feeling guilty."

Charlene could not derive pleasure from the incident. Her fists were so tightly clenched that her nails dug into her flesh, and her beautiful eyes were surging with hatred. "But he was here."

The fact that he had come signified his lack of trust in her and how much he favored Deirdre!

She had exhausted every means and spent a year to captivate Brendan, yet she had not expected that everything would change as soon as that woman came back into his life. She'd had to utilize ways that had hurt her in the process just to achieve equilibrium with great effort.

How would she be able to make peace with that?

"That b*tch is just like a ghost that keeps coming back!" Charlene picked up a vase and threw it on the floor, shattering it. Then, she swept away all the items on the coffee table. "She didn't even manage to die after jumping off a building. You can't blame me for not being courteous anymore!"

"Call him up. It's time for him to make a move!"

Brendan looked into the receipts and discovered that Charlene's alibi checked out. There were images of Charlene's face on the surveillance footage at the shopping mall.

Hence, Deirdre was lying.

'She still won't give up. She is constantly trying to defame Charlene.'

Brendan was agitated and furious. 'If only she had stayed out of trouble just for a bit, she wouldn't have ended up in her current situation.'

Chapter 190 Mr. Brighthall Has Had One Drink Too Many Today

'She just won't give up on her sinister, malicious nature. I was wrong too for actually believing her and questioning Charlene.'

Brendan downed glass by glass of alcohol with a cold expression. A beautiful woman approached him from the side with a seductive gaze. "Are you here alone, handsome?"

"Leave." Brendan did not even bother taking one glance at her.

It was inevitable that she'd be infuriated. "You think you're better just because you're good-looking..."

She left furiously. Sawyer stepped forward when he checked and realized it was time. "Mr. Brighthall, are we leaving?"

"And going where?" Brendan pointed at the seat next to him. "Come and drink with me."

Sawyer could tell that Brendan was in a very bad mood because he was drinking constantly, but he still declined Brendan's offer.

"Mr. Brighthall, I'm driving."

Brendan did not try to convince Sawyer to drink but he kept drinking more and more. After a few bottles, his expression changed at last and his gaze began to appear unfocused.

Sawyer immediately paid the bill and helped Brendan into the car. When Brendan was taken to the villa, no lights were turned on, and Sawyer helped Brendan sit on the sofa in the living room. "Would you like me to fetch you a glass of water, Mr. Brighthall?"

Brendan slumped on the sofa and raised his head to look at the pendant lamp hanging above the sofa. He heaved a sigh and looked in the direction of the second floor, only to see that the woman's door was tightly shut.

He felt infuriated for no apparent reason. When he had been drunk in the past, Deirdre had cared about him more than anybody else and she'd rush to take care of him, yet she refused to even show herself now?

"Have Deirdre come downstairs!"

Sawyer was stunned for a moment but he still headed upstairs to knock on Deirdre's door.

After some time, the sound of a person getting dressed came from inside. Deirdre opened the door and swept her messy hair back as she said with a tired face, "How can I help you?"

Sawyer explained, "Mr. Brighthall has had one drink too many today."

Deirdre nodded slowly after smelling the stench of liquor in the air. She had no clue why Sawyer would inform her about that.

Sawyer got straight to the point by saying, "He wants you to head downstairs to take care of him, Ms. McKinnon"

Deirdre widened her eyes incredulously, and Sawyer found it absurd as well. Deirdre was a blind person who had trouble taking care of herself, so how would she take care of a drunk person?

“Understood” Deirdre calmed down after her momentary astonishment and walked out of the room, shutting the door after herself

She went down the stairs slowly, holding the handrail. Noticing the commotion, Brendan looked up at the woman walking downstairs and said in a mocking tone. “Your presence is much more difficult to seek

than God’s. You do know that you’re not going to idle around and do nothing because I put you up in the villa, right?”

Deirdre gripped the handrail harder while Sawyer hastily said, “Mr. Brighthall has had one drink too many indeed... I’ll fetch some water!”

“I’ll do it.”

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Deirdre chuckled in a self-mocking way. Brendan might not necessarily drink the water that Sawyer fetched. She rolled up her sleeves and walked to the kitchen without even turning back. “It’s late, you should get some rest. Just leave the rest to me.”

Sawyer was slightly hesitant. “I think I should leave when Mr. Brighthall goes upstairs to rest. Right? I believe you won’t be able to help him upstairs by yourself, Ms. McKinnon.”

“It’s fine.” Deirdre knew Brendan enough to know that he was not drunk to the extent of being unable to walk upstairs. “You’re still going to come over tomorrow morning anyway. If I really can’t do it, I’ll call Sam and ask him to come over so I won’t bother your rest.”

Sawyer considered it for a while and figured that Deirdre was making sense, so he left after exchanging pleasantries with her.

Deirdre fetched a glass of warm water, made her way to the sofa, and handed the glass to Brendan. He took it and gulped down half the glass, yet the anger he felt in his heart had yet to diminish in the slightest.

He found the sight of Deirdre, who was standing next to him in a daze without moving with feigned

obedience, an eyesore.