

## Resent Reject Regret

### Resent Reject Regret by Aqua Summers chapter 225

#### Chapter 225 I'm Not His Girlfriend

"You've got nothing to worry about then." Deirdre said, her eyes downcast. "I'm not his girlfriend. His lover is someone else."

"I f\*cking knew it!" The woman cried. Her eyes twinkled in joy as she considered Deirdre. The more she examined her, the sorrier Deirdre looked in her eyes. "Jesus, how the hell did you even get someone as hot as him to be your amusement park partner? Oh, wait. I think I know-he pities you, right? Must be tough, growing up with that sort of face and being blind at the same time. So he brought you here to grant your wish out of charity!"

Charity?

Deirdre froze. The woman saw her, thought it must be a gotcha moment, and beamed. "I got it all right, didn't I? You thought the same, didn't you? Why else would a man this perfect even want to hang around?"

While she was busy putting Deirdre down, Brendan reappeared. He stared at the woman next to Deirdre and frowned. "What's wrong?"

Deirdre shook her head. "Nothing."

He looked at the woman pointedly. "Who's this?"

The woman smiled, looking unabashed. "Just a passerby. Saw your friend over here having a bad time, so I came to check on her."

"Oh yeah?" Brendan shot her a noncommittal glance. "You can move on now."

He had ignored her suggestive body language altogether. Feeling mildly embarrassed, the woman stepped forward and changed tactics. "I don't mean to be a busybody or anything, but I've got a friend who used to suffer from the same sort of nausea she does. Then, she got better because of this medicine that I'd be happy to refer to you. I'll drop you a link in a DM, okay? So, what's your Instagram?"

It was as cheesy as it could get. He didn't spare her a glance as he declared, "My girlfriend is right here." "Girlfriend?!" The woman was aghast. She turned to Deirdre-who was still battling the demon of nausea- and chortled. "That was a good one, handsome. Her, your girlfriend? C'mon. At least come up with a better excuse, man! Besides, I asked her and she told me the two of you are not in a relationship."

"Not in a relationship."

Brendan's eyes darkened. It was as though a squall had suddenly pooled in those jet-black eyes. The air around him stiffened and boiled as he fixed a piercing glare on Deirdre. Even the woman felt that something was wrong and backtracked a little.

"Did you really say that, Deirdre?"

Brendan's fury came so suddenly that Deirdre did not know how to react. She bit her lip, but that beat of silence turned into a chance for the woman to step in once more. "I was there when she said it, handsome. She said you've got someone else on your mind. She's not your girlfriend!"

Brendan's fingers tightened, and the poor water bottle was bent out of shape.

Nothing had changed after all. They had been marching in place.

F\*cking damn it, Deirdre. You and your heart of stone!"

"I want to hear you repeat that, Deirdre," he said emphatically. His glower was beyond nightmarish

Deirdre felt as though her throat was being choked, and all color left her face. "I-I'm s-sorr-

"F\*ck, no! I don't want to hear any of that phony crap!" Brendan erupted. He clutched her by her shoulders hard. "I hate it when you say 'sorry' or 'thank you' out of some stupid reflex-they are all a f\*cking earsore! I want the real, unbridled you! I want... I want you! I've been doing so much these days that I thought you might finally give me a chance already, but your heart is a f\*cking stone after all! Seriously! What the hell is happening inside your head?!"

Deirdre was shocked, but the woman beside her was downright gobsmacked. 'What the hell is that supposed to mean? Is this guy... trying to win this ugly b\*tch's heart?!"

Holy sh\*t. It was as if the world itself had capsized!

Deirdre's lips trembled despite herself. Even her breathing was uneven. She closed her eyes wearily and opened them again.

"Maybe I should be the one asking, Brendan. What do you really want out of this? Why do you act like a completely different person? Why did you bring me here? Why did you save me... even when you could have died?"

Chapter 226 Please Continue Loving Me

Failing to answer her own question, Deirdre laughed mirthlessly to herself. "Don't tell me this is all about atonement, Brendan. You never opened yourself up to me over the course of our two years together, but even I know you're not the type to suffer through anything in the name of atonement."

The real Brendan Brighthall would always use money to get out of things-even his own moral failings and irreparable wrongs. He would never care to use any other method. Why would he? Why squander his precious time and effort?

Brendan was nonplussed. Even he did not know why.

Was it because he did not want Deirdre to lose that one last hope she clung to? That one last thing that stopped her from stepping over another ledge? Was it because he could not bear the thought of her hating him? Was it because he would not be able to stomach seeing Deirdre writhing in hellish anguish after discovering her mother's death?

It was all of that.

That was why he had to make Deirdre fall in love with him. He had to succeed Ophelia as Deirdre's tether to the world of the living....

But he could not say any of those things aloud.

Deirdre could sense his hesitance and lowered her eyes to the ground. "Is it out of pity, Brendan?"

Was it "pity" instead of the far grander idea of "atonement"? Was it just sympathy-the same one people felt for a stray animal or a homeless beggar on the street?

A bitter smile shadowed her lips. "You don't need to pity me, Brendan. I've already gotten used to the kind of life I've been given. Besides, the fact that you're bringing my mother to me is the greatest thing I could ask for. It's more than enough."

"No! It's not enough at all!" Brendan retorted. He then took a sharp breath.

Deirdre was stunned. She was about to say something again when Brendan suddenly stepped closer. "You asked me why, didn't you?"

He cupped her chin and pressed his lips against hers, bystanders be damned.

"That's the answer," he said in her ear. "I want us to go back to those days again. So please... love me again."

Deirdre's eyes widened, and her pupils seemed to be quivering. She panted, hanging her head as her mind buzzed amidst this confusing chaos.

She did not confirm or deny it in the end-because she had no idea what to say at all. She could not distinguish the nature of these events. Was it just a whim in his head? Was it a design that would serve a greater scheme? Charlene was still around, after all. She and her wiles.

They did not continue their trip around the amusement park. As Deirdre buckled up in his car, she asked, "Are we going back?"

"Not yet. Need to get you some new clothes." Brendan drank a few sips of water. "Since you're obviously not going to look any less emaciated for the time being, we could at least make you look a bit more presentable."

He took Deirdre to a clothing shop, one where the owner herself walked to the door to greet her most important customer. She quickly observed the woman next to him and stiffened a little, but her

professionalism took over. Giving both of them a winning smile, she asked, "Here to get a new look, Mr. Brighthall? Or can I help you with something else?"

Brendan looked at Deirdre. "Pick two sets of casual clothes for her. The kind that would make her look rosy and alive."

"Say no more. I'm on it," Laia replied.

She led Deirdre around the shop, weaving in and out of aisles flanked by rows and rows of clothes. Surprisingly, Brendan followed them, his attention on this affair palpable as he frequently expressed his thoughts and made remarks.

He was not like that when he went shopping with Charlene. In fact, he was frequently buried in work documents and he never seemed to care about Charlene's activities.

Laia compared his responses and easily got a good handle on Deirdre's importance, which fueled her cordiality.

She picked up a dress with a humble hue and held it in front of Deirdre. "How about this?"

Deirdre reached out to touch the fabric. Before she could, however, Brendan snatched it away and stared a little too pointedly at the cuff. "A bit too short, don't you think?"

Laia flashed him her teeth. "Mr. Brighthall, that dress reaches her knees. No one in our profession would call that short with a straight face."

## Chapter 227 I Won't Disappoint You Again

"No, I want something longer." Brendan insisted with a frown, obviously not taking no for an answer. He came up with a hasty excuse too. "She might catch a cold if it's too short."

Deirdre almost never stepped out of the house, but still... He was far from the only man at home. What about Dr. Ginger? Sam? They were around her all the time. This dress would leave her legs exposed and he really, really hated how that imagery made him feel.

Laia let out an awkward chuckle. "Oh, my bad for... neglecting that very important fact. How about this

one?"

"The neckline is too low."

"This one?"

“Her back would be exposed.”

In the end, Deirdre felt her way to a white fur coat. Laia’s eyes twinkled, as she had just had a good idea.” I’ve got this skin-tight black dress that is just perfect for her. She won’t feel cold, and it’s-” “Conservative. It covers every inch of her so that there is nothing left to be seen!”

Laia stopped herself before she could say those words aloud. Instead, she changed the topic. “Uh-hem, Miss McKinnon? Allow me to show you the dressing room. Give this a try, hon.”

“Thank you.”

Deirdre felt the fabric in her hand and knew it was something luxurious. Sure, she had been through this while she had been Mrs. Brighthall, but the fact that she was allowed to have something so luxurious still surprised her. She went inside the dressing room and began to put it on.

Unfortunately, the dress got stuck on her head. She could not tell if it was because she had forgotten to remove one of the buttons or if she had gotten the direction wrong. Either way, it was starting to become very embarrassing...

The tips of her ears burned. Quietly, she called out, “A-Anyone there?”

Brendan was standing right outside. “What?”

“Oh... Never mind.”

He frowned and yanked the curtain away.

He saw Deirdre’s dress stuck on her head-and the rest of her body completely naked. He could even see signs of their passionate night before. His breathing hitched and became irregular.

Was being so easily seduced by Deirdre a good thing... or a bad thing?

“W-What happened?”

Deirdre was even more embarrassed. Could he not tell?!

“I’m stuck.”

“How the hell did you...? Fine. I’ll help.”

His “help” involved his hand slipping to half of her chest, him thinking to himself how skinny she was, and then frowning at that troubling thought.

Deirdre’s skin was heating up. She began to struggle, but Brendan said, “Don’t rip it, Deirdre. This dress costs \$2,820”

2,820 dollars for a casual dress?!

Deirdre was shaking and trying hard not to shake at the same time. It did not stop her skin from boiling. though. Brendan's cold fingertip grazed across her back inch by inch until, finally, he planted his lips on one of the marks he had left last night.

Deirdre shivered.

"I meant what I said back there, Deirdre," he suddenly said under his breath. "You loved me, right? Then love me again. I swear to God, I won't disappoint you this time."

His voice was so soft, so featherlight, that a breeze would have dispelled it and everyone else would be none the wiser. Unfortunately, there was no wind in an enclosed dressing room. Everything could be heard -even one's breathing. And Brendan's breathing was as searing as a brand inches away from her skin.

It was as if that brand was going deep into her heart. Her mind went blank.

Then, she heard Laia ask if she was done Finally!

She struggled, and Brendan fought back his own disappointment and muttered, "Don't move. Your hair's caught between the buttons."

He painstakingly removed the dress from her head and helped her into it. He then hung the white fur coat around her shoulders.

Laia watched Brendan and Deirdre exit the dressing room together and noticed the scarlet blush burning on her cheeks. She immediately understood what had happened between them.

When she turned her attention back to Brendan, there was something new in her expression-something akin to disbelief.

While the three of them were busy, two female figures approached the shop.

They were Charlene and Madame Brighthall.

"Get Laia to meet me" Charlene declared smugly "I'm gonna buy some dresses for future dinner parties, and the only taste and class I trust is Madame Brighthall's!"

Chapter 228 Is She Presentable?

Laia had already told the staff in the boutique. Hence, when a staff member heard Charlene, she smiled apologetically.

"I apologize, Miss McKinney. Laia is taking care of an important guest now. Why don't you wait a while? When she's done, she'll definitely get to you immediately!"

"What?" Charlene was enraged. She was a VIP client of almost all the boutiques in Neve, yet today, she was being humiliated before Madame Brighthall. While suppressing her anger, she said, "What do you mean an important guest? Is that guest more important than me?"

While putting a business smile on her face, the staff member replied, "That important guest is Mr. Brighthall."

"Bren?"

Madame Brighthall was rather surprised, while Charlene's smile contained hints of complacency. "Oh, it turns out that it's Bren. In that case, Laia should come over here. Where's Bren? Is he currently with Laia?" The staff member kept a business smile on as she answered, "Miss McKinney, I apologize, but we can't violate our guests' privacy."

Charlene's smile froze. "Do you know who I am to Bren? What do you mean you can't violate your guests' privacy? He doesn't need any privacy before me!"

"Err..." The staff member hesitated. "But Mr. Brighthall is here with someone else. I'm afraid that it's inconvenient for him to meet you."

"With someone else?" Charlene's heart skipped a beat, and she became defensive. "Who's that?"

"A woman. But I'm not sure who she is."

Charlene's face turned gloomy. She basically knew who she was. She was surprised to learn that Brendan had actually taken Deirdre out and wondered whether he had gone nuts!

Did he know how high the chances of running into an acquaintance were here? Did he have to displease others with her hideous appearance as well?

Madame Brighthall was confused. "Bren is here with a woman? Who is she?"

Charlene turned to Madam Brighthall while furtively nipping herself so that her eyes reddened and she looked as though she was holding back her sorrow. "I think she's probably Miss McKinnon? Bren has gotten quite close to her lately, and I haven't seen Bren in quite some time..."

"What?"

Madame Brighthall became more and more unhappy and tried to stride into the inner hall. The staff member paced forward. "Madame Brighthall!"

"What?!" Madame Brighthall's face turned frigid, and her aura of superiority burst forth. "I want to see my son! Do you still want to stop me?"

When Madame Brighthall personally demanded to meet her son, the staff member had no right to stop her. Madame Brighthall strode toward the inner hall and pushed the door open.

As expected, Brendan was with Laia. As for the woman standing beside them with her head lowered, who else could she be other than Deirdre?

“Mother?” As soon as Brendan saw Madame Brighthall, he was stunned. Then, he frowned. “Why are you

here?”

“Why am I here? I got here by chance, of course,” Madame Brighthall replied in a grim, implacable manner. She glared at Deirdre with her cold eyes as she said, “If I hadn’t come here with Charlene, I wouldn’t have known that it’s not true that you are completely preoccupied with company affairs. So much so that you aren’t free to visit me!”

“Mother Brendan suddenly had a sharp headache.

“Don’t call me your mother! You don’t even see me as your mother anymore. I’m afraid that you have been seduced by some woman and no longer care about your mother, let alone your own wife!”

Madame Brighthall was furious. “Do you know what you are doing? You not only abandoned your own wife, but also took this woman out. Do you think she is presentable?”

Chapter 229 Tell Madame Brighthall The Truth?

‘Do you think she is presentable?’

Just like a sharp knife, every word pierced Deirdre’s heart and twisted.

Deirdre was trembling faintly while Brendan stood before her and said with a frigid face, “Mother, your words are too harsh!”

“Harsh?” While looking at his furious face, for the first time, Madame Brighthall sensed the estrangement between her and her son and felt disappointed. “Do you expect me to greet the third party in your relationship with a smile and treat her like my daughter?!”

“Deirdre is not the third party!” Brendan gritted his teeth. “We’ve registered=”

“Bren!” Charlene, who had intended to be a bystander, suddenly chimed in. Her eyes revealed how panicked and incredulous she was.

Did Brendan want to tell Madame Brighthall the truth? Did he want to tell Madame Brighthall that the woman who had been spending time with her in the past few years was actually the third party?

That Deirdre and Brendan were true husband and wife?

If Brendan did it, what would her status be?

Had he gone insane?!

Charlene felt so uneasy that her teeth were chattering. After she pleaded Brendan with her eyes, she grabbed Madame Brighthall. “Let’s just forget about it, mother. Bren probably just brought Miss McKinnon here to buy her a few dresses. I-I’m fine with it, so please don’t take it to heart. Let’s leave...”



Although she said she was fine with it and wanted to leave, her tone was full of grievance. Madame Brighthall was so angry that her chest hurt and she fell to the ground.

“Mother!”

“Mother!”

Brendan rushed forward to show his concern while Deirdre’s heart skipped a beat. She knew Madame Brighthall’s health condition very well. Before she realized it, she had already gotten to Madame Brighthall’s side to touch the bottle of medicine on her chest.

“Don’t touch me!”

Madame Brighthall shook her hand away and reprimanded her in a trembling voice. “This wouldn’t have happened if it wasn’t for you!”

Deirdre was startled for a moment when she felt pain in her hand. However, she endured the pain to take out the bottle of medicine and dropped two pills on her palm. “Madame Brighthall, please take these and you’ll be fine!”

Madame Brighthall was extremely surprised because she had thought only Charlene knew where she put her medicine.

However, she could only obediently take the medicine first.

After taking it, she finally managed to calm down. She then asked in disbelief, “How did you know where my medicine was?”

Before Deirdre could figure out what to answer, Charlene immediately bit her lip and replied, “I told Miss

McKinnon, of course. Mother, my relationship with her is not as bad as you thought. W-We are friends. and it’s natural that we share some information. Anyway, do not worry about the relationship between me, Miss McKinnon, and Brendan. We will handle it ourselves. Can you please not worry about it and take care of your health instead?”

While comforting her with tenderness, Charlene resented Deirdre, the b\*tch who had almost exposed her identity.

She thought Deirdre was no ordinary person because she not only knew how to hook Brendan by pretending to be pitiful, but she’d also deliberately made Madame Brighthall suspicious at the right time! Even after Madame Brighthall took the medicine, she still felt uncomfortable. When she heard Charlene’s explanation, she no longer was suspicious. However, she hated Deirdre even more.

It turned out that Charlene and Deirdre were friends who would share things, yet Deirdre had been shameless enough to snatch her friend’s boyfriend.

It was Charlene who was gentle, kind, and generous enough not to bother her.

I don't care what your relationship is. I only recognize Lena as my daughter-in-law. I can close an eye to whatever you do in private, but once outsiders know that you have a mistress, I will definitely not be accommodating."

## Chapter 230 You Are Angry

Madame Brighthall shot Deirdre a frigid glare. "A woman like her must be kept at home. Don't even think about taking her out again."

Following that, Madame Brighthall no longer felt like shopping and left with Charlene.

Deirdre's gaze remained blank. She thought she was shameless herself, but Madame Brighthall accusing her of being the 'third party' and 'that kind of woman had destroyed her accumulated willpower. "Deirdre, are you alright?" Brendan caressed her face. Deirdre furrowed her brows tightly while her forehead was sweating. She was in a daze, and Brendan didn't know what she was thinking.

"I'm fine." Deirdre recovered from her daze and avoided Brendan's hand.

Brendan missed his target and felt that something was missing. When he realized what it was, he clasped Deirdre's wrist. "Are you angry? You should be aware of the matter between Charlene and my mother. My mother misunderstood that you're the third party, so it's normal that her harsh words made you feel bad. Don't take it to heart."

"I'm not," Deirdre calmly replied with downcast eyes. "I'm not feeling uncomfortable because of Madame Brighthall's harsh words."

"What is it then?" Brendan was confused.

Deirdre didn't answer but slowly closed her eyes. "Let's go back. I'm rather tired"

As soon as they got back, Deirdre closed the door to her room and lay on the bed.

She had not lost her temper. In fact, she had been calmed down further by Madame Brighthall's words. Yes, a woman like her could never be presentable indeed. This was a fact she used to be clear about, and she shouldn't have wavered just because of Brendan's words.

She closed her eyes wearily, but when she thought about it, she felt at ease suddenly.

She thought it would be good enough to continue acting as a mistress provided Ophelia was still alive. She didn't have to worry about it too much because that was not what she should be thinking about.

Deirdre woke up from her slumber at midnight. She felt warmth even though she could recall that she hadn't turned on the heating system in the room.

She slowly got out of bed and started cleaning her room. As she thought that Ophelia was supposed to come today, she couldn't wait. The moment she put on her clothes and opened the door to go out, she bumped into a person emitting a strong smell of cigarettes.

"You up?" Brendan simply dropped the cigarette butt on the floor, where more cigarette butts were scattered.

Deirdre had soft feet. She came to her senses and raised her eyes after she stepped on a few cigarette butts. "Have you been standing by the door?"

"Yes." Brendan admitted it and dispersed the smoke from his mouth. "I want to talk to you. But because you were still sleeping and I didn't want to disturb you, I've been waiting by the door."

He inevitably sounded impatient. Besides, because the doorway wasn't as warm as the room, his breathing gave off hints of coldness. Deirdre took a step backward. "Let's talk inside."

"No." Brendan looked into Deirdre's eyes. "It's just a few words. About what my mother said yesterday." Deirdre could feel that she was calm when she said, "If you want to tell me not to take those words to

heart, then there is no need for you to do anything because I never did."

"In that case, why are you treating me with this attitude?" Brendan said firmly. "You are angry."

Deirdre wanted to deny it, but she felt her heart aching. At the moment, even she didn't know what she was angry about.

Perhaps she was furious because she was wavering.

"It doesn't matter anymore." Deirdre raised her head. Her eyes were clear and unfocused when she said, "The only thing I'm concerned about is my mother. You said you wanted us to go back to the old days, and we can still do it. Nothing has changed."