

## Resent Reject Regret

### Chapter 241 That Woman Is Not Ophelia

Charlene tutted repeatedly. "Deirdre, do you think that the woman who talked and laughed with you was really Ophelia? Why are you so naive that you would believe it's true when Brendan just hired someone casually to portray her?"

"Would the real Ophelia be so much taller than you, so young, and shop for clothing with you like an ordinary person? Besides, you could n't see her face because you're blind. Don't be a fool. The woman takes care of her complexion very well, and not even a trace of wrinkles can be found on her face. Could you not have noticed it when you touched her with your hands? It would be utterly impossible for a woman like her to be the mother who lived in the slums and endured hardships with you!"

"Shut up!" Deirdre widened her eyes in shock and felt a heavy weight bearing down on her chest. It felt suffocating.

'What?

'What is Charlene talking about?

'Is the woman who was talking and laughing with me earlier not... Ophelia? Is she not the mother who raised me?

'How can that be possible... We were still chatting and laughing along the way, and our relationship was as close as ever. There is nothing unusual about her, so how can she be a stranger?'

Her eyes were bloodshot, and she glared in Charlene's direction ferociously. "That's enough, Charlene. How long are you going to keep playing your cheap tricks? Do you think that I'll believe you again? My mother is still alive and well, so how can she possibly be dead? You're only trying to get me and Brendan to fight again so you can reap the benefits afterward, right? Don't even think about it!"

Deirdre bit her lower lip tightly. "I will never give you the chance to do that again. I know better than anybody else who is the person I call 'mother!'"

Charlene said in a sympathetic tone, "Do you, really? Deirdre, it's really silly of you that you'd rather trust Brendan than me. Have you forgotten that the person who got you into prison was Brendan?"

Deirdre's mind went blank abruptly.

'Have you forgotten that the person who got you into prison was Brendan?'

Coldness overpowered Deirdre instantly, and she felt as if all her internal organs were squeezed together.

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*Her eyes were bloodshot, while Charlene sneered and said, "It's very normal for you not to trust me, Deirdre. However, I believe that you must surely have a lot of ways to verify what I just told you. If you don't have eyes to see, you have hands and a mouth at the very least, right? You will find out who is deceiving you when you verify this."*

*At this point, Charlene shut her mouth at the right time and left with a sneer.*

*She*

*knew that it would be meaningless for her to continue lingering around. She would leave the rest of the doubting work to Deirdre herself after making her*

*suspicious.*

*At the same time that Charlene walked away, Maeve walked out of the dressing room. "I'm done, Deirdre."*

*Maeve smoothed out the clothes on her body, looking puzzled by Deirdre's lack of response for a long time.*

*"Deirdre?"*

*Deirdre recovered from*

*her surprise yet was overwhelmed with emotions. She forced a smile and said, "I'm here."*

*Her smile was hideous, forced, and desperate. Maeve instantly felt a knot in the pit of her stomach when she sensed that something was off. She approached Deirdre and said, "What's going on, Deirdre? Are you feeling unwell? If that is the case, we should stop shopping today and go home so you can rest."*

*"I'm fine." Deirdre shook her head strenuously, yet Charlene's remarks were deeply ingrained in her chest, which felt hot and painful.*

*'Is the woman before my eyes not the real Ophelia? Is the woman who shows concern and seems to care about me not my mother?'*

*Even the act of breathing hurt her at the thought. She frantically attempted to deny it in her heart.*

*'It can't be possible!*

*'I shouldn't be wavering just because of Charlene's random remarks. Charlene's ultimate goal is to ensure that I don't have a good time eternally, but...'*

## Chapter 242 Misgiving Dispelled

*Deirdre's*

*lips were trembling, and she stretched out her hand with great effort. "Mother, can I... touch your hands?"*

*She knew Ophelia's hands. They were a pair of old hands covered in calluses that felt very different even at a very young age, especially in some spots.*

*She had not felt out Ophelia's hands seriously before this but she had grown suspicious after Charlene's remarks.*

*Maeve's heart was racing. "What's going on? What's going on with you... Deirdre?"*

*"I'm fine..." Deirdre took a deep breath and cracked a fake smile with great difficulty. "I used to hold your hand frequently in the past and I missed doing that all of a sudden. I yearned for the feeling of you holding my hand when you walked me home*

*after school..."*

*"I see." Maeve smiled, but her heart was still on guard. She had figured out that Deirdre must have noticed something. At the same time that a feeling of uneasiness grew in her, she had no choice but to stretch out her hand.*

*"Alright, I shall hold my little Deirdre's hand then."*

*Her voice sounded as warm and affectionate as before.*

*Deirdre was terrified all of a sudden because she feared the hands would be smooth, fine, and delicate, just like the hands of a person who had never performed laborious chores in her life.*

*If that was the case, the outcome would be clear.*

*She raised her hand shakily and held Maeve's hand. However, Deirdre was distracted for a moment when she felt the coarseness of Maeve's hand. Her hand was covered in calluses and was not a young woman's hand at all, unlike Charlene had described*

1. *it.*

*At the same time that she felt joyous, she felt her heart sink as well. It was because this pair of hands was still too delicate compared to Ophelia's hands in the past.*

*"What happened?"*

*Maeve felt anxious in her heart. She had already noticed Ophelia's hands when she had watched video clips of Ophelia previously.*

*Her hands had been aged, skinny, emaciated, covered in calluses, and waxy.*

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*Even though she was only a little over 50 years old in the video clips, her hands had already been aged and withered akin to a decayed tree.*

*She had rubbed her hands with sandpaper in the past two weeks just to simulate Ophelia's hands yet she was well aware that her hands were still far from being similar to Ophelia's.*

*"It's fine..." Deirdre felt her way to Ophelia's frequently-used finger with her fingers and found a hard, coarse callus. Her eyes lit up.*

*'It is Ophelia!*

*'It is her!'*

*She had worked with this particular spot on her hand frequently, and the callus found on this spot was way harder than those on other parts of her hands. It was very apparent that Ophelia had not endured any hardships over the past few years, so the calluses had healed and her hands had turned smoother.*

*Deirdre felt as if the weight was lifted off her chest. She had been more afraid of this discovery than anybody else but she was pleased with it.*

*"It's fine." Deirdre smiled just like her usual self and placed her hands on Maeve's outfit subconsciously. "How do you like it? Is the size right?"*

*"It's pretty good."*

*"What about the style? Do you like it?"*

*Maeve smiled affectionately. "I like anything you get for me."*

*After deciding on a few sets of clothes, Deirdre and Maeve strolled around the mall once more before they returned to the villa to rest.*

*Brendan got out of the car at 6:30 in the evening, when he arrived at the villa, and saw that they had already turned on the lights in their rooms.*

*Brendan walked into the house just in time to see Dr. Ginger leaving. He greeted Brendan with a bright smile on his face. "Mr. Brighthall."*

*"Hmm." Brendan nodded and walked away. He suddenly stopped after taking two steps a way and his gaze landed on Dr. Ginger's tie.*

*The tie was maroon, which did suit Dr. Ginger's style. However, he had been wearing a black tie when he had come this morning.*

*"The tie," Brendan said with a slight frown. "Where did you get it?"*

## **Chapter 243 Bought a Gift for Everyone**

*“Ah, ah.” Dr. Ginger adjusted his tie and said, looking unconcerned, “From Ms. McKinnon. Didn’t she go shopping today? She came home with gifts and brought me this tie. Sam got a gift too. His gift was a phone accessory.”*

*Sam, who was following Brendan, was caught off guard for a moment.*

*Brendan’s sharp eyebrows were tightly furrowed. He had given Deirdre permission to go out yet she seemed to be thinking about other men too.*

*“Where is the phone accessory?”*

*Dr. Ginger pointed at the coffee table and said, “I have one more appointment today, Mr. Brighthall. I shall...”*

*“Go.”*

*Brendan waved his hand to dismiss Dr. Ginger impatiently and made his way to the coffee table swiftly. There was a phone case with a puppy print in the gift box on the coffee table, and the case looked unusually adorable.*

*When Sam’s gaze landed on the case, he could not look away.*

*Brendan turned around and glared at Sam with an icy gaze. “Do you like it?”*

*Sam shook her head and said hesitantly, “Ms. McKinnon got this for me, so I can’t let her kind intention go to waste.”*

*As he was speaking, he was about to take the phone accessory. After all, it belonged to him.*

*Brendan flew into a great rage instantly and grabbed the phone accessory along with the gift box. “Her kind intention won’t be wasted if I keep it.”*

*Sam grumbled in his heart but did not have the courage to express it. He said, “I believe that Ms. McKinnon has bought gifts for everyone, so you will most certainly get yours too, Mr. Brighthall. Perhaps your gift is in your room.”*

*Deirdre was a meticulous person. Even though she had not enjoyed showing herself in public during their two years of marriage, she would do a perfectly good job with each of the tasks assigned to her. Her choice of gifts this time had been exactly to Sam and Dr. Ginger’s liking.*

*Although Brendan felt displeased, he looked forward to his gift.*

*‘What would Deirdre give to me as a gift then?’*

*At that thought, he suppressed his eagerness yet could not help walking upstairs. He suddenly stopped when he was halfway there and told Sam, "That's all for you today. You may head home and come back tomorrow."*

*Upon saying that, Brendan went upstairs, and the first thing he did was open the door to his room.*

*However, he did not see any trace of a gift on the bed, sofa, bookshelf, or any other spot.*

*He went to the study and he still did not find anything.*

*'Could Deirdre have the gift and be planning on handing it to me in person?'*

*As soon as the thought popped into his mind, Brendan's cold lips unprecedentedly curled into a faint smile.*

*'The usually dull Deirdre has learned how to surprise me with a gift.'*

*He stayed on the first floor and waited on purpose, but Deirdre still had not come downstairs by the time it was almost nine o'clock. At the very moment that he lost his patience, Deirdre opened the door of her room and walked out with a glass in her*

*hand.*

*She felt her way down the stairs cautiously and walked to the kitchen when Brendan let out a cough.*

*Deirdre stopped walking, and there was a tinge of confusion in her eyes. "Brendan?"*

*"Hmm," he replied nonchalantly.*

*"You... Aren't you usually in the study or your room at this time? Why are you hanging out on the first floor all of a sudden?"*

*Brendan took a side glance at Deirdre and noticed that she was not hiding a gift under her clothes. He furrowed his eyebrows, stopped beating about the bush, and asked, "Did you buy gifts for Dr. Ginger and Sam during your shopping trip today?"*

*Deirdre realized what was happening abruptly and bit her lower lip. "Yes, I walked past an apparel store and the idea of getting a gift occurred to me... Uh..."*

*Brendan shook the document in his hands and waited impatiently. Then, Deirdre said, "I'll return the money to you."*



*When those words were spoken, Brendan did not realize what was happening yet.” Money ? What money?”*

*“The money I spent to buy the gifts... I don’t have a source of income for the time. being, so I spent the money on your ATM card. I’ll figure out a way to pay you back.”*

*There was agitation in Brendan’s eyes. He had never cared less about things like money and he was delighted that Deirdre had spent his money.*

*“Why do you have to draw such a clear distinction?” He then said in an unkind tone,” Did you think I’d care about a few thousand dollars?”*

*Deirdre was silent. ‘If that is not a problem, why did he bring up this issue?’*

*Brendan took a deep breath and got straight to the point by saying, “Where’s mine?”*

*“What is it?”*

*“You brought gifts for Dr. Ginger and Sam, so do you have one for me too?”*

*Deirdre was stunned upon hearing that.*

*Brendan furrowed his eyebrows, his gaze darkening when he saw Deirdre’s surprised expression. “You didn’t get me anything, huh, Deirdre?”*

*“I...” Deirdre was caught in a daze and bit her lower lip tightly for a long time. “I didn’t know what to get you because you have everything and things are quite costly, so I...”*

*Brendan pushed everything on the coffee table to the floor, startling Deirdre. Sensing that Brendan was walking toward her, she hastily raised her arms to protect herself, only to discover that Brendan had walked past her, headed upstairs coldly, and shut*

*the door.*

*Deirdre turned her head to look toward the second floor. She could not figure out why Brendan would be so furious all of a sudden. ‘Is it just because I didn’t get him a gift?*

*‘Yet what would the all-*

*powerful Brendan need? He would surely despise the gift for being too cheap for his taste, just like he did in the past, look down at me in disgust, and blurt arrogantly, “Don’t buy things that are too inferior to show in public, Deirdre. No one would pick up a cheap thing like that his even if it was tossed to the ground.”*

*She returned to her room in a daze and found Maeve still making the bed. Noticing that Deirdre had returned empty-*

*handed, she asked casually, “Deirdre, didn’t you go to fetch yourself a glass of water? Why did you return empty-handed? Is it because*

*Chapter 244 Is She Suspicious of You?*

*you couldn’t find any water?”*

*Maeve stopped what she was doing and turned stern after seeing Deirdre's expression. "What happened?"*

*She approached Deirdre. "What happened?"*

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*"Nothing, mother." Deirdre gave her a forced smile and pretended that she was fine. "It's so cold downstairs that my head is working slowly. I'm going to take a shower. You can lie down and rest."*

*"Sure. Promise me that you won't keep anything that worries you to yourself. Promise you'll tell me."*

*Deirdre nodded and headed to the bathroom. As she removed her clothes, she pulled a box from her pocket. She opened the box to reveal something that was glistening under the light.*

*She touched it with her hand before she lowered her gaze and shut the box in disappointment in the end.*

*At the same time, someone knocked on the door of the study.*

*"Come in."*

*Maeve entered and a look of disappointment flashed past Brendan's eyes when he realized that it was Maeve. It happened so quickly that no one would notice. He then asked with a calm gaze, "What's going on?"*

*"Mr. Brighthall." Maeve shut the door after her with a solemn expression."*

*Something happened when I was out shopping with Ms. McKinnon this afternoon and I feel I that I should inform you."*

*"What is it?"*

*Maeve furrowed her beautiful eyebrows and recounted, "Ms. McKinnon and I were shopping for clothes in an apparel store at the mall this afternoon. She was still well before I went to change in the dressing room. Her expression suddenly turned very unusual after I came out of the dressing room, and she insisted on touching my*

*hands to confirm my identity."*

*Brendan raised his head abruptly, his dark eyes filled with ferocity. "What do you mean? Is she suspicious of you?"*

*"Yes." Maeve nodded. "However, the suspicion came out of nowhere. I sense that something must have happened while I was in the dressing room."*

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*Brendan's body tensed up without him realizing it. It had always bothered him that Deirdre might discover the truth, so he immediately inquired, "Where is she? Is she still suspicious?"*

*Maeve shook her head and raised her calloused hands. "I'm lucky that I prepared in advance and dispelled Ms. McKinnon's doubts at once."*

*"Great then." Brendan's expression was gloomy. "It is apparent that something happened while you were in the changing room. It's highly possible that some loudmouth talked to her, and I'll look into this matter. Just do your part of the job."*

*"Alright." Maeve was sensible enough to get ready to leave.*

*"Hold on." Brendan called out to Maeve. He furrowed his eyebrows and said, "Were you by Deirdre's side at all times while she bought the gifts?"*

*"Yes. How can I help, Mr. Brighthall?"*

*"Did she purchase anything else other than gifts for Sam and Dr. Ginger?"*

*Maeve pondered it for a while before she said in frustration, "I don't remember so well. I remember walking away for a short while during the payment process. However, there were only two items in Ms. McKinnon's hands at the time. I suppose those were the two gifts for the two individuals."*

*Brendan's expression turned solemn. "Understood."*

*In the next two days, even Maeve could feel that the ambiance in the villa was rather strange.*

*The relationship between Brendan and Deirdre grew more distant. They would greet each other in the morning, and then Brendan would leave the house without talking much. He returned home when it was very late.*

*It felt like they were a young couple in conflict.*

*Once, while they were eating out, Maeve could not help asking, "Deirdre, I hope you don't mind me asking, but did something unpleasant happen between Brendan?"*

*you and*

*Deirdre's movements halted to a stop, and she avoided her mother's gaze in a haste. "No ... Nothing..."*

*Maeve smiled. "It's not embarrassing to talk about because even a loving couple that has been married for a long time will still get into conflict sometimes. Besides, both*

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*of you are still young. It's very normal to be angry at each other at times. However, it has been two days. You ought to give me a reason, okay?"*

*"The reason is..." Deirdre bit her lower lip tightly and expressed her puzzlement through her gaze. A moment later, she answered, "I don't know."*

*"How can you not know? There should be a reason behind a quarrel. Brendan can't possibly be sulking for no reason, right?"*

*Deirdre had no idea indeed. She had thought it through many times yet she could not figure out why Brendan was offended.*

*'The only possibility is...'*

*"I bought gifts for the people working in the villa when we were out the other day, but I didn't give a gift to him."*

*From that point on, their relationship had grown distant.*

*"This is about a gift, huh?" Maeve suddenly remembered the conversation she'd had with Brendan the other day.*

*She had not put much thought into it in the beginning, but now that she thought about it, it seemed that Brendan was jealous because he had not been treated as fairly as the others.*

*Maeve found it rather amusing and said, "No wonder he has been looking displeased in the past two days. But you bought him a gift too, right? Why haven't you given it to him yet?"*

*Deirdre lowered her gaze. "It's a cheap item that doesn't match his status. He won't use it even if I give it to him."*

*"How can you know that he won't use it if you don't give it to him?" Maeve said gently. "You and Brendan are married, after all. If you get a gift for Sam and Dr. Ginger but not for him, how can he not be pissed? Isn't it obvious that you're treating him unfairly?"*

*"I'm not... I know that he wouldn't like it. Besides, he wouldn't use it and he wouldn't care about it at all. It's unnecessary to give it to him..."*

*"You're wrong, Deirdre." Maeve held her hand. "Regardless of whether he likes the gift or not, you should have given him a gift given your relationship with him. If you were in his place, would you be happy if Brendan got a gift for another woman but not for you?"*

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*Deirdre was hesitant.*

*'Would I have been unhappy? In the past, I wouldn't have been happy indeed.'*

*'Not only would I have been unhappy, but my heart would have bled, and I would have felt suffocated.*

*'But how could the all-superior Brendan share the same way of thinking as my past self?'*

*"I'll think about it."*

*Deirdre lowered her gaze as she answered. Soon, she heard the pleasant sound of a piano playing next to her. It was apparent that the piano was a high-quality one, and the tune it played was immersive. She could not help feeling tempted.*

*Maeve could see that and said in an exploratory tone, "Would you like to play it, Deirdre?"*

*"Me?" Deirdre was embarrassed. "I can't. I have very limited skills because I only took lessons for a short while. Besides, I can't see anymore, so perhaps I have already lost those skills."*

*"How can you be certain that you can't do it if you don't try?"*

*Maeve called over the waiter and asked if they could play the piano.*

*The waiter did not reject her request, of course. "Sure."*

*Maeve helped Deirdre sit before the piano.*

*The very moment Deirdre's fingers touched the piano keys, she felt as if something was burning and leaping inside her body. She pressed down on the keys and began to play by memory.*

*Perhaps she was gifted in music, as the real Ophelia had once charged up a keyboard there on her own in the slum and given it to Deirdre, who had proceeded to learn to play in just a few days.*

*Before Ophelia had gotten sick, she used to listen to Deirdre play the keyboard while she smiled, "My dear Deirdre, you are truly amazing. Perhaps you might even become a piano master someday. Just wait a bit longer. I'll get an extra job so we can afford to hire a music tutor to teach you."*

*She had kept her promise and hired a music tutor for real, but her health had been*

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*sacrificed afterward. Deirdre had always feared that it was her playing the piano that had ruined Ophelia's health. She had refused to touch the piano since then.*

*Ophelia had encouraged her to muster the courage to play the piano once again. She was choking on tears by the time she finished playing a song.*

*"Silly girl, why are you crying? You played very well, and I'm so proud of you." Maeve cupped Deirdre's face in her hands and complimented her.*

*Deirdre held back tears and smiled. "It's nothing. I'm just happy and I feel lucky to have you back safely with me."*

*Maeve's gaze turned gloomy for a while as she smoothed Deirdre's hair.*

*Meanwhile, a man in a suit sitting at the corner approached them and passed Deirdre a business card. "Hello. I'm very sorry for disturbing you. I'm the manager of a restaurant and I heard you play the piano earlier. You played impressively. Would you consider working for our restaurant as a pianist?"*

*"Me?" Deirdre was surprised.*

*"Yes."*

*Deirdre pointed to her eyes and could not help laughing in spite of herself. "You must be unaware of the fact that I am a blind person. I can't see."*

*The man appeared to be pleased. "That's even better. You will set my mind at ease and focus on your job since your eyes can't see. You won't be distracted by external factors. You played the piano quite impressively, I'm serious. You may give it some thought. I won't treat you shabbily when it comes to your wages. If you decide to accept the offer, you may call me."*

*He did not linger any longer. Deirdre's interest was piqued as she held the business card.*

*She was a blind person who was despised by others, so this was the first time*

*someone had offered her a chance. It was not only an affirmation of her skills, but also an opportunity.*

*It would allow her to make a living and not depend on others to survive. She could work hard to provide a good life for herself and Ophelia if Brendan got bored of providing for her in the future.*

*"You're not really going to accept the offer, right?" Maeve could see Deirdre's hesitation and expressed her doubts. "You do not know if that person wants to sincerely hire you as a pianist, and Brendan wouldn't let you work anyway."*

### **Chapter 247 I Bet You Want to Run Away, Right**

*'Oh, right. Brendan...'*

*Deirdre's eyes were filled with disappointment, as she knew that Brendan would never agree to that..*

Maeve's heart melted with pity when she saw how dejected Deirdre was. "Deirdre, isn't it nice to stay in the villa? Why do you want to get a job so badly?"

"I suppose it's because I need the slightest sense of recognition and I want to feel needed by the world?" Deirdre said in a self-mocking tone. "Plus, I can't keep depending on someone else to provide for me. If I perform well at this job, it will signify that I could survive somewhere else from now on. In case... In case you need help, I will be able to fork out money for you without relying on Brendan."

Maeve was surprised to learn that Deirdre wished to be independent. She found it hard to imagine that a woman who was almost incapable of living independently would think like that.

She realized that Deirdre wanted to rely on herself if she could instead of being content with her current life.

At that very moment, Maeve suddenly understood why an outstanding man like Brendan would be so deeply in love with Deirdre. It was because some people's charm went deeper than the surface.

"In that case, I think that you may discuss it with Brendan. I believe that since you two are married, he will consider your wishes as long as you can take care of yourself."

Deirdre did not feel confident that she could do that at all but she still braced herself.

"I can give it a try."

She could not let this opportunity slip away.

She stayed in the room at night, and it was already nine o'clock by the time Brendan came home. He went straight to the study as soon as he arrived at the villa.

Deirdre took out the dessert she had prepared and knocked on the door of the study cautiously.

She entered the room when she heard the words 'come in'. The very moment Brendan saw Deirdre, his anger diminished substantially.

He had assumed that Deirdre would never yield to him. 'Perhaps she doesn't even

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know that I'm pissed because she's such a dull, indifferent woman.'

"What brings you here?" He spoke in a rigid, cold tone as he rifled through the pages of the document on the table. However, he could not focus on a single word he read.

Deirdre was scared out of her wits but she suppressed the urge to walk out of the room repeatedly and made her way to Brendan's desk.

*She served the dessert and said, "I... I'm here to serve the dessert that I baked this evening. It's not warm anymore but it still smells great."*

*The dessert she had baked was the only dessert that Brendan enjoyed, as it was very fragrant, not sickly sick, and so flaky it would melt in one's mouth.*

*Just as expected, Brendan did not reject her offer, but he said nonchalantly, "Sure, you can put it there. I'll eat it later."*

*Deirdre did not move. Brendan shifted his gaze to her nervous face, unable to take his eyes off her. "What's going on? Did something happen?"*

*"I..." Deirdre swallowed a gulp of saliva, having trouble bringing up the topic of conversation. She attempted to do so with great effort repeatedly before she said, "I have something that I wish to discuss with you."*

*Brendan shut the folder. "What is it?"*

*Deirdre clasped her fingers tightly. "I would like to get a job."*

*The final tinge of smile in Brendan's gaze vanished instantly, and he felt like he was suddenly burning with fury.*

*He had assumed that the woman was there to reconcile with him.*

*He had been cold to Deirdre for the past two days, not because he was pissed at Deirdre's lack of concern for him, but to verify that his pursuit strategy over the past weeks had had no effect on Deirdre's heart.*

*However, Deirdre's actions showed him that not only had his effort been fruitless, but Deirdre had grown even more ambitious.*

*"What kind of job are you going to get as a blind person? I bet you want to run away, right?"*

*"No!" Deirdre had no idea why Brendan would suddenly take things so far. She bit her lower lip tightly and furrowed her eyebrows. "I would like to get a job so I can make money to survive..."*

### **Chapter 248 She Plays the Piano Beautifully**

*"I can give you money if that is what you want, and the villa has never treated you shabbily if all you want is a place to live. But you still insist on going outside and claim that you're not trying to run away?"*

*Brendan spoke in a stern voice. He got up from the chair, moved closer to Deirdre, and clutched her shoulders. "Deirdre, I spoiled you by letting you go outside in the*

*past few days and you've become wildly ambitious. Now you think you're strong enough to leave?"*



*Deirdre was pinned against the door and felt deeply powerless when she heard Brendan's furious remark. "Brendan, I'm a living human being. Don't I even have the*

*right to go and get a job?"*

*"You have to be capable of taking care of yourself if you want to go out and get a job. Could you live through the winter out there without me? I'm afraid no one would know even if you froze to death out there!"*

*Brendan had initially intended to tell Deirdre that the outside world would never tolerate a blind person, yet his remark sounded extremely unpleasant.*

*Deirdre was hurt by the words and bit her lower lip so tightly that it began to bleed. She kept her head lowered and did not utter a word.*

*Brendan furrowed his eyebrows and caressed her face. "I can give you money if that's what you want and I'm not limiting your freedom to go out. I've already given you enough space, so don't bring up the idea of getting a job out there. If anything bad were to happen to you, no one would take care of you."*

*Deirdre pushed away his hand with her icy fingers, her gaze calm. "Understood."*

*He tilted her chin stubbornly to search for emotion on her face, only to discover that her gaze had suddenly turned empty once again. Feeling extremely agitated, he said, "Deirdre, I'm doing this for your own good."*

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

*Deirdre opened the door and walked outside, feeling slightly indifferent in her heart. She had already predicted the outcome earlier but she still found it hurtful for a brief*

*moment.*

*Perhaps she was asking for too much, as it was already enough that she had been reunited with Ophelia safely. There was a limit to Brendan's patience, so she should not have challenged his patience over and over again.*

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*20*

*Deirdre expressed her disappointment when she returned to her room. Maeve figured out what had happened but she still approached Deirdre and asked, "What happened? Did Brendan not agree to the proposal?"*

*Deirdre forced a smile and said, "He... He is worried that I would be treated unjustly out there. After all, I can't see. I think he's right about me. I am blind, so I should just stay home instead of chasing after some dream. I'm not a teenager anymore..."*

*Maeve caressed Deirdre's face. "It's fine. It will not be too late for you to get a job when you complete your eye treatment and recover your eyesight."*

*"Hmm." Deirdre's head was a chaotic mess of thoughts. She ended the conversation briefly, took a shower, and lay on the bed to rest.*

*She was emotionally exhausted and soon fell asleep when sleepiness overpowered her.*

*Meanwhile, Brendan had been smoking so much in the study that the floor was covered in cigarette butts. He shut the document in the end and headed to Deirdre's*

*room.*

*He knocked on her door, and Maeve turned around to look at Deirdre. "Mr. Brighthall."*

*"Is she asleep?"*

*Maeve nodded. Brendan followed Maeve's gaze and saw the woman's tiny, skinny body curled up on the bed under the blanket.*

*"Did she say anything to you when she returned?" he asked after a moment.*

*"No. Ms. McKinnon was not in a good mood. She went to sleep after taking a shower."*

*Brendan furrowed his eyebrows. "What happened when you and Deirdre went out? Why is she suddenly talking about getting a job?"*

*Maeve recounted the sequence of events in detail, and Brendan fell silent.*

*Maeve would not have meddled in Deirdre's affairs in the past. However, she could not help speaking at the thought of how joyous Deirdre had been when her capability had been recognized and how dejected she had been after being rejected. "Mr. Brighthall, Ms. McKinnon plays the piano beautifully. You should listen to her perform if you have the opportunity. It feels like she is a different person, one who has been given a soul, when she plays."*

### **Chapter 249 Bought Him a Gift as Well**

*"I've never seen Ms. McKinnon being so lively. I believe that you will certainly be pleasantly surprised if you see her perform one day. You want to give Ms. McKinnon a reason to live. I can see that Ms. McKinnon loves to play the piano deeply. Just give her a chance to do that and perhaps it will become the gleam of hope she needs to hang on to life."*

*Brendan shifted his gaze to Maeve's face, his expression emotional and his flawless, gorgeous face overwhelmed with complicated emotions at that very moment.*

*"So you're implying that I should agree to her suggestion, right?"*

*Maeve smiled. "I'm only working for you, Mr. Brighthall. Other than performing my job with great effort, there's nothing else that I'm trying to do here. I'm only telling you what I can see, Mr. Brighthall."*

*She adjusted the scarf she had wrapped around her body. "You stay here for the night, Mr. Brighthall. I'll sleep in the guestroom."*

*Upon saying that, Maeve began to walk away. Then, she stopped halfway and said, "Also, if you're free, do check the item in the bedside table drawer, Mr. Brighthall."*

*Brendan was standing at the entrance when the door was shut, his gaze locked on Deirdre's back as he walked forward slowly.*

*The woman was breathing evenly at the moment, but her expression appeared restless. Her eyebrows were furrowed, as if she was dreaming about something.*

*Brendan's dark eyes were deathly still as he looked at her dreaming face.*

*He was used to Deirdre's zombie-like calmness yet he had not expected that she would actually have a lively side to her.*

*'It turns out that she has a dream too, and she wants other people's recognition.'*

*"I never knew that you loved to play the piano."*

*Brendan smirked in a self-mocking manner, as he knew very little about Deirdre.*

*He had known that the woman loved him from the first time he had met her. She had stayed in the villa for two years because of her love for him and had not left the house unless it had been necessary. She had never inflicted herself on him or caused any trouble.*

*"I assumed that you were trying to leave this place and leave me. But how are you going to live a peaceful life after leaving me?" He was trying to convince himself by.*

## **Chapter 250**

*saying, "How can you be so sure that the job you need will be the job that you want?"*

*If*

*you want to play the piano, I can set up the grandest concert venue for you so you can perform and be the center of the world's attention. I can hire the best piano teacher for you to do. A job will not give you anything."*

*The woman had a solemn expression as she dreamed. Her lips parted and shut as if she was replying to him.*

*Brendan appeared to have made up his mind. "Stay with me and I'll renovate the third floor into the piano room that you need. I can provide you with everything you want."*

*Before he walked away, he remembered Maeve's remark and opened the drawer of the bedside table. A small, dark blue box met his eyes, placed at the most obvious*

*location.*

*He was stunned for a moment before he opened the box slowly.*

*He found a pair of delicately-made cufflinks inside. The cufflinks were watch-shaped and brown in color and were glistening under the light.*

*They were not a luxury brand, but more like handmade cufflinks made cheaply. He would not have taken a second glance at them normally.*

*However, his gaze was glued to them at that very moment.*

*He remembered that the phone case Sam had received had been in the same box and he realized that she had gotten him a gift as well that day.*

*She had just refused to give it to him and kept it hidden in the drawer all this time.*

*Brendan felt something burning in his chest, and his dark eyes were fluctuating with intense emotion. It was a hopeful feeling, and he had no idea why he would feel like this because of a worthless object.*

*It was possible that he was delighted because Deirdre had thought of him as well.*