

## Resent Reject Regret

### Resent Reject Regret by Aqua Summers chapter 65

#### Chapter 65 Existing in Name Only

Charlene braced herself and spoke up under Brendan's watchful eyes. "It's apparent that your mother is still abroad, so how can you meet her so soon, huh?"

"Is that so..." Deirdre was relieved abruptly and only discovered that her fingers were trembling after her mind relaxed.

She had felt terror taking over her, and she was glad that her speculation was not true.

"I don't care. I just want to see her! Don't worry, I'm not going to hold on to the status of Mrs. Brighthall forever." Deirdre sneered at herself upon finishing her sentence. She could no longer be bothered to hold the position that had resulted in such loss and destruction.

"All I want is to see my mother. I will head to the court for the divorce proceedings by myself without any reminders from you after meeting her."

Brendan's dark eyes were filled with agitation. "We shall discuss that later. I'll see you to the door, Charlene."

He walked out of the room swiftly with Charlene following him, her chest tight with anxiety.

She could tell that Brendan was extremely displeased.

"Bren..."

"Explain yourself." Brendan stopped walking and turned around with half his face in the shadows. He exuded intense overbearingness.

Charlene's eyes reddened with tears instantly. "Do you believe what Ms. McKinnon said, Brendan? Why would I say that she would end up just like her mother? It's obvious that she was slandering me!"

Brendan did not respond to her immediately but he procured a cigarette from his pocket. He asked slowly when the smoke of his cigarette coiled around her, "How did the topic of conversation shift to Ophelia then?"

"That's... That's because..." Charlene's mind was working at full speed, trying to come up with something. She explained with teary eyes, "That's because Ms. McKinnon won't have any other close family members after getting a divorce. I was trying to express my

sympathy for her, so I mentioned Ophelia. Who would have thought that she would have such a huge reaction!"

At this point, Charlene could not help muttering softly, "It has already been such a long time since Ophelia passed away. I can't believe that Ms. McKinnon is still unaware of that. I think that she made up this excuse on purpose because she didn't want to get a divorce..."

Brendan would rather that was not true yet he knew Deirdre well enough to know that Deirdre would not have reacted in that manner if she had been aware of Ophelia's passing.

She would have refused to talk about the matter and hidden it in her heart by force.

He had been under the assumption that Deirdre had already found out everything and the memory of that had already faded over the past year. However, it turned out that Sterling had kept that information from her. If Deirdre found out now that Ophelia had died a year ago...

For some unknown reason, Brendan was suddenly afraid that something bad would happen.

He did not wish to see Deirdre suffering a mental breakdown.

"Just don't mention Ophelia to Deirdre from now on." Brendan took a deep breath and suppressed his displeasure. "It's getting late. You should head back."

"Brendan... About the divorce..."

"Deirdre's attitude regarding this matter is very obvious. She will never agree to the divorce without seeing Ophelia, and you know that very well. We'll need to wait."

"But..." Charlene was recalcitrant, as she had been waiting for way too long. "Ophelia is already dead, so how are you going to let her meet her? Am I supposed to hold no status for the rest of my life if she won't agree to a divorce?"

"No, I will not allow myself to be bound to Deirdre for eternity," Brendan answered concisely, his eyebrows furrowed. "However, I told you that we'll need time."

"Alright then..." Sensing that Brendan was in a bad mood, Charlene knew that she could not oppose him anymore, so she said flirtatiously, "I want to be your wife so badly. Since you told me that you need time, I will wait for you. Brendan, I trust you to handle everything properly."

Chapter 66 She Doesn't Deserve to Be Mrs. Brighthall

Afterward, Charlene was whisked away by Sam, and Brendan found Deirdre sitting on the bed in a daze when he entered the room again.

She felt slightly frantic when she heard the sound of the door being opened." Brendan, when will you let me meet my mother? I... I've missed her..."

Perhaps she had been suppressing her emotions earlier because she did not wish to show them to Charlene, yet she was feeling anxious for no apparent reason deep down. She felt that she would only be at ease when she met Ophelia in real life.

“I told you that she is receiving treatment abroad. We will need some time to make arrangements, even if you want to meet her. Do you think that meeting her is so simple?” Brendan was answering against his conscience, so he spoke in a rather harsh tone.

Deirdre was under the assumption that he was not fond of being queried, so she nodded and said in a gentle tone, “Don’t worry, Brendan. It’s not that I don’t want to get a divorce. I’m only worried that you won’t let me meet my mother. I will head to court with you as soon as I meet her. I don’t want the position of Mrs. Brighthall.”

She spoke in a flattering manner, perhaps to motivate Brendan to bring over Ophelia sooner, yet her remark made Brendan’s dark eyes turn cold instantly.

He clenched his fists so tightly that his knuckles turned white, and he was now suppressing his anger.

“Let’s go.”

Deirdre removed the blanket and got out of bed. She was almost fully recovered after recuperating for three months. She put on her shoes without uttering a word and felt her way from the bed to the door. She did not trouble Brendan to help her throughout the whole process.

Brendan became inevitably agitated, so he stretched out his hand to hold hers. The woman was stunned for a moment, while Brendan said in a mocking tone, “Don’t even think that I’m treating you well. I just don’t want to waste my time on a blind. person.”

“Ah.” Deirdre chuckled. She was well aware that he had an uncontrollable impulse to mock her in any way he could.

They got into the elevator and descended, drawing unusual looks from the passersby along the way. It was mostly because their ‘beauty and the beast’ vibe

was astonishing, especially since their fingers were interlaced, which was an apparent sign that they had a close relationship.

Sam was leaning against the car door when they arrived at the exit, smoking a cigarette. Noticing that Brendan and Deirdre were there, he immediately put out the cigarette and tossed it into the trash can. He approached them and said, “Mr. Brighthall!”

His gaze shifted to Deirdre, and he was having a hard time deciding what to address her. He had recently found out that Deirdre and Brendan were legally married.

“Madam?”

Deirdre was stunned by the term.

Brendan was caught off guard as well, but he then furrowed his eyebrows. "Who gave you permission to address her that way?"

Sam was drenched in cold sweat at the thought that his flattery had failed. 'I shouldn't have addressed her as 'madam', but 'Ms. McKinnon' would have been fine. However, it's so apparent that Brendan treats Deirdre in a different way that even a blind person can see it.'

"I... I'm sorry, Mr. Brighthall. My mind malfunctioned... I should have said 'Ms. McKinnon'."

Brendan flung away her hand with a sneer. "She doesn't deserve to be addressed as madam. Don't think too highly of her. She's just a woman from the city slums."

Upon saying that, he got into the car first.

Deirdre sneered and added, "Yes, don't think too highly of me. I don't deserve to be Mrs. Brighthall. You may just call me by my name."

Sam nodded with sweat running down his face. Deirdre felt her way in by touching the car and moved away from the backseat, where Brendan was, heading to the passenger seat instead.

Sam could obviously feel the burning gaze behind him during the journey and the intense anger in the surrounding ambience. It felt suffocating.

When they arrived at their destination at last, Sam led Deirdre to the living room and left in a hurry.

Brendan said something before he headed upstairs.

"Come to the room."

## Chapter 67 All She Wants Is to Run Away

Deirdre walked upstairs by holding the handrail and opened the door to enter

Brendan's room. A moment later, a pair of muscular, strong, huge hands grabbed her by her waist and spun her around before she was pushed down and pinned against the soft bed.

She was invaded by the man's ferocious kiss while he stripped his clothes away.

Deirdre was the first to react to the situation by struggling with all her might. "Don't! Don't touch me, Brendan!"

"Don't touch you?" Brendan grabbed her jaw with two fingers strenuously and looked down at her. "Give me a reason not to touch you. Since you're still alive and you refuse to give me a divorce, shouldn't we fulfill our duty as husband and wife?"

Deirdre hastily explained, "It's not that I don't want to get a divorce! I want to meet my mother. If I see her, I will divorce you immediately, Brendan!"

"Shut up!" Brendan shouted at her, finding her eagerness to get a divorce very unpleasant. "Your excuse doesn't sound convincing now that you've used it twice. I know what you want better than you!"

'What do I want? All I want is to run away!'

She felt unusually reluctant to be kissed by the man's mischievous lips after smelling the scent of another woman on him.

"Brendan, didn't you promise Charlene that you'd keep her company tonight? Sleep with her! You don't need to fulfill your duty as a husband since you and Charlene are a match made in heaven. Go to her. Just don't touch me!"

She shoved him away with all her might. Just like when she had gotten into the car at the hospital entrance, she would rather sit next to another man than get in the backseat.

'Now she's actually begging me to sleep with Charlene? Does she really not care in the slightest that Charlene is taking me from her?'

Brendan felt a knot in the pit of his stomach.

"Deirdre, we're not divorced yet, so wouldn't I be cheating if I slept with Charlene? I can see that you're trying to make Charlene feel morally guilty. Aren't you? Listen to me, I won't do that! Charlene won't mind anyway given your current condition!"

In the end, it was a call from Charlene that made Brendan stop.

On the other end of the line, Charlene said in a flirtatious tone, "When are you coming over, Brendan? I sent someone to bring over your favorite red wine and prepare a scrumptious meal for the occasion."

"I'll be there at once." Brendan hung up the call and left without the slightest hesitation.

Deirdre shut her eyes and recuperated until she felt better before going downstairs.

She could not see, so she had no idea if the door was guarded, but she was stopped by someone when she attempted to walk outside.

"I'm sorry, Ms. McKinnon. Mr. Brighthall has ordered us not to let you walk around." "Sure." Deirdre found the voice of the person speaking rather familiar. She raised her head and said, "Are you the person who drove Brendan and me home today?"

"Yes!" Sam cracked a smile even though she could not see it. "Hello, Ms. McKinnon. I'm Sam."

"Sam." Deirdre repeated. "You have a name that's easy to remember."

Sam was stunned. He found that there was nothing attractive about the woman. Her face was hideous, and her body was emaciated, just like bones wrapped in mere skin. However, her voice sounded very pleasant, and she had a unique presence to her that could make one ignore her appearance easily.

“Yes.”

Deirdre kept quiet for two seconds. “Can I ask for your help with something?”

“What is it?”

Deirdre took a deep breath but had a tough time bringing herself to say, “Please help me get something from a nearby drugstore. Get me a bottle of vitamins and... some emergency contraceptive pills.”

Sam felt embarrassed as well upon hearing her remark. He understood what had happened in the house instantly and he was rendered speechless.

“Ah, ah Ah! Sure, of course. However, I would need to inform Mr. Brighthall first.”

Chapter 68 To Get Deirdre Pregnant

“Don’t tell him!” Deirdre’s face turned ghastly pale, and she bit her lower lip before saying, “It’s unnecessary for you to inform him of this. Just get it for me.”

Sam felt troubled but did not accept Deirdre’s assignment in the end. He called up Brendan to report this incident after promising to help her.

After he was done reporting it, Sam asked, “Should I get it, Mr. Brighthall?”

The other end of the line was quiet for a long time before Brendan spoke at all. It sounded like he was enunciating his words in a rage. “Get it! However, don’t get her the contraceptive pill. Get her supplements of the same brand in pill form.”

Sam was caught in a daze for a long while after he hung up. He was so confused by the situation. ‘Is Brendan trying... to get Deirdre pregnant?’

Sam felt his heart racing when he thought about that.

Deirdre took the pills in gratitude after he purchased them for her.

She could not see and she did not notice that something was off. She slept after consuming the pill, feeling pleased.

She dreamt of her mother returning to the country in good health. Her mother chatted with her, and she woke up smiling, feeling as though a ray of sunlight had suddenly penetrated the dark clouds of her mood.

Brendan did not show up in the villa for the next few days.

It went without saying that he was busy keeping Charlene company. After all, Deirdre was just a tool for him.

Deirdre found that to be very normal but she could not help feeling slightly anxious. She was having a hard time sleeping and eating without any updates on her mother.

Deirdre waited for one more day, until she could not stand it anymore at last. She told Sam, "Can I please borrow your phone? I would like to give Brendan a call."

"Yes, of course."

Sam dialed the number for her and placed it next to her ear. The man answered in a lazy voice when the call was picked up instantly. Charlene's crisp laughter was heard occasionally when she teased him for being mischievous.

He asked after a long time, "Why aren't you saying anything, Sam?"

Deirdre took a deep breath. "It's me, Brendan."

Brendan said in a slightly displeased tone, "Why are you calling me from Sam's phone?"

Deirdre smiled bitterly. 'You're really unreasonable, Brendan. What else could I do other than call you from Sam's phone after you confiscated mine?'

"Are you free today? Can you come over?"

"I'm not free," Brendan answered quickly. "It's my mother's birthday today, and I'm taking Charlene home to meet her."

Deirdre was stunned for a moment. The days passed so quickly that it was Madam Brighthall's birthday already.

Deirdre had organized her birthday celebration two years ago. She was not a capable woman but she was very dependable when it came to handling important matters. Charlene was in charge of organizing the birthday party this time, so she believed that Charlene would perform well too.

"Uh... Can you come over after the party?"

"Why?" The man on the other end of the line sniggered. "Are you not satisfied after the other day? Do you want more?"

It was an insulting remark. In addition, Sam was right next to Deirdre, so her face turned pale instantly.

Enduring the humiliation, she said, "No, I just..."

"It's getting late. We should leave, Brendan. I believe that the party guests are growing impatient." Charlene's remark interrupted Deirdre's explanation.

"Sure." The man sounded unusually gentle, yet it was not meant for her.

Then, the call was hung up. Deirdre had yet to recover from the surprise, as she was still thinking about the commotion on the other end of the line and her current loneliness.

Tears welled up in her eyes uncontrollably because she missed her mother.

She thought about her mother cooking her chicken soup every time they met, but she had not tasted it in the past two years.

## Chapter 69 The Price of Being an Adult

Deirdre was not in the mood to eat after contacting Brendan had yielded no result. She lay on the bed and lost count of time before she realized that the edge of the bed had sunk down in her drowsy state.

“Who’s there?” She jolted awake in confusion and stretched out her hand to feel about the bed, only to feel a well-defined, huge hand.

A moment later, her hand was grabbed abruptly and a man said in a mocking tone, “Are you so horny, Deirdre? I was only sitting here, yet you groped me in such a haste...”

Deirdre was stunned for a moment before she immediately pulled back her hand, her expression full of astonishment. “No... Why are you here, Brendan?”

“What do you mean why am I here?” Brendan furrowed his eyebrows, stretched out his hand to pinch her chin, leaned over, and then narrowed his eyes in a dangerous manner. “Who else could be in this villa other than me? Or are you so bold that your invited another man here without telling me?”

Deirdre’s expression became distorted from pain. “Aren’t you... Aren’t you with Charlene? What brought you here all of a sudden?”

She had never expected that Brendan would show up today. Besides....

“You’ve been drinking.”

Brendan smelled so strongly of alcohol that she could not smell his usual scent. It was the reason she had not recognized him and why she had attempted to figure out who it was by feeling the other person.

“How could I suppress my hatred for you and come to see you without drinking?” Brendan sniggered and removed his jacket. “Let’s put an end to this quickly so I can go home to keep Charlene company.”

As he lay on top of her, her fingers trembled and she blurted, “Don’t! Don’t do it again, Brendan!”

Brendan’s movements halted to a stop, and his expression turned so unpleasant that Deirdre could feel it without seeing it. “You claim that you don’t want it, yet you called me and asked me to keep you company. Deirdre, you’re really good at playing this cat- and-mouse game with me. Do you think that everyone is at your service, ready to attend to your needs whenever you please?”

Deirdre explained, her face ghastly pale, “I didn’t call you so you’d keep me company.

I wanted to ask you when you’d be willing to bring my mother back to the country so I can meet her.”



Brendan's gaze grew dim as soon as he heard the remark. His enthusiasm diminished, and he sat by the bed, lighting up a cigarette. Deirdre choked on the smoke that he exhaled.

"So you called me just for that?"

He appeared to be infuriated once again. Deirdre, who was confused, pursed her lips.

"What do you mean just for that?"

"I thought you wanted to give Charlene a proper status badly all this time? I want you mother to get what you wish too," she said softly. "I would like to meet my coincidentally too."

Brendan clutched his tie with one hand in agitation and pulled it sideways to unravel it. He inhaled a puff of smoke and grabbed her lower jaw abruptly, leaving a kiss on her soft lips.

There was no warmth to the kiss no matter how soft the lips were. On the contrary, Deirdre's eyes reddened with tears. Her body was bent over, and her thin nightgown slipped to reveal her collar bones, which had been hidden previously.

Brendan stared at her body, his gaze dim as he said with clearly enunciated words, Get this straight, Deirdre. You're the one who is eager and impatient now."

Deirdre calmed down and acknowledged it right there and then. "Yes, I would like to meet my mother at once."

"You're begging me for a favor." Perhaps Brendan was drunk, as his gaze landed on the woman's soft lips and his fingertips brushed her lips casually. "Deirdre, an adult must pay the price when they ask for a favor."

It was obvious what he meant by that. Deirdre could not help clutching the bedsheet tightly with her fingers.

Brendan, who was bored, got up to leave, but Deirdre suddenly threw herself at him and hugged him tightly. She stood on her tiptoes to kiss him.

Her kissing skills were awful, but Brendan's eyes were filled with lust. He took it upon himself to pin her against the wall.

Chapter 70 I'll Provide for You for the Rest of Your Life

It was a long, lustful night.

Deirdre opened her eyes after batting her eyelashes and sensed the man's even breathing next to her. She got out of bed cautiously and opened the pill bottle that she had prepared in advance. She hid a pill in her palm and headed to the bathroom.

Brendan had his eyes open and watched her throughout the entire process.

It was all too obvious that she did not wish to get pregnant with his child.

It was so obvious that she could not hide it. Even though her weak body might not necessarily be able to withstand the contraception's side effects, she consumed the pill over and over again.

Compared to her actions two years ago, when she would rather have gotten rid of the pill in secret just to get pregnant, her extremely appropriate actions now made Brendan wonder if Deirdre would be delighted to get pregnant with Sterling's child.

At that thought, Brendan felt a knot in the pit of his stomach.

Deirdre swallowed the pill without any water and took a shower before she headed out.

Just as she was preparing to return to bed, she discovered that the man sleeping on the right side of the bed was already gone.

Deirdre opened the door in confusion and heard the sound of clinking glass coming from downstairs. She walked downstairs in her bedroom slippers and smelled the alcoholic stench that filled the air. He was drinking.

"Aren't you going to rest?" Deirdre had no clue what to do. She knew that Brendan would only drink when he was in a bad mood, unless a social situation called for it.

He had done it once during those two years, and it was because Charlene's health had suddenly been in a critical situation.

'What is the reason today?'

"Come and sit here." He ordered her in a cold, distant voice.

When Deirdre walked forward, Brendan grabbed her arm and pulled her to sit on his thigh.

She accepted everything, including the sitting posture and the man's alcoholic breath.

It was intimate.

Deirdre shifted her body out of discomfort, yet Brendan held her even tighter. "Sit properly."

She did not have the courage to budge anymore, yet she could not help asking, "Are you in a bad mood?"

Brendan did not answer. Instead, he asked, "Would you like a drink?"

He sounded like he was drunk, and Deirdre had no idea how to answer. She clenched her fists and did not utter a word. Brendan did not seem to mind either and finished his final drink, hugging her tighter while he leaned his head on her chest.

“Why are you so skinny? Why won’t you eat more?”

He could not help furrowing his eyebrows when he touched her body and felt that she was all bones.

Deirdre’s gaze was lowered, her body rigid. She answered after a long time, “I don’t have an appetite.”

“Why don’t you have an appetite?”

Deirdre listened and found it amusing.

‘Why? Because I’m trapped in a prison that’s suffocating me, of course. I’m doing nothing every day, so how could I have the appetite to eat?’

However, she answered in the end, “It’s because I don’t feel like eating.”

Brendan sneered. “You feel like eating when Sterling is here, right?”

Deirdre pursed her lips at the mention of Sterling’s name but did not answer.

Brendan shut his eyes, his expression fatigued. He leaned on her for a moment before he said in a deep voice, “Don’t meet Ophelia, Deirdre. I’ll provide for you for the rest of your life if you stay with me. As for Ophelia, just think of her as someone from your past. I’m the only family you need.”

Deirdre’s entire body stiffened, as she had been caught off guard by his remark. She looked at Brendan incredulously, and Brendan noticed as well. His gaze swept past her shocked face, and his dark eyes dimmed. “Why? Are you unwilling?”

“It’s not that I’m unwilling. You don’t understand, Brendan. My mother is the reason I’m alive.” Deirdre controlled her breathing and attempted to keep calm with all her might. “The reason I promised Charlene to be her scapegoat was so I could provide a

good life for my mother, Brendan. She endured too many hardships to raise me, so I won’t allow myself to abandon her. As for your remark about your willingness to provide for me for the rest of my life…”

Deirdre found it amusing as she repeated it.

“Are you trying to deceive me, or are you deceiving yourself? Even if I were to accept your offer, would Charlene accept it?”