

Resent Reject Regret by Aqua Summers chapter 321

Chapter 321 The Damsel in Distress

A villager thought he was familiar with Deirdre and impolitely stuffed a glass of beer into her hand. "Come on! Let's make a toast. If mountain tourism booms, and we build some kind of resort, our Village Alnwick will become famous! With this, we shall celebrate!"

Deirdre was put in an awkward situation because she couldn't drink.

Because Eilis wasn't around, Deirdre hesitated. It took her a while before she finally decided to ask, "I'm sorry. I can't drink. Can I replace the beer with tea instead?"

"Replace the beer with tea?" The man grimaced as he insisted, "How can you not know how to drink when you've been out of the village for so long? Are you trying to despise me for refusing the drink I offer?"

"No, I don't mean it!"

"Drink if you don't mean it!" demanded

Archie. "What are you afraid of? It's just half a glass of beer. Moreover, no one would molest you if you were drunk." Archie scoffed.

Archie ended up bursting out into such boisterous and contagious laughter that the other villagers followed suit, ignoring Deirdre's problem.

Archie couldn't stop laughing until he sensed the frigid gaze of a man beside him, who was known as Kyran.

Archie's expression turned stiff as he could clearly sense Kyran's hostility. He simply interpreted the hostility as the result of him neglecting Kyran and said with an apologetic smile, "Mr. Reed, Mr. King, the Village Alnwick welcomes both of your presence. Cheers!"

Mr. Reed didn't do anything even after Archie finished his glass.

Archie felt rather awkward and asked tentatively, "Mr. Reed?"

"He cannot speak," replied Deirdre on Kyran's behalf.

"Cannot?" Archie rolled his eyes upon realizing that Kyran was mute. He jeered, thinking that both Kyran and Deirdre were a perfect match as they were mute and deaf, respectively.

"In that case, Deirdre, let's drink together! Since we're from the same village, you mustn't despise me just because you used to live in the city!" Archie poured himself a glass of beer, clinked Deirdre's glass, and said, "Cheers!"

Archie chugged his

glass of beer. Meanwhile, Deirdre clutched the glass tightly. Thinking of not spoiling the fun, she forcefully held the glass toward her mouth.

In the next moment, someone else snatched the glass in Deirdre's hand away.

Deirdre was stupefied. It was only when she heard the crowd cheering she learned that Kyran drank it on her behalf.

"Mr. Reed, you look so indifferent that I never expected that you'd drink on Deirdre's behalf. For you to be the knight of this damsel in distress, does it mean that you're into her?" Archie and the other villagers jeered.

"If you want to marry Deirdre, it won't be that easy. You can't simply take her away just because you're handsome. After all, Deirdre used to be a very beautiful lady in our village."

Deirdre was ignoring their jeers. Only that phrase 'to be a knight of damsel in distress' stupefied her. When she recollected herself, she said gently, "Oh, Archie, stop pulling Mr. Reed's leg. He's just good at taking care of people. If taking care of someone is equivalent to liking someone, does it mean you do like

Hayley because you've been helping her a lot?"

Deirdre was half-joking, but Archie felt guilty.

Archie was indeed into Hayley, but the latter had become his buddy's wife. The sense of guilt dissipated half of his desire to drink. He could only force a fake laugh as a response to Deirdre's question.

When it was time for the dishes to be served, Eilis returned with a handful of candies, which she stuffed into Deirdre's hand.

"These candies taste good. I got them from the waiter. Have a try."

Deirdre knew Eilis loved candies more than herself. Hence, she wrapped them in a napkin, thinking of giving them back to Eilis when they got home.

When the waiters served dish after dish, Eilis would ask Deirdre for her preferences and take them onto her plate accordingly, just because Deirdre was blind.

Eilis took a glance at the latest dish served and asked, "Deirdre, would you like to have some pastries?" Deirdre nodded. Eilis took one and put it on Deirdre's plate.

Chapter 322 He Knew She was Allergic?

Deirdre picked up the pastry with her hand. When she was about to put it into her mouth, a sudden force hit the pastry on her hand, making her heart skip a beat.

Eilis was stupefied. "What's the matter?"

Kyran didn't say anything when he took away the plate of pastries.

This incident, however minor, had attracted much attention.

"What's happening?" asked someone.

Even Deirdre was dumbfounded. It was obvious that Kyran didn't want her to have that pastry, but she didn't understand why.

An inexplicable sense of suspicion gushed out from the bottom of her heart.

Everyone grimaced at the interlude and jokingly said that Kyran loved that pastry so much that he took them all away.

"Nah, do you think Mr. Reed is like you?" A man jeered. "Did you see the watch on his wrist? It's a watch. that costs hundreds of thousands of dollars. How could such a person be interested in that low-cost pastry? I think he simply wanted to get the waiter to change to another dish just because he saw no one eating them?"

"Probably."

As the group laughed, they no longer paid any attention to the minor interlude. It was only Deirdre who kept frowning, feeling weird.

Eilis patted her chest, calming herself. "What's the matter with Kyran? How could he simply take that plate of pastry away and not let you eat it? Aww, look at the pastry. It's dropped on the floor."

Deirdre shook her head in reply to Eilis. Following that, she couldn't suppress her curiosity and whispered, "Madame Russell, what's that pastry made of?"

"How would I know? The bakers of this hotel made it look so fancy that I only know it's purple in color." Feeling more dubious, Deirdre pondered for a while before she said with pursed lips, "Can you still see the pastry on the floor? Can you pick it up for me to check?"

"It's dirty. Don't tell me you want to eat it?"

"No, I'm not eating it. I just want to smell it."

Although Eilis was confused, she picked up that pastry from the floor.

Deirdre split the pastry and smelled it.

It was yam

She frowned, her heart skipped a beat, and she subconsciously bit her lip. It smelled like yam. "Are you alright? Because Eilis was obsessed with dramas featuring power and love struggles in the imperial palace, she asked half-jokingly when she saw Deirdre's reaction, "Don't tell me it's poisonous?" Deirdre dropped the pastry in her hand and forced a smile. "If I could detect the poison in it by smelling it, I'd better be a toxicologist"

Eilis chuckled and no longer dwelled on it. Nevertheless, Deirdre looked somewhat gloomy and tightened her clasp under the table.

To her, the yam was similar to poison because she was allergic to yam.

She could smell it but not eat it. Otherwise, she would have rashes all over her body, difficulty breathing, nausea, and vomiting. In short, she would put her life in danger if she were to eat it.

Eilis didn't know about this allergy of hers. Only those who used to live with her knew about it. They were Madame Brighthall and Brendan.

Deirdre shuddered. In fact, Brendan knew about it because of an accident.

It was when she acted as Charlene and went with Brendan to the family mansion at a fixed time for dinner.

At that time, there was yam in one of the dishes.

Madame Brighthall took a piece of yam for Deirdre as a way to express her love. "Deirdre, do have more food. How can you still be so thin even after a year of marriage? Can it be that Brendan has been mistreating you?"

"Mother." Brendan pretended to be tender as he looked at Deirdre and said helplessly, "How could I treat her badly when I finally managed to marry her?"

"In this case, why is Deirdre looking so thin?" Madame Brighthall rolled her eyes at Brendan before she turned to Deirdre. "Do take more food, Deirdre. You need to be a little bit more chubby to stay healthy."

Looking at the loving face of Madame Brighthall, Deirdre couldn't tell that she was allergic to yam and forced herself to take them in.

Chapter 323 Who Are You?

At the end of the dinner, Deirdre went upstairs and rummaged through her bag for her allergy medicine while enduring her discomfort.

However, she hadn't brought the allergy medicine because she never ate yam.

Therefore, she could only endure the nausea and dizziness. While lying on the bed, she felt pain. Even at that moment, she was afraid to be seen by Madame Brighthall and covered herself with a blanket.

At that moment, she suddenly heard the sound of the door being opened from outside, and Brendan's unhappy voice followed it.

"Deirdre, do you think that I'm taking you here to rest? Get out!"

Seeing that Deirdre didn't respond, he lifted the blanket coldly and saw Deirdre's skin was covered with rashes. She was lying curled up, panting as if she was on the verge of death.

"Deirdre!"

Brendan was shocked. He dropped the blanket and grabbed Deirdre's shoulder as he said with panic in his eyes, "What's going on?"

Deirdre held back her sadness as she tried spitting out words. "Allergy Allergic to yam.

Brendan got what she meant and roared, "Are you stupid!? Why did you eat it when you know you're allergic to yam!"

"B—because... you'll be unhappy..."

Brendan was stupefied. When he recollected his senses, he carried Deirdre and rushed downstairs without hesitation. Meanwhile, from Deirdre's perspective, she saw Brendan panicking like never before. His resolute jawline was tightly stretched, like a string being pulled tight.

It was because of this emotion Deirdre had gained the courage to persist.

She had assumed Brendan still cared for her even though he always would provoke her.

Otherwise, how could he run red lights recklessly with his eyes reddened just to try to save her life?

He could simply leave her behind. She was a mere substitute, after all.

Nevertheless, Deirdre finally realized that Brendan didn't care about her. What he cared about was her face, her identity, and Charlene.

Thinking of Brendan, Deirdre had a heartache again.

Deirdre's lips turned pale. When Eilis saw it, she hurriedly held Deirdre's hands. "Are you alright, Deirdre?" Deirdre forced a smile. "I'm fine."

It was just in time when a waitress came over. Hence, Deirdre turned to the waitress and requested, "Hi, I have a stomachache. Can you please take me to the restroom?"

"Sure, please come with me."

Eilis wanted to go along with Deirdre, but the latter did not allow her. "Madame Russell, no worries, I can go myself. You should just enjoy your meal. I'll come back in a bit. Moreover, we are now in a hotel, not on the road. I won't be lost."

"Alright, do come back quickly."

"Sure."

Deirdre could remember the path toward the restroom under the guidance of the waitress. Therefore, before she entered, she said, "Thank you, miss. You may now go back to your work. I'll take a long time, so I'll return on my own later."

"Are you sure you can return on your own?"

"Yes, I can remember the distance."

Since Deirdre had said so, the waitress left without hesitation because she had other things to do as well.

Deirdre got into the restroom and washed her face, trying to wake herself up.

Even though the water was cold, she didn't feel calm but sophisticated.

She didn't know why Kyran had taken away that yam pastry. Did he do it by accident, or did he know of her allergy?

Shuddering, Deirdre bit her lower lip as she recalled each time when Kyran helped her.

They were mere strangers. Even Deirdre herself couldn't be so good to a stranger. Moreover, Kyran was someone with high status. Who was he? Could he be...

Chapter 324 Suspected Him

The answer was obvious to Deirdre.

Otherwise, Kyran's act of taking away the yam pastry she was allergic to would be inexplicable.

However, she couldn't explain why Brendan would stand by her side like a stranger and do nothing else....

Therefore, she went to the restroom and washed her hands repeatedly until she was calm.

She followed the wall and walked out of the restroom. Someone who followed after saw her. "Deirdre?"

Deirdre turned in the direction of the voice and recognized the voice as the village chief.

"Deirdre, what're you doing here?"

"I'm here to take some rest."

"Really?" The village chief pondered. "Anyway, it's great that you happen to be out here. I've been wondering how to talk to you in private."

Hearing the village chief's tone, Deirdre had a hunch that something was wrong. She paused before asking. "What is it?"

“Did you argue with Mrs. Boebert earlier today?”

Deirdre nodded and tried to explain, “It was because-

“Deirdre, I don’t want to know the reason. You should know that Mr. King values the piece of land behind us, and he is willing to develop it as a resort. This is a golden opportunity for us. Your act has negatively affected our village. Moreover, Mrs. Boebert’s health is poor. If she becomes too sick just because of rage, and if that developer learns of this matter...”

Deirdre was silent.

The village chief patted her shoulder. “Do take note of this. I’ll return to the room first.”

Deirdre stood at the spot when the village chief left. She felt the cold breeze and disappointment as she leaned on the wall.

She knew clearly that the village chief had said that because Mrs. Boebert was one of his extended family. Although it was normal for the village chief to show favoritism, she simply couldn’t understand. She thought she was right about that matter with Bobby.

She had been rooted on the spot until a man suddenly came toward her. Following that, she heard the mechanical sound of a mobile phone. “Why are you out here?”

The man was Kryan.

Deirdre was surprised. Since she suspected Kryan’s identity, she resisted his approach.

Because she could reply, Kryan frowned. He reached out, but Deirdre shook him off as soon as he touched her fingertip.

Kryan was stupefied. So was Deirdre. She then explained, “I’m sorry. I’m not used to someone suddenly touching me.”

“Understood.” Kryan typed and played one word and went on typing another. “Are you emotional?”

The sentence transferred by the phone sounded very strange. It sounded like a question but also like a certainty.

Deirdre lifted a corner of her lip. “How do you know?”

“From your expression. It’s gloomy.”

Deirdre touched her face. It was icy cold because she had washed it with cold water earlier.

“Why?”

Deirdre didn’t know how to answer because she couldn’t say it was because of Kryan.

In fact, due to her suspicion that Kyran was Brendan, she was so afraid that her face became pale as a sheet. However, even if she asked, she wouldn't get an answer anyway.

"I just recalled something from the past and felt rather emotional. Don't worry about me."

Kyran typed on his mobile phone again. But this time, he pondered for quite a long time and deleted all except the sentence: "I'm all ears whenever you want to speak."

"Only after I've calmed down." Deirdre lowered her eyes. "Let's just go back in."

She felt sophisticated enough to stay with Kyran.

She didn't resist Kyran, but on the other side, she felt that Kyran was that man.

With all these thoughts running through her mind, she was left with only an answer. She had to verify it herself whether Kyran was Brendan.

Chapter 325 The Look of Kyran

Deirdre was blind, while Kyran was mute. Hence, superficial judgment wouldn't work.

Upon return, Deirdre suddenly asked Eilis, "Madame Russel, what does Kyran look like?"

"Why?" Eilis was startled, as if her future daughter-in-law would be taken away. Following that, she sighed resignedly. "Well, I can't stop you from being together with Kyran anyway. Although I'll miss you, I can see that he's truly good to you."

"No, I just feel that he's like someone I know," explained Deirdre. She hadn't expected that Eilis would misunderstand her.

"Someone you know?" Eilis was spreading the blanket on the bed and couldn't get Deirdre's meaning. What do you mean? Why hasn't he told you anything if he is someone you know?"

"Perhaps it's been so long that he's forgotten. But I need to confirm whether he's a local because I owe him something."

"Oh, I see."

Eilis had been seeing Deirdre as a good child all this while, so she didn't think Deirdre would lie to her. She only thought Deirdre was merely cutting the story short and began to figure out how she could describe Kyran to Deirdre.

"I can't depict what he looks like. He's quite handsome and talented. Hmm, how am I supposed to describe him?"

It happened that the television was playing the most popular song, and Eilis said, "He's more handsome than this singer."

Deirdre was in a daze, biting her bottom lip tightly.

She had never doubted Brendan's handsomeness. Otherwise, she would have never fallen for him at first

sight.

She was truly mesmerized by Brendan's face, so much so that she had to face a series of tragedies and even cause her mother's death.

Upon recollecting herself, tears had welled up in her eyes. She lowered her head and asked, "Madame Russel, do you have a smartphone?"

"Yes, the one I'm using is a smartphone. And I know how to send a message to Toby using WhatsApp. It's just that the signal here isn't good, so I don't use it often." Eilis showed off

"Can you search a name with the search engine and compare the person's Images with Kyran?"

"Sure." Eilis got to Deirdre and said, "Tell me the name.

"Brendan Brighthall."

Eilis was stupefied and looked at Deirdre. She was familiar with the name because the news about the wife of Brendan, the CEO of a well-known company in Neve, hitting someone with a car two years ago, had created an uproar

The news had become a popular topic in the neighborhood.

However, Eilis didn't think much and searched Brendan's name.

Deirdre clenched her hands tightly, feeling extremely distressed. "How's it? Have you found it?"

"Hold on." Eilis was still exploring. "There aren't many pictures of Brendan Brighthall, and I can't find his front face picture. Ah! Found it!"

Deirdre further tightened her clenched hands. She had no idea why she would feel so chaotic and scared. She couldn't tell whether she was afraid that Kyran would be Brendan and that she would have to leave the Village Alnwick or whether she essentially didn't want Kyran to be Brendan.

When Eilis enlarged the image, she just took a glance and showed a look as expected. "It's completely two different people. They don't look alike although they are both handsome."

"Really?" Deirdre gasped and asked, "Madame Russel, are you sure?"

Eilis was amused. "Although I'm over 50, I'm not presbyopic to the stage that I can't see anything yet. If there is any similarity between these two people, I might suspect it is a photo problem, but obviously, they are different."

“Different? Is he r—really not Brendan?”

Deirdre sat down on the bed, grabbing the blanket vigorously.

Chapter 326 Nightmare

“How could it turn out this way...”

Eilis found it strange when she heard Deirdre. “Deirdre, did you misunderstand something? Don’t tell me that you thought Kryan was Brendan Brighthall? How is it possible? No matter how powerful Kryan is, he can’t be compared to Brendan Brighthall.

“After all, as the CEO of the Brighthall Group in Neve, Brendan Brighthall has hundreds of companies

under his control. How could such a man come to our remote village and stay for a long time just for a resort project?”

Deirdre seemed to have lost all her energy. After hearing what Eilis said, she felt her speculation was ridiculous.

“Yes, if he were Brendan, he would have dragged me out of the village. How could he stay with me in the village?”

She lifted a corner of her lips and agreed. “Yes, you’re right. It’s me who’s been thinking too much.”

“You are not only thinking too much, but you’re also looking for trouble yourself.” Eilis didn’t take it seriously. As if recalling something, she kept standing in the same spot. “Oh yeah, didn’t you say that Kyran looks like someone you know? Can it be that Brendan Brighthall is someone you know?”

Deirdre was shocked by the question.

There weren’t many images of Brendan, but Deirdre was not sure whether her portrait would be shown on the news. Eilis might not have noticed it, but what if she could recall...

Deirdre didn’t even dare to gasp. Instead, she forced a smile and said, “With my background, how is it possible that I can meet someone like Brendan Brighthall? It’s just that person I know looks like him.”

“No, don’t despise yourself. No matter how noble Brendan Brighthall is, he isn’t as precious as a giant panda. Moreover, even if he were a giant panda, we could buy a ticket to visit him in the zoo.”

Deirdre was amused and smiled. Eilis rubbed Deirdre’s hands as she said, “Finally, you’re smiling. You’ve been looking gloomy since you got back. I thought you were frightened by the incident when Kryan took away that pastry.”

"Somewhat." Deirdre knew it wouldn't make sense if she didn't admit it, so she said, "I don't understand why he did that."

"Just ask him. Although he's mute, he's not dumb."

Deirdre nodded, and Eilis told her to sleep and switch off the light for her.

Deirdre lay on the bed and had an inexplicable dream.

She dreamed of someone holding her hand and writing words on her palm. She couldn't see his face, but she knew he was Kryan.

But in a blink of an eye, Kryan's face gradually became clear and suddenly became Brendan's. His expression was as cold as ever, his hands were strangling her neck tightly, and his black eyes seemed to be looking at a corpse.

"Deirdre, how dare you escape. Regardless of where you escape, I will catch you and not let you go!"

Deirdre gasped and woke up in a state of panic. Even though the warmth of the sun was shining on her, the chill coursing through her spine could not be resolved no matter what.

She put her hand on her forehead, thinking she must have been in distress.

It was made clear that Kryan was not Brendan. Yet, she had the nightmare. Hence, she thought she might be too stressed.

However, she still wanted to clarify with Kryan about that matter about yam because she wanted to know why.

Just as she was thinking, she heard some noises outside, which sounded like the voice of Mrs. Boebert. Deirdre's heart skipped a beat, and she wondered if she was here to make a fuss again.

Therefore, she immediately put on her clothes and went out. "Madame Russell."

Eilis hurriedly went toward Deirdre and noticed that Deirdre was wearing her shoes on the wrong feet. What's the matter? Why are you rushing to the point that you are wearing shoes on the wrong feet? Hurry up and go back in. Look at how you wear your clothes as well. You should have tucked them in. Otherwise, you'll catch a cold."

Deirdre's face was still white as a sheet. She took a deep breath and asked, "Did Mrs. Boebert just come?"

"Yes." Eilis finally understood the matter Deirdre was concerned about and chuckled, "No worries, she didn't come to create trouble but to apologize."

Chapter 327 Maintain Justice

"Apologize?" Deirdre thought she had misheard and was stupefied. "How come?"

Eilis had the same doubt as well. "I was wondering the same. Given Mrs. Boebert's personality, would she be polite if she didn't come to make a scene? To think that she would come over to apologize? She also brought a bag of jujube. She wanted to say sorry to you personally, but I told her you were busy and sent her away."

Deirdre frowned heavily. "Did she say anything else?"

"No. Let me ask later." While putting the bag of jujube away, Eilis said, "Anyway, this is just in time for this item to be delivered. I'll cook some jujube porridge for you today."

"Okay."

Deirdre nodded. Following that, she returned to her room, freshened up, and made the bed. When she finally left the room, Eilis had left—only the porridge was still cooking in the pot.

Smelling the fragrance was already sweet, Deirdre carefully groped for the switch. As soon as she managed to turn off the fire, Eilis rushed over. "Deirdre, do you know what I heard outside?"

"What's it?"

"It's about Mrs. Boebert. Do you know why she came to apologize?" asked Eilis in high spirits.

Deirdre paused for a second and asked, "Why?"

"It's because of Mr. King! While they were discussing kickstarting the resort project, they said all houses in our village would have to be rebuilt or renovated. Then, Mr. King suddenly told the village chief that Mrs. Boebert had to apologize to us. Otherwise, not only would she lose her opportunity to renovate her house, but she would also not be given any benefits in the future. That's why she came over in a hurry."

Deirdre was startled as she listened.

No matter how happy Eilis was at the ability to relieve her anger, Deirdre wasn't delighted at all. She felt

tense instead.

"Why? *Why* would Mr. King do so?" asked Deirdre only after a while, frowning.

It was unreasonable that Declan would help her. After all, Declan, as a businessman, had no reason to come forward just because of a trivial conflict among the villagers.

Could it be...

Eilis was made aware of the situation. But because she was big-hearted, she didn't dwell on the issue too much when it wasn't a disadvantage for her. She just smiled as she said, "Perhaps Mr. King is a good man. He couldn't see us honest people being wronged like this, so he's here to maintain justice."

Following that, Eilis went to ladle porridge into a bowl.

Because of that dream, Deirdre had to force herself to finish the bowl of porridge. When Eilis wanted to serve her another bowl, Deirdre immediately refused. "No, Madame Russell. I'm full already. Let's keep it for dinner"

"Okay."

Deirdre stood up and went out of the house.

When she got out, she didn't go toward her own house but to the village entrance.

The church at the entrance of the village had become the place where people like Declan stayed. As soon as Deirdre arrived at the door, Declan came over with a cigar. "Hey, Miss McKinnon, are you here for a walk today?"

"No, I'm not here for a walk," answered Deirdre as she breathed vapor.

"In this case, what are you here for? Can it be that you are purposely here for someone?" asked Declan. Deirdre

was slightly embarrassed. She mustered her courage and said, "This morning, Mrs. Boebers came to apologize to me. Then, I found out that it was you who made the request. I would like to know how you learned about the matter between Mrs. Boebers and me. Why did you help me?"

Before Declan had time

to answer, someone came out from the room, snatched away the cigar in Declan's hand, and extinguished it. Only then did Declan realize that Deirdre had been covering her nose with her hand, trying not to breathe in the smell of the cigar.

Declan's smile became more ambiguous. "Well, the protagonist is here. You may just ask him yourself while I'll excuse myself."

He patted Kyran's shoulder and left.

Chapter 328 What Answer Do You Want

Kyran's pitch—

black eyes were locked on Deirdre's face. The tip of her nose reddened from the cold as she had walked all the way here.

Perhaps it was because of her indifferent attitude yesterday, or perhaps it was because she had doubts about who Kyran really was that she could no longer smile defenselessly.

Anyway, when she recollected herself, she heard a voice from Kyran's phone. "It's too cold out here. Let's go in."

Deirdre nodded and reached out to the wall.

Kyran followed so that she could hold onto his sleeve. "Just follow me."

“Okay.”

Deirdre lowered her head. They met many people on their way, such as the constructors, workers, and villagers.

A few who were familiar with Kyran began to pull his leg. “Mr. Reed, you’ve got yourself a wifey, haven’t you?”

“That’s why you always refuse when I try to introduce you to some girls. It turns out that you already have

one.”

“For the two of you walking one after the other, both of you look like a good match.”

Embarrassed, Deirdre wanted to let go. But her cold fingertips were abruptly wrapped by a warm palm, which firmly led her toward another place.

When they stopped, Kyran typed, “This is the lounge for Declan and me. Others don’t come here often. There’s a heater, so it won’t be cold.”

“Alright.”

Kyran pondered before he typed again, “Don’t take those people’s words to heart. They are joking with everyone. I will let them be more honest in the future.”

“Ah, there’s no need to do it.” Deirdre was embarrassed. Since they were just joking, they didn’t offend her too much. Moreover, if she took them seriously, it would turn out embarrassing.

Kyran took a glance at her and asked, “Then, do you mean that they could continue spreading that way?”

Although it was a question, Deirdre could tell that Kyran was teasing her. She blushed and recomposed herself. “I’m sorry for yesterday evening. My attitude was rather bad.”

“I could see that, and I know that it has a lot to do with me. So, I am not angry.”

As soon as Deirdre heard it, she raised her head. Even though she couldn’t see, she knew Kyran was right before her. “You knew it?” She gasped.

“Yes, it’s about Mrs Boebert.”

Disappointment flashed across Deirdre’s eyes at this answer.

She heard the sounds of Kyran typing on his phone, which then read out, “Obviously, it was me who caused you trouble. You should have told Mrs Boebert the truth so that she wouldn’t trouble you.”

Deirdre forced a smile as she said, “Well, I don’t care.”

"But I do." It was an icy mechanical sound, but it was powerful and sonorous. "I don't want you to suffer

any grievances."

The meaningful answer

almost suffocated Deirdre. She asked, "Why? We just met. Obviously, we are not friends yet."

After waiting for a long time, Kyran only started typing. "Because I hurt your forehead and caused you to be wronged. Though we just met, I've caused you a lot of trouble."

Deirdre breathed in a disorderly manner. "That's all?"

He was silent for some time before he finally asked, "What answer do you want?"

Perhaps it was because she acted too eagerly that Kyran noticed something strange.

Deirdre realized it only later. She was slightly embarrassed and lowered her eyes.

She had been reminding herself that this man here was Kyran, not that man. Not only had Eilis verified that, but their characters had also proved that they were two different people.

However, another voice was still ringing in her ears, asking whether she was certain of it.

If he weren't Brendan, why would he take away the exact food she was allergic to? Why would he pay attention to her and help her?

Chapter 329 Ask for a Favor

Deirdre clearly knew that she wasn't attractive enough.

Taking a deep breath, Deirdre said, "Mr. Reed, can you remember yesterday when we had dinner together? I was sitting beside you when I picked up a pastry. You knocked that pastry out of the blue and took the whole plate away. M-May I know why you did that? C-Can you explain it?"

Kyran fell silent and didn't move.

Deirdre frowned, feeling more uneasy. "M-Mr. Reed?"

Finally, Kyran responded, "Must I say it out?"

Enter title...

"Yes." Deirdre bit her lip. She insisted on an answer because she had been tortured for a night just because of it.

Kyran seemed to have sighed, but in her ears, the exhalation seemed a little heavier.

Following that, he began to type.

"Those pastries were leftovers."

Deirdre was shocked. "What?"

Kyran continued. "I saw a waiter take that plate out of a room while cleaning up in another room. That plate later turned out to be placed before you. It was obvious that the hotel took the opportunity to send over the leftovers from the other guests. I took away that plate so that I could settle that issue. I couldn't let you all know about it because it was the venue Declan and I had chosen."

Deirdre's mind went blank. She had made many different assumptions but had not expected this explanation.

"Hold on, those pastries looked alike, didn't they? How could you identify that the pastry I took was the leftover?"

"It was because there were two kinds of pastries on the plate. The new ones were lighter in color, while the rest were slightly darker in color. And I discovered it through comparison." Kyran said righteously, "I couldn't let you all eat others' leftovers, so I had to take them away."

Deirdre bit her lips tightly.

So, this was the answer? She had been thinking too much? A question that had troubled her the whole night and resulted in a nightmare turned out to be a misunderstanding. It was all because she was thinking too much.

Kyran didn't know about her allergy.

But how could it be such a coincidence?

"Ms. McKinnon, what's wrong?"

Deirdre closed her eyes and felt that her mind was blank. When she regained her composure, she mustered up her courage again to ask, "Mr.

Reed, can you promise to grant me a favor?"

Kyran stared at Deirdre's face. She looked solemn, and her lips were trembling because she was too tense.

His eyes softened, and he lowered his head to type.

"Yes."

"Don't you need to ask me what's the favor?"

"Your eyes told me that you don't have any malicious intent toward me. In that case, I'm alright with anything."

For a moment, Deirdre didn't know what to say. She put her hand on her forehead, unable to speak. After she managed to regain her strength, she said, "I-I want to touch your body."

In an instant, both of them fell into silence.

Deirdre blushed. Fearing that Kyran might misunderstand, she hastily added, "I have no other intentions. I just want to touch your waist."

"Why?"

Why? It was because there was a wound on Brendan's waist-she had stabbed him with a knife. Although he had survived in the emergency room, she believed it wouldn't recover so quickly, and the scar must be there. Therefore, she believed she could verify whether Kyran was Brendan as long as she touched it with her hand.

But how could she explain it to Kyran?

As Deirdre tightly clenched her fist, she explained, "Because you are similar to someone I know. Hence, I want to feel that you are not him." Following that, she added, "Can I?"

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Kyran stopped typing but grabbed Deirdre's hand directly.

His hand was very broad. Unlike that man's chilly hands, Kyran's hand was very hot. It was so hot that the heat would burn the skin.

Deirdre trembled unconsciously. She then felt that Kyran brought her hand toward himself little by little and gradually approached.

She heard him roll up his shirt before slowly putting her palm on his chest.

It happened to be the location where his heart was. When Deirdre felt the warmth and beating heart, she blushed and unconsciously wanted to withdraw her hand.

Kyran held her hand tighter, all the way down to the waist.

Enter title...

Following that, Kyran released her hand and just dragged his shirt upwards. It seemed to be telling Deirdre that she could touch wherever she wished.

Deirdre was blushing as red as a tomato.

She warned herself repeatedly that this was only to verify Kyran's identity. But because she couldn't see it, everything—the man's rhythmic breathing, the pleasant smell, and the texture of his muscles—was magnified thousands of times.

Even though she and Brendan had done it countless times and had many intimate entanglements, she had never touched him so seriously.

Deirdre's eyes dimmed. Whether it was before or after her imprisonment, they were more like strangers who only had a relationship in bed.

Kyran's breathing became heavier. Deirdre regained her composure, apologized in a low voice, and moved her hand toward the left.

Closing her eyes, she tried to recall the position she had stabbed.

It was at the lower and left side of the abdomen, near the waistline.

Deirdre put her hand on it, and in the next second, she opened her eyes.

The man moved a bit and typed on his mobile phone with difficulty.

"What's wrong?"

Deirdre felt a tug at her heart. Unwilling to resign, she stroked it three times.

She felt that the surface was flat, with neither a wound nor a scar mark.

She knew very well how serious that knife wound was. It wouldn't be healed completely in such a short period, not to mention that there was no scar and that it was such a smooth skin surface.

Therefore, she finally verified that Kyran was not Brendan.

It was merely an accident that had led to a misunderstanding.

Deirdre's face turned pale, and she breathed a sigh of relief. It was at this moment that she was finally able to feel relieved.

Suddenly, the side door opened.

Declan appeared at the door of the lounge with a document in his hand. Upon seeing Deirdre and Kyran inside like that, his surprised expression suddenly turned into a calm one. There was even a hint of a smile on his lips.

"Miss McKinnon, Kye, this is the lounge of the church, after all. There are a lot of people outside. If there are any loud noises here, they'll hear it. No matter how anxious you are, there is no need to do this, right? If not, there are also guest rooms upstairs."

Deirdre hastily withdrew her hand and lowered her head while trying to explain herself,

"N-No! Mr. King, it's not what you see—"

"Yes, yes, I do understand it. There is no need to explain this kind of thing to me. We're all adults here, after all. It's normal. In fact, I am quite happy. Kye has been single and available for so many years and has always refused girls' touch. Therefore, it's good news that he finally has a girl he is willing to allow her to touch him."

Declan snickered and added wittily, "Well, I'll get out of here while both of you continue."

The door was then closed, and Declan left without wanting any explanation.