

Resent Reject Regret

Chapter 51 She Was Jailed on Your Behalf

Regardless of how painful the kick was, Steven remained silent and kneeled on the ground. Brendan showed him the medical report on his phone with an intimidating, apathetic expression. "Look at this. Explain yourself."

This was expected, so Steven had long prepared an explanation. He stooped low as he said, "I'm sorry, sir. I wanted to tell you at the time, but I know you very well. If you had found out that Ms. McKinnon lost her sight in jail, you would have definitely done whatever you could to take her out of jail. However, because we were under the watchful eye of the public, your actions would have certainly led to an unintended negative impact on the Brighthall Group. Therefore, I couldn't say it. I took the liberty not to tell you immediately. I am sorry!"

"You took a liberty indeed." Brendan laughed instead when he got to the point of extreme anger. He looked down at Steven with his ice-cold gaze. "It seems that I've been too kind to you. So much so that you can't tell who's the boss anymore. From this day onward, you are fired. Get out of here! Don't you ever come back without my permission!"

'What?' Charlene covered her mouth, feeling incredulous. She couldn't believe that Brendan would fire Steven just for the sake of Deirdre.

"Brendan, think about it!" Charlene moved toward Brendan in her wheelchair. "Steven has been working for you for so many years. Don't you understand that he meant well? It wouldn't have been helpful to tell you since Ms. McKinnon had already lost her sight at the time. Besides, he did it for you and for the sake of the Brighthall Group!"

"For me and the Brighthall Group?" Brendan smirked. "Deirdre's eyes clearly still had a chance to be healed at the time! She could have regained her sight! It's because you guys hid it from me that she is totally blind! Since you two have been telling me that Steven did it for my sake, you're implying that I'm the one who blinded her with my own hands, aren't you!"

Lips trembling, Charlene blurted, "It's just a pair of eyes. Are they more important than the entire Brighthall Group? Do you wish to place the entire Brighthall Group in a crisis just for Deirdre McKinnon?"

Charlene instantly met his terrifying gaze. His black, ice cold, unfathomable eyes silenced her in an instant.

"Charlene McKinney," Brendan said. It was the first time he had addressed Charlene in such an indifferent manner. "She was jailed on your behalf."

Tears welled up in Charlene's eyes, and she choked from fright. "I-I know... When I learned about Ms. McKinnon. losing her sight in jail, I felt sorry for her too. But because

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it had already happened, it couldn't be undone...'

Charlene acted meticulously, but Brendan's eyes remained ice-cold. It was amid this suffocating atmosphere that the door of the emergency room was flung open.

Looking drained, the doctor walked out of the room and said regretfully, "You guys should be the patient's family, right? I am sorry, but we have done our best. The patient's condition is truly critical, and she doesn't have any desire to live whatsoever. Hence, this is the best we could do... We'll give you some time to tell her goodbye."

'Goodbye?' Brendan was startled, and a chill rushed up from his feet, moving through his organs and his head. He shivered uncontrollably and lunged to grab the doctor's shoulder. "What are you saying? I want you to save her, not say that you have done your best! She will live, I'm sure of it!"

"Sir, calm down!" Steven stepped forward to stop Brendan.

Brendan had been trembling so far. Calm down? How could he calm down? Deirdre was dying... The same Deirdre who was once infatuated with him and full of admiration for him was going to die!

Brendan admitted that he didn't like Deirdre. He didn't like her character or her behavior. Hence, he wouldn't want to be with her forever.

However, he had thought it through thoroughly.

Deirdre had lost her mother and everything else because she had been jailed on Charlene's behalf. Therefore, Brendan had thought he would take care of her in the future.

Chapter 52 A Slim Chance of Survival

Brendan was willing to be a pillar for Deirdre to rely on. He wished for Deirdre to live a worry-free life until her last breath.

But it seemed that Brendan's wish would never be

realized, as Deirdre was about to disappear from the world. It made him feel so much pain that he couldn't breathe.

The doctor could understand Brendan's feelings as he said, "We're helpless too. Her lungs are punctured, and the injury she's suffered is truly severe. What's more, the patient doesn't have any desire to live. Unless..."

Brendan's eyes lit up when he heard that there was a slim chance to save Deirdre. "Unless what?"

"Unless renowned academic doctor Dr. Killton is willing to step out. Unfortunately, he's not in Neve currently, and even if he was, he has already stopped performing surgery.

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It wasn't a helpful answer. Brendan tightened his fists and asked coldly, "What about Dr. Killton's last student?"

"His last student?" The doctor was startled but quickly recollected himself and replied, "In that case, there'd certainly be a slim chance of survival!"

Brendan tightened both his fists further. He didn't want Sterling to be given this opportunity if possible. But because Deirdre's condition was critical, he couldn't let her die either.

He turned to Steven and demanded coldly, "Go tell Sterling about Deirdre's current condition. He'll come for sure!"

Following that, he strode into the emergency room without turning back.

Under the bright light, Deirdre was lying on the operating table. Her face was pale as a sheet, and her weak breath had almost stopped. She was in a dangerously critical condition.

The doctor had said that she had long given up on her life.

Eyes red, Brendan wondered whether Deirdre had truly given up on her life and whether she still cared about anything on earth.

Brendan had mixed feelings. He was feeling both pain and rage. He paced to Deirdre's side, and while resisting any thoughts of touching her face, he gritted his teeth and threatened her. "Deirdre McKinnon, I want you to live! I can't believe that you don't want to stay in this world and see it again!"

"Didn't you commit suicide for Sterling's sake? Didn't you want to appease my anger with your own death?"

Listen to me, it's not working! If you dare give up, I promise that no matter where Sterling goes, he won't be able to stay. He will suffer for the rest of his life just because of your death!"

Suddenly, the doctor shouted, "The patient is responding!"

Brendan clenched his fist. "Deirdre, if you keep on living, I promise not to harm Sterling again!"

From the moment Sterling rushed to her rescue up until the end of the operation, it took a whole eight hours for him to save Deirdre from the brink of death.

Brendan stayed awake for two days. He was so tired that dark circles had appeared under his eyes, yet he stubbornly waited outside the door of the emergency room. He let out a sigh of relief only when the doctors finally came out.

Nevertheless, a man dashed toward him from the emergency room and gave him a punch before anyone was even aware of it.

The bodyguard reprimanded him. "What are you doing!"

With red eyes, Sterling ignored the bodyguard and grabbed Brendan's collar. "You bastard!"

Sobbing, Sterling accused him, "To what extent do you want to harm Deirdre! Hasn't she suffered enough

because of you? How could you even force her to jump off that building? Are you even still human?!"

Brendan took Sterling's blow without striking back. He didn't get angry, nor did his expression change. He just raised his hand indifferently and pulled Sterling's hand off his neckline.

"I promised Deirdre. I will not make a fuss over this punch. Now that you saved her, please get out!"

Brendan didn't want to tell Sterling that Deirdre had jumped off the building because of Sterling. Otherwise, Sterling would misunderstand and think that Deirdre was interested in him as well.

Chapter 53 Are You Comparing Charlene to Yourself?

"Don't be crazy. Her body is so weak now that I can only set my mind at ease by taking her with me!" Sterling spoke through clenched teeth and took a glance at Charlene. "You have a real fiancée, Charlene, anyhow, right? You should have had your fill now that you've ruined her in so many ways!"

Brendan's gaze turned ice-cold abruptly when he heard that remark. "Who are you taking with you? Deirdre is mine. She's mine for life, and she will be buried in my family's burial site when she dies. Sterling, don't even think about showing off just because you saved her!"

Upon saying that, Brendan cast a look at his bodyguard before he turned around to head to the intensive care unit, where Deirdre was kept.

"Brend..." Charlene turned her wheelchair behind him. She had heard every part of the conversation. Her face was slightly pale, and she said in a piteous tone, "Since Ms. McKinnon's condition has already been stabilized, will you take me home? The people who brought me here have already left because they couldn't wait any longer. I'm scared to go by myself..."

There was agitation in Brendan's expression, perhaps due to him being stressed after Deirdre's incident or perhaps due to his deep hatred for Charlene after learning about Deirdre's blindness. He said in an indifferent tone, "I'll have Sam take you home. I still have some important matters to go through with Steven."

Upon hearing that, Sam went over to push Charlene's wheelchair in a haste. Charlene did not resist but clenched her fists so strongly that her nails dug into her palms, her lowered gaze tainted with a tinge of maliciousness.

She was convinced that Brendan's attitude was due to Deirdre's blindness!

She was not worried that Steven would expose her, as they were already in the same boat. However, she was worried that Brendan would attempt to ask Deirdre for answers after failing to receive any information from Steven after the interrogation.

Brendan would have never believed Deirdre in the past, but Charlene was not so certain about that after Deirdre's incident.

Charlene clenched her fists tightly and thought to herself, 'I'm going to make the b* tch shut her mouth quickly before she tells on me!'

Deirdre felt as if she'd had a long dream, and in the dream, she lived a life without turmoil, as she had wished for a long time. However, she could hear a stern voice in her head speaking to her over and over again.

"Wake up.

"I will make sure that Sterling won't be able to live peacefully if you dare give up. I'm going to make him suffer for the rest of your life because of your death!"

Deirdre opened her eyes abruptly and felt intense pain coming from her chest. Her breathing was shaky from the pain, and tears welled up in her eyes involuntarily.

She managed to calm herself down with great effort, only to discover that her hand was being held by someone.

The other person's hands were huge and wide, and coldness was radiating from their fingertips. Her dazed eyes followed the fingers of the man, and a moment later, she was caught off guard when her hand was held once again.

"What's going on? Do you want to touch me so badly? I believe you already planned to touch me while I slept for a long time, right? Since you can't resist the desire to touch me, why did you still try to kill yourself?"

Brendan spoke in a mocking tone. Deirdre could not be bothered to speak, so she exerted enough strength to pull her hand out of his palms and did not utter a word.

Brendan furrowed his eyebrows upon sensing her demeanor.

He had not gone to work in four days and had kept her company at all times, and yet this was what he got in return?

"What's the point of you pulling a long face, Deirdre? Do you know how many

business deals I lost because of you? I have kept you company for the four days that you've been comatose. I didn't do it so you could pull a long face at me as soon as you regained consciousness."

Brendan was infuriated. Deirdre found his remark amusing, as he was displeased after waiting for four days.

“Didn’t you spend a month traveling in Lionisle just to keep Charlene happy?”

Brendan furrowed his eyebrows instantly. “Are you comparing yourself to Charlene?” Deirdre lowered her eyes, the remark feeling like a crushing blow to her.

“You’re right. How could I have the audacity to compare myself to Charlene? What do I have?”

Chapter 54 They’re Kissing

Deirdre stopped speaking and shut her eyes. Realizing that he was being too harsh, Brendan explained by saying, “There’s no point in comparing yourself to her.”

Deirdre remained as quiet as before. Brendan stared at her dry, cracked lips and got up to fetch her a glass of water.

“Don’t go to sleep yet. Drink the water before you rest.”

Deirdre turned her face to the side. “I want to rest.”

“Rest after drinking the water.” Brendan pushed the glass of water toward her by force. Deirdre refused to drink, and while she was struggling, the glass was knocked over and dropped to the ground, producing a loud noise.

Brendan was completely infuriated. “Deirdre, why are you doing this? I ignored your suicide attempt without making any comments. In the past, I would have never let you off! You’re still ungrateful, even after all that. Are you only going to behave yourself when I force the drink down your throat!”

The collar of her top was wet, and Deirdre’s lips were trembling. She was in so much pain that she refused to drink, as one gulp of water would be sheer agony for her.

She knew that Brendan would not be convinced even if she were to explain herself, so she stopped speaking altogether.

Brendan was furious. He wanted to say something but stopped himself. He stepped out of the room with long strides.

Soon, the door was slammed shut.

The strong wind blew against Deirdre’s face at the very moment the door was shut. She curled up her body under the blanket and shut her eyes in lethargy. She knew that Brendan was furious, but it was not important to her anymore.

She could no longer be affected by Brendan’s mood because the pain and lethargy in her body overpowered her.

Her eyelids grew heavier slowly, and she fell asleep again.

She lost track of time until she finally woke up and heard the sound of footsteps next to her. She opened her eyes and asked, "Is that you, Brendan?"

The person was quiet for a moment. Soon, he said smilingly, "Hello, Ms. McKinnon."

It was an unfamiliar voice that triggered Deirdre's vigilance. "Who are you? Why are you in my ward?"

"Please calm down, Ms. McKinnon. I'm the caregiver employed by Mr. Brighthall to take care of you."

"Caregiver?" Deirdre furrowed her eyebrows.

Before she could even think, the man said, "Yes. It's great that you're awake now. Your medicine has already been prepared, and you can continue to sleep after taking the pills."

The medicine cup brought close to her emitted an intense, piercing medicinal odor. Deirdre came to realize something at once. "You're no caregiver! Who are you?"

She wanted to knock over the medicine cup, but the other person suddenly pushed down on her head and placed the cup against her lips before pouring its contents into her mouth by force.

Deirdre struggled wildly, yet the contents of the cup rolled down her throat. A moment later, her throat began to hurt as if she had swallowed several sharp objects.

The other person immediately ran away upon noticing the situation, while Deirdre's face turned ghastly pale from pain. She leaned over her bed in an attempt to spit out.

"Deirdre! Deirdre! What happened to you?"

Sterling opened the door and found Deirdre hurling over the side of the bed, her face ghastly pale. He approached her in a haste.

"In... In my mouth..."

Deirdre only managed to utter three words before her back was drenched in sweat from the pain. Cold sweat was pouring down her body, and her voice was hoarse, beyond recognition.

'Someone is actually trying to shut me up for eternity!'

Sterling immediately checked her mouth upon hearing her remark. He opened up her mouth and took a glance, only to see that the inside of her mouth was completely swollen.

"What happened? What did you take?" Sterling grew anxious instantly, worried that her voice would be destroyed judging by her reaction.

Deirdre had lost her sight, so if she were to lose her voice, she would have nothing!

His face turned ghastly pale, and he leaned close to her to examine her symptoms when Brendan opened the door and entered the room to witness the scene.

Deirdre was lying on the bed while Sterling was leaning over her, so it looked like they were kissing.

Chapter 55 Charlene Was in the Office

Brendan clenched his fists tightly and ran over to grab Sterling before punching his face ferociously. He was in an uncontrollable rage. "Sterling, are you trying to get yourself f*cking killed?! Did you think that you had a free pass for life just because I said that I'd let you off? Who let you in!"

Sterling's face stung from the punch yet he did not care about anything else. He shoved away Brendan abruptly and said, "Stop getting in the way!"

It was an emergency, so he couldn't care less about quarreling with Brendan, yet Brendan was especially furious. "Stop getting in the way? Who are you asking to make way, huh? Who do you think you are? You would have already died a hundred times had Deirdre not threatened me with her life! Who do you think you are to throw a tantrum in my presence!"

As he was speaking, the jacket of his suit was tugged by the woman on the bed. Brendan became even more infuriated. "Deirdre, are you trying to get yourself killed as well? Did I save you just so I could see you engage in a love affair with him..."

Brendan's gaze landed on Deirdre's ghastly pale face and his breath caught. Only then did Sterling manage to push Brendan's hands away.

"I'll be the first one to punish you if Deirdre loses her voice!"

He treated her and administered medicine for an hour before he managed to save Deirdre's voice.

The residue in the medicine cup was collected and sent for a laboratory test. Sterling's usually gentle expression changed, and he was shaking from anger as he held the test results. "This person is sinister. He knew that Deirdre is allergic, so he increased the dosage of the medicine. If I had come any later, Deirdre's voice would have been completely destroyed!"

He looked up to stare at Brendan. "I told you to let go of Deirdre. Is it not enough that you've ruined her eyes? Do you want to ruin her voice too?!"

Brendan kept quiet, as he knew that justice was not on his side. He sought the hospital to check the surveillance cameras with a cold expression, wanting to find out who had come to the room.

Sam had been guarding the room, yet he was nowhere to be found all of a sudden. He only showed up leisurely after Brendan got hold of a photo of the person on the surveillance camera.

"Mr. Brighthall?" Sam approached Brendan in an attempt to suck up to him after finding him talking to the hospital staff at the door. He felt his heart racing when he discovered that Brendan's expression was solemn beyond comparison and the ambiance was obviously unusual.

"Mr. Brighthall, did... did something happen?"

"Why?" Brendan gazed at him with an ice-cold gaze. "I ordered you to supervise the ward closely. Where have you been?"

Sam was stunned. "Didn't you send me to get some desserts for Ms. McKinnon from the cafe on the street? I got them after queueing up for a long time."

He shook the desserts he was holding in his hand, while Brendan furrowed his eyebrows tightly. "I sent you?"

"Yes, I still have the text message you sent me on my phone... What's going on?"

Brendan's expression was stern. "Something bad happened to Deirdre after you left."

"What?" Sam was incredulous.

"Show me the text message."

Sam pulled out his phone in a haste. There was indeed a text message from Brendan on his phone, yet he had still been in a meeting when the text message had been sent out, and his phone had been left on his desk.

Brendan's gaze turned icy. He made a call to the company to check the surveillance camera before he received an answer soon enough.

Charlene was in the office.

He was absolutely shocked by the answer. Brendan had never thought that this could happen and he was about to order his staff to look into this matter when he heard a commotion in the room behind him.

He immediately opened the door, only to see that Deirdre was already awake.

Concerned, Sterling got her some water at once. while Deirdre consumed it without making a fuss.

Sterling clenched his fists tightly. 'If I had gotten her the water, she wouldn't even have touched it, right?'

Chapter 56 All Because of Her

He stood at the door as he watched Deirdre gulp down half a glass of water slowly, his expression icy. Sterling wiped away her sweat for her, and the sight of them. moving in such harmony made Brendan clench his fists so tightly that his knuckles turned white.

He was agitated by how natural the ambiance between Deirdre and Sterling felt. It made him feel as if he was the outsider who had ruined their harmonious relationship!

“How’s your throat?”

Deirdre finished her drink while Sterling took the empty glass. Concerned, he asked, “Do you feel better? Has the pain eased up?”

Deirdre licked her lips. Her throat had been burning earlier, yet the pain was relieved substantially after she drank half a glass of cold water. She nodded soon. “Much better.”

She lowered her gaze and discovered that her voice was still hoarse. Every word she said was painful, yet she still made the effort to say, “Sterling, about your information. being exposed online...”

“You’re talking about that, huh? There are many people targeting the Fullers, and I knew that this day would come.” Sterling interrupted her, as if he knew that Deirdre would take all the blame again. Soon, he gave her a faint smile and said, “It’s good timing, though. The Fullers are busy dealing with this incident, so they are not focused on me or trying to restrict my freedom.”

“But...” Deirdre furrowed her eyebrows tightly and felt her chest burning with pain. “What about your reputation? What about your future? The Fullers won’t let you off!”

“We’ll discuss it more after they’ve gone through this ordeal.” Sterling was unbothered. “Besides, despite this incident, I’m still working in a hospital, right?”

“That’s not the same!” Deirdre was high-strung, and her throat hurt even more. She held the blanket tightly instinctively, and her shoulders were shaking.

Sterling refused to work in a hospital but had chosen to run a clinic in the city slums because he could not leave her given her current condition.

He could be living a better life with his current capabilities! It was all her fault!

“Calm down, Deirdre! You can’t speak loudly yet given your throat’s condition!” Sterling grew anxious and stretched out his arm in an attempt to wipe away Deirdre’s

sweat. A pair of arms suddenly extended from behind him and caught his wrist.

Sterling turned around to see Brendan, whose face was green from anger. He flung away Sterling’s hand, his dark eyes glistening with suppressed anger. “It’s time for you to leave after chatting for such a long time, right?”

Sterling sneered. “I will leave, but I’m taking Deirdre with me! She would have already lost her voice by now had I not shown up on time. She wouldn’t have been able to speak again. How can I possibly leave her with you and feel at ease given the current situation?”

Brendan clenched his fists tightly all of a sudden. Justice was not on his side

regarding Deirdre's incident. He calmed himself down repeatedly before he said, "It was an accident. It's not going to happen again."

"How can I still trust you at this point..."

"Sterling." Deirdre suddenly spoke up. Her eyes were lowered, and her fair arms were on the white blanket. Her gaze was empty yet calm when she said, "I'm sorry. You should leave. We shouldn't see each other again from this day onward."

"Deirdre?"

Deirdre tugged at the blanket and said in a rigid voice, "In truth, I wanted to tell you this when I met you the other day. I wanted to tell you that we have not been living in the same world from the start. I'm very content to be with Brendan and I don't want to change that for the time being. It would be best for us to be strangers."

Sterling's face turned pale when he heard this. He found it a pity. "Deirdre, I understand that you're doing this out of fear of implicating me. Don't worry, I've already separated myself from the Fullers anyhow, so I can't remain in Neve anymore. Unless Brendan wants to kill me, I will still have time to play his game."

Chapter 57 What Makes You Think That It's Charlene?

"You'll have time." Deirdre nodded. "However, I don't have time to spend on you anymore."

She clenched her fists tightly. She felt her heart bleed with every word she said, yet there was nothing she could do. She had to sever her ties with Sterling completely in front of Brendan.

Otherwise, this matter would never come to an end.

"Plus, Brendan treats me well. I believe that this incident was just an accident and it won't happen again in the future. I will be with him until he's bored of me. You should leave."

"Deirdre! Why are you saying this against your will!"

Brendan was very displeased. He grabbed Sterling by the collar. "What do you mean by 'against your will'?"

He declared in a slightly arrogant tone, "Deirdre has loved me to death from the start. She would walk in the rain for 20 kilometers just to see me in the past. You're only the man that she latched on to when she couldn't see. Don't think too highly of yourself!"

Upon saying that, he summoned Sam. "Please escort Mr. Fuller outside and don't let him take even half a step near the room next time!"

Sterling refused to obey, but Sam was a professional bodyguard whose body was very muscular. It was only a matter of time before he forcibly removed Sterling.

Brendan shut the door after Sterling left, and a faint smile appeared on his thin lips. He looked at Deirdre, who was lying on the bed, and said, "Don't worry. I'll never grow bored of you. As long as you behave yourself and obey me, I will provide for you for the rest of your life."

He had no idea why his charitable remark would make Deirdre's face turn ghastly pale. She shut her eyes and pulled the blanket over her head. "You should go out. I'm tired."

Her unexpected coldness astounded Brendan, who reacted to the situation by pulling away the blanket covering her head. "What do you mean, Deirdre?"

Deirdre's chest was still throbbing. She endured the pain by clenching her fists tightly and said, "Nothing. I would like to rest."

"Why didn't you ask to rest when Sterling was getting you water? Why are you all

about resting as soon as he left?" Brendan was furious for no reason. He suddenly realized something and said, "I understand now. You must be blaming me for not assigning staff members to care for you until you almost lost your voice, right? I told you that this won't happen again. Why are you being so narrow-minded?"

'Narrow-minded?'

Deirdre took a deep breath, her breath trembling when she exhaled. She was in great pain, yet the physical pain could not triumph over the psychological pain she felt.

She had almost lost her voice.

She had been disfigured, blinded, and her voice had almost been muted. How could she not be allowed to feel angry about that? All she had said was that she was tired, yet he had accused her of being narrow-minded?

Perhaps Brendan realized that he had gone too far after seeing her ghastly pale face, as he said, "Don't worry. I will give you a proper explanation. I'll capture the person who barged into your room and punish him personally so you can vent your anger."

Deirdre shut her eyes, but even the act of swallowing her own saliva burned. She said, "Brendan, I've always been very sensitive to sounds. It's apparent that I've never met the person who barged into the room. Do you think that he would take the huge risk to poison me until I became mute all by himself?"

"What do you mean?"

"It was Charlene." Deirdre bit her lower lip tightly. "She instigated this. She wants me to keep my mouth shut for eternity. She wants me to be an invalid!"

"That's impossible!" Brendan said harshly. His flawless, handsome face was filled with agitation as he asked coldly, "Do you have proof that Charlene instigated this incident? We haven't even captured the man who did it, so nothing is certain. What makes you think that it was Charlene?"

Chapter 58 The Truth

Deirdre said in a shaky voice, “Does anybody else loathe me as much as she does?”

As soon as she made the remark, Brendan felt incredulous. “Deirdre, I think you might be experiencing the delusion of persecution! She’s a very kind person, so how could she possibly loathe you! Besides, she has never badmouthed you to me: Do

you

think she has a reason to put you in harm’s way?”

‘A reason? Aren’t there always ample reasons for her to do so? It’s because I’m the one who saved Brendan. Because Charlene wants to shut me up for eternity to secure her place in Brendan’s heart!’

Deirdre wanted to say this out loud yet she suppressed the urge to speak out.

She thought about how foolish it was of her to have the audacity to suspect Charlene when Brendan’s love overpowered anything else.

‘Have I turned into a retard because my suicide attempt resulted in a brain injury?’

She did not speak anymore, but she clenched her exposed fingers into tight fists.

Brendan could not help furrowing his eyebrows at the sight of her fists. He felt rather agitated in his heart as he said, “Don’t worry. I will provide you with a satisfactory result. I will look into this matter closely and I won’t let anybody off no matter who that person is.”

Deirdre shut her eyes and refused to listen anymore. It was the first time Brendan was feeling powerless and incapable of venting the anger that filled his chest. He walked outside after slamming the door.

Sam approached him, but his expression was icy. “Guard the door properly this time. I’m going to kick your *ss out of here regardless of the reason if such an incident happens again!”

“Yes, yes, yes! Don’t worry, Mr. Brighthall!”

Brendan headed to the company after he left. The surveillance footage had already been examined thoroughly, yet no one else had been in his office other than Charlene.

He made a call to summon Charlene to the company.

Brendan was standing before the floor-to-ceiling window when Charlene was pushed into the office in a wheelchair.

His dark, obsidian-like eyes appeared to be filled with the galaxy, and the side of his

face was chiseled and fused ingeniously with the setting sun’s rays. His figure was well-proportioned as a male model’s, and he was wearing a well-fitted suit. He

exuded perfection that one could only yearn for and he was so stunning that one could not keep one's eyes off him.

Charlene was captivated by the sight of him. Her heart had been captivated by the comatose Brendan while she had still been working as a nurse, and she was

convinced that Brendan would be hers for the rest of her life.

'Hence, I will not allow that damned Deirdre to linger around Brendan permanently!' She clenched her fists tightly.

"Brendan..." Charlene called out softly with a smile on her face. "You wanted to see me?"

Brendan turned his face and his facial features, which had been illuminated by the gentle sunset, were engulfed by darkness. He made his way to the desk with a nonchalant expression, exuding an overpowering presence that suffocated the people around him.

"I thought you wanted to see me?"

"What?" Charlene had an innocent expression on her face. "What do you mean?"

"I thought you came to my office when I was in a meeting this afternoon? Why did you leave?"

"Oh, that's what you're talking about..." Charlene let out a forced chuckle. "Your mother has not been doing so well recently, right? She's always complaining about back pain. I heard from a friend about this wonderful chiropractor who owns a clinic down West Street, so I was planning on meeting the chiropractor with you. However, I realized that you were busy, so I went by myself."

"Is that all?" Brendan's eyes dimmed, and there was no telling what his mood was.

Charlene's expression stiffened for a moment. "What's going on, Bren? You look like you have something that you wish to tell me."

Brendan's gaze was tainted with foreboding evilness. "Something bad happened to Deirdre today."

"What?" Charlene was astonished, as if she was unaware of the situation. She hastily asked, "What happened? Is Ms. McKinnon okay?"

"Someone suddenly barged into Deirdre's room and attempted to mute her with poison. Had Sterling not shown up in a timely manner, Deirdre would have already turned into a mute by now."

Chapter 59 Are You Suspecting Me, Brendan?

"How did that happen?" Charlene kept her eyes lowered, a tinge of anger flashing past them. 'That damned Sterling actually ruined my plan.'

Brendan stared closely at Charlene's face and said, "The most crucial part is that I assigned Sam to take care of Deirdre initially, yet he was suddenly distracted by someone. On the other hand, the distraction method involved a text message sent to Sam via my phone. My phone was in the office at the time, and you are the only person who was here."

"Brendan, you... What are you trying to imply?" Charlene's face turned ghastly pale instantly. "Are you implying that I put Ms. McKinnon in harm's way?"

Brendan's fists tightened, but there was no excessive change in his expression. He continued staring at Charlene closely. "I only need to give an answer to Deirdre. She lost her sight in jail, so there would be nothing left of her if she were to lose her voice too."

"So you're suspecting that I did it?" Charlene's eyes reddened with tears. "Yes, I did drop by your office this afternoon indeed, and I left because I didn't manage to see you. I had no idea where your phone was. In other words, why would I put Ms. McKinnon in harm's way? Is that how you think of me?!"

She started crying so profusely that the tip of her nose reddened. Brendan grew agitated. "I didn't want to pin this incident on you, but do you think that there's any other answer?"

Tears streamed down Charlene's face. She then raised her head as if she had remembered something. "Yes, there was someone else in the room other than me."

"Who?"

"The assistant who poured me a glass of water at the time," Charlene said. "She poured me a glass of water and accidentally splashed some of it on me. I could only get changed inside, so she was left outside in the process."

"Oh right! I remembered her telling me during our previous conversation that the victim of the motor vehicle accident was her friend. I wonder if she loathes Deirdre and has been plotting this for a long time..."

Charlene spoke slowly, as if she was uncertain. Brendan's expression was extremely unpleasant as he summoned the assistant.

The assistant's face turned ghastly pale instantly when she was questioned by

Brendan. "I didn't do that, Mr. Brighthall! Ciara and I were friends indeed, but we were only university mates. Would I commit a crime for a deceased person?"

Brendan said through tightly-clenched teeth, "Tell that to the police."

The assistant was taken away while Charlene was still sobbing.

"Bren, tell me the truth. Do you love Ms. McKinnon? Don't you love me anymore? If you're truly disgusted by my presence, just be frank. I'm not a shameless person.. Just forget about the fact that I saved you from the fire in the past and I'll leave..."

"Nonsense." Brendan furrowed his eyebrows tightly and felt very uneasy in his heart. He pulled some tissues out and passed them to her. "How could I possibly let you leave? I promised you that I'd be good to you for the rest of my life."

Charlene bit her lower lip tightly.

Brendan had made that promise to Deirdre, not to her. She wondered if Brendan would have already dumped her had she not inherited this promise in Deirdre's place.

"That is only because I saved you from the fire, not because you love me sincerely... Bren, I don't want this. I want you to love me with all your heart, yet you're in love with Deirdre!"

"I am all yours." For some unknown reason, it was Deirdre's ghastly pale, crying face that came into his mind when he said that.

Chapter 60 We Have Yet to Get a Divorce

Loathing his disgraceful behavior, he said, "The reason why I prioritize this matter is because I don't want to owe Deirdre anything. She was forced by me to become the scapegoat and lost her sight in jail. If she were to be rendered mute, I would feel guilty for the rest of my life."

"Really?" Charlene stopped crying in the meantime. "When are you going to marry me then? I understand that you couldn't throw a grand wedding because of the motor vehicle accident before, but it has already been two years. Most people have already forgotten about the accident, so now is the best time for us to get married."

'Marry you?'

Brendan's mind went blank, as he had never thought about this.

"You'll have to wait a little longer."

"Wait?" Charlene's face turned ghastly pale, her hand clutching the wheelchair's arm. "Why should I wait? Bren, have you fallen in love with Deirdre?"

"No!" Brendan immediately denied it. It sounded like a joke to him. "Deirdre and I have yet to get a divorce."

"What?"

Charlene had never thought about this before.

Brendan had refused to marry her before this but had treated her well in every way. She had not pushed for the marriage due to the accident previously, yet she had not expected that Brendan and Deirdre would still be legally bound by marriage.

Brendan explained, "She signed the divorce papers, but we have yet to go through the process together. She went to jail afterward. and the paparazzi were watching us closely, so I haven't managed to do it all this time."

"So that's it." Charlene felt very displeased and hastily asked, "When are you getting a divorce then?"

"I'll take her to go through the process as soon as she is discharged from the hospital."

Charlene was only pacified by this answer.

The fact that they'd be getting a divorce immediately after Deirdre's discharge from the hospital was a clear sign that Brendan prioritized her and that he would not delay the divorce for a moment longer.

She nodded sweetly and stayed for a short chat before she left, while Brendan. stayed back in the office until midnight.

Sam was yawning at the door when he arrived at the hospital. Sam stood upright at the sight of Brendan in a haste. "Mr. Brighthall."

"How is she?"

Sam could not hide his shock. It was already midnight, so he had assumed that Brendan was home resting. However, here was Brendan at the hospital now, and all he cared about was Deirdre's condition.

"The doctor examined her. She's doing alright, but her throat is swollen. She has been on an intravenous drip the whole night, so she is already asleep by now."

'If she can sleep, it means that she is not in unbearable pain.' Brendan acknowledged Sam's reply and told him, "Leave this to me. You should go get some rest."

Upon saying that, he opened the door and headed into the room. His movements were extremely gentle during the process, and he could see that Deirdre was sleeping thanks to the moonlight, but the corners of her eyes were stained with tears. He wondered what she was dreaming about.

The bed was huge, so Brendan removed his jacket and got into bed, wrapping his arms around Deirdre cautiously. She was emaciated and tiny, and Brendan fell asleep soundly while sniffing her scent.

He was awakened by someone's movements the next morning.

He found Deirdre attempting to remove herself from his cradle as soon as he opened his eyes. Her face was pale from the pain of moving herself, and she almost fell off the bed.

Brendan was infuriated. He pinned her down against the bed and kissed her ferociously.

Deirdre could not avoid him anymore and was forced to endure it, but she continued to struggle throughout the whole process.

When it ended, Brendan said ferociously, "Trying to run again? Your ribs just healed, and yet you're already so restless in less than a month? Or are you doing this because you think that you can run away to a place where you can't be found?"

Deirdre's lips were red from his bites. Upon hearing his remark, she said with a shrug, "Do you have nowhere else to sleep? Why did you have to squeeze your way into my bed? I haven't showered in days. Don't you find that disgusting?"