

Resent Reject Regret

Chapter 121 Returning to the Villa

He had no idea what it was, but it felt as if something was torn from his heart when it vanished so suddenly.

“Mr. Brighthall.” His driver was there to pick him up. “What happened?”

“Nothing.” He turned around and said, “Let’s go.”

Deirdre went straight to check on the box as soon as she woke up. Bliss was in there, but she could not see, so she could only feel around for the puppy with her hands. The puppy seemed to be sleeping and it would snore occasionally.

It was awakened upon sensing Deirdre’s presence and it licked her fingers while it barked twice. Deirdre chuckled because it really was adorable.

“Ms. McKinnon.”

Sam came in for his shift and felt pleased deep down to find Deirdre smiling at Bliss in the box. “Have you had breakfast?”

“I’m not in a rush to have breakfast.” Deirdre rubbed the puppy’s fur. “Let’s get some milk for it.”

Deirdre took the puppy outside to get some sun when it was full from the milk and satisfied. The sound of a car driving into the courtyard ahead was heard as she sat by the door.

Deirdre was stunned for a moment. The car drove until it was right in front of her and stopped a short distance away from her. Brendan’s voice could be clearly heard, and he sounded concerned. “Be careful when you get out of the car. Don’t hurt yourself.”

Charlene said tenderly, “I’m not that weak. Could I fall while taking a few steps toward the house? You’re making a big fuss out of a trivial matter.”

“I care about you.”

It was a harmonious, loving conversation, and Deirdre did not wish to eavesdrop. She held Bliss in her arms, ready to head into the house, when she heard Charlene’s voice.

“Ms. McKinnon.” Charlene sounded like she was conflicted before she chuckled magnanimously. “It has been a long time since we last met each other.”

Deirdre’s expression was icy. Bliss began growling at Charlene in her arms for some

unknown reason, so Deirdre hastily covered its mouth.

Charlene appeared to be scared out of her wits. She backed away and leaned into Brendan's arms, her eyes red with tears. She said with a fake smile, "Is that Ms. McKinnon's new pet... It's rather lively. Just a little terrifying."

Brendan's dark eyes turned cold instantly. "Deirdre, train your dog properly. If it growls at Charlene again, we're getting rid of it."

Deirdre bit her lower lip tightly and returned to the living room swiftly to stuff Bliss into the box. She had no idea why Bliss would suddenly bark, as Bliss had always been mild-tempered. She comforted the puppy softly and took it to her room.

After leaving her room, she found Brendan and Charlene already engaged in a lively conversation in the living room. As she stood on the second floor, Deirdre was

unsure if she should head downstairs.

Brendan caught her off guard when he took a glance at her. "Are your legs broken, or have you lost your voice? Why aren't you coming downstairs to greet us?"

Deirdre took a deep breath and clenched her fists tightly for a short moment before she walked downstairs.

"Ms. McKinney." Her gaze was lowered, and she still could not bring herself to say sorry.

She could not reconcile herself with the situation and she felt aggrieved. It was obvious that Charlene had started everything but she was acting as though she was the victim in this situation and she was taking advantage of the benefits.

Brendan grew impatient from waiting, his expression turning gloomy at once. "What did I instruct you to do?"

Deirdre suppressed her tormented feelings and said slowly, "Ms. McKinney... I'm sorry for vilifying you over my injured hands. I'm sorry that you've been wronged despite being innocent and that I almost put you in harm's way... I swear on my life that I shall die a tragic death if I do it again."

Charlene's eyes were smiling, but she feigned a magnanimous expression. "Don't, Ms. McKinnon! You're not supposed to swear on your life. I've already let bygones be bygones regarding that incident. After all, everyone surely makes mistakes. Besides, because of you, my relationship with Brendan keeps growing stronger."

"You don't need to flatter her," Brendan said in an icy tone. "Our relationship has nothing to do with her and it won't change in the slightest because of her."

Chapter 122 The Food Has Been Tampered With

“Yes.” Charlene chuckled and said, “However, it’s possible that I will need to stay in the villa for some time because of my health, Ms. McKinnon. I’m sorry that you need to put up with me.”

Deidre sneered soundlessly. ‘This woman is really good at being a hypocrite both with her words and demeanor. However, Brendan just can’t seem to notice what a hypocrite she is.’

She nodded. She really wanted to remove herself from that place and head upstairs, but Charlene said, “Let’s have a meal together, Ms. McKinnon. I’m quite good at cooking.”

“It’s fine…” Before she could reject the offer, she sensed Brendan’s overbearing gaze.

He was warning her.

Deirdre changed her words and suppressed her disgust. “Sure.”

Soon, Charlene headed to the kitchen to cook, and they gathered around the dining table. She prepared a full plate of food for Deirdre and said with a gentle smile, “I don’t like your food preferences, so I prepared a normal meal. Have a taste and let me know if you like it, Deirdre.”

As Deirdre picked up the cutlery, she heard Brendan’s insistent, icy remark. “Why would she not like your cooking? Who does she think she is? She’s going to savor every bit, right until the last bite.”

“Yikes, what if Ms. McKinnon complains… that she doesn’t like my cooking?”

“She would not dare. You made this with painstaking effort.”

Deirdre chuckled in a self-mocking way. She picked up a bite with her cutlery and put it in her mouth before she choked on the food and spat it out.

It was too spicy. It was bitter and spicy, and the taste was all sorts of strange.

Charlene’s eyes reddened with tears instantly. “Is my cooking really that bad, Ms. McKinnon?”

Brendan threw his cutlery on the ground with a loud bang, looking extremely furious. “Deirdre, there’s a limit to your affection! I tasted the food, and it tasted pretty good. Why are you feigning disgust?”

“Forget it, Brendan…” Charlene held back her tears and clutched the hem of her skirt with her hands, as if she was being treated unjustly. “I’m sure that it’s because of my poor cooking skills that Ms. McKinnon hates my food… It’s fine that Ms. McKinnon. doesn’t like it…”

“She hates your food? Didn’t she use to swallow cold, tasteless mush in prison in the past? She’s asking for pity on purpose.” Brendan cast a ferocious glance at Deirdre.”

Deirdre, don't even think about getting any rest today if you don't finish your food. I would like to see if you're really incapable of finishing your meal!"

Deirdre inhaled deeply. There was nothing that Brendan could say to her now that would hurt her more. She found it amusing that Charlene would prepare a meal for her painstakingly just to prank her.

The consequences of not finishing the meal were very apparent. Bliss would be kicked out, while she would still need to finish the meal in the end.

She took a deep breath, clutched the cutlery tightly, and took a huge bite.

The spiciness and bitterness latched onto her taste buds, and she was so disgusted that she began experiencing acid reflux. Her eyes welled up with tears from the strong flavor. She then resisted the nausea and forced herself to keep the food down before taking another bite.

She could not allow herself to rest her taste buds because it would only be more agonizing later.

In the end, her mouth was numb from the spiciness, and the disgusting flavor made her stomach churn. She breathed deeply to keep the food in.

"Will... Will that be alright?"

Charlene had been witnessing the whole process all this time. Apart from feeling proud, she had a rather hard time accepting Deirdre's endurance. Deirdre should have already flown into a rage under normal circumstances.

'Could it be because she has been punished by Brendan? Yet if that is the case, how will I be able to effectively provoke Deirdre into attacking me within a short period of time so I can kick her out of the villa?'

Her eyes rolled around as she thought to herself. Brendan could not bear to watch Deirdre anymore, so he said, "Go upstairs."

Deirdre headed upstairs without turning back. She ran to the toilet and threw up profusely. Her throat had already grown numb from the pain, and her face was drenched in tears. She sat on the ground in dejection.

Chapter 123 Would You Believe Me if I Told You Then

Deirdre did not notice when Bliss got out of the box and moved close to her, whining to lick her fingers.

Her throat hurt so much that she could not speak, so she could only hold Bliss in her arms and bite her lower lip tightly to stop her body from shaking.

'This is pure agony. When will days like this one end?'

She suddenly envied Bliss. She envied the dog because someone would hold it and give it warmth when it whined, yet she had nothing.

She walked out of the bathroom after cleaning up, but the door of the bedroom was open. Before Deirdre could respond to the situation, she was pinned against the wall. The pain she felt aside, she could not help shivering from the cold radiating from the wall.

“I’ve had enough of your act!” Brendan’s face was icy, and he was extremely furious. “What the heck is wrong with you today? Did you not take my warning seriously? Who were you trying to convince that you were disgusted by assuming that agonized expression after tasting Charlene’s cooking?”

‘Act?’

It was fortunate that Deirdre was already used to being hurt by Brendan, so his words had no effect on her anymore. She sneered and said, “I wasn’t trying to convince anyone.”

Her voice was ineffably hoarse, and her mouth was swollen. Brendan was stunned for a moment. Soon, he sniggered. “Deirdre, you seem like you were prepared for this. You mutilated yourself when you hid in the bathroom earlier, right? You turned your voice hoarse too. How are you planning to vilify Charlene this time?”

Deirdre was stunned, and she felt her heart wrench in pain. It was not intense pain, as she was used to Brendan’s treatment so much that she was numb to it.

“That is not my intention.” She made up an excuse. “I’m allergic.”

“Allergic?”

“Hmm, I’m allergic to eggplant.” Deirdre lowered her gaze. It would be fine for her to make up a lie since Brendan had never cared about her. He would not know about that anyway.

Brendan did not object. He only furrowed his eyebrows. “Why didn’t you say so earlier?”

Deirdre chuckled in a self-mocking manner. “Would you have believed me if I had told you?”

Brendan was displeased. “Would I not believe you if you behaved yourself normally and stopped lying constantly?”

Deirdre was rendered speechless by his query. She wanted to walk away from him, yet he clutched her lower jaw by force to stop her from moving.

“Come with me to the hospital to get yourself checked later.”

“It’s fine.” Deirdre struggled.

Brendan stared at her. “Why not?”

"Because it's unnecessary." Deirdre held her breath for a while before exhaling. "I'll just take some medicine and I'll be good. Save your concern for those who need it. Save it for Charlene."

Brendan could not help narrowing his eyes. "So you're saying that you don't need my concern?"

Deirdre did not answer, but Bliss came running over and bit Brendan's trouser leg as if it was protecting its owner.

He furrowed his eyebrows and backed away in disgust. He then ordered her, "Train your dog properly. If it bit Charlene... I believe that you should be aware of the consequences."

Brendan left swiftly after slamming the door. He had some affairs to attend to, but he also left because of the dog.

Deirdre slid from the wall to the floor. Bliss moved closer to her, wagging its tail. Deirdre cupped her hands over the frantically wagging tail, feeling exhausted.

"Tell me,

how can you not worry about anything? It's because you're a puppy. That is why you don't need to care about the feelings of the others around you. You don't care about other people's disgust, right?"

"If I live a carefree life like you, will it hurt less?"

She held Bliss and fell asleep on the rug. As the night passed, her throat hurt even more. She opened her eyes but she could not tell if it was night or day, so she could only cover herself with a coat and head downstairs to get water.

Chapter 124 It's Only a Matter of Time Before I Toy With You to Death

She took two sips of water before she heard the sound of leisurely footsteps behind her. Charlene said with feigned concern and a smile, "Are you alright, Ms.

McKinnon?"

Deirdre ignored her. When she was done drinking, she followed the wall and walked outside. Charlene raised her voice behind Deirdre as she said, "You're going to have to talk to me, Ms. McKinnon. Do you think that you can just ignore me when Brendan is not around? If I take offense, I'm going to vent my grievance to Brendan."

Deirdre clenched her fists tightly when she heard the threatening remark. However, there was nothing she could do because, as would blame her without any hesitation if Charlene were to vent her grievance to him.

She took a deep breath and stopped right before the stairs. She then turned around and asked, "What do you want, Charlene?"

"Not much," Charlene said leisurely. "I would like to ask you about yesterday's meal, Ms. McKinnon. Did you like it?"

Deirdre experienced acid reflux instantly at the thought of the nauseating meal they'd had yesterday. She suppressed her anger and said, "Thank you for going to the trouble to cook, but at the same time, you prepared a meal just for me."

"It's fine, you deserved it." Charlene smiled and walked closer to Deirdre with a cruel glint in her eyes. "It's your fault for being unappreciative. How dare you complain about me to Brendan? That was very naive of you, Deirdre. Do you really think you can take my place just because Brendan keeps you close? You're naive! I only need to make a small amount of effort and it'll be only a matter of time before I toy with you to death!"

Deirdre's face turned pale from fear and flushed with anger when she suddenly remembered the way Brendan had stepped on her hands and the humiliating situation that had occurred when he had taken her to Night City. The expression on her face remained unchanged, but her eyes were lowered. "Is that so? I look forward to it, Ms. McKinney."

She turned around and headed upstairs. Charlene furrowed her eyebrows.

'Deirdre is actually so good at putting up with me. She didn't lose her temper yesterday, and she held back her anger when she was provoked earlier. If this continues, how am I going to get rid of Deirdre?'

Just as she had no clue what to do, she saw the little puppy run out of the bedroom

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after Deirdre went upstairs. It moved close to Deirdre's legs and rubbed itself all over her legs.

"Bliss." Deirdre smiled and scooped it into her arms so the puppy could lick her face. Charlene narrowed her eyes, an intense scheming look glistening in her eyes.

The next afternoon, Brendan rushed back to the villa from the company, which was an unprecedented occurrence. Deirdre knew that he did so because Charlene was there. Otherwise, he would not even have come home for three days.

Deirdre did not wish to have that disgusting meal again, so she turned around to return to her room. Brendan removed his jacket and asked, "Where are you going?"

She shut her eyes and opened them once again. "I'm making space for you and Ms. McKinney so you can spend time together."

was an excuse, yet it sounded blunt to Brendan.

'So Charlene and I can spend time together? Is she so eager for the relationship between me and Charlene to grow so I can get rid of her and allow her to go to Sterling?'

"You think too highly of yourself." Brendan sniggered. "Your presence doesn't affect my relationship with Charlene. Come down and eat."

Deirdre had her hand on the door handle and was standing in the same spot without moving. From downstairs, she heard the man say, "Don't even think about eating again today if you don't come to eat lunch now. The same goes for your dog."

Deirdre could only come downstairs. However, she was caught by surprise when she realized that her meal had not been tampered with. It was just that nothing had been prepared to her liking.

She was scared that Brendan would pick a fight, so she braced herself to finish the meal, hearing Brendan say, "I'm going to see a musical with Charlene tonight. Behave yourself at home and don't try anything crazy."

Deirdre nodded. Brendan could not help furrowing his eyebrows when she failed to respond. "Have you lost your voice?"

Chapter 125 Perhaps I Would Date Her

"Sure." Deirdre placed down her cutlery and said, "Don't worry. I'll stay home. I won't go anywhere."

"Hmm."

Deirdre assumed that that was all. She was preparing to get up and leave when Charlene suddenly spoke.

"Brendan, it would be rather boring for Ms. McKinnon to stay at home all alone by herself. Why don't we have Sam take Ms. McKinney to get some warmer clothes while we're at the musical? Winter is coming, and Ms. McKinnon might fall sick if she doesn't have proper clothes to wear by then."

Deirdre raised her head and wondered what sort of trick Charlene had up her sleeve.

Brendan glared at Deirdre in disgust. "Did you hear that? Charlene still cares about you and worries that you might fall sick even though your evil deeds have put her in harm's way on multiple occasions."

Deirdre wanted to laugh. 'Anyone is capable of pretending, but does Brendan know what sort of person Charlene is when she is not around him?'

"We're all women, after all." Charlene smiled bitterly. "Why would a woman make things difficult for another woman? I believe that Ms. McKinnon will be kind to me."

"You're too kind and you trust people too easily. There are people who are inherently malicious in this world and they can't change for the better," Brendan insinuated.

Charlene wrapped her arm around his arm and chuckled in a coquettish manner. Alright, it's all in the past anyway. Just have Sam take Ms. McKinnon to buy some clothes."

"Sure," Brendan blurted. Then, he shifted his cold gaze to Deirdre's face and said, "Since Charlene has asked me to let you leave the house, you're allowed to go. However, you

have to come back as soon as you get the clothes. If I hear from Sam that you went off to meet someone you're not supposed to..."

The consequences of doing that were already clear as day, even though he did not say anything out loud.

Deirdre sat in the chair in a daze with her head lowered. She listened to the instructions obediently but felt amused deep down. 'Who else could I meet in my current state?'

Brendan notified Sam, and it did not take long before Sam came over in a rush to take Deirdre out.

Sam acknowledged that he was just a commoner and had no idea which type of clothing Deirdre would like. Therefore, he took Deirdre to his friend's shop.

"Please help Ms. McKinnon get a few sets of warmer clothes for winter. The clothes have to look good too."

His friend was stunned for a moment by the sight of Deirdre's face. She picked some clothes for Deirdre to try on and could not help saying after Deirdre left, "She has a rather elegant quality to her and she looks like she was a wealthy woman in the past. What happened to her face and eyes? Such a waste."

"Is that so?" Sam did not look away from the changing room even for a moment. He then answered without turning to his friend, "She's not bad now either."

His friend looked at him incredulously, and Sam could sense her gaze. "What's wrong?"

"Nothing. I just sense that you have feelings for that woman." His friend mocked him by saying, "Is she the woman that you're currently dating? Her appearance is slightly unappealing indeed, but I can see that she has a good structure. She'll be a beauty if she gets some plastic surgery done."

"Stop fooling around." Sam's face burned from embarrassment for a moment before he became solemn. "She is Mr. Brighthall's woman. However..."

He added, "Perhaps I would date her otherwise. I'm not quite sure."

Upon saying that, he took it upon himself to walk to the changing room, leaving behind his astounded friend.

Deirdre walked outside after picking a few sets of clothes. The autumn wind was blowing softly outside, and she enjoyed the breeze with her eyes shut. She believed that Brendan and Charlene had already entered the musical theater by now.

"Ms. McKinnon." Sam carried the shopping bags as he asked, "Are we going back now?"

Deirdre did not wish to go back to that suffocating place. Spending a moment longer there would be lethal to her, yet she remembered the little puppy at home. She had yet to see it before leaving, so she figured that it would already be whining in the room by now.

Chapter 126 She Could Not Protect Anything

“Let’s go back.” She looked as if she was missing the puppy. “Bliss is at home all by itself. It’s going to grow anxious if I’m not around.”

Sam bought some dog food from a pet shop nearby. Deirdre fell in love with a set of dog clothing after feeling it with her hands and bought it as well.

The two of them arrived at the villa, and Deirdre made her way to the bedroom on the second floor eagerly.

“Bliss, Bliss.” She beamed widely, expecting the little puppy to come to her as soon as she opened the door, just like it behaved usually. However, not a sound could be heard at that very moment.

Deirdre’s smile faded slowly. She then opened the door and searched around the room. “Bliss? Bliss?”

Sam came upstairs upon hearing the commotion. “What’s going on, Ms. McKinnon?”

Deirdre’s face turned ghastly pale, but she forced herself to calm down. “Bliss is not responding to me. Sam, will you please help me look around and see if it’s hiding under the bed or has fallen asleep?”

Sam went searching for Bliss as well. Unfortunately, he could not find any trace of Bliss in the bedroom.

“Ms. McKinnon, did you close the door before you left the house?”

Deirdre shook her head with red eyes. She remembered very well that she had not had the time to reach the door because she had been ordered by Brendan to go downstairs. Afterward, Sam had taken her out before she could head to the second floor.

“Is it possible that Bliss got out accidentally when you left the room without you noticing it?” Sam comforted her by saying, “Don’t panic, Ms. McKinnon. The gate is locked, so it must be in the yard. It couldn’t have gotten outside.”

‘Couldn’t have gotten outside...’

Deirdre felt convinced at last. “Let’s look for Bliss in the yard.”

Sam nodded, and Deirdre followed him downstairs. Sam headed to the front yard while she walked along the wall, heading to the backyard. She smelled the stench of blood after taking a few steps into the yard.

The faint stench floated in the air. It was not an intense smell, but it was nauseating.

Deirdre halted to a stop abruptly.

“Ms. McKinnon, why are you in the backyard? Be careful, there are many uneven spots...”

Sam stopped talking because he had just seen everything. He had seen the little puppy that was supposed to be whining in Deirdre’s arms lying in a pool of blood, torn from limb to limb.

Its tiny stomach had been cut open, and its intestines were exposed. Its head was almost fully decapitated from its body and it was only connected by a sliver of flesh. Its tongue stuck out of its mouth as well.

It had died a very tragic death.

Sam could not help holding his breath upon witnessing the scene despite

experiencing all sorts of situations in his life. It was a truly cruel scene to behold. The puppy had not been poisoned to death. It had been abused to death.

He looked at Deirdre, whose gaze was empty and whose expression was confused, and felt his heart wrench in pain.

“Sam.” Deirdre pushed herself close to the wall, her eyes widening. She felt faint and weak as she said, “Why am I smelling blood? What happened out here?”

Sam could not bring himself to say it, so he hesitated for a while before he said, “You smelled wrong, Ms. McKinnon. There’s nothing out here.”

“That’s impossible! My eyes are blind, but I have a sharp sense of smell!” Deirdre clutched his arm, and her lips were trembling when she suddenly said, “Is that Bliss? Is that Bliss?”

Her eyes were red with tears. She was holding back her tears, but she could not stop her nasal voice. She already knew the answer in her heart.

Sam could not help saying, “I’m sorry... Ms. Deirdre.”

Deirdre’s mind went blank. Black-and-white scenes of her past surged into her mind, and she felt as if she was back in prison, when her baby had still been alive in her belly a moment ago, yet a moment later, it had turned into a pile of bloody mush.

She knelt on the ground in dejection and clutched the weeds with all her might. Unfortunately, sadness still overwhelmed her and she let out an agonizing scream.

She had not managed to protect it. She could not protect anything!

The little puppy in her arms was dead. Even though she could not see its condition, she had figured most of it out based on Sam’s reaction.

Chapter 127 You Don’t Deserve to Be a Mother

"Why did I go out? Why did I leave this place? If I had stayed in the villa all this time, it wouldn't... it wouldn't have... I deserve to die!"

As she muttered to herself, Sam felt even sorer for her. He was the one who had brought Bliss into her life, yet this had still resulted in Deirdre having an emotional breakdown.

"Ms. McKinnon, don't say that. This is not your fault!"

Deirdre was crying, so she was incapable of hearing Sam's remark. She propped herself up and walked forward step by step.

"Ms. McKinnon!" Sam attempted to stop her because it was a truly gruesome scene. "Don't go. You're going to get dirty."

'Dirty? I'm the dirty one. If someone else had taken care of Bliss, perhaps it would still be chewing on a toy now. I'm the one who caused its death.'

"Not dirty... Bliss is not dirty at all. How can it be dirty?" Deirdre stretched out her arms to feel the ground until she touched Bliss at last. She broke into tears of joy and held Bliss in her arms.

"Ms. McKinnon..."

"Bliss, you blame us for not informing you before we headed out, right? I didn't do that on purpose. I bought you your favorite toy and a shirt. If there comes a day when my eyes are no longer blind, you'll put it on and show me, alright?"

Brendan came rushing back from the musical theater after receiving a call from Sam. He found Deirdre sitting alone in a pool of blood and saw the dismembered, dead dog in her arms in the backyard.

Despite his hatred for dogs, he was still stunned upon witnessing the scene.

Deirdre's entire body was drenched in blood. He felt as if his chest was weighed

down by something, and he could not breathe after seeing the confused expression on Deirdre's face.

"What happened?"

Sam's expression was unpleasant. "I'm not very sure. We came home and found the dog in the backyard."

"Did you check the surveillance footage?"

"Checking now. We'll have the results in less than an hour."

Brendan nodded and went to check on Deirdre. Her body smelled foul from the blood. Brendan took a step forward, clutched her wrist, and said, "Stop acting like a mad woman, Deirdre! The dog is already decomposing. Follow me upstairs so you can take a shower and get changed."

"Don't touch me!" Deirdre struggled strenuously. Her entire body was shaking, and she wrapped her arms around Bliss tightly in an attempt to warm up its corpse with her body temperature.

"It's going to come alive. It won't die."

Brendan was furious. "When are you going to stop deceiving yourself? It's just a dog. Do you have to be so dramatic about it?! I bet you didn't even shed a tear when our child died, did you? Get up at once!"

'Child?'

Deirdre was stunned for a moment. Then, her eyes reddened with tears and she felt as if her heart was on fire. 'Who does Brendan think he is? How could he have the audacity to question me like this?'

"Were you sad when our child was lost?"

Deirdre raised her head and questioned him in a calm manner with a mocking sneer on her lips.

Perhaps he had been relieved when he had learned about his child's miscarriage. Then, he and Charlene must have comforted each other eagerly.

Brendan was caught by surprise. He had felt emptiness in his heart when he had found out that Deirdre had never given birth to their child in the past. He had felt rather regretful that he had not managed to protect Deirdre, but he would never tell

Deirdre how he felt.

"What gives you the right to question me? You couldn't even protect him, so you didn't deserve to be a mother right from the start."

Deirdre was shocked in her heart. She glared in Brendan's direction with bloodshot eyes. "Go away!"

She then breathed heavily in exasperation. Brendan was the only person who did not deserve to criticize her! She had not managed to protect the child because the person who had put their child in harm's way had been his biological father! 'It's ironic!'

Chapter 128 She Deserves to Die

Brendan furrowed his eyebrows, while Sam immediately stepped forward and said, "Mr. Brighthall... Ms. McKinnon is already experiencing an emotional breakdown, so she's not able to withstand any more triggers."

Brendan's face turned green from anger. It was already getting dark, and it was not appropriate for Deirdre to be holding a dog's corpse out there. Could she be planning to hold the dog for a whole night?

"Let go, Deirdre." Brendan exhaled and said, "I'll arrange for someone to give it a proper burial. It's not going to die in peace if you continue to hold it like this."

Deirdre turned a deaf ear to his advice and refused to let go. She would regret not taking a glance at her child for the rest of her life, and that was why she refused to let go of Bliss.

She wanted to keep it company, as she was certain that it was cold after lying on the ground for so long.

"Deirdre!" Brendan narrowed his eyes. The sky was growing darker and darker, and the bloody stench on her body was already starting to become pungent. He stretched out his hand and clutched her lower jaw. "Let go, you hear me?! If you don't, I'll make Sterling come and talk you out of it."

Deirdre's lips turned ghastly pale, and she bit her lower lip tightly at the mention of Sterling.

He was threatening her.

"Let go, quick!" Brendan shouted at her.

Sam was worried that the situation would worsen, so he consoled Deirdre softly. "Let go, Ms. McKinnon. I will give Bliss a proper burial."

Bliss.

Deirdre felt like laughing in her dazed state when she heard the name. She found the name comical, as she had wanted the dog to live a blissful life. In the end, the dog had been reduced to its current state.

She now realized that she was a 100-percent jinx. No one around her would end up in a good place, but why was Brendan safe and sound? He and Charlene were the ones who deserved to die.

Deirdre had no more tears to cry. She loosened her grip and placed Bliss carefully on the lawn, as if she was afraid that it would hurt. Then, she began to dig up the ground with her hands, her head lowered.

The ground was not loose, so her nails cracked in the process and her hands were bloody.

Brendan found the sight an eyesore and clutched her wrists tightly. "That's enough!"

Deirdre's head was lowered as she said in a faint, weak voice, "Let go of me. Let me give it a proper send-off."

She became very quiet, and Brendan had no clue what to do. This was precisely the reason that Deirdre managed to struggle free from his grip and continue to dig up the ground.

After digging a suitable hole, she placed Bliss inside and buried it gently.

“I hope you’ll be born to a good owner in your next life. Someone who isn’t me.”

It was the only hope that she had left.

When it ended, Brendan pulled her upstairs eagerly and washed her entire body with water.

The smell of blood was nauseating to him.

Deirdre sat on the icy tiles with her arms around her knees, not responding to any of his fiddling.

Brendan washed her hands and noticed that all her fingertips were injured. There were cuts from rocks on her hands, her nails were stuffed with soil, and she had bleeding lacerations.

He was infuriated. “It was just a dog!”

Deirdre finally reacted to the situation by raising her head and looking in his direction with an empty gaze.

Brendan knew that she was blind but could still feel the intense hatred in her she targeted him.

eyes as

“What?” Brendan was extremely agitated. “Are you going to blame the dog’s death on me? I told you from the day it came into the house that you should get rid of that troubling pet. You refused to follow my instructions and send it away. If you had, you wouldn’t have to go through this suffering now.”

Deirdre shut her eyes in despair. ‘Yes, I should have sent it away earlier. Bliss wouldn’t have died if I had done it sooner.’

Then, Brendan removed the bloody stench from her body and tossed her some clothes. “Put these on.”