

Resent Reject Regret

Resent Reject Regret by Aqua Summers chapter 97

Chapter 97 Don't Give Someone Who Made a Mistake a Chance

"It's done. I helped you to drain the pus completely, and that is why it hurts.

Remember not to get your dressing wet and you'll be fine. As for the scarring, it will depend on your skin type."

"Thank you so much."

The nurse answered smilingly. "Don't mention it." She then left, pushing the trolley after she was done cleaning up

As soon as the door was shut, the room turned so quiet abruptly that it felt suffocating.

Brendan clenched his fists tightly and braced himself to speak after a few attempts." If everything you said is true, why didn't you explain yourself a few more times?"

Deirdre's gaze was empty. He mocked, bantered, and humiliated constantly whenever she made one remark. If she were to explain herself further, she knew that

she would be doomed.

Brendan realized that he was at fault too. He pursed his thin lips and said, "Deirdre, it's

very difficult for me to trust you because of your history of...

"Are you done? I'm tired and I would really like to rest."

She shut her eyes and lay down. Brendan did not attempt to stop her, as he knew that she would remain awake. He asked after a long time, "Why did you choke. Charlene that night? What happened between you two when I was unconscious?"

"Nothing."

Deirdre was tired and she did not wish to explain anymore. It felt as if she was protesting against an injustice, but she would not gain anything by explaining it, and it was highly possible that she would end up where she had been earlier.

Brendan was about to fly into a rage, but his tone softened at the thought of the

wounds on her hands. "Deirdre, are you not even willing to give someone who made a mistake a chance?"

Deirdre opened her eyes in surprise.

Brendan said, "I would like to apologize to you for blaming you without understanding the matter. At the time, I was..."

"You don't need to apologize." Deirdre interrupted him and smirked. "I don't think I'm worthy of your apology. Besides, you didn't make a mistake. You just refused to

believe me. You would rather believe the people that you believe in. Everyone is just like that, and you didn't cause my injury. You only need to mind your own business."

She was trying to let him off. Brendan could tell that she no longer minded his mistake anymore judging by her nonchalant expression. In fact, he could tell that she would not shed another tear over this misunderstanding.

Suppressing his anger, Brendan said, "Just mind my own business? What's my business then?"

Deirdre paused for a moment and said, "Just pay no attention to my current condition and continue to do whatever you want to me when my injury is healed."

'Do whatever you want to you, huh...'

Brendan felt as if something was weighing his chest down and he was having difficulty breathing. He lowered his gaze to look at Deirdre and sneered. "Is that what I am to you, Deirdre? I'm so abominable that I don't try to understand and all I want is to torment you for my pleasure?"

Deirdre turned her face to the side. At the same time, this was a sign that she was agreeing with his remark.

Brendan clenched his teeth tightly. "I told you that you can depend on me, Deirdre. As long as you don't behave like you did in the past, I will uphold justice for you."

He called up Charlene, his action catching Deirdre by surprise. He was supposed to spare no effort to protect Charlene and make up for her mistakes frantically.

Charlene arrived at the hospital just half an hour after picking up the call.

She was still beautifully made up and she was wearing a couture gown. It was apparent that she had just come from a party, and she feigned surprise the very moment she entered the room. "Did something happen to Ms. McKinnon, Brendan? Why did you call me over so suddenly?"

Upon saying that, Charlene looked at the bed and saw Deirdre sitting on it in good condition. She appeared confused for a moment.

She had assumed that something bad had happened to Deirdre when Brendan had called her and summoned her in a rush. 'If Deirdre is fine, why was Brendan speaking in such a harsh tone, and why was he so anxious?'

Chapter 98 No Other Way to Explain

“Show your hands.”

Brendan stood in front of the window, his flawless face radiating coldness at that very moment. He was even speaking in a tone deprived of its prior gentleness.

“What... What happened?” Charlene stretched out her hands with a forced chuckle. “What happened... Why are you being so serious? You’re making me nervous.”

Brendan examined her nails. It had only been two days since the incident, so her nails had yet to grow much. They had been manicured into a stiletto shape, making them pointy in the middle. If she were to dig her nails hard into someone’s flesh, it would be considered merciful for the victim to experience puncture wounds and not lose chunks of flesh.

“Did you do something to your nails?” asked Brendan with narrowed eyes.

“Huh?” Charlene pulled back her hands with a guilty conscience. “I’m not really sure. I got a fresh manicure two days ago. Perhaps they have been polished a little?”

“Did you cause the injury on Deirdre’s hands?”

All the blood drained from Charlene’s face, and her heart began racing. She had not expected that Brendan would bring up an incident that had already taken place a few days ago. ‘How is Deirdre capable of doing this? Have I underestimated her?’

“What injury?” Charlene immediately calmed herself and said with feigned anxiety, “Is Ms. McKinnon injured again? Where’s the injury? Is she okay?”

Brendan did not answer. He looked at Charlene, who was stunned for a moment. Soon, her eyes reddened with tears. “Bren... Why are you looking at me like this? You can’t be thinking that I’m the one who hurt Ms. McKinnon, right?”

Brendan took a deep breath, for he was already pushed to the limits of his patience. Deirdre’s hands are covered in infected wounds punctured by nails, and the injury happened on the 19th. On the other hand, you two held hands once on the 19th.”

Charlene’s face turned ghastly pale, and her voice turned shaky. “Bren, you’re suspecting me of hurting Ms. McKinnon? You think that I punctured her hands on purpose? Why would you think of me that way? Am I such a sinister woman in your eyes?”

Brendan had refused to believe that in the past, but the answer was apparent now.

“Apologize to her.”

“Bren...” Charlene panicked, her eyes welling up with tears. “What’s going on? You won’t even give me the chance to explain myself. If I really did hurt Ms. McKinnon at the time, why didn’t she mention it? You’ve already decided that I was at fault even without investigating the matter?”

Tears streamed down her face. Before Brendan could speak, she sobbed and said, "I understand now. I'm sure that Ms. McKinnon is the one who told you, right? You feel so sorry enough for her that you would accuse me of doing this even if I didn't do it, right? Sure! I'll apologize!"

Charlene bit her trembling lower lip and looked at the woman on the bed. She had not expected that she would actually bow to Deirdre and apologize one day.

She hated it.

"I have no idea why you're putting all the blame on me, Ms. McKinnon. However, I must have offended you somehow and for that, I'm sorry. Please forgive me!"

Upon saying that, Charlene had an emotional breakdown and ran out of the room.

Deirdre was very calm, but apart from her calmness, she was slightly astonished. She had not expected that Brendan would actually go so far.

No matter how she thought about it, making Charlene yield to her did not seem like something Brendan would do.

'What is he thinking?'

"Aren't you going to go after her?" Deirdre said. "Charlene seems to be very sad."

Brendan lowered his gaze. "It's fine."

There had been no other way to explain this incident right from the start. However, he could not figure out why the previously kind and magnanimous Charlene would do something like this. Those wounds.... He frowned at the thought of them.

"I told you that I'm not the type of person who doesn't try to understand a situation. I will make whoever is at fault apologize, and I will never be biased."

He said it in such a convincing manner that Deirdre was stunned for a moment. Her hands clutched the blanket tightly, and her chest started heaving.

"Brendan," she suddenly said. "Did you set up my abduction and send me to that man's bed?"

Chapter 99 Ms. McKinney's Note

"Why would you ask this question?" Brendan's sharp brows were tightly furrowed, and his eyes were filled with disbelief.

Deirdre tightened her grip with all her might.

She used to believe that Brendan was a heartless, cold-blooded man who would do such a thing to her, of course. However, she was slightly doubtful now.

If Brendan had been involved in that incident in an effort to avenge Charlene, why would he force Charlene to apologize to her? He had been impartial to Charlene, just as he had promised.

“You need to answer me, yes or no!”

“No.” Even though Brendan was incredulous, he gave her an answer. Soon, he sneered and said, “Is that how you think of me in your heart?”

‘No?’

Deirdre’s thoughts in her head were a chaotic mess. She could only distract herself from her thoughts to calm herself down by focusing on the intense pain in her hands.

“Deirdre, what’s on your mind? If I had abducted you, would I be searching for the heavy rain after a sleepless night? Would I have eaten the old man’s...”

Brendan’s pupils constricted abruptly. ‘What was I talking about?’

Deirdre was confused. “What did you eat?”

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Brendan appeared to be fed up. “Nothing. However, do you think that it’s necessary for me to lie to you?”

‘It is unnecessary.

‘Brendan is the only person who doesn’t need to lie because he can’t be bothered and it’s unnecessary. I can’t run away from him anyhow.’

Hence, those people had put on an act for her on purpose. Why would they do that? Were they trying to make her feel like Brendan had set up the abduction so she would bear a grudge against him?

All of a sudden, she was overwhelmed by the torrent of emotions in her chest. Deirdre turned her body and lay down. Her mind was utterly perplexed, as she had blamed the wrong person for this incident.

“Deirdre!” Brendan took a step forward with a frown when Deirdre lay down all of a

sudden. “You still haven’t told me why you’re asking me about this. Did someone tell you that I was the one who set up the abduction?”

Deirdre opened her eyes because she had figured it all out. If Brendan had not set up the abduction, it must have been Charlene.

She clenched her fists tightly. She could not do anything to Charlene now, but Brendan may be able to do something.

“Why do you think I choked Charlene that night?”

Brendan’s deep, dark eyes were trembling in his eye sockets. His eyes were filled with emotions. “That’s impossible!”

“She told me so. She said you did it to avenge her and took photos of me being raped so you could enjoy looking at them with her!” At this point, she felt the urge to laugh. “I told you that you don’t have a keen sense when it comes to people, Brendan.

“If you don’t believe me, why don’t you ask her in person?”

Brendan ran out of the room in a rush and drove his car to Charlene’s villa swiftly, yet he could not see any light coming from the villa.

No one answered when he knocked on the door. Just as he was about to leave, he saw the woman lying on the ground through the window.

Charlene had consumed a large amount of sleeping pills, so she was admitted to the emergency room when she was sent to the hospital.

After administering emergency treatment for a long time, the doctor walked out, drenched in sweat. “That was really close. Her heart almost stopped. It is fortunate that she was found in a timely manner. She wouldn’t have lived if she had been

discovered any later.”

“Mr. Brighthall.” Sam walked over to pass him a piece of paper. “This is... This is the note left by Ms. McKinney in her room.”

Brendan clenched his fists tightly and took the note slowly.

Bren, this is probably the last time I get to call you by your name. I didn’t expect this day to come. You doubted me and refused to listen to my explanation. I understand that Ms. McKinnon must have told you something. I will prove to you with my death that I never tried to hurt Ms. McKinnon.

Chapter 100 Janitor

Brendan folded the note, his expression filled with agitation and his mind a chaotic mess.

“Hey, what are you doing?” Sam suddenly noticed a woman sneaking around in the corridor and called out to her.

Brendan looked up to take a glance and saw a woman with a panicked expression standing nearby.

Sam was about to approach her, but she was so scared that she almost got down on her knees. “I’m sorry! I’m sorry! It was my fault for disappointing Ms. McKinney... Please don’t call the police on me...”

Sam was stunned for a moment. "What are you talking about?"

The woman muttered to herself with tears streaming down her face. "I knew that I shouldn't have followed the blind woman's instructions. I assumed that I was helping someone, yet I ended up putting Ms. McKinney in harm's way..."

Brendan's pupils constricted. He got up swiftly and approached the woman with an overbearing presence. "Speak properly! Whose instructions were you following?"

The woman bowed repeatedly at once because she had never been approached by such an overbearing man. Her body trembled in fear, and she said, "Mr. Brighthall! I tell you everything, Mr. Brighthall! That woman instructed me to do it. It was all her! It was all that woman's fault!"

"Cut the crap!" Brendan looked down at her, his eyes burning with fury. "Speak properly!"

The woman calmed herself with great effort. "Uh... I used to work at this hospital as a janitor. I was doing my job as usual on the 19th, clearing out the trash in each room. When I reached Room 1209, the blind woman on the bed suddenly sought my help.

"She told me to squeeze her hands strenuously to puncture them with my nails. She would pay me handsomely for it. I asked her why, and she told me that she wanted to find a way to vilify Ms. McKinney. She wanted to captivate your heart again by doing so. She claimed that Ms. McKinney is your mistress, while she is your legal wife. I was so angry that I did her a favor. I didn't expect that Ms. McKinney would kill herself today..."

She bawled loudly. "Ms. McKinney is such a kindhearted woman. She bought me food when everyone else despised me. How could I do something so immoral to her?"

"I don't deserve to be human!"

"What kind of nonsense are you talking about!" Before Brendan flew into a rage, Sam was so furious that he spoke out of turn. "I didn't see you on the day Ms. McKinnon got injured!"

The woman faked tears. "I went into the room after Mr. Brighthall and Ms. McKinney left. You can check the surveillance footage if you don't believe me."

"That's impossible..."

"Sam." Brendan suddenly spoke, his entire body exuding coldness and his eyes filled with darkness. "Check the surveillance footage. We'll know everything by checking the surveillance footage. I will never let a liar off, no matter who that is!"

Sam's heart was racing. "Sure."

He went to check the surveillance footage but he did not expect that he would find footage of the janitor entering Deirdre's room for real.

'Could Deirdre have asked for it? No... If she had really asked for it, why would she have stopped me from informing Brendan for two consecutive days? On the other hand, I

warned Brendan about the incident, and Brendan only noticed it when he entered the room.'

There was already nothing else to refute under the circumstances.

He returned, only to find out that the hospital had already admitted Charlene to a room. Brendan asked with a cold expression, "What did you find? Did the janitor enter Deirdre's room?"

Sam appeared to be troubled. "Yes... The janitor did enter the room, but only for a short period of time. It didn't seem like there was enough time for her to hurt Deirdre and leave. Besides..."

"So the janitor wasn't lying, right?"

Brendan's dark eyes had already turned cold, and his knuckles were white due to his tightly-clenched fists. His face was tense, and the veins in his arms were bulging.

Sam hastily said, "Mr. Brighthall! There must be a misunderstanding! Ms. McKinnon was frantic when she stopped me from telling you about her injury. If she really wanted to vilify Ms. McKinney, why didn't she..."