

Resent Reject Regret

Chapter 231 Meeting Ophelia Again

Just like Madame Brighthall's remark, Deirdre had been staying at home because she was not presentable.

Brendan wanted to add on, but his phone rang. Sawyer's voice came from the other end when he accepted the phone call. "Mr. Brighthall, Madame McKinnon has arrived. Shall I let her enter the mansion now? Or..."

Brendan was about to command Sawyer to let her in when he saw Deirdre abruptly lift her head, and her eyes lit up. Hence, he changed his command to "Just let her wait outside."

He put down the phone and asked, "Would you like to welcome her on your own? Let me take you there." Deirdre couldn't restrain her excitement. While nodding her head, she tidied up her messy hair nervously. Even though she had an ugly face, she still hoped that her appearance wouldn't scare Ophelia.

With Brendan's support, Deirdre went down the stairs and went straight to the door.

From afar, Brendan had seen the woman at the door.

Even though he clearly understood that the woman was a stranger whose voice was similar to Ophelia, he was still surprised after seeing her clearly.

A complete stranger had suddenly become just like Ophelia, even from her clothes, behavior, and facial features.

Brendan suddenly felt a hint of hope from his uneasiness.

It seemed that this woman had put in a lot of effort. Would she be able to hide the truth so that it wouldn't raise Deirdre's suspicions at all?

"Dee Dee? Is it you?"

Deirdre paced forward on her own. When she heard the haggard voice with a hint of thrill, she suddenly turned the sound's direction, and her blank eyes were wide open. Even though she only saw a pitch-black scene, she was excited.

"Mom..." She bit her lower lip and reached out her hands.

The middle-aged woman paced forward and held Deirdre's hands. Her voice sounded extremely shocked as she asked, "How did you become like this? Your face... and your eyes? Are you okay?"

Deirdre wept with joy. She shook her head desperately. "I'm okay. I just accidentally hurt myself. Bren has been trying to heal my eyes. Soon, I'll be able to see again."

It was just a casual excuse Deirdre had made up, but it turned Brendan's eyes gloomy. He used to have such a thought, but he had been wondering whether Deirdre would still rely on him and whether this lie could be sustained.

The answer was obvious. Therefore, he could only maintain the status quo by letting Deirdre remain blind. "Really? It's good then." The woman caressed Deirdre's face and said worryingly, "I believe that Brendan. is good to you. Otherwise, he wouldn't take me here to meet you immediately after I was healed. Dee Dee, I'm sorry for all these years. Your mom is back now."

As soon as Deirdre heard it, she bit her lower lip and had an emotional breakdown. She hugged Ophelia tightly and cried heartbreakingly.

She had never lost her composure like this. She always maintained her calmness, restraining herself and

being invulnerable. Even when Brendan treated her ruthlessly back then, she just lowered her head and refused to shed a single tear.

The only tenderness Deirdre had, she gave it to Ophelia.

At that moment, Brendan suddenly became jealous.

Even though he knew very well that he shouldn't become jealous because it was perfectly normal for Deirdre to rely on Ophelia, he couldn't help but think that it would be great if Deirdre would rely on him instead.

Maeve was somewhat touched. She looked at Deirdre with tenderness while patting on Deirdre's back. Silly girl, stop crying. Those who don't know might think that I've mistreated you."

It took Deirdre a while to recover. When she heard that, she chuckled.

But very quickly, she was stunned.

Chapter 232 Are You Not Allergic?

Deirdre smelled a faint sweet osmanthus fragrance from Ophelia. Although it wasn't strong, it didn't escape Deirdre's nose.

It was because she clearly recalled that Ophelia would cover her nose and cough each time they passed by the sweet osmanthus tree at the entrance to the slum. Ophelia was allergic to the sweet osmanthus, so much so that she would feel itchy and cough non-stop with just the smell of it.

"What is it?" When Maeve became aware of Deirdre's stiff reaction, she caressed Deirdre's face as she asked, "Why did you suddenly get into a daze?"

"Nothing..." Deirdre forced a smile. She lowered her head and said, "It's just that I smell the fragrance on you. It smells very good. What kind of perfume is it?"

"Oh." Maeve was relieved and smiled. "I don't wear any perfume. I think it's probably the fragrance in the hotel. After staying there for a day, my clothes are stained."

"Is it sweet osmanthus?"

"Yes." Maeve nodded. "I think it's this smell."

Deirdre suddenly pressed her fingertips into her palm.

Meanwhile, Brendan also noticed her change and frowned "What's the matter?"

"..." Deirdre's mind went blank. When she raised her head again, her eyes were empty "Mom, aren't you allergic to sweet osmanthus? How could you stay in a room for a day filled with the smell of sweet osmanthus?"

Her questioning shocked Maeve, who turned to Brendan.

Brendan's heart skipped a beat. He definitely didn't know that Ophelia was allergic to sweet osmanthus because he wasn't Deirdre himself. But he managed to calm himself quickly and asked, "Are you allergic to the fragrance of sweet osmanthus or to its pollen?"

Deirdre was startled.

Brendan took this opportunity and added, "I think you are allergic to its pollen, right?"

"Yes." Ophelia followed along. "I'm indeed uncomfortable with sweet osmanthus fragrance, but I'm not allergic to it. I'm just allergic to its pollen."

"Really." Deirdre was in a daze for a moment, thinking that now it made sense.

Ophelia only sneezed and coughed when there were sweet osmanthus trees around.

"Oh, I see." Deirdre smiled again. "I thought you had cured your allergy."

"How can it be so fast?" Maeve heaved a sigh of relief. At the same time, she held Deirdre's hands tightly. "Why are your hands so cold? You don't have to come out welcoming me while wearing so little. Let's get into the house quickly so that you won't catch a cold."

The three entered the mansion. Brendan had already arranged for a table of dishes. Deirdre, who had never been talkative, actually was smiling at the dinner table and chatting with Maeve.

Brendan was captivated by Deirdre's voice, which was already pleasant, her coiled hair, and her gentle smile. He suddenly said, "Aunt, you should stay in Neve for another week."

Brendan originally planned to have Maeve stay only for two days. After all, the earlier she left, the lower the chances for the matter to be exposed, and Deirdre would be able to let go of her guard.

However, when Brendan saw the smile on Deirdre's face that he hadn't seen for a long time, for some reason, he suddenly wanted to watch it for a few more days.

Deirdre knew that Maeve would stay for only two days. When she heard Brendan, her lips trembled, and she turned toward Brendan's direction. "Is it okay?"

"For sure, it is okay." Brendan took a napkin to wipe the corner of his mouth elegantly. "It's not easy for the two of you to meet each other. I also hope that you two can spend a longer time together. As long as it doesn't affect your mother's recovery, I have no problem."

Chapter 233 I Want Your Love

Deirdre's eyes were filled with uncontrollable joy and reddened from holding back her tears. She inhaled a deep breath and said, "Thank you, Brendan."

She spoke in all apparent seriousness, and there was gratitude in her eyes. However, Brendan was not pleased by her gaze. On the contrary, he felt a knot in the pit of his stomach and felt suffocated.

Deirdre was the only person who was unaware that Ophelia was already dead. He was making up a fake world just to delude her.

He could not afford to accept her gratitude.

"I told you that I don't like the words 'thank you'." Brendan's dark eyes turned dim, and he abruptly got up from his seat. "I'm sure that both of you have a lot to talk about because you've just been reunited after so long. I'm going to do some work in the study room. You can come to me if you have anything important."

He walked upstairs and took a seat in the study room. The desk was stacked with documents, yet he could not bear to read even one word.

He felt an intense conflicting feeling in his heart and didn't know what to do when he thought about Deirdre's smile and Ophelia's tragic death.

Meanwhile, someone suddenly knocked on the door of the study room.

Brendan looked up to find Deirdre twisting the door knob to enter the study room with a hesitant expression.

"What's going on?" Brendan leaned against his seat and propped up his head with a hand on his temple, his eyebrows tightly furrowed. "Why are you here in my room instead of chatting with your mother downstairs?"

Deirdre bit her lower lip and shut the door after her. She hesitated for some time before mustering the courage to say, "Brendan, I have a presumptuous request to ask of you, and I hope that you can grant my request."

It was apparent that Deirdre had only come after mentally preparing herself. Brendan's gaze locked on her face as he asked, "What is it?"

Deirdre kept her head lowered, her fingers clenched into tight fists. "1... I would like my mother to move into the villa temporarily. Will that be okay?"

Then, she said, "You can set your mind at ease. I'm only worried that it will be troublesome for her to travel back and forth. I'll ensure that she stays calm and quiet so she won't bother you..."

"Is that all?"

Deirdre suddenly raised her head while Brendan was leaning against the chair with an ice-cold expression. "Who do you think I am? Why do you make it seem so difficult to talk about when you're only requesting for Ophelia to stay in the villa for a while? Am I a monster or something? Or do you think I'm going to reject you without the slightest hesitation? What sort of person am I to you!"

Deirdre didn't know what to do as his pressing query confronted her. She explained, "No... I was only..."

"Only what? Scared? Scared of being rejected by me, scared of troubling me?"

Brendan got up from his seat and walked closer to Deirdre, step by step.

Deirdre could feel Brendan's overbearing presence, making her back away subconsciously. However, she

realized there was nowhere to retreat when her back pressed against the door. She raised her head and felt the man's burning gaze. She was extremely anxious and trembling with fear.

All of a sudden, Brendan wrapped his arms tightly around her waist while he leaned his head on her shoulder slowly. He heaved a sigh and said, "Deirdre, I'm not as scary as you imagine me to be."

There was a look of intense fatigue on his expression because he had not managed to sleep for even a moment yesterday night. At the same time, he was feeling mentally exhausted and a deep sense of powerlessness overtaking his body.

Brendan was an overlord of the business industry who could do whatever he wanted in Neve, yet it was his first time falling head over heels for Deirdre. He had no idea what to do.

His voice was hoarse when he said, "Everything I told you is true. I want us to be back like in the past, but I don't want us to be respectfully estranged as we were in the past. I want your love, and I want you to fall in love with me once again, just like in the past."

Chapter 234 Unrelated to Him

Deirdre knew that Brendan was looking at her from the moment he raised his head.

It was because she could feel his intense gaze. She could still feel his gaze stopping on her face even when all she could see was darkness.

Deirdre lowered her gaze and felt so overwhelmed with emotions in her heart that she could not even hear her own breathing.

Brendan leaned over to kiss Deirdre's lips.

He took his sweet time and kissed her gently but affectionately as if he was conquering her with all his life's patience.

"Brendan..." Deirdre pushed him because she was having trouble getting accustomed to this. "Don't do

this..."

"Don't do what?" Brendan asked her with his deep, dark eyes staring at her, "Don't stand so close to you, don't kiss you like this, or don't say what I said to you earlier?"

Deirdre clutched Brendan's arms tightly and felt his warm breath blowing on the side of her face. "Tell me, Deirdre. You can tell me anything. I'll satisfy you and meet your needs."

At last, Deirdre escaped from the study room in defeat. She walked with quickened steps, her hand holding the wall until she met Maeve at the stairway.

Maeve asked in puzzlement, "Deirdre?"

Deirdre stopped walking abruptly. Maeve approached her and wiped away the sweat on Deirdre's face with her sleeve. "What's going on? Why are you in such a rush? Did something happen? You're walking so quickly when you can't see, so what's going to happen if you fall?"

"I'm fine." Deirdre sniffed and lowered her head.

Maeve came to understand the situation instantly when she noticed the mark on Deirdre's lips. She stopped inquiring but said smilingly, "I've already told you that I'll be fine staying elsewhere. It's not that I'm not going to come and visit you. Someone will come and pick me up specially every morning."

Deirdre answered softly with a frown, "But it's winter now, and it's too cold."

Ophelia hated the winter the most because her knees would hurt, and her body would feel sore during the

winter,

It was a condition she acquired from doing laundry in the cold river during winter as her job when she was young.

"Oh right." Deirdre suddenly remembered. "Mother, are your knees fine? Do they still hurt?"

Maeve's expression remained unchanged. "They don't hurt as much anymore. I feel better now." "Great then."

Deirdre nodded.

Meanwhile, Brendan walked out of the study room.

Upon hearing the sound of the study room's door opening, Deirdre's grip on Maeve's hands tightened for

a moment.

Maeve shielded Deirdre behind her. Brendan was not infuriated after noticing her action. On the contrary,

he felt that Maeve did a good job with her acting.

It would be very difficult to tell that these two people were not biologically-related in the eyes of outsiders.

"It's getting late, Aunt Ophelia. The weather is so cold these days so it won't be convenient for you to travel back and forth to my place. How about you move in here for the time being?" Brendan said. nonchalantly, his eyebrows furrowed ever so slightly.

He was worried that Maeve would give herself away if she were to stay and interact with Deirdre for a long period. However, he could not bring himself to reject Deirdre after she sought his favor.

Maeve smiled. "If you don't object to it, Brendan, I would like to stay with Deirdre for a while longer, of course."

Deirdre held Maeve's hands tightly, but she was looking in Brendan's direction.

'Brendan actually came out to inform me in person...'

"Why are you in a daze? Brendan has already returned to the study room. Do you have such a hard time parting with him?" Maeve teased her.

Deirdre wanted to explain herself, but her ears were burning from blushing. She answered in a haste, "No... I was only distracted because I was thinking about something else unrelated to him."

Maeve smiled but made no reply. Deirdre wanted to be with Maeve so badly that she would rest and sleep on the same bed with Maeve.

Chapter 235 Still Alive and Doing Great

Before Deirdre shut her eyes, she wrapped her arms around Maeve's arm and said, "I feel lucky that you're still alive, mother. Don't be saddened by dad's death. I'll protect you from now on, and I will live well for you."

She fell asleep drowsily while Maeve's eyes widened. She was so deeply moved by Deirdre's remark that she didn't know what to say. What would the real Ophelia say at this very moment? She could not figure.

out an answer.

The phone in her pocket vibrated. She waited until Deirdre was in a deep sleep before she moved away Deirdre's arms cautiously and got out of bed.

She walked out of the room to find Brendan smoking at the door. There were already a few cigarette butts scattered on the ground. His dark eyes were narrowed as he looked up to the first floor and said without even turning to Maeve, "Is Deirdre suspicious?"

Maeve shook her head. "It is apparent that she isn't. Ms. McKinnon is very pure and will go straight to the point and express something that is bothering her, even if she does detect anything unusual, so I can explain myself to her. I believe that she is already fully convinced that I'm Ophelia by now."

"Hmm." Brendan looked at her sharply. "However, you shouldn't let down your guard just because of that. Deirdre is a very sensitive person."

"Alright."

"Also, you should go out with her tomorrow. I can set my mind at ease knowing that you're right by her side. You can go grocery shopping with her."

The next day...

Deirdre woke up earlier than anybody else.

Sam was already guarding the door since early morning. He was stunned by the sight of Deirdre coming downstairs in thick clothing, the lively look on her face, and her energetic mannerism.

"Good morning, Ms. McKinnon."

"Good morning, Sam." Deirdre greeted Sam and said, "You came at the right time. Will you help me to get some flannel fabric and sewing tools from the market since it's still early?"

"What do you need those for, Ms. McKinnon?"

"I need them."

Sam did not pursue the topic further. "Let's go together."

"Hmm?"

"I'm a man and not very sure what flannel fabric looks like. It would be better for you to choose it yourself, Ms. McKinnon. However, it's too cold outside, and I don't know if your body can..."

"It's fine!" Deirdre was becoming excited, yet she inhaled a deep breath to calm herself and said, "I can do it."

She lowered her head and replied with a smile, "Thank you."

Sam was so charmed by her smile that he could not pull himself back to reality. Afterward, he cleared his head and took Deirdre to a sewing material shop to choose.

"Uh, do you have a softer material? It would be best if the inner layer is thicker, so it's wind-resistant."

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The storekeeper brought over another type, and Deirdre expressed satisfaction after taking the material in her hand "This is great, thank you"

She carried the bag fully satisfied, and Sam took the bag from her. "I'll take this, Ms. McKinnon. It's very windy and cold outside. Your hands will freeze in the cold if you keep them out."

"It's fine. There are too many things. I'll share some of your burden."

Deirdre became much more talkative than before. Sam's gaze landed on Deirdre's face, and he could not bring himself to look away after a long time.

"You seem very happy, Ms McKinnon. Why is that so?"

"You noticed that huh?" Deirdre clutched the bag tightly and exhaled a warm breath. "My mother has been back since yesterday, and I can feel that her physical and mental health are much better. She feels like a different person, and I'm quite happy about that."

Sam was stunned as if he had been hit with a shocking blow. "Is that so? Your mother is back?"

"Hmm" Deirdre nodded and chuckled at herself.

"I have you to thank for this, Sam. Had you not grabbed my hand the other day when I tried to commit suicide, I think I wouldn't have had the chance to meet my mother again today. It turns out that she is still alive and doing great."

Chapter 236 Thought She Left

Sam stood in the same spot while Deirdre walked ahead for two steps before she noticed that Sam was

not by her side.

"Sam?"

"I'm here." Sam caught up to her in a few steps, and they walked together on the flat ground.

Deirdre said, "What happened? Why are you suddenly so quiet? I thought something bad had happened."

Sam felt a tight knot in the pit of his stomach as he looked at Deirdre's lively mannerisms, her smile, and her gentleness. He suddenly empathized with Brendan's feelings.

If this lie can be sustained forever, will that be a good thing for Deirdre?"

"Nothing much. I saw a child running about on the road earlier, so I stopped to check the traffic."

"Children are always mischievous." Deirdre's smile became frozen for a moment, but she quickly changed the conversation topic.

They were not far from the villa, so they chatted harmoniously while they walked and arrived at the courtyard soon.

However, Sam saw a tall and huge figure from afar, even before they reached the door.

Brendan had slippers on. Even though he had a trench coat draped over him, he was only wearing a thin shirt inside. He stood at the entrance door in the howling wind with a stern expression.

From the moment he saw Deirdre, he went from looking nervous to relieved. He took a few steps forward and hugged Deirdre tightly in his arms.

"Why did you head out so suddenly?" he asked her coldly while his dark eyes stared at Sam. He warned her with a rigid voice, "You didn't even inform anyone. Could it be that you have no idea that your mother would be worried?"

"Mother?" Deirdre was jolted back to reality. She raised her head and said, "Is she awake? I'm sorry. I woke up early on purpose, so I could get something and be back before she woke up. I didn't expect that I would be held up for so long that all of you are awake."

"She's not awake yet. It's me." Brendan glared at Deirdre with his sharp gaze and exerted strength in his grip over Deirdre's arm from feeling stressed.

He was the one who had seen the opened door of Deirdre's room and Deirdre's missing pair of shoes and realized that Deirdre was out.

He was overwhelmed with emotions at that very moment, and way too many thoughts flashed past his mind.

'Why did Deirdre leave? Why did she go out? Is she running away? Has she noticed Maev'e's disguise and chose not to speak a word of it so she can seize the opportunity to leave when I let down my guard?'

He felt his heart wrench in pain at the thought of the possibility. It was because perhaps he would not see Deirdre anymore for the rest of his life if that were the case.

He lost his senses and came outside wearing only his slippers and a trench coat.

"It's you? Did you notice that I was gone?" Deirdre shook the bag in her hand. "Don't worry. I went to get some necessities. You should go inside."

She could feel Brendan's unusually cold body, and there was no telling how long he had been waiting for

Chapter 236 Thought She Left

her in the cold.

Dr. Ginger had also arrived after they headed inside. Noticing that Brendan did not look so good, Dr. Ginger asked cautiously, "What happened?"

"Nothing. I was out, and it was way too cold there," answered Brendan.

Dr. Ginger was surprised and said, "Why did you go outside when it's so cold? I shall prepare some hot chocolate for everyone."

He went bustling about in the kitchen while Brendan kept his gloomy expression. Sam was sensible enough to help out in the kitchen, leaving Brendan and Deirdre by themselves in the spacious living room.

His icy cold gaze did not leave Deirdre for even a moment, but Deirdre could not see and did not manage to notice anything unusual.

She was confused. She bit her lower lip and asked, "Are you angry?"

Chapter 237 Unprepared to Tolerate Sam

It would be impossible that he did not feel angry because of his icy cold answer.

Deirdre sat on the sofa in a daze and attempted to test his mood by pouring him warm water.

"Warm your hands first. It must be cold outside."

Brendan stared at Deirdre and felt his anger diminish substantially after seeing her nose and hands reddened by the cold.

He received the mug and said, "Do you know why I'm angry?"

Deirdre shook her head.

"You could have informed me before you left the house, and I could have kept you company. You left without saying anything, so how am I supposed to explain to Ophelia if she's worried?"

Deirdre lowered her head. "I didn't know that you'd be up so early."

"Remember to come and knock on my door right away if there's anything next time."

He did not wish to see Sam and Deirdre walking together anymore. Even though Sam was obedient, it did not signify that he was prepared to tolerate Sam spending time with Deirdre.

“Alright.”

Deirdre nodded without the slightest hesitation, and Brendan appeared to be soothed. He changed the topic of conversation when he noticed the bags of items on the coffee table.

“What did you get?”

Deirdre’s gaze turned gentle as soon as he mentioned that. She pulled out the fabric in the bag and said. ” I bought some fabric suitable for winter clothing.”

“Why did you buy that?”

Deirdre turned around and looked in the direction of the second floor. She answered after a long time, It’s because my mother’s health is not so good, and her body was weakened because she neglected her health when she was young so she could make a living. Her knees hurt when it snows during the winter or when it is cold.

“I believe that it’s going to snow soon. It’s already winter, so I got some fabric to sew some knee support for her. She can wear the knee support when she’s outside so that her knees won’t get cold.”

She spoke with a tone filled with the affection and love of a daughter, yet Brendan furrowed his eyebrows when he heard that.

No one knew better than him that Maeve did not need that.

“If her knees can’t stand the cold, there are specialized knee supports that you can get from the store. You don’t need to worry about this.”

“No, she’s not used to wearing those.” Deirdre was not infuriated. On the contrary, she chuckled as if she remembered something. “She started sewing her own knee supports long ago and prefers the hand made

ones. Moreover...”

Deirdre raised her head and said, “I can provide her with anything so just consider this as the first gift I can give to her since my departure previously. I hope that she will think of me when she looks at the handmade knee supports when she’s back to receive treatment.”

prepared to Tolerate Sam

Brendan felt uneasy in his heart, and his eyebrows were tightly furrowed. “You can’t see, so how are you going to sew?”

Deirdre touched the fabric and said, "You don't need to worry about that. When I was at Sterling- At the clinic in the past, there were many children who couldn't afford winter clothes in the winter, so I sewed them warm clothes. Even though my workmanship is not so skillful, it will be cold-resistant at the very least."

Brendan's expression turned gloomy when he heard Sterling's name. The memories shared between Deirdre and Sterling were far more than the memories shared during their two years of marriage.

He suppressed his jealousy and said, "Be careful then, don't hurt yourself."

Deirdre nodded. She began working on the product during breakfast but cut the fabric to the proper size and sought Brendan's help to thread the needle. When all was set, she began to work on the product stitch by stitch.

She was extremely cautious, but there was no telling if her skill was rusty or her fingers were frozen stiff by the cold weather. She inhaled sharply from the pain when the needle pricked her thumb.

Brendan's pupils constricted, and he clutched her wrist at once. The tip of her thumb was bleeding, so he sucked on her thumb without the slightest hesitation.

"Brendan..." Deirdre was astounded and attempted to pull back her hand subconsciously, yet Brendan tightly grasped her hand.

Chapter 238 He Didn't Mind

"Don't move!"

He suppressed his anger and waited until Deirdre's finger stopped bleeding at last before he went looking for the first aid kit left by Dr. Ginger in haste.

The temperature of the man's lips was still lingering on Deirdre's finger. She was supposed to feel the stinging pain of the cut, yet the finger felt burning hot for no apparent reason.

She could clearly remember that Brendan was a neat freak, yet he did not mind doing that for her.

'Has he lost his mind...'

"Give me your hand."

Brendan's tone was filled with intense anger, but he had not lost his temper. Instead, he dressed Deirdre's wound with a bandaid meticulously.

He did not speak even after he was done.

Deirdre was rather anxious. "Are you angry, Brendan?"

"Is there nothing else that you can say other than this?"

Brendan answered in a hostile manner. He was so fueled by anger that he could lose his temper at any

moment.

Deirdre bit her lower lip tightly. "It's because you are angry... but you're *not* venting your anger as you did in the past. You look like you are holding back, and all I can do is ask you."

As Deirdre's panic-stricken yet cautious mannerism confronted Brendan, he inhaled a deep breath and thought about why he bothered to be angry at Deirdre.

She had always been like this, and it was unrelated to her blindness. Nothing could stop her when she was determined to do something. If she cared about not hurting herself, she would not have married him without hesitation three years ago.

"Didn't *you* tell me not to worry earlier? You claimed that you sewed clothes for many children in the clinic, so what the heck is going on with the wound on your finger now?"

Deirdre was so anxious that she wanted to hide her finger. She explained with her gaze lowered, "It's fine. It's just a trivial matter. It's inevitable to get some small injuries during sewing work."

"So you're implying that I'm taking this too seriously, right?"

"No..." Deirdre was caught in a daze.

She did not expect that Brendan would be so worked up.

"I hurt my hands accidentally when I was sewing in the clinic. After all, giving yourself a prick or two when holding a needle is inevitable. Hence, it really is fine."

"It's fine with *you*, but it's not fine with me!" Brendan's eyes were icy cold, and his remarks stunned both of

them in unison.

Deirdre's lips moved. "Why is it not fine with you?"

Brendan furrowed his eyebrows but could not answer.

"Because my heart aches for you? Because I care about you? These words are too affectionate."

In the end, Brendan could not bring himself to say it out, but his gaze was locked on Deirdre's face. He asked, "Did Sterling *not* care when you were injured in the clinic?"

Deirdre was stunned when Sterling was suddenly mentioned. She lowered her gaze for a moment and answered with great difficulty, "I suppose he cared. However, he understood

my personality well enough to know that persuasion is useless to me, and that was why all he did was help me to dress my wound.”

She made it sound as vague as possible, but Brendan could still think about the cozy feeling when Sterling and Deirdre were together.

Brendan furrowed his eyebrows in displeasure but could not bring himself to say something that would convince Deirdre to stop. As such, he said coldly, “Be careful, don’t hurt yourself again.”

“Sure...”

Deirdre was surprised because she was under the assumption that he would tell her to stop right away.

She worked cautiously, but her eyes were blind, so she could only rely on her feelings. Naturally, her fingers were pricked a few times beyond her control.

Brendan did not lose his temper again. Instead, he helped her to dress her wounds meticulously.

Afterward, Maeve came downstairs, and Deirdre hid the incomplete knee support under the table.

During the meal, Brendan said, “You can go out with Madam McKinnon today. You can take a stroll or go shopping.”

Deirdre only came to realize that Brendan was speaking to her after a long time.

Chapter 239 Familiar–Looking Woman

It was Brendan’s first time relenting and giving her permission to go out.

Deirdre’s empty

eyes were glistening with a glint. Brendan said, “Sam won’t be coming, so only both of you are going. Remember to be back before six and don’t catch a cold.”

“Alright.” Deirdre was delighted. “We will be back soon.”

“Hmm.” Brendan was done with his breakfast, so he was preparing to leave. He tossed an ATM card to Deirdre before he left. “There are four million dollars in the card, so there should be more than enough to cover the expenditure for both of you today. Call me if it’s not enough. You know my number.”

“It’s fine...” Deirdre swallowed her words after blurting out her rejection.

They were a married couple now, so it was very normal for Brendan to give money to his wife for shopping. If she were to reject him, it would make them appear estranged and stir up Ophelia’s suspicion easily.

“Alright.”

Brendan did not speak more but left with Sam.

Deirdre and Maeve waited until the weather was warmer before they hailed a cab and headed out. It was already noon by now, and the sun was warm. Deirdre shut her eyes, feeling comfortable as she basked under the sunlight.

She savored the feeling of freedom that she longed for with her mother by her side. An absurd thought suddenly came into her mind at that very moment.

'It seems rather great...if this situation can continue on.'

"Deirdre." Maeve approached her smilingly. "Are you tired?"

Deirdre opened her eyes, but the world was still pitch black. However, her slow, numb heart began to pump in a lively manner.

She chuckled and shook her head. "No. I feel that the weather is pretty nice today. It's warm, and I really

like it."

Maeve helped to smoothen her messy hair and said, "We shall come here to get some sun later, but we have something else important on hand. Is there anything that you want to buy?"

"Clothes."

Maeve said, "What type of clothes are you looking for?"

"No." Deirdre answered, "The clothes are for you."

Yes, she was using Brendan's money indeed, but she would figure out a way to pay him back. However, it was no easy feat to get to live with Ophelia, and now that she did it, she did not wish to put her mother through inconveniences.

"Neve's weather is much colder than the surrounding cities. The clothes you have are all too thin for the weather. We need to get you warmer clothes so you won't be bothered by the cold."

Maeve was momentarily stunned, and her eyes were moistened with tears. "It's fine."

Deirdre leaned on Maeve and said affectionately, "Don't disappoint your daughter's kind intention, will you?"

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2200 Fambar Looking Woman

They strolled around the shopping mall to shop for clothes. Deirdre could not see the style, so she could only feel its fabric. She would make Maeve try on a piece of clothing if it was made of thick, cold-resistant fabric.

Charlene walked into the shop, her high heels clicking. She removed her shades and was approached by the specialized sales associate. "Ms. McKinney."

Charlene said with an impatient expression, "Is the winter collection for this year in?"

"Yes, the winter collection is displayed in the back lounge. Please follow me."

She was preparing to walk when she took a side glance at her surroundings and stopped abruptly.

There was an emaciated-looking woman with her hair tied up and had her back facing Charlene. Charlene found the sight of the woman to be very familiar, so she took two steps forward and saw the side of Deirdre's face. She inhaled sharply.

'Deirdre?'

Charlene immediately looked to the person next to Deirdre and discovered that the person was not Brendan nor Sam but some strange woman that she had never seen before.

She found the sight of the strange woman slightly familiar based on the woman's style and mannerisms.

'Who is this woman? Why is Deirdre allowed to be out so ostentatiously?'

Charlene held the glasses in her hand tightly, her expression displeased. She turned around and asked the sales associate, "When did those two women get here?"

The sales associate shifted her gaze to Deirdre and Maeve and answered in a flattering tone, "They got here ten minutes ago."

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"Is there anybody else with them?"

The sales associate shook her head. "Just the mother and daughter. I have yet to see anybody else with them."

Charlene's pupils constricted abruptly, and she clutched the sales associate's arm. "Mother and daughter? What do you mean by mother and daughter?"

She was really agitated. The sales associate looked anxious because she had no idea what she had done to trigger Charlene's anger. She answered cautiously, "You asked about those two. They are mother and daughter... The first thing the young woman with the disfigured face said when she entered the shop was that she's shopping for clothes for her mother. What else can they be if not mother and daughter..."

Charlene was extremely shocked. No one knew better than her that Ophelia was already dead. She had died a year ago.

Hence, Deirdre could not have a mother.

She pressed the sales associate with a gloomy expression by saying, "Are you sure? Are you sure that the young woman acknowledged the other woman as her mother?"

The sales associate nodded repeatedly. "I'm a hundred percent sure! I'm a thousand percent certain! Ms. McKinney, I wouldn't say something without being sure. That woman has been addressing the person next to her as her mother since she entered the shop, so it couldn't possibly not be true."

"Understood..."

Charlene's beautiful eyes were glistening, and she stared closely in Deirdre's direction.

Maeve was not acquainted with Charlene, and Deirdre was blind, so Charlene could look as much as she wanted without being concerned. She could see the smile on Deirdre's face, and her affection for the strange woman, her speech, and demeanor were all exactly the way one would treat one's mother.

In the end, Deirdre said, "Mother, I believe that this piece is pretty good. Why don't you put it on in the dressing room to see if it fits?"

"Hah..." Charlene sneered aloud, finding it incredulous.

She had not expected that Brendan would go as far as to hire a strange woman just

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so he could deceive Deirdre.

It was no wonder Deirdre was suddenly so quiet about Ophelia's death and had agreed to go out with Brendan. Charlene had assumed that Deirdre did not care about her mother's death anymore. Judging by the current situation, Brendan had figured out another way to pacify Deirdre.

Her eyes were filled with maliciousness. Perhaps Brendan's plan would have continued to work had she not found out about it, but it was very apparent that luck was on her side. She would not let Deirdre have things her way so easily.

'A woman like Deirdre should have died in prison!'

Charlene approached Deirdre step by step as she looked at Maeve, who was entering the dressing room to try on the clothes.

Deirdre was still feeling the fabric and style of the clothes meticulously with her hands next to the display rack. She was caught off guard by the sound of high heels clicking on the flo

or and soon, Charlene sniggered. "It has been a long time since we last met, Ms. McKinno n."

Deirdre's good mood diminished substantially as soon as she heard that voice. She pretended not to hear Charlene by turning a deaf ear to her remark. She held up the garment to weigh it in her hand.

Charlene took a step forward and snatched the garment from her hand. "Deirdre! When will you stop deceiving yourself!"

Deirdre furrowed her eyebrows. "What do you mean, Ms. McKinney?"

'Deceiving myself... Where did that come from?'

Charlene laughed in contempt. "Aren't you deceiving yourself by addressing a strange woman as your own mother? If your mother was aware of your actions, I bet she would die from anger upon seeing you address any woman as your mother after losing your sight!"

Deirdre's empty eyes exuded coldness and anger when she heard that remark. " Watch your mouth, Charlene."

"I'm only telling you the truth out of kindness. I can't bear to see you being kept in the dark. Why are you so pissed about that?"