

Resent Reject Regret

Chapter 81 | I Owe Her This Much

Brendan was not going to shy away from a hard conversation. He stepped closer to Madame Brighthall and said, “Do you know what happened to her?”

It took all his willpower to suppress his rage. “By the time I found her, she was drugged and set up to be raped under the influence! The aphrodisiac they used on her damaged her body enough that her life is hanging by a thread. She just came out of the ER, but she’s still unconscious!”

“What?!” Madame Brighthall cried in disbelief. She then leaped to her feet. “How did that even-? No, who would commit such an atrocity in this age and society? It’s barbaric!”

He took a deep breath. “Just because you’re blissfully unaware of it, it doesn’t mean cruelty has ceased to exist.”

Madame Brighthall furrowed her eyebrows. “Oh, so this is you looking for someone to crucify, isn’t it? And to you, I happen to be the one who caused all of this, right?” she retorted. “As if that woman wasn’t the one who drove a wrench into Lena’s and your relationship! As if she wasn’t the one who broke Lena’s leg! What kind of attitude do you demand I assume when facing someone like that, huh? Am I supposed to kiss the back of her hand? Curtsy? Arrange for someone to buy her a luxury house and hire a retinue of live-in nurses after seeing her off?”

Brendan suddenly felt really tired. “There’s something you need to know, Mom. The truth is, Deirdre is actually the one you-”

“B-Bren!” Charlene blurted out in a panic, her voice shaking. What was he planning to do-tell Madame Brighthall the truth about those two years of marriage?

Had he

gone mad?! Did it not occur to him just what sort of peril he would put her in

with these... insane actions?!

Charlene pushed all of her terror to the back of her mind. Outwardly, she feigned dejection. “If you’re looking for someone to blame, Bren, blame it on me, okay? It was my fault for not stopping Miss McKinnon when I should have. It was all my fault. I shouldn’t have come between the two of you!”

“Oh, Lena, you poor thing! Stop it, this isn’t your fault,” Madame Brighthall cooed, sounding heartbroken. She turned back to Brendan and shot him a glare. “Fine! I’ll take the blame for what happened to Miss McKinnon. But does that absolve you of your vices, hmm?”

“Must I remind you what happened back then? Lena saved you from the fire. I

thought monetary compensation was enough, but you were the one who wanted more. You brought Lena to my house for two years in an attempt to move me-to make me accept her. And then I did. I gave my blessing and treated Lena as my daughter-in-law...

“And then what happened? You just had to take after your deadbeat father! Do you remember that he abandoned his wife and son? Do you remember that he spent his time with all kinds of women out there?!”

Madame Brighthall had always been graceful and poised, but the claws of her deepest wound cracked her composure. She began to shake.

Brendan was genuinely weary now. “There’s nothing wrong with me and Lena, mom,” he said with a sigh. “There are no cracks to stress over because it’s

impossible to break us apart.”

“Well, if you value what you have so much, then break up with Miss McKinnon and never see her again!”

“No way!” Brendan retorted.

Charlene and Madame Brighthall were stunned. Even Brendan himself was shocked. by his own response-it had come out of him before he had consciously known he was about to say it. He had not even known he had been about to object.

But he knew there was only one thing on his mind. Deirdre could not leave him-both because she was incapable of it and because he would never let her. All she had done was go missing for a day and the world had immediately preyed on her, drugging and tormenting her until she had almost died. If he abandoned Deirdre... If he abandoned her....

Her life would be doomed.

“You wretched...” Madame Brighthall was so mad that her temple was hurting. “How dare you? I am your mother! Is this a declaration of defiance?”

“It is,” Brendan replied, seeming unfazed. “Did you know that she’s blind? She wasn’t born that way, Mom. She went blind because of me. Your son! I owe her. She has nothing left of her own-no family, no friends. If I leave her, she will die.

“Aren’t you the one who taught me the concept of sin and redemption? This is my redemption, Mom. I am doing all I can to pay back what I owe her. If I abandon her now, then I’ll be besmirching the entire Brighthall family’s reputation!”

His moral rebuttal choked a few words out of his mother. “Lord, do you really think I can’t tell when you’re spouting nonsense, Brendan?! Even if you’re the one who caused her blindness, you could have compensated her with a house and a live-in

nurse! All that is well within our financial capabilities! What you didn’t have to do is make her stay with you! How the hell are you going to hand-wave that away, huh?!”

Chapter 82 It Was Her Choice to Leave

Brendan clenched his fists tightly and replied word for word, "She needs me." In fact, Brendan felt guilty and rather unconfident when he said it.

Deirdre had indeed needed Brendan in the past. Whenever she'd waited a long time for him to come back, she would make several calls to inquire and reluctantly hung up the phone when she learned that Brendan was getting annoyed.

However, Deirdre would now leave whenever she wanted. When she had been drugged, she hadn't even begged for his help but someone else's.

An irreversible change had indeed taken place between Deirdre and Brendan, which made Brendan feel uneasy.

"You're too obsessed with her!"

Madame Brighthall felt dizzy. Charlene was dumbfounded for a moment before she recollected herself and supported Madame Brighthall. "Madame, are you alright?"

Charlene turned to Brendan and said, "Brendan, stop it. Can you please get out? You know your mother isn't in good health. Don't you make her go to the hospital again."

Charlene felt uneasy after making this request. Brendan had always been worried about Madame Brighthall's thoughts, but he had resisted this time just for Deirdre. Hence, she was now unsure of who Deirdre was to Brendan.

Brendan lowered his eyes. "I'll get out and stand by the gate until morning as a means of self-punishment. However, I'm not changing my mind. Mother, since you aren't feeling well, please refrain from worrying about what's happening between us."

Following that, Brendan went out.

Meanwhile, Charlene assisted Madame Brighthall into the room. When they looked down from the second floor, they saw Brendan standing still at the gate. Even the biting cold wind failed to waver his determination.

Did he have to do this for the sake of Deirdre?

Charlene was afraid. She had thought what she had done would make Deirdre disappear from Brendan's life. However, it seemed that the situation hadn't gone her way.

Charlene went downstairs and walked over to Brendan with a coat.

"Brendan, the weather is too cold and your clothes are still wet. Do wear this coat so you don't get sick. Otherwise, I'll be sad," said Charlene as she put on the coat for him.

Brendan suddenly took Charlene's hand and asked, "How did mother know that your leg was injured by Deirdre? Did you tell her?"

When Charlene saw his black, unfathomable eyes, she panicked. At the time, she had thought Brendan didn't mind, as Brendan had paid no attention to it.

"T-That's because..." Charlene's eyes turned red, as she found it rather difficult to answer. "Brendan, do you really want me to tell you?"

"Just tell me."

"It was Ms. McKinnon who told Madame." Charlene pursed her lips, and her eyes reddened. "I didn't understand what Ms. McKinnon was up to either. Madame didn't mean to kick her out of the house. She only asked what it would take for Ms. McKinnon to leave you. Ms. McKinnon replied that she wanted to leave as soon as possible, but Madame refused. Madame wanted her to wait for your arrangements, and that was when Ms. McKinnon suddenly mentioned my leg injury!"

Charlene looked as though she found the incident incredible. "I was stunned at the time. When Madame heard that Ms. McKinnon was the person who injured my leg, of course she was so furious that she kicked her out. Now that I think back on it, somewhat understood Ms. McKinnon's intention at the time. Perhaps she was trying to take this opportunity to leave the villa forever and go find Mr. Sterling?"

Boom-

Charlene's remark immediately caused Brendan's pupils to constrict. His hands clenched tight, his eyes turned ice-cold, his ears began buzzing, and his mind was filled with Charlene's words.

'It was Ms. McKinnon who told Madame.'

Ms. McKinnon replied that she wanted to leave as soon as possible."

'Perhaps she was trying to take this opportunity to leave the villa forever and go find Mr Sterling?'

Had it actually been Deirdre's choice to leave? Anyway, if she had been unwilling to leave, how could Madame Brighthall have forced a person with a disability out of the house? This wasn't like Madame Brighthall after all

Chapter 83 Did It Hit Him That Hard?

The moment when Deidre had been forced to get out, she must have been thrilled to finally leave Brendan and privately go back to Sterling

However, before Deidre could even reach Sterling, she had been abducted into an illegal industry.

Brendan wanted to laugh, but his chest felt stuffy and painful Regardless of how strong the wind was, it wasn't as cold as the chill in his heart.

Brendan's lips quivered in anger, and rage churned inside of him, trying to crush him down.

"Brendan? Are you alright?" Charlene didn't feel good while looking at Brendan She wondered whether Deirdre's intention to leave had hit him that hard?

"Yes, I'm good." Brendan closed his eyes with a quiver After a while, when he reopened his eyes, the sentiment in them had disappeared It had been replaced with his usual indifference and an affectionless gaze. "Go back. It's cold out here. You don't want to get sick."

you."

"Would you like to go back with me?" Charlene felt his warmth and was assured that Brendan still cared for her. Hence, she couldn't help but ask tentatively. "Since Ms. McKinnon insists on leaving, why don't you just let her go? You only owe Ms. McKinnon a pair of eyes at most. But why would you torture yourself when she doesn't appreciate your kindness? You still have me here, and I'm waiting for

As Charlene said this, she blushed and held on to Brendan. "I'll never leave you."

Perhaps Brendan had been in the cold wind for too long and it had dulled his brain. The moment Charlene softly proclaimed this, his mind was filled with Deirdre instead.

Deirdre used to proclaim the same thing. Now, she wanted to leave Brendan for the sake of Sterling Muller. How could her love be so cheap!

"Just go back." Brendan didn't give her a direct response. "I won't break the promise I've made to my mother."

"Bren..."

"Go back."

Because Brendan spoke in a flat tone, this was an irrefutable demand.

Charlene's expression became stiff. "I'll go back into the house to persuade Madame. Do take care of yourself."

"Sure."

When Deirdre opened her eyes, she smelled a familiar smell of disinfectant. She mocked herself for being back in the hospital again.

During this period of time, the number of times she had been hospitalized was the biggest in her entire life.

"Ms. McKinnon, you're awake?" Sam had been sitting on the sofa, dozing off. However, when he heard Deirdre's movement, he got up and hurriedly asked, "Are you hungry or thirsty? Would you like to have some water?"

"Please get me a glass of water. Thank you."

"Sure!" Sam poured a glass of water and handed it over to Deirdre.

Deirdre drank half of the glass calmly, showing no sign of a breakdown or grief.

It was obvious that Deirdre had been sent to the hospital because she had been drugged and almost raped, then stimulated by Brendan with cold water.

Sam didn't feel good on Deirdre's behalf. Hence, he couldn't help initiating a conversation, trying to comfort Deirdre. "Err, the gang that kidnapped you has been caught and is now at the police station. A jail term will follow soon. Ms. McKinnon, don't worry. Sir has said that anyone who messes with you won't meet a good end!"

Deirdre froze, appearing startled for a moment before she looked at Sam and laughed.

Sam scratched his head awkwardly. "Ms. McKinnon, what are you laughing at?"

Deirdre laughed at Sam's notion that anyone who messed with her wouldn't meet a good end. She wondered if Brendan should be doomed in that case.

Did Brendan not know that she knew who the culprit behind yesterday's events was? Other than Brendan, who else would go this far to abduct an ugly blind woman and make her a prostitute? She suspected that Brendan was furious because she had almost died.

How could Brendan allow his 'pet' to die before he'd had enough fun?

Chapter 84 Don't Force Me to Get Angry

"I'd like to rest some more."

Deirdre avoided answering. Sam understood clearly. Hence, he nodded, said a few words, and went out.

Right after the door closed behind Sam, he saw Brendan, who was wearing a coat, coming out of the elevator. Brendan was still wearing yesterday's clothes, his face looked extremely tired, and it was accompanied by an abnormal flush, as if he was ill. Sam hurriedly paced toward Brendan and greeted him. "Mr. Brighthall."

"Has Deirdre woken up?"

"Yes, she just woke up."

As Brendan was about to enter the room, Sam asked, "Mr. Brighthall? Did you not rest well? You seem ill. How about you consult the doctor first?"

"No worries." Brendan frowned heavily. "I'll take a look at Deirdre."

Brendan pushed open the door and saw Deirdre, who had closed her eyes but whose eyelashes were still trembling. Then, Brendan closed the door behind him.

"Are you asleep?"

Brendan asked even though he knew Deirdre was still awake. His fatigue was a result of two sleepless nights, in addition to the biting cold breeze of the autumn evening that had made him sick. Step by step, he paced toward the edge of the bed, took off his coat, lifted the quilt, and went straight to bed.

Because of the narrow single bed, Brendan had to hold Deirdre in his arms. For reasons unknown, he felt total peace at that moment.

Deirdre froze and her heartbeat quickened.

There was no gap between them. Deirdre's forehead rested on Brendan's chest, and her nose was filled with his smell.

There was Charlene's smell on him as well.

Deirdre shivered slightly as she wondered whether Brendan had come to her only after spending a night with Charlene. Who did he think she was?

Deirdre felt disgusted upon sensing the smell. She couldn't pretend she was sleeping anymore. She pushed away Brendan's hand and tried to get out of bed.

Immediately, Brendan stared furiously at her with his black, ferocious eyes.

"Deirdre McKinnon, anger is coiling in my stomach, but I'm trying to repress it. Don't force me to burst from rage."

Brendan's voice was icy, and the threat in his voice was obvious.

Deirdre had to stop moving. Her fingers curled tight into her palm.

Anger was coiling in his stomach? Deirdre didn't understand why Brendan was enraged when she was the one who had almost died.

Deirdre stubbornly wanted to get out of bed. Brendan wrapped her in his arms. Irritably and said impatiently, "Are you insisting on opposing me? Deirdre McKinnon, do you know how much I have done for your sake?"

Deirdre wanted to laugh, thinking that she knew what Brendan meant. She knew Brendan had been trying his best to ruin, suppress, and mutilate her until she

became a blind woman despised by everyone.

Deirdre felt disgusted again and turned her face away. It was this action of hers that provoked Brendan. He responded violently by pinching her face to force her to look up. "How can you be so rude? Deirdre, I don't mind if you hate me, but can't you be at least grateful enough to say thank you?"

Deirdre clenched her fists. It took her a while before she asked, "What have you done that I should be grateful for?"

Brendan was furious. "For your sake, I stood in the cold for a whole night so that my mother would accept you. Is that not enough?"

Deirdre truly wanted to laugh. "Brendan, please stop doing stuff that only moves you. Does it really matter whether your mother accepts me?"

'After all, Madame Brighthall has always seen me as an unscrupulous third party.' Deirdre didn't voice this last sentence because she didn't want Brendan to know that she was aggrieved. In fact, the incomplete information Deirdre had provided led to Brendan misunderstanding.

"Yes, it does not matter indeed. You wish that my mother will not accept you so you can leave me righteously and go back to your Sterry, right?"

Chapter 85 Stop Doing Useless Things

Brendan pinched Deirdre's face harder as rage soared in him. 'If she wants to leave, does she have to make it so straightforward?'

"What's wrong with you?" Deirdre was feeling so much pain that tears dropped from her eyes. Meanwhile, she struggled hard to free herself.

Brendan reacted by pushing Deirdre down on the bed while gripping her hands. His chest plopping, he growled, "What's wrong with me? Deirdre McKinnon, do you know that if I hadn't just gone to the hotel to change clothes and met you, you would have been raped by that old man?! How could you leave immediately when you were asked to? If you were to die, would you be damn happy because it would mean you'd finally escape my control?"

"You're crazy..." Her eyes were red, and Deirdre was truly disappointed that Brendan would blame her for this.

"It's your mother who demanded that I leave! She said I'm the third party destroying the relationship between you and Charlene! Mr. Brighthall, I was not brazen enough to stay after she made it so clear!"

"And you left instantly? Why weren't you so obedient before me? Don't you know what you are like?" shouted Brendan hysterically. "You won't survive even for a second after leaving me!"

Deirdre felt that Brendan was impervious to reason. "Let go of me!"

"You want me to let go of you so you'll have another reason to leave, right? If those people hadn't just kidnapped you, would you have been lying naked in Sterling's arms when I saw you?"

Deirdre's mind went blank. When she recollected herself, she desperately pulled her hands from Brendan's grip and slapped him.

"Get out!"

Deirdre had not tried to survive so Brendan could humiliate her. She had been humiliated a couple of times, but Brendan had actually involved Sterling this time around.

When his face was slapped, Brendan lost his rationality. "Get out? Deirdre, who are you to order me to get out?"

"Don't! Brendan! You're crazy!"

"I'll show you who your man is!"

Brendan cast a scorching glare at Deirdre. It was as if he wanted to manipulate Deirdre so she would merely stay within his line of sight.

After a night of crying, Deirdre's tears had dried up. She stared blankly for a while before she regained her strength. Following that, she put on a coat and went out.

Sam was just right outside the door. He felt awkward when he saw Deirdre and didn't know what to do with his hands. "Ms. McKinnon..."

Deirdre looked calm and collected. In fact, she had more of a numb expression on her face. She asked, "Excuse me, can you please get me the morning-after pill? I promise I'll stay here while you're away."

"Err..."

Sam hesitated. It was not that he didn't want to agree to Deirdre's request, but Brendan wouldn't let Deirdre take the morning-after pill. Unless he wanted to get into trouble, he couldn't fulfill Deirdre's request.

"Is it inconvenient?"

Sam looked troubled and suggested, "What about you wait for Mr. Brighthall to wake up and get his permission? If he agrees, I'll get it for you immediately."

Deirdre revolted. "Why must I wait for him to agree? Am I his possession?"

"Do I have no human rights? Have I even lost the right to take the morning-after pill so that I won't get pregnant?!" Deirdre asked.

Sam was rendered speechless.

Her eyes were redder than usual, but Deirdre didn't shed any tears. Maybe her tears had dried up after so many long hours of crying. She said, "I'll get it myself then!"

Sam didn't stop Deirdre. However, Deirdre couldn't get the morning-after pill, even though she was in a big hospital.

Deirdre understood clearly that Sam was the culprit behind it. Even though she was blind, she knew that Sam must have done a lot of things without her knowledge. Hence, none of the doctors and nurses would sell her the morning-after pill.

Deirdre didn't want to give up. She made the decision to go to a pharmacy nearby instead. Sam couldn't help blocking her way. "Ms. McKinnon, stop doing useless things. If Mr. Brighthall doesn't agree, you won't get what you want even if you try another city."

Chapter 86 Just Bear the Child

To get to the bottom of it, the problem was still Brendan. Deirdre just had to ask Brendan a question, but she refused to.

If she couldn't even choose not to get pregnant, she doubted what she was to him. A tool?

After an unknown period of time, Brendan woke up from his drowsy state. His head felt heavy and painful. Besides, the fever he was suffering from had not subsided. Instead, it had worsened.

The first thing Brendan did as he opened his eyes with a splitting headache was take a look at Deirdre, who was supposed to be lying beside him. When he didn't see her, his heart skipped a beat, and he got up in a hurry. He glanced around the room and finally stopped when he saw Deirdre on the sofa.

Deirdre was crouching on the sofa while looking out the window, even though she couldn't see anything.

The warm light of the setting sun embraced the tiny, thin Deirdre, making her appear rather pitiful.

Brendan felt guilty. Now that he had woken up, he admitted that he had acted impulsively in the morning. He regretted treating Deirdre that way. Deirdre had, after all, just come out of the emergency room.

Brendan got out of bed, took the coat by the bedside, and put it on Deirdre.

"Aren't you cold? Even if you aren't willing to sleep with me on the bed, why didn't you get a blanket for yourself?" As expected, Brendan felt the coldness on Deirdre's hands upon touching them. He frowned and his headache worsened.

To Brendan's surprise, Deirdre grabbed his hand when Brendan was about to release her.

At that moment, Brendan's heart skipped a beat, and he heard Deirdre say, "Can I get Sam to get me the morning-after pill?"

The little warmth and joy in Brendan's heart dissipated in an instant, replaced by an icy chill. It was as if he had been up in the clouds before being kicked down by someone.

Suppressing his rage, Brendan asked, "Were you sitting here on the sofa just to wait

for me to wake up and ask me this question?"

Deirdre didn't answer. She imploringly raised her head, tugged at Brendan's finger, and pleaded. "Please allow Sam to get me the morning-after pill. Please, Brendan, it won't be effective later."

"It's best if it's ineffective!" Brendan suddenly shook off Deirdre's hand. While half of his face was shrouded in the dark, he curled his lips into a sneer. "Taking that stuff hurts the body. Forget it. If you don't get pregnant, fine. Otherwise, just bear the child."

Deirdre felt her chest suddenly tighten when she heard Brendan say 'bear the child'. She couldn't believe that Brendan would say that. However, her inability to see Brendan's facial expression made her feel even more desperate.

It was because Deirdre could hear in Brendan's tone that he was not kidding.

"A-Are you kidding?"

Brendan reacted by clasping Deirdre's chin with a hand. Maybe it was because of the fever, but his fingertips were rather warm. But it was those warm fingertips that sent an icy chill throughout Deirdre's body.

"What do you think?" Brendan asked in reply. "Do you think that I'd lie to you? Deirdre McKinnon, don't you ever forget that you owe me a child. You aborted our first child without my permission. Hence, you must bear another one for me."

Thinking of a child's chubby face made a gentle smile appear on Brendan's face.

However, Deirdre felt a chill down her spine.

To think that Brendan was talking about their child and blaming Deirdre for having an abortion without his permission? He had also said casually that she should bear him. another one in that case?

Like a sword, Brendan's words stabbed Deirdre's heart and twisted. She burst into tears, crying over the pointlessness of that child's death and the pain she had suffered every day in prison.

Deirdre had anticipated welcoming that child. Even when she had been beaten up and pushed down the stairs, she had tried her best to protect that child, hoping to start a new life with that child after she got out of prison.

Deirdre had wanted to forget the past and Brendan and had been determined to be a loving mother.

However, that pill had severed all her hopes and sent her to hell. Now that everything had faded, Brendan naturally blamed her for what he had done.

Did Brendan think he could turn over a new leaf by just demanding that Deirdre give birth to another child?

Chapter 87 I Will Never Bear Your Child in My Lifetime

Tears welled up in her eyes and rolled down her face. She wanted to kill Brendan so badly at that very moment.

“Have you forgotten what you told me in the past, Mr. Brighthall? You told me not to succumb to wishful thinking about you and not even think about getting pregnant with your baby. You said that you would choke me to death if I were to get pregnant. Are you discrediting yourself now?”

Brendan’s expression was icy, and his dark eyes glistened with a tinge of overwhelming emotions.

He had been disgusted with Deirdre’s lack of propriety in the past indeed. He had loathed her for her wild wishes and wished that she would leave his world immediately.

However, he did not know why, but he had dreamed about her frequently in the two years that she had been gone.

He could not understand the reason, but perhaps it was due to guilt or sympathy. All in all, he wanted to give Deirdre a home and a child at that very moment.

“You were obsessed with wild ideas in the past indeed. But now, you’re pitiful. You’ve lost everything, and it’s only natural that I want to give you what you want. It would be fine to give you a child to keep you company. You can think of it as compensation

‘Compensation for your mother’s death and your eyes.’”

“Compensation?” Deirdre laughed and interrupted him. Tears streamed down her face as she said in a determined tone, “Don’t worry, I’ll kill myself and the child if I get pregnant. Don’t even think that I’d bear your child in this lifetime, Brendan! You’re the one who is obsessed with wild ideas!”

Brendan’s pupils constricted, and he could not believe what he had just heard. He flew into a rage and said, “Say that again, Deirdre!”

“Give me the pill.” Deirdre was very calm compared to Brendan. “Brendan, you can choose not to give me the pill, but I assure you that I will definitely kill myself if I get pregnant. You may give it a try if you don’t believe me.”

“Have you lost your mind?”

That used to be a huge blessing for Deirdre in the past.

He suddenly realized something and felt as if there was a knot in his throat. He felt his heart wrenching in pain. “That’s right! You killed our first child, so of course you don’t care

about my offspring. You would bear children for f*cking Sterling and do it willingly if the child was his offspring, right?"

"He's not the only one." Deirdre said with red eyes, "I would bear children for any man in this world, but I won't do it for you."

The remark was brutal. Brendan's chest was burning with fury, and he felt like he was about to explode from anger. His thin lips turned pale, yet his eyes went dark. He collapsed to the ground right away.

A bang was heard, stunning Deirdre. "Brendan?"

There was no reply. She got down on her knees and stretched out her hand. Brendan's entire face was burning hot, as if he was soaking in hot water.

His condition was much worse than any sick day he had experienced in the past. Brendan had always been very healthy and had barely been sick in his life.

Deirdre's mind went blank, and she called out to Sam.

Sam was startled by the sight of Brendan on the ground when he entered. He called a doctor in a haste and informed Brendan's family all in one go.

Deirdre was still sitting on the sofa in shock when Brendan's mother got there.

Brendan was in critical condition and was surrounded by doctors. He still could not regain consciousness after receiving treatment, and Madam Brighthall was crying. Soon, she calmed herself with great effort, yet she still refused to leave the room.

Deirdre recovered from her shock when she learned that Brendan's life was not in danger. She walked inside by following the wall barefoot.

It would be impossible for Madam Brighthall not to see her no matter how hard she tried to ignore her. She said in a rigid tone, "Where are you going?"

Deirdre said with her gaze lowered, "I don't want to be an eyesore to you by staying here. I'm going to sit outside."

"Come back." Madam Brighthall saw her bare feet and felt rather frustrated. "You just got out of the emergency room yesterday and you're walking barefoot today. You're going to be sick again, and Brendan will blame me again when he wakes up."

Chapter 88 He Stood in the Cold Wind for a Whole Night

Again?

Deirdre was rather confused by the word and appeared puzzled.

Madam Brighthall said, "Don't you know why Brendan is sick with a high fever?"

Deirdre shook her head. She had no idea.

"It's my fault, but you contributed a bit too, right?" Madam Brighthall heaved a sigh and laughed at herself. "I don't know if it's because I'm old and I don't understand young people anymore. I really couldn't accept you coming in between Brendan and Charlene, but Brendan came to the family mansion yesterday evening to persuade me to accept you."

A tinge of astonishment and confusion flashed past Deirdre's usually calm face. She raised her head. Brendan had actually gone to the family mansion yesterday night? He hadn't spent the night cuddling with Charlene?

Madam Brighthall said, "I refused to agree to that, naturally. He has always been stubborn. He forced himself to stand by the door, and it was very cold and windy at night. I thought that he would leave after a while, but I didn't expect that he would really stand there for a whole night."

"What...?"

Brendan had stood at the door of the family mansion for one whole night...?

Deirdre was incredulous, her hands grabbing the door frame in confusion. "Why did he do that?"

"How would I know?" Madam Brighthall spoke in a slightly complaining tone. "Bren has always been very obedient since he was a child. He would do anything that I asked him to even if it was not what he wanted. He defied me for the first time. yesterday. He would rather get sick than leave."

"However, I believe that he did that so I wouldn't get involved in the matter, right? He told me that he needed to return something he owed you to you."

Deirdre's fingers tightened, and her nails, which she had yet to trim, dug into her palms. She was in so much pain that she could not breathe.

'He owes me more than that. He owes me so much that he wouldn't be able to repay me for the rest of his life...'

However, he had stood in the cold wind for a whole night on purpose just so Madam

Brighthall would change her mind and stop getting involved. Why would he do that? What was he thinking? Had he done that so he could torment her more easily or...

Deirdre's head was a chaotic mess. She loathed him but she understood him well and she was affected by the drastic change of events.

She wanted to leave but she heard the rushed clicking sound of high heels coming from behind her. Soon, Charlene bumped into her ferociously and walked into the room.

"Is Brendan alright, mother?"

Charlene had exerted quite a lot of strength to bump into Deirdre on purpose. Deirdre was so shaken that she almost threw up yesterday's dinner, but she heard Madam Brighthall's voice soften. "It's not too serious. He's just having a high fever and he has already been given an injection. Don't worry."

"How can I not worry? Brendan was standing outside, and I was supposed to keep him company. It's all my fault for obeying him too much. He was worried about me, and he insisted that I go home. In the end, I fell asleep and this happened to him... Her eyes reddened with tears, and she could not help taking a glance at Deirdre. She said with feigned grievance, "Ms. McKinnon, I'm begging you. Will you stop playing tricks? Brendan has been involved in so many messes because of you. Do you really want him to spend every day in the hospital?"

She blamed Brendan's illness on Deirdre with this remark.

Just as expected, Madam Brighthall was displeased. "Forget it. It's partially my fault, too. Since Brendan is in this state, we can't do something that displeases him anymore. Just leave this matter be."

"That's true too. However, I really can't relax when Brendan is sick. Mother, you should go home and rest. I'll stay and take care of him."

"Hmm. Take care of yourself too. I'll come and see you tomorrow morning and bring some chicken soup."

They spoke to one another as if Deirdre was a stranger to them. In the end, Madam Brighthall left unwillingly. As soon as Deirdre shut the door, she slapped Deirdre's face with the back of her hand.

Chapter 89 Avenge Charlene

"Why haven't you died yet, you jinx! It's fine that you're constantly lingering around Brendan and me, but you actually got Brendan so sick today that he has been admitted to the hospital. If Brendan is not awake by tomorrow, I assure you that I won't let you off!"

She spoke in a loud and clear voice, as if she was ready to avenge Brendan. However, she felt delighted in her heart after delivering the slap, as she had been putting up with this anger for a long time. She had been putting up with it since yesterday night.

Deirdre stumbled back from the pain after being slapped. Her face was burning, and when she recovered from the surprise, she was not infuriated. She raised her head, and turned in Charlene's direction.

"You can't even be bothered to put on an act in Brendan's presence now, huh, Ms. McKinney? If Brendan were to gain consciousness coincidentally now, he would be quite surprised to see you like this, right? Or..." She dragged her words out and chuckled calmly. "You've already lost your senses out of jealousy, so you just couldn't care less about anything but venting your anger, Ms. McKinney?"

The smile on Charlene's lips froze instantly. She could not help feeling infuriated for no apparent reason after a blind person saw through her mind. She sneered and said

stubbornly, "Jealousy? You've lost your mind, Deirdre. What do you have that would make me jealous of you? Is it your extremely hideous face or your blind eyes?"

"You're jealous that Brendan would stand at the door of the family mansion all day because he won't leave me," Deirdre blurted out calmly.

Charlene's face turned pale when she heard the remark.

'She knows!'

Brendan had stood at the door in the cold wind for a whole night just because of Deirdre. Charlene was upset about that indeed, and that was why she had lost control and slapped Deirdre.

However, she could not stand seeing Deirdre being so arrogant. "You seem to be really proud, huh? Do you think Brendan stood at the door in the cold wind just to protect you? He did it so he could continue to torment you!"

Charlene cracked a smile upon remembering something. She lowered her voice and leaned close to Deirdre while she said, "Oh right, Ms. McKinnon. It must feel bad to be drugged and sent to the bed of an old man, right? You're really lucky that your

managed to escape that, or else!"

Deirdre, who had always been calm, suddenly lost her temper. She stretched out her hands and clutched Charlene's throat, walking toward Charlene to pin her against the edge of the bed. "How do you know about that! Who told you!"

Charlene had no idea where Deirdre found the strength to almost choke her to death. As she expressed her panic, Sam walked into the room just in time to witness the scene. He approached Deirdre in a haste to stop her.

"Calm down, Ms. McKinnon! This is Ms. Charlene McKinney!"

Deirdre glared in Charlene's direction ferociously, her body shaking. "Who told you! How do you know that! Was it you?!"

Charlene's face turned ghastly pale from fear when she was able to breathe again. She felt the fear of a near-death experience, which had been caused by a blind woman. Charlene was furious and clenched her teeth as she made her way to the restrained Deirdre step by step.

"You asked how I know? Deirdre, don't forget that Brendan and I are very much in love. When you were kicked to the ground, we enjoyed watching the scene together."

Charlene chuckled proudly while Deirdre struggled even more violently. Sam's mind went blank, but he found it inappropriate to get involved in the two women's quarrel.

He pulled Deirdre out of the room by force. "Ms. McKinnon... Ms. McKinnon! Calm down!"

Deirdre bit her lip so hard that her mouth was stained with blood.

She could not calm herself, as she had assumed that Brendan had sent her to the old man because he had grown bored of her. It turned out that he had done it to avenge Charlene.

He had actually filmed her revolting actions just so he could watch the footage with Charlene?

Chapter 90 His Enthusiasm Was for Nothing

Deirdre's entire body was shaking. Sam pinched her lower jaw to pry open her mouth forcefully and prevent her from biting herself until she was severely injured.

"Don't hurt yourself, Ms. McKinnon. Sir is going to feel sorry for you if he sees this."

'Feel sorry?'

Deirdre burst out laughing.

She had assumed that Brendan had perhaps realized his error when he had stood in front of the family mansion. In truth, he had done it so he could torment her more easily.

How could a person like him feel sorry for her?

If he had felt sorry for her, would he have done nothing when her face had been cruelly destroyed, her child had been aborted, and she had been bullied in prison?

He had been a cold, heartless devil all this time.

Deirdre shut her eyes and felt intense fatigue overpowering her entire body. She had felt like her world was dark for a moment. Now, it felt as if she had found something in the darkness that she'd thought was hope, only to find that her hands were covered in blood. It turned out that she had not found hope but a knife that had been

used to kill her.

"I'm tired. Please arrange a room for me to rest."

Deirdre was in a weak condition, so Sam did not have the courage to delay anymore and checked Deirdre into a room at the corner.

In the other room, Charlene checked the handprint marks on her throat through the mirror. She could still feel lingering fear. 'The b*tch is actually serious about killing me.'

She was about to cover the marks with makeup, but after pondering it for a while, she gave herself a ferocious pinch so the marks looked even more obvious. Then, she returned to Brendan's bed.

The man on the bed had well-defined facial features and a chiseled face without a single flaw. Charlene looked at him affectionately.

All of a sudden, Brendan's lips moved as he uttered a bunch of words.

“What did you say, Brendan?” Charlene held his hands tightly and leaned closer to him.

She leaned as close to the man’s lips as she could and heard the words he uttered.

“Deir... Deirdre...”

Charlene’s gentle eyes were filled with coldness instantly, and she pulled a long face. She held Brendan’s hands so strongly that her knuckles turned white.

“You still won’t forget about her even now that she has been reduced to her current state?”

Charlene was extremely disgusted. ‘In that case, don’t blame me for being heartless!’

Brendan woke up the next day. The brightly-lit white ceiling came into his view as soon as he opened his eyes, and he felt the warmth of another person on his exposed hands.

“Deirdre.” He got up lethargically and found himself looking into Charlene’s eyes.

He was caught by surprise, while Charlene had a stiff smile on her face. “Are you awake, Brendan? Do you feel better? Should I inform the doctor so he can check on you again?”

“It’s fine.” Brendan refused, and his dark eyes looked around the room. Soon, he furrowed his eyebrows tightly. “Where’s Deirdre? Where is she?”

He could tell that this was Deirdre’s room.

“Brendan, do you have to care about Ms. McKinnon so much? You’re sick, and I kept you company all night long...” Charlene’s lips twitched once. “Ms. McKinnon was supposed to keep you company too, of course. However, she complained that...”

Charlene bit her lower lip abruptly.

Brendan’s dark eyes turned cold instantly. “What did she complain about?”

Charlene said with great difficulty, “She complained that you were too sick and might be contagious, so she asked the hospital to place her in another room. She’s been resting in another room since yesterday, and she has yet to come this morning...”

“Hiss! Brendan, that hurts!”

Charlene’s hand suddenly hurt.

Brendan immediately realized that he had exerted strength without noticing. He was so angry that he had grabbed Charlene’s hand hard until she was in pain.

“I’m sorry.”

He loosened his grip yet felt disheartened, his mind filled with thoughts of the woman’s heartlessness.

He felt really disappointed in her, as if his enthusiasm had been for nothing.