

## Resent Reject Regret

### Chapter 271 She Has Been Deceived

Deirdre stood frozen in the same spot, her eyes wide in astoundment as she listened to the sound of someone sobbing with her face covered. She felt as if her ears were playing a trick on her and she was in so much pain that she could not speak.

The voice that she could recognize anywhere... The voice that had kept her company all this time and called out her name was actually saying to another girl now... 'You're my dearest child?'

"Really? I thought you'd abandoned me. Why did you not respond to me when I've been attempting to contact you all this time? Besides, that blind woman in the room is addressing you as 'mother'. You're only 40 years old. How did you end up with such a grown daughter, and how do I end up having an elder sister?"

"Uh..." Maeve sounded hesitant.

Siobhan was growing very impatient. She stamped her foot in anger as she looked at the door. "What the heck is going on! Tell me, quick. If you don't give me a proper explanation, I will disown you as my mother from now on!"

"Don't! Siobhan, don't..." Maeve was extremely aggrieved. "I'll tell you, I'll tell you! That girl's mother passed away a long time ago, and my voice is very similar to her mother's. That is why I got chosen and hired to act as the girl's mother for a while. However, my job ended today, and I'm going to leave soon..."

Rumble!

Deirdre felt as if she had been struck by lightning and her chest had exploded. Her ears were humming loudly, and her mind went blank.

In fact, she had even forgotten where she was. She felt as if her chest was getting squeezed together and scrambled up. She was in so much pain that she could not even make a sound or shed a tear.

"Deirdre, don't hate me."

She heard Brendan's soft moan in a daze. The man's arrogant, overbearing, cold face entered her mind once again.

So it turned out that the atonement he had mentioned, him asking her not to hate him, as well as everything else, had been referring to this. He had done it to hide the truth of her mother's tragic death.

He had not changed. He was still that bloodthirsty devil, the monster who killed without conscience. He was the cold-blooded father who had killed his biological child.

On the other hand, she was actually so naive that she had believed that he had changed. She had thought he was better and that their relationship could perhaps

continue!

Deirdre felt the taste of blood spreading in her mouth.

She struggled by flailing her arms in an attempt to remove the man from her mind. Her entire body was trembling, while the wound on her injured palm cracked open and bled. However, she still could not feel any pain and she was backing away frantically.

Charlene stood aside and looked on coldly. She took a step forward when Deirdre stumbled and sat on the ground in dejection. "Deirdre, do you understand now? Do you realize now if I've been deceiving you? Or have you been foolishly deceived by Brendan?"

She squatted down and said cruelly, "Your mother jumped to her death a few days before you were discharged from the hospital, and Brendan didn't even show up to claim her body. He was so cold-blooded and merciless, yet you actually wanted to continue your relationship with him. Tell me, did your mother die unjustly? If she was still alive...perhaps she would loathe you deeply!"

Deirdre kept quiet, and tears fell from her eyes drop by drop, yet she could not bring herself to object in any way.

She could not tell how much strength she exerted just to get herself off the ground numbly and feel her way along the wall back to the room.

She could not feel the piercing pain radiating from her palm, but her head was only filled with the memories of her mother's smile.

"Deirdre?" She had lost track of time by the time Maeve walked into the room and found her sitting next to the window in a daze. Maeve was stunned for a moment before she approached Deirdre. "When did you wake up? Why are you sitting next to the window? Aren't you cold?"

She grabbed a sweater and draped it over Deirdre. She lowered her head, only to see that Deirdre's bandaged hand was drenched in blood.

## **Chapter 272 I'll Be Back**

Maeve's face turned ghastly pale instantly. "What happened to your hand!"

She hastily called for the doctor and nurse, yet Deirdre was jolted back to reality. She covered her bloody hand with her other hand and said with a lowered gaze, "It's... It's fine. Don't worry."

"How could you say that it's fine? The dressing is soaked and red! Why won't you take care of yourself? What are you going to do when I leave today?"

Maeve was panic-stricken and furious. The doctor came and examined Deirdre, only to find that her wound had opened up again and needed stitches.

The doctor frowned deeply at once. "Mr. Brighthall was very worried that your palm would be scarred right from the start. You need stitches again now, so that is surely going to leave a scar. Ms. McKinnon, bear with it and bite something if you can't stand the pain."

Deirdre's mind was somewhat unhinged. She was in so much pain after the stitching procedure that she was sweating, yet she did not make a sound. Only her eyes were red with tears.

Maeve assumed that Deirdre's behavior was due to the intense pain. She heaved a sigh after the doctor left and hugged Deirdre. "There's no need for you to bear the pain constantly if you're in too much pain. You will feel better if you scream or cry out. I'm here for you."

Deirdre clutched the hem of Maeve's top tightly abruptly and sobbed loudly. It was very hard for Deirdre to hold back her cries, as she sounded like she was extremely aggrieved, yet Maeve could not help feeling pity for her.

"You're fine, you're fine. Deirdre is fine." She caressed Deirdre's hair. A faint scent emanated from Maeve's body, and her voice was kind and merciless. The image of Maeve was almost identical to Deirdre's memory of her mother.

Maeve was no longer at a loss, helpless, or behaving like a child. She did not heave a sigh. She only said consciously, "I'm sorry, Deirdre. I'm sorry for troubling you with my illness."

Deirdre's face was wet with tears. She wished badly at this very moment that Ophelia was alive and standing before her. She wished that everything that had happened earlier had been a dream and that her mother was still there to support her when she woke up.

"Mother..." Deirdre said shakily, holding Maeve's waist strenuously.

Maeve could sense that Deirdre was unwilling to part with her, and her eyes stung with tears. She could only assume that Deirdre was unwilling to part with her birth mother, so she patted Deirdre's shoulder.

"Don't cry, I'll be back. I'll be back to see you, Deirdre."

Deirdre's eyes were bloodshot abruptly, and she clenched her fist so tightly that her nails dug into her flesh, trying to suppress the emotions flooding her heart. Then, she answered with a smile, "Hmm!

Keep your word, mother. Come back when your illness is cured and promise to come visit me frequently. I... will be waiting for you.”

“Sure...”

Deirdre loosened her grip and calmed herself down. She suppressed her final ounce of fear and asked smilingly, “Have you had your meal?”

Maeve nodded but realized that Deirdre could not see, so she answered, “I have. I had a sandwich on my way here.”

“Is that so... What a waste. I was planning on taking you to the sandwich place downstairs to eat something.”

“It’s fine, I can come with you.”

Deirdre held back tears. Maeve’s voice sounded too familiar to her, and she wanted to immerse herself in it, even if it was only for a moment longer.

She shut her eyes, her eyelashes trembling. She then said, “It’s fine. We’ll do it next time. I don’t feel like eating much today anyway.”

“You should eat something, even if you don’t feel like it, given your health condition. You’re so skinny that you should eat something.”

‘It feels really good.’

Deirdre wanted time to stand still at that moment so badly.

She looked up smilingly. “Yes, I will. The nurse has already sent over lunch. I’ll eat something.”

Deirdre did not feel like eating indeed. She forced herself to eat lunch in Maeve’s presence, though. Realizing that she did not have much time left, she looked out the window with empty eyes and felt the wind blowing into the room. “What time is it?”

### **Chapter 273 Do You Remember That I Was Turned Into a Scapegoat**

Maeve lowered her head to check the time and furrowed her eyebrows. “It’s after nine...”

“You’re going to leave at ten, right?”

It would certainly be impossible for Maeve to claim that she was willing to part with Deirdre. She was very fond of Deirdre yet she was still not Deirdre’s real mother, and her own daughter was still waiting for her.

"Hmm," Maeve said smilingly, feigning a relaxed demeanor. "But it's a good thing that I'm going to receive treatment. That way, I won't forget your childhood stories next time."

Deirdre cracked a smile and delayed giving a response. Then, she shut her eyes and said, "Mother, will you... please call me by my name again?"

Maeve appeared to be slightly hesitant. "Deirdre?"

A tear rolled down from the corner of Deirdre's eye. "Thank you."

Maeve stretched out her hand to wipe away Deirdre's tears.

In the end, Maeve left.

Deirdre did not see her off because she did not have the ability to be there.

She assumed that it was only a simple farewell until she found out the truth. She would tear up and look forward to their next meeting.

On the other hand, she realized something now.

It was not a farewell, but they would never meet again.

She leaned on the window in a daze and her face turned numb from the cold wind.

She had already lost track of the time when the door suddenly opened up. Brendan walked into the room and found Deirdre sitting next to the window by herself. He removed his jacket in displeasure.

"You're still freezing in the cold wind even though you're sick. Aren't you cold?" Brendan covered her with the jacket, which was still warm from his body. Then, he closed the window.

Deirdre was still looking in the direction of the window, although she could not see anything.

Brendan checked his watch and furrowed his eyebrows tightly. "Why didn't you see

Ophelia off when her flight took off at ten?"

He had assumed that she would not be in the room before he came.

Deirdre made her way to the bedside table indifferently and felt around, looking for the apple in the basket. Then, she peeled the apple with a knife cautiously and said in a hoarse voice, "I'm scared of farewells. I felt like I would most certainly cry if I were to see her off. She will be back again anyway, so I will just wait for her return."

Brendan agreed that Deirdre was making sense. He had assumed that Deirdre would be dejected for a while and he had not expected that she would accept this farewell so calmly, so he felt slightly displeased in his heart. He had thought that this farewell would become a reason for her to depend on him.

"Let me show you something."

Brendan picked up the package he had brought with him and held Deirdre's hand before he placed the box gently on it. "Open it."

His dark eyes were filled with anticipation, and he wanted to see Deirdre's surprised reaction after she unboxed the item.

Deirdre put down the knife and held the package. The very moment her hand

touched the object inside the box, her movements halted to a stop and her entire body tensed up.

She could feel with her hands that the wooden music book had been restored to its original state.

"How is it?" Brendan stared closely at Deirdre's face, his thin lips curled up into a smirk as if he was showing off. "I promised you that I would restore it in three days. and return it to you."

Deirdre pulled out the music book and discovered that the crack in the middle had already been repaired. It felt as if... it had never been broken before.

She kept her gaze lowered. Brendan discovered that something was off and said, with a solemn expression, "What's going on? Aren't you happy?"

Deirdre placed

down the music book and continued to peel the apple. Her eyes were unfocused and still as calm water. She continued moving her hands like a machine. until she was done and then said, "Brendan, do you remember compelling me to become Charlene's scapegoat a year ago?"

Brendan's face turned green from anger when Deirdre suddenly brought up becoming scapegoat for Charlene a year ago. He asked with a frown, "Why are you bringing this up all of a sudden?"

## **Chapter 274 Die, Brendan!**

Deirdre did not answer but she continued talking about this topic. "You took away the house where my mother was staying and let her be taken by some unknown psychiatric facility to be punished. She was 40 years old but she was forced to eat rotten food and get beaten up. I had no choice but to submit myself after seeing how cruel you were..."

Brendan's pupils constricted abruptly and he felt incredulous.

"Hold on! What are you talking about? I did take back the house where your mother was residing but I never let her be taken by that psychiatric facility. Do you remember it wrong?"

"Remember it wrong?" Tears streamed down Deirdre's face continuously.

The scene that had taken place a year ago had haunted her nightmares for countless nights. Her mother used to be a proud woman when she was young, yet she had been treated like an animal when she was sick because of Deirdre.

'Brendan made such a casual remark about me remembering it wrong... Would that turn back time and return everything to its previous state?'

Deirdre sobbed shakily, her eyes bloodshot. "That's right, I might be remembering wrong, but how is this related to whether I remember it correctly? You're so aloof and you have no regard for other people anyhow, so I'm sure that you wouldn't have paid attention to a small trick you played in the past!"

"Deirdre!" Brendan furrowed his eyebrows tightly, and his expression was filled with intense anger. He was furious, not only because of Deirdre's sarcasm, but also because of her unexpected attitude. "What kind of nonsense are you talking about? I said I didn't do that, and that means I didn't do it. Do I still need to defend myself? I have absolutely no idea what the situation is at the psychiatric facility that you are talking about!"

"How about the part when you promised that you'd take good care of my mother?" Deirdre was hysterical. She turned around, her expression distorted from agony while tears kept streaming down her face frantically. "How about when you told me that my mother would live a good life if I agreed to be the scapegoat?"

Brendan was stunned. "What?"

However, before he could inquire further, he suddenly felt a piercing pain radiating from his abdomen the next moment. Brendan lowered his head, only to discover that the knife in the woman's hand had already been stabbed into his body. Blood was

dripping down, and his mind went blank.

He saw the woman's bloodshot eyes and watched every action of hers as if in slow motion until she stabbed half of the knife further into his body in a rage.

"Die, Brendan!"

Brendan staggered and stumbled backward, feeling the piercing pain spreading in his abdomen and stripping him of his strength. He leaned against the window and looked at Deirdre in confusion.

"Deirdre... You..."

His lips turned ghastly pale, and he was rendered incapable of completing his sentence. He watched the woman with bloodshot eyes as she held the knife, feeling as if she had turned into someone else. Someone frantic.

They had still been cuddling so intimately yesterday night, lying on the same bed...

Everything changed completely at that very moment.



It felt as if they were no longer a married couple but enemies. Brendan found the sight of the hatred, anger, and murderous intent in Deirdre's expression obvious and hurtful.

"Deirdre..." He took a deep breath, clutched her wrist, and said with great difficulty, "I didn't... I didn't put your mother in harm's way..."

He suddenly realized that Maeve's perfect disguise had failed the test of time anyhow. He realized that Deirdre had seen through the lie and found out the truth.

She had learned that Ophelia had jumped to death, and he figured that she was in agony.

"I'm sorry..."

Deirdre's gaze was frantic. "Sorry? Will your apology resurrect her? The most worthless thing in the world is the word 'sorry!'"

She loathed the word and the way it was used to level everything so cruelly. She had been deceived, lied to, and regarded as a fool...

### **Chapter 275 I'm Disgusted by You**

Deirdre burst out laughing while she was crying. "Brendan, you enjoy regarding me as a fool, right? I believe that you are delighted in your heart that I was deceived by your lowly lie and kept going in circles, right?"

"Yesterday evening..." Deirdre felt intense pain in her throat. "You told me that I still have you. Were you mocking me at the time? On the other hand, I believed you like a fool!"

"No!" Brendan's face turned ghastly from the pain. He objected so strongly that

blood was flowing out of his wound once again. He felt the warm flow of endless blood on his palm.

He was scared but he was not afraid that he would bleed to death. He was scared that Deirdre would suffer an emotional breakdown.

"The words that I said... I meant them sincerely... Deirdre, I'm sorry..."

He had nothing else left to say at that very moment but sorry.

It was because he could not do anything to resurrect a dead person.

Blood was gushing out of his abdomen wildly. The pain stripped away his strength but it did not take away his senses. He said softly, "I know that I've let you down... I didn't know that this matter would progress to this extent. I'll make it up to you and give you anything that you want, okay?"

Deirdre faced him

with tears streaming down her face yet she sneered. "Do you know that I was distracted by your gentle treatment recently, Brendan? I was afraid. that I'd fall for you



and I had no idea what to do. But do you know how disgusted I felt when I found out that you were hiding my mother's death under your gentle demeanor?"

She laughed, yet her eyes were bursting with hatred. "I won't trust you again from now on. You murderer!"

She shoved away the man abruptly, causing Brendan to stumble and fall to the ground, his blood flowing on the floor.

Deirdre searched around the room frantically and found the restored music book at last.

Brendan's face turned ghastly, and he was breathing heavily from the pain. He suppressed his shakiness and said, "Deirdre, it wasn't my intention to let Ophelia die. Think about the days we spent together. Weren't you happy? We can continue to live

the life we had previously. Aren't you very fond of this music book? I... I'll get more custom-made for you... and fill your room with them..."

Deirdre's expression was nonchalant, but she burst out laughing so hard that she teared up upon hearing that remark.

"Do

you

know how much I used to treasure the music book and how disgusted I am by it now, Brendan?"

She opened the music book and hit it strenuously in the middle part, which was newly restored.

"Deirdre!"

Brendan roared loudly, his eyes bloodshot. He knew what Deirdre was about to do, so he attempted to stop her. "Don't!"

His entire body was shivering from the pain, yet he was still clutching the music book tightly and shaking his head at her. "Don't! Deirdre, don't... I'm begging you... It can't be fixed anymore..."

Deirdre's gaze was icy, while Brendan was exhausted from losing too much blood. She shoved him away with all her might and slammed the music book on the corner of the bedside table.

"Deirdre!"

Clap!

He heard the sound of the wooden music book breaking in two halves.

Brendan looked at the shattered music book, having trouble breathing from the pain. Deirdre would have risked her life just to protect it. She would rather let her palm get mangled because she cared about the music book so much.

However, she had destroyed the music book with her own hands at that very moment.

Brendan saw the determination and coldness on Deirdre's face in a daze. He could see that she did not care in the slightest and did not even blink once.

Panic and pain surged into his chest at that very instant.

'Deirdre... doesn't care about anything anymore...'

The world before his eyes went black, and he dropped to his knees on the floor. His blood formed a puddle on the ground, yet he was clutching the hem of Deirdre's top with his hand.

"Enough... That's enough..., Deirdre..."

### **Chapter 276 Police Report**

Sam witnessed the scene when he came in after Brendan. He saw the woman standing coldly and Brendan kneeling on the ground, his lips ghastly, his hand covering his abdomen, which was bleeding profusely.

"Mr. Brighthall!" He ran over to Brendan in a haste.

Deirdre held the knife and went running toward Brendan once again. "Brendan, you will atone for your crime in hell!"

"Ms. McKinnon!"

Sam roared and stepped forward swiftly to stop Deirdre, striking the knife out of Deirdre's hand. It landed on the floor, and Sam was incredulous. "Ms. McKinnon! What are you doing?"

"What am I doing?" Deirdre raised her head to reveal her face, which was filled with hatred and tears. "I'm avenging my mother!"

"Please calm down..." Sam did not care about anything but Brendan's wound. It was a very deep wound, and the blood had drenched half of Brendan's shirt. His expression was extremely unpleasant, and he hastily called 911.

Brendan's breathing sounded weak, and he leaned against the end of the bed and looked weakly at the woman crying on the verge of a breakdown with bloodshot eyes.

The very moment she had swung the knife at him the second time, Brendan had discovered that Deirdre wanted him to die so badly.

In the end, he said slowly, "I'm sorry, Deirdre. I'm sorry that I didn't manage to protect Ophelia."

Deirdre stumbled to the ground with tears streaming down her face profusely. She could not feel anything other than regret, which coursed through her entire body. She shut her eyes and said, "Why did I get affiliated with you, Brendan? Why did I have to become your wife? I not only caused myself harm, but I also caused the death of my mother..."

"If I could have a chance to restart in life, I would stay as far away as I could and never... be affiliated with you in any way!"

Pain was radiating through Brendan's entire body yet it gathered on his wound when he heard the woman's resolute remark.

If he could, he'd return to the past and stop this calamity from happening. He wanted it more than anybody else.

They were in the hospital, so a stretcher was sent over quickly. Deirdre was still sitting on the ground when Brendan was placed on the stretcher. Before Brendan lost consciousness, he stopped Sam from following him.

"Check on her..." Brendan shut his eyes, his face already drained of color. He was afraid that Deirdre would suffer the same fate as Ophelia.

Sam stayed back in confusion, his hands still covered in blood. He returned to the pantry and found Deirdre still sitting in the same spot in a daze. She raised her head after hearing the commotion and said in a mocking tone, "Did Brendan send you to watch me and see if I die first?"

Sam removed his jacket and draped it over Deirdre's body. "The floor is too cold. You must take care of yourself regardless. I think that's all that Mdm. McKinnon would really care about."

Deirdre trembled and wrapped the jacket around her body.

"What? Deirdre injured Brendan by stabbing him with a knife? For real?"

The servant answered, "It is absolutely true! The information came from the hospital, and many people witnessed the incident. The floor was covered in blood! Mr. Brighthall is still receiving emergency treatment now, and it's hard to tell if he will make it!"

Charlene's expression was unpleasant. She hastily asked, "Is his life in danger?"

"I'm not so sure about that, but it seems that his condition is quite serious."

"That b\*tch! She is still alive yet she is actually trying to kill Brendan!" Charlene flew into a great rage. Her eyes were bursting with maliciousness as she put on her jacket. "I will never let her off now that she did this! You, call the police."

Sam

heard the commotion outside as soon as he finished cleaning up the blood in the room. The police walked into the room right away because he had yet to find the time to shut the door. A police officer showed his badge and said coldly, "NPD. Someone reported a case of premeditated murder to the police. Who is Deirdre McKinnon?"

### **Chapter 277 Take Me**

Sam felt his heart racing as soon as he heard the remark. He said with a flattering smile, "What do you mean premeditated murder? Is there some sort of misunderstanding?"

The police officer said with a frown, "Do you think that there is a misunderstanding when the stench of blood is so strong here? Can you stop the people outside from talking about this situation? I'm warning you not to interfere with the prosecution of this crime. Deirdre is a criminal suspect, and we are taking her to the police station for an interrogation today!"

Upon saying that, the man scanned the woman sitting on the floor and noticed that her disfigured face matched the police report completely. He did not comment further. He only said, "Deirdre, you're coming with us!"

The others were stunned.

Sam hastily stepped forward and said, "This is a misunderstanding, sir! This must be a misunderstanding. Someone was injured here indeed, but it was definitely not a crime as serious as premeditated murder! The injured man is this woman's husband, and they are legally married. How can there be premeditated murder between a husband and wife? If you don't believe me, you can wait for the husband to come back and explain this to you in person!"

"There are countless premeditated murder cases between husbands and wives. Besides, someone reported the incident to us, so we will handle the case." The police officer spoke in an icy yet impatient tone.

Sam wanted to explain more, but Deirdre suddenly stood up and said, "Right, I killed someone. Take me."

"Ms. McKinnon!" Sam furrowed his eyebrows incredulously. She should not walk right into a trap while Brendan was still receiving emergency treatment. If Deirdre was detained by the police, he would not be able to have access to the situation at the police station.

Deirdre was indifferent. "I should admit to killing someone if I did it, right?"

The police detained Deirdre, but there was no way for Sam to reach out to Brendan because he was still receiving emergency treatment. He was panic-stricken.

Madam Brighthall came quickly upon receiving this information. She had a weak heart, so she lost consciousness twice from the shock. She said after waking up with shaky hands, "What happened? Why was Brendan sent to the emergency department out of nowhere?"

She pointed at Sam. "You, explain!"

Sam kept his head lowered and his eyebrows furrowed. He was considering what kind of words to use to soften Deirdre's actions. Charlene had come with Madam Brighthall to keep her company and she had been plotting for a long time. She took it upon herself to speak first with red eyes.

"It was Deirdre."

"Deirdre?" Madam Brighthall found the name familiar. She remembered soon that Deirdre was the blind, disfigured woman, and her face turned green with rage instantly. "It's her again!"

Charlene nodded. "I'm unsure of the specifics of the situation but I think Brendan did something that displeased Ms. McKinnon, so Ms. McKinnon impulsively picked up a knife to stab Brendan..."

Her lips were trembling, and she was having a hard time composing sentences.

Madam Brighthall almost could not catch her breath. "This woman picked up a knife to stab a person just because they were fighting? Has she lost her mind or something? This woman is vile... Where is she now?"

Sam felt even more uneasy in his heart. Charlene could convince Madam Brighthall easily with just a few words. Sam explained, "Madam, it's a very complicated situation.

"It's not something that can be explained with just a few words, but Ms. McKinnon didn't stab him out of nowhere. There was a reason. When Mr. Brighthall wakes up, you can..."

"So we should wait until Brendan is awake so he can cover up for Ms. McKinnon?" Charlene interrupted Sam, her eyes glistening with coldness. "Sam, I know that you have a close relationship with Ms. McKinnon and that you're her bodyguard.

However, you should know your own place. Regardless of the reason Ms. McKinnon hurt Brendan, it was wrong of her to injure someone. It's fortunate that she's blind. If she was a normal person, she would have stabbed Brendan in the chest. Does that mean that we wouldn't be seeing Brendan for the rest of our lives?"

Madam Brighthall was extremely furious and refused to listen to Sam's explanation," If you owe someone money, you return the money. If you try to kill someone, you pay

with

your

life. I don't care what happened between them. Since that woman injured. Brendan, she deserves to be punished! Bring me the phone."

Deirdre regained consciousness when a bucket of cold water was poured on her. She had lost count of how long it had been since she had been detained at the police.

station.

She figured that the people in her surroundings were all criminals. The police officer standing in front of her gave an order in a cold voice. "Come out, Deirdre."

Deirdre followed the police officer and heard her handcuffs clanging when she was pinned against the table. His overbearing voice came from above her as he said, Deirdre, do you know what your offense is? You broke Criminal Law Act 232 regarding first-

degree manslaughter. You'll be sentenced to death, life imprisonment, or no less than ten years in prison. For a less serious case, you'd be sentenced to prison for three years to ten years. It would be best if you answered my inquiries truthfully, or you'll be staying here for a long time!"

The police officer adopted every possible means to interrogate Deirdre, and she answered every question truthfully and calmly. She asked when she was about to be sent away, "How long will I be in jail for?"

"So you're scared now, huh?" The police officer sniggered. "Why did you do that then? Your case is quite serious. In addition, the Brighthalls have already hired the best lawyer for the lawsuit, so you should be prepared to be sentenced to eight years.

in prison."

Deirdre was stunned for a moment. 'The Brighthalls? He is sparing no effort to punish me. In fact, he doesn't even mind mobilizing the best lawyer to sue me.

'It's a waste since I don't care anymore. He will be disappointed to learn that I don't mind being sentenced to prison for three years or eight years.'

She only cared about avenging her mother.

"I will admit to anything but I would like your help with something. I would like to revoke the verbal evidence on a cold case that happened a year ago so the police will investigate the case again."

The police officer did not have a favorable impression of Deirdre but remained patient. "Which case is that?"

“Ophelia McKinnon’s suicide case.”

He assigned someone to look into the case and found out that it was true. “Who is this person to you? Is she your mother?”

Deirdre nodded, her eyes filled with intense hatred. “I would like to report the Brighthall Group’s CEO, Brendan Brighthall, for concealing murder! He forced me to become his beloved girlfriend’s scapegoat for a year and he would not mind hurting my mother, so I agreed to do it. My mother Ophelia jumped to her death as a result of Brendan’s actions!”

The police officer frowned deeply and exchanged a glance with the others. “Please calm down first. Do you have any evidence?”

“Yes.” Deirdre took a deep breath. “I was the scapegoat in Charlene McKinney’s hit-and-run. On the other hand, the culprit of the hit-and-run is still on good terms with Brendan. You will surely be able to reveal the truth about this incident if you investigate it further!”

When Brendan regained consciousness, he was in pain. His vision was blurry, and the first thing he did as soon as he could see the room clearly was get up.

However, he had no choice but to stop after feeling intense pain in his abdomen.

Deirdre had stabbed him without showing any mercy.

The blood had already drained off his thin lips, which were cracked. He furrowed his eyebrows tightly and pressed the call bell to bring in Charlene.

She ran into the room, her eyes red with tears when she saw that Brendan was awake. “You’re finally awake, Brendan!”

Brendan breathed with great difficulty, shut his eyes, and opened them again. “Where’s Deirdre? Is she alright?”

Charlene’s expression froze instantly and tears welled up in her eyes.

”

“The first thing you ask after waking up is where Deirdre is. Do you care about me at all, Brendan? Do you know that I’m the one who took care of you every day and night and stayed by your side after you came out of surgery?”

## **Chapter 279 Why Would You Put Your Life at Risk Like This?**

“I’m sorry.” Brendan propped his forehead and said, “I was only trying to find out how Deirdre is currently. After all, it was my fault her mother died.”

“How was it your fault?” Charleen bit her lower lip tightly. “She was the one who committed suicide. Were you going to assign someone to watch over her all day



long? On the other hand, Ms. McKinnon is too insensible. You treated her mother so well and you even made an exception to bury her..."

"That was nothing." Brendan interrupted her, his eyebrows furrowed even tighter. "Had I not made her your scapegoat, Ophelia wouldn't have died."

"So do you regret what you did?" Deirdre was incredulous, and her lips were trembling.

Brendan was so agitated in his heart that he could not be bothered to explain himself. Meanwhile, Sam suddenly entered the room in a rush, and his dejected eyes lit up abruptly when he saw Brendan. "You're finally awake, Mr. Brighthall!"

"What happened?" Brendan felt uneasy.

"The police came and took Ms. McKinnon after you were injured. They charged her with premeditated murder."

"What?" Brendan was incredulous. "Who called the police?"

Sam shook his head. Everything had been such a complicated coincidence. It had happened at just the right time when Brendan had still been in surgery.

"All in all, the police refuse to let her go, and she can only be bailed out by you or a family member."

Brendan pulled away the blanket right away, but an angry voice came from the door before he could get off the bed. "Go back to bed!"

Madam Brighthall walked into the room, sounding extremely furious. "Are you trying to get yourself killed by getting off the bed after you just had surgery? Do you know that you almost died earlier?"

"Mother." Brendan assumed an obedient expression yet he felt restless and agitated deep in his heart. "You came at the right time. Please go to the police station and help me bail her out!"

The holding cell at the police station would be more arduous than being in prison. She would not only be cold and hungry, but she would also be with a bunch of

strangers. She was weak, helpless, and blind, so she would certainly be bullied there.

Madam Brighthall refused to even look him in the eye. "That would be impossible!"

Brendan was stunned.

Madam Brighthall said with a cold expression, "Look at you. You're acting like you've been enchanted by that silly girl. She already attacked you with a knife and almost killed you, ye

t you're still obsessing over her and you even want to bail her out of jail? Do you want her to attack you once again when she's back here?"

"A dog should be euthanized after biting a man, let alone a person. She must be punished accordingly and she will be given a trial in court in a week. I've already hired the best lawyer in Neve, so she will be repenting in prison for eight years!"

Brendan's face turned ghastly from shock. He objected without any hesitation by saying, "No!"

He took a deep breath. "I will never allow that! She will not be imprisoned!"

"Why not?" Madam Brighthall's gaze turned stern and ferocious. She was extremely infuriated by how enchanted Brendan was with that woman. "Don't you forget who is the head of the Brighthalls! As long as I shall live, I will never permit you to act outrageously! She must be punished. She deserves it, and no one is going to change my mind about that!"

Upon saying that, Madam Brighthall turned around and left.

Charlene's shriek was heard behind her. Madam Brighthall turned around and saw that Brendan had actually gotten out of bed right away. He had dropped to his knees from the pain in the surgical site, and blood had soaked the fabric on his abdominal area instantly, turning his top a bright red hue.

It went without saying that his wound had opened up.

Madam Brighthall almost fainted. "Get the doctor, quick!"

Sam ran outside while her eyes turned bloodshot from anger. She gave Brendan a slap in exasperation. "Have you lost your mind! What did she drug you with to make you put your life at risk like this!"

## **Chapter 280 Deirdre Has Lost Her Mind for Real!**

Brendan covered his abdomen weakly. He could not feel the pain in his injury anymore, perhaps due to the pain in his heart, which overpowered everything else. On the contrary, he cracked a smile and said, "Mother, bail her out..."

He said in a shaky voice, "I owe it to her because I was the cause of her mother's death. Aside from the fact that she didn't manage to stab me to death, I'd deserve it even if I were to die for real."

"You..." Madam Brighthall was rendered speechless. She staggered, taking a few steps due to her intense headache. "What on earth has happened between you two?"

Brendan felt the warm, moist sensation in his hands. Before he could speak, a doctor came rushing into the room.

The sutures of his wound were ripped. The wound would need to be closed up again, and he would need ano

ther surgery to stop the bleeding. When he came out of the operating theater, Brendan was still trying to force himself to stay conscious.

“Sam, go to the police station to check on Deirdre and make sure that nothing bad happens to her.” He gave the order with pale lips. Soon, he looked at Madam Brighthall and exhaled with great difficulty. “Mother, I’m begging you to please help me explain to the police that this injury is unrelated to Deirdre.”

Madam Brighthall felt more pity than anger for Brendan. She knew that Brendan would force himself out of bed again if she were to disagree, as he always knew just how to get to her.

“Sure, I’ll go.”

Brendan was relieved, yet Madam Brighthall said, “However, you must explain everything to me clearly in the near future. If that woman hurt you intentionally without a proper reason, I will not tolerate you two being together!”

“Alright.” Brendan agreed.

Madam Brighthall

and Sam were about to leave when a group of police officers opened the door and entered the room. They confronted Charlene with a stack of evidence. “You’re under arrest.”

They then handcuffed

Charlene. She was still in shock from the earlier incident, so she struggled with all her might when she was caught in this unexpected situation.” What are you doing! Don’t touch me!”

Madam Brighthall stepped forward to shield Charlene. “Hold on! What’s going on?”

This is my daughter—in—

law and she’s a lovely woman. She wouldn’t commit a crime, so this must be a misunderstanding!”

“Was the hit—and—

run that happened a year ago a misunderstanding too? It’s related to her, right?” the police officer said coldly. “Charlene McKinney, you’ve been served with evidence. Deirdre revealed at the police station that you are the culprit behind the hit—and—run that happened a year ago, and we’re taking you to the station for a proper investigation.”

The blood drained from Charlene’s face. Brendan was extremely astonished as well. ‘Deirdre has lost her mind for real!’

“Also…” The police officer continued. “Mr. Brendan Brighthall, you’ve been reported for two serious crimes: concealing a murder and killing Deirdre’s mother, Ophelia McKinnon, intentionally. We will be monitoring the hospital closely and taking you into custody for interrogation when you recover.”

The police left in a rush, leaving two police officers to guard the door.

The situation was already a chaotic mess.

Madam Brighthall's entire body was shaking. "Deirdre reported these crimes? Not only is she trying to get Charlene in trouble, but she wants to put you in harm's way as well! She messes up everything, yet you're still trying to protect her!"

Brendan shut his eyes in fatigue.

He had not expected the extent of Deirdre's fearlessness and courage.

It seemed that she was willing to go all out and take everybody else with her. However, she was completely unaware of the fact that her actions would only cause him mild trouble and she would be putting herself in great danger.

"I'll handle everything and make sure that Charlene is fine."

Madam Brighthall's face turned green from anger. She had a weak heart and she only recovered after a long time. She said, "Charlene will be fine, but it's apparent that Deirdre is trying to give everyone a hard time! She hates you and everybody else, yet you still want to save her? You're still trying to keep her next to you? Are you just going to keep a toxic person like her, who will rebel at any moment, around?"