

## Resent Reject Regret

### Chapter 191 Not a Single Piece of Truth Has Ever Come Out of Your Mouth

Feeling rage surging into his head, he said while he stared at her with cold eyes, “Are *you* only going to take action when you’re urged by someone? Don’t forget that you still need something from me, so you should consider pleasing me your utmost priority!”

Deirdre was stunned by the unexpected anger. “What would you like me to do then?”

“Why are you asking me what to do? What did you do in the past when I was drunk?”

Deirdre understood the situation instantly. She took a deep breath and stretched out her hand before placing her fingertip on Brendan’s thin lips. Her fingertip glided down his chiseled jawline to his neck before she removed his tie.

Brendan’s breathing sounded substantially smoother when Deirdre unbuttoned his shirt. Then, she took a step forward, placed her fingers on his temples, and massaged his temples gently to relieve the headache caused by the drinking.

Brendan did not shut his eyes as he had in the past but he looked up and focused his gaze on *the* woman, staring at her nonchalant face. He said in a mocking tone after a long time, “I’ve never believed that one’s intention is reflected on one’s face, but I can confirm that it does make sense after seeing your face.” Deirdre’s movements froze for a moment while Brendan sniggered. “I actually believed in you enough to doubt Charlene. I went to question her on purpose and looked into her whereabouts, even though I obviously knew that you’re the liar here. I actually thought it would be fine to believe you again. I must have been out of my mind.”

Before Deirdre could respond, he turned his palms toward Deirdre and clutched her hands while he asked her ferociously, “How could you do that to me?”

Perhaps Deirdre was in too much pain to speak, as she rested for a long while before she recovered from the pain. She then asked, “What do you mean? Have you looked into the incident closely?”

“I looked into the surveillance footage from the shopping mall she visited the other day. Did you think that I wouldn’t look into the matter closely enough?” Brendan exerted strength with his hands abruptly in a pulling motion. Deirdre lost her balance and crashed into Brendan’s body. He clutched her lower jaw, his eyes bloodshot.

“She is far, far away from you, yet you’re still trying to defame her. Can you be any more malicious? Do you know how disappointed Charlene’s eyes looked when she looked at me? It’s silly just to think that I would actually believe you and look into Charlene! Not a single piece of truth has ever come out of your mouth!”

He shoved away Deirdre abruptly, causing her to fall on the coffee table. The cold glass surface she hit when she fell sent a piercing pain in her chest, and she was having trouble making sense of the situation.

'That hurts.'

It was nothing but pain. Even though she was already mentally prepared for this, she still found it amusing.

'No wonder he drank so much and lost his temper. It turns out that he did it because he hurt his beloved Charlene!'

Deirdre got up, her face ghastly pale from the intense pain radiating from her chest. "You compelled me to tell you over and over again. I didn't take it upon myself to say it."

Brendan glared at her. "So you think you could defame someone recklessly just because I asked you a question? Is framing someone all you can do?"

'Framing someone?'

'I met Charlene in person just a few days ago!'

She could still remember everything that had happened at the time as though it was yesterday.

"Why would I want to frame her? Would I be foolish enough to test your limits after knowing you fully well that she is your beloved girlfriend? You just don't want to believe me."

"That's enough! How many times are you going to say something like this?" Brendan was annoyed and perplexed. "I believed you twice, yet you disappointed me every single time. I'd be a fool if I believed you again, *you liar!*"

Deirdre felt as if energy was drained off her body and she did not even have the strength to explain herself.

'I'm the fool because I chose to speak out even though I knew that it was unnecessary to tell Brendan about the incident and that it would only cause me more trouble.'

## **Chapter 192 The Police Are Looking For Someone**

"1... I have nothing else to say." The corner of her lips twitched, and she felt bitterness in her chest.

"Do you have nothing else to say, or are you incapable of keeping up your lowly lie because you've been caught?" Brendan asked closely.

"Speak! Who told *you* that Ophelia died the other day?"

'Since it was not Charlene, it must have been someone else. On the other hand, that person keeps finding ways to circumvent the surveillance devices just to meet Deirdre and make her waver...'

An idea occurred to Brendan unexpectedly. He looked at Deirdre with his icy gaze, got up, and grabbed her shoulder. "It was Sterling, right? Is he back to stirring trouble on purpose?"

"What are you talking about?" Deirdre's face was furrowed in agony. "How is this related to Sterling?"

"If it wasn't him, why would you be covering up for that person by blaming Charlene?"

The more Brendan thought about it, the more sense it made. 'Sterling is living in another city, so he could still slip into the city to meet Deirdre. I bet Sterling wants Deirdre to have a complete mental breakdown so that her relationship with me will fall apart just in time for him to step in and take over.'

"He came to meet you, right? What did you two do?"

Brendan drunkenly pinned Deirdre down on the coffee table as punishment.

Deirdre knew that it was already the next day when she opened her eyes again. She was lying on the sofa with a blanket covering her, but her body felt icy.

She found it amusing that Brendan would stoop low enough to blame Sterling yesterday night, and she thought it was preposterous.

"Are you awake, Ms. McKinnon? Breakfast is already cold. I'll heat it up for you."

Sam's voice came from the area right in front of her. It was apparent that he had already been waiting in the room for a long time. She felt the blanket on her body and asked in astonishment, "Did you cover me

with this?"

"Yes."

Deirdre smiled. "Thank you so much."

"It's well within my scope of responsibility, I hope you don't mind, Ms. McKinnon." Sam left in a rush. Deirdre felt the clothes on her body and wondered if she should thank Brendan for getting her dressed at the very least so she would *not* embarrass herself in Sam's presence.

Even though she had already embarrassed herself countless times.

Just as she was planning on getting up to brush her teeth, she heard the doorbell. Sam walked out of the kitchen and said, "Someone's here. I shall go and check it out."

Deirdre waited patiently, yet Sam had yet to return five minutes later.

She removed the blanket and walked outside in her room slippers. She could hear soft quarreling voices coming from a distance away, so Deirdre stepped forward and asked, "Sam? What's going on?"

"Not much. The police are here, and they claim that they're looking for someone." Noticing that Deirdre was walking outside in her thin clothing, Sam removed his jacket and draped it over her. "It's too cold outside, Ms. McKinnon. You should go inside and leave the rest to me."

"The police are looking for someone?" Deirdre was curious. "Who is that?"

Sam took a glance at the police officers outside and felt slightly uneasy. He answered with a smile, "No one. You should go inside first."

Deirdre furrowed her eyebrows. It did not feel like Sam was urging her because he was afraid that she would be cold. "I'm no longer cold now that you gave me your jacket. Plus, didn't you mention that the police are looking for someone? Why haven't they told you who they are looking for? Are you trying to hide something from me?"

Sam had not expected that Deirdre's hearing would be so sharp. He had been about to explain when the police officer standing outside suddenly said, "Miss, you look very familiar. Are you Ophelia McKinnon's daughter?"

Deirdre's mind went blank from shock. She recovered and nodded eagerly in the direction of the door. "I am! I'm Ophelia's daughter! My name is Deirdre McKinnon!"