

Resent Reject Regret

Chapter 201 A Bawling Child

She finally got to let out the chest-wringing breath she had been holding in since Bliss' death. She had felt it—the puppy pushing its face close to hers, whimpering with her as she sobbed.

It was consoling her. She imagined that was what Bliss would have done too.

Deirdre cast her eyes to the ground. The storm clouds that had seemed to be permanent on her mien faded, and Brendan was the sole witness of her subtle transformation.

While he managed to observe Deirdre's change, he was blind to his own. The trademark severity in his visage had softened into meek, wistful joy.

They walked for a while until, suddenly, Deirdre stopped. Brendan almost lost *her*, but he paused and turned around. "What's wrong?"

She scanned her surroundings with a frown. "A child's crying."

"A child?" Brendan was a little surprised. They were at the fork of a busy street flooded with couples and office workers going about their day. There was not a single child in sight.

"Could it be some kind of hallucination?"

"No, I'm sure of it!" Deirdre bit her lip. "It's definitely the sound of a kid crying!"

Her senses had adapted to the disadvantage of her sight through evolved hearing acuity. "It sounds muffled, but it's definitely nearby!"

Brendan perused his surroundings until, finally, he stared at the car next to them and inhaled sharply. A baby—about a year old at most—was locked inside. She was bathed in sweat as she bawled, her skin an unnatural shade of pink-red.

"In here! A baby's locked in a car!" He described the situation to her.

Deirdre's anxiety turned into panic. She leaned close to the window and heard the baby's cries amplify. She could tell the child was running out of strength, and her face paled. "I don't think the baby could hang in there much longer, Brendan! Do you see the parents around?"

"No." Brendan removed his cardigan and wrapped it around his elbow. He motioned to Deirdre, telling her to step aside, and hurled a jab at the window.

Deirdre could tell how hard the window was based on the resulting sound. Her heart skipped a beat. “C- Can’t we find a brick or something? You’ll hurt your arm!”

“There’s no time.”

All Brendan saw was the baby and how... young she was.

Their unborn kid would have been about the same age as she was had he...

God. His fecklessness had caused a young life to die before. He would not forgive himself if he let the same thing happen again in his life.

He gritted his teeth, aimed at the center of an emerging crack, and rammed his elbow against the window a few more times. Finally, it caved under the pressure, and the baby’s muffled cries blared at them like a shrill call for help.

Brendan picked the baby up and passed it to Deirdre. “The air inside this car must have been running low,” he remarked.

“The child was starting to have trouble breathing, which is why she was bawling. You calm her.”

Deirdre brought the child close to her chest gingerly—almost a little frightfully. Strangely enough, the baby stopped crying as soon as she leaned her head against her bosom. She began to drool in groggy fatigue.

Brendan was trying to cover his bleeding arm when he saw them. The color in his eyes died a little as his mind raced with all sorts of emotions. He willed himself to rise above his mental furor and commented, “Looks like the baby likes you. She’s about to fall asleep.”

“Is she?” Deirdre echoed, her shoulders slumping a little, just like her spirit. “M—Must be a coincidence. She must be tired after crying for so long. Honestly, though?” She laughed self-deprecatingly. “She’s a brave baby, isn’t she? Didn’t even burst into tears after seeing my face.”

Brendan furrowed his brows. “What’s wrong with your face? It’s still beautiful.”

They both stiffened.

The corner of Deirdre’s lips went up ever so slightly. “What’s the matter with you? You haven’t been acting like yourself today.”

Or rather, he had not been acting like Brendan Brighthall.

Brendan would be hard-pressed to mention his nightmare, nor would he have the courage to confess to the whirlwind of conflicting emotions warring in his mind. As if to overcompensate for his softer attitude, he said coldly, “I was just telling the truth.”

Brendan had always thought that Deirdre looked beautiful. He used to believe that he had t his thought just because she looked like Charlene. Nevertheless, his thought remained uncha nged even though Deirdre had been disfigured for a long time.

Deirdre's mouth was open, but she couldn't say a single word. She only felt awkward. As s he tried to change the topic, the child in her embrace began to cry, grabbing her collar with out any intention of letting go.

"What is it? Are you feeling uncomfortable?" Deirdre got nervous but she didn't lose her co ol. She patted the back of the child with one hand while touching the child's forehead with t he other.

She did it in one go, and the little girl in her embrace stopped crying.

Brendan felt rather dazzled while watching Deirdre. He inexplicably wondered how good it would be if

this child was theirs!

In that case, even if Deirdre learned about the death of her mother, she would live for the s ake of the child. He wouldn't allow her to suffer continuously provided that she lived a good life.

"Brendan? Brendan?"

As soon as Brendan recollected himself, he realized that Deirdre had called his name a co uple of times. Hence, he immediately replied, "I'm here. What is it?"

Deirdre bit her lip, feeling that something was inexplicably strange about this. However, sh e didn't dwell on it, so she said,

"Can you please help me check what she needs? Although she stopped crying, she doesn' t want to let go of my collar."

When Brendan saw the girl drooling and pulling on Deirdre's collar, he instantly understoo d and replied. " She's hungry."

"She's hungry?" Deirdre responded by saying hesitantly, "Shall we take her to get some food or wait for her parents?"

As Brendan was about to reply, a man and a woman rushed over from the other side of th e street.

"What are you two doing here?!" The woman snatched the child from Deirdre and pushed her away with force. "Are you trying to kidnap a child? You two look kind, but you turned o ut to be human traffickers! What a shame!"

The child started to cry. Deirdre was forced to retreat and fell backward. Fortunately, Bren dan reacted fast enough to prevent her from falling. With a frigid expression, he glared at t he couple.

"We, trying to kidnap a child? Don't you know where you left your child? If we had been any later, she'd have died of suffocation."

"What the hell are you talking about!" The young man reprimanded him with bloodshot eyes. "Watch your words! Your child would have died of suffocation, not ours! It's not summer. So what if we let her stay in the car while we went to watch a movie? It's none of your business!"

Meanwhile, the man saw the shattered window of his car. Infuriated, he yanked Brendan's arm and snarled, "You did this, right?! How dare you shatter my car window! I'll make sure you pay for the damage!" "Exactly! Pay for the damage!" While holding the child in her arms, the woman recklessly scurried over without noticing that she had hurt the child. She did not care about the crying child. Instead, she said accusingly, "As a man wearing a branded suit, aren't you ashamed of shattering our car window to steal a kid? We will not back down unless you pay for the damage! Pay us 40,000 dollars, or we'll report it to the police!"

Deirdre turned pale while hearing the non-stop accusations of the couple. She hadn't expected that these two would be so shameless.

Brendan took a glance at the car and shot back with disgust on his face, "Is your car worth 40,000 dollars? Why would you make such an exorbitant demand?"

The woman's expression suddenly changed. Meanwhile, the man was so infuriated that he tried to lunge at Brendan. But when the man saw Brendan's intimidating aura and height, he retreated and said with a stubborn tone, "I want you to pay for the damage regardless! Otherwise, I'll take you to the police station. The choice is yours! For a man like you, who wears a branded suit, 40,000 dollars isn't a big deal, is it? Besides, my child is frightened! What's wrong with charging a little extra money?"

Chapter 203 Allergic to Dog Fur

It was obvious that the man had been trying hard to be compensated because he could tell that Brendan was a rich guy.

"40,000 dollars is indeed not a big deal," Brendan said indifferently.

The couple appeared to be excited while Brendan fixed his frigid eyes on them. He added in a condescending manner, "But I wouldn't give it to people like you. Just report this to the police, or I'll do it myself!"

"On what grounds could you do it?!"

Brendan took a step forward and replied in an intimidating manner, "You two are abusing your own daughter. This fact alone is more than enough to lock you up!"

The man retreated upon seeing Brendan's imposing manner. Only when the woman pushed him did he pluck up the courage to yell, "We are abusing our own daughter?"

Deirdre had a sharp headache, which was only stimulated by the desperate cries of the child. When she heard the irresponsible remark of the man, she was so furious that her lips began trembling. She then reprimanded them. "Is it not abuse when you lock up a one-year-old girl in a car for at least two hours? Do you know how dangerous being in a car is? Even though it's not summer, the child could still have suffocated due to a lack of oxygen! Are you even worthy of being her parents?!"

It was the first time she was so infuriated that she trembled from anger. Brendan patted her shoulder in comfort before he coldly pointed at the surveillance camera above them. "This should have a record of the time you two locked the child up in the car. Would you like to come with us to the police station?"

"That's crazy..." The man panicked. He turned to the woman, and the two of them hurriedly got into the car and left. Even though the car drove away, Deirdre could still hear the girl's heart-wrenching cries.

She felt heartache. Brendan raised her chin with his fingertips and asked, "What's wrong?"

Deirdre attempted to control herself, yet she couldn't help shivering. She closed her eyes and replied, "That child's parents don't love her. I can imagine how suffocated she must feel, trying to survive in such a family."

Brendan could certainly tell how Deirdre felt. He enveloped her in his arms and whispered in her ear, "I think that if we were that child's parents, she'd be very happy."

Deirdre was stunned. Brendan released her and held her wrist while pacing forward.

Even after they got in the car, Deirdre remained in a daze. She couldn't really understand what Brendan had meant. Hence, even when the car reached the gate of the mansion, she was still in a trance.

It was only when Brendan reminded her that Deirdre unfastened her seat belt and got out of the car. When she realized Brendan remained seated in the car, she asked, "Why are you still sitting in the car?"

"You may go back first. I've got something urgent to do."

Deirdre nodded. It was normal for Brendan to be busy, as he was the director of the Bright hall Group. When she was about to close the car door, Dr. Ginger walked out of the mansion. He got anxious as soon as he saw Brendan.

"Mr. Brighthall, what's happened to you? Why do you have such a huge rash? Are you having an allergic reaction? Did you touch a dog again?"

Deirdre abruptly turned. She couldn't see it but she could hear Brendan's unnatural breathing.

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"What do you mean?" Deirdre failed to react in time.

"Allergic reaction? Is Brendan allergic to dogs?"

"Yes, Mr. Brighthall is allergic to dog fur. And it's a very severe allergy!"

Deirdre's face turned pale instantly. Brendan was allergic to dog fur? To think that he had gone to the dog cafe and put that dog in her arms?

"No worries." Brendan frowned, feeling unhappy with the doctor. "I took medicine in advance, and it's just slightly difficult to breathe. I just need to go to the hospital."

When Deirdre heard his bold remark, her eyes began moving, and she kept wondering whether this had been planned ahead of time.

Chapter 204 She Left

Dr. Ginger

had a pair of sharp eyes. When he saw Brendan's hands on the steering wheel and noticed that his sleeves were covered in blood, the doctor's instinct propelled him to rush toward Brendan. He gasped when he saw bruises and bloody marks on his arms.

"Did you smash something against your arms? Why are they full of bruises? Do you not want your hands anymore?"

In the past, Dr. Ginger wouldn't have had the courage to speak in this manner. But now that he was so furious and anxious, he ordered, "Go sit in the back. I'll drive to the hospital. I don't have any testing equipment here, so I can't ensure that your bones will stay intact!"

"NO-"

"Just listen to Dr. Ginger," Deirdre abruptly chimed in. Her eyes were slack, but she gradually tightened her fists in her sleeves. She couldn't understand why Brendan had changed so much that he was unlike his normal self. Their priority, however, was to get Brendan to the hospital.

She got into the passenger seat and said with downcast eyes, "When your arm is broken, there are a lot of things you can't do. And your company needs you."

Brendan paused. He wished to hear Deirdre say that she cared about him. "Just the company? What about you?"

"What?" Deirdre only realized what Brendan was asking after a while. He was asking whether she needed

him as well.

She was startled. To be exact, she was stiff and nervous. It was Dr. Ginger who broke the stalemate first when he pointed out, "Mr. Brighthall, Miss McKinnon, can we put any love affairs aside until we get to the hospital? Mr. Brighthall, we have to go to the hospital because your face is swelling up and you're having difficulty breathing!"

Brendan stopped delaying this any further. But when he went to take the back seat, he shook Deirdre's hand lightly.

Upon arriving at the hospital, Brendan had a blood transfusion. During the process, the hospital took an x-ray of his arm. Fortunately, none of his bones were injured, but because his skin was severely injured, he

still needed treatment.

Throughout the process, Deirdre was waiting at the door. Because she was blind, she could only hear voices and couldn't do anything to help.

Besides, she had hugged several dogs, so she might worsen Brendan's condition by being closer.

"Miss McKinnon, there's a seat here. Would you like to have a seat for now? I'll take you in once Mr. Brighthall's wounds have been dressed properly."

"No, thanks." Deirdre took a step back and gave Dr. Ginger a forced smile. Then, she said, "C-Can you please, uh, take me back?"

"Take you back?" Dr. Ginger took a glance at Brendan, who was still having his wounds dressed and appeared to be rather hesitant.

By the time Brendan's arm was bandaged, he was sweating excessively and feeling agonizing pain. He hadn't thought the wounds would be this severe at the beginning, let alone know why the pain became unbearable as time passed.

He took a breath. When he recalled the way Deirdre had clenched her fists, trying to hold back her

nervous affection, a smile appeared on the corner of his lips. He thought it was time to appease her.

"Excuse me," he told the nurse. "Have you seen the lady in the plain dress who was with me earlier?"

The nurse couldn't recall, but maybe it was because she thought Brendan and Deirdre were dressed too differently. When she was about to answer, the door opened.

"Brendan! Are you alright?" Charlene rushed in anxiously. "Why would you come here for a blood transfusion? How's your arm?"

She was so distressed that tears welled up in her eyes. Brendan's expression froze. He withdrew his hand little by little from hers as he asked, "Why are you here?"

Charlene looked up. "Didn't you have Dr. Ginger call me over to take care of you?"

"I had Dr. Ginger call you?" Brendan's expression froze. When he thought of a possibility, his heart skipped a beat. With bloodshot eyes, he barked, "Where's Deirdre?"

Charlene was stunned. "Deirdre? Is she in the hospital as well?"

When the nurse was about to leave, she said, "That lady left. She left a long time ago."

Then, the nurse left, pushing the cart with her. Meanwhile, Brendan's eyes gradually turned icy.

Even though he still felt pain in his arm, he clenched his fist tightly, his fingernails pressing against his palm. She had left?

Chapter 205 I Thought You Would be Happy

How could she leave just like that?

Brendan was so allergic that it had been difficult for him to breathe, a rash had appeared on his face, and he was still in excruciating pain. Yet, she hadn't even stayed behind to see him?

"Bren... are you alright? Just let Miss McKinnon go." Charlene was excited that the two of them finally had time alone. She sat down beside Brendan. "It's good that I can stay here with you."

Before Charlene could sit still, Brendan abruptly rose to his feet and pulled out the blood tube.

"Bren! What are you doing?" Charlene panicked, but Brendan ignored her. His eyes were red as he desperately rushed out of the ward.

He hurriedly stopped a taxi, wanting to go back to the mansion. Because he still felt the allergy symptoms, including an aching arm and breathing difficulty, he was even more furious.

'Deirdre, are you that cold-hearted? I have done so much for you, yet you weren't touched at all?'

On the second floor of the mansion, Deirdre was in a daze while sitting on the chair on the balcony. Her eyes were unfocused, and she had been in the same position since she had gotten back a long time ago.

Not only could she not understand, but she was also confused and afraid.

She was afraid of Brendan's sudden tenderness. Like a different person, he was trying to mend her already broken heart.

In fact, she was satisfied with her current life. Her mother was still alive, and she had grown used to Brendan's indifference. She knew that Brendan would one day marry Charlene, and she would leave without hesitation and return to her mother's side.

While Deirdre was in a trance, her door was suddenly flung open. She abruptly turned in the direction of the door, and before she could react, a strong pair of hands clasped her shoulders tightly. The person who had entered was obviously enraged.

Deirdre's eyelashes shivered slightly. "Is that you, Brendan?"

Before Brendan could respond, she reacted abruptly. "Your hands. Don't use so much energy. You'll get injured!"

"So *you* still care about me?" Brendan sneered. His red eyes were full of anger and resentment simultaneously. "I thought you wouldn't frown or look at me even if I died."

Deirdre was rendered speechless by these sarcastic words. Then, she asked, "Why did you come back so soon? A blood transfusion takes a long time, doesn't it?"

"I pulled the tubes out." Brendan took a deep breath. He was still furious.

"You pulled them out?" Deirdre was stunned, and her eyelashes trembled. "Why? Are you nuts?"

"Yes! I've gone nuts!" Brendan was having even more difficulty breathing. "After my wound was dressed, I went crazy when I heard that you were gone! I don't care even if I am injured. In fact, I'd welcome it. But McKinnon, are you really so ruthless that you don't even want to take a look at me! Are you that cold-hearted?! How could you be so cruel?!"

Deirdre was in a trance. Was this what Brendan cared about?

She said wryly, "I thought... you'd be more excited if Charlene was there to accompany you..."

"The moment I knew you left, I didn't even manage to tell Charlene anything. I just rushed out of the hospital. Do you think I am happy?" Brendan said, "Deirdre. I. Will. Never. Be. Happy. About. You. Leaving. Me. I. Only. Want. You!"

'I want you to live, and I want you to only belong to me!'

He didn't say this. However, his words had shocked Deirdre so much that she staggered. She began to panic and ducked her head.

Brendan lowered his head, looked for her lips, and kissed them fiercely.

When the kiss was over, he said, "Deirdre, don't try to escape. Whatever I've said, I meant it sincerely. Let's go back to the old days, okay?"

Chapter 206 Would He Lose Her?

Back to the old days...

Deirdre felt a sharp heartache, and tears welled up in her eyes. "We could never go back to the old days."

Although she said it with determination, she was absolutely touched.

She would meet her mother again in nine days. And it might be good for her if they treated each other with respect, just like in the old days.

It was pointless to torture each other. She thought it would be enough provided she could be emotionally detached from Brendan perpetually.

Finally, she gave in.

"Brendan, I don't have anything to pursue in this life. The only thing I care about is my mother. As long as she is safe and sound and you keep your promise, I can, uh, try to go back to the old days."

She mustered up all her courage to say this, but the enthusiasm in Brendan's eyes had gradually dissipated.

As long as Ophelia was safe and sound?

It was too late. Ophelia had already...

Brendan suddenly felt inexplicable terror about the meeting between that woman and Deirdre in nine days.

He didn't know what he would do if Deirdre discovered the truth and realized this was a lie.

Would he lose Deirdre?

Would he lose this lively, agile side of Deirdre?

"Brendan..."

Perhaps Brendan had unconsciously strengthened his grip, as Deirdre was in pain.

Brendan released her when he realized it. "Okay."

He pursed his lips into a straight line and said, "Sure, let's just try to go back to the old days."

After he said this, he saw another side of himself in the mirror. He looked serious and uneasy.

He even thought that these nine days were probably his only chance.

He was determined to do his best so that Deirdre would fall for him again in these nine days.

He believed that Deirdre wouldn't want to commit suicide if she loved him, even if she was in agony. She would grit her teeth and persevere for him.

"Okay." Deirdre was in a daze for a moment, her heart becoming tender as she recalled her mother. Then, she recollected herself and asked, "How are your hands and body?"

"I'll call Dr. Ginger and have him bring the blood transfusion equipment over. Doing it at home will be the

same."

In the end, Dr. Ginger brought over a bottle of blood for the transfusion. Deirdre stood by Brendan's side. In fact, she didn't do it voluntarily, but Brendan had asked her to.

Brendan was holding her hand, unwilling to let go.

Whenever she moved, he would say, "Ouch, it's painful. If you move again, the wound will reopen."

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This method was very effective, and he used it numerous times. Only when he was thirsty did he let go of Deirdre's hand so that she could go downstairs to get him some water.

When Deirdre was about to go back upstairs after pouring him a glass of water, she heard quick footsteps coming from behind her.

"Where's Bren!" Charlene was in a hurry. She couldn't have peace of mind at home. Hence, she had decided to come over to verify whether Brendan had left because of company affairs or because of

Deirdre.

Deirdre calmly turned her head toward Charlene and replied, "He's upstairs."

"In that case, why are you here?"

"He said he was thirsty, so I'm here to get him some water."

Charlene moved toward Deirdre and snatched the glass in Deirdre's hand. Then, she approached Deirdre's face and said with hate in her eyes, "Miss McKinnon, you'd better be sensible and stand here obediently. It's me, not you, that Brendan wants!"

She then rushed upstairs, leaving Deirdre standing alone on the stairs, feeling calm.

When Charlene entered the room, Brendan barely had time to look up from his files. He raised his head and complained. "Why did it take you so long?"

He stopped instantaneously when he saw Charlene and felt inexplicably conflicted.

Charlene approached Brendan with tears in her eyes.

"Bren, why did you leave me in the hospital? You even plucked out all the tubes. Do you know how worried I have been?"

She put the glass on the table, and her eyes reddened as she said, "Bren, do you hate me? Do you never want to see me again?"

Chapter 207 Are You Getting Rid of Me Because of Deirdre?

"No, of course not." Brendan did his best to deny it.

'Hate Charlene? That would be impossible, of course. Charlene is my savior, so I would never feel that way for her just because of that particular reason.'

Charlene's expression relaxed slightly when she noticed how determined Brendan was about denying it. She sat closer to him and said, "Why did you leave so suddenly then? Even if there is something important to do at the company, you still need to prioritize your health over anything else, okay?"

"Hmm," Brendan replied nonchalantly, yet his gaze was constantly sweeping over the shut door.

Charlene took a glance at the door as well. She felt her heart racing but forced a chuckle. "What are you looking at... Brendan? Do you need something?"

Brendan got straight to the point. "Where's Deidre? Why hasn't she returned after such a long time? Wasn't she supposed to fetch me water?"

Charlene's smile froze on her face.

"Ms. McKinnon... passed me the glass when she saw me. I suppose she wanted to give us some privacy, which is why she hasn't come here." 2

'Give us some privacy?'

Brendan felt a knot in the pit of his stomach yet had no idea how to vent his anger because that was just

how Deirdre behaved.

She had never competed or fought right from the start. He would say coldly whenever he was with her, "I'm only willing to touch you because of Charlene. Otherwise, I wouldn't even be bothered to take a glance at a woman like you."

She would express her sorrow but hold back her emotions. She would nod and answer, "I understand."

Brendan felt his heart wrench in pain at the thought. How cruel and cold had he been in the past? 1

"It's cold outside, but there's heating in the house. I'll go and look for her." Brendan removed the blanket and was about to get up with the transfusion fluid in his hand.

Charlene's face turned pale abruptly, and her eyes widened in incredulousness. "Brendan ..."

Her voice was shaky, and she was holding back her displeasure. "You're going to get blood backflow if *you* keep moving like this. Ms. McKinnon is no fool. She knows how to dress warmer if she's cold."

"This is her room, where all her clothes are kept. She has nowhere else to go."

Brendan got out of the room, holding the transfusion fluid, and found the woman downstairs. She was sitting on the sofa in a daze, and the sight of her tiny, emaciated body was pitiful.

She looked like a homeless child.

Brendan clenched his teeth tightly and felt like he was about to lose his temper. However, he had no idea why he felt that way. Deirdre had always exhausted every means to dull her existence and neglect her own needs. 'Why would I think that Deirdre was a sinister, unscrupulous woman who would resort to anything?' 1

"Brendan..." Charlene walked outside in a haste and found Brendan looking at Deirdre. The sight of his gaze, which looked almost gentle and affectionate, was a crushing blow to her. She felt a sense of uneasiness growing inside her but attempted to calm herself with great effort. She pleaded softly. "Let's go back in the room, okay? The back of your hand is going to get bruised if you do this. Don't you want me to stay for a little while because I don't get to visit you often?"

"As for Ms. McKinnon, isn't she fine by herself downstairs? You can see her at any time if you want but I

don't live here."

Charlene was right. However, the more Brendan looked at Deirdre, the lonelier he found her. He was the one who had destroyed her hope and eyes.

He furrowed his eyebrows. "You should go home, Charlene."

Charlene was astonished. "What are you talking about, Brendan... Are you getting rid of me because of Deirdre? Tell me! Have you fallen for Deirdre?"

She was extremely anxious. She waited for Brendan's denial eagerly for a long time, only to hear his silence. She was incredulous. "Brendan, have you forgotten the promise you made when I saved you in the past?"

Chapter 208 I'm Going to Marry You

Brendan could not have forgotten about that, nor would he allow himself to.

Charlene had risked her life to save him from the fire that year, so he owed his life to her.

"I will honor my promise." After a long while, Brendan's gaze dimmed, and he said in a dreary tone, "However, now is not the time. Deirdre went to prison because of us and has not only lost her eyes but the person that she cares about the most, her mother. I must give her another reason to live."

He turned his flawless, gorgeous face to the side. His expression was overwhelmed with emotions. "I want to atone for the crime we committed in the past."

"Bu..." Charlene's lips trembled, and her breathing quickened.

'Atone for the crime we committed in the past?' The remark sounded dignified and sensible, yet Charlene knew that Brendan would not have minded if he really did not care about Deirdre. 'Does that mean that he has really fallen in love with her?'

Her chest was boiling with uneasiness, and she clenched her teeth tightly, her eyes red. "There are many ways to atone."

"But this is the quickest way. I don't have much time left." Brendan interrupted her, his gaze locked on Deirdre, not looking away for even a moment.

Charlene wanted to say something else, but Brendan furrowed his eyebrows tightly.

"Charlene, don't you feel the slightest ounce of guilt? Deirdre went to prison because we compelled her to do so. She lost the two most important things in her life because of that. Do you know how hopeless she was when she tried to jump off the building the other day?"

At this point, Brendan could not help remembering the woman's pitiful and hopeless expression the other day and felt his heart wrench in unbearable pain. "All I want is for her to live on courageously. Then, I'm going to marry you."

He uttered the final sentence nonchalantly, without any affection, love, or emotion, as if he was only performing his duty.

Charlene was unusually furious, yet there was nothing she could do when Brendan had already said this. If she were to stop him at this point, she would be regarded as cold-blooded and merciless. 1

"Alright... Brendan, I understand." A moment later, Charlene forced a smile on her delicately beautiful face. "Ms. McKinnon is very pitiful indeed. However, I can't wait too long either... Don't forget what you promised me."

Upon

saying that, she pulled a long face and darted a look at the woman sitting on the sofa, her eyes emitting hatred while she went downstairs.

Brendan followed her downstairs as well but made his way to the sofa. He looked around the room, grabbed a woolen blanket, and covered Deirdre.

Sensing his thin, cold fingers, Deirdre was stunned. "Brendan?"

"It's me."

"Why are you here? Where's Charlene?"

She got up from the sofa. She had assumed that they would be spending a lot of time with each other.

"She left." Brendan suppressed his anger but still felt rather displeased deep in his heart. "Why? Did you hope I'd stay with Charlene in the room for a long time?"

Deirdre was stunned by the question.

She did not hope for anything, nor did she feel many emotions in her heart. In fact, she was very calm and used to everything by now.

"I thought that Charlene would be staying for a long time."

"I told

her to leave," said Brendan. Feeling anger in his chest, he said in a righteous tone, "It's because I promised you that we'd go back to being our past selves in the next nine days so Ophelia won't notice anything unusual about us. Hence, I'm all yours for the next nine days."

Deirdre was caught in a daze for a moment. 'Brendan actually made Charlene leave? This is unexpected. In fact, you could even say that this is unbelievable.'

"You

don't need to do this." Deirdre frowned and said, "I'm not stopping you from meeting Charlene. It's only an act..."

"It is an act, and we shall not be disturbed by others during our rehearsal."

Brendan suppressed his resentment. He was well aware of how non-confrontational Deirdre was. 'Did she not feel jealous of Charlene in the past? Yes, of course she did. But she knows her place very well.'

Chapter 209 Why Are You Still Resisting Me

On the other hand, he had compelled her to become so non-confrontational and submissive.

Deirdre was about to say something when Dr. Ginger returned from outside. He was stunned for a moment when he found Brendan sitting on the sofa with the transfusion fluid in his hand. "Mr. Brighthall, weren't you undergoing transfusion on the second floor? Why did you get downstairs so suddenly?"

Then, he noticed the blood backflow in Brendan's transfusion line and felt his heart racing. He ran over and said, "Why is there so much blood backflow in the transfusion line? You shouldn't be tormenting yourself no matter how strong your body is. The back of your hand is really swollen, and the transfusion site is blocked. Don't you want to get better?"

Dr. Ginger was furious yet speechless, as he had never encountered a trouble-making patient like Brendan. In comparison, Deirdre was a much more obedient patient.

"We're going to set up the transfusion line on your other hand this time. However, don't move *about* like that anymore. We're going to have to find a new site to set up the line if it gets swollen again.

Dr. Ginger set up a new line and managed the wound in the previous spot. Deirdre could not see, so she could only ask with an anxious expression, "Is the blood backflow very serious?"

"Yes, of course. Half of the line is full of blood!" Dr. Ginger could not help nagging. "Why did you come downstairs when you were fine upstairs, Mr. Brighthall? Even if you really had something important to do, you should have let Ms. McKinnon carry the fluid bottle. You were moving so much that the needle shifted. Aren't you in pain?"

Brendan parted his thin lips and answered calmly, "It's because Deirdre was downstairs."

"Me?" Deirdre was stunned.

Brendan said, "You didn't come upstairs for a long time, and there's no heating downstairs. I was worried that you might be cold, so I had to come downstairs to get you, of course."

"I was downstairs because..." Deirdre's voice halted to a stop, and her mind went blank.

"Why does Brendan care about me?"

"Is he really serious about returning to the past?"

"There is no reason for you to stay downstairs." Brendan stared at his hands and said in a resentful tone, "My only uninjured hand is *now* swollen, and it is all because of you."

Dr. Ginger raised his head to take a glance at Brendan and thought about how shameless Brendan's remark was.

Deirdre took it seriously and lowered her head in guilt. "I'm sorry."

"Your apology can't cure my hands. You'll be in charge of keeping me company and taking care of my daily needs during my recovery period. Will that be alright?"

Dr. Ginger was dumbstruck with bewilderment. "You're asking a blind woman to take care of a healthy man's day-to-day activities? It'd be considered courteous of me to call you shameless. You're a soulless

beast!' 1-

"Sure."

Deirdre furrowed her eyebrows deeply and accepted the task obediently.

In the next two days, Brendan behaved as if his hands were broken, and Deirdre had to spoon-feed him

during meals.

"It's too hot. Blow on it."

Brendan ordered her. Deirdre found it strange because the soup was obviously lukewarm but she still blew on it cautiously before she brought the spoon closer to Brendan.

Brendan made Deirdre take off his clothes and strip him down during bath time.

Deirdre could not see but she kept her eyes tightly shut. She removed his clothes with shaky fingers and felt as if her arms were on fire when she touched his blazing hot, strong muscles. She pulled back her arms in a haste.

"It's done."

Brendan cracked a smirk uncontrollably and stepped into the bathtub as he looked at her flushed ears.

"I shall leave if there's nothing else."

"Hold on." Brendan sat in the bathtub. "Get me the shower gel behind me."

Deirdre felt for the bottle and stretched out her arm to pass the bottle to Brendan. A huge hand grabbed her wrist abruptly, and by the time she reacted to the situation, she was already falling into the warm water, her upper body leaning right on the man's chest.

Shocked, she tried to get away in a haste, yet Brendan wrapped her in his arms. "Why are you still resisting me? What have I done that you can't forgive me for?"

Chapter 210 Not to Get You Pregnant

The man was so strong that she was actually incapable of budging when his arms were wrapped around her slender waist.

Deirdre turned her head to the side and said, "Let go of me."

"Answer me first." Brendan's gaze was blazing hot. Their relationship had not progressed any further in the past few days no matter how intimate their interactions had been. 'Is her heart still invested in Sterling? Is she having such a hard time getting over him?'

Deirdre took a deep breath. She did not want to resist but she felt her *body* trying to escape instinctively and she had no control over it.

"I don't know."

"Let me guess." Brendan's gaze locked on Deirdre's face. "Is it because of Charlene or Sterling? Or is it because of the child?"

Deirdre's pupils constricted instinctively at the mention of the child, and Brendan frowned when he noticed that.

He was referring to the child in the car, but it was apparent that Deirdre had something else on her mind considering her reaction. It seemed that she was thinking about their child, the one that had ceased to

exist.

'Could something have happened in the meantime that I'm unaware of?'

Brendan furrowed his eyebrows. He had a lingering feeling that he had yet to learn something, and it made him feel lost and uneasy. 1

He rested his chin on her hair. Brendan did not have the courage to ask Deirdre about her reason for not wanting the child. It was painful for both of them, and the situation would get out of hand if he brought up this topic of conversation.

"I... I should leave." Deirdre took a deep breath and moved away from Brendan's body before she walked outside along the wall.

Her body was drenched. She headed downstairs after she got changed and smelled the bitter, medicinal stench that filled the living room. Dr. Ginger smiled and told Deirdre, "Ms. McKinnon, you came just in time. I was about to head upstairs to remind you that it's time for your medication."

Deirdre cracked a smile with great effort, took the medication cup, and downed the liquid medication.

Dr. Ginger observed Deirdre's face and said in a gratified tone, "After consuming the medication on time in the past two days, your face is pinker and you look much healthier. I believe that if you keep it up for another month, you won't need me anymore."

Deirdre was stunned. Then, she said in a self-mocking tone, "I'll be able to have children after a month, is that right?"

She showed her aversion in such an obvious manner that Dr. Ginger was stunned. "That's not certain because Mr. Brighthall has only instructed me to treat you so you can regain your health. As for whether you can have children, that is a variable."

"Weren't you hired to treat my infertility?"

Dr. Ginger chuckled. "I was supposed to, but Mr. Brighthall came to me afterward to tell me that the medication was too bitter and you were so resistant to the treatment that it was unnecessary to continue

the

fertility treatment. Hence, I was instructed to help you get healthy. Haven't you noticed that the medication doesn't taste as bitter as it used to anymore, Ms. McKinnon?"

Indeed, she had

been gagging so much that she had been unable to eat anymore after consuming the medication. Afterward, her body had gradually not been as sensitive. She had assumed that she was used to the medication yet she had not expected that the prescription would have changed.

"Ms. McKinnon, even though I don't know why you resist getting pregnant so much, I can tell that Mr. Brighthall didn't get you treated because he wanted you to get pregnant. He did it because he cares about your health. At the very least, he hasn't asked whether you can get pregnant again, but he keeps asking about your health."

Deirdre felt as if her mind was working slowly, and her limbs were numb as she got upstairs. She lay on the bed and thought about the past over and over again yet she could not figure out what Brendan's intention was.

By the time she was jolted back to reality, Brendan had already gotten out of the bathroom.

Deirdre shut her eyes in a haste. She could not figure out a way to confront Brendan, so she pretended to be asleep.

Brendan moved closer and sat next to her. He ran his fingers over her forehead to smooth out her frown, gazing at her with his blazing hot gaze.

"Are you asleep?"