

## Resent Reject Regret

Chapter 211 She Is Mrs. Brighthall

Brendan asked, but there was no response from Deirdre. He figured out that Deirdre was still awake, so he leaned next to her ear and whispered, "It was my fault for disappointing you in the past, Deirdre. I ruined your life and everything in it. If I could do it over, I'd want to keep the child and ask you to stay. However, I can't turn back time, so please give me a chance to atone. If you still want to leave after meeting Ophelia, I'll grant you the freedom to do so."

Upon saying that, he tucked Deirdre under the blanket and left.

Deirdre opened her eyes and listened to her violent yet loud heartbeat.

The next morning, Brendan received some information from the company.

One of the tourism development projects was facing some issues, and Brendan was needed urgently there to connect with the collaborators. The trip could take a week or five days at the very least.

Brendan was well aware that Deirdre's heart was already wavering, and it would be best to continue his victorious pursuit. If he were to let her cool down for five days, she would return to her calm self once again.

"Must I stay for such a long time?"

The assistant was conflicted. "The location is quite far, and you'll be checking different areas there, so

you can't shorten the

"Alright, understood."

Brendan got changed and got out of the room, only to find Deirdre already seated at the dining table. His hands were healed but he still waited for Deirdre to feed him. When the feeding was completed, Brendan said nonchalantly, "Come with me on a trip to Southyarn tonight."

Deirdre raised her head, and Brendan said, "I will be leaving for a trip and I don't know when I'll be back. The trip will last five days at the very least, and I will only be at ease if I bring you along. Besides, I need you urgently because of my hands."

Deirdre could not reject his remark, which had a dual meaning, so she could only return to the room to pack up.

She brought two garments with her. Sawyer drove both of them to the airport, and they flew a great distance before they were picked up right after they disembarked from the plane.

"Hello, hello, Mr. Brighthall! We've already prepared the hotel room, and you'll be heading to the banquet hall when we get there so you can meet the collaborators right away."

Brendan nodded. The person in charge looked at Deirdre and paused for a moment. "Is this your assistant or servant, Mr. Brighthall?"

Deirdre's body stiffened, and she hid herself subconsciously. Brendan furrowed his eyebrows rapidly and wrapped his arms around her, his gaze icy. "This is Mrs. Brighthall."

The expression of the person in charge changed drastically at once, and Deirdre was stunned as well. She heard the person in charge slap his forehead in a haste. "What's wrong with me that I didn't even manage to recognize Mrs. Brighthall! I'm really sorry, Mrs. Brighthall!"

"It's fine." Deirdre lowered her head but she was having trouble getting accustomed to this. She wanted

to run

It was fortunate that they reached the hotel soon. Brendan removed his tie after they entered the room and scanned Deirdre's back with his gaze. "Are you feeling unwell today? Is it because of what the manager said? If it is, just say it and I'll make him disappear from Southyarn."

"No, it's not related to him."

"Not related to him?" Brendan stepped forward, making her turn to him and tilting her chin up with his hand. He sized up her face and said, "You've been in a bad mood ever since you met him. What else could it be if not his inability to recognize you?"

Deirdre forced a smile. "I'm not that childish, Brendan. I wouldn't make a fuss out of a trivial matter like this. It's very normal for people not to recognize me."

"You just don't like to be mistaken for someone else then." Brendan was very determined. "Get changed. I'm taking you to the banquet hall to introduce you to everyone. You should be pleased, right?"

He held her hand, yet she resisted with all her might. "Let go of me, Brendan!"

Chapter 212 The Woman Chosen by Mr. Brighthall

Brendan loosened his grip, his expression puzzled. "What's going on?"

Deirdre took a deep breath. "Don't you see it? I don't enjoy being in public anymore. Walk a mile in my shoes. If you were me, would you still want to go out so you could be ridiculed by others? Even though I'm used to it, I still won't put myself on the spot willingly."

Deirdre not only stunned herself when she made the remark, but she wondered if she had lost her mind." How dare I tell Brendan my innermost thoughts and resist him? He has always wanted me to be obedient and submissive."

Only that way would he not take away the person that she cared about the most, Ophelia.

Just as expected, the surrounding ambiance turned oppressive and dull abruptly.

Deirdre's face turned slightly pale, and she was about to explain herself when Brendan said, "Understood."

He added, "I'm sorry for not understanding the situation from your point of view earlier. You are right. They won't say it to my face, but they will inevitably ridicule and mock you. If you don't want to show yourself in public, you can stay in the room for a while. I'll be back to keep you company as soon as possible."

Deirdre raised her eyes and felt the warmth of tears welling up in her eyes abruptly. Emotions were building and surging in her eyes, just like a monstrous wave.

Brendan was stunned. He reacted to the situation by wiping away her tears. "Why are you so astonished? Did you think that I'm so savage and unreasonable that I wouldn't consider your feelings?" 1

A staff member knocked on the door. "Mr. Brighthall, the manager sent me to inform you that the party has started and all the attendees have arrived except for you."

"Alright, noted." Brendan changed into the suit that had been prepared in advance and told Deirdre. "Stay in the room and press number one on the phone by the bedside table if you're hungry. The call will be connected to the concierge, and you can order room service from them. I'm leaving."

The project was of utmost importance to the company, so he did not have the courage to procrastinate. He followed the staff member to the banquet hall immediately, leaving Deirdre all alone in the room.

She was confused about being in a new environment. She felt her way around the room with her hands bit by bit and took a seat on the sofa. She could not help thinking about Brendan's remark earlier.

By the time she was jolted back to reality, she heard noises coming from the door.

"Are you certain that this is Mr. Brighthall's room? You can't make a mistake here."

"Don't worry. Mr. Gull was very clear about the details."

"Great then. Hand me the access card. I'll go into the room myself."

Soon, the door was opened with a clack. The newcomer was startled by the sight of Deirdre sitting on the sofa. "Oh my god!"

The woman's voice was sharp, and she patted her chest after getting over her surprise. "So it's just a person. Why is her face so scary? I almost mistook her for a ghost!"

The person speaking from behind was the staff member who had led Brendan to the banquet hall earlier. He sounded extremely surprised when he said, "I didn't hear Mr.

Brighthall say that there was a woman with him in the room. How did this woman get in his room?"

The woman looked at Deirdre in contempt. "I believe that she's some sort of servant of his. After all, women fall for an outstanding man like him easily. He arranged for a hideous woman to be by his side so those women would have the self-awareness to stop trying to sleep with him."

Both of them burst into laughter upon saying that and disregarded Deirdre.

The woman removed her jacket and tossed it on the sofa next to Deirdre. She said, "I don't care who you are. I'm the woman chosen by Mr. Brighthall. It would be best for you to be sensible and leave at once so you won't interrupt my time with him."

Deirdre was in a daze for a moment, her fingers clenched tighter subconsciously. "How are you going to prove that?"

The woman could not help laughing. "How am I going to prove that? Are you joking? How do you think I could have entered the room so ostentatiously if Mr. Brighthall hasn't passed me his room card? It's fine that you look hideous, but your brain is just as useless. I really have no idea how a person like you could have been chosen to be Mr. Brighthall's assistant. Leave now. I won't plead on your behalf when Mr. Brighthall gets here and loses his temper!"

#### Chapter 213 She Was Nothing to Him

When the woman was done speaking, she went straight to the bathroom.

The staff member let out a cough after noticing that Deirdre was still sitting in the same spot absentmindedly. She said, "Miss, since you're working for Mr. Brighthall, it means that you're no fool. You should understand the situation and leave. There's a sofa in the lobby outside, and when it's over, Mr.

Brighthall will let you back in the room."

'Understand what?

'Understand that Brendan has taken a fancy to a woman and that they're going to carry out a transaction?"

Deirdre felt nauseous, and her entire body felt unwell. She propped herself up on the sofa and stood up. If this was Brendan's choice, she did not have the right to feel any resentment.

After all, she was nothing to him.

She walked out the door by feeling the wall, and her actions stunned the staff member. "You're blind?" Deirdre did not answer the staff member but she continued to feel about the area right in front of her. The staff member was in a daze.

"Brendan actually has a blind woman by his side? Is she really his assistant or servant?"

She suddenly felt uneasy in her heart but she did not have the courage to procrastinate as soon as she remembered Mr. Gull's order. She hastily shut the door.

On the other hand, Deirdre ran her hand along the wall by herself. She could not see, and the surrounding environment was totally new to her. She walked ahead, relying on her instinct, only to bump into the hotel's security guard.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry!" The security guard apologized repeatedly. He raised his head but he was stunned when he saw Deirdre's extremely hideous face.

The hotel had been specifically built for tourism development, so it had yet to open to the public officially. The people staying in the hotel today were all influential figures.

He was astonished by Deirdre's appearance, in addition to her non-branded attire, and he could confirm that Deirdre was not the female companion of an influential figure.

"Where did you come from?" The security guard was convinced that the woman had snuck into the hotel. "Why are you walking around the corridor of the tenth floor aimlessly? Are you trying to steal something?"

"No! I'm not!" Deirdre defended herself with all her might.

"You're not? Who brought you in here?" The security guard's hostility was very apparent.

Deirdre said, "Brendan Brighthall."

"Brendan Brighthall?" The security guard recognized Brendan's name but sniggered after taking one more glance at Deirdre's face. "You claim that Brendan Brighthall brought you here? You should think twice before you make up a lie. Think about your status and Mr. Brighthall. Would a man like him take you to a hotel? Dream on! You must have snuck in here!"

Someone came and inquired about the situation. The security guard pointed at Deirdre and said, "I don't know where this woman came from but she has been wandering around the tenth floor on her own, and I suspect that she's trying to steal something."

"Kick her out of here, quick! There's a party taking place in the banquet hall on the first floor. Don't let her

get there and scare the guests with her face!"

"Sure." The security guard pulled Deirdre into the elevator by her arm without any concern for her, despite her struggle. He pulled her all the way to the back before he shoved her down on the ground.

"Take a good look and see what kind of place this is. A person like you doesn't deserve to enter it in her lifetime. How dare you sneak into the hotel. It's fortunate that I managed to get to you first. You're not allowed to come near this place again. If you do, I'll beat you up until no one can recognize you anymore!" The security guard left after scolding her.

Deirdre got up from the ground and felt the howling cold wind blowing on her skin. It felt bitter and painful. She felt her surroundings in confusion, but it was an unfamiliar place and she could not see anything.

All sorts of emotions merged in her, including fear and confusion. She could not help trembling when she felt ice-cold droplets of rain on her head.

'It's going to rain.

'I suppose this is when bad turns to worse? When you're down on your luck, everything goes bad.'

Deirdre mocked herself in her head but could not even curl her lips into a smirk. The rain grew heavier yet she could not find a place to hide from the rain. She took a few steps forward when she tripped over a step and fell violently on the ground.

#### Chapter 214 Why Has She Become So Sensible

It hurt. It hurt so bad that her entire body was shaking.

Deirdre held back the urge to cry instinctively. She had already learned that her tears were worthless when she was in jail.

"Are you alright?" All of a sudden, it stopped raining above her and a woman's gentle voice was heard saying, "You're all by yourself in the rain. What's going on?"

Deirdre turned around, and the woman was stunned for a moment. "You can't see, huh?"

Her eyes were unfocused and empty, which was an obvious sign of a blind person. The woman could not help heaving a sigh. Why would a blind person actually show up in the middle of the night?

"It's almost winter, and the weather today is not so good. It's very chilly. What brings you to the mountains?"

Before Deirdre could answer, someone called out to the woman and she answered the call. Then, she stuffed an umbrella into Deirdre's hands.

"Forget it. I believe that you're trying to leave the mountain, right? The platform is on the right, and the last bus will be arriving in half an hour. You're on a mountain, so you're going to have to walk faster. I'm attending the party, so I can't keep you company anymore. Be careful."

The woman bid Deirdre farewell and walked over to the tall, huge figure standing at the door quickly. Deirdre held the umbrella and felt the remaining warmth of the woman's fingers on the handle.

Her

eyes were stinging with tears, and she found the woman's voice familiar but she could not remember who it was.

The only thing she remembered from the conversation was that the woman had told her the platform was on her right.

She stretched out her hand and walked forward step by step.

She felt the ice-cold railing at last and followed the left side of the railing to get to the seats on the platform.

The woman had told her that the last bus would be arriving in half an hour to take her down the mountain. Deirdre raised her head toward the sky absentmindedly and listened to the pattering rain.

This was the best time for her to leave Brendan.

Brendan did not have influence over a place like Southyarn, so he would not be able to reach her through his connections if she was willing to hide herself.

On the other hand, it had been half an hour since Brendan had left the party to sleep with that woman.

Her chest was boiling with anger, yet the image of Ophelia filled her mind wildly and made her calm down soon enough.

“If I leave... I won't be seeing Ophelia for the rest of my life, right?”

As she was thinking to herself, lightning struck and thunder growled in the sky above her. The rain was becoming heavier.

In the banquet hall, Brendan listened to the commotion outside.

He could not calm himself as he listened to the loud thunder outside. He loosened his tie a few times

and placed down his glass. “I still have some urgent matters to attend to. I shall get a move on now. We'll discuss this more during the inspection tomorrow. I'm sorry.”

Before those people could respond, he had already run out of the banquet hall and taken the elevator to the tenth floor.

He remembered that the woman had never been fond of thunder.

Her father had died during a thunderstorm one night unexpectedly. Her family had fallen apart afterward, and that was why she had always feared thunder.

She used to curl up at the door of the study piteously in the past on a stormy night. He figured that she would have trouble getting accustomed now that she was blind and in a new environment.

The elevator door opened, and Brendan walked to his room in a rush before he opened the door with the access card.

The very moment he stepped into the room, he smelled a sweet, feminine scent that belonged to a

woman.

The woman was lying on her side on the bed, revealing her beautifully contoured back. Brendan narrowed his eyes. He then unbuttoned his collar, feeling intoxicated.

“Why has Deirdre become so sensible? She’s actually capable of using this tactic to appease me...”

When he thought that the woman on the bed was perhaps shy and had no clue what to do, his body burned with lust instantly.

“Who taught you to do this? Who gave you the clothes?” Brendan took a step forward and removed his tie. The woman turned her blushing face. “Mr. Brighthall...”

Chapter 215 Where Is She Now

She looked at Brendan with her seductive eyes, just like a rose about to bloom.

Brendan’s expression turned icy instantly, and he exuded an evil, foreboding presence. “Who are you? Who let you into my room?”

The woman was so startled that she hastily got up from the bed. “Mr. Brighthall... Please don’t be angry. It’s Mr. Gull... Mr. Gull wants to be a part of this tourism project, so he sent me here...”

“Get out of my room!” Brendan spoke through clenched teeth. He found the scent of the fragrance oil in the room so pungent that he was nauseated. He then pulled the bedsheet away from the bed.

He refused to take a second glance at anything that the woman touched.

“I’ll make sure you wish you were dead if you don’t leave at once!”

The woman’s beautiful face turned ghastly. She was not properly dressed yet she did not have the courage to slow down in the slightest. She got out of the room in a haste.

“Hold on!”

Brendan called out to her.

The woman’s heart was racing from anticipation. ‘Could Brendan’s interest have been piqued by my charming figure?’

She turned around just in time to meet Brendan’s dark, cold eyes, which were as sharp as blades.” Where’s Deirdre?”

“Wha... What?”



Brendan moved closer to her. "I asked you, where is the woman who was in the room?"

"That hideous..."

The woman was about to blurt the words 'hideous woman' when she felt suffocated by Brendan's overbearing presence. Her little face turned pale from fear instantly, and she shook her head in a flurry. "I have no idea... I have no idea..."

She tried her best to show her innocence. "I told the person that I was sent by, Mr. Gull, then went to take a shower. She was already gone when I got out of the shower. I'm not so sure what happened afterward..." "Leave!"

Brendan's veins were bulging, and he was on the brink of losing his temper.

Deirdre was missing, and she did not have a phone with her. It was raining heavily, so where could she be? He ran outside after failing to find Deirdre in the room. He grabbed anyone he encountered and asked, "Have you seen a woman wearing a brown trenchcoat on the tenth floor? She has scars on her face and she's blind."

However, without exception, the answer he received from everyone was no.

Everyone's focus was on the party today.

A security guard provided him with the answer he was looking for. "A woman with a scarred face wearing a brown trenchcoat? Are you talking about that hideous tramp who snuck into the hotel in an attempt to steal?"

Brendan clutched the security guard's collar tightly, his expression dark as ink. "What are you talking

about? Have you seen her?"

The security guard nodded in a haste and felt his heart racing. "She was walking about the tenth floor aimlessly. I asked her who brought her into the hotel and she claimed that it was you. But how could she be trusted? She is a woman with nothing. Who does she think she is..."

His face turned pale abruptly while Brendan flew into a great rage. "Where is she now?"

The security guard felt his chest tighten with anxiety. "Out... Outside..."

Brendan's pupils constricted abruptly. They were on a mountain, and it was raining heavily outside. There was only one hotel on the mountain, as the rest of the area was still being developed. Where could she be if she had been kicked out of this hotel?

The mountain road was very rough. In fact, there were many areas yet to be barricaded for safety. At the thought of Deirdre falling off the mountain while feeling about the place, Brendan felt anxious beyond comparison in an instant.

He shoved away the security guard and ran downstairs.

The entrance of the hotel was tightly shut due to the heavy rain outside. Brendan tried to run outside, and even the hotel manager had to come forward. "Mr. Brighthall, don't go outside! It's too dangerous out there, and there might even be a hailstorm. It would be difficult to travel by car, let alone on foot! What happened? Can't you do it tomorrow?"

"Go away!" Brendan's eyes were bloodshot. "Will I be able to get to her in time tomorrow?"

Chapter 216 You're Going to Live, I Promise

'I wouldn't have attended the bullsh\*t party had I known that this would happen.'

Noticing that Brendan could not be stopped, the hotel manager ordered a bodyguard to follow him.

Brendan ran into the rain, and his body was drenched in just a moment. The rain did not feel like water droplets anymore but more like blades. The coldness of the rain cut into his skin like sharp blades.

He was terrified.

"Deirdre! Deirdre! Come out!"

He searched for her everywhere and he assumed that he would be able to locate her within half an hour. That was far from what actually happened. He ran a few tens of meters and found the woman that was constantly on his mind standing at the bus station.

She was holding an umbrella to shield herself from the rain. Despite the umbrella, her entire body was drenched due to the strong wind.

Her hair was stuck to her drenched clothes, and she was curled up in the corner like an abandoned kitten. Brendan felt piercing pain in his heart. He reacted to the situation by running forward and exerting every ounce of strength he had to envelop the woman in his arms.

The umbrella was dropped to the ground and swept into the wind.

Deirdre reacted slowly. "The bus..."

"What?"

"The last bus isn't here yet."

She said this even though she had already made up her mind to stay. She would brace herself to endure this agonizing life for Ophelia.

"Are you trying to leave?" Brendan clenched his teeth in anger and said in a furious voice, "Is that why you left the room so quickly and happily? To come to the bus stop? Did you think that you could get away from me easily by walking away from me because you're in Southyarn?"

Deirdre shut her eyes shakily and felt Brendan's grip clutching her tighter bit by bit. She opened her mouth, but her knees buckled abruptly.

She collapsed in Brendan's arms.

"Deirdre! Deirdre!"

Brendan touched Deirdre's face, which had already turned green and blue in the cold rain, only to realize that her forehead was burning like boiling water.

Fear overpowered him instantly. He remembered Kallus telling him about Deirdre's inability to withstand harsh environmental factors given her health condition. Otherwise, her condition would get out of hand and all hell would break loose.

He scooped up Deirdre in his arms hastily and ran into the hotel.

"Where's the doctor? Who's a doctor here?"

Brendan ran inside with bloodshot eyes, the woman in his arms breathing shallowly. Her face had turned an unnatural shade of green and purple, and she appeared weak. Brendan was in a flurry of panic.

The hotel manager said, "There's no doctor here. We only managed to build the hotel, but there are still

many other facilities yet to be built. We only managed to organize this party today after extending our working hours to complete the construction."

"What?" Brendan's entire body was shaking from rage. He could not be bothered to lose his temper anymore, as this was far less important than Deirdre's life. "Where's the nearest hospital then?!"

"The nearest hospital is located 20 minutes away by car, and the journey will surely take longer now that it's raining."

There was a huge commotion outside suddenly. The bodyguard ran inside with a panic-stricken

expression. "There's a hailstorm, and it's a bad one. I'm afraid that it's strong enough to smash a hole in a windshield."

Brendan's flawless, gorgeous face was tense, and his eyes were bloodshot.

The hotel manager said boldly, "Why don't we take her to your room first and warm her up with the heating, Mr. Brighthall? Keep her in the room overnight, and we'll take her to the hospital first thing tomorrow!"

Brendan knew better than anybody else that Deirdre would not survive the night. She had a high fever that she would not recover from in a night.

The hailstorm grew stronger, but Brendan picked up Deirdre and ran to the underground garage right away.

“Hold on, Deirdre! I’m taking you to the hospital! You’re going to live, I promise!”

He drove as hail kept smashing into his windshield constantly, producing loud noises. The night journey was made more difficult by the wind, rain, and hail.

#### Chapter 217 Both of Us Will Die if You Do This

Brendan could only drive at a slower speed, yet Deirdre had already lost consciousness. Her face went from purplish green to burning hot, and she was chanting Ophelia’s name in her unconscious state.

Even when she was at her lowest, the first thing on Deirdre’s mind was still Ophelia.

Brendan could not bring himself to feel jealous because Ophelia was everything to Deirdre.

He could only clench his teeth and comfort her by saying, “Hold on, Deirdre. You will only meet Ophelia if you’re conscious. It has already been more than a year since you last met her. Don’t you want to live a good life? You have to get through this even if you’re only doing this for her!”

However, everything went south from then on. The car engine died.

The hailstorm did not cease even after the car died halfway through the journey. Brendan removed his jacket and wrapped it around Deirdre’s body. He got out of the car and carried her in his arms as he ran into the rain without any hesitation.

However, Brendan felt as if his legs were enshrouded in ice due to the harsh weather. The more he walked, the heavier, more painful, and stiffer his legs felt, yet the bottom of his feet felt light.

If this continued, he would fall and he and Deirdre would die together on that fatal rainy night.

“Bren... Brendan...”

At last, Deirdre regained consciousness amidst this chaos and said from under the jacket, “Go back.... You’ll be able to get through this in the car at the very least”

She was content and extremely calm at that very moment.

“Please take good care of my mother. This is my... only wish”

“Shut up!” Brendan was hysterical. He felt the urge to cry, and his thin lips were trembling. “I want you to live! You must live!”

Every word he uttered felt like an icy blade that stabbed his throat. Brendan realized that the pain was not physical but psychological..

Ophelia was dead, so he could not even grant Deirdre's wish. On the other hand, he still could not muster the courage to tell Deirdre the truth at this point.

"That is your mother, and if you care about her, brace yourself and get through this to survive! Live so you can take care of her! Do you hear me?"

Brendan's voice sounded like he was having great difficulty speaking.

Deirdre lowered her gaze but she did not have any strength to struggle. "However, both of us will die if you do this..."

"No, we won't! I'm here, and no one's going to die!"

Deirdre could feel the bumpy terrain of the journey. She leaned her head close to Brendan's chest and felt his blazing heat and intense heartbeat. She shut her eyes slowly and said, "Why bother..."

She felt a bitter taste in her mouth. She could not figure out what was the point of Brendan being so persistent.

Is he doing it to atone? I don't blame him for the death of our child anymore. I am the one who clung obstinately to my course by insisting to keep a child that shouldn't have been mine from the start. That is how this happened...

'Hence, I won't do it again. I don't have the courage to do it anyway.

'This is enough. It's unnecessary for Brendan to spare no effort to continue to give me hope.'

Brendan went from feeling piercing pain all over to being numb and he lost count of time before he saw a ray of hope.

"Are you

Mr. Brighthall? Get in the car, quick! We've been sent by the hotel. They claim that the journey is too dangerous, so they sent us to come and pick you up with the Land Rover. Get in the car, quick!"

Deirdre was taken to receive treatment at once, while Brendan stood in the corridor, his skin feeling cold as ice. He could not even move to sit down.

The person who had taken them to the hospital passed him a hot towel. "Would you like a towel?"

"Thank you." Brendan took the towel, but his gaze remained fixed on Deirdre, and he did not look away for

a moment.

He would only head to the bathroom to take a hot shower after he was assured that Deirdre was fine.

He recalled everything that had happened earlier and realized that he was frantic. He could not figure out what his thought process had been, but the only thought left on his mind at the time had been to ensure Deirdre's survival.

## Chapter 218 Don't Ever Attempt Suicide Regardless

'She must live.'

He would regret it very much if she were to die. He would experience an emotional breakdown and he would be utterly heartbroken.

However, perhaps he and Deirdre would have died together that rainy night had the Land Rover not come to their rescue in a timely manner.

'Why was I so reckless at the time?'

After turning off the hot water, Brendan wiped his face and walked out of the shower. He found Deirdre alone in the room, her breathing even. She was still chanting Ophelia's name even in her dreams. Brendan was planning on leaving when he heard Deirdre say in a weak voice, "Live, Brendan. You must live

His mind began burning with an image all of a sudden at that moment.

The woman was standing with her back facing him and saying through clenched teeth something like this in the blazing hot fire.

"Live, Brendan. You must live."

Brendan felt like his body was brought back in time for a brief moment. He furrowed his eyebrows, finding this idea amusing.

'Why do I think that the woman who saved me is Deirdre just because they look similar? 1

'How can that be possible? It was Charlene who was right by my side from the start to the very end.'

Deirdre's fever had only broken for three days when she woke up from a nightmare. She was breathing heavily, feeling extremely anxious, and she discovered that someone was holding her hand.

Their hands were wide and huge, so it could not be anybody other than Brendan.

She was distracted for a moment before she calmed down and realized that her back was drenched in cold sweat.

'So I'm still alive, and so is everybody else.'

Feeling intense pain in her throat, she stretched out her hand in preparation to feel around for a cup. Brendan woke up and felt relieved by the sight of the energetic Deirdre. He stuffed a glass of water into her hand,

Deirdre said 'thank you' and lowered her head to drink the water.

When she was done, Brendan took the glass away from her. Deirdre rested for a moment before she said, "Can I ask why you saved me? Both of us could have died there."

"I did it instinctively." Brendan could not explain it any other way. It was because not even he could figure out why he had done that.

He dismissed the only idea that had occurred to him.

He could only love Charlene, as she was the woman who had risked her life to save him from the fire with all her might.

"I can only hope that nothing bad will happen to you, but don't run away without informing me again."

He thought about that night. 'Had the heavy rain not stopped the last bus from arriving at the station, I wouldn't have been able to see her again, right?'

Deirdre was stunned. She was about to apologize when Brendan caught her off guard by saying. "The woman was sent to me as a gift by a collaborating partner who was trying to gain an advantage. She was sent to please me, but I was unaware of it until I headed to the room and found her. You may take it upon yourself to reject the woman on my behalf if something like that happens again. I'm not interested in any

other woman."

Upon saying that, Brendan realized that his explanation was excessive and it seemed as if he was trying to prove to his wife that he was not a cheating husband.

Deirdre was slow to respond to his explanation but she nodded. Brendan added, "Since you survived this great ordeal, promise me, Deirdre. Promise that you will never commit suicide regardless."

"Sure," Deirdre said. "I promise."

Deirdre found out later on that she had been unconscious for three full days. On the other hand,

Brendan's site inspection had been delayed during the past three days, and they would only depart for Neve a few days later.

Deirdre calculated and realized that tomorrow morning would be the day of her meeting with Ophelia.

She had assumed that there was still time in the beginning but she had not expected that time to pass so quickly. Deirdre bit her lower lip anxiously. She returned to the room at night and felt her way to the closet, feeling each of the clothes hanging inside the closet meticulously.

She could not see the color, so she could only determine the type of outfit and chose the long dress that Ophelia liked the most. She did not put it on afterward. Instead, she sat on the bed in a daze.

## Chapter 219 She Should Be Warming Up to Him by Now

Brendan lost track of time but he noticed that the whole corridor was dark when he walked out of the study after completing his work. The only source of light was the gap between the door and Deirdre's

room.

He opened the door and found Deirdre sitting on the bed in a daze. He furrowed his sharp eyebrows at the sight of Deirdre still fully dressed. "It's midnight. Why are you still awake and sitting on the bed?"

Deirdre was jolted back to reality. She reached for her clothes and said anxiously, "I was trying to recall what type of clothes my mother likes to see me in. I'm planning on wearing something that she likes when I meet her in the morning but I really can't remember her preferences."

She felt rejected as she talked. She forced a smile, and her head was lowered. "I'm not a good daughter." Brendan felt a knot in the pit of his stomach, as if the scene before his eyes had triggered something in him. He was astonished that Deirdre was about to meet the woman in the blink of an eye.

There was no telling if his lie would be exposed when Deirdre met her mother or if the event would progress smoothly. Brendan felt his heart wrench in pain at the thought of the lie not lasting a long time and his speech became chaotic as well. "Whatever you wear will be fine. Why are you troubling your mind over this? She won't mind anyway. You're her daughter, so she would never reject you"

"You're right..." Deirdre's gaze became distracted for a moment.

Brendan calmed himself and shut the door. He took a glance at the clothes placed on the bed and picked up a rose-pink dress that caught his eye before tossing it to Deirdre.

"Put this on and show it to me."

Deirdre reacted to the situation by picking up the dress in a haste to walk to the bathroom. She had only taken two steps forward when Brendan said, "Stop right there. You're changing here."

He furrowed his eyebrows. "Is there anybody else here? Why do you need to hide? Is there any part of your body that I have yet to see?"

So many days had already passed, so she should be warming up to him by now.

Deirdre stood frozen in the same spot. She was still having trouble getting used to this but she changed her mind and figured that Brendan was right. She had already slept with Brendan many times, so why would she care about something so superficial?



Perhaps Brendan even found her sneaky ways amusing.

She stopped being awkward and placed the garment aside before she removed her sweater with one

move

She stood with her back facing Brendan. The very moment the sweater was removed, Brendan saw the woman's emaciated back. Her figure, which used to be fair, clean, and curvaceous, had turned weak and skinny. She was so skinny that one could see her bones when she breathed.

Brendan found himself holding his breath. He took a step forward and ran his cold fingers along her

slender waist

The woman's body trembled at his touch. She turned around and said shyly, "Brendan please wait. Let me get changed before

Brendan was infuriated, as that had not been his intention, yet he could not help swallowing a gulp of saliva when he saw the woman's moist eyes and soft red lips

He had no choice but to acknowledge that he was fatally enchanted by the woman indeed.

He did not deny it. He only asked when he pulled back his hand, "Why are you still skinny? Didn't Dr. Ginger prescribe you a special daily diet so you'd consume all the food groups accordingly?"

Deirdre put on the dress and pulled out her hair cautiously before she answered, "I believe that this is due to my illness in Southyarn. I didn't eat for three days."

Brendan furrowed his eyebrows deeply. There was nothing for him to refute either because she had made a good point. However, he still had not expected that Deirdre would be so emaciated because he had not seen her naked in a long time and he pitied her for her body.

"Remember to eat more during your next meal so you'll regain strength slowly. Do you think that Ophelia will not feel pity for you after seeing how emaciated you are when she meets you?"

Deirdre stopped breathing for a brief moment. She did not want Ophelia to worry about her indeed. "I'll try my best."

Chapter 220 Wait One More Day

"It's a pity that you'll be meeting her tomorrow, as I'm afraid you won't have enough time to do it today.

Brendan felt himself stop breathing for a moment as he looked at her worried face. An idea occurred to him, and he clutched Deirdre's wrist abruptly. "Why don't..."

Deirdre raised her gaze in confusion while Brendan said through clenched teeth, "Why don't you delay the meeting a little?"

He was trying to delay it frantically, hoping for time to slow down because Deirdre had given him her all now. If his lie was exposed, he hoped that it would happen later, even if it was just one day later.

"Delay the meeting a little?" Deirdre's gaze was distracted. She reacted to the situation by biting her lower lip and rejecting Brendan's suggestion. "No."

She took a deep breath and said, "I've been waiting for this day to come for way too long. My heart will bleed if I have to wait one more day"

"I understand, but think about the way you look now. I told Ophelia that you're happy. Do you think she's going to trust me after seeing you in your current state? Brendan stared closely at Deirdre as if he was trying to figure out what was on her mind Would you like to recuperate first?"

"I suppose I can explain to her that I was sick."Deirdre was hesitant but she shook her head.

Brendan loosened his grip as if all his strength had been drained instantly. At the same time, he shut his eyes, taking a deep breath. "So your whole life revolves around Ophelia and all your heart wants is to meet her?"

Deirdre did not answer the question. She wanted to tell him that she would perhaps have walked down the mountain without the slightest hesitation the very moment the bus had not shown up at the station.

It was not only because she found the things that Brendan did too hurtful but even more due to the unbridgeable gap between them.

Brendan had been born with a silver spoon in his mouth and had been destined to live a bright, glorious, elegant life from the start.

On the other hand, she was a maggot born in a trash pile in the slums.

Even though she had no idea why Brendan would behave so differently and treat her well now, this unbridgeable gap would never be filled.

"Understood." The emotions in Brendan's eyes faded bit by bit, and his eyes turned cold and dim. Then, he grabbed Deirdre's wrist once again and said, "Let's just wait one last day, okay?"

"One last day?"

"Hmm, I'll take you somewhere that you want to go."

-Deirdre was dumbfounded. She had no idea what this place that she wanted to visit was.

Brendan said, "Trust me, Deirdre. Even though you can't change your figure in a short time, if you smile more at the very least, you will look much better when you meet Ophelia."

Deirdre was confused yet she had no reason to reject Brendan's eloquent remark.

"Sure." She nodded and put on the dress. She asked Brendan, "Is... Is this okay?"

Perhaps it was due to her embarrassment to be changing in the presence of a man, but her face was blushing. Her fair complexion complemented the rose-pink dress, and she looked just like a blossom in

the snow. Even though her face was not pretty, she exuded an ineffable charm.

Brendan's pupils constricted, and he was overwhelmed with intense emotions. In the end, he cupped the back of Deirdre's head ferociously and kissed her. It was a passionate, eager kiss, and he wanted to use his actions to seek her consent.

When the kiss ended, Deirdre's mind was blank.

She had never truly enjoyed a kiss.

Whenever she had been with Brendan, his kiss had always been tainted with resentment and anger in the past and present.

He kissed her to vent his anger sometimes and to shut her up occasionally, but all in all, they had never shared such a passionate kiss.