

Resent Reject Regret

Chapter 251 Courtesy Demands Reciprocity

She answered, "He's my cousin."

The waitress found Deirdre's answer reasonable. She wrapped her arm around Deirdre's arm and said, "Does this cousin of yours have a girlfriend? Do set me up with him."

"He does," Deirdre answered smilingly, afraid that a different answer would cause Sam trouble.

The waitress was disappointed. "The piano is here. Someone will tell you when to start performing. I'll get a move on if there's nothing else."

Deirdre did not notice the waitress' coldness because she was distracted by her love for playing the piano. The piano was much better than the one at the cafe, and she attempted to play it. She received quite a number of compliments after a day.

She smiled more, and her expression became lively. Sam was distracted by the sight of her and only recovered from the surprise after a while and took Deirdre back to the villa.

She asked before she headed upstairs, "Sam, is the light in Brendan's study still on?"

"Yes, it's on."

Deirdre clenched her fists tightly in secret. She felt grateful that Brendan had changed his mind about letting her get a job, no matter the reason he had, so she still needed to express her gratitude to him.

She placed her hand on the door of the study to knock, yet the door opened up. It was not shut or locked, and it seemed as if the door was specifically opened for her.

She entered the room with her face glowing. "Are you there, Brendan?"

Brendan was sitting by the door. He had been waiting there since Sam had parked the car in the yard. He did not answer Deirdre's question, but she could hear him breathing. A look of gratitude and joy appeared in her eyes.

"Thank you for allowing me to get a job. Even though I have no idea what made you agree, I'm very happy about that. I'm very, very happy."

Her joy was not feigned but she did not show it on her face.

Brendan's expression changed. The anxiety he had felt in his chest the whole day suddenly vanished, and his thin lips parted to say, "Come here."

Deirdre walked forward. She was not accustomed to the layout of the study, so she stretched out her arms to feel her way around the room. Brendan grasped her hand instinctively and refrained from pulling her into his arms. Instead, he placed a book in her hand.

"What is this?"

Deirdre did not understand what was happening. She touched the book in her hand. cautiously, and her entire body turned stiff the very moment she opened the book. and touched the page with her fingers.

It was a book of braille sheet music. As soon as Deirdre's fingers felt the braille cells, the musical notes emerged in her mind as if they were alive.

"I found it at an auction today and figured that you'd like it."

Deirdre's chest was flooded with a torrent of emotions. She bit her lower lip tightly, but before she could say thank you, Brendan interrupted.

"Don't thank me, Deirdre. I told you that you never need to say 'thank you' in this relationship."

Deirdre shut her eyes and opened them again. The wood-carved book suddenly felt extremely heavy. "You must have spent a lot of money on this, right?"

Since it had been sold at an auction, the book had to be a collector's item, so it must have been shockingly costly.

Brendan said nonchalantly, "Money is not important as long as an item is meaningful. After all, courtesy demands reciprocity. I accepted the cufflinks, so I should return your gift with a gift."

'Cufflinks?'

Deirdre felt her heart racing as she remembered the gift that had been too inferior to show in public. "Did you take them?"

Brendan did not answer the question. On the contrary, he held her hand and guided it to his right sleeve.

There was a tinge of coldness radiating from the sleeve toward her hand. Deirdre said in a shaky voice, "You... are wearing them, huh?"

"Hmm, you have a good taste in cufflinks. Quite a number of people complimented them during the auction."

Deirdre pursed her lips tightly. She knew that the people who had complimented Brendan had not complimented the cufflinks but Brendan himself,

How could influential people like them possibly find a cheap object like this attractive? She found it even more unbelievable that Brendan would actually wear the cufflinks to a public event like that.

Chapter 252 Blind Date

“They are cheap.” Deirdre was at a loss for words. She felt as if she was choking on something in her throat. “You’re only going to degrade your status when you wear them.”

“That is precisely why you refused to give them to me, right?”

Deirdre bit her lower lip tightly. Brendan got up from his seat and wiped away Deirdre’s tears with his hand. He leaned closer to her and said in a hoarse voice, “Deirdre, a person of my status would never care about false things like this. The value of the cufflinks could never affect my status. I acknowledge that I wouldn’t be attracted to these cufflinks normally, but they are highly valuable now because you gave them to me.”

When he was done, he kissed her lips.

Both of them were burning with emotions. Deirdre’s hands were tightly clasped, her body was tense, and she felt a wisp of gentle affection in her heart.

In the next few days, Deirdre became more and more familiar with the work at the restaurant and she also formed a friendly relationship with the staff members. The cleaning lady grabbed Deirdre’s hand enthusiastically when she came out of the

washroom.

“Oh, Deirdre. You’re not so young anymore, so why aren’t you trying to get married yet? Aren’t you afraid that you will be left all alone when you’re older?”

Deirdre appeared embarrassed. She could not bring herself to declare that she was married, so she hesitated for a long time before she said, “I’m not looking into

marriage yet.”

“Why aren’t you? To be frank, it’s already very difficult for you to settle down given your current condition. Why aren’t you seeking a suitable partner for yourself while you’re still young? Could it be that you want to wait until you’re old before you search for a partner?” The cleaning lady stopped beating about the bush at this point and said, “My neighbor’s son is a little over 30 years old and he is about seven or eight years older than you. However, he is a rather outstanding person and he works as a mechanic at the car garage. He is an honest man, he’s just not so good-looking. But you’re blind, so you don’t need to care about that. Why don’t I arrange for you two to meet each other tonight?”

Before Deirdre could respond, a waitress heard the conversation and moved closer

to them with a bright smile on her face. "It's really kind of you that you want to set Deirdre up with a marriage prospect because you know that she won't be able to get herself a man given her condition."

"Indeed. I only considered introducing my neighbor's son to Deirdre after seeing how well-mannered and hardworking she is. I wouldn't care if she was just an ordinary person!"

Deirdre's expression was solemn. The cleaning lady was holding her hand so enthusiastically that she refused to let Deirdre go. She could not escape, so she could only whisper, "Thank you, but I'm not looking..."

"Deirdre, just accept the lady's painstaking effort. She's only trying to set up a good marriage." The waitress was quick-witted and said, "Just meet him and you can decide later if you find him unsuitable."

Deirdre accepted the cleaning lady's enthusiastic offer rashly because she did not manage to say no to the cleaning lady. However, she had not expected that the cleaning lady would send that person her way the same night.

She was taking a break when the cleaning lady urged her by saying, "Just talk to him around the corner first, alright? There's still time until your next performance. Take this time to get to know each other first."

The man was quite chivalrous as he asked Deirdre, "Would that be alright? I can take a seat and wait for you if you're busy."

Deirdre agreed so she could get it over with earlier. "Let's take a seat."

Both of them had just arrived at the corner when Brendan walked into the restaurant. He saw the piano on the side, yet no one was sitting there. He asked while he placed a food order; "I thought there was a newly-hired pianist at the restaurant? Where is the pianist?"

The waitress was astonished by Brendan's outstanding appearance, feeling envious of Deirdre in her heart. 'Deirdre is just a hideous blind woman, yet even the manager has been praising her incessantly.'

Chapter 253 Don't Wish to Let Her Slip Away

'Now that there's a customer, he is also here for her.'

"Ah, the pianist, huh? She's busy with her blind date now."

Brendan stopped flipping through the menu. His dark eyes narrowed when he said, "Blind date?"

"Yes." The waitress tittered. "It's true that she is good at playing the piano, but she's hideous and blind. No man would ever be attracted to her, so the cleaning lady kindly arranged a blind date for her. Even though the man is seven or eight years older than her, a woman like her doesn't have many options."

Coldness flashed past Brendan's dark eyes. The waitress felt a chill down her spine when she saw Brendan's gaze and forced a smile. "What happened, sir?"

"Where is she?"

The waitress was stunned. Then, she pointed at the corner and said, "There."

Deirdre and the man were sitting in a blind corner that one would not see without paying close attention to the area. Brendan shifted his gaze to the man.

One could totally describe him as grotesque.

He snorted. Even though Deirdre was blind, she should make better choices.

However, he saw the bright smile on Deirdre's face in an instant. She was laughing so hard that her body was shaking. Even though her gaze was empty, the joy on her face could not be concealed.

At

that very moment, Brendan furrowed his eyebrows ferociously. After all, he had not seen Deirdre laughing so joyously lately.

"So it turns out that this is just how the cleaning lady behaves. She is reckless, indeed." Deirdre took a sip of water. "I told her that I'm not looking into marriage currently, but she was very insistent that she had already invited you here today."

"I'm very frustrated as well." The man shrugged and said, "She called me more than ten times today. But I understand that this is just how life is when you grow older. The people around me are always on the lookout to get me a girlfriend because they are afraid I'll be lonely for the rest of my life."

Deirdre nodded while she stretched out her hand to reach for the glass once again.

This time, she misjudged the angle and knocked over the glass, drenching her dress instantly.

"Are you alright, Ms. McKinnon?!"

The man gasped and grabbed some napkins in an attempt to help Deirdre dry her dress. "You still need to perform on stage later. It will look bad if your dress is wet!"

Deirdre was overwhelmed by the unexpected favor and stretched out her arms in an attempt to stop the man. "It's fine... Don't worry, I'm fine..."

She stretched out her arms to shield herself from the man. Her arms were beautiful, slender, and fair. The man was distracted by the beauty of her arms for a moment. Then, he chuckled. "Don't be shy, Ms. McKinnon. I have a younger sister at home and I'm used to taking care of others anyway. You can't see, so it would be difficult for you to clean up."

He helped Deirdre clean up meticulously bit by bit but he could not help saying, "To be frank, I am looking for someone as joyous and

gentle as you to spend the rest of my life with, Ms. McKinnon. Besides, I'm really good at taking care of people. If you

were...

"If you were what?"

Deirdre was caught off guard by the voice that came from behind her. She felt goosebumps, and astoundment filled her eyes.

'Brendan? Why is he here?'

The man did not understand the situation yet. He looked at Brendan, who was wearing a branded suit, with an elegant, graceful mannerism and approached him, yet Brendan's eyes were glistening with rage, as if he wanted to kill someone.

He did not answer, but Brendan pressured him by asking, "If you were what?"

The man could not bring himself to continue his sentence but said in confusion, "Sir, how ... how can I help you?"

Deirdre felt her chest tighten and she got up from her seat in a haste. She was afraid that Brendan would lose his temper and she was even more afraid that he would ruin her calm workplace atmosphere. She said with a pale face, "I'm sorry, Mr. Carlson. This is a customer who is here to watch my performance. He has grown impatient from the wait and he is hot-tempered. How about... we put an end to today's meeting? Is that alright?"

Trevor felt unwilling to part with Deirdre.

He was not picky anymore at his age and he did not wish to let a well-mannered woman like Deirdre slip away.

Chapter 254 Mr. Brighthall Is Not in A Good Mood

"I can go if you're busy, but can I get your number, Ms. McKinnon? If you have anything else that you need help with in the future... I could..."

Brendan clenched his fists tightly abruptly, his veins bulging out of his arms. 'This man still won't give up hope?'

Furious, he clenched his teeth without uttering a word but glared at Deirdre coldly.

Deirdre took a deep breath after sensing the immense pressure radiating from Brendan. She caught her breath before she answered with a forced smile, "I'm sorry. I don't intend to do that, so I won't hold you back."

Trevor was obviously dejected but he did not seem to mind very much. "I'm older, so it's very normal that you're not interested, Ms. McKinnon. I shall go then."

He walked away swiftly, which was an apparent sign that his ego had been hurt.

Deirdre appeared to be overwhelmed with emotions. She would not have spoken so straightforwardly had Brendan not been on the scene.

“What? Are you still unable to tear yourself away from him?” Brendan was instantly infuriated by the sight of her sorrowful expression. “Deirdre, it’s true that you’re blind, but you should know your own limits! How can you find a grotesque man like him attractive? Are you so desperate?”

Deirdre’s face turned pale. “Brendan, will you please not attack another person’s appearance?”

“I’m attacking his appearance?” Brendan laughed from anger. He clutched Deirdre’s shoulder and said, “You’re already defending him even though you’ve only been acquainted with him for a short time? I can see that you’re not here to work. You’re

here to seduce men!”

Deirdre, who was incredulous, bit her lower lip tightly all of a sudden. She was struck by Brendan’s viciousness once again.

She was supposed to be used to it but she could not help tearing up. Someone noticed the situation and approached them to inquire about the situation with a flattering smile.

Brendan clenched his fist tightly. He was about to speak when Deirdre, who had her head lowered, seemed convinced that he would expose their relationship and hastily said, “Nothing’s wrong. It’s my fault for displeasing the customer.”

She then begged in a shaky voice. “I’m sorry, sir. It was my fault, and I hope you won’t lower yourself to my level. Please forgive me, and I promise that I won’t do it again.”

The receptionist came over to handle the situation as well. “I’m sorry, sir. She can’t see, and I’m sure that she wasn’t trying to offend you on purpose. Please don’t be angry. How about this? We’ll send over a bottle of fine wine along with today as a token of our apology. Will that be alright?”

your meal

Brendan looked at Deirdre coldly. The more he thought about it, the more furious he was, so he turned around and walked out.

The receptionist felt relieved but furrowed her eyebrows tightly. “Deirdre, how did you offend an influential figure like that? That was really careless of you. Thank God that he didn’t make a big fuss out of the situation, or you wouldn’t have been able to keep your job.”

A waitress who had been watching the scene from a nearby area walked over and said sarcastically, “The customer is supposed to enjoy a meal here, yet he left because you infuriated him. You’re such a party pooper. You shouldn’t have shown yourself and scared the customer away when you know that you’re hideous.”

Deirdre's head was throbbing, and the waitress reported the incident to the manager. The receptionist consoled Deirdre by saying, "Don't mind her. She has always been like this and she will stop at nothing."

"It's not because of her that I'm..." Deirdre forced a smile with great effort. "Forget it, it's time for work. I'll get to it now."

After a day's work, Sam waited for Deirdre at the door and escorted her to the backseat.

Upon taking a seat, Deirdre could not help asking, "Did you see Brendan before you came?"

"Yes," Sam answered. He felt a shiver down his spine at the thought of Brendan's cold expression. "Be careful when you get home tonight, Ms. McKinnon. Mr. Brighthall is not in a good mood. He broke some items in the study yet he still did not vent his anger, so he went out to drink. It would be best if you avoided him as much as you could when you're home."

Deirdre felt her palms turn sweaty. She was convinced that she would not be able to avoid Brendan because she was the reason for his anger.

Chapter 255 Who Did He Think He Is

Sam escorted her to the door when they arrived at the villa's courtyard and then drove away.

Deirdre stretched out her arms to feel for the sofa when she heard the sound of a light being turned on upstairs. She looked in the direction of the second floor abruptly.

She was gauging who it was when she realized instantly after sensing the oppressive feeling they emanated.

"Come upstairs."

Brendan spoke in an ice-cold tone. He opened the door to his room, and Deirdre braced herself and walked upstairs with stiff movements.

She was flung on the bed by force as soon as she entered the room. The man leaned on her, his cold eyes bursting with terrifying evilness.

"Deirdre, do you think that you can lord over me recklessly just because I've been treating you well over the past few days?" Brendan spoke in an icy tone. He was furious beyond comparison at the thought of the woman's smile earlier. "I gave you freedom and tolerated you as much as I could, yet you ended up defending a man that you were just acquainted with for less than half an hour? You're really capable of accepting anyone. It was fine when it was Sterling, but that man? Who does he think

he is?!”

He said in a mocking tone, “Or are you trying to prove your charm after your disfigurement by exhausting every means possible to seduce a man?”

Deirdre’s face turned pale all of a sudden. Her chest was burning in reaction to Brendan’s insult and lack of trust.

“Have you lost your mind?”

She shoved Brendan, her chest hurting from anger. “I am disfigured but I’m not shameless enough to seduce a man at my workplace! It’s fine that you’re filthy and vile deep inside, but why do you have to imagine that everyone is as insufferable as you!”

“I’m vile and filthy deep inside?”

Brendan sneered. I have indulged her so much that she has now turned into a sharp-tongued woman.’

“You shall experience how vile and filthy I am then.”

The next afternoon, Deirdre woke up and felt coldness filling her chest at the thought of everything that had taken place yesterday.

The man’s coldness and unscrupulous behavior felt like knives slashing her body. She pulled the blanket around her body tighter and heard a knock on the door.

“May I come in, Deirdre?”

It was Maeve’s voice. Deirdre hastily composed herself, calmed down, and answered, “Sure.”

Maeve entered the room and saw the conspicuous love bites on Deirdre’s neck. She immediately realized what had happened, smiled, and said, “I was just wondering why you weren’t awake yet. Sam has grown impatient from waiting downstairs, so I thought I would call out to you. You’re going to be late for work.”

“What time is it?”

Deirdre only realized how hoarse her voice was after she spoke.

“It’s almost four.”

Deirdre’s pupils constricted. She struggled to get up from the bed while Maeve passed her an outfit. “I brought you an outfit. Put it on first.”

“Sure.”

Deirdre kept her head lowered to hide her red eyes. After she got dressed, she went downstairs and got into Sam’s car to head to the restaurant.

The waitress's complaint yesterday had been effective because she was summoned into the manager's office for a discussion as soon as she arrived at the restaurant.

The manager implied that he hoped that Deirdre would not be inattentive at work, as it was forbidden to offend a customer in the service industry.

"It's fortunate that the customer didn't make a big fuss. Otherwise, I wouldn't be able to put an end to this incident if the boss found out about it." He then said, "The customers here are all influential figures. You must be on guard at all times, and if this happens again, I will need to evaluate if you are fit to continue working here."

The manager's meaning was clear. She would be fired if this were to happen again.

Deirdre had never imagined that she would lose the job. It was highly possible that there were other reasons behind this apart from Brendan's behavior.

She bit her lower lip tightly and promised, "Don't worry, sir. I promise that it won't happen again. I'll be careful."

Chapter 256 Payback

The manager was finally pleased. "I'm very impressed with your work, McKinnon. I hope that goodwill stays."

Dispirited, Deirdre walked out of the manager's office and stepped into the back of the restaurant. The cleaner had been waiting, so she rose from a crouch and approached Deirdre. "What's wrong with you, Deirdre? Trevor told me he chose you, but you spurned him in return? Please, you're not some run-of-the-mill young woman. Don't you know that beggars can't be choosers? Seriously, are you really planning to be a spinster for the rest of your life?"

Her acrimonious tone somehow paled compared to the vitriol of her word choice. Irritated, Deirdre frowned. "Look. Just because I agreed to meet him, it doesn't mean I'll agree to be with him, okay?"

"I'm only doing what's best for you! Do you really think another man would even like you as much as Trevor does? God! He's used to caring for other people. That's why he wasn't bothered by the fact that you're an ugly blind woman! Lord, he's literally a nice guy! Bless your heart, hon. You're the entitled type who doesn't know when to count her blessings!"

Sure. Maybe Deirdre was entitled, as she was finally too fed up to humor the older woman. She raised her head in the cleaner's direction and replied placidly, "Mr. Carlson may be a nice guy, but it doesn't change the fact that I feel nothing for him. You can't force something to happen. If no one is interested in me, whatever. There is literally nothing to be resentful about. I appreciate what you're trying to do, but you should mind your own business from now on, ma'am."

After saying that, she felt her way across the wall to the break room.

The cleaning lady had good eyes, apparently, because she immediately noticed the hickey on Deirdre's neck even though her hair was draped over it. Enraged, the woman yelled sharply, "Oh, so that's why! I thought you were one of those girls who cared about things like morality and dignity, but it turns out you're one of those disgusting, shameless sluts who sleep around! No wonder you think a nice guy like Trevor is below you!"

Suddenly, Deirdre clenched her fists and shot an unflinching glare at the cleaner.

The older woman froze. Deirdre's hostility had come so out of left field that she backtracked a little.

She belatedly realized after a second that Deirdre was just a hapless, blind woman

who could not possibly hurt her. Emboldened, the cleaner ranted sourly. "How do you expect a man to want you as his wife or girlfriend when this is the kind of life you lead, huh? You're just a call girl to them at best! At this rate, no one will ever treat you seriously. You'll never be in a serious relationship!"

"What is this hoo-ha?!"

The manager finally marched out of his office. Knowing this was her chance, the cleaner left in an ugly mood.

Deirdre shook her head and started toward the breakroom, though her rest was easily hampered by the front-desk girl a few minutes later. "Uh, Deirdre? What's going on between you and the cleaning lady? She kept telling everyone you're... Uh, let's just say she called you a prostitute."

Deirdre was so irate that her chest hurt. "How could she?!"

"I know, right? I told her to stop saying that sh*t around and warned her about how little our manager tolerates bad blood between colleagues. Still, you should be careful—I think she's planning revenge."

"Huh. Thanks, anyway."

The front-desk girl patted Deirdre's back encouragingly and left.

Deirdre checked her mood and made her way to the grand entrance. As she ambled along an off-traveled route, she felt her foot slipping in a puddle. Gravity grabbed hold of her, and she felt the world ramming against her back. Her arm struck the solid ground hard, elbow-first, and a jolt of pain seized her so hard that she burst into tears. She curled into herself in a fetal position, trembling.

"Oh my God! Are you alright, Deirdre?!"

Someone rushed forward and tried to help her up. Their hand accidentally brushed against Deirdre's elbow, and the poor young woman yelped reflexively.

Alarmed, they rolled up Deirdre's sleeve and drew a sharp breath. "God, we need to take you to a doctor right away! It's swelling!"

Deirdre pulled her sleeve back down. Her eyes downcast, she murmured, "It's fine. It's time for me to work, so I have to get to the piano."

"P-Pia-no, you're not getting to no freakin' piano!" They protested frantically. "And who the hell did this? A puddle of soap water over smooth tiles? It's like building a goddamn ice-skating rink! How could anyone not slip?"

Deirdre slipped into a daze. A possible suspect materialized in her mind. Soap water? She had always been careful, so this was no accident.