

## Resent Reject Regret

### Chapter 221 Scared to Wake Up From the Dream

It felt as if he was using this frantic action that came from the bottom of his heart to tell her something.

Deirdre's knees buckled, and she leaned her head on the man's chest. She could not see him but she could feel his heartbeat racing.

"Deirdre." Before she could say anything, the man's voice turned hoarse and his thin lips were already moving closer to her ear bit by bit. He asked imploringly, "Can I?"

The answer to what Brendan was asking was obvious. Deirdre had not expected that Brendan would actually take it upon himself to seek her consent. It was as if he would loosen his grip without the slightest hesitation no matter how aroused he was as soon as she shook her head.

Deirdre shut her eyes tightly and did not speak. Brendan's thin lips curled into a smirk. "I'll consider it consent if you don't speak."

Deirdre's head was dizzy when it ended. She was carried to the bathroom to take a shower by Brendan. Then, he cuddled her in his arms as though he was protecting precious treasure.

Brendan fell asleep, yet Deirdre could not sleep. Her eyes were wide even though she could see nothing but darkness. She spared no effort opening her eyes because she wished that she could see a wisp of light one day so she could see who the man lying next to her was.

'Is he still the overbearing, cold, arrogant, cold-blooded, merciless Brendan he used to be?'

'Why does it feel like he has changed?'

'Not only does he want me to live, but he risked his life to run into the cold rain with me in his arms just to protect me.'

She no longer needed to worry about getting pregnant due to her condition yet she still had trouble falling asleep.

She was scared that everything happening now was just a dream and she would wake up from the dream if she fell asleep.

She was worried that she would return to the cruel reality once again.

She kept her eyes open until she lost track of time. She heard a commotion downstairs indistinctly and realized that Sam had just arrived with Dr. Ginger. It was apparent that the time was seven o'clock.

Brendan woke up and his arm moved. Deirdre shut her eyes and pretended to be asleep. She could feel Brendan getting up cautiously and leaving after getting dressed.

After a while, Deirdre went downstairs late, and her arrival was noticed by Dr. Ginger. "You're awake, Ms. McKinnon. The medication has already been prepared. Would you like to take it first?"

The reason she took the medication before a meal was because she would throw up her meal if she were to take the medication afterward.

Deirdre nodded, and Sam helped her sit down next to Brendan. Dr. Ginger served the medication, and the pungent medicinal stench was unbearable.

The air was filled with bitterness, but Deirdre was already used to it. She held up the medication cup and downed the content without pausing for a moment. When it was over, Brendan pushed a cup of water toward her.

"Take it to dilute the aftertaste."

Deirdre held up the cup. "Thank you."

Sam and Dr. Ginger were not bothered by her courteousness, but Brendan furrowed his eyebrows. "How does this woman feel about our intimate interaction yesterday?"

"Why are you thanking me?" Brendan looked at her coldly and suppressed his anger. He then said, "Do you feel that we are no different than strangers? Or do you think that our relationship warrants a 'thank you' in your heart?"

Deirdre was rendered speechless. She licked her soft lips and said, "No, I'm just used to doing it."

"Deirdre, don't ever say thank you to me," Brendan said in a righteous tone. "Because I don't need that." Deirdre wanted to apologize subconsciously but she realized that her apology would only displease Brendan even more. Hence, she changed the topic of conversation by saying, "My mother... She won't be coming today, right?"

"Hmm. I've set her up in a hotel to rest for a day. I'll be taking you out today."

Brendan did not even look up while he cut through the scrambled eggs on the plate. He furrowed his eyebrows after he noticed that Deirdre was only served a bowl of soup. He then scooped some eggs into Deirdre's plate.

Chapter 222 I Thought We Were Closer Now

"Here, eat some eggs. You need protein."

Deirdre stopped moving her spoon slightly.

Brendan caught the change instantly. "What is it?"

"Nothing." She cast her eyes down on her food, looking a little hesitant, before drawing the egg close to her lips.

Sam snatched the spoon away from her, alarmed. "Miss McKinnon, no! Don't you remember what the doctor said? No eggs two hours after taking your meds!"

"What the...?" Brendan's eyebrows were furrowed dangerously. Incredulity swirled behind his eyes as he scanned her face. "Why didn't you say anything?!"

Deirdre shrugged. "It was just not important."

"N-Not important?! You mean severe nausea is fine? Gastric pain is fine? Cold sweat and pain are fine?!" Even Sam was growing exasperated. "Or did you forget what happened the last time you ate a teensy bit of egg? Is that why you were gonna stuff yourself that much just now?!"

His snippy retort made Deirdre choke on her reply. Brendan's face, erstwhile pale in shock, turned redder and redder. He was not irritated just because of how furious Sam was while questioning the mistress he served but also because Deirdre chose to say nothing. He pinned her wrist on the table with one hand and tightened his grip suddenly.

"You knew!" he snarled, gritting his teeth. "So why didn't you say so?!"

This stubborn mule would have eaten them if Sam had not stopped her!

"I told you.... It's n-nothing..." Pain caused her face to turn a little pale. She wanted to pull her hand away. but it only made him increase the pressure. She could feel his rage boiling over from his palm.

"Nothing? Then what counts as 'something' to you?" Brendan argued. "Oh, of course! Nothing matters! You even jumped off a building because, hell, not even your life matters to you!"

Deirdre's lips parted, but she realized she could not defend herself.

Brendan found her quiet admission even more infuriating. "Don't you dare insinuate that I don't know what's going through your head! You thought that if you refused to eat them, I'd use it as an excuse to forbid you to see Ophelia, didn't you? Because that's who I am to you, isn't it? A sh\*tty, unreasonable tyrant who would sh\*t on his own promise just because he was feeling a little hissy in the moment!"

Deirdre said nothing. It was all true.

Brendan's expression darkened, but he began to control his flaring temper. "I really thought we were getting closer."

Her heart skidded. She looked up at his face, her eyes bewildered.

"I am not the tyrant you think I am. I am not unreasonable," he added, his voice strained from the effort to fight his rage. "You don't have to please me at your own expense-that wasn't what I asked for. I asked for us to go back to how we were back then! You don't

have to force yourself to do anything beyond that, Deirdre! What matters the most right now is that you recover. That you continue to live.”<sup>1</sup>

Deirdre could not see his expression, but she could imagine how hard he found it to push against his own rage based on his tone alone.

He was trying not to scare her into retreating into her shell.

Her mind went blank.

“But... why?”

Her conscious control seemed to return only after the question left her lips. Shocked, she shut her lips.

Brendan was a little taken aback by her question. “Why? Why should there be a reason to want to see you get better? Or to see you live?”

She would believe literally anyone else if they said this. But Brendan always had an angle.

Deirdre fell into a daze.

“Look, if you absolutely need an answer of some kind, then it’s as I told you before: I’m trying to atone.” He discarded her food into the bin and ordered Sam, “Bring her a new plate.”

Deirdre ate in small bites, but she finished her portion completely. Even Dr. Ginger was surprised by her compliance so much that he remarked, “Huh. Miss McKinnon has never had a big appetite. She normally says she’s full after eating only half a piece of toast, but it looks like that’s changing today! Well done, Mr. Brighthall!”

## Chapter 223 Not that I Can Enjoy It Anymore

Brendan knew she was only compliant for Ophelia’s sake, but the result alone was satisfactory. He asked for a digestion pill and pushed it into Deirdre’s mouth.

He checked the watch on his wrist. It was almost time. “Time to go.”

He wrapped Deirdre in a coat and led her outside. Sam was about to follow too, but Brendan stopped him. “You’ll be staying at home today. Deirdre and I have some private business to attend to.”

Dr. Ginger waited for the two of them to leave before ambling close to Sam and leaning on the bodyguard’s shoulder. He had a cheeky grin on his face. “Do you ever read the room, lad? Can’t you tell that these two are going on a date?”

“A date?” Sam frowned. “No way.”

“Why not?” Unlike him, Dr. Ginger knew precious little about the couple’s messy history. Still, as he shook the hand towel clean, he pointed out, “Mr. Brighthall and Miss McKinnon’s relationship might be, uh-hem, complicated. But it’s obvious that their hearts

are bound to each other. Misunderstanding is the Devil stopping them, and now that it's been cleared, it's just a given that they will start going out on dates again like a lovey-dovey couple, right?"

Sam watched their car disappear into the horizon in a daze.

It felt as though he was the only one who knew things were never as simple as they seemed

What was he thinking? What was Mr. Brighthall thinking?

Deirdre squirmed in the passenger seat Brendan was behind the wheel. The journey was unusually long, and Deirdre's fingers latched onto the edge of her seatbelt as her nerves gnawed at her.

"Brendan? Where are you taking me?"

"You'll know soon enough."

She bit her lip. "Is it another pet cafe?"

"Please," he snorted, chuckling. "I don't recycle my surprises. Guess again."

She had no other guesses in mind.

Brendan decided to give her a hint. "It's a place you really wanted to visit."

A place she wanted to visit?

Confusion enveloped her. There used to be a motley of places she really wanted to visit. Growing up in the slums had deprived her of many things, including the chance to see what the world was like out there. But now, with her blindness, the outside world seemed treacherous and threatening. She had lost her sight-and lost sight of her dreams.

She shook her head to dispel her daze. "I got nothing"

Brendan gave her a sideways glance. In her lifeless eyes, he saw... nothing.

His brows were furrowed. He turned forward, saw that they had reached their destination, and stepped on the brake. "We're here."

Deirdre could hear sounds even through the window. They sounded loud and joyful. Brendan opened her door, and the revelry hit her like a truck.

She gripped his sleeve hard. "Where are we?"

Brendan scanned their surroundings and finally decided to give her a direct answer. "At an amusement park."

It was one of the places she had always wanted to visit. She longed to enjoy such an experience so much that she had even brought it up to Brendan a few times in the past,

but the man had always scoffed at her idea. The only people who would be impressed by an amusement park were kids, he had said. It was a boring place dripping with childish attractions for juveniles.

Deirdre was surprised to hear that this was where he had decided to go. Shaking herself out of her shock, she turned away. "Let's go home."

Brendan gripped her shoulder and forced her to turn back to him. "What's the matter? I thought you wanted to come here."

"I did." The corner of her lips twitched. "But that was all in the past."

She pointed at her eyes. "I can't see anything now. I could be on the Ferris wheel, where the beauty of the city spreads before my eyes, and I'd see nothing I could be sitting on a roller coaster, having the time of my life while the world blurs and flits past me, and I'd see nothing. I can't even stand here, alone and unassisted, without being swept away.

"I like being in an amusement park. But it's not like I'm capable of enjoying it now."

#### Chapter 224 Let Me Be Your Eyes

Deirdre wanted to return to the familiar sanctuary of his car, but Brendan threw his arms around her waist from behind, stopping her.

She suddenly felt deeply defeated.

His hands inched slowly to her own until, finally, he was holding them. "Then let me bridge that gap for you today. Let me be your eyes! You can't see anything while on a Ferris wheel, so I'll describe it all for you. You won't be able to see the world blurring as you ride a roller-coaster, but you could still feel it-the climb, the plunge, the roll, the turn, the thrill. Just because you've lost your eyes, it doesn't mean you've lost the hope to live, Deirdre. Please... trust me."

'Trust me,'

It was a soft request, but somehow, it deafened the sea of cheers and joy around her. Her thoughts unraveled at the sound of it.

Brendan led her slowly inside, one step at a time. The amusement park was one of his many investments, but he forewent any priority privilege he should have had and joined the line as patiently as he could. When they finally stepped into an unknown enclosed room, she heard him explain, "We're now in a Ferris wheel carriage."

Deirdre was so nervous that her palms were clammy with sweat. She pressed her hands against the glass and the room began to move upward slowly. Brendan leaned close to her ear and explained, "I was worried that we might not have enough time for our trip, so I brought you here a little sooner than the most opportune time. It's even prettier in the night, when the lights are lit..."

His fingers-always so chilling to the touch-moved to Deirdre's hand and latched onto it, moving her fingers to graze the glass window. There. That's the carousel. It's the center of

the park-everything else. fans out from it like planets around the sun. It's a very crowded day today.

"There! This is where we're going to head to next. To the roller-coaster."

He described everything, right down to their relative locations. Deirdre could not stop her imagination from weaving a world in her mind's eye.

It was not until the very end of the Ferris wheel ride that she noticed how close Brendan's face was to hers. They were practically only a few millimeters away from touching each other, so she could feel the heat of his skin and his rhythmic breaths beating down on her face if she turned her head a little.

She turned forward hastily. "W-We should move."

Brendan watched her back, his eyes softening. He picked up the pace and took her hand.

Deirdre could not see a thing during their roller-coaster ride, but she could still feel the wind howling in her ears and the weightlessness of her entire body. The thrill was not diminished one bit.

Then, she got down from the roller coaster and... uncontrollably barfed out her breakfast. Brendan frowned and patted her back. "Stay here. I'll get you some water."

He left. Deirdre suffered through the nausea and discomfort on her own by holding on to a nearby pole for support. That was when she heard the murmurs of strangers nearby.

"You mean that one?-Oh God! She's ugly as sin! How the hell did she get a partner like that? He blind or what?"

"Whoa! Whoa, whoa, whoa. Maybe she's pretty on the inside."

"Yeah, with that face, she would have looked prettier if she was skinned and her bloody insides were exposed!"

It was no under-the-breath murmur. The scornful speaker had not made any attempt to keep it down. "Okay, look. Maybe the guy lost a bet? Or maybe they were good friends first. You could always ask." The first woman needed very little persuasion to make her way over to Deirdre. "Hey, you!" she yelled haughtily. "That guy you were with! Who is he to you?"

Deirdre still had a gastric aftertaste in her mouth, so she cringed in silence.

The woman raised her voice. "Are you mute? I asked-who the hell is that guy to you? He can't possibly be your boyfriend, right?"

Deirdre finally raised her head. The woman jumped, shrieking. "Oh God, she's blind too?! What kind of freakshow combo is this?"

Deirdre's eyes were at most lifeless and hollow. They were not overtly hideous, but the woman found it necessary to exaggerate. The situation quickly became uncomfortable for her, so she turned on her heel, ready to leave.

The woman grabbed her hand and pulled. "You're not going anywhere until you answer my question!"

"Why does it matter to you?"

The woman snickered. "Because I wanna ask him out, dumb'ss. If you are his girlfriend, then something. must be wrong with his eyes. My odds of charming a guy with weird taste would be much lower."