

Resent Reject Regret by Aqua Summers

Chapter 363 - 394

Chapter 363 Who Told You That?

Kyran didn't seem to like the answer. He was silent for a moment before asking, "Is it just because I'm sick? If I didn't get hurt because of you, wouldn't you want to see me at all?"

Before Deirdre could answer, Kyran typed in silence, and his face turned sickly white. "Deirdre, you should go back. I'll ask Declan to arrange a car for you. By this time, the road to Alnwick should have been unblocked. You can go back and stay with Madame Russell at ease. You don't have to come to the hospital to accompany me."

"I don't want to," Deirdre blurted at a pace that even surprised her.

Kyran was stunned. Deirdre clenched her fists and said, "It will be very boring for you to be alone in the ward because of the long recovery time. I can chat and talk with you."

"It's okay." Kyran typed, "I'm often alone, and I'm used to it."

When Deirdre heard the phrase "often alone", she couldn't help but be reminded of herself. The time she had spent in prison, in Brendan's mansion, and even in the car during the escape, she was always alone.

She enjoyed solitude and was also afraid of solitude. In fact, she was even more terrified of those who cared, as they might disappear at any time.

She began wondering whether Kyran had the same feeling, whether that was the reason he had said they were of the same kind when he professed his affection toward her.

"Let's talk about it only after your operation is over. I can't feel at ease even if I go back now. After all, you're sick because of me. Besides, you need someone to take care of you now."

Kyran stared at Deirdre. When he saw her haste and stubbornness, his eyes gradually softened.

"Deirdre, you are too kind. It's easy to be manipulated by others."

Deirdre smiled in response. "In that case, will you manipulate me?"

Kyran looked deeply at Deirdre. "I will."

Deirdre was momentarily stunned because the answer was out of her expectations. She felt puzzled. Following that, she heard the mechanical sound of the phone.

“I’ll manipulate you all the time. For example, when I’m sick because of my own problem, I’ll manipulate your kindness to make you think that I’m hospitalized because of you so that I can tie you by my side.”

It turned out that was what Kyran meant, and Deirdre’s uneasiness was resolved. Then, she heard Kyran laugh at himself. “Am I bad?”

How could Kyran think he was bad?

Deirdre shook her head as she disagreed. “If you were to put it this way, I’m even worse. I knew I was a burden, but I went to the snow with you. Moreover, I accepted your coat and let you suffer in the cold wind for half an hour.”

Kyran laughed. “Okay, we are not bad.”

Deirdre paused. Even though she couldn’t hear Kyran’s voice, she could still feel him laughing, which made her calm down inexplicably, and raised the corners of her lips unconsciously.

Deirdre recalled something. “Oh, Kyran, what did your ex-girlfriend look like?” Deirdre remembered.

As soon as Deirdre asked, she felt Kyran’s sudden seriousness. She paused and asked, “Did I say something wrong?”

Deirdre was anxious because she felt that she was both familiar and unfamiliar with Kyran.

“No,” replied Kyran only after quite a long time. The cold machine made his tone sound even more indifferent when he asked, “Who told you that I once had a girlfriend?”

Deirdre bit her lip, feeling a little uneasy.

Kyran answered on his own, “Declan?”

Deirdre replied cautiously, “Mr. King didn’t take the initiative to say it. He just mentioned it casually. It was me who tried to ask him further, but he didn’t tell me anything.”

“You don’t have to be so uneasy. I didn’t mean to be angry with you.” Kyran explained, “I just don’t like to mention her.”

Chapter 364 Kyran Was Still Angry

Kyran didn't have to say it because Deirdre could feel it herself.

That woman was obviously very important to Kyran, so important that she could always affect his mood. This was the first time Deirdre noticed such a great change in Kyran's emotions as if he had changed into a different person.

When Deirdre decided not to mention it anymore, Kyran actually asked, "Are you curious?"

"No." Deirdre denied.

In the beginning, she was just looking for topics to chat about and figure out why Kyran would be interested in her. However, Kyran's reaction made her realize that her behavior crossed the line.

Kyran moved forward, intending to get closer to her. But he stopped after taking a few steps. And finally, he stood with downcast eyes.

"I'm sorry.

"Did I scare you? I'm sorry, I just don't like to bring up the person in the past again."

"It's okay." Deidre put a smile on her face. "It's normal not to let others talk about the most important person. Yet, I crossed the line. If someone were to apologize, it should be me."

Kyran frowned at Deirdre's words. He typed and deleted those words, and he finally typed after a while, "You are not the others."

Deirdre chuckled. "Yes, I understand that! You don't have to take it to heart Everyone has secrets they don't want to reveal and a bottom line they don't like others to cross. It's just like me. I also have things that I don't want others to know. You don't need to explain to me, and as long as I know your bottom line, I will never make a second mistake."

She hurriedly got up from the sofa. "Are you hungry? I'll go to the nurse and ask when today's food will be delivered. I'll be right back."

As Deirdre pushed open the door of the ward to go out, she didn't appear to be as relaxed as she was. She put her hand on her confused heart, and for some reason, she felt rather uncomfortable.

Perhaps it was Kyran's sudden indifferent attitude, or perhaps it was the woman Declan had called Kyran's weakness.

Since that woman was so important to Kyran, what happened between them?

And what was she?

Deirdre was shocked when this idea popped up. After all, she was not with Kyran, so why should she care about her status in Kyran's heart?

'Calm down, Deirdre. You should live a peaceful life. For a person like Kyran, trying once is enough.'

Patting her face, Deirdre went to ask the nurse about Kyran's food..

Upon returning to the room, Declan was already sitting on the sofa and chatting with Kyran about the operation.

"You must do the surgery within these few days. Otherwise, you'll put your health in peril."

Halfway through the chat, Declan noticed Deirdre standing at the door. "Miss McKinnon? Why are you standing at the door? Aren't you tired? Come and sit down."

Deirdre smiled when she heard Declan. As she paced into the room, Kyran's eyes were glued to Deirdre, refusing to move away no matter what.

While Declan was repeatedly observing, he felt something was wrong. He lay back on the sofa and pondered. "After I left, did anything happen between you two?"

Deirdre was stunned for a moment. Following that, she replied with a smile, "What could have happened?"

"Then why is Kyran not looking good?"

Deirdre lowered her eyes and explained, "Maybe it's due to the operation? If it were me, my face wouldn't look very good before the operation."

"It makes sense." Declan nodded and stopped dwelling on it but continued to talk to Kyran.

They were talking about the operation arrangement and physical condition. Declan slapped his thigh when they were done and said, "I'm leaving. I'll go back and rest."

Chapter 365 He Wouldn't Lie to Me

Deirdre also got up immediately. "Take me with you? I'm a little hungry, and I want to go to the hotel. restaurant to have something to eat."

Declan did not refuse, but a voice came from behind just as Deirdre walked to the door. "Deirdre, can we have a talk?"

Deirdre blinked, feeling somewhat uncomfortable. "What would you like to talk about?"

Kyran frowned. "Talk about what you want to know."

"I don't have anything that I want to know," replied Deirdre. Feeling that her attitude was too cold, she said gently, "Kyran, I'm just going to get something to eat. I'll be back, okay? Then, we'll have plenty of time to talk."

This time, Kyran didn't type anything.

Deirdre went out with Declan. As if he was watching a show, Declan said with an ambiguous smile, "I knew it. Something happened to you two after I left."

"Yes, something has indeed happened, but we were just chatting." said Deirdre briefly. "Let's go back."

When Deirdre returned to the room, a waiter came delivering food. Declan had made good arrangements, and she didn't need to go to the restaurant.

As she was nibbling her food, her mind went blank. By the time she returned to her senses, the phone had rung several times.

She hastily answered the call and heard Tobey's voice coming from the other end. "Are you busy? Why did you answer the call so late?"

"No, I put my phone quite far away, and I was eating at another table. So I couldn't answer the call as soon as it rang."

"Well." Tobey thought for a moment and suddenly shifted to another topic. "Deirdre, have you verified that matter yet?"

"Which one?" Deirdre asked before she realized that Tobey was asking about the matter of Kryan's identity.

"Yes, I have." She explained, "Kyran's previous identity was the son of the driver of the King family. Because of congenital heart disease and being mute, he didn't go out often. Later, he went to live in Germia with his father for medical treatment. That's why you couldn't find any news about him here."

Tobey was silent for a long time before he threw another question. "How credible do you think this information is?"

Deirdre was stupefied. She didn't think about it.

“Deirdre, I have no way to verify this identity except to ask the King family’s members. That is to say, if he wants to fabricate an identity, we have absolutely no way to verify it.” Tobey said seriously, “I don’t believe that Declan would have such a friendly relationship with the driver’s son and even become his business partner. Do you know the status of people who can get along with Declan?”

Deirdre pondered with downcast eyes and said, “Tobey, I think Kyran wouldn’t lie to me.”

Kyran had no reason to lie to her. It was just as Declan had said-Kyran and Brendan were two people. Hence, it would be unfair to Kyran to reject him just because of an unlikely idea.

“What if he would?”

“Probably it wouldn’t exist.” Deirdre smiled. “Tobey, if you put yourself in his shoes, would you try every means to deceive a blind person?”

This assumption made Tobey hesitate. “But I still feel that something is wrong with Kyran. Mom told me. about him, and he has no reason to be so nice to you.”

Deirdre used to have the same thought until Kyran confessed his affection to her.

Biting her lip, Deirdre wondered whether she should tell Tobey about it.

Yet, Tobey pointed it out directly. “Deirdre, does he like you?”

Chapter 366 Ex-girlfriend

It was an awkward question. Deirdre lowered her head and said, “Tobey, Kyran is a good person. I’m going to trust him again. As long as he doesn’t hurt me, I don’t care who he really is.”

Tobey was rendered speechless. After a short while, he sighed. “Deirdre, I hope you won’t regret this decision in the future.”

Deirdre did not understand what Tobey was talking about. Why would she regret her decision in the future?

Before Deirdre could make head or tail of Tobey’s words, he had already hung up the call. She had no other choice but to think that her confusion came from her nervousness about refusing Tobey’s good intentions.

She sat on the bed, allowing her thoughts to drift into the distance. She did not know how long it had passed, but a flurry of knocking sounds on the door snapped her back to reality. Her heart skipped a beat as she asked, “Who is it?”

"It's me, Miss McKinnon!"

'Mr. King?'

He sounded like a cat on hot bricks, and Deirdre opened the door. "What's wrong?"

"Something bad happened to Kyran! He's in the operating room! We need to get there now!"

Deirdre's heart clutched, and her back stiffened. If she could see right now, she would be seeing nothing but darkness. She hastily reached out for the jacket on the table. As she put it on, she asked, "What happened? He was fine before I left!"

Declan always wore a smile on his face when he was talking, but the smile was gone right now. There was a serious expression on his face as he said, "I have no idea either. But his condition suddenly worsened. The hospital just told me that he's in the middle of now. We need to get there to get more details."

surgery

They took a taxi to the hospital as it was faster than walking there. Kyran was still in the emergency room when they arrived at the hospital.

After Declan settled Deirdre down, he went to ask the doctor about Kyran's condition. Deirdre stood in front of the emergency room, her head a muddled mess of confusion.

Kyran was fine before she left. She did not understand how his condition would suddenly worsen to the point that he needed to get surgery.

For a moment, she felt a chill slowly spread from her fingertips to her whole body.

When Declan returned, Deirdre was still standing as stiff as a ramrod in the corridor.

He went up to her and comforted her. "Don't worry. I've asked the doctor about his condition. He's not in good shape right now, but fortunately, this hospital is well-equipped, so he'll be fine after the surgery.

"But why is it so sudden?" Deirdre covered her head with her hand and squatted down. "He looks just like a perfectly healthy person.

Declan's face was filled with worry as well. "Maybe he has been lying to us the whole time.

He took a deep breath and wanted to light a cigarette. However, he was at the hospital now, so he had no choice but to forgo the attempt. His face was dark as he said, "He

was lucky that a nurse noticed his condition today. Otherwise, I really wouldn't dare to think what would happen. He clearly had a chance to get himself treated sometime earlier. If he had done that, his condition wouldn't have worsened, but he had to

Declan paused abruptly. It was only now that Deirdre returned to her senses and raised her head. "He had to what?"

"He had to give it up."

'Give up? Did he give up on the right time and chance to completely heal himself of his illness?'

Deirdre found it difficult to believe. "But why?"

"It's because of his ex-girlfriend," said Declan, his voice laced with anger.

'His ex-girlfriend?'

Deirdre blinked. This was already the second time she heard about Kyran's ex-girlfriend. Kyran was clearly displeased during the first time, and now she was the reason that his condition worsened.

"His ex-girlfriend must be very important to him, right?" she asked.

"Yeah."

"What happened between them that caused them to go separate ways?"

"I have no idea." Declan placed his hand on his forehead. "Kyran just said that it's all his fault. But you've known Kyran for so long. So, you should know that considering his personality, he'll take all the blame even though he isn't the one who did the wrong thing."

Chapter 367 Why Did He Approach Me if He Has Someone He Loves?

Deirdre did not say anything in return. Suddenly, Declan remembered something and chided himself for saying so many things that he shouldn't be saying.

Perhaps he had been holding these things inside of him for too long and was desperately looking for a window to spill them out.

"Don't worry, Miss McKinnon. The things between Kyran and her are already in the past." Declan said, "Since he has chosen you, it means he has already moved on."

Deirdre smiled. If he really had moved on, he wouldn't have reacted so violently when she mentioned that woman, and Declan wouldn't be so hesitant to answer her questions as if he was hiding a secret.

Honestly, she did not really care about it. After all, she was very clear that there was no way she would be together with Kyran.

It was just that there was something she did not understand. Why did Kyran approach her if he still loved that woman deeply?

Before she could get an answer to her question, someone came out from the emergency room.

Declan hastily walked up to them. The doctor said a lot of things, and Deirdre just listened at the back. Apparently, Kyran still had to undergo another surgery. He couldn't walk around freely to prevent his wound from tearing open again.

Kyran was still sleeping while the nurse pushed him to the ward since the anesthesia hadn't worn off yet. Declan had to go to get the hospitalization procedure done, so Deirdre was left alone, sitting by the bed.

She did not dare to touch him as she did not know where his wound was. She just carefully helped him to tuck in his quilt. When she accidentally touched his hand, he unconsciously grabbed her hand.

"Kyran..." Deirdre wanted to remove her hand, but Kyran was holding her tightly. She had to exert some strength if she wanted to get her hand out, so she had no other choice but to let him hold her hand.

When Declan returned and saw them holding hands, he chuckled and said, "Well, it seems like he really likes you a lot. Even though he's unconscious, he's still holding your hand so tightly."

Deirdre was embarrassed and said, "Kyran caught my hand and refuses to let me go..."

"Miss McKinnon, are you tired?"

Deirdre shook her head. "I've slept for a long time, so I don't think I'll sleep when I get back."

"Awesome. Then I have a favor to ask of you," said Declan. "There's something I have to

settle, and I might only be able to come back in the morning. Can you stay here and keep Kyran company if you're not tired?

"I'm worried that if we leave him alone here, he might have trouble getting water or anything when he wakes up later. After all, he can't move around freely because he just had his surgery."

"Sure," said Deirdre. "I'll stay here and watch over him."

"Thank you very much, Miss McKinnon."

After he finished speaking, Declan left in a hurry.

The ward fell silent. The warmth spreading from his fingertips seeped into her. Later, she felt cold and placed her hand on the side of the bed as she closed her eyes.

Before she could fall into a deep slumber, the hand that was holding her suddenly twitched.

She jerked her head up and said, "Kyran? Kyran? Can you hear me?"

Kyran held her hand so tightly that it hurt her. His face was pale, and he slowly released her hand as he opened his eyes.

When Kyran regained consciousness, he turned his head around as if looking for something. Deirdre hastily placed her hand on his arm.

"You just had your surgery, so you need to stay put. If not, your wound might tear open again. Just tell me what you are looking for."

Kyran calmed himself down and grabbed her hand. He was weak since he had only woken up, so he weakly wrote the word "phone" on her palm.

Deirdre was stunned. She thought he was thirsty or hungry or that his wound hurt. She did not expect that the first thing he would be looking for after waking up was his phone.

"Wait for a moment. I think your phone is around here. Let me look for it."

She turned over to the table beside the bed. After she ran her hand over the table carefully. for a while, she found Kyran's phone and handed it to him.

Chapter 368 She's Blind Just Like You

"Don't go, Deirdre."

This was the first sentence Kyran typed after getting his phone.

Deirdre was dumbfounded for a moment. She did not know why he would say something like that.

“Go? I’ve always been here. I won’t leave your side.”

Kyran gazed deeply at Deirdre’s face, his eyes filled with despair. “I had a dream. In that dream, you chose to leave my side. You didn’t return to Alnwick but went to a place that I could not reach. I couldn’t find you no matter how hard I tried to, and I had to live in remorse for the rest of my life.”

He stretched out his hand and held Deirdre’s finger. His palm was warm as always, but his hand trembled slightly.

Apparently, he was scared.

He was scared of Deirdre leaving him.

Deirdre blinked blankly and said, “Kyran, it was just a dream. Besides, you didn’t do anything to me, so why would I go to a place where you cannot find me?”

Kyran’s chest was heaving up and down vigorously as he tightened his grip. It took him a long while before he finally calmed himself down and typed, “I’m just worried that I might disappoint you.”

“Why would you think like that?” Deirdre chuckled. Ever since she got to know him, he had never disappointed her before. “You’re overthinking. I’ve always felt proud to have you as a friend.”

As soon as Deirdre finished speaking, Kyran’s blood ran cold, and the light in his eyes dimmed down.

“Just…”

Deirdre could sense his disappointment even though he was talking through a mechanical voice.

Kyran then typed again, “Do you hate me, Deirdre? Since I said I like you and am going to make you my girlfriend, I should tell you everything about me from my past. I should let you know what kind of person I am, but instead of doing that, I didn’t tell you anything. Did that break your heart?”

Deirdre snapped herself back to reality and replied, “Of course not!”

After that, she continued. "Kyran, I remember I told you before that everyone has their own secrets. I have my own secrets too. I can totally understand if you don't want to tell me

something about yourself. You don't have to feel guilty about it at all."

"But it's about my ex-girlfriend. Since I'm courting you, I should tell you everything about her from A to Z so you won't feel uncomfortable."

When Deirdre wanted to say something, Kyran added and mocked himself, "Or you don't care about it since you don't have any feelings for me. You just want to get rid of me as soon as possible."

Deirdre was stunned.

'Do I want to get rid of him?'

Honestly, she had never thought of that. She just thought they were from two different worlds, so there was no way they would be together.

"Or the person you like is Tobey, so you don't want to give me a chance?"

"It has nothing to do with Tobey," Deirdre replied, biting her lips. "I don't intend to get rid of you either."

"Then you must be mad at me," he said with confidence. "You must be mad at me because I didn't answer your question back then."

"Deirdre, honestly, I thought for a long while after you left. I've been regretting that I didn't talk clearly to you back then. But at the same time, I'm afraid of letting you know what kind of a person I am."

'He's worried about letting me know what kind of person he is?'

Deirdre's heart skipped a beat.

'What kind of person is Kyran? Isn't that obvious?'

He was a kind-hearted, gentle person who would go to great lengths to help her and wouldn't ask for anything in return. She did not understand why he made himself sound like someone who had done something unforgivable.

Kyran fell silent for a while before saying, "She's a blind person like you too."

Deirdre froze when she heard what Kyran said. She jerked her head up and looked at him in.

disbelief.

Apparently, he was talking about his ex-girlfriend, but she found it hard to believe that she was a blind person like her as well.

Chapter 369 This Isn't Right

Her head went blank, and understanding soon dawned upon her.

Only now did she see the light as to why Kyran would be attracted to her, why he knew how to take care of her, and how he knew in advance that she would sprain her ankle when walking down the stairs.

She had assumed he was acquainted with a blind person before, so it was because his ex-girlfriend was a blind person like her.

"I see..." Deirdre smiled. She did not know why, but she felt a pang, as if someone was hitting her heart with a hammer.

'So, does this mean that he confessed to me because of his ex-girlfriend? Is he using me as a replacement for his ex-girlfriend?'

If there was one thing in this world that Deirdre hated the most, that would be becoming someone else's replacement. She already had it enough when Brendan treated her like a replacement for the girl he truly loved. She did not want to become a replacement for Kyran again this time.

"So you must love her very much, right? Then why did you two break up?"

Kyran looked at Deirdre and said, "Because I did something wrong."

"You did something wrong?"

"Yeah." Kyran took a deep breath and continued. "I know she treated me like I was her whole world, so I took advantage of her devotion. I disregarded her feelings and returned home late every night. We spent more of our time apart than together."

"She's a blind person. She sacrificed her own freedom for me. She didn't have any friends, so she didn't have anyone to talk to when she was facing trouble and couldn't reach me when she needed me the most as I was working outside at that time."

Deirdre suddenly felt as if someone was choking her. She was a blind person as well, so she was able to empathize with her..

She understood what it felt like to stay alone in a spacious living room when her world was

dark.

Deirdre was restless, anxious, and helpless and just wanted to get out of there.

“It isn’t a very good feeling, honestly.”

“Yeah.” Kyran let out a mocking smile. “So she escaped.”

“Escaped?” Deirdre lifted her head up in a daze. Her eyes, which were as clear as deer’s eyes, were filled with confusion and surprise. “Why did you use the word escape?”

Kyran fell into silence. It took him a long while before he finally mustered up his courage. and continued. “Because I’m a j*rk. I locked her in the house when she wanted to leave because I was afraid of losing her. I thought I could make her change her mind like this, but she was completely disappointed in me and tried to run away.”

Deirdre’s chest was heaving up and down heavily as her breathing became ragged. For a moment, she felt as if Brendan, her nightmare, was beside her once again.

He had done everything he could to keep her by his side. He had destroyed her freedom and exhausted her patience.

“Deirdre, are you disappointed with me after listening to the story?” asked Kyran. He stretched out his arm, slowly and carefully trying to reach out for Deirdre’s face as he was afraid of startling her.

Deirdre lifted her eyelids and snapped herself back to reality. She chased away the dark thoughts and said with a frown. “This isn’t right. You ignored her when she had no one but you, and you forced her to stay by your side when she had enough disappointment. How could you do that to her?”

Deirdre’s voice was stern. “You’re not the Kyran I know anymore.”

‘You’re like-

Deirdre hastily ended the thought as soon as it appeared in her head. No matter what Kyran did, she mustn’t compare him with Brendan.

After all, Brendan was a total psychopath.

“Yeah, there was only one thing on my mind, to get her back to my side. As long as we could return to how we used to be, I could treat her better with all my heart. I became so desperate that I didn’t expect how horrible my actions were. So when she left me, I only blamed myself.”

Deirdre couldn't bring herself to scold him upon seeing that Kyran had realized his own mistake.

At the very least, he knew that he had done something wrong.

"Then what happened next? Did you go find her?"

"Yes, I did."

Deirdre was momentarily stunned before saying, "Then you should go after her and ask for her forgiveness. You should let her know your feelings, and if she really refuses to forgive you, then maybe it's time for you to move forward."

Chapter 370 I Don't Want to Keep You Waiting

"She probably doesn't want to see me," typed Kyran. "This is because there's someone who's willing to sacrifice his job to stay with her. I've seen their photos. She's living at happy life now. If this is what she wants, I should leave her alone. As for me, I just need to always remind myself of my past mistakes so that I won't repeat them while loving the people I want to protect."

There was a noticeable pause when he reached the part where he wanted to protect the people he loved. It was as if he was talking about Deirdre, causing the tips of Deirdre's ears to turn red with embarrassment.

Kyran then continued. "She taught me how to respect others and what was important to me. Perhaps this is the will of God. He wants me to appear in my best form before the person I like."

'Appear in his best form, huh? To be honest, Kyran is indeed the finest man I have ever met.

Deirdre lowered her head. Kyran did not continue the conversation and asked, "Can I have a cup of water?"

"Huh? Sure."

Deirdre snapped herself out of her thoughts and rose to her feet. She clearly remembered where the water cup was, so she poured half a cup and handed it to him. "Here."

However, Kyran did not take it. Instead, he held her hand and said, "Deirdre, I understand that you think I'm courting you and treating you so nicely because I'm taking you as her replacement. I admit that I was attracted to you at the church because you're blind, but your personality and gentleness are what draw me to you.

|

“The things between her and me are already in the past. It happened long ago, and I think I’m ready to start a new relationship. I don’t think of you as her. I really like you.”

It seemed that he had prepared his speech a long time ago. He just needed to pull it out from his draft, as there was no pause between his words.

Even though Deirdre couldn’t see with her eyes, she could sense the expectant and fiery emotions in his eyes.

His palm that was holding her finger was warm. For a moment, she had the feeling that her hand was going to get burned.

A pang of nervousness clutched at her chest, and she was tongue-tied.

She was not opposed to Kyran’s courtship. It was just that...

“Kyran, since you’re being honest with me, I need to tell you something as well.” She took a deep breath to calm herself down and said, “I had a very terrible and toxic relationship in

the past. It made me... unable to start a new relationship. I can’t fall in love with other people now. It may last for five years, ten years, or even a lifetime.”

There was no way she could forget the pain that Brendan had inflicted on her.

She had liked him since she was young and loved him with all her heart when she grew up. He had trampled and crushed her heart on the ground as if it was something insignificant to him, and she had sacrificed too much because of this relationship.

Her mother, her eyes, her face...

She had lost too much.

Deirdre did not have the courage to persuade herself to trust and love another person. She needed time to heal her wounds, and Brendan would be her nightmare for the rest of her life.

“You’re shanking.”

Kyran held her hand, and only then did Deirdre realize she was shaking.

She forced a smile and said, “So, you shouldn’t fall in love with me. I’m not the right person for you. I don’t want to waste your time or disappoint you, so I think we’re better off just being friends.”

Kyran looked at her deeply and released his grip.

“Dierdre, do you think I’m joking when I say I like you? I like you and only you alone. I won’t go to look for another woman. I can wait until you’re ready to be in a new relationship, but I’ll be very sad if you’re just trying to push me away.”

“I’m sorry...” Deirdre bit her lips. “I just don’t want to keep you hanging and make you wait. for me.”

Chapter 371 Someone Is Following Me

“I told you I can and am willing to wait for you. You’re not wasting my time. You have your own freedom to do what you want, and I have mine. If there is one day I can’t keep waiting for

you anymore, I’ll give up on my own. At the very least, I enjoy being friends with you. now, and I’m willing to wait for you to accept me.”

Deirdre did not know what to say at all. She couldn’t bring herself to reject Kyran seeing how sincere he was.

She was flustered as she said, “Kyran, I don’t want to do something that you might regret in the future.”

“If I give up on you right now, that’ll be the decision I’ll regret the most,” said Kyran, his voice firm and filled with determination. 2

Deirdre set her jaw tightly.

At the same time, the nurse came in and told Deirdre that the patient needed to rest. “You should go back first. Declan told me that he’ll be here soon. You should go back and take a rest. You can come to visit me later.”

Even though Deirdre was worried about Kyran, she did as she was told and left the ward.

She remembered the way she came, so it was not difficult for her to go back alone. However, she did not know why, but she had a feeling that someone was following her today.

She noticed that someone was following her because there was no way a normal person would keep the same walking speed as a blind person. Whenever she picked up the pace, the person behind her would follow suit as well. However, the person was smart and kept a distance away from her.

Since she could not see them, she picked up her speed and threw herself into the talking crowd in front of her.

“I’m sorry…”

The group

of university students was startled when a disfigured woman appeared out of nowhere in front of them. But they soon realized that she held no ill intention and that she was a blind person.

“Hi, do you need help?”

- Deirdre clenched her fists. She knew that people might not be happy with her actions, but rather than displeasing a group of people, she was more afraid of getting into trouble.

“Umm… I’m blind, and I’m not from around here. Can you guide me to the Peaceful Aegis Hotel?”

The group of students was discussing where they were going next. Since they had nowhere to go, they decided to help Deirdre and bring her to the Peaceful Aegis Hotel.

“Sure, miss. Let’s check the location first, and then we’ll bring you there.”

“Thank you.”

After that, they brought Deirdre to the hotel. It was only when Deirdre stepped into the hotel that she heaved out a sigh of relief. However, her face was still ashen pale.

“Am I imagining things?”

She arrived there not long ago, so there was no way she could have made any enemies. Could it be that someone wanted to rob her because she was blind?

She finally felt at ease after returning to her room and closing the door.

Suddenly, her phone rang and startled her. She pulled her phone out and answered it.
“Hello

Her voice was shaking, so Declan frowned. “What’s wrong, Miss McKinnon? Did something happen?”

Deirdre lowered her head. She did not know if she should tell Declan that someone was following her or not. She asked, “Have you already finished your stuff, Mr. King?”

“Yeah. I’m at the hospital now. Kyran is worried about you, so he asked me to call you to see if you’ve reached the hotel or not.”

“I’m inside my room now...”

“Really? But why do you sound like you’re in trouble?” Declan exchanged a glance with Kyran and continued. “Are you sure you’re alright?”

Deirdre bit her lips. “Actually...”

She took a deep breath and said in a low voice, “I don’t know if I’m imagining things or not, but I felt that someone was following me when I was on my way back...”

Chapter 372 Mr. Brighthall Is Looking For You

“What?” Declan’s face sank. He glanced at Kyran and went out of the ward. “What makes you think that, Miss McKinnon?”

“I’m not sure as well. My gut feeling told me that someone was watching me. I could hear footsteps behind me too. Whenever I stopped, they stopped too. I have very good hearing, so I’m pretty sure about it.”

After listening to Deirdre’s words, Declan frowned and said, “Miss McKinnon, you should come with me next time. I’ll get an empty bed in Kyran’s ward today. You can rest on the bed if I can’t come back in time. Then, I’ll send you home.”

“Okay.”

After they ended their call, Deirdre went to close the curtain to prevent anyone from looking into her room from another building. She did not need any light since she was blind

anyway.

She sat on the bed for a while. Suddenly, someone knocked on her door.

Deirdre did not make any sound or move. The person knocked on the door for a while, and she asked, “Miss McKinnon, are you there?”

It was the voice of the hotel attendant, and Deirdre heaved out a sigh of relief.

She walked over to the door and opened it up a little. “Yes?”

With a big smile on her face, the attendant said, “Mr. King informed us that you don’t have to go to the restaurant to have your meal. We’ll deliver the meal to you every day.”

Only now did she realize that Declan had instructed them to deliver the meal to her. She relaxed and opened up the door.

“Come in then.”

After the attendant delivered the meal, she said, “Miss McKinnon, other than Mr. King, do you have any other friends here?”

Deirdre shook her head. “Nope. What’s the matter?”

“Well, after you

returned to your room, a man named Mr. Brighthall came to the receptionist and asked about your room number.”

“Clank!”

The utensil in Deirdre’s hand fell to the floor, and her face turned ashen pale. Her eyes were widely opened and filled with disbelief. “What did you say!?”

The attendant was startled by Deirdre, and she repeated, “A man named Mr. Brighthall came to ask about the number of your room.”

After that, she smiled and continued. “But don’t worry, Miss Mckinnon, before getting your approval, we won’t simply tell a stranger your room number. We already sent that man. away.”

However, Deirdre still couldn’t calm herself down after listening to the attendant’s explanation. Her brain was blank, and her chest was heaving up and down heavily.

‘Brighthall... A guy named Brighthall came over here and asked about my room number? I don’t know anyone here, and the only guy I know with the surname Brighthall is...’

Deirdre’s entire body was shaking, and she grabbed at the attendant. “Can... Can you tell me what he looked like?”

The attendant was shocked and took two steps back. She was scared by Deirdre and said, Miss Mckinnon, please calm down.”

Deirdre couldn’t calm down right now. From the moment she heard the name, all sorts of emotions overwhelmed her. Fear, panic, uneasiness... They devoured her entire body and enveloped her whole.

Her lips were shaking as she shouted, “Hurry! Tell me what he looks like!”

The attendant almost cried. "I don't know! Miss Mckinnon, the man only talked to the receptionist, and it was the receptionist who told me about it. I've never seen that man before, so I don't know what he looks like at all!"

"Get me the receptionist! Please, I beg you!"

Deirdre hugged her head and squatted on the floor. When she thought that the person who had been following her might be Brendan, she felt as if her heart was about to explode.

She did not know what Brendan was going to do. Was he making sure she was Deirdre, or was he waiting for the right time to take her back?

Chapter 373 It Isn't Him.

The news dropped on Deirdre like a bombshell. She couldn't stop shaking until a calm voice appeared in her head.

'Calm down, Deirdre.'

Declan had told her before that Brendan was seriously ill. He couldn't get out of bed, so there was a chance that it was not him.

She covered her face with her hand, and only then did she realize she had been crying.

"Miss McKinnon?" The attendant called out to her, her voice shaking. "The receptionist is here."

Deirdre took a deep breath and asked, "Do you still remember the man who asked about my room number?"

The receptionist nodded, and then she realized that Deirdre was blind, so she opened her mouth and replied, "Yeah."

Deirdre forced down her fear and asked again, "What does he look like?"

"Well... He's tall and slim. When he came, he was wearing a hoodie and a hat, so I couldn't see his face clearly. But I think he's quite a handsome guy," said the receptionist, trying her best to recall the situation and describe the looks of the man.

Deirdre fell silent for a moment. It was true that Brendan was tall and slim, but as far as she knew, he did not have any hoodies.

He only had a variety of suits in his closet. Perhaps it was because he was one of the Brighthalls, so he did not have many casual clothes as he had to keep his image at all times.

Deirdre frowned slightly.

“Oh yeah!” The receptionist remembered something. “There is a scar on the right side of his chin. I guess he got the scar a few years ago. I remember it very clearly because that was the only thing I saw when he looked up.”

Deirdre’s knees went weak, and she fell to the floor.

It was not Brendan.

Brendan did not have a scar on his chin. He would never allow any kind of wound to appear on his face, so that man was not Brendan.

“Miss McKinnon!” The attendant hurriedly went forward to pick Deirdre up from the floor and helped her walk over to the couch.

Even though Deirdre was certain that the man was not Brendan, her face was still dark.

“If it isn’t Brendan, then why did the man tell the receptionist that his surname was Brighthall? Did he want to make me think that it’s Brendan who’s looking for me?”

If that were the case, then the man not only knew her, but he also knew her relationship with Brendan. That’s why he would say that his surname was Brighthall. He was giving her a hint.

She had a list in her mind of who would have done something like this if she were in Neve, but the problem was that she was not in Neve right now. Apparently, the person was coming straight for her. Her blood ran cold when the realization struck her, and her breathing became ragged.

“Miss McKinnon?” The attendant called out to her worriedly.

Deirdre snapped herself back to reality and curled up in a fetal position. She forced her fear down and said, “I’m sorry. I remembered something that happened in the past, so I lost my temper a bit. I’m fine right now. You guys can go now.”

“Okay,” said the attendant. “Miss McKinnon, if you need our assistance, you can call us through the phone beside the bed. Just press one, and we’ll answer it once it’s connected.”

“Thank you. I will,” Deirdre said in a low voice.

The attendant closed the door, and the room fell silent. Deirdre felt suffocated in the room alone.

She did not dare to sleep or move around. She just sat frozen stiff on the couch until her phone rang.

She moved toward her bed and grabbed her phone. After she answered the call, she said, "Yes?"

There was no sound other than the measured breathing from the other side of the line. Deirdre was stunned for a moment, and then a very poor sound quality phone tone wafted

over.

"Deirdre, it's me."

It was Kyran.

Deirdre did not know why, but she felt like a gush of warmth flooded through her entire being when she heard Kyran's voice.

Chapter 374 You Don't Have to Be So Tough

Deirdre's eyes turned red around the rims. She sniffled, and it took her a while to say, "How did you get two phones?"

"I borrowed it from someone else," Kyran replied slowly. "Are you all right?"

"What?"

"You were followed by someone on your way to the hotel earlier, right? Declan has told me. about it. You're not terrified, right?"

Deirdre still couldn't come around to her senses from everything that had happened.

Knowing someone lurking in the dark knew her very well and would harm her was not a nice feeling.

She did not want Kyran to worry too much about her, so she took a deep breath and said, "I'm fine."

"Really?" Kyran replied after a short moment of silence, "I'm sorry."

"Huh? Why are you apologizing to me?" asked Deirdre. She did not know why Kyran would suddenly apologize to her.

"I should have asked Declan to wait for you," said Kyran. "If I hadn't let you go so soon, you wouldn't have been followed by someone. I'm very sorry about that."

“This isn’t your fault. This isn’t the first time I came back to the hotel alone,” replied Deirdre. “Besides, you asked me to come back because you wanted me to get some rest earlier. You’ve done nothing wrong.”

“But I should’ve anticipated something like that. You must have been scared when you realized that someone was following you, right? I wish I was there with you when that happened.”

If Kyran could speak, his voice must be laden with guilt and remorse.

Deirdre’s nerves loosened up a little. “Please don’t say that. No one, including myself, would have expected something like that to happen. By the way, I don’t think this is a bad thing. At the very least, I know someone is after me right now. As such, I’ll be more alert and won’t go to other places alone.”

Kyran typed on his phone, “You’re still as positive as always. But you don’t have to shoulder everything yourself. It’ll be good to depend on others sometimes.”

Deirdre lowered her head. “I’ve already gotten used to it.”

She had to force herself to stop crying while being bullied in prison. This was because they would beat her up even more and wouldn’t stop until they ensured she couldn’t utter a single sound anymore. Therefore, she had already gotten used to keeping everything to herself.

“I’ll try my best to change. I’ll try to believe there’s someone in this world I can depend on,” said Deirdre, biting her lower lips to prevent herself from crying.

“Mr. Reed, it’s getting late. You should rest now.”

A voice came over from the phone.

Deirdre hastily cleared her voice and said, “It’s time for you to sleep, right? I’m sorry for making you worry about me. It’s already so late, yet you still have to call me. You should go to bed now.”

Kyran paused for a moment before replying, “I’ll wait for you. Put your phone beside you. I’ll keep you company for a while. I’ll hang up the phone after you’ve fallen asleep.”

Deirdre wanted to say no to him. She was worried that she might disturb Kyran when she sleep-talked later, but there was a voice inside of her head telling her that she needed company right now.

Even though it was just a phone call, at the very least, she was not the only one in this room. She would not feel as nervous and restless.

“Don’t worry. I’m here,” Kyran comforted her.

Deirdre did not say anything anymore. She lay on the bed and put her phone next to her ear, listening to his breathing, Deirdre felt that Kyran was physically there despite the fact he

was not.

She slowly calmed down, closed her eyes, and fell into slumber.

She did not have any nightmares and slept through the night.

When she woke up the next day, she touched her phone and realized that Kyran hadn’t hung up the call yet.

While listening to his moderate breathing, her face burned red with embarrassment.

Chapter 375 I Can’t Bring Myself to Leave You Alone

Deirdre did not expect Kyran to hold the line for the entire night.

‘I hope I didn’t mumble anything stupid last night...’ she said inwardly.

“Are you awake?” Kyran’s voice wafted from the other end of the line.

“Yeah,” Deirdre replied embarrassingly. “I thought you would hang up the call after I fell asleep. Why didn’t you hang up then?”

“I couldn’t bring myself to leave you alone,” Kyran replied honestly. “You slept very soundly, and I felt you were very close to me. I was worried I might not have the chance anymore if I hung up the call.”

Deirdre was rendered speechless. Her face turned red with embarrassment, and she was tongue-tied.

At the same time, the doorbell rang.

“Are you awake, Miss McKinnon?”

Deirdre collected her hair behind her ears and went to open the door. When Declan saw Deirdre’s face, he was stunned.

“Are you sick, Miss McKinnon?”

“Huh? No, I’m not sick.” Deirdre blinked. “Why would you ask like that, Mr. King?”

“If you’re not sick, why is your face so red?”

Deirdre’s face turned even redder. She hadn’t hung up the call yet, so Kyran would certainly hear what they said.

“I just stayed for too long in the blanket...”

“Really?” Declan shrugged as if he believed her. “You shouldn’t cover your head with your blanket when sleeping. You might get suffocated.”

Deirdre became even more embarrassed and hung up the call without saying anything to Kyran.

“Miss McKinnon, you should wash yourself up first. I’ll wait for you outside,” said Declan.

“Okay.”

Deirdre closed the door. She washed herself up, changed into a set of new clothes, and went out of her room.

“I came back late last night, so I didn’t come to look for you as I assumed you were sleeping. The attendant told me that the person who followed you yesterday came here to look for you, right?”

“Yeah.” Deirdre’s face turned pale a little when Declan mentioned that person. “He said that his name is Brighthall.”

“Brighthall? Are you talking about Brendan Brighthall?”

“Yeah.”

“This is impossible,” Declan said with certainty. “Brendan is so sick right now that people are watching over him around the clock. I heard that he can’t get out of bed, so there’s no way he’s the one who followed you. He wouldn’t have left his name behind even if it’s really him.”

“I don’t think it’s him either,” Deirdre said as she lowered her head. “According to the receptionist, the man who asked about my room number has a scar on his chin. But as far as I know, there’s no scar on Brendan’s face.”

“This is strange...” Declan said, his eyebrows tightly furrowed, “Before I came to your room, I went to check the surveillance camera. That man was wearing a hoodie and hid his face under a cap. We can’t see his face at all, but there’s a high chance that he’s coming after you.”

"Yeah..." Deirdre had already prepared herself, so she was not scared right now. She frowned lightly and said, "And it seems to me that he knows about the things between Brendan and me."

"I'll go check the cameras in the surroundings. At the same time, I'll go through the people who came to Neve recently, but..." Declan said sternly, "Can you not tell Kyran anything about it first?"

Deirdre was stunned for a moment, and she nodded.

"Thank you. He shouldn't get out of his bed yet, and I'm sure that he won't stay still if he learns what has happened to you," Declan said helplessly. "He's very weak right now, so I don't want him to risk himself."

"I understand."

Both of them walked out of the hotel together. They did not talk to each other throughout the journey as they were troubled by yesterday's incident.

Chapter 376 She Was on the Phone With Me

Declan said to Kyran with a smirk after he opened the door and entered the room, "How do you feel?"

Kyran looked behind Declan first and nodded after spotting Deirdre. Then, he said with his phone, "Much better."

"Great then. However, it would be best for you not to celebrate too soon. You'll still need surgery after this, and you will only be totally fine after the surgery ends."

"I know."

Declan called out to Deirdre. "Take a seat first, Miss McKinnon. I'll get two sets of breakfast too. Oh, right. Would you like me to grab you some flu medicine along the way? I think that you might have caught a cold in view of your flushed face this morning."

He said to Kyran, "Miss McKinnon's face and ears were flushed this morning when she got out."

Deirdre was at a loss for what to do. She lowered her head in embarrassment and said, "...I don't."

"No

“What do you mean by you don’t?” There was no telling if Declan refused to let the matter be on purpose. “Miss McKinnon, one should seek treatment when they are sick. Moreover, you’re not a doctor, so how are you so sure that you’re not sick?”

“She isn’t sick, for real.”

All of a sudden, a voice was heard coming from the bed. Kyran explained on her behalf with smiling eyes, “She was still on the phone with me a moment before she opened the door for you this morning.”

Deirdre wished that she could see so she could find some place to hide.

Declan behaved as if he was enlightened. Then, he chuckled and said, “Why didn’t you say so earlier? I assumed you didn’t want to trouble me when you made up such a poor lie.”

Deirdre was even more convinced that Declan must have seen her phone screen when she was on the call with Kyran.

‘So it turns out that Declan is not that kind. He sure is crafty.’

Declan chatted joyously before he left the room.

Deidre could not refrain from explaining, “I blush very easily, and it is beyond my control. *Don’t mind what others are saying, so...”

“I know,” It was as if Kyran was holding back his laughter because he was typing slower than usual. “However, I would be even happier if you were to acknowledge that your blushing was because of what I said.”

Deirdre lowered her head even more and refused to speak anymore.

Meanwhile, the nurse entered the room, and her beautiful eyes looked straight at Kyran as she said sweetly, “Mr. Reed, the head nurse sent me to examine your wound and also to serve the medicine.”

Kyran nodded. The nurse pushed the cart and approached Kyran. Her beautiful eyes were fixed on Kyran, and she could not take her eyes off him.

Apart from the man’s elegant, graceful mannerisms, his face was so handsome that not even a celebrity could compare to it. She spent her days attending to cranky patients in the hospital all year long, so she was infatuated with Kyran’s presence.

For that, she had tidied up her outfit on purpose before stepping into the room so that Kyran would have a hard time taking his eyes off her once he saw her.

Yet, Kyran only glanced at her briefly before he looked away coldly and shifted his gaze to the sofa. His indifferent, dark eyes were tainted with gentleness for the first time.

The nurse furrowed her eyebrows and noticed that there was actually a woman seated on the sofa.

Even though the woman kept her head lowered, she was dressed neatly. However, the nurse could see the bumpy scars on the woman's face from the silhouette of her lowered face. There was no doubt that the woman was hideous.

'Why would Mr. Reed give this woman special treatment? It must be due to pity!'

The woman forced a smile in contempt and disregarded Deirdre. She leaned over and said, "Please hold up your arms, Mr. Reed. I would like to help you to remove your gown."

His injury was on his body, so she naturally needed to remove his gown.

However, Deirdre could not help raising her head when she heard the nurse's tone.

Chapter 377 Flirting Around.

The nurse reached for Kyran's gown before he nodded in consent. She touched him with her fingertips and curled her fingers to caress him flirtatiously. The scene of her exposed bosom and cleavage was wonderful with her body leaned forward.

She refused to believe Kyran could withstand her unsolicited seduction without being tempted.

"Gah!"

In the next moment, Kyran shoved away her hand, his expression icy cold.

The nurse took a step back, and her expression was filled with astonishment.

From the sofa, Deirdre immediately stood up anxiously and asked, "What happened?"

The nurse realized that it must be due to her being too spontaneous. Her expression relaxed when she thought Kyran might not necessarily enjoy being so obviously courted, so she glanced at Deirdre in contempt.

Deirdre could not refrain from asking again when she did not receive a reply, "Did something happen?"

"It's fine," the nurse replied nonchalantly.

She then said to Kyran in a sincere tone, "Mr. Reed, I'm going to examine your wound no matter how hard you resist the process. This is to ensure that your wound will heal well. How will you get through the upcoming surgery if you are so resistant?"

Upon saying that, the nurse stretched out her hand once again.

However, Kyran clutched her wrist tightly, and his dark eyes were filled with coldness as he looked at the nurse.

The nurse could not help shuddering in fear instantly. Before she had time to reflect on herself, Deirdre said anxiously, "What's going on with you, Kyran? Be good and let the nurse examine your wound. What are we going to do if there's something wrong with your

wound?"

She spoke in an agitated tone, and the nurse noticed the change in Kyran's expression. Soon afterward, he loosened his grip and beckoned her to proceed.

'Just because of that ugly woman's words? His mannerism changed so drastically when he was so reluctant earlier?"

The nurse's face turned pale. However, she did not dare to play tricks anymore in view of Kyran's terrifying gaze. She touched Kyran's body sneakily and stopped after she was done. examining Kyran's wound.

"We're done. Your wound is in an acceptable condition. You should do just fine if you continue to rest and recuperate. You will only need to take your medicine compliantly. I'll be back to check again tomorrow."

She pushed the cart out of the room, unwilling to part with Kyran. After the door was shut, Deirdre could sense that there was something off about Kyran's mood.

"What's going on?" Deirdre asked in confusion. "Do you not like the wound examination process, Kyran?"

Kyran felt the urge to speak but could not make a sound. He could only pick up his phone. and type with a frown, "Can you help me to remove my gown next time?"

"Me?" Deirdre felt herself blushing. She was at a loss for what to do at the thought of how she would have bodily contact with Kyran if she were to help him with removing his gown. Why are you seeking my help when I can't see? Isn't that nurse more qualified at doing that?"

Kyran inquired closely, "Do you want to know why?"

Deirdre was stunned. She blinked innocently and felt a tinge of grievance in the words typed by Kyran.

"Yes." She nodded without any hesitation.

Kyran replied, "Forget it. I'm no one to you, so it's nothing to you even if someone has taken advantage of me."

Deirdre went from being confused to being surprised. "Taken advantage of? That nurse..." "If I say yes, are you going to think I'm overthinking and overconfident in myself?"

Deirdre recovered from her surprise and shook her head.

In truth, she had a feeling that the nurse seemed to be displeased with her presence. She had never offended the nurse, nor had she done anything offensive, so it was possible that the nurse loathed her because of someone else.

"It would be normal if that happened to you."

"Are you insinuating that I've been flirting around?"

'Flirting around?' Deirdre could not help chuckling. 'No one talks about oneself like that.'

Chapter 378 Where's Brendan?

"So, will you do it? Even though I'm not a neat freak, I'm not fond of being touched by others. It will be fine even if you don't want to do it."

Deirdre replied hastily, "I'm afraid that I might hurt you accidentally."

"It's fine. I'll guide you."

Deirdre considered for a moment and replied, "Sure."

Afterward, Declan came and talked for a while. He said before he left, "Please come outside and help me with something, Miss McKinnon."

It was apparent that he had something to tell Deirdre.

#

Deirdre shut the door after her when she got outside while Declan said in a solemn tone, Miss McKinnon, it's possible that you've been targeted for real."

Deirdre's expression changed drastically. "What happened?"

"I looked into the surveillance camera at the intersection yesterday and discovered that you were being followed. I don't know the person's purpose, but it's apparent that the person came prepared. The surveillance footage showed that he walked into a walkway and vanished at night. I didn't manage to get any information on that person either."

"How is it..." Deirdre grew restless.

Declan asked, "Do you have any enemies?"

Deirdre was stunned by the question. "Is Brendan considered one?"

"Yes, but it's apparent that this person is not related to Brendan. If it's Brendan, and he insists on taking you with him, there's nothing I can do to stop him, given your relationship

with him."

"I'm not too sure then." Deirdre kept her face lowered and felt overwhelmed. "I don't know many people."

"Then it's possible that you make an easy target because you're blind." Declan furrowed his eyebrows tightly. "So, we must be extra careful during this period. Don't leave Kyran event for half a step. If I'm not here to pick you up, you can rest on the bed next to Kyran's bed."

"Alright..."

"I'm not going to the hotel today because I would like to check along the intersection to see if anyone has seen that person before. You can stay in the room first and set your mind at ease in Kyran's company."

Declan patted Deirdre's shoulder to comfort her. "Don't worry. You'll be fine with Kyran.

'Kyran...'

At the thought of Kyran, Deirdre's anxious heart calmed down gradually. It was as if he had the magic to dispel the negative emotions in her heart.

"Hmm!" Deirdre nodded and said, "You should be careful too because we still don't know what that man's purpose is, Mr. King. I'm worried that you might be implicated too..."

“Don’t worry.” Declan smiled and said, “When I was fighting in the underground fighting rings, perhaps that person was still nursing on his mother somewhere.”

Deidre’s mind was set at ease, and she turned around to return to the room.

Meanwhile, Charlene and Declan encountered each other when the elevator door opened on Level 11. She walked out of the elevator. She turned around subconsciously to take a glance at the man with a slight frown on her face.

She recognized him as some influential person but could not remember who he was.

She walked along the corridor carrying her handbag in her high heels in a domineering manner. She halted to a stop when she passed Room 1106 and saw a face from the door slit that looked like Deirdre.

Deirdre was talking to someone unknown while she sat on the sofa. Charlene clenched her fists tightly and felt the urge to barge into the room impulsively.

It was still too early to expose Deirdre. She had not come here for Deirdre anyway.

She suppressed the cruelty in her eyes with great effort and walked to the last room that bodyguards heavily guarded. She tossed her hair back before she opened the door and entered the room, only to find an empty bed.

“What’s going on?” Charlene’s expression changed drastically. She turned around and queried the bodyguard, “Where’s Brendan? Where is he?”

The bodyguard answered, “Mr. Brighthall claimed that it’s stuffy in the room, so he went out to get some air.”

Charlene was so furious that she was shaking. “What’s the bloody point of hiring bodyguards? Do you think that your job is only to stare at the room? Brendan got into an accident just a few days ago, and his injury has yet to heal. Not only have you not stopped him, but you’ve actually let him go outside!?”

Chapter 379 What Are You Trying to Say

The bodyguard was furious to be scolded so ferociously.

“You haven’t even married Mr. Brighthall, yet you’re acting like you’re the woman of the house, putting on airs and reprimanding the subordinates.”

Nonetheless, he only had the courage to think about that. He braced himself to say, “Miss McKinney, we understand your intention. However, we don’t have the right to

make decisions for Mr. Brighthall as his subordinates. Who are we to stop Mr. Brighthall from leaving if he wants to?"

"Are you incapable of calling me then?"

The bodyguard took a glance at Charlene without speaking. He looked like he was saying, "Not even God could do anything if He were here, let alone you."

Charlene was exasperated and pointed at the door. "Get out!"

The bodyguards left in dejection and shut the door.

Charlene stayed in the room by herself and suddenly noticed not a trace of wrinkles could be found on the bed. It did not look like anyone had slept in the bed.

She walked forward, and just as her hand touched the bed, the door was opened.

Brendan stood at the door. His tall and strong body was bent forward ever so slightly because of the wound on his abdomen. His flawlessly handsome face was sickly and pale, and only his gaze was as cold as before. It was as if he had stopped smiling ever since Deirdre was gone.

Charlene approached him at once and said anxiously, "Where did you go, Brendan? You're injured so severely. Why won't you stay in bed? What if your condition were to deteriorate? What are we going to do?"

Brendan could not even be bothered to look up when he shoved away the woman's

approaching hands. "I went out to get some fresh air. Why did you make it sound like I'm dead?"

Charlene was aggrieved. "Is it wrong that I worry for you? The doctor said that you should rest and not go outside. You know what happened to your wound when you went outside previously."

"It was an accident previously, and I know my body well." Brendan sat on the edge of the bed and looked up to ask, "Didn't I ask you to return to Neve? Why are you back here. . . again?"

"Brendan..." Charlene's expression froze. "You don't want me here?"

"No." Brendan propped his forehead. He felt his head throbbing in pain. "I can't help feeling worried about leaving my mother all alone in Neve. She needs you near her to keep her

calm, and there's nothing for you to do here."

“How is there nothing for me to do? Aren’t you bored being in the room by yourself? Isn’t it a little better to have me keep you company, at the very least? Or…” Charlene implied something more than what she said. She stared at Brendan’s face closely and said, “Do you think I’m bothering you?”

Brendan furrowed his eyebrows and asked Charlene, “What are you trying to say?”

Charlene bit her lower lip. Naturally, she wanted to ask if Brendan was aware of Deirdre’s

whereabouts.

She commissioned someone to gather information on Deirdre yesterday and planned to abduct Deirdre today. Yet, she discovered that Deirdre was suddenly elusive. She had someone hindering Charlene’s plan and attempting to find out about her identity.

Other than Brendan, she could not figure out who would be tolerant enough to help a blind woman like Deirdre in this place.

Hence, she wanted to figure out if Brendan was aware of Deirdre’s presence in this hospital. If he was aware, she would temporarily stop her plan.

“I’m not trying to say anything, but I’m only worried about you.” Charlene braced herself to smile. “I’m worried that you might be lonely. Do you have someone to keep you company in the hospital?”

“There are bodyguards out there, right?”

Charlene bit her lower lip. “I’m talking about a woman. Could it be that you haven’t encountered any acquaintances in the hospital?”

Chapter 380 Lure Deirdre to the Outside

“What are you trying to say, Charlene?” Brendan had grown impatient. He was not feeling well from the start, and he was infuriated by Charlene now. “What information are you trying to extract from me? Are you afraid of me interacting with other women? Where else. can go other than staying in the room? Today is the only day that I went out in the morning and only returned now. If you’re scared of me being with other women, why don’t you send someone to watch me then?”

It was apparent that Brendan was furious when he made the remark. Charlene hastily said. in a soft voice, “Don’t be angry, Brendan. How will I have the courage to send someone to watch you? I’m only worried about your health. I’m just worried that you might get hurt. Since you’re fine, rest and recuperate. I shall go back to Neve for some time first, and I’ll be back again.”

Charlene's face dimmed quickly after she left the room.

Brendan was growing more and more impatient with her. However, she believed that he was still unaware that Deirdre was in the same hospital, judging by his reaction. Otherwise, he would have captured Deirdre and taken her back to Neve to guard her closely in view of his personality.

It was a good thing.

She made her way to a corner and made a call. It did not take long before one of the bodyguards came.

"Miss McKinney."

It was a spy she had planted around Brendan.

Charlene asked with an icy expression, "Is there any activity with Brendan during this period?"

The bodyguard was puzzled. "What are you referring to?"

"Has he been out for a prolonged period? Or is he meeting anyone?"

"No." The bodyguard immediately shook his head. "Mr. Brighthall's body is too weak, which is why he has constantly been in a bad mood recently. He shuts himself in the room and refuses to go out. It's a rare occasion for him to get out to get some fresh air today."

"What's with the bed then?" Charlene trusted her spy very much, but too many parts puzzled her. "Since he has been staying in bed all the time, why does his bed look like it hasn't been slept in?"

"Someone came and changed the bedsheets when Mr. Brighthall left."

Charlene's doubt was dispelled. It seemed that Brendan was clueless for real.

On the other hand, she had ordered her spy to probe the hotel's reception, and the receptionist was unaware if Deirdre was acquainted with a man by the last name Brighthall.

'All in all, it is concluded that Brendan and Deirdre have yet to meet. Still, since they have yet to meet, why is Deirdre constantly visiting the hospital?'

"I ordered you to look into Room 1106. Have you found anything? Who's in there?"

The bodyguard thought for a moment and said, "Kyran Reed."

"Kyran Reed?" Charlene furrowed her eyebrows. She had never heard of the name, so she asked, "Have you found anything else?"

"No." The bodyguard complained, "The hospital is very strict about patient confidentiality. and refuses to divulge any information. Other than the name, I haven't even seen what he looks like. However, I think he's from Eastgene because someone from Eastgene frequently comes in and out of Room 1106."

'From Eastgene?"

Charlene became even more convinced that this matter was unrelated to Brendan. The latter had never worked with any Eastgene company, but she still felt uneasy in her heart.

"I'll figure out a way to look into Kyran Reed. As for you..." Charlene's beautiful eyes turned dim. "What is the name of that woman who pretended to be Ophelia previously?"

"Maeve O'Keefe?"

"Yes." Charlene narrowed her eyes gradually. "That woman's daughter is a full-blown good-for-nothing. I think she should have already used up all the money Brendan gave her. Get someone to commission her to come here to help with a handsome reward. I believe she won't reject the offer."

Since Deirdre had noticed that something was off and had chosen to hide in the hospital, she should figure out a way to lure Deirdre to the outside alone. If Deirdre would come out by herself, everything else that followed could be easily solved.

Chapter 381 Do You Need Me To Feed You?

'Deirdre, I will never give you a chance to stand in front of Brendan intact!

Deirdre opened her eyes from sleepiness. She didn't know when she had fallen asleep. Maybe she was

too intense.

She fumbled to get up. "Kyran, are you there?"

Deirdre heard the closing sound of a book. After a while, a voice rang out from the phone. "You've woken up?"

"Yes." Deirdre was embarrassed. "How long have I been asleep?"

“Not long, just about ten minutes.”

That wasn't too long. Deirdre breathed a sigh of relief and apologized, “I'm sorry. I came here to take care of you, but I didn't expect to fall asleep.”

“I have nothing to do in the ward, anyway. But it's you who's too tired. You should have taken some good

rest instead.”

Deirdre smiled and fumbled to put on her shoes. “Wait a minute. I'll ask the nurse when the meals will be delivered.”

“It has already been delivered. Kyran said, “It was placed on the table in front of you three minutes ago.”

Deirdre stretched out her hand, and she really touched the table and the lunch box. She opened it carefully and asked, “Kyran, is it not convenient for you to eat?”

Not to mention Kyran was lying flat on the bed, he only had one hand usable.

“I'll just eat the soaked cookies later. It's not so convenient for me to eat porridge.”

Deirdre cautiously asked, “Do you need me to feed you?”

Kyran chuckled, “No, you can eat first yourself. Don't worry about me. The nurse has already put some cookies there. I will eat them later.”

“Okay.” Deirdre lowered her head, and she slightly blushed while nibbling her food. She held the handle of the spoon very close to her mouth so that she wouldn't accidentally push it on her face.

Kyran also helped himself with some cookies. When Deirdre finished eating, she asked Kyran, “Do your

want some water?”

“No, thanks”

It was still a negative answer, which made Deirdre rather embarrassed. “Kyran, you haven't drank water all day Aren't you thirsty? Besides, half of the reason I stay here is to take care of you, or do you think it is too troublesome for me to help?”

When Kyran saw Deirdre looking downcast, he knew that she was thinking too much. Hence, he tapped the phone screen hesitantly

“No, I didn’t mean that.” He didn’t know how to explain. “It’s not convenient for me to drink water.”

Deirdre raised her head in perplexity. “Why is it inconvenient?”

Kyran stayed silent, and then he answered solemnly, “It’s inconvenient to go to the restroom.”

As soon as Deirdre heard the answer, her cheeks burned. When she recovered her senses, she wished the earth would open up and swallow her.

Because Kyran was on the bed, it was naturally inconvenient for him to go to the toilet. Moreover, he had his own pride, so he drank as little as possible.

“Oh, I see.” Deirdre felt so ashamed that her eyes had been dodging frantically. Yet, because she could still feel the man’s slightly teasing gaze, she mustered her courage and said, “But one still needs to replenish water every day. Therefore, it’s better that you take a few sips if you’re thirsty, even if it’s just to moisten your throat.”

“It makes sense.” The man really listened to Deirdre’s advice. “Then bring the water glass. I’ll take a couple of sips.”

Deirdre groped hastily for a water glass. After pouring the water, she covered the glass with a lid and added a straw. Then, she groped and touched the man’s thin lips.

They were not soft but filled with dead skin. It looked like Kyran had been thirsty for a while.

Deirdre couldn’t help frowning. “Kyran, do tell me if you’re thirsty. Water is more important to the human body than anything else, especially when you’ve just undergone surgery. Don’t you feel uncomfortable at all with your mouth so dry?”

Kyran looked really uncomfortable. Even though he was slightly restraining himself, he drank half of a glass of water. After his lips were somewhat moistened, he typed, “Okay.”

Chapter 382 I Can’t See

After Deirdre cleared the table, she lay on the bed again.

Because she had nothing to do, she not only thought about that man but also why he was targeting her.

She became really sleepy by just lying beside Kyran. She squinted and suddenly noticed the movement of the man beside her.

Deirdre had very sensitive ears, and she suddenly sat up. "Kyran, what's wrong?"

The man seemed to be hesitating before he replied, "Nothing"

"In this case, why did you move?" Deirdre still felt something was wrong. You did not want to wake me up?"

The man answered "Yes" with his breath

Deirdre frowned and hurriedly got up. Just tell me what you want! I'm by your side. With your stitches yet to heal, don't move, or you'll risk your wound dehiscence"

Kyran was silent for a while before he said. "You can't help me."

"Why can't I help? Even though I can't see, I can get some things. As long as you tell me the direction, I can still find them. If it's not enough, I can call the nurse-1

"Deirdre, I want to go to the toilet," typed Kyran.

Deirdre's voice stopped abruptly, and she blushed. She felt her body burning while her mind went blank. It took her a long time to regain her voice. The restroom, D-Do you need to go to the restroom?"

"Hm."

Deirdre clenched her fists nervously. "How did you solve it before?"

"Previously, when Declan was around, he used..."

Kyran couldn't find the word 'urinal'. So, he paused for a moment and typed, "He used a tool."

Deirdre naturally understood what the tool was.

She had tongue spasms. "I-Is there anyone else who can help you? How about I ask the nurse to help you?"

Kyran rebutted, "Do you want me to be seen? I would rather suffocate to death than be seen naked."

Deirdre lowered her head. She naturally understood a man's self-esteem. She struggled and offered her help. "Shall I help you?"

Before Kyran could say anything, she explained as if she was afraid that Kyran would misunderstand her. Because I can't see with my eyes, you don't have to worry about

what I will see! And... And! I'm here to take care of you. If I can help you with that, you don't have to hold back drinking water every day!"

Kyran was stupefied for a moment. Then he typed on the phone. "Since you've said that, I don't seem to have any reason to refuse."

"Yeah." Deirdre tried her best to make herself look natural-that she was taking care of a patient and nothing else. She shouldn't be thinking nonsense.

"Where's t-that tool?"

"Under the bed."

Deirdre squatted down and tried to grope around. She finally found a model which felt like the shape of a foot. She unscrewed the bottle and asked, "Should I help yours in?"

Kyran was rendered speechless.

"Don't be shy. I can't see... I can't see..."

In the end, Deirdre also couldn't tell who was shy. She lifted Kyran's quilt and ran her hands from his. thighs to his waist.

Kyran had been lying on the bed for several days, but the muscles in his waist were still hard, which made. her fingertips burn. She tugged on the trousers under the gown and pulled them off.

Immediately afterward, her hand seemed to be flicked by something.

To think that Kyran actually didn't wear a boxer brief...

How Deirdre wished the earth would open up to swallow her. She felt her cheeks burning and that the most tormenting thing in the world was nothing more than this. She lowered her head and carefully put the mouth of the urinal on it.

She failed to do it the first time and wanted to try the second time.

Chapter 383 Hold With Hand

"Hold on," typed Kyran, who had become quite sweaty. "If you go on like this, you won't succeed even after half an hour. Moreover, the mouth of the bottle is rather rough. If it hurts me, it will make things worse."

After Kyran's reminder, Deirdre finally came to her senses.

Kyran had been bedridden. And if something happened to his private parts....

“In that case, what can I do?” Deirdre was rather upset, wondering whether she had to hold it with her hand...

Fortunately, Kyran only asked her to keep the bottle still so that he could move himself with difficulty. He then completed the feat of going to the toilet in an extremely awkward atmosphere

When Deirdre went to the restroom to wash her hands, she touched her face to realize that her cheek was burning hot. The incident earlier almost short-circuited her brain, and her mind went blank. Following that, she inexplicably thought of the feeling of that thing popping out, and she had to wash her face again to stop herself from thinking nonsense

She somehow felt glad that she was blind because she thought it would be even more embarrassing if she could see it.

After that, she went back awkwardly. But Kyran didn't say anything, as if he had fallen asleep. Therefore, she lay on the bed and convinced herself to calm down.

Why should she care when Kyran didn't take it seriously?

In the process, she fell asleep. By the time she woke up, she heard Declan had already opened the door and entered.

Deirdre went to the restroom to freshen herself up. While she was in there, she heard Declan asking Kyran if he wanted to go to the restroom.

“I did.”

“You did?” Declan was quite surprised, “That old fellow of yours, are you willing to let the nurse touch it? Aren't you always holding it as if it's precious goods that you even feel disgusted to have I touch it?”

Kyran did not answer.

Declan glanced at the location of the restroom and suddenly came to a realization. A smirk appeared on the corner of his lips. “Seeing that I didn't come yesterday, it's right to let Miss McKinnon rest here.”

“Go out if you have nothing to do here!”

It was only when Kyran began to drive Declan out. Declan ended the topic and sat down.

Deirdre stayed in the restroom for a while before going out. Declan passed her her breakfast, and while she was eating, she listened to the conversation between Declan and Kyran.

Declan left immediately after their conversation had ended. Apart from the hospital affairs, he couldn't stay idle as he had to deal with the company's affairs alone.

After Deirdre finished eating, she cleared the box and asked Kyran, "Do you want me to feed you some porridge?"

Kyran had quite a good appetite today and agreed. Deirdre sat beside him and stretched out her hands carefully. She had to touch with her hands to confirm the position of Kyran's mouth. When her fingertips

touched his mouth, she felt his lips were soft when they were no longer dry.

Deirdre was stupefied for a moment when she recovered her senses, wondering what she was thinking.

She went too far as to assess the softness of Kyran's lips. She knew she shouldn't have done that because Kyran was a patient anyway. Thus, she wondered whether it was because of what happened yesterday.

Deirdre was filled with remorse. Kyran licked her fingertips as if he was reminding her. She lowered her head and apologized, "I'm sorry, I thought about something just now. I'll feed you."

She carefully brought the spoon to Kyran's mouth so he'd eat the porridge on the spoon. Then, she took another spoonful, and when she was about to bring it to Kyran's mouth, the door of the room opened.

Nurse Rene pushed the cart in. Her face turned pale when she saw the intimacy between Deirdre and Kyran and how Deirdre was feeding Kyran. "Hey! What are you doing?"

Deirdre straightened up in fright.

Freya stepped forward and said, "Who told you to feed Mr. Reed porridge like this!? It's easy for him to choke when eating in this position! And you are blind! What if you choke him somewhere accidentally? In other words, how dangerous is it to block his breath by splashing porridge on his nose with shaking hands?"

"I'm sorry..." Deirdre turned pale. She just wanted to feed Kyran porridge, but she didn't expect such consequences.

Chapter 384 Do You Still Remember Your Promise

“Sorry? Do you think it’s enough just to say sorry? Since you can’t see with your eyes, you should behave yourself and don’t create trouble for others.”

Kyran’s face turned gloomy, and he typed on his phone, “It’s me who asked her to feed me. Is there anything wrong?”

Freya was momentarily stunned, and she spoke uprightly “Mr Reed, I’m a nurse, and no one knows how to take care of you better than I do. I’m also doing it for your own good. This lady is blind What would we do if something were to happen? She doesn’t even have the ability to detect it immediately”

“Since I asked her to feed me, I will naturally bear the consequences Why are you being so impatient even before something happens?”

The nurse’s face turned purple

Deirdre calmed down, shook her head, and said, “Kyran, it’s okay It’s my fault I don’t know anything, yet I’m too reckless. This nurse is right. If I make a mistake and choke you, I’ll hurt you”

She then turned to the nurse with appreciation “Thank you for reminding me”

Since Deirdre had apologized, no matter how unhappy Freya felt, she was obliged to twitch the corner of her mouth. “It’s good that you’ve now learned the consequences As nurses, we have to do a lot of tough things. Sometimes we may be too anxious that we raise our tone. We don’t mean to be mean ”

“Yes, I know.”

Only then did Freya push the cart over. She was shocked when she saw the bed beside his during the

process.

They actually stayed in the same room? Was Kyran not a man who liked to be quiet and didn’t like to be disturbed?

“Mr. Reed, I’ll check your wound and apply medicine.” Freya almost couldn’t control her expression. After preparing the required items, she went to lift Kyran’s quilt. But as soon as she touched the button of the gown, Kyran caught her hand and pushed her hand aside.

“Mr. Reed?” Freya couldn’t help being disappointed. Yet, she pretended to be serious. “Please cooperate. I’m just giving you medicine.”

“I don’t need you to unbutton my gown. Deirdre, come here.” He turned to the pale woman behind and typed, “Do you remember what you promised me yesterday?”

Deirdre was stunned, and her cheeks started burning up in the next second.

Yes, she had promised to unbutton his gown.

If that incident hadn’t happened, she would only feel embarrassed and wouldn’t care too much about it. However, after that incident, she felt somewhat uncomfortable.

However, since she had made a promise, she had to do it.

She tried to suppress her messy thoughts.

Freya was upset and said with restraint, “Mr. Reed, this lady can’t see. If you let her unbutton your gown, I’m afraid it will slow down my progress. I still have a lot of things to do.”

“In that case, you can do your own work first or get someone else.”

Get someone else?

Freya didn’t like the idea. After all, she had tried so hard to transfer from Level 9, just so that she could look at Kyran more when applying the medicine. If she got someone else, how could she still get in touch with Kyran?

“Mr. Reed...”

“Deirdre, come here.” Kyran ignored her and only summoned Deirdre over.

Deirdre headed toward the voice. When she put her hands on Kyran’s gown, Freya gnashed her teeth and said, “Madam, you have to be careful not to press on the wound.”

“I will.”

Deirdre paused to stretch out her hands for a moment and muster the courage to unbutton the gown. It was inevitable that her fingertips would touch the muscles of Kyran’s chest and abdomen.

Kyran turned his head slightly uncomfortably. But before Deirdre could unbutton the gown completely, Freya pushed Deirdre hard and screamed, “Mr. Reed! The wound was still good when I checked yesterday, but why is it bleeding now!?”

Chapter 385 Already Have A Girlfriend

Deirdre's head was knocked against the wall after being pushed. Before she could relieve the pain, she immediately came to her senses when she heard Freya's cry. "What? Bleeding? Where is the bleeding?"

Freya gnashed her teeth and glared at Deirdre, extremely unhappy. "How did you look after Mr. Reed? You should be considered a care worker, right? But you didn't even know that something happened to the wound!?"

Deirdre's mind was blank.

There was something wrong with the wound!? Kyran obviously hadn't moved at all on the bed, so how could something have happened to the surgical wound?

Following that, she thought about helping Kyran go to the restroom last night, but Kyran insisted on supporting himself. At that time, she had vaguely heard the sound of gasping. Could it be that time...

Deirdre's eyes turned red all of a sudden. She was rather afraid and even more regretful.

Suddenly, Deirdre felt her hand was touched by chilly fingertips, which wrapped her hand immediately. The palm was not hot, but it calmed down her nervousness and uneasiness.

Following that, Kyran typed to ask her, "Does it hurt?"

"What?"

"You hit your head, right? Does it hurt?"

Freya couldn't believe it. She couldn't believe that Kyran was not even nervous about the seriousness of the bleeding wound and whether it would affect the follow-up surgery. Instead, he was asking whether Deirdre's head was in pain.

Freya wondered whether Kyran had gone nuts.

Deirdre was not aware of her head's condition because she no longer felt the pain after her head hit the wall. She shook her head desperately. "Your wound... Let's quickly call the doctor to check it!"

Freya went to call the doctor while Kyran calmed Deirdre.

There was a lump in Deirdre's throat as she said, "Kyran, is it because I didn't help you last night that I hurt. you? I won't do it next time."

Kyran laughed.

Deirdre was anxious. "Why are you laughing? What if something happens?"

"Don't worry. I know my body very well. I'll be fine."

Deirdre lowered her head and whispered, "Since you know your body well, why didn't you tell me when something happened in the first place and didn't let me go to the doctor?"

With tenderness in his eyes, Kyran promised, "I'll tell you next time."

After that, the doctor hurriedly came to check on him. Fortunately, only a small part of the wound was torn. The doctor just had to stitch up and rebandage it, and everything was fine.

The doctor did the stitches directly in the ward without anesthesia. Even though Kyran had been enduring it, the pain was still so painful that it was difficult to bear

When it was over, his forehead was completely wet while his body was soaked with sweat.

He couldn't bear the sticky feeling, so he typed on his phone, "What if I want to take a shower?"

The doctor replied, "Have you arranged for a caretaker? You can get the caretaker to wipe your body with a wet towel while avoiding the wound."

Freya was right next to the doctor and hurriedly said, "Chief, Mr. Reed doesn't have a caretaker!"

"No?" The doctor pondered. "If you don't have one, I can ask Nurse Rene to help you."

"No need," typed Kyran. "Although I don't have a caretaker, I already have a girlfriend."

"Girlfriend?" Freya couldn't believe it.

Kyran turned to Deirdre-his eyes were gentle, but it was fleeting. He withdrew his gaze, which had turned cold. "This is Miss McKinnon, my girlfriend."

"What?" Freya's voice changed.

Even though the doctor was somewhat surprised, he frowned when he saw Freya's reaction.

Kyran asked, "Is there a problem?"

“No. Mr. Reed, if there’s nothing else, we’ll leave first. Our staff is always on standby outside. If something happens, please notify us at any time.”

Chapter 386 Bewitched

In the end, the doctor and Freya left. After the door was closed, Kyran apologized to Deirdre, “I’m sorry for using your name like that to reject her.”

Deirdre still couldn’t quite return to her senses. She felt a little uncomfortable when Kyran was being so polite with her. “It’s okay.”

“It didn’t do me any harm anyway,” she said. “But she’s a nurse. Who’s going to take care of you after rejecting her and the help from the caretaker?”

Kyran was stunned for a moment and asked, “Can I ask you a favor, Deirdre?”

“What is it?”

“Can you help me wash my body?” –

Deirdre’s face turned red for a moment before turning pale after hearing his question. She bit her lower lips tightly and said, “I... I don’t think I can help you anyway. I messed it up when I tried to help you last time. If I hurt you again, I won’t be able to forgive myself.”

“I’m sure you’ll be alright this time,” typed Kyran. “No one else in this world would make me feel relieved more than you. I’m sure you’ll do a great job this time. I was injured yesterday because I wasn’t used to it. I promise you that it will be different this time. Or do you want me to get taken advantage of by that nurse?”

It went without saying that was the last thing Deirdre wanted to happen. She fell into deep contemplation but felt that she needed to do something for Kyran. Thus, she went to get a bowl of warm water and helped him take off his clothes.

She tried to stop herself from thinking too much and asked, “Where is the wound? I’ll try my best not to touch it later.”

“It’s on my chest. But most of my torso has been bandaged, so you just need to help me wipe my arms. and lower body.”

Listening to the voice from the phone, Deirdre was momentarily stunned, and her face turned burning red

with embarrassment.

‘Lower body?’

Deirdre did not know why, but she felt it weird to hear the mechanical voice mention that word.

“What’s wrong?”

“Nothing. Stretch your arms. I’m going to start from your arm first.”

When she was helping him take his pants off, Deirdre couldn’t help herself but touch his abdomen. When she touched the bandage, she was dumbfounded.

“Don’t they only operate on the chest for congenital heart disease? Why is his abdomen bandaged as well?”

As if he could see through her mind, Kyran explained, “The doctor was worried that the wound might tear open again, so he bandaged my entire upper body.”

‘I see.’

Deirdre’s pale face regained normal color. She was too sensitive.

You just need to briefly wipe my lower body. Just make sure you don’t touch my bandage.”

Deirdre’s face turned red again, and she replied in a muffled voice, “Okay.”

She wrung out the towel and wiped his lower body with extreme care. As she tried to stop her thoughts from going wild, she accidentally grazed a certain part, and Kyran hissed out in pain.

Deirdre hastily stopped. “What’s wrong, Kyran!?”

It took Kyran a short while to come around from the pain. He took a deep breath and typed on the phone, Deirdre, that place is very delicate and fragile. Please don’t be so hard on it.”

“Huh?” Deirdre was stunned for a moment when realization dawned upon her. Her face turned scarlet with embarrassment as she said, “I’m so sorry about that!”

She couldn’t see anything, so she did not know that she had been holding that place for so long and with such a strong force.

“It’s okay. Just continue.”

Deirdre’s face was so red that it looked just like a tomato right now. After she finished cleaning his body, she picked up his patient’s clothes and went out.

If she stayed any longer in the ward, she might want to find a hole and bury herself in it.

“He wouldn’t think that I’m some kind of thirsty woman for touching that place, right?”

She patted her cheek to drive those thoughts out of her head. When she was going to ask a nurse about the location of the cloth washing machine, she heard a woman shouting at the top of her lungs.

“Are you serious? Mr. Reed has a girlfriend? If he has a girlfriend, then why hasn’t she come to visit him? Does she not know that he’s hospitalized?”

“She’s here,” Freya said through her gritted teeth. “Do you know who his girlfriend is? His girlfriend is that blind woman who often comes to the hospital.”

“Blind woman?” The woman thought for a while and was stunned upon realizing something. “That ugly woman whose face is disfigured?”

“Yes!”

“What? What’s wrong with handsome men these days? Even a dog would run away from her. Did she put a curse on Mr. Reed or what?”

Chapter 387 Startling the Kid

“I think so too,” Freya said, gritting her teeth. She wouldn’t have any problem with it, no matter how upset she was, if Kyran’s girlfriend were someone who was even prettier than her. But the thing right now was that his girlfriend was that ugly woman. It was something that she would never accept.

“I really don’t understand why Mr. Reed would fall in love with that ugly b*tch. Doesn’t he feel sick looking at her? Besides, they also spent a night together in the same ward last night. Even though they weren’t sleeping in the same bed, wouldn’t Mr. Reed be scared when he opened his eyes and saw her ugly face?”

Deidre lowered her head and touched her face. There was nothing but scars and wounds on her face whenever her fingers touched.

Deirdre knew she was ugly but was she really that scary? Would she really make someone have a nightmare if they looked at her?

“Doesn’t Mr. Reed feel disgusted? Is there something wrong with him? Even if he doesn’t care, doesn’t she have any self-awareness? One of them is a handsome man, but the other one is an ugly monster. Is she not worried that other people will judge Mr. Reed?”

Their words felt like knives that stabbed into her heart.

Initially, Deirdre thought she had gotten used to these kinds of sharp remarks. However, she still felt as if someone clutched at her heart when other people judged Kyran.

She lowered her head, and her eyes were filled with disappointment.

Honestly, she felt they were right. It would take a lot of courage for people to become friends with her, let alone for one to become her boyfriend.

For someone of Kyran's status, his girlfriend should be a young lady from a wealthy family or celebrity, not someone like her.

Just when Deirdre turned around and was about to return, she ran into Declan.

"What are you doing here, Miss McKinnon? Kyran said it has been some time since you came out, and I thought you lost your way..." Declan did not make any attempt to lower his voice, so both Freya and her friend heard his voice. They turned their heads and were stunned when they saw Deirdre.

"U... Miss McKinnon, don't you know that it's rude to eavesdrop on other people's conversation?" asked

Freya

Declan felt something was not right and asked, "What were you guys talking about?"

Freya's friend chimed in and said, "Nothing!" She had lost all her arrogance as she continued. "We were just chatting."

"Really?" Declan frowned deeply.

Deirdre was tired and did not want to stay here anymore.

"Mr. King, I'm looking for the washing machine. I want to wash these clothes. Can you show me the way?"

Declan could see from Deirdre's expression that something had happened. However, he did not press on and nodded.

Deirdre seemed rather dispirited and looked as if she was troubled by something while washing the clothes in the washing machine.

"Are you alright, Miss McKinnon?" asked Declan. "It seems to me that you're kind of under the weather."

"I'm fine," Deirdre said, forcing a smile on her face.

"Are you really sure about that?" Declan pressed on. "If you have something on your mind, you should say it aloud. Keeping it inside of your heart won't do you any good. Rather than keeping it all to yourself, you should share it with us. Maybe I won't be able to help you, but at least someone can share your worries."

"Thank you," Deirdre smiled, but she did not think Declan could help her anyway.

"_

"Ah! Ghost! Mom! There's a ghost here!"

Before Deirdre could finish her sentence, a mother came in with a kid. When the kid saw Deirdre's face,

he was startled and cried out loud.

The woman was shocked as well when she saw Deirdre's face. She hastily picked the kid up from the floor as she looked warily at Deirdre.

Chapter 388 You Didn't Do Anything Wrong

The kid was still crying no matter how hard his mother comforted him. He was obviously scared by Deirdre, and the woman flew into a rage. "What the hell are you doing here? Look at what you've done to my kid! Don't you know how ugly and scary you are? Why do you still want to come out? You should've locked yourself up in your house!"

Deirdre felt hurt, as if someone had stabbed her in the heart. She forced the pain down and apologized to

the woman.

However, the woman refused to accept her apology. She shouted, "Get the hell out of here! My kid is going to have a nightmare seeing your face!"

Declan's face sank as he said in a cold tone, "Do you own this hospital? Do you have your name carved in this place? Who do you think you are to chase us out of here?"

The woman was displeased when Declan stepped forward to stand up for Deirdre. "She can't blame me. Look at how ugly she is. It's illegal to run naked on the street, and someone like her with such an ugly face should be locked up in prison!"

"Lock up in prison? What high-sounding sentiments! I'd like to see which law mentions something like that and which police officer dares to arrest her!"

The woman was stunned for a moment before she built up her voice and shouted, "How dare you! You're a man! How could you bully a woman like me?"

The cries of the kid and the shouts of the woman stung Deirdre's ears, and she felt suffocated. Her face was as pale as a sheet of paper. She pressed down the sadness that was piling up in her chest and said in a low voice, "Mr. King... Let's go, Mr. King. I don't want to stay here anymore."

Declan's face was ugly. Even though he wanted to help Deirdre, he knew it was meaningless to continue the fight. He grabbed all the clothes and went out with Deirdre.

As soon as they came out, Deirdre lowered her head and said with a bitter smile, "I'm sorry for the trouble, Mr. King. You wouldn't have had these problems if you had come alone."

"What are you talking about, Miss McKinnon?" Declan said sternly. "Why are you apologizing to me? You've done nothing wrong at all."

"Yes, this is all my fault," mumbled Deirdre, her voice so low that Declan thought she was not talking.

In the next second, Deirdre whipped up a smile on her face and said, "Let's go back. I guess I'll have to wash these clothes with the washing machine in my room when I return to the hotel later."

Declan could see her sadness through her smile.

"Are you not staying tonight? If you're worried about these clothes, I can just..."

"I want to go back. After all, I'll only be troubling Mr. Reed if I stay in the ward."

'Mr. Reed?

Declan was stunned. It had been a long time since the last time he heard Deirdre addressing Kyran this

way

"Okay. Then let's go back and tell Kyran about it."

"I'm not going in, Mr. King. Please help me to send my regards to Mr. Reed," said Deirdre.

"Okay then."

Declan took the clothes and pushed the door open. Kyran looked over but only saw Declan, who was holding the unwashed patient's clothes in his hand. He did not see Deirdre around and frowned.

'Wasn't Deirdre the one who held my patient's clothes just now?' he thought.

He took his phone out and typed, "Where is Deirdre?"

Declan cleared his throat and said, "She's in the corridor."

"Then why is she not coming in?" asked Declan.

Declan shrugged. He wanted to know that as well. "Maybe she's tired. Anyway, I'll go get you a caretaker first. Miss McKinnon wants to go back to the hotel with me tonight."

A hint of surprise crossed Kyran's eyes. He wanted to get up from the bed, but Declan quickly went forward and pressed him back down.

"Do you have a death wish?" he snarled. "You didn't suffer enough, did you? What if your wound opens up again?"

Kyran took a deep breath, and before he could type on his phone, Deirdre appeared in front of the ward. She refused to raise her head as she said, "I want to go back to the hotel and get some rest tonight, Mr. Reed. I'll come again the next morning."

Chapter 389 What Did You Call Me?

Kyran's hand trembled. "What did you call me?"

Something flickered in Deirdre's eyes as she repeated, "Mr. Reed."

Kyran took a deep breath to calm himself down and said, "Declan, can you give us a minute?"

Declan knew that he did not have any right to meddle with their affairs, so he did as he was told. Before he went out, he closed the door.

"What did I do wrong, Deirdre?" asked Kyran.

Deirdre's eyes turned red when she heard what Kyran said. It took her a lot of effort to suppress the urge to cry as she took a few deep breaths.

He had not done anything wrong at all. The one who was at fault was her. He was out of her league. She should know her place and keep her distance from him.

“No, you didn’t do anything wrong. It’s just that I think I should keep my distance from you.”

Nobody talked for a long while after she finished speaking. Just as she thought Kyran would not say anything, she heard him trying to get off the bed.

She jerked her head up and was startled. She quickly dashed forward and said, “Kyran! Stop! You can’t get off the bed yet. Your wound might open up!”

Kyran closed his eyes. After a short while, he opened them up again and asked, “I thought you didn’t care about me anymore.”

Deirdre felt a pang in her heart.

“You know what, Deirdre? Rather than keeping your distance from me, you should have just killed me. instead.”

Deirdre shook her head. She couldn’t say a single thing right now.

Kyran held Deirdre’s hand tightly as if he was worried that she might run away. He grabbed his phone with the other hand and typed, “Can you tell me what happened? Why do you have to do this to me?”

Deirdre felt raw in her throat. “I just feel that you have other better options.”

“Do you think I’m going to buy that?”

Deirdre lowered her head and said, “Don’t force me, Kyran. No one will like someone like me. I’m ugly and blind. It wouldn’t even be far-fetched to call me a monster. Someone like me doesn’t deserve you at all. I know you’re serious when you say you like me, but I can’t accept how other people look at me. Besides, I feel pressured standing beside you.”

Kyran fell silent for a long while. Suddenly, he loosened his grip.

“So, this is what you want to tell me?”

“Yeah.”

Kyran released her hand and continued. “I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to put you under any pressure. I thought I was just courting you normally...”

Deirdre couldn’t raise her head. “Even though you’re courting me normally, it can be bothersome sometimes. So, I think we should just become friends.”

Kyran did not say anything for a long while. Just as Deirdre thought Kyran had fallen asleep, he said, "It's

getting late. You should go back to the hotel and get some rest."

Deirdre nodded blankly. "Okay."

Declan was waiting for her outside when she came out of the ward. He did not ask what was going on inside the ward and said, "Let's go back. It's late."

"Okay."

Deirdre did not say anything throughout the entire journey. When she arrived in front of her room, she turned her head around and said, "Mr. King, I might not be able to wake up early tomorrow, so I'm not going to the hospital with you. I'll give you a call after I'm ready."

"Sure," Declan replied readily. "Do you have my phone number? Do you want me to tell you, or do you want me to help you key into your phone?"

"You can just tell me. I have a good memory."

After memorizing Declan's phone number, Deirdre closed the door, cutting off all the noises behind the door. When everything went quiet, it became even more apparent how lonely she was.

Deirdre threw herself on the bed and curled into a fetal position as she placed her hand on her face.

Chapter 390 What Did You Say?

Deirdre thought how scary her face would be, but she figured it must look terrible. Otherwise, the kid wouldn't have cried when he saw her face.

She let out a self-deprecating smile, and her head went blank again when she thought of Kyran.

She wondered why he wouldn't be scared of her. Did he really not care about her appearance, or was he just taking pity on her because of his ex-girlfriend? So he did not care about her appearance at all.

If it were the latter, then she would feel very sad.

Four years ago, she became Brendan's wife because she looked like Charlene. Four years later, she gained Kyran's sympathy because of the same reason again.

Tears began to fall from the corner of her eye as she slowly slipped into slumber.

The next day, Declan did not receive any call from Deirdre. He had no choice but to tell the attendant to keep an eye on Deirdre before heading to the hospital alone.

He pushed the door open. It occurred to him that Kyran might not have slept the previous night. When he opened the door, Kyran turned his head and looked behind him.

“Stop looking. She didn’t come with me this morning.”

Kyran retracted his gaze and heaved out a sigh.

Declan stepped forward, observing him as he said, “You didn’t sleep last night, did you?”

“I can’t sleep,” typed Kyran as he looked at the bed opposite him. The bed had been cleaned, but he did not know why he could still seemingly sense Deirdre’s presence on the bed. A smile appeared on his face, but very soon, it disappeared. At the same time, a trace of sadness spread from the bottom of his heart.

There was something he could not understand. Everything had been fine yesterday morning, but things started to change after she took his clothes out.

Freya knocked on the door and said, “Mr. Reed, I’ve come to deliver your medicine. Does your wound still

hurt?”

When she pushed the patient cart over, Declan frowned. He felt the woman in front of him was kind of familiar.

Freya also saw Declan, and a flash of panic crossed her face.

Kyran’s face was cold as he gazed fixedly at Freya, making her feel guilty. The first thing that came to her mind was that Deirdre had told Kyran everything she had said to her friend yesterday.

With that thought in mind, she explained, “Did Miss McKinnon say anything to you, Mr. Reed? Please don’t listen to her I was just talking nonsense to my friend. We didn’t know she was behind us at all. If we had known it, we wouldn’t have said those things in front of her...”

Kyran’s pupils constricted. He clutched his phone tightly despite the pain and asked, “What did you say?”

Freya was stunned

'He doesn't know about it?

She scolded herself inwardly for exposing that herself. She bit the bullet and answered, "No... Nothing. We just talked about the things in the hospital. It's kind of scary, so I guess that's the reason she was scared."

It went without saying that Kyran wouldn't believe her. He was confident they were not only talking about

the things in the hospital.

Meanwhile, Declan chimed in and said coldly, "Really? I was there as well yesterday. You all acted as if you were caught talking badly about someone on the spot. I don't think you were just talking about things. in the hospital."

Freya forced a smile on her face and said, "Please don't make fun of us, Mr. King. We didn't-"

"You still don't want to tell us the truth, huh? Very well, then. I guess you leave me no other choice but to call the head nurse and request to check the surveillance camera. I remember that all the cameras in the hospital have a voice-recording function. If we check the surveillance, the odds are that you might lose your job," said Declan in a threatening voice.

Even though he was wearing a smile on his face, it did not reach his eyes, and it sent a chill down Freya's spine.

She panicked and said, "No! Mr. King, I really didn't say anything. I... I just said that Mr. Reed deserves someone better. After all, one of them is a handsome man, while the other is a monster with a disfigured face. I was just curious if Mr. Reed would be scared by Miss McKinnon's face when they're in the same room. Other than that, I didn't say anything anymore!"

Chapter 391 Her Sense of Inferiority

Freya hastily defended herself by saying, "Moreover, I had utterly no idea that Miss McKinnon was standing right behind me when I made that remark at the time. I was only venting to my friend without her knowledge. Had I known that she was standing behind me, I wouldn't have said so!"

Kyran felt his head spinning upon hearing that. He inhaled a deep breath, shut his eyes, and thought about what Deirdre had told him yesterday.

'Her expression and mannerisms were awful.

'So, it turns out that she was implying this.'

He clenched his fists without his notice and felt his chest burning with fury.

Kyran felt sad for Deirdre too because he knew she would be deeply saddened to hear those remarks.

He opened his eyes once again. There was only boundless hatred in his deep, dark eyes. He looked at Freya as if he were looking at an extremely filthy piece of trash

"How dare you still speak so audaciously when you casually criticized and insulted someone's appearance. Nurse Rene, aren't you ashamed of yourself?"

Freya's face turned slightly pale, and she could not refrain from refuting. "It's very normal for Miss McKinnon to be criticized for her looks, right? I didn't say it to her face on purpose, anyway

Kyran suppressed his anger. "Out!"

It was meaningless for him to type to someone like her. It would be better to get rid of her from his room, get her fired from her hospital, and have someone punish her

Freya was recalcitrant and bit her lower lip. Since she did not have the upper hand in this matter, she turned around and walked out of the room.

Declan suddenly said before he shut the door, "Oh, right. You have a rather beautiful figure and look quite pretty."

Freya was delighted to know that someone appreciated her beauty.

She was about to say "Thank you" when Declan chuckled, saying, "You have a heart so ugly that your beautiful figure can't hide the filth inside, and you smell awful. A person's ugly face can be corrected with plastic surgery, but an ugly heart is disgusting and can't be fixed with any tactic. You're not worthy of such a respectable profession, and you should set a backup plan for yourself."

He shut the door, leaving Freya standing frozen in front of the door. All of Freya's blood drained from her face, and she was furious but did not have the courage to speak.

Declan turned around and discovered that Kyran was suppressing the shakiness of his fingers while he called Deirdre frantically.

He received no reply other than that his calls were not picked up.

Kyran was scared out of his wits, and the phone slid from his palm.

Declan heaved a sigh. “The woman suddenly reminded me of an incident that took place yesterday. Miss McKinnon and I were at the washing machines yesterday to do your laundry. A woman and her child were there as well. The child bawled loudly after being scared by the sight of Miss McKinnon, and the incident seemed to have affected her significantly.”

“When did that happen?” Kyran furrowed his eyebrows deeply.

“Right before she came to your room,” said Declan.

‘Before she came to my room? No wonder Deirdre’s face was ghastly pale.’

Yet, even if that was the case, she still refused to express her grievance stubbornly when he queried her.

Kyran felt a weight so heavy on his chest that he felt suffocated.

“I was too foolish. If only I had asked further or been more meticulous at the time, I could have picked up on her unusual behavior.”

“How can you blame yourself for that? I wouldn’t have known, either. There was also Nurse Rene’s incident.” Declan was frustrated. “However, I can see that Miss McKinnon’s lack of confidence is due to her appearance. As a result, she will always label herself at fault subconsciously. If only she could be more confident in herself, perhaps she would then be happier.”

Deirdre did not expect that it was already afternoon by the time she woke up.

She had slept soundly, yet her head was throbbing. She got up with great effort and took a sip of water before lying back on the bed. She picked up her phone a few times to call Kyran but could not muster the courage to do so.

Chapter 392 Treat Your Face

Deirdre had no idea how to face Kyran when she remembered how she had gone too far with her remarks. yesterday.

Since they couldn’t be together, it would be better to end the relationship as quickly and less painfully as possible.

She was caught in a daze for more than ten minutes before a call came.

Deirdre found the number her phone read out to be very familiar. It was Declan’s number. She hesitated for a moment before she picked up the call.

“Hello.”

"It's me, Deirdre."

Deirdre was stunned for a moment. "I know."

"Will you be coming today?" Kyran went straight to the point. "I have something that I wish to go over with you."

"What is it?"

"I'll tell you when you're here."

Deirdre was still in a daze after the call ended. She thought about what Kyran had told her and how serious he sounded.

"Why is he doing this? Is he planning on sending me to Alnwick after pondering over the nature of our relationship?"

Deirdre felt her chest tighten for an unknown reason when the thought occurred to him.

However, that would be a good thing.

She packed up her luggage in advance and waited for the attendant to knock on her door and send her to the hospital.

She inhaled a few deep breaths out of Kyran's room before opening the door and entering. The moment she opened the door, she could feel someone else in the room other than Kyran.

Is that Declan? If Declan was still around, he should have picked me up from the hotel, right?"

Deirdre was anxious as the person approached her with a smile and extended his hand for a handshake." Hello, Miss McKinnon. Please allow me to introduce myself. I'm a physician of this hospital, and my last

name is Engle."

'Physician?

Deirdre was puzzled. She clenched her fists tightly, and Dr. Engle did not mind either. He pulled back his hand and said, "You can't see, right? It's fine, Miss McKinnon. Please take a seat so I can examine your face."

"Examine my face?"

Deirdre asked nonchalantly, "Why?"

What is on my face to examine?

Dr. Engle was stunned, while Kyran explained, "Deirdre, Dr. Engle specializes in reconstructive surgery, and he is highly skilled in his profession. He's going to help to reconstruct your face so you can return to your previous self."

'Return to my previous self?'

Deirdre's head was filled with the scene of her incident in the prison when the other prisoners mutilated her face with sharp glass shards. They had bullied and humiliated her and had even told her that she did not deserve to live with the face she had.

The memory of their peals of laughter and their faces had already turned blurry, yet the fear was still deeply ingrained in Deirdre's heart and would haunt her for the rest of her life.

Just as Dr. Engle's hand was about to come into contact with Deirdre's scar, she shoved him away abruptly. Her face turned ghastly pale, her expression filled with shock and fear as she leaned tightly against the wall.

"Don't!" Her entire body was shaking. "I don't want facial reconstruction!"

"Deirdre..."

Kyran was surprised beyond his expectations, while Dr. Engle was startled as well. "We're not going to perform plastic surgery on you, but we're only going to turn you back into your prior, beautiful self. Isn't that good?"

Deirdre shook her head frantically.

She loathed her face for giving her everything she had, yet it also gave her the nightmare that would haunt her for eternity.

The face was the start of her misery, but she did not want to go back to her usual self.

"Kyran." She pushed back the trauma of her past and calmed herself. "Please respect my choice. The face is my only limit."

"Alright, Deirdre, we won't reconstruct your face if you don't want it." Kyran watched Deirdre's reaction with an emotional expression. He turned to Dr. Engle and informed him with his phone, "I'm sorry. Please leave for the time being."

Dr. Engle nodded. After he left, Kyran called out to Deirdre, "Come."

Chapter 393 Her Inner Demon

Deirdre walked over rigidly while Kyran raised his hand to wipe away the fine sweat on her face with a

tissue.

“Don’t be scared. I won’t force you to do anything against your will. We won’t reconstruct your face if you don’t want to reconstruct it. It’s fine.”

Deirdre felt a surge of warmth from the prolonged coldness she experienced and said softly, “Thank you.”

She looked as distracted as before as Kyran held her icy cold fingers and tried to warm her up to the best of his abilities.

“You have an inner demon, right?”

Deirdre appeared to be overwhelmed with emotions

Kyran asked, “Can you tell me why you don’t want to reconstruct your face? What did the face do to you in the past?”

Deirdre clenched her fists tightly and also held Kyran’s fingers tighter After slightly relaxing, she did not answer his question but asked, “Kyran, why do you want to reconstruct my face out of nowhere?”

She felt her heart wrench in pain, yet she forced a smile “You find my face very terrifying as well, right?”

Otherwise, why would he suddenly be inspired to reconstruct her face?

She found it saddening

Kyran fell silent. Deirdre was well aware of the reason and was about to pull out her hand, but the man held her hand tightly.

“Come closer.”

“What?” Deirdre was confused but still lowered her head subconsciously and leaned closer Then, she asked, “Is this alright...”

In an instant, the man’s lips were on her face as he delivered a very light yet extremely precious kiss on the most hideous scar on her face.

His warmth faded, yet it ignited her body, soul, and heart.

Deirdre widened her eyes in disbelief abruptly.

Kyran said, "Do you still think I find your face terrifying?"

She could not utter a word. Even though she could not see, she could feel that Kyran's kiss was delivered with utmost care!

People described her face as hideous, yet Kyran treated it as a precious treasure...

"Deirdre, I've never cared about how you look because I don't prioritize appearance. You've always been very beautiful to me in my heart. You're flawless to me. If you don't want facial reconstruction, we won't do it then but don't doubt my feelings for you."

Kyran's gaze was earnest, and Deirdre felt her chest tighten abruptly as if she could feel his sincere gaze.

"Why?"

"There's no reason to have feelings for someone, and there's no reason to love someone."

Deirdre was rendered speechless all of a sudden. She was overwhelmed with countless emotions that

were stuck in her weakest spot, turning her eyes red with tears.

After a long while, she found her voice to say, "Why do you want to make me get a facial reconstruction out of nowhere, then?"

Kyran stared at her closely. "It's because I don't want you to feel inferior to others. You're magnificent. You should show that to everyone so those who criticized you will be rendered speechless in the end. I want you to have no reason to reject my pursuit. You talked about mismatched statuses and looks. Those are all excuses. When your face is reconstructed, you will be the one that is out of my league."

The voice came from the phone's speaker, but it sounded as if it was uttered by him word by word. It was so sincere and passionate that Deirdre's chest was burning hot.

"Kyran is probably behaving this way after finding out about yesterday's incident..."

She lowered her head and felt her eyes stung with tears, but it was due to her feeling deeply touched.

She did not expect anyone to exhaust all means to reconstruct her disastrous face just so she could regain her confidence.

He did it so she would not be aggrieved by others anymore and could stand proud. Kyran added, "Deirdre, it will still be your face after the facial reconstruction."

Chapter 394 Is Your Face Injured From Being Slashed?

Yes, Deirdre did not have the convenience of borrowing someone else's face, like Charlene. Her face was given to her by her parents, and she had grown into it herself. Yet, she loathed her previous face due to her painful past.

'Isn't that... funny?'

If Ophelia were still alive and knew about this, she would surely be sad, right? Her daughter, whom she was so proud of, did not even have the courage to restore her previous facial appearance.

Deirdre lowered her head and sobbed.

Kyran wiped away her tears and comforted her. "Deirdre, no one can force you against your will. It's your face, and you're the sole decision-maker for it. We won't do if you don't want a facial reconstruction. Anyone acquainted with you will disregard your appearance and like you sincerely.

"As for those who criticized your appearance, you don't need to mind them because they are only a rock on your life path that you tripped once but won't step on again."

Deirdre didn't know whether to laugh or cry at Kyran's description, but her heart...

Her heart calmed down.

"Sure." Deirdre's crystal clear eyes were calm, and she cracked a faint smile on her lips. "I've made my decision. I would like to reconstruct my face, Kyran."

She wanted it not for anything else but for Ophelia.

It was her face. As for Brendan and Charlene, they were already from her past. She had lost her eyes and her child for Brendan, so she would not allow herself to give up on the face that her parents had given her.

Brendan was not worthy and did not deserve Deirdre to give up on her face.

Kyran did not type but held her hand and gave her a soft kiss.

Dr. Engle came after he was notified.

Deirdre said in a slightly embarrassed tone, "I'm sorry for troubling you to come twice, Dr. Engle."

"It's fine, it's fine. You don't need to feel that way, Miss McKinnon. Our department is not far away anyhow! Moreover, I'm on leave, and Mr. Reed has specially

commissioned me, so I don't have other patients to attend to." Dr. Engle did not mind. "Please take a seat, Miss McKinnon."

'Specially commissioned by Kyran?'

Deirdre's palms clenched into fists. She did not expect that Kyran would actually be so attentive. It made her previous action seem like she was picking a fight, and she almost discredited his kind intention.

Kyran seemed to notice her reaction and cracked a faint smile. "Dr. Engle is well-known in the field of plastic and reconstructive surgery. As such, you don't need to worry about that. I want the best for you when it comes to your facial reconstruction."

Dr. Engle teased smilingly while he talked about her face, "However, this is my first time meeting such a boyfriend who is bed-bound in the hospital yet is still attentive to his girlfriend. You're a lucky girl, Miss

McKinnon."

'Boyfriend...'

Deirdre's face was hot from blushing, and she was having trouble speaking. She explained softly, "No... You've misunderstood. We're not boyfriend and girlfriend."

"Not boyfriend and girlfriend?" Dr. Engle was caught by surprise. 'What kind of relationship other than boyfriend and girlfriend would get Mr. Reed to be so attentive to her needs?'

He said jokingly, "Don't tell me that you two are legally married?"

Deirdre was even more embarrassed because Dr. Engle's description worsened the matter.

She didn't know what to say while Kyran explained from behind her, "We're not boyfriend and girlfriend, nor are we married. However..."

He typed, "I am courting her for the moment."

Deirdre was stunned, and her face turned scarlet red. She could not help lowering her head.

Dr. Engle chuckled and said, "If that is the case, I'll be invited to your wedding soon enough."

It was fortunate that the topic of conversation passed soon enough.

Dr. Engle's expression grew stern as he examined Deirdre's face.

Dr. Engle said, "Miss McKinnon, is your face injured from being slashed?"