

## Resent Reject Regret

### Chapter 71 Don't Regret This

'This is preposterous.'

In the past, she would most certainly have been overjoyed if the man had talked about their future. However, she found it amusing now and nothing else.

Brendan's gaze dimmed little by little and turned icy. He did not look away from Deirdre's face for even the slightest bit, but the warmth in his expression had vanished into nothingness at that very moment.

"Will you die if you don't meet Ophelia?" he said mockingly.

Deirdre paused for a moment and said confidently, "Yes, I will die if I don't meet my mother."

Brendan's grip tightened abruptly and he swept her away from his thigh in a rage.

Deirdre lost her balance and landed on the carpeted floor. She did not find it unusual despite being surprised, as it had already been a long time since Brendan had experienced any mood swings.

Noticing that Brendan was about to leave, she did not care about the pain anymore. Instead, she got up in a haste and said, "Brendan! When will I meet my mother? You made a promise to me!"

"Mother, mother, mother! All you talk about is your mother! It's either Sterling or her. Deirdre, do you have nothing else to talk about other than them?!" Brendan suddenly lost his temper and swept everything off the table. "That's the only reason you called me, right? Do you know that I was heading to Charlene's room after getting drunk? I came here on purpose, yet I've had to listen to you spewing this boring nonsense!"

Deirdre's face turned pale. It was no wonder Brendan was so furious, as it turned out that her call had disrupted a joyous event between him and Charlene.

However...

Deirdre batted her eyelashes and could not help saying shakily, "But I want to meet my mother... Is that wrong?"

Brendan felt his chest tighten but was still extremely furious. "It's not wrong, of course! However, I hope you don't regret this!"

Upon saying that, he slammed the door and left.

Deirdre's entire body trembled when she heard the deafening slam that came from the living room.

'Don't regret this?'

Deirdre bit her lower lip tightly. 'Why would I regret this?'

She was destined not to sleep soundly that night, just as before.

Charlene was just like her too.

Brendan had had a few too many drinks during Madam Brighthall's birthday party yesterday night and he was supposed to be with her.

Charlene had assumed that they would end up sleeping together, but Brendan had suddenly gotten up, claiming that he had something to attend to, and left.

What could it be?

Charlene did not have the courage to think about what the answer could be. She figured that the call had come from Deirdre, as he had been very distracted after taking the call.

Just as expected, she received a text message that informed her that Brendan's car was parked at the villa.

"Damn it!" Charlene pushed a vase to the ground and the piercing, shattering noise agitated her even more. "Deirdre, you b\*tch. I should've let you die in prison from a difficult birth back then! You're actually still capable of displeasing me, even though you've already turned into a hideous monster!"

Charlene took a deep breath after losing her temper. All of a sudden, an idea

occurred to her and her red lips curled into a cruel smile.

She put on some makeup to make herself appear tired before getting into her car and heading to the Brighthall family mansion.

Madam Brighthall's health was deteriorating, and her only hobbies were gardening and sitting on the lawn to feed the fish. Charlene pinched herself as she was approaching Madam Brighthall until she teared up from the pain.

"Mother."

Madam Brighthall put away the fish food and smiled gently. "You're here, Charlene."

She turned around and saw Charlene's fatigued face and red eyes. She could not help furrowing her eyebrows and holding Charlene's hand while she asked, "What happened? Why are your eyes red from tears?"

Charlene sniffed and forced a smile. "I'm fine, mother. I caught a cold and I haven't slept well."

"You can deceive anyone but me. Tell me, what happened? Didn't you leave the party with Bren yesterday night? Did he bully you?"

## Chapter 72 Keeping a Mistress

Charlene said, "Why would he bully me, huh... It's just that..."

Her eyes were red from tears, and she assumed a grievous expression with feigned casualness. "He picked up a woman's call after he left with me yesterday. He left me all alone suddenly, and I couldn't help asking the people around him, only to find out that..."

Madam Brighthall frowned. "Find out what?"

"I found out that he has a woman stowed away in the villa." Charlene explained in a haste. "But I've always trusted Brendan and I know that he is not that kind of person. Perhaps the woman is just Brendan's friend, but it's possible that they. I'm fine. I just don't feel very good. I don't have a family, so I regard you as my biological mother and I couldn't help telling you. Please don't meddle, mother!"

Madam Brighthall expressed her anger. "Is that true? I can't not meddle then! If Brendan has a mistress stowed away, I won't allow it, and the rest of the Brighthall

ancestors won't allow it either!"

Upon saying that, Madam Brighthall arranged for a car to take her and Charlene to the villa.

Sam was still on the phone with someone when he saw the car parked at the door. Madam Brighthall got out of the car in an overbearing manner, and Sam had no clue

what to do.

"Madam." He approached Madam Brighthall. "What brings you here? Mr. Brighthall went to the company early in the morning and has yet to come back."

"I know. I'll wait for him inside."

Madam Brighthall was about to barge into the house, but Sam stopped her. "Madam, uh... This is not a good time! Mr. Brighthall purchased some collections recently, and the hall is all dusty. The dust will get you dirty. Why don't I head in to clean up the place first and you can come inside when it's clean?"

"Make way!" Madam Brighthall headed in right away, ignoring Sam.

Sam was anxious as he walked behind her. He wanted to call up Brendan, when Charlene suddenly stretched out her hand to pull the phone away from him. Her beautiful eyes were smiling, yet her gaze sent a shiver down Sam's spine for not apparent reason.

"Sam, don't trouble Brendan. He has a busy day at work. Otherwise, you'll have to take the blame if he loses a project."

Sam had a rigid smile on his face. 'Charlene is really cunning, and it's obvious that she's using Madam Brighthall to deal with Deirdre.'

On the other hand, Madam Brighthall had already entered the house in a rage. Deirdre was feeling around and looking for cooking ingredients in the kitchen. Madam Brighthall felt her head spinning instantly upon seeing the back of Deirdre's figure.

Wondering how Brendan could actually do something like this, she clenched her teeth and walked over. "Miss, who gave you permission to live in the villa? Brendan and Charlene have been dating for many years, and everyone in Neve knows about it. I refuse to believe that you're unaware of it. How could you ruin someone's relationship like this despite your young age!"

Deirdre was stunned for a moment. The voice was so familiar that she turned around abruptly.

Madam Brighthall was instantly stunned upon seeing Deirdre's face. She could still remember it as though it was yesterday. "What brings you here?"

Madam Brighthall immediately realized something after seeing the love bites on Deirdre's neck. No! This woman was precisely the person that Brendan was cheating with!

Despite feeling sympathy, she felt infuriated at that very moment.

"Am I supposed to watch as you and my son make a mistake? I was under the assumption that Charlene had misunderstood. It turns out that Brendan is actually keeping a mistress in the villa!"

All the blood was drained from Deirdre's face instantly when she heard the word 'mistress' used to describe her, especially when it came from the mother who used to care about her the most in the past. She hastily explained, "No... I... I'm not..."

### Chapter 73 It Is Her Fault That You Can't Dance

"You're not? Do you think I'm blind? Anyone can see the love bites on your neck!" Madam Brighthall was so furious that she felt dizzy and her head began to throb in waves. She only recovered after a long time and said, "I know that my son is to blame as well. I'll punish him properly, but you must leave this place immediately! You're not allowed to have any contact with Brendan from now on!"

"As a woman, you should be ashamed of yourself. Hasn't your mother taught you that it's wrong to be someone's mistress? Do you know how much your behavior has hurt Charlene?"

Deirdre's eyes reddened with tears abruptly.

Madam Brighthall was the family member that she thought the highest of, other than her own mother. On the other hand, Madam Brighthall had spoken to her with immense coldness and disgust today just to defend Charlene, the most scheming

woman she knew.

Her eyes stung, and she felt pain tugging in her chest.

She had never been that shameless or agreed to be someone's mistress. She was actually Brendan's wife!

"Madam, you misunderstood! I'm not who you think I am, and I'm not a mistress. Brendan and I are legally..."

"Mother!" Charlene suddenly stuck in her head from outside and bit her lower lip, her expression appearing panic-stricken. "Forget it, I'll be fine. I believe that Brendan still loves me and perhaps he has only been infatuated for a short while. He will most certainly return to me afterward. We should leave. Brendan will surely be angry at me if he finds out..."

She assumed an inferior demeanor, which made anger fill Madam Brighthall's usually graceful expression. "How is that fine? He's not even living up to his basic responsibility as a man if he's keeping a mistress in his house. Is it fine for him to keep mistresses everywhere? Our family's reputation will be tarnished!"

Madam Brighthall looked at Deirdre, her expression cold. "Charlene and Brendan are a match made in heaven, and I will only accept her as my daughter-in-law. Stop embarrassing yourself. Even if you figure out a way to captivate him, can he believe yours? Stop dreaming. Name your price. How much do you want to leave him?"

'Stop dreaming. Name your price. How much do you want to leave him?'

Deirdre felt a chill down her spine when she heard this remark. She felt cold from head to toe.

It was akin to a crushing blow that hit her heavily.

She had almost forgotten that Madam Brighthall had treated her well back then because she had taken Charlene's identity and name.

Madam Brighthall was right about Charlene and Brendan being a match made in heaven. She had spent two years and spared no effort to captivate his heart. As a result, she had ended up mutilated all over her body and had already lost everything. Now, she had even lost her self-respect.

"It's fine... I don't want anything..." Deirdre lowered her gaze, her expression ashen. She did not attempt to defend herself. Instead, she said, "I can leave at any time."

Madam Brighthall was stunned for a moment, as if she had not expected that Deirdre could be dealt with so easily. Deirdre had actually agreed to leave after a short conversation.

Her heart melted with pity. "It's a good thing that you're determined to correct the mistake that you made. Since you can't see..."

"Are you really willing to leave, Ms. McKinnon?" Charlene suddenly interrupted Madam Brighthall and stepped forward. She grabbed Deirdre's hands emotionally, her eyes welling up with tears. "That's great! Since you're willing to leave Brendan and return him to me, I will forgive you for pushing me down the stairs previously."

“What!” Madam Brighthall’s expression changed drastically. “She’s the one who injured your leg and rendered you unable to dance anymore?”

#### Chapter 74 Where Did You Hide Deirdre

Charlene covered her mouth in a haste, as if she had misspoken. She then explained, in a flurry, “No... Ms. McKinnon didn’t do that on purpose. It’s possible that she loved Brendan too much at the time and did it out of spite... I choose to forgive her!”

“Why are you still putting in a good word for her when she almost crippled your leg? You’re too kind, Charlene!” Madam Brighthall looked at Deirdre as if she was protecting a young child. She said in a voice tainted with anger, “I didn’t expect that you’d not only enjoy ruining a couple’s happy marriage but you’d also hurt people, despite your young age. I was still rather fond of you when I met you previously. Leave at once! Don’t let me see you again from now on!”

Madam Brighthall used to be the only person who defended her in the past, but she was protecting the real Charlene now, as she had just ordered Deirdre to leave the villa.

Deirdre’s hands were shaking behind her back, and she lowered her head. “I’m sorry

‘I’m

sorry

that I disgust you. It’s fortunate that I’m disfigured, and it’s good that you have no idea that I was the same Charlene who kept you company for two years. Otherwise, you’d be really disappointed.

Madam Brighthall was blinded by rage. “Do you think that your apology can change anything? You should have acted differently right from the start!”

Deirdre’s eyes reddened with tears. She stopped explaining herself and walked outside step by step with determination.

Sam’s phone had been snatched by Charlene, so he headed elsewhere to make a call, missing the departing Deirdre by coincidence. By the time he came back, Brendan had already rushed over in his car.

He dashed into the living hall and found Madam Brighthall sitting on the sofa and holding her chest. Her face was green with rage, while Charlene was pouring water next to her with a concerned expression, trying to soothe Madam Brighthall.

Noticing that Brendan was back, Charlene assumed a helpless, grievous expression. “Bren...”

Brendan refused to take even one glance at her. “Where’s Deirdre!”

He looked about the house and could not find any trace of the woman. His dark pupils constricted as he expressed his uneasiness. He then took a long stride in

preparation to head upstairs abruptly.

“Don’t go upstairs! She’s not here!” Madam Brighthall looked up at Brendan after she recovered slightly. “You came rushing from the company in a flurry, and the first thing you did upon arriving was look for your mistress. Do you still have any respect for our family and Charlene? Brendan, you’ve always been a sensible child. How could you do something so immoral!”

Brendan’s mind went blank. The only thought on his mind was, ‘Deirdre is not around. She’s not upstairs, and she’s not downstairs. Where is she then?’

“Where did you hide Deirdre?”

“Nonsense!” Madam Brighthall slapped the table loudly, breathing heavily. “Bren, do you think that I have no control over you now that you’re an adult? How can you speak to me in that tone?”

Charlene said with red eyes, “Don’t anger your mother anymore, Bren. Her body is unwell, and she was complaining about a headache constantly earlier.”

“You’re the one who brought my mother here, right?” Brendan shifted his gaze to her, his dark eyes filled with coldness and bluntness.

Charlene could not help trembling, as she had never seen him looking at her that way. It felt as if he was looking at a stranger.

She was startled, but before she could respond, Madam Brighthall stood up and shielded Charlene behind her. “Why are you being so fierce to her? Charlene didn’t bring me here. I discovered your misdeed by myself. Do you think that you’re keeping a secret when you stow away your mistress in the villa? Brendan, I can see that you still have no idea what your mistake is. Do you think you’re worthy of Charlene’s love and loyalty in the past four years? Have you forgotten what I taught you!”

Brendan felt troubled. His fists were tightly clenched, and he was suppressing his anger with great effort. He thought about blind Deirdre having to confront his mother’s punitive expedition by herself and how terrible the experience must have been for her. “Mother, I will explain this matter to you afterward, but you must tell me now! Where is Deirdre?”

## Chapter 75 She Had Already Lost Everything She Had

Madam Brighthall was stunned for a moment before she said furiously, “Where is she? She’s gone, of course! This is the house you share with Charlene. Why would a nobody like her show up at the villa? She left a long time ago!”

“Left?” Brendan’s pupils constricted. “She can’t see! How could you just let her leave like that!”

Madam Brighthall had been blinded by rage at the time. Now that she realized what she had done, she felt guilty but she still said stubbornly, “So what if she can’t see? She’s not a fool. She’s a grown woman. Can’t she make a call herself or borrow a phone from someone else to call her family or friends after leaving this place?”

Brendan felt his head spinning and his heart racing.

Family or friends? How could Deirdre still have any family or friends?

Her mother was dead, and the only person she could depend on was Madam Brighthall, who had spoken to her harshly. As for Sterling, she had already been forced to break ties with him thanks to Brendan. She would rather be homeless and starve to death out there than reach out to Sterling given her unyielding character...

Hence, she had already lost everything she had. As a blind person, she had an even lower chance of survival than a dog.

"You should go home. I'm going to look for her! I'll explain this to you later!"

Brendan suppressed the fear he felt in his chest and walked away in a rush.

Charlene's face turned pale. "Bren!"

She chased after him, her fingernails digging into her palms as she clenched her fists tightly. She loathed Deirdre even more after seeing Brendan's anxious expression.

"I'm sorry. I know that you must be blaming me. I already took a stand to stop your mother, but she insisted on kicking out Ms. McKinnon." Her eyes were red with tears, and she was about to cry. "Your mother is unwell, and I didn't have the courage to oppose her strongly, so I could only watch helplessly as Ms. McKinnon left. Afterward, I wanted to seize an opportunity to call you up but I didn't expect that you'd come so soon. Please don't be angry anymore, okay?"

She cried profusely, and the sight of her sent a shiver down Sam's spine. So it turned out that the gentle, magnanimous Charlene was actually a two-faced person.

"I don't blame you." Brendan felt as if his head was a mess. The sky had already.

darkened, and Deirdre was not dressed warmly. He shoved away Charlene's reaching arms abruptly and said, "I'm going to look for Deirdre now. We shall talk about this later."

He left in a hurry and ordered Sam to gain access to the surveillance footage.

Charlene was now standing at the door by herself, her eyes filled with hatred.

Deirdre walked down the path step by step, following the wall. She could hear the sound of congested traffic and the roads around her, but her mind was totally blank.

'This is retribution. This is retribution for my wishful thinking.

'Why did I think that I'd be fit to take on Mrs. Brighthall's position, and why did I insist on keeping Brendan's child by opposing him?

'Look at me now. Everything I have has been taken away cruelly, and even Madam Brighthall, who used to care about me, hates me and finds me disgusting.'



Deirdre stopped walking abruptly and found the pain in her chest unbearable. Her little face turned ghastly pale.

Having nothing was really tiring.

She wanted to give up on life so badly, but her mother stopped her. Would her mother suffer more if she were to die and leave her alone in this world?

If she were to endure all this agony and hardship, would she be able to shield her mother?

At the thought of her mother's wrinkly face, Deirdre felt very unwilling to give up on life. She really missed her.

She shook her head suddenly.

'No.

'I can't allow myself to have that mentality.

'I can't allow myself to think about how my mother will feel when I'm gone! I can't give up as long as my mother is still here! My mother is my support. How would my mother feel if I was gone.

"I must persist no matter how difficult it is!

"But... I miss my mother so much. I would like to taste the food she cooks, and I miss her hugs..

Meanwhile, a black van suddenly stopped next to Deirdre.

The people inside the van swarmed over to her before she could respond and pulled her into the car.

"What are you doing! Stop it! Don't touch me!"

Deirdre's face was filled with panic, and she was struggling with all her might.

However, she was utterly incapable of fighting back given her strength. A cloth was placed over her mouth and nose, making her feel dizzy before she lost

consciousness completely.

Chapter 76 He Sold Her Off

A bucket of ice-cold water was poured all over her face. Deirdre jumped, her eyes opening wide from shock.

She realized she could not move. Her limbs were tied.

The woman who had woken her up scanned her. Disgust was dripping from her words. "Eew, what the hell? It's bad enough that she looks like a horror movie-she's way too skinny and frail to even satisfy a customer! I swear, Mr. Brighthall is unbelievable."

Her subordinate was quick to appease her. "Well, it's more about doing Mr. Brighthall a favor, right? You know he's gonna remember this and repay you with lots of goodies in the future, Madam Rouge!"

"Pfft. A favor. I'd love to do him a favor, but God! This b\*tch can't even attract a man in heat," Madam Rouge sneered. Pinching a cigarette between her fingers, she strutted toward Deirdre and frowned. "Holy sh\*t. Hell, no! This b\*tch is blind!"

Deirdre felt a chill crawling up her spine. So Brendan... was the one behind this?

Had he finally grown sick of her, after all? He had grown weary of her-and yet that sadistic madman would not forgive himself if he ever let her go in peace, so he had. arranged one of the cruelest tortures he could come up with and put her through it.

He had sold her off to a brothel, had he not?

Just how much did he hate her? How immense was his hatred? How much would a man have to hate a woman to devise something so... inhumane?!

Deidre wept bitterly. She bit her lips so hard that she could taste blood.

Madam Rouge crouched, examining her even more closely. Then, suddenly, she began to grab her clothing and yanked it away.

"W-What are you doing?!" Deirdre cried out, feeling alarmed. She writhed despite her bondage until finally, she planted a foot on Madam Rouge's body.

The woman yelped, but it was more out of shock than pain. It did not hurt, but the move stained her dress-an act that infuriated Madam Rouge. She shot a glance at her subordinates

They lunged, each grabbing a bit of Deirdre's hair before slapping her across the face Deirdre thought she was going to faint from the pain alone.

Seeing her suffer due to her transgression relieved Madam Rouge of her initial rage."

Enough, enough! Can't go overboard and kill her 'cause you know the only value she has left when it comes to this job is the fact that she's still got a pulse," she said, waving her hand dismissively. "Though, I gotta admit, she's got the right voice. I bet. our clients would love to hear her moan... Come on, doll her up. Place a mask over her face, for the love of God. Those third-rate, poor-\*ss idiots will probably love her enough, so I guess I'll take her.

"You better tell Mr. Brighthall that I accept his offer and I'm counting on him to return the favor in the future."

"Definitely, ma'am! Definitely."

“Get her to change.”

Deirdre was drifting in and out of consciousness, and yet she managed to hear every word of their exchange. Tears welled up in her eyes and rolled down her sore cheeks, eliciting a sort of searing pain, as though she was being whipped.

They did not just change her—they drugged her. Robbed her of any control over her own body, then left her on a bed, limp and helpless.

Like food waiting to be devoured.

A few moments passed before Deirdre heard the door opening. A man with a suffocating odor staggered into the room, unable to take even a few steps without a couple of hiccups.

“Oh, little miss sunshine! You can’t wait to have fun, can you?” he cooed. “Just look at you, writhing like sin incarnate! Don’t fret, help is on the way! Big, hard help!”

The man was restless. Deirdre trembled and bit her lips as hard as she could to salvage her steadily slipping sense. “Get away from me!”

The drug had neutered her indignance. Her words were slurred, the force of her waned, and her defiant cry came out as a purr.

rage

The man’s lust erupted, and he felt his entire body swelling with blood. “F\*ck, b\*tch is playing hard to get! I’m weak when it comes to that sh\*t, little canary!”

He could not hold himself back any longer. The lingerie she was wearing was just too alluring...

Feeling the man’s hand on her body disgusted her, and yet the drug had effectively taken control of her. She dug her nails into her palms, using the pain to wrestle some control over herself, and slurred with difficulty, “M-My m-m-mask...”

The man looked at her groggily. He leaned closely, making Deirdre gag with his breath. “What was that, little canary?”

Deirdre’s lips were bleeding from her own bite. “T-Take it off...”

Chapter 77 Not You! I Don’t Want You!

The man’s eyes blazed at the suggestion, but in the blink of an eye, his hesitation stopped him. “Madame Rouge told me to never take it off, sweetheart...”

“I-It’s... okay... Take it off... K-K-Kiss me...” Deirdre was slurring through a bloody foam. Her voice was quivering, and to the ears of a red-blooded man in flames, it was as if she was mewling in welcome.

She had such a mellifluous voice. A lithe body so fine that her appearance must surely reflect this even if she did not look like a literal goddess.

Besides, the mask was starting to get in his way. How could anyone enjoy this without seeing the face a woman made?

He yanked the mask away from Deirdre's face without any reservations. "Here comes the sun, princess!"

His gleeful eyes fell upon her visage. The light in the hotel room, dim as it was, hid nothing.

He realized he had been lusting after the face of a freak. Her features, in turn, were seared into his eyes.

The man cried out and jerked away, losing control of his balance and crashing down from the bed. "What the f\*ck?! What the f\*\*\*\*\*ck?!"

Any desire he had felt was gone. Instead, his blood was boiling with indignance." What the f\*ck?! Is this some kind of twisted f\*cking joke?! How the f\*ck did

any of them think anyone deserved to bang this freak?! F\*ck! I could have slept with it! And if I had, I sure as hell would have never slept a wink again for the rest of my life! F\*\*\*\* ck... God, argh! I ain't standing for this sh\*t! They are gonna hear it from me-you better not go anywhere, b\*tch!"

The man snatched up his phone and stormed over to the balcony. Then, his battle with Madam Rouge began.

Deirdre seized this chance and felt around for the bedside shelf. She took a small trinket and held it in her hand, balling her fist. Its sharp edges dug into her skin, and she used the pain to inch her way out of bed and crawl toward the door. She opened it and bolted out with all her might.

She was losing her senses fast. The drug was overpowering her until even her self-inflicted pain ebbed and gave away. She lurched with difficulty until, suddenly, she crashed into a man's chest.

Something inside of her was threatening to burst out of her skin and eat her alive.

She wept. Hanging her head, she begged in a voice thick with tears, "H-Help me... Help me, please..."

"M-Miss McKinnon?!"

Every fiber in Sam's body froze. He dared not move. Hell, he did not even know where to lay his hands.

There was another man with him-a presence so domineering that Deirdre felt him before he spoke. That presence loomed close, its eyes boring straight through her. Brendan was there to see it when it happened. He saw Deirdre bolting out of a hotel room. Saw her throw herself into Sam's arms. Saw the crazed look on her face, one twisted by hunger. Saw her beg Sam for "help".

All this after what he had done.

He had been searching for Deirdre the entire day in his car like a man possessed. He had exhausted his extensive web of contacts. He had not slept at all. He had been worried sick about what could have happened to her. What if the world bullied her because she was blind?

Brendan had only come inside the hotel because it was pouring out there and he needed to get changed. That was when he had seen the same woman whose missing whereabouts had gnawed at his mind for hours staggering out of a room and putting her arms around Sam in that... immodest lingerie!

It was infuriatingly immodest lingerie too. Brendan's ire skyrocketed so much that he was close to being homicidal. He grabbed hold of her wrists like a python constricting around its prey and pulled her into him with the gentleness of a savage.

Then, he bound her waist with his arm, squeezing. His black eyes threw daggers at her blind ones. "F\*ck you, Deirdre McKinnon! I've been f\*cking running in this downpour the whole night just looking for you! When the cops called me and told me about this... this unidentified corpse they found, I thought it was you. All this distress. and yet, this whole time, you have been loitering around in a hotel, f\*cking men- hunting for them in that getup! Unbelievable-you f\*cking nympho! You can't get through a day without feeling a d\*ck screwing you, can you?!"

Sam's heart skipped a beat "Mr. Brighthall, please calm down! Miss McKinnon couldn't have possibly come here alone-she didn't have any money on her. Listen, someone else must have brought her here!"

The point of his rebuttal was to remind his apoplectic boss that Deirdre might have gotten there through deception Unfortunately, Brendan's fury had stripped the man

of reason. He immediately reacted by placing Deirdre in a chokehold, shouting, "Who is he? Who brought you here?!"

Deirdre could not breathe. Amid the chaos, however, she recognized the scent of her livid assailant.

Every fiber in her body was repulsed. Disgusted. The chorus of rejection that followed was instinctive.

"Get the f\*ck away from me! I don't want you!"

## Chapter 78 Anyone but You

Brendan's mien turned stormy. He espied a bucket of water next to a mop nearby and poured it all over Deirdre's face.

The chill woke Deirdre from her drug-induced stupor. Her newfound sobriety was met with more abuse. "Are you awake now, you rabid b\*tch?! I'm your husband! Who else could

you possibly want other than me?! Are you really the kind of cheap slut who can't help but spread her legs for anyone with a dick as long as he's nice?"

'Your husband?'

Deirdre's eyes welled up. She wanted to laugh. For two long years, she had suffered because of this stupid title, and what had she gotten in return? This arduous,

inescapable hell. This proclamation had ceased bringing her joy. Now, it was simply a dog whistle for terror.

"Yes! I am that kind of cheap slut! I'll let any man screw me! Anyone at all!" Her knees were wobbling, but she willed herself to stand firm. "Anyone except you, Brendan Brighthall."

"How dare you!" he howled before he raised his hand.

Deirdre could feel the breeze of his motion. She then closed her eyes and waited.

It never came.

"Be as hysterical as you want, but you should know better than to test my f\*cking limits, Deirdre!" Brendan snarled through his teeth. "One last chance. If I hear something like this coming out of your mouth again, Deirdre McKinnon, I swear... You'll never step out of your room in your life. You'll never get the chance to see another man."

Deirdre's face paled.

Suddenly, she heard the sound of a door being yanked open.

A topless man with a visibly rotund belly walked in. He seemed to be searching the hallway frantically. When he saw Deirdre, he sighed in relief and remarked, "How did my b\*tch get over there? You scared the sh\*t out of me, sweetheart-I thought you left! C'mere!"

His fingers closed around Deirdre's arm, his features twisting in contempt as if he was reluctant to go through with his business. "Urgh, am I gonna say no just because she looks like sh\*t? Hell no Gotta get my end of the bargain, and that is that! As long as she f\*cks good, right? Can't complain either since I got her for such

a low price."

He hardly had the time to pull when another hand landed on his own. Startled, the man lifted his head. He was too inebriated to see the stranger's face, but he could tell it was probably a man.

This bewildered him. Another man was fighting him for... this?! "Hey, what's the big idea, man? You in love with this freak or something? I don't know how to tell you this nicely, but back the f\*ck off. I already paid to screw her. It was just 8 dollars, I know, but a deal is a damn deal, bucko. If you want her, wait for your turn-"

Smack!

Brendan, who was seeing red, swung a fist straight at the man's face. While everyone else froze, feeling stupefied, he lunged and followed up with a barrage until the man was screaming for mercy while sputtering out the blood coursing through his nose.

Deirdre fell to the floor in despair. Despite the chaos around her, all she could focus on was the unyielding fire coursing through her veins. Breathing was so hard...

Eyes red, she grabbed another bodyguard by the hem of his pants. She was dying. Inside.

"H-Help me..."

Brendan had just finished fixing the drunken man's lust when he turned to see her begging like this. It was as if she had given up on her dignity and self-respect! Any man could feel her up! She did not even care that the man he had beaten up had treated her like a prostitute!

And that drunken piece of sh\*t had walked out of the same room she had. He was topless too!

Had something happened between them?! Had they f\*cked?

Had they f\*cked?!

Brendan felt like his head was on the verge of eruption. His mind kept racing to thoughts—all sorts of sh\*tty, infuriating goddamned thoughts about what could have happened between them while they were in that hotel room. God, he felt like killing this piece of sh\*t! He felt like locking Deirdre in a room where she would be his trophy and treasure, where absolutely no other man in the world could ever see her!

He stormed toward Deirdre and yanked her up from the floor before pinning her to the wall brutally. "You tell me right now, McKinnon. Did that \*sshole touch you?!"

The force and the subsequent chill spreading from the tile behind her back pulled

Deirdre out of her trance a little. She opened her eyes to pitch-black darkness, but she could almost see the tangible fury breathing down her face.

Her heart went cold, and the corner of her lips curved. She smiled, but tears rolled out of her eyes.

"Yes," she replied mockingly. "I came out of the room after it was done. Are you interested too, Mr. Brighthall? Tough luck. I'll let literally every man under the sun play with me... except you."

Chapter 79 He Didn't Touch You... After All?

Brendan's temper reached its boiling point. His grip around Deirdre's wrist tightened like a clamp intended to grind human bones. Fire was burning in his eyes, and if homicide was legal, Deirdre would be dead right there and then.

"Congratulations. You've really pissed me off!"

Pain drained the color from Deirdre's face. Before she even knew what was happening, Brendan had forcibly trawled her away despite her fumbling, staggering footsteps. He lugged her all the way to his hotel room and chucked her against the bathroom floor.

There was not enough time for the pain to subside. Deirdre had barely opened her eyes when chilling water from the showerhead above poured mercilessly over her.

The cold was biting, and Deirdre trembled. "Stop! Brendan, stop!"

"Stop? Stop?!" he scoffed. Instead of honoring her plea, he lifted her head up so he could spray even more water over her head and body. "How else am I gonna cleanse you of your filth, you wh\*re? The last thing I want is smelling that drunken \*sshole's stench on you!"

Filth? Deirdre closed her eyes in agreement. Yes, she was stained with filth. His filth.

Her lack of rebuttal only pushed Brendan's buttons even harder. Holding the showerhead, he began to tear Deirdre's lingerie away from her.

Alarmed, she finally reacted by putting up a struggle. "No! Brendan, stop!"

"No?! You're already a wh\*re, Deirdre! You f\*cked that man for 8 dollars-yet you have the audacity to act like some celibate nun around me?! Spare me that bullsh\*t! You're just a f\*cking c\*nt no matter how much you want to pretend otherwise!"

He ignored whatever weak protest she mustered and tore open her skirt. She was immediately exposed.

There were no stains. No marks. Not even a sign one would expect from someone who just had sex. There was nothing there.

He froze. His heart was beating erratically, and he threw the showerhead away and examined her even more closely. He already knew where and what to look for.

But there was nothing.

"He didn't... The two of you... It didn't happen?!" He gasped.

Deirdre was lying on her back against the chilling bathroom tiles. It felt like she was lying inside a casket of ice. It was so cold that her eyelashes were quivering, and she could not form a single cohesive sentence.

Brendan was happy. Then, he was angry again. "What the f\*ck?! You-why the f\*ck. did you troll me?!" He cackled. "He didn't touch you after all! He didn't f\*cking touch you! Why didn't you just f\*cking say so?!"



Tears rolled from the corner of Deirdre's eyes.

Then, suddenly, an acute drill of agony borrowed within her abdomen. Pain spasms seized her, twisting her features, and she curled inward uncontrollably."

Argghhhhhh!"

"Deirdre?... D-D-Deirdre!"

Brendan was alarmed. He threw his arms around her and held her tightly.

Her skin was as cold as a corpse's.

Panic flooded him like a sudden wave. He carried her to the bed and wrapped her in a bedsheet as tears of agony marred her face. She was breaking out in so much cold sweat that her body was rioting violently against her senses.

Brendan was terrified. "No! S-Stick with me, Deirdre! Stick with me! I'm taking you to the hospital!"

Her ears were ringing from the pain, so she could not hear him at all.

He burst out of the door at once.

His three bodyguards were smoking outside. Sam, in particular, had an overcast face. He was stunned to see Brendan carrying Deirdre -whose pained expression was stricken with tears-out of the room, but he straightened himself from the wall in a millisecond. "Mr. Brighthall!"

"Get the car! She's in danger-get the car right now!"

Sam paused a little before hurrying over to the car. He took the driver's seat, and the car torpedoed straight toward the closest hospital.

Deirdre was wheeled into the ER immediately. Brendan was left standing by the door, unreactive save for his trembling fingertips. He had felt it. He had felt the warmth in her body slipping away with each painstaking second.

He was cast down into an abyss of feckless, helpless, confused panic. He could feel it-her life was being drained out of her body as though an unstoppable force from above was reaping a soul!

What the f\*ck had he done?!

Why did she have to lie to him when nothing had happened?

Did she hate him that much?

Did he repel her that much?

But why? She had been nothing like this back then!

She had been so different back then.

## Chapter 80 A Curse That Keeps on Haunting

Brendan's other two bodyguards stood behind Sam. They clearly had their own opinions about the entire incident, but even they knew better than to speak loudly between themselves.

"What the hell has been up with Mr. Brighthall lately, man? He's been acting like he lost his soul and his will to live just because a blind \*ss woman went missing," one of them whispered. He was wearing a look that was not subtle by any means. "You don't think... he's fallen in love with that freak, do you?"

"Bro, you're really acting like this couldn't just be the concern and worry of a decent human being," the other man replied "Come on, man Mr. Brighthall and that freak? It'd be like an elf prince marrying an ogress, bro! Hell, I bet there are ogresses who are even more pleasing to the eye. She looks like a pile of shi-"

"Shut uuuuuup!" Sam suddenly snapped, shattering his self-imposed silence.

His eyes were wild with fury. It was genuinely unsettling to see someone famous for being approachable and cordial in such a state, so the two bodyguards immediately shut their mouths.

Sam crouched. He could not get the mental image of a weeping Deirdre out of his mind. His fingers ran through his hair brutishly in frustration. At first, his only feelings for Deirdre a sad, blind woman who had gone through terrible trauma that had ended with her face ruined-had been sympathy. But so many ordeals had kept happening to her, so even his first impression had become obsolete. She was turning into the bedeviled main character of a classic tragedy.

And the way Mr. Brighthall regarded her! It was just so... conflicting! He clearly cared a lot about her, and yet none of that translated into kindness when he spoke. He was all insults and put-downs. Then again, there was the way Mr. Brighthall, a self-proclaimed rationalist, had immediately gone ballistic at Deirdre's apparent provocation. How could he be dense enough not to see her obviously egging him on? How could he then act with such hysterics that... this had happened?

Sam sighed.

The crowd waited for hours. Finally, the light outside the ER room flashed green. As Deirdre was wheeled to a ward, Brendan hurried over to the operating doctor. "How is she?"

It was one of the nurses who answered him, "How is she? Maybe I should be asking you! You're her family, right? Did you know she consumed a very strong drug that did

a number on her body? Or that she was later drenched in freezing water in that state? Her body could not withstand the torment and she almost died!" She frowned, looking irate. "I

have never seen anyone so broken at such a young age in my life, sir. If whatever abuse she's enduring keeps up, I don't believe she'll survive next time!"

Brendan's face was as white as a sheet. He could not help stopping the nurse from walking away. "Wait! What do you mean she consumed 'a very strong drug'?"

"I mean a very powerful aphrodisiac, sir. The sort that could cause real damage to the body. She wouldn't even have been sent to the ER if it weren't for that."

Brendan's mind went blank. Was that why? Was that why she had thrown herself at any man who had come her way? It was not because she was a wh\*re or-

God. Oh, God.

He clenched his fists. His chest suddenly hurt.

What had he done?!

"Sam." He took a deep breath and closed his eyes. When he opened them, his black pupils reflected the intention of a man braying for blood. "I want you to look into that drunk client she was with. I want you to find out who drugged Deirdre and make them disappear."

"Understood."

Brendan returned to the old mansion by himself that night. Although it was already in the wee hours of the morning, he could see lights from the windows.

He pushed open the door to the living room and found both Charlene and Madame Brighthall there. The air stiffened. Charlene managed to summon joy to her face while running up to Brendan. "Welcome home, Bren!"

He harrumphed coldly and removed his wet coat.

Charlene bit her lip a little and added, "Well? It's been close to two days. Did you find out where Miss McKinnon was?"

Brendan clenched his hands. "I did."

"Oh, that's great news!" Charlene's cry of joy beguiled the fact that she was smiling through gritted teeth. How could that b\*tch have been found so soon? Goddamn it, those people had one job, and they had managed to trip over it?!

Urgh, this b\*tch was a curse that kept on haunting her!

Madame Brighthall had been quiet, but hearing about Deirdre being safe made her let out a sigh. Her relief was short-lived, as her expression darkened, and she looked

up at Brendan. "Well, then. Now that Miss McKinnon has been found, surely it's not

unfair to ask for a conversation between a mother and her son. Right?"

