

Resent Reject Regret

Resent Reject Regret by Aqua Summers chapter 33

Chapter 33 Charlene Won't Dance Again Upon hearing that, Deidre clenched her fists so hard that her nails dug into her flesh. She would never forget that, of course. She would never forget how merciless this man was or that he had made her spend a year in agony. Deidre's body was shaking, but she calmed herself enough to open her eyes once again. Her glassy eyes were lowered when she made a mocking remark. "Why would you waste your breath here if you could send me there again? I believe that life wasn't all that good to you after Brendan made me plead guilty. Am I right?"

Charlene's face turned pale. Deidre was right. She had assumed that the relationship between her and Brendan would grow after Deidre was imprisoned and they would get married and have children.

However, Brendan had suddenly grown more distant. Even though he had never declared it openly, Charlene knew that Brendan blamed her for the hit-and-run. He also blamed her for getting Deidre imprisoned.

Charlene's eyes were burning with hatred and disgust. She figured that she would have been the one imprisoned at the time had she not lied about her body not being able to withstand being in jail after the fire!

"The worst part for me was going under the knife, and I had to endure some pain to get rid of your obnoxious

face. However, it's different for you." Charlene cracked a smile and whispered in Deidre's ear, "Your child died a tragic death, didn't it?" Deidre's entire body froze.

Charlene looked at her freshly-manicured nails and said in a casual tone, "Someone sent a photo to me and I saw it. That poor little babe was almost fully formed, yet it was turned into mush, tossed in the trash, and fed to a pack of wild dogs.

"Oh right, right, do you know how Brendan reacted when he saw the photo? He frowned immediately because he found it disgusting. He refused to take an extra glance, so he burned the photo. He claimed that it was what the baby deserved and that you didn't deserve to bear his child."

Charlene lowered her voice when she uttered the final remark, and it sounded unusually malicious.

Deidre's eyes reddened with tears and anger. She reached for Charlene but she could not see, so she only managed to brush her fingertips across Charlene's shoulder. Charlene suddenly lost her footing and fell down the stairs.

Deidre was stunned when she heard the loud noise and the woman's agonized scream. Soon, she heard Brendan roar. "Charlene!"

She lowered her gaze. 'So that's how it is.'

Brendan took a step forward swiftly and shielded Charlene. Charlene was tearing up from the pain of falling down the stairs and holding her legs so that she could not move.

"Brendan, my legs hurt... Are they broken? Am I not going to be able to dance for you anymore?"

Brendan's eyes reddened from anger. He glared at Deirdre coldly before he carried Charlene out the door and took her to the hospital in a haste.

Even though Deirdre could not see, she could feel the man's intense anger and how bad he wished to kill her to

vent his anger.

She figured that he would most certainly have given her a ferocious slap if he was not in such a rush to take Charlene to the hospital.

She felt dizzy in her head, as if she was going to fall ill again.

She made her way up the stairs step by step until she reached the room. Deirdre buried herself in the blanket and fell into a deep sleep. She saw her deceased child in her dreams, yet before she could repent, someone grabbed her arm.

"Deirdre! How can you still have the nerve to sleep? How can you sleep soundly! It's all your fault that Charlene won't ever dance again!"

Rumble!

There was a storm outside, and endless thunder could be heard.

Brendan's dark eyes burned with fury, and he looked terrifying under the flashing lightning.

Deidre's entire body was weak from the fever. She lowered her gaze upon hearing that and said, "Ah."

Chapter 35 Take Me Away

"Deirdre! Deirdre!"

Brendan's pupils constricted in fear. He tossed away the umbrella to pick up the woman and took her back to the room without any concern about the mud on her body.'

On the other hand, Deirdre's breathing was weakening with each passing second. Her entire body was ice-cold, and the only body heat left was on her face. She was running a high fever.

"I won't let anything bad happen to you!"

He clenched his teeth. Steven would have been astonished for sure if he was there, as Brendan was speaking with a voice tainted with unprecedented anxiety.

"Do you think you can get away just by losing consciousness? Do you think that you can put an end to everything just by doing this? That would be impossible! Deirdre, you're mine for life and you'll be buried in my family's tomb when you die! Don't even think about extricating yourself. Don't even think about it!"

He wrapped Deirdre in a blanket and increased the heater's temperature before he called up a doctor. He smoked a cigarette in agitation as he waited at the door. The doctor arrived and found Deirdre still wearing

her wet clothes as soon as he entered the room. He frowned and said, "How could you leave her in her wet clothes? It's going to worsen her condition. You have to remove her drenched clothes."

The doctor attempted to pull away the blanket but was caught off guard when Brendan grabbed his wrist. Brendan said, his dark eyes filled with a foreboding presence, "I'll do it." "Ah, ah... I shall excuse myself for a moment then." The doctor was stunned by Brendan's gaze. He had not been planning on removing Deirdre's clothes initially. He wanted to examine the patient, yet he had not expected that Brendan would actually react in that manner.

He was confused, as he saw that the woman's face was disfigured, and there was no intact part left on it. However, Brendan treated her as though she was his precious treasure, as if she would be taken advantage of if someone else were to touch her.

The doctor left in disbelief. Brendan put out his cigarette and pulled the blanket away from Deirdre's body.

Her clothes were drenched and clung tightly to her body, while her skin was flushed from the high fever. Her figure was not considered enticing, yet for some unknown reason, Brendan felt his throat tighten with desire at the sight of her shriveled body.

He got rid of those unwanted thoughts and helped

Deirdre change into fresh clothes. When he was done, he was almost drenched in sweat.

"Done."

He opened the door to let the doctor in. After the examination, it was too late for Deirdre to get an intravenous drip, so she needed an injection.

The needle was very thick, and Deirdre was caught off guard when it pierced her arm. She furrowed her eyebrows tightly from the pain, and her body began shaking uncontrollably.

The doctor noticed the change in Brendan's gaze, so he hastily explained, "This is the only thing that works on her now. Her body is too weak, and she was in the rain while having a fever. She's going to die, so the intravenous drip won't work on her."

He was rendered speechless upon saying that. 'Why did you make her stay in the rain for so long if you care about her?'

The doctor departed after leaving some medicine behind following the consultation. Brendan stood before the bed and looked at the woman's face, which was drained of blood. She looked just like a ghastly pale porcelain doll that was about to break.

He stretched out a finger and could not help using it to sweep across the woman's forehead. Deirdre batted her eyelashes at the unexpected touch.

"Sterling..." she chanted. "Take me away..."

Coldness gathered in Brendan's dark eyes, and the final tint of sympathy left in there vanished.

Deirdre lost track of time but found herself in bed when she woke up.

She felt the clothes on her body and realized that she was not wearing what she had on before. As for the time, she could not tell if it was day or night, but she felt her throat hurt and she tried to get out of bed to drink water with great difficulty. It was no surprise to her that she survived the ordeal. Brendan would not let her die because he needed someone to blame for Charlene's leg injury. He would never leave that matter be. In the past, he had divorced her and kicked her out just because Charlene had been aggrieved. He would keep her alive just for Charlene again.

Chapter 34 If You're Out to Condemn Someone, You Can Always Trump up a Crime 'Ah?'

Brendan could not believe it upon witnessing Deirdre's reaction. How could she actually be so nonchalant after causing someone else's leg injury?

He clutched the woman's throat in a strong grip. "How can you be so malicious, Deirdre! Your eyes are blind, yet this doesn't hide your sinister intentions. Charlene helped you up the stairs out of kindness, yet you showed no remorse after shoving her down the stairs. You should've been the one pushed down the stairs!" Deirdre felt like laughing. "If you had come a little later, I would have been pushed down the stairs." Brendan paused for a moment. Soon, he frowned in disgust. "You're impenitent!"

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He pulled strongly to drag her off the bed. "How can you still sleep after crippling someone's leg? Deirdre, you disgust me. Go to the door and repent for your mistake! Come back when you're ready to acknowledge your mistake!"

Deirdre was almost incapable of getting up after being pushed to the floor. Her entire body felt weak and limp, but she clenched her teeth and said after resting for a

long while, "I won't. Why would I repent when I did nothing wrong?"

"You did nothing wrong, huh? You crippled Charlene's leg. She won't be able to dance anymore even after her leg recovers! Do you still think that you did nothing wrong?"

"She won't be able to dance anymore, huh?" Deirdre sneered. "I had no idea that she enjoyed dancing. Is she a dancer? Is this minor injury enough to destroy the rest of her life?"

Deirdre stood upright and said in exasperation, her body shaking, "What about me then? If I compensate her with my leg, will you return my face, eyes, and child to me?"

Brendan was stunned. Soon, he was filled with surging anger.

"You're obstinate!"

He clutched Deirdre's wrist and pulled her behind him as he walked downstairs. He made her get down on her knees in the rain.

"Let's see how long you are going to be this stubborn ! You will kneel until you stop refusing to acknowledge your mistake. If you don't, I'll make Sterling kneel on your behalf! I heard that he has been taken to a hospital, and I'd like to see if he will make it through this rainy night!"

Upon saying that, Brendan shut the door heavily with a long face.

It felt unusually cold to be drenched in the rain and standing on wet soil. The coldness crept into her body all the way from her toes, and her face was drained of blood. The rain rushed at her weak body and made her body temperature drop bit by bit.

It was cold. It was piercingly cold.

It was so cold that her ears hummed, and her head was so muddled that she could not tell if she was dreaming or sober. She felt as if she had returned to jail and she was splashed with cold water and forced to stay next to the toilet bowl. It was the endless coldness that had diminished her passion for the world into nothingness .

Upstairs, Brendan looked down at the woman kneeling on the ground all this while, cigarette butts covering the ground under his feet as his eyes were filled with agitation. It had already been an hour, yet she still refused to acknowledge her mistake , even though she looked like she was about to lose consciousness.

The rain was heavier now, and it appeared that it would not stop anytime soon.

He grabbed an umbrella and headed downstairs. He

opened the door and held up the black umbrella, revealing his cold, stunning face. He stepped into the muddy water in his boots, his fingers wrapped around the umbrella handle, glistening in the dark night. "Deirdre , do you acknowledge your mistake?" He held the umbrella above the woman's head with a strong grip. Deirdre heard Brendan's voice in her daze. She was so cold that she could not feel anything, and her body was shivering beyond her control. However, she put a smile on her pale face and told the man, "If you're out to condemn someone, you can always trump up a crime. What have I done wrong?" Upon saying that, Deirdre could not hold up her body anymore. She crashed into the muddy water heavily and lost consciousness.

Chapter 36 Apologize to Charlene

She was glad that the kitchen arrangements had not changed. Deirdre poured herself a glass of water and took two gulps quickly before she heard footsteps behind her.

Brendan was home.

Deirdre turned her body in the direction of the door with tense movements. She could sense the man's gaze, and it caught her off guard. She was properly dressed, yet she could still feel his coldness.

She pulled her clothes tighter without realizing it and heard him ask, "You're awake, huh?"

Deirdre braced herself, nodding despite not understanding the nature of his question. She kept her head lowered as she downed the last gulp of water in the glass. Soon, the footsteps approached her and stopped right in front of her. Deirdre's body turned stiff for a moment when she sensed the man's touch on her forehead. She pulled back subconsciously, only to discover that he had just touched her forehead for a brief moment.

He was feeling her body temperature. It came as a surprise to her, but a moment later, the man's remark disappointed her completely.

"It seems that you're still alive. Follow me to the hospital later so you can apologize to Charlene."

Brendan would not leave this matter be. He was in a rush to avenge Charlene as soon as Deirdre's fever broke.

Deirdre clenched her fists tightly. "I won't..."

Her lips were pursed so tightly that they turned white. She would never apologize to the enemy who had indirectly killed her child! "I won't apologize to her!" Brendan's dark eyes turned cold, and he grew impatient. "Deirdre, don't try to push my limits. Why won't you apologize? Do you know that Charlene was in pain throughout the night and only managed to fall asleep earlier?!"

'No wonder his body is stained with a feminine scent. It turns out that he spent all night accompanying Charlene.

'He went off to keep his beloved woman company without taking a break after he was done punishing me. He was not willing to waste any time, not even a minute.'

Deirdre pushed her hand against her chest strongly to stop her heart from aching. Soon, she raised her head. "I didn't push her down the stairs. She fell down the stairs by herself. Plus, I went through a hard time when I was her scapegoat, so what if I really did push her down the stairs? Shouldn't she be punished for killing someone in a

hit-and-run?!"

The woman spoke in a confident voice. Brendan's dark eyes turned cold, and he grabbed Deirdre by the throat abruptly, his body pushing close against hers. "Stop being unreasonable. If you don't apologize to her, I'll make Sterling apologize on your behalf. We need to get

even anyway!"

He almost had to force out that final remark through tightly-clenched teeth.

Deirdre's face turned ghastly pale abruptly. "Don't do that, Brendan! This is between us. It's none of his business!"

For some unknown reason, Brendan felt anger surging inside his body when he realized that the woman would yield because of Sterling, despite her usual fearlessness. "Why can't I do that? Deirdre, perhaps you've forgotten who I am. If I want Sterling dead in Neve, he will not live!" His eyes were glistening with rage. "I thought Sterling thought highly of himself? If that's the case, he shall apologize on your behalf!" "No... Don't!" Deirdre panicked and grabbed Brendan's arm tightly. Sterling was already in deep trouble because of her, so she would never allow herself to implicate him again. Her throat felt parched, and she bit her lower lip tightly. "Aren't you trying to get me to apologize to Charlene?"

Sure! I shall apologize to her! If you leave him out of this, I will apologize to Charlene!"

Brendan was stunned for a moment, his face turning ashen with disappointment: The woman who would have rather died in the rain than yield and apologize previously had agreed to apologize easily because of Sterling.

He was not only displeased, but he wished he could kill someone.

Brendan was furious. He would like to see how far Deirdre would go for Sterling. "You're going to kneel at the door of Charlene's room until she forgives you!"

Chapter 37 Kneel Down to Seek Forgiveness

Clink...

Deirdre heard the sound of something breaking and felt her body burning, as if Brendan had raised his arm to deliver a tight slap on her face.

He would spare no effort tormenting her and would actually make her kneel down before Charlene? He wanted her to do it as everyone in the hospital bore witness too?

Am I not a person to him? Don't I have any integrity left?

Her heart ached so badly that it felt as if a rope was tightened around it until her heart turned into mush. Her eyes were moist with tears, but she could no longer shed

any.

She had cried so much that her tears had dried up.

"Sure..." After a long time, she shut her eyes and said with her fists tightly clenched, "I will kneel down and apologize to Charlene as long as you leave Sterling out of this!"

The air was deathly still for a few seconds. Soon, a clang was heard when the plates shattered to the ground. Brendan had kicked over the table.

She could sense his overpowering anger just by listening to his voice, without even seeing anything. Deirdre batted her eyelashes in confusion. 'Why is Brendan still displeased despite having his wish fulfilled? What else does he want?'

She had no idea, just like she had no idea why Brendan would take her to the villa by any means necessary. Even if he was looking for a slave to fulfill his bedroom needs, he should not have settled for someone as hideous as her.

The hospital called to inform Brendan that Charlene had awakened after he was done venting his anger on Deirdre. He was notified that Charlene was constantly crying from pain after waking up and chanting his name.

Brendan turned his head and glared at Deirdre ferociously after hanging up the call. "Did you hear that? It's your fault that Charlene is going through this pain!" Deirdre's heart was aching. 'Who's fault was it when I went through that hardship in jail then?'

Brendan was infuriated when she kept quiet. He tossed her into the passenger seat by force and rushed over to the hospital.

They headed to the ward, but Deirdre could hear Charlene's cries even before reaching the door. It sounded as if she was in agonizing pain due to her injury.

Brendan approached Charlene in a rush. Charlene

wrapped her arms around Brendan's muscular waist in a haste and hugged him. "Brendan! It hurts so much! I'm going to die soon! Can you please have the doctor administer painkillers? It hurts too much... I would... I would rather die!"..

Brendan furrowed his eyebrows tightly and rubbed her back. "The surgery is done. Just bear with it a little more. Everything is going to be better in a couple of days." "But I can't dance anymore. You enjoy watching me dance, but I can't dance for you anymore ..."

Charlene's tears streamed down her face endlessly as she took a glance and saw Deirdre standing at the door. Her face turned pale abruptly. "Why is she here? What is she up to this time?"

Charlene was panic-stricken, Brendan comforted her in a gentle voice. "Don't be scared. I will make her apologize to you."

He spoke in a cold tone as he looked at Deirdre. "Did I bring you here so you could stand by the door like a pillar?"

Deirdre clenched her fists tightly, her soft lips pursed into a line, yet she could not resist Brendan's threat.

She kneeled down before Charlene under his forceful gaze.

She felt her heart ache with every breath. She then shut her eyes, her face ghastly pale. "Ms. McKinney, I'm very sorry for causing your injury. Please forgive me."

A look of surprise flashed past Charlene's eyes. She had not expected that Brendan would be able to make Deirdre do this.

So it turns out that Brendan still loves me. He regards Deirdre as a servant. Otherwise, why would he make her kneel down before me?’

Charlene was delighted in her heart but did not express it. On the contrary, she leaned against Brendan with a look of lingering fear on her face. She said through sobs, “I’m sorry, Deirdre. I’m scared by the sight of you and I’m no saint. It’s your fault that I can’t dance, so I can’t forgive you... Will you please allow me to calm down first?”

Chapter 38 Do You Have Feelings for Deirdre Upon saying that, Charlene turned her head to the side, her body trembling from fear, as if she was reluctant to be in Deirdre’s presence.

However, Deirdre was forced to bow down to her at the door repeatedly because of her remark.

The nurse in the room shut the door coldly while Deirdre remained kneeling before the door on the hard, tiled floor. She had also knelt on the muddy ground yesterday night, so blood was seeping from her red, swollen knees.

Deirdre’s face turned ghastly pale from the pain, and cold sweat was streaming down her cheeks. Meanwhile , she heard Charlene’s coquettish voice coming from the other side of the door. “Brendan, I’m thirsty. Will you get me some water?”

The strong passion in the room was unstoppable.

Cold sweat dripped from Deirdre’s face. Her gaze was empty, and her knees went numb from pain.

She drew the attention of quite some people while she knelt in the corridor. People were gathering around to watch her, some of them confused, while others were mocking her by saying, “How can she be a good person if she is kneeling in front of a ward? I heard that the woman in that ward is suffering from a broken leg after being

pushed down the stairs by someone. I think that there is a 90% chance that this woman did it!”

“What a sinister woman! She’s hideous, but her intention is even more malicious. According to a saying, a person’s appearance is a reflection of their inner self.”

“No wonder she’s been made to kneel there. It’s already merciful beyond recognition that she wasn’t reported to the police. How cruel could a person be to be willing to do something like this?”

The group of people engaged in a heated discussion, and in just 30 minutes, Deirdre had already been described as a wicked woman who was jealous of someone else’s beauty.

Charlene had a slice of cake in the room and told Brendan, “I would like an apple, Brendan. Please peel one for me.”

Brendan's gaze moved toward the door of the ward, and he heard parts of the discussion outside. He furrowed his eyebrows impatiently and asked, "Does your leg not hurt anymore?"

Charlene was stunned for a moment. Then, her eyes reddened with tears abruptly. "Of course it does. I'm only enduring it in silence without showing it. Why are you questioning me out of nowhere ... Are you mad at me for making Ms. McKinnon kneel? Brendan, tell me, do you have feelings for her? Is that why you care about her so

much?"

"That would be impossible!" Brendan denied it harshly. 'Me having feelings for Deirdre? That is simply preposterous!

"You're the only person I care about."

"Really?" Charlene cracked a smile and wiped away her tears. "I was under the assumption that you had reconciled with Ms. McKinnon when you took her to the villa. I had a dream last night that you were leaving me to be with Ms. McKinnon and I woke up crying." She sniffed. "Brendan, I know that I'm being too naive. Aren't I? I should behave more like a grown woman and stop overthinking things." "No." Brendan suppressed the displeasure in his expression. "You've been wronged, and I've already punished Deirdre."

"Is that so?" Charlene rolled her eyes from side to side. She knew that it was time and Brendan's impression of her would deteriorate if she were to put this off any longer. Hence, she said softly, "I was really scared earlier. I was scared that Ms. McKinnon was going to seize the opportunity to hurt me when I was caught off guard. That's why I refused to meet her. Now that I've calmed down, it's fine that my leg is broken. It's going to heal anyway, so I shall forgive Ms. McKinnon."

As she was speaking, Charlene ordered the nurse to open the door.

Deirdre was still kneeling in the same spot when the door was opened. Her face was already drained of blood, looking as white as a sheet of paper. Charlene blinked and said, "I was too scared earlier, Ms. McKinnon. I hope you don't mind. You took care of Brendan for so many years for me, so I've already forgiven you in my heart."

Deirdre's knees were already numb, but she still stood up with great effort. She found Charlene's remark amusing. 'Why would you make me kneel for more than an hour if you've already forgiven me?'

She refused to make a fuss out of this, so she said in a hoarse voice, "Since you've already forgiven me, if there's nothing else, I shall leave now, Ms. McKinney." "Hold on!"

Chapter 39 You're Here, Madam Brendan was furious. "Is this how you acknowledge your mistake, Deirdre?"

Deirdre's entire body was trembling from pain. She couldn't care less about her demeanor because she was in so much pain that she needed to rest before she spoke. She asked with her soft lips trembling, "What do you want from me then?"

Brendan's gaze turned cold. He was about to speak when Charlene held his hand and said in a fake magnanimous voice, "Forget it, Brendan. We won't make a fuss out of this situation anymore. Let her leave."

Her voice softened as she said, "Will you stay with me today, Brendan? Don't leave tonight. The bed is big enough for both of us."

Her voice softened more toward the end of her sentence, as if she was feeling shy. Deirdre felt her pain become dull for a moment when she heard the remark.

Brendan wanted to decline at first, yet he remembered something and glared at Deirdre's face with his dark eyes.

He refused to believe that she would forget her deep love for him, which spanned over two years. "Sure." Brendan caught everyone off guard with his

answer. He smirked and said, "I don't want to live in that villa anymore. Of course I will stay and keep you company while you're recovering. I'll share a bed with you."

He emphasized the words 'share a bed with you', his gaze focused on Deirdre's face. He refused to miss any changes in her expression.

However, Deirdre did not even furrow her eyebrows. Instead, she turned around and walked outside step by step.

She couldn't care less and she refused to stay even for a moment longer. Brendan felt a monstrous wave of fury fill his chest abruptly and wanted to go after her.

"Brendan!" Charlene's delight faded, and she assumed a panic-stricken expression. "You promised me that you'd

stay."

Brendan clenched his fists tightly and suppressed his anger. He pulled out his phone to call up Steven.

Steven was in an area near the hospital to begin with, so when he made his way to the top floor, Deirdre was still there. She was sitting in the chair in a daze, her expression nonchalant.

He was relieved as he approached her. "Ms. McKinnon, I'm Steven Young. My employer sent me to take you back to the villa."

Deirdre raised her head. She could not tell where Steven was, so she kept her head turned to the side. She licked her dry, cracked lips and said, "Will you wait just a moment? I need to rest for a short while. I'm in... pain."

Upon hearing that, Steven looked at the woman's knees, which she had covered with her hands. He could not conceal his astonishment a moment later, when he saw her badly-scraped knees. They were red, and her raw flesh was mingled with dust, looking like a bloody mess.

It went without saying that her pain was unbearable.

Steven thought to himself, 'How can an ordinary woman be able to put up with this pain? If any other woman was in her place, she would be crying from pain, yet she's not even furrowing her eyebrows.'

"Your knees are injured. I shall get someone to see to it." Steven could not bear to watch anymore, so he called over a nurse to dress the wound.

Deirdre's eyes reddened with tears a few times during the wound-cleaning process. She whispered to him when it was done, "Thank you." Steven's expression was overwhelmed by emotions." Don't mention it. Do you need me to carry you to the car?"

"It's fine, I can walk." Deirdre felt her way along the wall and walked to the elevator.

Steven followed her, gazing at her shaking legs. Deirdre was about to walk into the elevator when the elevator door opened and she suddenly heard a familiar voice say, "Steven?"

Steven immediately assumed a respectful demeanor." You're here, madam." Madam Brighthall had a scarf draped across her shoulders. She heaved a sigh and said, "I don't know what happened to Charlene to make her fall down the stairs out of nowhere. My mind was not at ease, so I came to check on her. Even though the child disappoints me frequently these days, she's still my daughter-in-law. I can't just stop caring about her just because she's made some mistakes, right?"

Chapter 40 She Doesn't Care About Him Anymore Steven said in an obedient tone, "Yes, you and Ms. McKinney are family."**

Madam Brighthall nodded, then looked at the woman standing next to Steven subconsciously. "Who is this?"

Deirdre lowered her head anxiously upon hearing that, the thoughts in her head muddled.

She had not expected to meet Madam Brighthall suddenly today. It was worse that they had to meet under such circumstances. She had just realized that her face was disfigured, so Madam Brighthall would not recognize her now that she had lowered her head in a flurry. "This is Ms. McKinney's friend. She is visually impaired, and sir instructed me to take her home." "She can't see, huh?" Madam Brighthall sounded sympathetic. She was at a loss for words, but she found the sight of Deirdre familiar. She could not help extending her hand to grab Deirdre's fingers. "Girl, why are your hands so cold? You should wear warmer attire in the fall."

She removed her scarf and wrapped it around Deirdre's body. "Even though I've been wearing it for a long time, it's very warm and comfortable. Use it to warm your body. I shall get a move on because I still have some affairs to

attend to.”

Madam Brighthall smiled and loosened her grip on Deirdre’s fingers before she headed to the ward.

Deirdre kept her head lowered at all times without uttering a word. Steven gazed after Madam Brighthall’s departing figure before he looked at Deirdre.

“We should go, Ms. McKinnon.”

“Sure...” The woman’s voice suddenly sounded like she was crying. When she raised her head, her disfigured face was already drenched in tears.

Steven was in shock. Deirdre had not cried while her wounds were being cleaned or when she had been walking in so much pain that her legs trembled. On the other hand, she was suddenly drenched in tears because Madam Brighthall had shown concern for her.

Her voice was shaking, and it looked as if her tears were endless. “I’m sorry that I’ve made a fool of myself.”

A moment later, she chuckled and said in a very low voice, “I just remembered something.”

After Steven took Deirdre home, he received a call from Brendan. He was summoned back to get him. Brendan got in the car with an agitated expression. “Is Deirdre back at the villa?”

“Yes.”

Brendan furrowed his eyebrows ever so slightly as he waited for Steven to finish his sentence. Noticing that Steven was quiet, he could not help asking, “Did she not ask you anything on the way to the villa? Such as how far my relationship with Charlene is and if we’ve moved in

together?”

Steven was stunned for a moment and he was having a hard time responding to the situation. He shook his head a moment later. “No. Ms. McKinnon was very quiet along the way and sat on the sofa when I took her to the villa without uttering a word.” She had said nothing? She used to call up Steven and beat about the bush to find out about the women that he was reportedly with according to the tabloids in the past. Yet now, she did not seem to mind when he was obviously spending the night with Charlene? Brendan’s expression was filled with impatience. He punched the car, his hand swelling up.

Steven was startled. “Sir?”

He turned around and took a glance at Brendan’s swollen hand. He then asked in a haste, “Would you like to get your hand checked?”

“No, it’s not enough to kill me.” Brendan shook his hand and shut his eyes. His head was filled with images of the woman’s face. She was already disfigured and extremely hideous, but she remained as lively as before in his mind.

She was crying, laughing, sad, cold, tearing up... She had been on the verge of a mental breakdown when she had begged Sterling to take her with him last night. Brendan was certain that the idea expressed by Deirdre subconsciously was most certainly her deepest desire.

Deirdre wanted to run away, and she wanted to do it with Sterling. Brendan felt uneasy all over his body and felt as if his insides were crushed at the thought of Sterling and Deirdre chatting joyously. He clenched his fists tightly.

The sky was already dark by the time he ended an important meeting at the company. However, the streets of Neve were still brightly lit at night.

Steven asked, "Sir, are we heading to Ms. McKinney's place? She has already called you a few times."