

Resent Reject Regret

Chapter 261 You're Here to Drink With Us!

"If getting a lofty gift troubles you, then you can balance the trade after you get your first salary. Buy me dinner."

That was it? A dinner was supposed to somehow be equal to a luxurious piano? Deirdre found the idea wild, though admittedly, she had no other excuse. The reminder of her salary eased her mind a little too, so she agreed. "Okay."

The call

ended. She took a seat behind the piano and began to learn the songs on her sheet. As it turned out, Deirdre was quite possibly musically gifted, as it took her only an afternoon to master all but one song on the entire sheet. She was strapped for time to learn the last one, so she took the music sheet book to work.

The front-

desk girl immediately caught sight of the wooden book. "What's that?!" She gasped. "Looks like the sort of stuff you'd keep in your cabinet of curiosities!"

Deirdre flashed her a smile. "A friend gave it to me as a gift."

"Dang, hon! That's code for 'not-your-typical-friend' if I ever heard one!" the front-desk girl quipped. "I'm no expert here, but this thing has gotta cost at least 15,000\$. Emphasis on 'at least!'"

Deirdre felt her cheeks growing hot. "No, it's not that expensive!" She denied it, lowering her eyes and approaching the piano. She let her fingers graze the keys for a moment and began.

The entrance door swung open. Charlene McKinney strutted inside with her impatience on full display. One of the waitresses stepped forward quickly and welcomed her. "Miss McKinney! Your friends are already waiting for you in their private room. Allow me to escort you there."

"Fine," Charlene answered, nodding noncommittally. She climbed the stairs to the first floor, her stilettos clicking, when the sound of the piano made her turn her head.

The pianist's face burned into her eyes, and her pupils seemed to dilate.

The waitress chimed in, "That? That's one of our newest recruits. She's a pretty good pianist, but she doesn't look... the most presentable, right? I hope she didn't scare you that much, Miss McKinney!"

Charlene simply narrowed her eyes quietly.

The sonata then ended. Deirdre hugged her music sheet and headed to the break room to catch her breath, but a waitress stopped her. "Deirdre? The VIPs on the first floor want you to play for them."

The pianist's job at this restaurant was more than just serenading diners on the common floor. There were times when wealthy patrons would ask for private listening sessions in their exclusive suites too. Every private room had its own piano, and any performer was liable to earn commission by fulfilling these requests.

She stiffened, but not out of annoyance. The fact that any patron would want her close came more as a shock to her. She was hideous—to be more accurate, her disfigurement was too terrifying to behold at a close distance. Since most customers would not want their appetite disturbed, they only wanted to enjoy her playing on the ground floor, where they could keep a wide berth from her.

This was the first time anyone had ever asked her to play in their private room.

"I envy your luck, Deirdre. The people who want you are listed VIPS, so... gotta expect a hefty amount of tips!" The waitress joked. "I'll lead the way, so remember to share some of that sweet moolah with me when it's over!"

She led Deirdre to the door. "This is the one. Knock on the door and enter on your own. I won't be joining you."

Deirdre nodded appreciatively. "Thanks."

She smoothed down her dress, prepared herself, and knocked on the door. A male voice answered, "Come in."

She pushed the door open at his invitation—and suddenly felt an ominous air weighing down on her. Dread began to crop up in her mind, and despite her blindness, she could somehow feel extreme malice in every gaze shot at her. Her smile turned mechanical, but she willed herself to introduce herself. "Hello, everyone. I'm the pianist. Glad to add music to your dining experience today."

She turned in the piano's direction from memory. She had barely taken two steps when she felt her wrist being yanked by one of the guests. She quickly drew her hand away, and a man snickered.

"Why so tense, sweetheart? You're safe with us! Just wanted to tell you that you went in the wrong direction."

The wrong direction? Deirdre was confused. "Isn't the piano there?"

The man laughed. "Piano? Oh, sweetheart, no. No, no, no. Hedonists like us don't do pretentious classical sh*t like that! We want you to drink with us, okay? So you should be heading to our table!"

"Exactly, right?" Another male voice joined him. Deirdre heard the sound of him slapping the seat next to him pointedly. He sized her up and could not stop his disgust and scorn from bleeding into his invitation. "This beer here costs

like 15,000 dollars, okay? I'm sure you've never tasted something like this before, but we're all

couple of nice guys in the mood. Come on, our treat!"

Deirdre's face turned pale. "I'm here to play the piano. I don't drink."

"How much can you f*cking earn by playing the piano? Please, b*tch. You can't even make 150 bucks a day! But if you have one glass with us, you'll get that 150 dollars on your face, guaranteed!"

Chapter 262 A Gift From Brendan

As soon as the man made the offer, the others cheered. "Vyn, you are so generous! You're even willing to spend so much money on this ugly woman. Being rich is indeed different!"

"Since we are in the nightclub, women will definitely come to serve you. You've been thinking too highly of this woman. I think she'd certainly be willing to drink just for 200 dollars."

At the moment, Deirdre would have been too naive if she hadn't sensed their

hostility. She was getting so uneasy that she hurriedly went to open the door to leave.

However, a hand suddenly stopped her and threw her violently against a wall. "What the hell are you doing? Escaping?"

The man was furious. Even though Deirdre managed to protect herself with her arms when she was thrown against the wall, her chest was in so much pain that she was nauseous.

The group burst into laughter. "After seeing so many beauties, it's indeed quite interesting to see this kind of ugly woman with a distorted face! Do you think she'll change into a whore when she gets drunk?"

"That's certain. It must be very difficult for such an ugly, blind woman to meet men, particularly rich men like us. I'm sure she'll reveal her true nature and break through her shyness after drinking!"

"But can you manage to kiss a girl like this? You won't have nightmares, will you?"

While they were giggling and laughing, they pulled Deirdre's hair and pinned her on the table.

"Help! Help!" Deirdre quavered.

However, the room's sound insulation was so good that no one heard her cries for help. On the contrary, the man next to her got impatient and gave her a slap.

"F*ck! Stop shouting, you ugly hag! This is too much noise!"

“You must be excited that so many men are staring at you, aren’t you? Stop pretending!”

“Just make her drink. Pour this whole bottle down her throat and let’s see if she’ll still be able to scream.”

As soon as a man commanded them, the wine glass was immediately stuffed into

Deirdre’s mouth. She struggled desperately, and the wine glass fell to the ground. Vyn was furious. “So you wanna do it the hard way, huh? Pin her down! F*ck it, I’ll definitely pour wine down her throat today!”

Those men weren’t gentle at all. They pressed on both of Deirdre’s shoulders, causing her to turn pale. The thing in her hand fell to the ground, and the man stepped on it.

“What is it?”

Vyn picked it up and observed it, looking extremely disgusted. “This must be from the street, yet you are holding it like a precious treasure!”

He threw it at the wall. Hearing the sound of the thing hitting the wall made Deirdre shiver.

That was what Brendan had gotten for her at the auction. She knew he wouldn’t be happy if it broke.

She abruptly regained her strength and shrieked as she struggled, frightening the man, who regretted his actions. She rushed in the direction where the book had been thrown, knelt down, and groped around with her hands. Despite the unbearable pain in her elbow, she gritted her teeth and her eyes reddened.

Where was it? Where had it gone?

“Vyn, t–this woman...”

Vyn frowned. He turned toward a corner, where Charlene was sitting on a sofa, smoking.

However, at that moment, her beautiful eyes were fixed on the wooden book in Deirdre’s direction.

She knew about that book. Because when Brendan had spent a great amount of money to purchase it at an auction, many people, who had been trying to please her, had said that the book must be a gift for her!

Therefore, she had been looking forward to it for a long time. However, it turned out that Deirdre had it!

As fury consumed Charlene, she found this too difficult to bear.

Chapter 263 Please Don’t Destroy It

This kind of humiliation and anger further intensified Charlene's hatred for Deirdre.

"What are you staring at?" scoffed Charlene softly. With hostility, she added, "Don't forget your attitude when you were trying to date me. You said you could do anything for me. And now you feel sorry for a blind woman? Give her a hard lesson! Destroy that book!"

She hated it when she saw the book.

Vyn received the command and shot a glance at the others.

Deirdre finally found the book. However, before she was able to enjoy this moment of happiness and secure it in her embrace, a seizing force struck her and took it away from her.

Deirdre shuddered at the sharp, tearing pain in her elbow. She ignored it and

instantly stretched out her hand and implored, "Please give it back to me, please. I will drink the wine in return! Yes, I will drink it!"

"It's too late." Vyn weighed the relatively heavy book in his hand. Then, he dropped it to the ground. "It's no longer interesting to see you drinking. This thing looks hard. I'm now curious to see how long it will last if I tramp on it."

Vyn tramped on it immediately.

The first time, nothing had happened other than the fact that it became dustier.

Vyn was not satisfied with the result, so he tramped it for a second time and then at third time.

The noise was loud. Each time, Deirdre would tremble as if it was her heart being trampled. She hurriedly reached out, trying to secure her book. "Please don't," Deirdre said with a whimper.

The foot Vyn used to trample on the book stepped on Deirdre's hand instead.

"Are you crazy?!" Vyn was stunned.

Tears instantly welled up from her eyes, and Deirdre felt so much pain that she could not speak. She wiggled in pain, but her hand was bruised, swollen, and bloodshot.

Vyn had never expected that Deirdre would dare reach out with her hand. His shoe's outsole, which had uneven lines, had scratched her palm and caused it to bleed.

Even though Vyn was used to being aloof most of the time, he was stunned by

Deirdre's actions for quite a while.

Deirdre was in so much pain that she sobbed. However, she gritted her teeth and stubbornly used her other hand to protect the music book.

“P— Please...” She was in such agony that her voice quivered. She had to muster all her strength to say, “I offended you— so you can ask me to do anything, just please- please don’t destroy it!”

Vyn somewhat sympathized with Deirdre, but when he saw the displeasure in Charlene’s eyes, he became apathetic and reprimanded the others. “What the hell are you all doing? Grab her!”

“No! No! Please!”

Deirdre was too weak to resist those people. Vyn opened the music book and kicked hard at its spine.

Thud!

It was the sound of the wood hitting the ground. Deirdre immediately stopped struggling, and tears began to well up in her empty eyes. She was feeling heartache, as if she had lost a part of herself.

Meanwhile, Vyn was cursing. “What the hell! This is so hard! Well, it’s just wood anyway. Get me a lighter!”

Someone handed him a lighter, and Vyn lit it. Before he could do anything, Deirdre let out a furious roar and rushed out.

The people who had been trying to hold Deirdre back had not expected that she would manage to break free and lunge at Vyn.

Deirdre’s strength forced Vyn to retreat and feel nauseous from the collision. When he recovered his senses, he snarled, “Damn, I didn’t take you seriously, but you’re looking for trouble!”

He grabbed Deirdre’s hair and flung her at the table. The impact caused things to fall from the table and crash on her. Vyn hadn’t vented his anger enough and wanted to slap Deirdre, but the door was suddenly flung open.

Chapter 264 I Didn’t Manage to Protect It

A man walked in. He had heroic features and a frigid aura, and when he saw that Deirdre was a mess and looked obviously beaten up, fury overtook him.

“F*ck you!”

When Vyn saw that the man was Brendan, he was shocked. Before he could explain himself, Brendan had given him a punch that broke a few of his teeth.

Covering his mouth, he cried in agony. Quivering, he pointed at Brendan and threatened him inarticulately. "Brendan! You f*cking b*stard! Do you think that you can do anything you wish? How dare you beat me? My dad will definitely get revenge for me!"

Eyes red, Brendan lunged at Vyn, grabbed his head, and dunked it on the dishes on the table, causing Vyn's face to get covered in oil. Looking gloomy, Brendan went on clutching Vyn's head and smashed his face against the wall.

If Sam hadn't stopped him, Brendan would have tried to kill Vyn.

"You're Vyn Austen, right?" While glaring at the frightening Vyn, whose face was bruised and swollen, Brendan pointed at a pile of vegetables on the floor and demanded indifferently, "If you eat these, your family business will be safe. Otherwise, I'll make the Austen family disappear from Neve tonight!"

Vyn was covering his bleeding nose, his eyes full of horror. He wiped off the blood and retorted, "Who the hell do you think you are, Brendan? God? Why should I listen to you!"

The helpers behind Vyn were all so frightened that they stood against the wall and gave him a look.

Vyn gritted his teeth. "I'll eat them!"

He crawled over. "Hold on," said Brendan with a scowl.

He crushed and smashed the pile of food with his leather shoes.

"Alright, you may eat it now."

"Brendan! You can't humiliate people like this! You'll get your karma! I'd have to be insane to eat this disgusting food!"

Squinting, Brendan grew even gloomier. He grabbed Vyn's hair with one hand and leaned closer to him. "You've been spoiled by your father so much that you've become stupid. Do you think you will escape today? Either you'll eat it, or your father

will

will!"

As he was oppressed by Brendan's gloomy look, fear shimmered throughout Vyn and he wobbled.

At the moment, he was forced to believe that Brendan was a maniac who would truly force him to eat the pile of food on the ground.

Left with no alternative, he turned to that pile of mashed food, resisting the unpleasantness

Meanwhile, with an ice-cold face, Brendan took off his coat and put it on Deirdre without worrying about her peculiar smell.

“Deirdre, let’s go back,” cooed Brendan. Everyone who heard him, except Sam, was surprised.

Deirdre finally recovered her senses and said, “The music book...”

Brendan frowned. “Music book? Where is it?”

Deirdre didn’t have time to answer. She knelt on the ground and groped in its direction based on memory. Following her movements, Brendan saw the wooden music book, which was broken into two on the ground.

He didn’t know what was so precious about it. However, when Deirdre touched it, she held it in her arms like a precious treasure.

“No, it’s broken into two...” said Deirdre helplessly. After a while, she felt sluggish, let out a muffled cry, and hugged the book even tighter.

It was no longer a mere gift, but a strong wistful longing.

However, because of her incapability, it had been broken.

“Deirdre, let me tidy up a bit and we’ll go to the hospital.” Brendan sighed. “It’s broken. Just let it be.”

“I’m sorry...” Deirdre whispered. “I didn’t manage to protect the thing you gave me.”

Chapter 265 Your Car Is Parked at the Gate

Brendan’s black pupils dilated as shock churned in him. Meanwhile, complex and intricate feelings filled his heart as though he had just been cut.

He had thought she cared only about this music book and the piano. It turned out that she was that invested... just because of him?

She had been trying to secure the music book he had given her, which was why she was so miserable that she was sobbing.

Something seemed to have struck him, and Brendan picked Deirdre up and walked out of the private room.

He put her in the passenger seat. When he fastened his seatbelt, he unconsciously glanced in the rearview mirror and saw a car behind him that looked inexplicably familiar.

After taking a second glance, he saw the license plate number and an emotion flashed across his black, frigid eyes. He then made a call.

In a washroom located in the private room next door, Charlene was hiding, trembling in fear.

While Vyn had been giving Deirdre a harsh lesson, she had unconsciously looked downstairs and seen Brendan, who had just gotten out of the car.

She had sensed that something was wrong thanks to her strong intuition. Hence, she had immediately gone to hide in the washroom of the next private room while no one had been paying her any attention.

The commotion Brendan had caused had been so loud that she had heard it through the windows and walls.

To think that Brendan had attacked Vyn for Deirdre's sake... Had Brendan gone nuts? After all, Vyn's father was a partner in the Brighthall Group's upcoming project. How could he lose a one-million-dollar project just for Deirdre?

At the same time, she felt that Brendan was insane and she was jealous. After all, Brendan's actions had proven his concern for Deirdre. If Brendan was to learn that she had also been in that private room and had urged Vyn to...

Deirdre bit her lower lip, not daring to think about the consequences.

Ring, ring, ring-

Panic shot through Charlene at the sudden ringtone of the cell phone. When she was about to get enraged, she saw the caller ID and fear crept over her again. She took a few deep breaths before she could calm herself.

"Hi, Bren. Anything wrong?"

She tried to keep her tone calm and composed.

On the other end of the line, Brendan's voice was frigid. "Where are you?"

Charlene's heart skipped a beat, and she could not help wondering whether Vyn had already revealed her presence.

"W-What's that? You're suddenly asking about my whereabouts? Are you missing me?"

"Your car is parked at the Oak Restaurant."

Charlene clenched her hands tightly. She then replied in an astonished tone, "Is it? Oh, so Sandy drove my car to that restaurant. That girl told me she would drive her friends to the airport. Anyway, what is it, Bren? Are you with Sandy in that restaurant? Shall I come over and introduce her to you?"

"It's alright." Brendan was convinced beyond any doubt. "I saw it while leaving. I've left already."

"Oh, that's too bad. I thought I could meet you this time," Charlene said coquettishly. "We haven't seen each other in almost six days already. What's your company been up to recently? Is work that difficult? Shall I come to accompany you at your company tomorrow?"

"No, you go ahead and focus on your work. I've got something to do now. I'll contact you when I'm free."

Brendan ended the call hastily. Charlene gritted her teeth as Deirdre's face filled her mind.

Her resentment for Deirdre grew more intense as she pondered whether Deirdre had forgiven Brendan and decided to stay with him.

'N—No way, it's impossible! A filial woman like Deirdre would definitely loathe Brendan very much after learning that when she was forced to go to jail, her mother died tragically while she was in Brendan's care.'

There was a possibility that their relationship could be restored, though, as Deirdre had yet to learn that the Ophelia McKinnon she had been meeting was an imposter.

Chapter 266 Find Out For Me

As soon as Charlene had such a thought, a malevolent plan hatched in her mind.

She hadn't expected that woman to be so professional about deceiving Deirdre. It seemed that her plot to fool Deirdre was no longer effective.

She made a call. "If I give you a woman's photograph, could you find her personal information?"

Brendan didn't immediately drive Deirdre to the hospital. Instead, they went to a nearby hotel.

Deirdre was covered in greasy food, and her hair was stuck together. Brendan turned on the hot water tap and reached out to unbutton Deirdre's clothes.

"What are you doing..." Deirdre shrank back, bit her lip, and said, "I'm too dirty... Don't"

"You know that you're dirty?" Brendan pulled her hand away and pulled her clothes off her body. "If you don't take a shower and change into clean clothes, do you think the doctors will be able to do anything?"

Deirdre was surprised. She then lowered her head and muttered, "I'll take a shower"

on my own.”

“How can you do it when your arm hurts?” Brendan took a deep breath and coaxed her softly. “Stop forcing yourself. We’ve been married for three years already. I even know exactly where your moles are, so don’t be awkward about it.”

After saying that, Brendan led Deirdre to the bathroom, helped her into the bathtub, and patiently washed her hair.

The moment warm water was poured on her, Deirdre couldn’t help hissing and shivering.

Brendan frowned and asked, “What’s wrong? Which part of your body hurts?”

Deirdre carefully hid her hand, but he grabbed it. When he saw the gruesome wound on her palm, his heart twitched.

While driving, he hadn’t been aware of the wound because Deirdre had been holding her hand.

“When did you get hurt?” Brendan was furious. “Why didn’t you tell me?!”

If Deirdre had told him earlier, he would have chopped off Vyn’s hand!

Lowering her eyes, Deirdre thought the punishment Brendan had given Vyn had been more than enough. Besides, Vyn seemed to be from a wealthy family. Hence, she didn’t want Brendan to offend others for her sake.

She explained, “He didn’t mean to do it. It was my fault...”

“You’re still trying to defend other men even now?” Brendan was so furious that he gnashed his teeth. “Deirdre, how come I didn’t know that you’re so forgiving? How could you forgive anyone who hurts you!”

“It was truly my fault...” Deirdre curled up her fingers slightly. “He wanted to tramp on that music book. I stretched out my hand and got injured...”

She tried to describe it as casually as possible, but Brendan heard that she had stretched out her hand desperately just to protect the book.

In an instant, all his anger dissipated.

He took out a towel to wrap her injured hand and protect the wound from direct contact with water. Then, he continued washing her hair quietly.

Deirdre stopped for a moment and asked with a guilty conscience, “Brendan... are you angry?”

Angry? Of course he was. But he was angrier at Deirdre, who would injure her own hand just to protect a music book.

She loved the piano too much. What would happen to her future if she lost her hands?

Perhaps... he should have been there earlier...

Brendan clenched his fists tightly, and his eyes were filled with belated remorse and anger.

"No," he said lightly. "If I have to say something, I just hope you can protect yourself. That music book is not important. But you're a human with flesh and blood."

For a moment, Deirdre was in a daze. She felt very gloomy at the reminder of the music book and dropped her eyelashes to hide her sadness.

Chapter 267 Felt the Urge to Kill Him

She had not managed to protect the music book, which had been torn into two anyhow. It made her feel uneasy, as if its destruction had verified that something was about to happen.

Brendan could see that she was sad, so he said, "The music book is not completely destroyed. It was only torn down in the middle. We should be able to restore it if we get a professional to fix it."

"Really?" Deirdre turned around and clutched Brendan's hand out of excitement but loosened her grip due to the pain. There was a look of anticipation in her eyes.

"Hmm." Brendan stared at her. "When have I ever lied to you?"

Afterward, he filled the bathtub with fresh water and left Deirdre soaking while he went outside to call up Sam.

"Today's incident aside, I believe that Vyn has committed quite a number of crimes, too. Look into the things he's done and send him to jail so he can experience some hardships."

Brendan spoke in an ice-cold voice that did not leave room for any resistance. Sam wanted to do that badly as well yet he had to be realistic. "Mr. Brighthall, are you certain about this? We've already closed the negotiation on the Austens' land. If we got Vyn imprisoned, the Austens would most certainly never agree to..."

"Do I need his piece of land so badly?" Brendan's eyes were bursting with solemnness. He wished he could exterminate Vyn.

"If the Austens have the courage to go against the Brighthall Group, they will face the consequences."

After ending the call, Brendan took Deirdre to the hospital. It was fortunate that Deirdre was not injured severely. Other than the terrifying wound on her hand, she was only suffering from minor injuries on the rest of her body.

Brendan looked at Deirdre's fingers and noticed that they still looked extremely beautiful even though she had endured a lot of hardships over the past year. He furrowed his eyebrows and spoke to the doctor in private. "Will she be scarred?"

The doctor said, "It's hard to tell. We'll have to see how the wound heals after she gets stitches. However, it would be impossible for her not to be scarred at all."

Brendan flew into a great rage and felt the urge to kill Vyn Austen.

"Alright, understood."

He

returned to the ward and found Deirdre sitting on the bed absentmindedly. She had to stay in the hospital for a few days due to the injury on her arm. Brendan said with his eyebrows furrowed, "I'll get Sam to ask for leave of absence on your behalf for a few days. You can go back to work when you're well."

"Hmm." Deirdre was jolted back to reality. She nodded and asked, "Will you please bring me the... music book?"

Brendan had it in the car, so he went downstairs to get it. Deirdre used her uninjured hand to feel it and discovered that it was cracked in the middle.

"The two halves are still in good condition." Brendan comforted her by saying, "It will be easy to restore it."

"How long will it take?"

"Three days at most."

Deirdre felt relieved that it would only take three days but she still felt uneasy for no apparent reason. "I could be discharged from the hospital too by the time it is restored."

"Hmm." Brendan looked at her with a gentle gaze. "When both you and the music book are well, you can go back to playing the piano."

Deirdre smiled wider and fell sound asleep out of exhaustion.

Brendan could not sleep because he wanted to give Vyn an unforgettable punishment.

Deirdre found out about it on television the next day.

There was a news report on Vyn being detained and sent to prison on a murder charge. The corridor was filled with the voices of people discussing the incident. The Austens were an influential, powerful family, and people had not expected that Vyn would actually be so lawless.

Maeve was overjoyed upon watching the news while peeling an apple next to Deirdre. "That monster deserves this. Brendan stayed up all night in the study. I suppose he was busy doing this."

Stayed up all night?

Deirdre was stunned. Maeve gave her a piece of apple and said with a smile, "I can set my

mind at ease knowing that your relationship with Brendan is so stable. I'll be worry-free when I leave tomorrow."

Chapter 268 Besides, You Still Have Me

"You're leaving tomorrow?" Deirdre was jolted back to reality, and her grip tightened ever so slightly. "So soon?"

"It's not soon. I've already stayed for two weeks. Don't you worry, I'll come back when my treatment is completed." Maeve caressed Deirdre's face and said smilingly, "I hope that when I'm back, you and Brendan will give me grandchildren so I can dote on them."

Deirdre's lips moved, and she felt her heart wrench in pain and bitterness. She wanted to tell her, "You were supposed to have a grandchild, but it was taken cruelly by Brendan because its existence went against his wishes."

"What time will you be departing tomorrow?"

"In the morning, at around ten o'clock, I guess. Why, would you like to see me off?"

"Hmm!" Deirdre suppressed the urge to cry. "I don't know when I will be meeting you again. Mother, you must take good care of yourself and come back soon."

Maeve hugged Deirdre with a dreary look in her eyes. She'd think about how great it would be if Deirdre was her biological daughter occasionally, as her real daughter was a disappointment...

The door was opened, catching both of them by surprise. Brendan halted to a stop when he saw the mother and daughter holding each other lovingly..

Maeve wiped her face and said smilingly, "Since you're here, I'll head outside, Brendan."

"Hmm."

Maeve walked past Brendan to head outside. Meanwhile, Charlene looked at Maeve's silhouette with cold eyes from another spot in the corridor and asked the young woman next to her, "Do you know her?"

The woman said through clenched teeth, "Yes, of course! That is my mother!"

"Ah?" Charlene narrowed her beautiful eyes gradually. "Are you sure? I hope you haven't mistaken someone else for her because she is the mother of another woman now."

"How could I possibly mistake someone else for my mother! I was just thinking about the fact that I haven't been able to get in touch with her all of a sudden recently. So it turns out that she is latching on to a wealthy family by becoming someone else's

stepmother!" The woman was so furious that her entire body was shaking. She was carrying a fake LV handbag, while Maeve was dressed in branded clothes.

'Is this what a decent mother is supposed to be like?'

"No! I have to confront her now!" The woman was about to approach Maeve impulsively

Charlene hastily stopped the woman and said, "Hold on."

Charlene's plan would be ruined if the woman got into a conflict with Maeve now.

Charlene sneered and said, "Not only will you not get paid if you confront her so impulsively now, but she will send you away. Wait for my arrangements, and I promise you that your mother won't run away. Not only that, but I will pay you a large sum of money so you can show your friends that you're a wealthy lady."

The woman was so hot-tempered that she was an unusually fine candidate to be manipulated. She immediately stopped walking as soon as she heard about the large sum of money. She said eagerly, "Sure! I'll abide by your orders if you pay me."

Deirdre sniffed after Maeve left the room. She kept her head lowered, and her eyes reddened with tears. However, Brendan noticed her reaction.

He took a step forward, tilted the woman's chin, and scrutinized her face, only to see her moist eyes and sad facial expression. He frowned a little and said, "What's going on? Why are you crying?"

Deirdre was embarrassed. "It's nothing."

She was about to lower her head, but Brendan refused to let go of her stubbornly, so Deirdre could only answer, "I'm sad because my mother is going to leave tomorrow."

Brendan realized that Maeve would be leaving indeed.

If he could do it, he'd arrange for Maeve to continue to stay in Neve and keep Deirdre company. However, Maeve was not alone. She had a family too.

"There's nothing to be sad about. She's going to receive treatment and she will be back so on." Brendan comforted her in a hoarse voice, his eyes burning with passion. "Besides, you still have me."

Chapter 269 Don't Hate Me

'You still have me.'

In the past, Deirdre would not have been relieved. Instead, she would have been haunted by Brendan's remark. However, Deirdre lowered her gaze now and felt her heart, which was sealed in ice, begin to crack slowly.

She actually found Brendan's remark convincing; perhaps it was due to Ophelia's presence that her withered heart had been restored. She had found a way to pursue her dream and she was no longer living like a zombie.

Similarly, she would not attach any hope to Brendan, like she had in the past.

She felt that her current life was pretty great. Her mother would return to her when her illness was cured, and she would be working in the meantime. That was already enough for her, and she would be able to leave without feeling any disappointment. and live a life that belonged to her when Brendan was bored of her.

"Hmm."

She answered nonchalantly in a very soft tone, as if the voice came from her throat. However, Brendan managed to hear her reply, which lasted a brief moment, and his dark eyes were tainted with joy.

'Did she answer me? Has she responded to my remark?'

'She did not chuckle in a self-mocking manner, like she did in the past, and she did not turn a deaf ear to me either. She answered my remark. Does this signify that her heart is already showing a sign of change?'

At the thought, Brendan suddenly felt as if his chest was burning hot, as if something was boiling inside him.

"Brendan ..." Deirdre raised her head and asked in confusion, "Why are you hands... shaking?"

'Am I shaking? Am I actually shaking?'

Brendan suppressed the tremor and hugged Deirdre tightly without answering her question. He exhaled and caressed her hair as he said, "Out of happiness."

“Deirdre, I’m very happy that you replied to me.
I promise you that I will take care of you and I will never...”

‘Do anything
that will hurt you again to make up for the pain resulting from Ophelia’s death.’”

Sensing Brendan’s strength, Deirdre felt her chest tighten for a moment for no apparent reason. She felt suffocated.

Afterward, Brendan was so exhausted that he chose to squeeze into Deirdre’s bed to sleep with her.

The hospital bed was not huge, so they were sleeping so close to each other that they were connected. Brendan held her hand throughout the whole process and fell asleep soon.

When the nurse came, she was rather surprised. She hastily said, “Ms. McKinnon, are you alright? The hospital bed is so small that your arm might get hurt accidentally... Would you like me to set up a new cot for you?”

“It’s fine.”

Deirdre’s injured arm was on the other side coincidentally, and she knew that Brendan was a light sleeper. She did not have the courage to move too much, so she kept her upper body stiff as she said, “I’m fine. You don’t need to go to the trouble to do that.”

The nurse, who was only put at ease by Deirdre’s remark, dressed Deirdre’s palm with fresh bandages before she left.

Deirdre lay down cautiously and found herself extending her hand toward Brendan. She stopped on his nose bridge before sliding down all the way to his chiseled lower jaw.

It felt as if the man had truly changed into another person, and that was why she wanted to feel him with her hand to confirm that he was still Brendan.

She figured that they were both sleeping on their sides, facing each other, because she could feel the man’s even breathing on the side of her ear.

Deirdre shut her eyes and felt the grip of the hands holding hers growing tighter abruptly.

“Deirdre!”

He looked like he was having a nightmare and he mouthed something that Deirdre could not hear properly. She leaned closer and heard Brendan say, “Deirdre, don’t hate me...”

‘Hate? Hate him?’

Deirdre’s vision was pitch black, but she widened her eyes with great effort in an attempt to see the man’s face.

'Why would I hate him when I'm satisfied with the current situation?

'Brendan, are you having a nightmare?'

Deirdre was confused and she forced herself to sleep, her eyebrows furrowed in puzzlement.

When she opened her eyes again, Brendan was already gone.

Chapter 270 The True Truth

The narrow single bed suddenly felt wide, and Deirdre propped herself up with her hand on her forehead.

'What time is it? When did Brendan leave?'

She found it a pity because she had been thinking about asking Brendan why he wanted her not to hate him when she was awake. She wanted to find out the meaning of his remark.

All of a sudden, the door to her room opened. She assumed that it was Maeve, so she raised her head and said smilingly, "Mother? What time is it? Is it morning already? If not, why are you here so early?"

"Mother? Are you calling out to Maeve O'Keefe?"

She was caught off guard by the spurious laughter. The smile on Deirdre's face froze instantly, and she stared in the direction of the door cautiously. "Charlene, what are you doing here!"

"How could you speak to me like that, Ms. McKinnon? I feel sorry for you for being

I deceived by a bunch of people and getting treated like a clown, so I'm here to warn you out of kindness."

"Out of kindness? Don't you think that I have no idea what you are trying to do here!" Deirdre's expression was icy, and she was clutching the blanket tightly with her other hand subconsciously. "You frequently harass me in the name of kindness. I've been used by you once, but I will absolutely not be used by you twice! Please leave!"

"Are you really going to resist me so much, Ms. McKinnon?" Charlene said in a grievous tone. "I admit that I'm not a good person, but I'm not a bad person either. Your mother suffered a tragic death, yet isn't it absurd that you're acknowledging a strange woman as your mother? I feel sorry for your mother."

"

"Shut up!" Deirdre's veins were bulging, and her chest was heaving violently. Ophelia is still alive and well! Don't even think about tricking me again. Leave now, or I'll call in the nurse to get rid of you!"

Upon saying that, she stretched out her hand to press the call bell. Charlene took it upon herself to speak first. "Deirdre, do you have the courage to take a walk with me?"

"The person that you call 'mother' now is Maeve O'Keefe, and she is only 40 years old. She has a teenage daughter, and her daughter is here today. They're having a conversation now, so this will be pretty self-explanatory if you go and listen, alright?"

"If you don't believe what I told you, I believe that you should be able to distinguish Maeve's voice, right?"

Charlene spoke in a resonant voice. Deirdre's entire body was shivering, and there was a voice inside her telling her to stop.

'It must be another plot. This is Charlene's plot!'

But Deirdre could not help remembering the police, the incident with the osmanthus scent, and Brendan's 'don't hate me' remark.

'Why did Brendan ask me not to hate him? What did he do?'

Deirdre's chest was burning.

Charlene said, "Deirdre, they're in a room just ahead. You can listen through the door. There are surveillance cameras everywhere in the hospital, so I won't be able to abduct you, right? You'll find out if Maeve is Ophelia after listening to her conversation with her biological daughter, alright?"

Deirdre clenched her teeth tightly and gripped her fist so hard that her stitched-up palm was burning. "Sure... I would like to see what trick you have up your sleeve this time!"

Charlene chuckled as if her plan had succeeded. She waited for Deirdre to walk out of the room and led her.

They took for a little over ten steps before Deirdre heard a young woman's roaring voice abruptly.

"I don't believe you!"

"Have you taken any of the responsibilities of a mother since you had me? You left me with that man without bothering to visit me. Do you even deserve to be a mother? If I hadn't found you here today, I wouldn't have known that you're actually acting as that blind woman's mother so ostentatiously after abandoning me!"

"Siobhan... I never wanted to abandon you! How could I bear to part with you? You're my dearest child!"