

Resent Reject Regret by Aqua Summers

Chapter 427-458

Chapter 427 Brendan Is In the Restaurant

Before this, Kyran held her hand whenever they walked together.

Deirdre was stunned for a moment, and disappointment flashed across her eyes. The moment she put her hand on his arm, she suddenly changed her direction and grabbed his hand.

Kyran froze for a moment, and Deirdre assured him by holding his hand even tighter. "I think this will be more convenient."

Kyran's gaze was gentle as he looked at her. He grabbed her hand back, and they left the hospital.

There were many restaurants around the hospital. They found a rather clean restaurant and ordered a private room.

It was warm inside the private room. When ordering food, Deirdre asked Kyran, "Is there any food you can't eat right now?"

"You can just order anything you want."

Deirdre thought for a moment and asked the waiter for recommendations. When a dish about Brussels

sprouts was mentioned, she frowned.

"This is one of the specialties of our restaurant. You can give it a try, miss. I'm sure you'll like it if you're not a Brussels sprouts hater," the waiter said with a smile.

She did not mind eating Brussels sprouts, but she knew that it was one of Brendan's most hated vegetables.

Even though Brendan found relish in her cooking, he would never take a single bite when she cooked Brussels sprouts. In his opinion, Brussels sprouts had this strange flavor, and he would get angry if she forced him to eat them.

"Okay, I'll order one," said Deirdre, and Kyran did not make any objection.

She ordered a few dishes and sent the waiter away. The room was warm, so she took off her jacket. You've been staying in Germia, so I'm not sure if you can adapt to the

dishes here. If you don't like them, you need to let me know. I'll order some other food for you."

"My mother is from Bert. She cooks Berth dishes whenever she's home, so I think it's not a problem for me."

"Alright then."

Deirdre loathed herself for her action. She did not want to do this to Kyran either, but she wouldn't feel at ease until she got a confirmed answer. She got up to her feet and said, "I have to excuse myself for a while."

"Where are you going?" Kyran stood up as well.

Deirdre smiled. "Don't worry. I just want to get some fresh air and have the waiter show me the way to the restroom. You can wait for me here."

"You're not familiar with the place here, and you're on the second floor. What if you get lost?" Kyran frowned.

"Don't worry about me. I'll be fine."

Kyran nodded in the end. After Deirdre came out of the private room, she closed the door, and her face sank. She walked along the wall and came to the lower floor. She made her way back to the receptionist

based on her memory and asked, "Hi, may I know where the waiter is?"

"I'm the waiter. How may I help you?"

"I'm the customer from Room 206. Can you inform the chef and put more vinegar in our dishes?" Deirdre said after taking a breath.

"Vinegar?" The waiter glanced over their order and said, "There are two dishes we can't add vinegar to as it'll make the dishes taste bad. Are you sure you want to add vinegar to all dishes?"

Deirdre hesitated for a moment and said, "Then add more onions for those two dishes."

She had been living with Brendan for two years. She was the one who took care of him, so she knew what he did not like to eat.

The waiter nodded and said, "Okay then. I'll inform the chef."

"Thank you."

Deirdre stayed to calm herself down for a while after the waiter left. A waiter came down as she headed upstairs and said excitedly, "You know what? Brendan is here!"

Another waiter replied in disbelief, "Brendan? That CEO of the Brighthall Group? Are you sure about that?"

Chapter 428 We Finally Met

"I'm not joking! It's real! All of our tables and rooms were fully reserved today, but when he came late, he just gave his name, and our manager prepared a room for him. Other than Mr. Brighthall, I can't think of anyone else who's capable of doing that."

"Seriously? What is he doing here? I thought he was in Neve?"

"I heard that he's here for treatment."

The two waiters did not know that Deirdre had been listening to their conversation not far away. Her blood ran cold.

'Brendan is in this restaurant?'

Her pupils shrank.

'How can this be?'

There were many restaurants in this place, and this restaurant was not that popular either. What were the odds that he would show up here at this restaurant simultaneously with her?

Suddenly, Deirdre remembered something. When they arrived at this restaurant, the waiter told them that all of their tables and rooms were fully booked. However, Kyran just said something to the waiter, and they gave them a private room. A chill rushed down her spine when the thought appeared in her mind.

Two coincidences were a clue, and three coincidences were proof.

Deirdre tightened her fists and walked toward the two waiters. Her heart was beating rapidly, and her eyes were red around the rims.

"Hi, I heard you guys say that Brendan is in this restaurant now?"

The two waiters were stunned. Although they were not happy at her intrusion, they did not lash out at Deirdre due to their professionalism. They frowned and asked, "Yes, he's here."

Deirdre's chest heaved up and down even faster as she asked, "Where is he right now?"

One of the waiters came to her senses and replied sternly, "I'm sorry. We can't expose our guest's personal information."

"I can give you money!" said Deirdre. Her blood was running cold as she continued. "I can give you as much money as you want. Just tell me where Brendan is right now. Please, I beg of you!"

She was in desperate need of a confirmed answer right now.

The waiter thought she was a lunatic and rolled her eyes at her. "Money? Are you serious? You don't seem like a rich person to me at all. Besides, even if you have money, we have our code of conduct. We mustn't expose our guest's personal information. If you don't stop right now, we'll call the security guard and get you out of here!"

"Something must be wrong with her head. Does she want to know where Mr. Brighthall is? She should go and look at herself in a mirror. There's no way Mr. Brighthall would be interested in her.",

The waiters went away, leaving Deirdre to stand frozen stiff at the stairs.

Regardless of whether Brendan was in this restaurant or Kyran was Brendan, these thoughts made her blood turn cold. She touched the wall aimlessly in an attempt to find a place to hide. When she felt a door, she opened it up and walked inside.

There was no heating in this room, and the coldness woke her up a little bit. She felt around and realized

that she was in the male toilet.

Suddenly, she heard people talking outside. She hastily grabbed the door of a cubicle and shut herself in.

She was sweating profusely, and her fingers were numb. Then, the people finally entered the toilet.

A man who was in his mid-40s smiled and said, "Mr. Brighthall, I didn't expect to see you here. I thought it would be impossible to see you for a year."

'Mr. Brighthall?'

Then, the voice that she never wanted to hear rang out. "I'm so sorry about that, Mr. Taylor. I've wanted to pay you a visit ever since I came here, but unfortunately, my health just doesn't allow me to do that."

A wave of coldness surged through every nerve ending in Deirdre's body, causing her blood to run cold and her body to shake. The deep, magnetic voice sounded like it was coming from someone who had been sick for a long time.

Chapter 429 Who Is It? Come Out Now!

"That's my pleasure. But you need to take care of yourself, Mr. Brighthall," said Mr. Taylor. "Anyway, has your condition improved after your treatment?"

"Yeah. The doctor has already arranged an operation for me."

"A lot of things have happened in Neve after you left. When everyone heard that you were seriously ill, many people tried to climb up and pull you down from the throne. The media and newspapers are looking everywhere for your news as well. Luckily, you came here. If you were still in Neve, there would be a lot of people waiting for you day and night outside of the hospital."

Brendan did not say anything, and Mr. Taylor continued. "Are you going to postpone your marriage with Ms. McKinney?"

"Yeah," Brendan replied calmly. "It'll be postponed indefinitely."

"What a shame. I was waiting to join your wedding ceremony," Mr. Taylor said as he washed his hands at the water tap. "But you can have the wedding any time after you've fully recovered. At that time, you'll be successful in your career and have a happy family. You'll be the happiest man in the world at that time."

"A happy family, huh?" Brendan lowered his head. He looked at his pale and slender fingers before looking at himself through the mirror. He was wearing a suit, but one could see that he was sick from his ashen face. It was just that he had a handsome and assertive look. He did not look weak at all, and he was still able to strike fear into people's hearts with a single gaze.

He let out a mocking smile and looked away. As he washed his hands, he said, "That's a little difficult, I'm

afraid."

"You're still young, Mr. Brighthall. Even if you injured your waist, you can still return to your best form after you've recovered!" Mr. Taylor laughed.

"Ring!"

Suddenly, an ear-deafening ringtone rang out from the cubicle behind them.

Deirdre's pupils shrank, and she hastily hung up the call. Her back was wet with sweat, and her entire being was filled with fear.

She was only one step away from Brendan. Ever since she faked her death, she had never been so close to Brendan. Even if she wanted to run right now, there was no place for her to run to. She was like the fish on the block. She just hoped that Brendan could leave now, but she did not expect her phone to ring again.

Deirdre hastily hung up the call again..

Outside, Brendan looked at the cubicle behind him through the mirror. He frowned slightly, and his gaze was turning cold with each passing second.

"Who is in there?"

He turned his head around, looking at the cubicle behind him with a piercing gaze.

Deirdre covered her mouth, her entire body shaking.

He squinted and walked up to the cubicle. He placed his hand on the handle and turned it, but the door was locked from the inside. His gaze turned colder as he commanded, "Come out now!"

Mr. Taylor was stunned. "What's the matter, Mr. Brighthall?"

Brendan did not know about it either. He just felt that the person inside the cubicle was weird.

After all, no one would hang up the phone twice as soon as it rang out, and no one would stay quiet after someone asked a question. The suspicion in his heart was getting stronger and stronger.

"I'm coming in if you don't come out now. I'll count to three. Three, two..."

Deirdre's heart was in her throat. As Brendan was counting down, she bit her lower lip tightly and felt that she was done for this time.

"One..."

"Mr. Brighthall!"

The moment Brendan counted to one, a waiter appeared outside of the restroom. "Are you in there, Mr. Brighthall? Someone is looking for you. She said she's your guest, but

we didn't bring her to your private room since we didn't know whether she was telling the truth."

Brendan frowned. He looked at the cubicle for a long while before retracting his gaze. After that, he walked out of the restroom.

Deirdre let go of her hand only after ensuring no one else was in the restroom anymore.

Chapter 430 Madame Brighthall

Deirdre's shirt and hair were wet with sweat. The air was cold, and her entire body was shaking with fear.

Even though a door blocked her away from Brendan, she was still assaulted by a wave of coldness that chilled her to the bone. The oppression that came with the man from the moment he was born seemed like an invisible hand that grabbed her by her neck, suffocating her.

Fear and nervousness were all she felt during those few minutes.

After Brendan left, she realized how much she feared this man.

She dropped to the floor as if all energy had left her body. She wrapped her arms around herself and took a few deep breaths until she completely calmed down.

Then, her phone rang again.

She picked it up this time and answered, "Hello."

There was only the typing sound from the other side of the call. Deirdre came around to her senses and realized it was Kyran.

So did that mean that Kyran was the one who had called her twice?

Brendan clearly did not know it was her inside the cubicle. He would have never called her while talking to Mr. Taylor. In other words....

For a moment, Deirdre had a splitting headache. However, she still had to thank Kyran for freeing and pulling her up from hell with this phone call. Even if he did not say a word at the moment, she felt at ease.

"Kyran? Is that you?"

Kyran knocked twice on the phone in reply to her.

Deirdre tried to force herself to calm down and took a deep breath. "I'm sorry. I was feeling a bit unwell, so I stayed in the restroom for a while longer. Give me another two minutes. I'll be back soon."

Kyran knocked on the phone again.

Deirdre ended the call and got out of the cubicle. She went to the washbasin and rinsed her hands off her sweat.

At the same time, someone came into the restroom again.

Deirdre tensed up and took a step back. The man was also stunned and did not dare to enter the restroom. "Isn't this the male toilet? Or is the toilet in this restaurant unisex?"

'He isn't Brendan...'

Deirdre let out a sigh of relief and explained, "No, this is the male toilet, but I'm blind, so I can't see anything and entered the wrong toilet. I'm so sorry about that."

"I see. It's okay."

After she came out of the restroom, Deirdre put on the mask again. Even though her face was bandaged, it was wet with sweat and caused her a lot of pain. However, her head was filled with Brendan's figure right now.

The last thing she wanted to happen right now was to run into Breandan. After all, she was certain that Brendan would be able to recognize her despite her current condition.

She walked toward her private room along the wall. While she was walking up the stairs, she heard some

noises from ahead.

"I've told him to get some rest, but he refused to listen! His condition is worsening, and if this continues, he'll die earlier than me!"

Deirdre stopped in her tracks when she heard the voice.

"Madame Brighthall?' she thought. 'What is she doing here? If she is here, that means...'

"Mom, you should know Brendan better than anyone else. He just can't stay still. Didn't we already agree to come and have a meal with him only today?"

'Madame Brighthall and Charlene?' Deirdre's brain was a muddled mess right now.

“What is going on?”

Madame Brighthall had been in poor health for years, so she wouldn't have come out if it weren't for absolute necessity. Deirdre did not understand why all of them came to this small place all of a sudden.

“I wouldn't have to be so worried about him if he could take care of himself.” Madame Brighthall sighed. “Regardless of anything, he has to take care of himself. I don't care what he's going to do after he recovers, but now...”

“Mom...”

Both of them fell silent for a moment, and then Madame Brighthall said, “It feels stuffy in here. I'm going out to get some fresh air.”

Chapter 431 The Calls Did Not Come From Him

“I'll come with you, mother.”

Deirdre came to realize the situation and immediately turned around to walk back.

There was only one thought on her mind now, and that was to ensure that Madame Brighthall remained unaware of her presence there.

It was their agreement. Madame Brighthall would help her to leave while her part of the deal was to ensure that Brendan would not find her for the rest of her life.

Deirdre was so overwhelmed with emotions that she walked faster and faster. She did not notice a plant placed by the side of the wall, so she tripped and toppled over.

She did not expect that the pain would not come. A pair of huge hands caught her and pulled her into his

arms.

Deirdre felt her eyes stung with tears upon smelling his familiar, masculine scent and felt the warmth of his hug

“Kyran...” She sobbed.

Kyran's body that was hugging her tensed up. He asked through his phone, “What's going on?”

Deirdre shook her head with all her might. She missed the sense of security she felt when she was with him.

“Let’s go back.”

Kyran took her to the private room and discovered that her hair was drenched in sweat. He typed with furrowed eyebrows, “What happened? Your face is covered in sweat.”

Deirdre’s head was still in a chaotic mess. She made up a lie with her gaze lowered by saying, “I have a stomach ache. I’m in a lot of pain, and that is why I’m sweating.”

“In pain?” Kyran immediately got up and held her hand while he typed on the phone hastily, “Let’s go back to the hospital to get you checked!”

“I’m feeling better now.” Even though Deirdre wanted to leave this place as soon as possible, she remembered they had yet to eat. She did not want the day to end so quickly because it was rare for them to be outside, so she forced a smile. “It’s possible I’m having some gastric pain from hunger.”

Kyran stretched out his hand to wipe away the sweat on Deirdre’s forehead. He remembered something and removed her mask to find that the bandage was already drenched. He removed the bandage and frowned at the sight of her face, which had turned pale from soaking in sweat.

“Is it painful?”

“It’s fine.” Deirdre was focused on not being found by Brendan, so she could no longer care about the pain.

Kyran heaved a sigh and helped her to clean up her face carefully. Then, he reminded her, “Be careful when you eat. Don’t get food on your face. Otherwise, the wound is going to be painful but difficult to manage.”

Deirdre nodded. She was suddenly confused about the significance of Madame Brendan’s presence here after fully calming herself down.

‘Also... There was also the call... If Kyran and Brendan are the same person, how does he split himself into two people?’

Kyran served Deirdre some food, but she did not eat. She raised her head and asked, “Kyran, did you call me before I picked up your call?”

Kyran was quiet for a moment. He inquired instead of answering Deirdre’s question, “What’s going on?”

Deirdre bit her lower lip tightly. “Tell me first. Did you call me?”

Kyran typed, “No.”

Deirdre's heart was racing. She was under the assumption that she had proof that Kyran was not Brendan, but it was just a blunder.

'The two calls did not come from Kyran...

"What's going on?" Kyran typed with a look of confusion. "Did someone call you before I called you?" "Hmm."

Deirdre's mind was all confused. She could not figure out how Brendan would handle being Kyran with her here while Charlene and Madame Brighthall were in another room if they were the same person.

She would only need to do something to get the answer. However, the ignorance of those waitresses made it difficult for her.

Chapter 432 In Such a Rush to Meet My Parents?

All Deirdre needed to do was to find out if Brendan was with Madame Brighthall.

"Deirdre, Deirdre."

Deirdre raised her head when she was jolted back to reality.

Kyran paused for a moment. "I called out to you many times."

"I'm sorry." Deirdre seemed to be very vexed with her current behavior of not being responsible. "I was thinking about something..."

"I can see that. You've been acting differently since earlier." Kyran appeared to be slightly dejected. "Is it because of Tobey?"

Deirdre was stunned for a moment. She came to understand Kyran and denied it by saying, "No. It's not related to Tobey."

She knew what he cared about and said, "Kyran, my unusual mood is not related to Tobey's presence." "If that is the case, why won't you tell me then?"

Deirdre was rendered speechless while Kyran typed, "Forget it. I won't force it on you anyway. Everyone deserves to have their secrets, and so should you. It's only that I hope you can be fully focused and attentive on your date with me."

The word 'date' sent Deirdre's heart racing. However, her heart was weighed down with anxiety, and it was a truly uncomfortable feeling. She bit her lower lip and said, "I'm sorry. I was distracted because I bumped into the mother of the Brighthall Group's CEO, Madame Brighthall, outside."

“What?”

Deirdre inhaled a deep breath. “Kyran, do you know who Brendan Brighthall is?”

Kyran typed, “It would be strange if I didn’t know who he is. That person is so well-known that I’ve heard. about him in Eastgene.”

“Yes... He is staying in the same hospital as us. Coincidentally, I’m acquainted with his mother. I heard. Madame Brighthall’s voice in the restaurant’s corridor earlier, which is why I found it rather strange.”

“What did you find rather strange?”

Deirdre felt a knot in the pit of her stomach. She confessed hastily, “I was surprised because Madame Brighthall spends her days at home mostly due to her poor health. She seldom travels, and she would rather walk if it is just a short journey. Why would she suddenly travel the long journey just to come here... Kyran, wouldn’t you find it strange if you were in my place?”

Kyran paused for a moment and typed, “Deirdre, it seems you’re the strange one.”

“Me?”

“You seem to pay close attention to the Brighthalls. Madame Brighthall’s son is in the hospital, so it is

only natural for her to travel the long distance willingly. She can’t just do nothing while her son is in the hospital, right?”

Deirdre fell silent because Kyran was right. She felt discomposed for no apparent reason.

“When will your surgery begin, Kyran?”

“Three days later.”

Deirdre nodded. “Can we leave after your surgery has ended and you have recuperated?”

Kyran chuckled. “Are you in such a rush to leave so you can meet my parents?”

Deirdre was stunned, but she came to understand the situation soon afterward. She was embarrassed. and shy as she said in a muffled voice, “Don’t tease me.”

“I’m not.” Kyran’s mechanical voice sounded as if he was serious. “When I’m well, come with me, alright?”

“Come with you? Where?”

“Where would you like to go? Germia, Eastgene, or any other place, we can go anywhere you like.”

Deirdre felt warm and fuzzy in her heart upon hearing how he cared about her. She remembered something and said, “You don’t want the company anymore?”

“I can work remotely for the company, but I’ll take you to travel around the world first. You’ve been enduring hardships for so many years, so it’s time for you to be happy.”

‘Travel around the world... That sounds amazing.’

The wish in the depths of her heart was not to be the wife of a wealthy man from an influential family nor live a lavish life but to spend her days with someone she loved. However, Brendan refused to fulfill that trivial wish of hers.

Chapter 433 Not the Same Person

Now that Deirdre found someone who understood her, she was supposed to be happy, yet the doubt in her heart was still present.

Deirdre lowered her gaze. The door next to her suddenly opened up.

Declan removed his jacket gracefully and said smilingly. “Both of you are truly extravagant that you’d get a reservation in a luxury restaurant.”

Deirdre was surprised by Declan’s presence.

Kyran explained, “He insists on coming.”

“Yes, we’re best friends anyhow. You can’t abandon me to eat by myself elsewhere just because of Miss McKinnon, right? You still have the rest of your lives to date.” Declan pulled a chair and took a seat without showing any courtesy. He notified the waitress to set up the table for an additional person.

Deirdre smiled. “It’s great that you’re here. I was just saying that we might not be able to finish all the food here.”

Declan took a glance at the food served on the table and was stunned. “Is that Brussels sprouts? Who ordered this?”

Deirdre stopped and clenched her fists tightly all of a sudden. “I did. Why?”

Declan said, “I thought it was Kyran who ordered this. He ordered Brussels sprouts for the first meal he shared with me when he returned from Germia and finished the whole

plate by himself. He finished it so quickly I thought he was craving Brussels sprouts all his life.”

Deirdre could not help appearing distracted upon hearing the remark.

“Does Kyran enjoy having Brussels sprouts very much?”

“Yes. Why else would he order it, huh?”

Deirdre appeared to be distracted. Brendan hated Brussels sprouts. She used to cook Brussels sprouts in different ways and would try to persuade him to take a bite so that he would not be a picky eater in the past.

Brendan used to say, “Deirdre, you’re just like Brussels sprouts. No matter how you change the cooking method, I won’t taste its goodness. So, don’t force me to eat it, just like how you shouldn’t have wishful thinking anymore.”

He would vainly attempt to remind her not to fall too deeply in love with him and not to have wishful thinking by devoting herself to him.

However, she felt she could not give up on love so easily at the time. It was fortunate that Brendan gave her a painful experience that made her end the ridiculous crush afterward.

She was jolted back to reality, but her heart wrenched in pain as if a knife had stabbed it.

Meanwhile, the phone in her pocket rang once again. Realizing that it could be someone, Deirdre grabbed her phone and said, “I’ll take the call outside.”

Deirdre sensed Kyran’s gaze but pretended not to notice it. It was Declan who waved his hand dismissively and said, “Go ahead, go ahead. Come back soon so the food won’t get cold.”

“I’ll be back at once.”

Deirdre opened the door and got out of the room before she found a corner to pick up the call. Tobey’s

voice came from the other end of the call. “Is that you, Deirdre?”

“It’s me.”

Tobey sounded relieved. “I called you twice, but you hung up earlier. Are you alright?”

At the thought of the scene in the washroom, Deirdre felt a shiver down her spine. She calmed down and made up an excuse. "I'm fine. I'm eating out, and I bumped into someone at the time, so it was

inconvenient for me to pick up the call."

She paused for a moment before asking hesitantly, "What's going on, Tobey? Is... Is there an update on the photo?"

Tobey said, "You're right. I have a friend who has the photos of Brendan attending a party two months ago, and he sent them to me so I can make a comparison."

Deirdre did not notice when her breathing became irregular. She asked anxiously, "What's the result of your comparison?"

Tobey exhaled and said, "They are not the same person."

"They look quite similar in appearance, so it's no wonder you'd get me to compare them. However, they look similar only because the photos are relatively blurry and they have similar profiles. After receiving the photo of Brendan's real person, I can confirm they are not the same person."

Deirdre breathed heavily as soon as the answer was revealed. She felt the weight on her chest was lifted, and her eyes teared up.

Chapter 434 She Had It All Planned

'Not the same person. Kyran and Brendan are not the same person....

Deirdre shed tears of joy at the answer. She had no idea how she should face Kyran for the past few days, yet in the end, she learned that it was all a blunder.

She suppressed her sobbing with all her might. "Are you sure, Tobey?"

"Yes, I'm sure," Tobey said in a gentle voice. "Hence, you don't need to worry anymore. Go ahead and be in love."

"Thank you."

After ending the call, Deirdre wiped away the tears on her face and felt a great sense of relief.

She turned around to walk back when she suddenly heard Charlene's concerned voice coming from in front of her. "Why are you outside, Brendan? Are you tired? Would you like to go back to the hospital first? Even though the doctor advised you to walk more before your surgery, don't force it if you don't feel well enough."

Deirdre's expression was rigid. Then, she heard Brendan's cold voice, "I'm not tired. I just came out to get some fresh air."

"Remember to tell me if you feel unwell. You're always keeping everything to yourself, and the doctor will be the one to inform me of everything. I'm really worried about you. Had the doctor not said "

"I told you that I'm fine."

The voices sounded closer and closer to her. They were at a corner, and Brendan would certainly be able to see her if he were to walk over.

Deirdre's heart was racing, and she hastily walked backward.

'Run! I must run!

"Yet, where will I run to? I'm just a stranger in a strange place."

She could only make her way to the door of a private room. She wanted to enter the room, yet the door could not be opened. She turned around to shield her face just when Brendan and Charlene had already arrived at the corner.

Charlene was still muttering, "I'm only worried about you. I'm saying, what if something bad were to happen? How am I going to live? Also, think about your mother. She hasn't slept well for three consecutive nights because she is worried for you."

Brendan suppressed his cough, his dark eyes tainted with a tinge of agitation. "You shouldn't have told. my mother. I'm not going to die anyway."

Charlene sounded aggrieved when she said, "You don't get to decide your condition. The doctor's description of your condition is much more serious than you think..."

Brendan was preparing to walk downstairs when he suddenly realized something and looked toward the corner subconsciously.

A woman stood in front of the door with her head lowered, her back straight and stiff, and her shoulders bouncing. On the other hand, the back of the woman's figure...

Brendan furrowed his sharp eyebrows and could not refrain from stopping.

Charlene was about to speak, but she halted to a stop when Brendan stopped walking. She raised her

head and asked, "What's going on, Brendan?"

Noticing that Brendan was looking behind, Charlene turned her face subconsciously. Even though Charlene did not find the figure familiar, she recognized the outfit.

Charlene's expression became distorted in rage and fear instantly.

'Deirdre? Why is she showing up here? Did she have it all planned!?"

Brendan was about to walk over when Charlene wrapped her arms around Brendan's arm and said, "Brendan, didn't you say that you wanted to get some air downstairs? I'll keep you company. Your mother has been under the weather for two days. Let's go and get her some medicine from the drugstore, shall we?"

Brendan pried away her hand, and his breathing was irregular. He wanted to verify with his own eyes, yet Charlene hastily grabbed Brendan's hand. "What's going on with you, Brendan? The doctor ordered me to hold you at all times. What are you going to do if you fall again? We can't let your wound rupture again."

"Let go of me." Brendan could not conceal his agitation. His head was throbbing with pain, and his gaze was unfocused when he pried away Charlene's hand strenuously.

Unexpectedly, the figure standing at the door vanished the moment he was about to walk forward.

Not a single person was in his vicinity. He was stunned because it was not his first time experiencing this

situation.

Charlene was relieved and hastily said in a concerned tone, "What's going on with you, Brendan?"

Chapter 435 Not Related to Him

Brendan grabbed Charlene's arm and said, "Did you see the woman standing at the door earlier?"

"The woman?" Charlene appeared confused. "Brendan, your eyes must have played tricks on you, right? There was no woman standing at the door earlier. Are you too tired and exhausted? Why don't we return to the hospital to get some rest?"

Brendan was convinced. Let alone the figure looked quite different from what he remembered. It would be impossible for him to encounter Deirdre in a place like this.

A look of disappointment flashed past his eyes.

Charlene could see his reaction and felt jealous in her heart. She became even more convinced that she could not allow Brendan to find out about Deirdre's whereabouts

"Brendan... It's easy for one to be delusional when they are too tired. Let's not be bothered about the past. You still have me. Didn't you say that you've forgiven me? We will be with each other and live together peacefully. I will be with you for the rest of my life

Deirdre stood inside the private room with her back against the wall. She was so nervous that her teeth were chattering.

She was fortunate that she managed to open the door at the final moment.

Otherwise, the scene would be unmanageable for sure

She lost count of time before she opened the door cautiously and inhaled a deep breath before she felt her way along the wall to the outside. She was suddenly caught in confusion after getting outside

She could not tell where she was and where her private room was She had only cared about running at the time and failed to remember how many doors she had walked past

"What if Brendan were to return by the way he came? The thought terrified Deirdre Her world was pitch. black. She had no idea where to go, and the feeling was suffocating.

"Deirdre."

All of a sudden, a mechanical voice was heard coming from the front. Kyran walked over swiftly, his eyebrows tightly furrowed. "Why did you spend such a long time on the phone? The food is getting cold."

The man exuded a calming presence, and Deirdre felt like he was her salvation. She wrapped her arms. tightly around Kyran and let out a muffled, sobbing sound from her throat.

"Deirdre?" Kyran patted her back with one hand, his eyes burning with intense concern. "What's going on?"

Deirdre shook her head with all her might. She could not tell the reason, but she felt the urge to cry overwhelming her. "Kyran... Kyran..."

She chanted his name frantically.

"I'm here." Kyran lowered his gaze. "I'm always here."

Deirdre opened up her heart to the man. She did not need to worry about who this man could be because he was Kyran-he was her Kyran!

She calmed down, but they were still hugging each other tightly. She shut her eyes to rest for a moment before loosening her grip.

Kyran inquired, "What's going on? Did something... bad happen to Tobey? I can help him out if there's a need. Declan and I still have some authority in Eastgene."

"No. It's not related to Tobey." Deirdre shook her head.

Kyran's gaze was still, and he wiped away the sweat on Deirdre's forehead with his hand.

"What is it then? Was the call from earlier not from Tobey?"

Deirdre was stunned for a moment. Then, she came to realize that Kyran had misunderstood. She didn't know whether to laugh or cry when she said, "The call was from Tobey indeed, but he has only updated me on something. My change of mood is not related to him."

Upon saying that, Deirdre felt as if the weight on her chest was lifted, and she figured that she should also lift the weight off Kyran's mind.

She raised her head and said, "Kyran, do you remember that I promised you that I would surely tell you about the situation I've been dealing with once I'm done with it?"

Kyran's eyes glistened and softened. "Are you done dealing with it?"

"Hmm" Deirdre felt giddy. "I'm sorry that I assumed you were someone I knew and that you disguised as Kyran to deceive me. Hence, I couldn't set my mind at ease to be with you during that period."

Chapter 436 Made Up

"Who?"

Deirdre's gaze was still. "It's already in the past. I only needed to confirm that you are not him, and that is enough for me.

"Kyran, as long as you are not him and won't become him, I will come with you to Eastgene, Germia, or anywhere else. Take me with you, alright?"

The man's breathing was slightly shaky. There was no telling if he was astonished or pleasantly surprised by her remark, but he hugged her tightly a moment later.

“Alright, Deirdre. I’ll take you with me.”

After shedding the final burden, Deirdre felt relieved like she had never felt before. They held hands tightly with their fingers interlaced with each other all the way until they returned to the private room.

Declan was sitting in the private room by himself, and his lips twitched when he noticed the couple still refused to let go of each other’s hand after entering the room.

“Have you made up with each other?”

Deirdre could not help feeling surprised. “You noticed that, Mr. King?”

Declan propped his arm against the back of the chair and cracked a very pleasant smile. “I’m a sensitive person and can read two people’s relationship at one glance. It’s no wonder you two were held up for such a long period, but it’s a waste that the food is getting cold.”

Deirdre remembered that she had asked the waitress to prepare the food with additional spices. She felt slightly embarrassed and tugged at Kyran’s sleeve while she said, “Why don’t we get the waitress to swap a new set of meals?”

“We can swap it if you don’t like your food cold.”

Deirdre shook her head because she was not spoiled in that way, only that....

Declan had already picked up his cutlery. “Why should we swap? It’s almost 2:00 p.m., and my stomach is gurgling with hunger. We’ll have to wait an hour more to swap for hot meals. It’s not that cold anyway.

Just have it then.”

He took a bite first and spat it out the next moment.

“Why is it so spicy?”

He was shocked by the cooking skill of the restaurant’s chef.

Deirdre was rather embarrassed and said softly, “I enjoy eating spicy food, so I ordered the waitress to prepare the food spicier. If it’s really unpalatable, let’s just order a new set of meals?”

“It’s not to the extent of unpalatable either.” Declan took a glance at the meals served on the table. “I’m just not very used to spicy food. However, I’m sure Kyran will have more trouble eating spicy food than I do. He would frown for a long time if he found onions in his meal.”

Deirdre was stunned. She was annoyed at herself for making blind conjectures.

'Haven't I already confirmed that Kyran is not him? Perhaps this is... just a coincidence.'

She said jokingly, "Kyran's food preference is so different from mine, huh?"

Kyran immediately typed, "I can have spicy food."

"Kyran, don't put yourself at great inconvenience because of love." Declan ridiculed Kyran by saying, "You can't take spicy food, so don't be making us help you walk when your gastritis is triggered again."

"He's right." Deirdre nodded. "Let's swap out meals."

In the end, they swapped out two main courses, and the meals were served a little after ten minutes. The three of them had their lunch, and the doctor called Kyran up to return to the hospital.

Kyran needed to go through some arrangements and examinations before the surgery. Deirdre had no idea about that, so she chose to sit outside and wait. She heard the two nurses whispering to each other.

"I didn't expect that a man so outstanding and gifted in operating a business like Brendan Brighthall would suffer from such an unfair diagnosis. If news of his condition were to spread... isn't Neve going to undergo massive changes?"

Deirdre's pupils constricted upon hearing the man's name being mentioned. She was too sensitive to his name and overheard the whole conversation about him.

"Yes... He has a smooth-sailing career and a beautiful girlfriend, yet he's actually going to die. If news of his condition were to spread, I bet the media would go berserk, right?"

Chapter 437 I Won't Let You Off

Deirdre felt her ears humming and raised her head abruptly.

'Die? Who's dying?'

Her eyes were filled with disbelief, and she got up from her seat shakily. It felt as if the air was made of needles as every breath she took pierced her lungs. She wanted to ask, yet the nurses had only chatted briefly before turning around and parting ways.

Deirdre leaned against the ice-cold wall by herself and replayed the conversation between the nurses repeatedly in her head.

'Brendan is dying?

Deirdre's mind went blank, and she thought about Madame Brighthall's sudden appearance and the desperation in her voice at the time.

Deirdre felt her chest tightening and wondered if it was a misunderstanding Or, it might even be a joke. Brendan is still doing well. He was still talking in the restaurant earlier How can he be

All of a sudden, the door behind her opened

Kyran furrowed his eyebrows when he found Deirdre standing at the door, her face ghastly pale.

Declan was right behind him and shut the door while he asked, "Why are you standing at the door, Miss. McKinnon? Aren't you tired of standing?"

Deirdre recovered from her surprise and suppressed the doubts in her heart

She knew that she should not care about Brendan's survival because it was none of her business Even if he was dying for real, he deserved it for the evildoings he had committed.

She suppressed her final ounce of agitation. She loathed the man and hoped she could squeeze the man's limited life out of him bit by bit.

"I'm not tired..." She composed herself, shook her head, and said, "My legs didn't feel good from all the sitting, so I stood up to move about."

"I see. I was under the assumption that you had grown impatient from waiting outside for too long

Deirdre smiled and asked, "How is his condition? Will he be able to undergo surgery after three days?"

"He is fine and just waiting for the surgery arrangements now." Declan said, "He will need to recuperate for a while after the surgery. Then he should be mostly well."

Deirdre was relieved to hear that. "Great then. Let's head back."

Declan had his matters to attend to, so he notified Kyran at the door before he left.

Deirdre was still thinking about Kyran's surgery. He could only get out of bed a month after his previous surgery with great effort, so there was no telling how serious his condition would be after this surgery.

“What’s going on? You look worried.”

The man reached out his hand and clasped her hand in his.

“I’m fine.” Deirdre perked up, turned around, and wrapped her arms around the man’s waist. “I’m just a little worried whether you can recover well after the surgery.”

Kyran caressed her hair. “I’m going to recover well, of course. The surgery this time is very safe, and I will only need to recuperate afterward. There won’t be any issue after that.”

“Really?” Deirdre’s smile grew wider.

At the thought of their lives from now on, Deirdre’s tense expression relaxed significantly. She wanted to leave so badly these days.

“Great then.”

Kyran patted her back. “Don’t make blind conjectures. You will only need to set your mind at ease now and wait for the injury on your face to recover. Leave everything else to me.”

“Hmm.”

Deirdre leaned in Kyran’s arms and shut her eyes in lethargy.

She lay on the bed to rest afterward. Despite the heaviness she felt in her head, she fell asleep, but this time, she dreamt of Brendan beyond her control.

It was different from her usual dream of the villa. The dream was set in the hospital this time. In the pungent smell of blood, she saw the man holding the bed rail weakly with a hand covering his abdomen and blood dripping from his wound.

Deirdre lowered her head and saw the knife in her hand. She tossed it to the ground as if it was scalding her.

Yet, she knew she was the one who had stabbed Brendan.

“Deirdre, you murderer...” said Brendan, his eyes bloodshot with rage. “How could you do this just to avenge your mother... You are the cause of this! I’m going to die and won’t let you off!”

Chapter 438 Why Are You Here?

“Deirdre! Don’t even think about living a peaceful life with another man! If I can destroy Sterling, I can destroy the next one too!”

Deirdre awoke in shock. She was breathing heavily, and her body was drenched in sweat. She opened her eyes and found that there was only darkness. She could determine that it was still early according to the noise level.

She inhaled a deep breath and wiped away the sweat on her head. However, the image of the man's savage expression was deeply ingrained in her mind.

Deirdre could not sleep, so she got out of bed to do her laundry.

She opened the door and got out of the room. Her phone reported that it was five in the morning. Meanwhile, people were already bustling about but speaking softer in the corridor.

Deirdre had just arrived at the laundry room entrance when she suddenly heard the rushed high heels, clicking from the elevator, as well as Madame Brighthall's panicked tone, "Coughing up blood? When did that happen? Why didn't you notify us earlier!?"

The nurse hastily explained, "Mr. Brighthall won't let anyone near his room. We only found out when we entered the room to clean up."

"How is he now?"

"The doctor is still examining Mr. Brighthall. He just regained his consciousness."

Deirdre halted to a stop and stood in the same spot. She could clearly hear Madame Brighthall's suppressed crying because the surroundings were very quiet.

"It's all my fault. Had I not forced him, had I not broken them up, this wouldn't have happened... How is he going to undergo surgery in his current condition..."

"Don't be sad, Madame Brighthall. Mr. Brighthall is strong, and he is going to be fine."

The voices moved further and further away as if they had traveled to the furthest room in unison.

Deirdre shoved the laundry into the washing machine and lowered her gaze as she listened to the whirring sound.

"He has coughed up blood and seems to be in a serious condition. Why is he coughing up blood when he has only injured his abdomen?"

'Also, his wound was not on his abdomen at all. Is it because of some other reason?"

Deirdre was confused, yet she knew she did not have the slightest connection to Brendan's affair now.

She learned to let go after meeting Kyran. She would not gloat even if Brendan was dead, but she would. Only be calm like it was a stranger's death.

Deirdre opened up the washing machine door when she heard a beep. She felt for her clothes and placed them into the basin before she turned around and walked outside.

The laundry room was quite a distance away from her room. Deirdre had only taken two steps away when she heard an astonished voice coming from in front of her. "It's you?"

Deirdre caught her breath. She continued to walk ahead with her head lowered, but Madame Brighthall grabbed her and said in an agitated voice, "You... Why are you here!?"

"Please don't misunderstand, Madame Brighthall." Deirdre knew she could not hide anymore, so she

answered softly. "I'm not here because of Brendan. My friend is warded in this hospital, and this meeting is purely coincidental. I didn't break my promise, and Brendan is unaware I'm here."

"No..."

Madame Brighthall was overwhelmed with emotions. She could not help feeling guilty when she remembered her actions toward Deirdre previously.

She had had no idea that the woman before her was the daughter-in-law who had been living with her for more than two years. Madame Brighthall figured that Deirdre was extremely disappointed by her judging by Deirdre's behavior.

"You've misunderstood my intention, Char- Ms. McKinnon. In truth, I'm... very happy that you're here."

'Happy?'

Deirdre was stunned and confused.

Madame Brighthall immediately held her hands and said emotionally, "I know that you were the Charlene who used to live with me, Deirdre!"

All of a sudden, Deirdre's pupils constricted. She could not believe that Madame Brighthall would know and pulled back her hands when she realized the situation.

Chapter 439 Will You See Him Once Before the Surgery?

How Madame Brighthall was pleased and devoted to Deirdre's previous identity felt so cynical to Deirdre.

Deirdre said, "You've mistaken me for someone else, Madame Brighthall. I'm Deirdre McKinnon and not Charlene McKinney."

"I know." Madame Brighthall's gaze dimmed for a moment when her hands were flung away.

She then said hastily, "Brendan has already come clean to me. It was you who took care of me over the years, right? The daughter-in-law that I'm perfectly content with has always been you too. I'm sorry, Miss McKinnon. I... I was so reckless that I actually kicked you out and hurt you..."

'Come clean?'

Deirdre felt her heart racing and felt a knot in the pit of her stomach. She said, "You shouldn't apologize, Madame Brighthall. You didn't do anything wrong from the start. On the contrary, I should thank you. I wouldn't be able to leave Brendan had you not helped me. It's a happy ending for the both of us now."

"Is it really a happy ending?" Madame Brighthall smiled bitterly. "The biggest mistake I made in my life is letting you leave. I've not only put you in harm's way but also Brendan. Do you know that Brendan has been behaving like a lost soul since you left? He went looking for you frantically, and he="

"Madame Brighthall." Deirdre interrupted Madame Brighthall, inhaled a deep breath, and said, "I have a boyfriend."

A look of astonishment flashed past her eyes. "Is... Is he good to you?"

"Very good." Deirdre lowered her eyes. Her gaze turned gentle at the very moment she thought about Kyran. "I'm already prepared to be with him, and that is why I don't want to know anything about Brendan."

"This is the best outcome for both of us. Otherwise, are you going to get rid of Miss McKinney, whom Brendan truly loves, because of the guilt you feel for me?"

Madame Brighthall was quiet. She was doubtful whether Charlene was the person that Brendan loved.

Yet, Deirdre had already declared she had a boyfriend. Regardless, she would never allow herself to break up someone else's relationship.

"I understand." Madame Brighthall appeared to be exhausted. If Deirdre could see, she would certainly be astounded by how much her hair had turned gray during this period. "However, I have a favor to ask from you. Will you do it for me, please, Miss McKinnon?"

Madame Brighthall said with great difficulty, "Brendan's body is ruined."

Deirdre was stunned.

"When you were involved in the accident, he went to the bridge and stood in the cold for a night despite the abdominal injury. Then, he devoted himself to work without concern for his health until he wore himself down.

"The doctor said that he needed the surgery for sure, but the surgery...is very risky. Do you understand what I'm implying, Miss McKinnon?"

"If the risk of the surgery is very high, it signifies there is a possibility for it to fail at any moment."

On the other hand, it went without saying what the significance of a failed surgery was.

Deirdre's mind went blank all of a sudden. She did not expect that this would be the outcome.

Deirdre recovered from her surprise. Her expression was calm, and she did not even furrow her eyebrows.

"Why are you telling me this, Madame Brighthall?"

Madame Brighthall felt rather dejected, not because of Deirdre's coldness. Deirdre deserved to behave this way after how Brendan treated her. Madame Brighthall felt dejected because of how determined Deirdre was. It seemed that Brendan would never be able to captivate Deirdre's heart anymore, judging by Deirdre's behavior.

"I shall not beat around the bushes anymore, then." Madame Brighthall's expression was tainted with faint sorrow. "Miss McKinnon, will you see Brendan once before the surgery?"

Chapter 440 Once a Married Couple, Always a Married Couple

Deirdre was incredulous while Madame Brighthall hastily said, "I know! I know that this request is quite difficult for you, but I don't know what else to do anymore. He is acting very indifferent toward the

surgery. If you can see him, perhaps you can set his mind at ease so that he can face the surgery with a stable mind. Will you do it? I'm begging you!"

Deirdre was confused by Madame Brighthall's arduous pleading. "Why do you think that my act of

meeting me will give him peace of mind, Madame Brighthall?"

Madame Brighthall said with a bitter smile, "That's because he has been tracking your whereabouts all this time."

Deirdre was stunned.

Madame Brighthall continued. "Brendan knows that you're alive.

"He knows of the places that you've been to as well. However, it is very apparent that he has yet to meet you, and that is why he has given up all hope. Yet, this surgery is crucial. As a mother, I can't do anything while my son doesn't care about his survivability. He doesn't have any desire to live at all."

At that moment, Deirdre was overwhelmed with complicated emotions and felt suffocated. She was still terrified to meet Brendan.

"I'm sorry." Deirdre lowered her gaze. "I can't help you, Madame Brighthall."

Madame Brighthall's eyes reddened with tears. "Miss McKinnon! I know that Brendan did many, shameless things to you in the past. However, once a married couple, always a married couple. He's going to die. Can't you even fulfill his wish?"

"Once a married couple, always a married couple..." Deirdre chanted the phrase and found it cynical yet amusing.

If Brendan could understand the meaning of this phrase first, she would have a life beyond this.

He did not mention 'once a married couple, always a married couple' when he took her child cruelly.

"Brendan's mother is still alive, at the very least."

Deirdre blurted out the remark calmly.

Madame Brighthall was stunned.

Deirdre continued with a nonchalant expression. "Meanwhile, my mother committed suicide when I was forced to go to prison. I was so close to her, but I didn't even manage to see her one last time. Brendan's mother is pleading to fulfill his wish. What about me? Where is my mother?"

Madame Brighthall's face turned ghastly pale.

Deirdre took a deep breath and raised her head-her eyes were so empty that it was painful to look." Madame Brighthall, he and I are bound by too many grudges. It's

already merciful of me not to gloat. about his misfortune at this very moment. It would be impossible for me to go and see him.”

Madame Brighthall had never imagined that this story existed between Deirdre and Brendan. Her eyes. were glistening with tears while her expression was one of disappointment and hopelessness.

“I’m sorry, Miss McKinnon. I’ve been too pushy.”

Deirdre calmed herself but did not speak.

Madame Brighthall left, holding on to the wall.

“Madame.”

Deirdre suddenly spoke.

Madame Brighthall turned around in surprise while Deirdre said, “Please don’t tell Brendan that I’m in the hospital. Let me live out the rest of my life in peace for the sake of our past.”

Deirdre’s eyes exuded an unprecedented gloominess, and Madame Brighthall felt her heart wrench in pain. She suddenly came to understand her son’s feelings and why he would go berserk on the day of Deirdre’s accident.

It was much more difficult to make peace with this emotion than regret. It would be very hard for one to turn around when he or she had moved on.

“Sure, I promise.”

Deirdre’s gaze was gentle. Even though there were still hideous scars on her face, it looked as if her eyes. were as gentle as four years ago. “Thank you.”

Madame Brighthall’s footsteps moved further and further away.

Deirdre returned to the room soon afterward. She felt suffocated by the heavy feeling in her chest.

She breathed a few times deeply to calm herself, placed the basin in her hands down, and walked to the bed. “Are you awake, Kyran?”

Chapter 441 He’s Dying

There was no movement. Surprised, Deirdre reached out and tried to grab hold of something.

There was nothing underneath the comforter. There was no one on the bed.

She heard no sounds from the bathroom, either. Deirdre had no idea when Kyran left- she had not had the chance to touch the man before she did the laundry. Where could the man be in such cold weather?

She was just wondering about it when the door opened. A cold gale broke in, carrying the scent only he possessed. She rose from the bed and asked, "Kyran?"

"It's me."

Deirdre breathed a sigh of relief and stepped forward. "Where have you been?"

The man's hands were a bit cold. He pulled his one hand away and began to type, "The doctor recommends I perform more exercise, so when I woke up a little earlier today, I decided to take a walk downstairs. What's up?"

"Oh, nothing," Deirdre replied absent-mindedly. It was not his whereabouts that made her anxious-it was the possibility of Brendan knowing who Kyran was and making his move. "You should bring me along next time."

"Won't you

be too tired, though?" He joked. "You slept the moment your head hit the pillow as if you've been tired for a long time. You didn't even give me a hum when I talked to you."

Deirdre was embarrassed. She was admittedly having trouble sleeping the past few days because she... Well, she doubted him and could not shake her dread off. But it was different now. Deirdre knew Kyran was Kyran. Nothing could shake her conviction.

"I hadn't rested well for a while, so all of that crashed onto me. But now, I'm pretty much well-rested. Don't you think I seem to have gotten up pretty early today?"

Kyran set his sight on the clean laundry and chuckled. "Yes, very true. Very hardworking, too. Ever since you became my girlfriend, you've been acing every single one of your wifely duties... except one. Hmm. I wonder when that will happen!"

He was teasing her, but hearing it in a mechanical voice just made the entire thing feel even weirder.

Deirdre blushed so hard her cheeks were red.

Kyran brushed her hair aside. "I was joking. The only duty you have is to be by my side. Nothing more."

She buried her head into his chest and hummed.

They hugged for a while. "Feeling better?" he asked.

Deirdre froze. Her emotions seemed to be kicked up in a cloud. She forced a smile. "What do you mean? I'm feeling generally good, aren't I?"

"I can tell when you're feeling okay or not, Deirdre. You've been wearing a long face since I stepped in, as if something's troubling you." Kyran's black eyes fell onto her face gently. "You okay?"

She was wearing a long face?

Her mind was a mess. The only thing she knew for sure was that when she pushed open the door, her entire soul yearned for Kyran's hug. It was almost as if her heart could only feel at peace when she was

with him.

She had misunderstood herself. Madame Brighthall's words had affected her, after all. They had made

her feel something-not pity. Not sympathy.

Something else. Something much more... indiscernible.

Deirdre cast her eyes to the floor and suddenly felt like telling him.

"Kyran?" she said. "I mentioned I've been badly wounded by someone before, right?"

"Yes. I know. He was half of the reason you couldn't accept me for the longest time."

She closed her eyes softly. "He's dying."

Kyran froze.

Deidre gnashed her teeth. "There was not one moment in Alnwick when I wished he would die as soon as possible. Everything that I am today, all the tribulations I've suffered, was caused by him alone. I hate him. ... to my very bones!

"But now, when I heard that he's dying... I'm confused. I'm not as happy as I thought I would be. I'm not as excited either."

Chapter 442 So Was That Your Tacit Invitation?

"Why, Kyran? Why do you think I'm... like this?"

Bitterness tinged her last question. She was angry-angry at the incomprehensibility of her own emotions.

Kyran's hand ran down her back, his expression serene. "Deirdre, you don't feel joy over anyone's death because you're that kind-hearted. Your happiness doesn't need to be built on anyone's pain."

"But I should be happy! Shouldn't I?"

"Deirdre?" Kyran lifted her chin and gazed into her eyes. "Do you still love him?"

"Love who?"

"Him."

She shook her head with all her might. Tears of bitter, painful anger rolled out of her cheeks. "Love!? I hate him! I hate him so much... it's wearing me out..."

"So, you'll never forgive him, no matter what he does?"

There was not a shred of hesitancy in her response. "Never!"

Even Kyran was taken aback by how quickly her answer sprung. For a long time, he typed nothing.

The silence brewed a quiet sense of unease in her. "W-What's wrong?"

He gave a soft laugh. "Nothing. I was just thinking. If you are that sure of your answer, then what else is troubling you?"

Sadness. Somehow, something about his word choice implied sadness. Deirdre did not notice it until she mulled his reply over.

She stiffened.

"What's really troubling you is the strength of your resolve. Are you as determined as you think you are? Is your conviction as unshakable as you've imagined? Or is there a soft spot in your heart this whole time, and this confusion you're experiencing now actually stems from your pity?"

"But you heard yourself, didn't you? The answers you gave me were pretty good indicators, right? It wasn't pity or sympathy. You just hate him so much it wore you out and made you want nothing to do with him. any longer."

That was true. Deirdre cast her eyes to the floor. She knew that the real source of her unease had nothing to do with Brendan himself. She felt perturbed because she had

rejected Madame Brighthall's plea for help-because she cared about that old woman rather than her son.

She simply did not want her to suffer the loss of her one last family member. She did not want her to send off her son, who was still in the prime of his youth, when she should have been the one to go first.

Deirdre finally understood her own sentiments now. Her lip curled. "Thanks, Kyran."

"I'd rather you thanked me in another way."

She was stunned. 'A-Another way?'

It did not take her long to understand what the other way meant. The man's breath was beating down on her-rhythmic, heavy. Closer. A puff escaped from his lips, dispelling the winter air around her as they pressed against hers.

When their lips melted together, Deirdre's fingers trembled.

Kyran locked her hands between the spaces in his fingers. Her senses became a blur. When her lucidity returned a little, she realized she was already lying on his bed, and his breathing had lost its usual, even

rhythm.

The tip of her ears burnt. "K-Kyran, n-not now... We can't do it here..."

Her quivering tongue was tripping itself. "T-This is a h-hospital!"

The man froze and suddenly broke out a giggle.

She gripped the edge of her bed tightly, perplexed. "W-What's so funny?"

"Deirdre, my own body is forbidding me from doing anything too extreme," he explained. "Of course I know I shouldn't!"

Deirdre reeled back in realization. She had misunderstood his intentions!

She blushed.

"I have to wonder, though. Was that your tacit invitation to intimacy?" he asked. "God... I'm so happy!"

Deirdre felt a warm glow in her chest as the man threw his arms around her. They cuddled, enjoying their rare moment of peace and completeness.

There was a commotion outside. Hurried footsteps echoed through the corridor, interrupted only by the hushed voices of doctors and nurses. Deirdre could not see anything, but her ears were good enough that she raised her head and looked at the door.

The door opened, revealing Declan, who looked in shock at the cuddling couple on the bed. Then, his shock melted into a very, very suggestive smile.

“Man, aren’t you all just glad that it was me who came in? You two might accidentally teach sex education to any unsuspecting kids like this!” he quipped. “Maybe I should even knock the next time I come in.”

Flustered, Deirdre pushed Kyran away from her and took a seat on the bed next to it. Meanwhile, Kyran glared a little at his friend.

“What’s going on outside, Mr. King?” Deirdre asked in an attempt to change the subject. “What’s with the commotion?”

Chapter 443 That’s Unfair to Kyran

Declan’s expression darkened for a split second. He took his seat on the couch and explained, “It’s

nothing big. Just Brendan Brighthall’s health. They found blood in his sputter and vomit, so they declared he is in critical condition. That sort of thing will throw any hospital into chaos just because Brendan isn’t some small fry. If he dies here, the media’s going to have a field day.”

‘Critical condition...’

Deirdre’s heart wrung for a second. “What happened? Why is it so serious?”

“Not because of some freak accident, I bet,” replied Declan. “I distinctly recall him as being quite ill, or he wouldn’t be confined to his ward as soon as he’s hospitalized. His current condition is probably expected.”

Deirdre exhaled slowly. Maybe this was what Brendan deserved, after all. She said nothing, and yet she heard Kyran suddenly type, “The world will be better without him.”

Deirdre was bewildered. She had never seen Kyran express hostility comparable to the animosity he displayed now. Not even Tobey, who he treated as his love rival, earned this much contempt. Kyran would even help Tobey if he was in trouble!

“Why... did you say that?” Deirdre questioned gingerly. “Is there a grudge between you two?”

“No grudge. Just hate his guts.”

“Kyran met Brendan before back in Eastgene at a party. Brendan’s attitude was crap. He strutted around like he was the sh*t even though he was sh*t. Kyran couldn’t stand it.”

“Oh. Okay.” Deirdre’s voice was low. She did not expect them to share such a tenuous history.

Kyran rose. “I’m going out for a sec.”

Deirdre nodded.

Declan waited for the man to go before finally asking, “Miss McKinnon, pardon my candor, but what’s on your mind?”

She had been spacing out-Madame Brighthall’s request kept coming back to her mind’s eye. Declan’s question managed to pull her out of her trance, but its directness made her clench her fists instinctively. ” Nothing.”

“Really? Nothing?” Declan’s eyes were boring through her like a laser. He had never looked so serious before. “Miss McKinnon, does the news upset you?”

“Upset about what?”

“Brendan’s condition.”

Deirdre’s breathing hitched. Her eyebrows furrowed. “Mr. King, why did you ask me that?”

“What else could have made you make that face?” replied Declan. “I might not have paid you this particular issue that much attention in the past, but I feel the need to stress this. You’re Kyran’s girlfriend now. I’m not going to let you enjoy Kyran’s love and devotion as a boyfriend while your heart feels sorry for your ex.”

“No, that’s ridiculous!” Deirdre retorted at the tail of his warning. His accusation was so ludicrous that her eyelashes trembled at the shock of hearing it at all. “And I won’t remember Brendan forever, either, because I hate him! I’ll never forgive him!”

“That’s reassuring. Anything else would have been unfair to Kyran... that’s all.”

“I know what you mean.” She lowered her eyes. “Don’t worry about it, Mr. King. Now that I’ve decided to be with Kyran, I’ll not let the past hold me hostage again.”

“But do you really feel nothing about him dying?” asked Declan. There was little skepticism in his tone. It seemed to be purely quizzical.

Deirdre nodded after a beat. In the past, she would have thrown herself to death if it meant she could die with Brendan, but Kyran's presence had changed that. He became her reason to keep living. He became the reason she wanted to lay all of her past down and start all over.

Declan smiled. "Well, good. Brendan's death would be exactly what you've always hoped for, right? It's a good thing for all of us, then."

"Yea."

Deirdre did not manage to find out more about Brendan's critical condition. All she knew was that when she got out of the ward, she heard Madame Brighthall's quiet sob-and the moment she fainted.

Chapter 444 Those Are Some Familiar Eyes...

Deirdre backtracked into Kyran's room and curled into herself on the bed after hiding under the blanket. She realized she could not face Madame Brighthall at all. If the old lady would ask her to see Brendan one more time-if she would even beg her without caring about her usual status and seniority-Deirdre could not be sure if she would say yes out of empathetic pain alone.

Fortunately for her, two days passed without many incidents. At most, she would overhear the nurses' conversation while doing laundry as they discussed how low Brendan's odds were at survival.

"Why must all geniuses die young, huh? He's so young and brilliant and just a shining star! Why must every

star fall?"

"Girl, there were cameras around the door when I checked in for work. Someone must have leaked the news out to the press, and now even the reporters are flooding in."

"Jesus Christ. Are they vultures or what? The surgery hasn't even finished yet, and these sh*theads are already milking the story for money?"

Deirdre held her pail and walked past them when suddenly, a stranger approached her.

"Good day, ma'am," he greeted in a hushed, suspicious voice as though he was trying to evade attention. "Do you happen to know where Mr. Brendan Brighthall's room is?"

Deirdre thinned her lips and shook her head. "I'm sorry, I don't."

She took a step forward, but the man cut into her path again. "Really? Mr. Brighthall's room is on the same level as the one you're heading to, so you must have seen him

every once in a while now, right? Listen, I get it. Every information broker needs a tip. I can give you that as long as you provide me with accurate information!”

Deirdre was sure she was facing a reporter now. Apparently, no news could be gathered by the foyer, so now they had to break in.

“Please, sir. I’m blind. I rarely step outside my room, so I can’t help you. Please ask someone else.”

“Blind?” The man stared into Deirdre’s eyes and realized how glassy and unresponsive they were. No one would have noticed unless they paid a lot of attention. “God, I’m sorry.”

“It’s fine.” She nodded slightly and felt her way out through the wall.

The man could not get her eyes out of his head. They looked... somewhat familiar. He swore he had seen them somewhere while he was gathering information on Brendan. He had seen them before.

But where?

He slapped the sides of his head and still could not remember a thing. His phone rang, so he picked it up.” Lily? Yeah, I’m here. No, you don’t have to worry about a thing because this time, I’m gonna get the most explosive first-hand information and sell it to the highest bidder in the press. You’re gonna live like a princess soon!”

Before he hung up, he asked, “Anyway, before I go... Have you ever heard if Brendan Brighthall has a girlfriend or something who’s also blind?”

The woman on the other side sounded downright stupefied. “Blind? Blake Dunn, do you think this is funny?”

“I’m not being funny, Lily! It’s a blind woman whose face also seemed kinda scarred or injured. I mean, she had bandages behind her mask. Does a girlfriend like that ever exist?”

Lily crossed her arms and snickered. “If this isn’t you trying to be a funnyman, then you must be calling me while drunk or high. Do you even know who Brendan Brighthall is, you numbnut? Why would a man like that have a blind girlfriend? You know that thing inside your head, babe? Use it!”

Blake thought she was right, and yet he could not shake off the feeling that he had seen her eyes before. It had to be recent...

He could not draw any memory. All he had to base on was that his memories had always been reliable and good. He could not possibly get it wrong.

"Babe? Can you tidy up all of my gathered intel and send it to my mail later? I'll read it again in my hotel."

"Okay, but you better be quick. Don't let anyone else steal your scoop!"

"Roger that."

Deirdre opened the door and slipped inside Kyran's ward.

The man was still in the shower, so she sat on his bed and thought about the reporter. If the media had gotten inside... Brendan's news was going to be public really soon.

Not that the man lacked the connections and manpower to sweep it all under the rug.

Chapter 445 I Want You to be My Wife

Deirdre couldn't care less. She rose, closed the window, and heard a sound from the shower. She was about to turn when she felt a man wrap his arms around her waist.

She could smell the soap he used. It seemed someone was in a good mood despite being close to his operation. "Is everything prepared?"

Kyran let go and took his phone. "Why? Are you worried about me?"

"Yes." She nodded. "I know it's not anything major, but there are always risks of complications in any given surgery. I'm always going to be worried."

"You don't have to be," replied Kyran, a smile shadowing his lips. "Because Lady Nike, Goddess of Victory, is on my side. The operation will be a success, and then we'll leave this place when I'm all healed up."

He kissed her earlobe. "First stop, Southyam. How about that?"

"Southyam?"

"Lots of good food, we'll eat whatever we like! You're too skinny, Deirdre. I gotta do what boyfriends are divinely commanded to do-bring you the best food until you're chubby and chummy."

He began to describe Southyam in more detail. Deirdre had never been to the place, yet it was as if she had already gone there in her mind.

A grin crept up on her face. Once Kyran recovered, they would disappear from here without a trace. And Brendan would never see her again.

"Okay! We'll go to Southyam!" She chirped excitedly.

Kyran held her hand in his. "Then, my second stop... Germia. You're going to see my parents."

Deirdre froze. Then, she hung her head.

Kyran paused. "What's the matter? You're not ready for that yet? If you're not, we can wait a little while longer. I guess I am a little too forward. Sorry."

"No, it's not that..." Deirdre drew a deep breath. "Do you know what it means for me to see your parents?" Kyran was quick to type, "It means I'm going to marry you."

Her heart skipped a beat. He knew. And he answered her without any hesitation.

"Or..." Kyran stopped and then typed again, "You haven't actually decided to marry me yet, and I'm being very impatient?"

She shook her head as hard as she could and hugged Kyran tightly. "Now you're just spouting nonsense!" He laughed. "Oh, so you agree to be my wife."

She blushed, flustered. Kyran studied her scarlet cheeks and kissed them lightly.

In a hotel somewhere, Blake Dunn was holding his laptop and scanning every information he had gathered on Brendan. Finally, his eyes fell onto a name-Charlene McKinney.

Blake remembered who she was. This was the man's ex-wife... on paper. Four years ago, Charlene killed someone in a hit-and-run accident before admitting to her guilt. She was incarcerated shortly after, and honestly, she should still be in prison, serving her time.

When Blake met her, the young woman's eyes-sitting above her mask-were evasive and secretive. Blake became even more excited upon recalling her behavior, so he moved his cursor to one of the photos in the file.

It was the only picture he had where Brendan and Charlene were together, which was taken during a charity dinner. The young woman, wearing a graceful, elegant dress, bore beauty unlike any other woman. Her eyes were so clear and sharp it was like staring into a pair of onyx.

Blake forgot to breathe for one moment. His eyes blazed in excitement.

Charlene McKinney! He had met Charlene McKinney!

He could not be happier for his windfall. He stumbled upon a scoop by sheer luck alone! Overjoyed, he called his girlfriend again.

She was sleeping when he called, so her temper flared at the sound of her ringtone. "Godd*mnit, Blake Dumb! It's the middle of the night! Get a clue, my God!"

Chapter 446 Brendan Brighthall's Ex-Wife

"Wake up, babe, we are gonna be filthy rich!"

Lily froze and then scoffed. "So, how serious should your delusion be before I bring you to a shrink? I'm growing really tired of your sh*t."

"No, this is serious!" Blake cried hastily. "Lily, do you know who I met today in the hospital?"

That caught Lily's attention. "Yeah?"

"Brendan Brighthall's ex-wife! Charlene McKinney!"

Lily was incredulous. "You what!?"

She was the one who had bought Blake's information from a broker, so she had read it before and knew who Charlene was. "Are you for real? Charlene's supposed to be serving her sentence in prison!"

"That's exactly why this is our big scoop!" Blake could not contain his zeal. "Think, babe. Instead of being in prison, his ex-wife appears in the same hospital he's staying in. The only possible solution here is that the Brighthalls abused their power and wealth to bail Charlene out! They flouted the law and let at

murderer out. H*ll, he was still getting all cozy with the murderer! How much money do you think we'll get for this firsthand scoop?"

"Oh my God, babe, You did it. You godd*mn did it!" Lily shrieked before calming down as much as she could. "But how are you so sure that the woman you saw was Brendan's ex-wife?"

"There's no way I got it wrong," Blake said confidently. "Wait for my good news!"

Deirdre woke up from her dream with a startle again. She wiped the sweat off her forehead and realized the window was not shut completely. The chilly wintry air had crept inside, cooling her right cheek so much the surface felt like ice.

She rubbed her face, climbed out of her bed, and closed the window. Worried that Kyran's sleep was affected, she approached his bed and carefully felt for the edge of his blanket so she could tuck him in.

She touched the middle of the bed and felt nothing under the blanket.

“Kyran?” She frantically ran her hands around the bed, but the inside of the cover was cold. He was not there. Where could he be?

She suddenly felt a sense of panic welling up. Putting on a coat, she stepped outside into the quiet corridor.

It was about three or four in the morning. She tried to call him, but he would not answer. “Kyran...” she muttered, frowning, and felt her way to the laundry room.

It was then when she heard a very soft snap-the sound of the camera shutter.

But it was so airy that she was certain she had imagined it. Still, she touched her face instinctively, her hand rubbing against the surface of her mask. She had remembered to put it on before she left.

At ease, she hurried toward the laundry room.

It was then that the nurse on patrol noticed her. “Miss McKinnon!” She greeted her. “It’s too early in the morning for a stroll, miss. Anything wrong?”

The nurse came just in time. Deirdre held her arm and asked, “Have you seen Kyran?”

“Mr. Reed?” The nurse said hesitantly. “He-”

“He what?”

“Deirdre.”

She turned at the sound and found herself bumping straight into the man’s broad, hard chest. He was wearing a coat-she could feel remnants of the wintry air from him.

“Did he just return from outside?”

She grabbed a fistful of his shirt, and her frown relaxed. “Where did you go?”

“Sorry. I went outside. I didn’t mean to make you worry.”

Deirdre bit her lip. Of course, she was worried. She was terrified. If Brendan knew about his existence, he might do something terrible to him!

Her anxiety only melted the moment she felt him around her. Her eyes watered. “You’re about to undergo surgery! Why did you go out?”

Kyran combed her hair with his fingers while the nurse chuckled dryly. “Well, it’s precisely because he’s about to undergo surgery, Miss McKinnon. Mr. Reed’s feeling

nervous, too, so he went out for a walk. He even told me to take care of you while he was away," she explained. "He really cares about you."

Chapter 447 Is That Her?

Deirdre sniffled and raised her head. "Is that true? Kyran, did you go out for a stroll?"

"Yes. I couldn't sleep, so I took a walk."

So, he was just as capable of feeling distressed by his impending operation, too. The revelation complicated her feelings-she leaned at his chest and tried to assure him. "It's gonna be fine. I'll be right outside the theater."

Kyran's eyes softened. He closed his fingers around her tightly and realized they were nipping. Alarmed, he took off his coat and put it over her. "Just wait in my room next time instead of coming outside. It's too cold out here. I don't want you to catch a cold."

"Mm-hmm..." Deirdre hummed, feeling a little sting at the back of her throat. The window coming loose was probably why, but she would rather not make Kyran worry. Pulling the coat close to herself, she enjoyed his lingering scent.

"Let's head back."

Not long after they returned, a nurse came inside to perform a body examination on Kyran. Since general anesthesia was going to be used, he could not drink or eat before his surgery. His lips became so dry they were chaffed.

Deirdre felt the bump with her finger and frowned. "Are you thirsty?"

"I'm alright." He kissed the back of her hand. "Don't worry."

Declan came to speak to the doctor privately by mid-afternoon. Kyran held Deirdre's freezing hands in silence until the nurse informed him it was time. She then pushed him out of the room, leaving Deirdre alone on her cold, steely chair.

She felt... unease. After noticing her nervous grimace, Declan sat next to her and comforted her. "Now, don't look like that! It's not going to be a problem. The first operation was a major success, so there's no reason to think this time will be any different. You should eat, drink, and take a d*mn nap."

Declan's own carefree attitude was an affectation meant only to mollify Deirdre, but it did not work too well. She was not in the mood at all. "I know," she replied and forced a smile.

"Had your meal?"

She shook her head.

“I’ll have the nurse wheel it into the ward for you, then. You need to eat. If you fall ill after he’s okay, he will beat the crap out of me.”

She smiled. “Haha. Like he would.”

“Why wouldn’t he? The only person he’s 100% nice to is you. He gives a lot less sh*t to everyone else, you know. He wouldn’t even smile at his homie more often!”

“Oh yeah? What about his ex-girlfriend?” Deirdre blinked.

“Ex-girlfriend?” Declan paused, startled. Lowering his voice, he answered, “Come on, that’s old news. Besides, she’s not gonna appear anyway.”

“Why not?” Deirdre was surprised. “She’s alive, isn’t she?”

Declan was quiet for a few moments. “Alive, yes. Loves him? No. She has a new family of her own and now lives in another city. It’s a big, wide world, Miss McKinnon. You don’t just bump into your old flame

most of the time. Besides, even if he sees her again, I doubt she could hold a candle to you.”

Deirdre thought the man was kind of hyperbolic. A relationship as impactful as that would always be imprinted into one’s memories and soul.

But she did not mind.

They talked a bit more until Deirdre started to feel her throat itch and dry. Declan could tell it, so he asked, “Thirsty?”

She nodded.

“Well, I’m about to make some calls, so I’ll bring you a pot of warm water then.”

“Thank you.”

He waved. “You’re welcomed.”

He turned away and left Deirdre alone outside the operating theater door. The corridor had its crowd. today, so she could hear people passing her by.

More accurately, she could hear them speak. “Is that her? Is that her!?”

Chapter 448 The News

“And that mask, too. Urgh. Feels too mysterious to my taste...”

“She doesn’t look at all like someone who should be affiliated with Mr. Brighthall. You sure this isn’t like a huge misunderstanding?”

“The woman in the picture is a godd*mn queen, sis. If she were here in this hospital this whole time, we should have noticed her by now! So yeah, I call doubt!”

Deirdre was sensitive, so the first thing that leaped to her mind was that these people were talking about her. She raised her head and turned in their direction.

“God, she’s looking at us! She’s not going to rearrange our faces, right? I mean, she got out of prison despite killing someone in a hit-and-run! This is the kind of thug we are not supposed to engage with. Let’s bail!”

“Can you calm down? We don’t know if it’s fake news, okay? Even if she is that murderer, what will she do about us? She’s the one who shouldn’t be here!”

Deirdre was even more sure that the target of their hostility was her, but only pieces of their dialogue were intelligible enough from her side. She could hear certain words such as “murderer” or “Brendan”... Her fear multiplied. She rose.

The voices grew louder. “She’s up! She’s coming to kill us!”

“Don’t be a wimp! If she dares hurt us, we’ll call the cops on her!”

Deirdre took a deep breath and approached them. Her cold made her head feel unnecessarily heavy while her footsteps were a little too light, but most of all, it made her voice sound like a growl. “Excuse me, but were the two of you talking about me?”

The braver woman of the two shielded her friend and snapped. “Who else could be *sshole enough to fit the description?”

Deirdre frowned. Perplexed, she asked, “Have I ever offended any of you?”

The woman sneered. “Oh, not us personally. But that doesn’t mean you’re not sh*t! Lemme ask you this, are you the woman they were talking about in the news?”

“The news?” Deirdre was even more dumbfounded now. “What news?”

“Well, this one... Hold on a sec,” the woman stopped herself and asked, “You’re blind? Are you really blind, or are you just pretending to be one?”

Deirdre furrowed her eyebrows. “I’m blind.”

She was starting to panic. Clenching her fists, she asked again, "What was that about the news?"

"Oh, so I'm supposed to be your screen reader now." The woman mocked her cruelly.

"Brendan's ex-wife, Charlene McKinney, has been bailed out of prison despite murdering someone in an accident and is now found in the hospital rekindling their relationship."

"You wore the same clothes as the woman in this picture, which means you're Charlene McKinney, his ex-

wife!"

Deirdre felt a bomb had dropped in her chest. She was stupefied.

When did she become news? When!? Who found her!?

"What did you say?" she muttered as she reeled back from her shock. Her voice was trembling. "Who told you this?!"

"Who told me? The freaking news, duh!" replied the woman, her eyes boring through Deirdre's increasingly pale face. "So you did escape justice after killing someone?"

"How could you show your face in the hospital without any comeuppance!? Because you got into Brighthall's pants?"

The woman began to wall her in. Deirdre widened her eyes, her mind blank.

"Miss McKinnon!"

Declan materialized at the end of the corridor, his footsteps frantic. He was sweating lightly but managed to step between the women and Deirdre before shielding her behind him.

He eyed them warily. "What's the big idea?"

The man's sudden appearance dampened the woman's self-righteous attitude, but she was not going to back down. "Well, a murderer is on the loose in this hospital! Aren't we allowed to be scared for ourselves?"

"Murderer? On what proof?"

Chapter 449 How Much Longer Should Her Torment Last?

"This article is proof!"

“Article?” Declan’s features twisted into an unamused glare. “I can write a hundred of those fake articles with a slightly different bend. People don’t even have to attach their real names to half of this trashy fake news now, let alone do old-fashioned things like corroborating it with solid evidence.

“Honestly, who gave you the right to harass someone innocent over some tabloid’s piss-poor excuse of

an article?”

“Mr. King

“You’re all right, Miss McKinnon. Ain’t no reason to play nice to *sshholes, right?” he replied reassuringly. “Wait, Miss ‘McKinnon’? Her name is McKinnon!”

“What’s that to you, news as well?” Declan clapped back. “Should I call the cops and have them read her personal information to you too?”

The woman finally quaked. Her friend tugged on her shirt, and they left in embarrassment.

Deirdre fought back her tears. It felt like a crater had erupted from the inside of her skull. She had to calm herself down with several deep breaths before muttering, “Mr. King, what is going on?”

Declan was just as confused. “Someone’s got their eyes on you.”

“What does that mean?”

“Someone must have recognized you while you were walking around the hospital, taken your picture, and sold it to fake news agencies with sh*tty rep. They made a big story about you being Brighthall’s ex-wife, and you’re now back here ‘trying to get together again.”

“You know what the media is like nowadays. They will publish anything to get views and clicks. This is especially true when one of the protagonists is at his most milkable moments right now, so with your story, they spread it out like it was the plague.”

Deirdre felt her head spinning. “You’re telling me it’s already out there? The news?”

“Don’t worry. I’ve got my people to suppress the matter as much as we can on the Internet. We’ll come out with a clarification of some kind. Anything to lower the damage coming at you.”

She could feel a headache coming. This was not what worried her at all. “What about Brendan?” she asked, her voice trembling. Her fists were red from her force, and her

eyes were widening in fear. "If people in this hospital know, then... he must have read it too!"

Declan was stunned. He had thought Deirdre was worried about character assassinations or the threat to her freedom, but it turned out she was worried about whether Brendan knew about her.

"No, I don't think so. He and Kyran have their operations on the same day. He should be inside by now."

"That's good..." Deirdre exhaled in relief. Her face was still white as a sheet. Her eyes were red. "Thank you, Mr. King. Please help me bury this on the Internet. And one last thing...."

"I'm not a murderer, I swear."

She was worried that Declan would begin to doubt who she was. She could not let it happen-this was about Deirdre's moral character!

"I know."

She was stunned. "You... know?"

Even Madame Brighthall had no idea. How did someone who lived as far as Eastgene know, then?

He considered her surprise and explained, "I can tell from the times we've been hanging out together, Miss McKinnon You're a kind soul. There is no way you could be the type to run if you accidentally run someone over. Besides, you hate Brendan so much that I'm willing to bet he framed you for the crime."

Deirdre said nothing. Her eyes were wet. She breathed as hard as she could, yet she could not calm herself. A man who had only spent a few months with her knew her inability to harm better than anyone.

But the other man who had spent years? And all the things he had done against her?

"The irony is biting. Brendan Brighthall, just how long are you going to keep tormenting me!?"

"I... Thank you..." Deirdre croaked.

Chapter 450 Can You Even Fathom the Consequences?

"First, we should get your tears wiped." Declan said as he produced a handkerchief made from silk. He handed it to her. "Helping you is my job, Miss McKinnon, more like

my promise to my friend. I'm supposed to take care of you so long as Kyran's not around to do that. Besides, none of this is your fault. So don't blame yourself, okay?

Declan continued hesitantly, frowning. "Though I have to warn you. "The media vulture types are probably going to be all over you for these two days. They are going to try their best to milk as much news as they can from you before we completely shut the news down so they can squeeze as much money as they can for their miserable lives. Stay inside as often as possible. H*ll, stay in his ward."

Deirdre nodded-her heavy head seemed to threaten to fall at every nod. She was about to reach the end of the corridor when she heard a loud commotion. "This hospital is protecting a murderer! Brendan Brighthall bailed a murderer out of jail! He should explain himself!"

"We want Charlene McKinney to stand before us and speak to us! That's the only way to get to the truth!" "Exactly! How could the CEO of a company as big as the Brighthall Group step all over the law and bail a murderer out just because he wants to? How is this justice to the victims!?"

A stampede of reporters was trying to break into the 11th floor. It was the nurse who blocked them on the entrance to the elevator.

Deirdre's face turned white. Alarmed, she cried, "Are they here?"

"Don't be scared, Miss McKinnon!" Declan called out, frowning.

Kyran had barely entered the operation theater, and the situation had already spiraled into chaos. "Those reporters are trying to get their first scoop with their most self-righteous excuses! I'll handle it. Get back into the ward and close the door. Don't open it for anyone except me!"

"W-What about Kyran?" She protested, biting her lips. She had promised him she would wait for him outside.

Declan sighed. "Don't worry about that. He's in the middle of his surgery, so he's going to be fine. Once his operation is over, I'll send a nurse to tell you. Remember, Kyran isn't going to feel any better if you're in trouble. The success of his surgery will be damned!"

Deirdre mulled it over for a minute and realized he was right. She had to stop giving Declan so much trouble. "I'm heading to the ward now. T-Thank you, Mr. King."

Declan patted her back as a sign of appreciation before striding toward the reporters.

Meanwhile, Deirdre felt her way back across the wall to a corner before turning to the door. She was about to turn the knob when she heard a voice call out, "Miss McKinnon."

It was old, tired, and yet imposing and slightly irate. Deirdre froze.

Despite Brendan being in the middle of his surgery, Madame Brighthall had decided to come to her. There could be only one reason.

“M-Madame Brighthall?”

The older woman took a deep breath, closed her eyes, and opened them again. “Can you explain this to me?” she demanded. “The news about you being ‘Charlene McKinney’, how did it get to the media? And why are they here, in this hospital?”

Deirdre clenched her fists instinctively. She was just as confused. “Madame Brighthall, I know you think

I’m lying, but I swear I have no idea. I don’t know why someone would take my picture and write that article-”

“The only ones who know your true identity are you and I! If it’s not you... then who else could have brought reporters here on the very day my son is undergoing critical surgery!?” Madame Brighthall snapped, her voice almost wailing.

She was at her wit’s end. “I’m not even going to talk about how much damage this is causing to my family, Miss McKinnon. Bren is in the middle of his operation! What’s gonna happen when the media circus reaches him?

“And what will he do when he learns you’re here, in the same hospital he is in!? Can you even fathom the consequences?”

Chapter 451 I Met Someone Very Nice

“At the beginning, because you faked your death, he ran out of the hospital like crazy, omitting his tearing and bleeding wound. When he comes out of the operation, do you think he will recuperate with peace!?”

Deirdre closed her eyes tremblingly. “I’m sorry. I don’t want it either.”

After Madame Brighthall vented her emotions, she fell down on the bench next to her as if she was drained of energy.

“Miss McKinnon, I’ve given you a choice. I begged you to see him before the operation. Since you refused to agree, then you would never see him again, but now it is rumored... Fortunately, when this happened, Bren had already been injected with anesthesia. Otherwise, do you know what the consequences would be? This is, after all, a life-threatening operation for him!”

Deirdre clenched her fists despite being feeble. “Madame Brighthall, letting everyone know that I am a murderer will do me no good at all. I already have a boyfriend. I don’t want this matter to be made known to Brendan even more than you do, do you understand?”

Madame Brighthall’s eyes turned red. “But you hate him.”

These four words sounded airy, but they struck Deirdre like a thunderbolt.

That’s right. She hated Brendan so much that she might have the idea of destroying him by sacrificing

herself.

That was what Madame Brighthall thought. Hence, she was so heartbroken that she came here even without waiting for the operation to end.

However...

Deirdre felt disturbed, but she managed to calm down again. She lowered her eyes and said, “Indeed, I hate him. In the past, I would have done this kind of thing because I wished Brendan would die on the operating table. Since I’ve nothing left, it wouldn’t hurt to drag that demon down with me, but now...”

She made a pause before she continued. “I met someone very nice.”

The tenderness Deirdre’s eyes exuded startled Madame Brighthall involuntarily.

“He loves me very much. He is never disgusted with my face and doesn’t care about being judged. We have even thought about how to get through the future, and I will not ruin my future just because of the pain I suffered in the past. It is not worth it.”

She raised her head without any guilt or anxiety. “Madame Brighthall, you can rest assured that I’ve nothing to do with this matter. My friend will also try to suppress this matter as much as possible to minimize the damage. And we will be leaving soon so that I won’t disturb your Brighthall family, disturb Brendan and you.”

Deirdre’s calmness seemed to have brought Madame Brighthall back to the scene many years ago.

At that time, she still refused to admit Deirdre as her daughter-in-law and acted indifferent toward her. But Deirdre still did not complain. Instead, Deirdre kept her head down and did what she had to do well. When she finished, she would sit on the small sofa beside her.

Madame Brighthall got impatient, pulled the blanket, and demanded, "Why aren't you leaving yet? Even if you are acting, it should come to an end, right?"

Deirdre smiled and said, "Auntie, don't you think this room is too deserted? Brendan has been very busy

since he was in school, so he rarely comes here, right? There is a festival today, and I will accompany you. If you think I am annoying, I will keep quiet."

At that time, Deirdre couldn't address Madame Brighthall as 'mother'. She could only call her 'auntie', even though she had been married to Brendan for two months and three days.

In those few days when the city was blocked by heavy snow, Madame Brighthall suffered a heart attack. Deirdre noticed it immediately. She found a quilt, tied Madame Brighthall to her body, and rushed into the

snow.

Even though her teeth were chattering due to the cold, Deirdre still spoke firmly. "Do hold on, auntie. We'll be able to catch a ride after another ten minutes' walk."

After Madame Brighthall was saved, Deirdre entered her ward with her face as calm as it was now.

Chapter 452 If He Had Met You First

Even though the inside of her boots were wet, her hands were cracked from the cold, and her body was so cold that Deirdre lost her senses, the first thing she said with a smile was, "It's good that you're fine."

Deirdre didn't claim credit for this, nor did she express her grievances. It was as if it was right and just for her to save her life. Although she was even more obedient to Brendan, she had never mentioned she was the one who had carried Madame Brighthall.

At that moment, Madame Brighthall began to really regard Deirdre as her daughter-in-law. For more than a year, she became more intimate with Deirdre, as if Deirdre was her daughter, and she cared more about Deirdre than Brendan.

Unfortunately, their relationship had turned out otherwise.

After Deirdre finished speaking, she nodded, signaling that she was about to open the door to enter the

ward.

“Miss McKinnon...” said Madame Brighthall in a trembling voice.

Deirdre kept standing at the same spot while Madame Brighthall said with her eyes reddened, “Back then,

only Bren had met you first.”

if

The hand of Deirdre holding the doorknob trembled, and she felt her heart was so painful, as if it was pierced by cold air.

What Madame Brighthall meant was very obvious. If Brendan had met Deirdre first, he would have loved her, and Charlene wouldn't have been the third party.

However, Madame Brighthall didn't know the fact that Brendan had met Deirdre first.

It was just that people who were not suitable would be missed anyway.

She didn't say a word, let alone turn back when she walked into the ward. The moment she closed the

door, tears fell uncontrollably.

Deirdre felt a faint stabbing pain on her face, so she hurriedly wiped the tears on her face with her hands. However, the pain remained like a knife, but it was not on her face.

It was in her heart.

She just sat on the hospital bed in a daze until her body became stiff.

The door was opened, and a nurse said, “Miss McKinnon, Mr. King asked me to inform you that Mr. Reed's operation is over!”

Deirdre immediately got up from her seat, startled and worried simultaneously. “How is his situation?”

The nurse laughed. “Don't worry! Mr. Reed's operation was successful. Do you want me to help you there?”

Deirdre quickly stretched out her hand, and the nurse led her all the way to the door of the operation. room, just in time to stumble upon Kyran being pushed out.

The doctor was still talking to Declan about some taboos after the operation while Deirdre went toward the sound, feeling unprecedented joy in her heart.

It was very successful. That was great!

Kyran didn't seem to have passed out. The moment he felt Deirdre's hand, he made a soft sound.

Deirdre carefully put her hand on Kyran's hand and hooked her fingertips, causing Deirdre's eyes to turn

red.

After Kyran was pushed away, the nurse said, "Mr. Reed is really lucky. Unlike the one next door, who bled heavily halfway. It'd be God's kindness even if he managed to survive."

Deirdre's look froze for a moment, and she turned to the side. Declan came over after he finished talking with the doctor. "Miss McKinnon, are you alright?"

"I'm alright," replied Deirdre in a hoarse voice.

Declan was stunned for a moment and then said, "The operation was successful. He just needs to rest well. By the way, I'll have to focus more on project matters from now onward, so it'll be your responsibility to take good care of him."

"Don't worry, just leave it to me." Deirdre smiled.

"Also..." Declan hesitated for a moment before he continued. "About the media report this time, I have already found someone to debunk the rumors. The hospital will block reporters from entering, but because the person who took your photo before didn't use professional equipment, he will likely enter the hospital as a patient and come to you.

"During this period, you should be more alert and notify a nurse whenever there's anything."

Thinking of the reporter who had snuck in to interview Brendan, Deirdre became worried. Thus, she nodded and said, "I will be more alert."

Chapter 453 Not Charlene McKinney

"Well, let's go back."

After Declan got to the ward, Declan remained in the ward until he received the phone call that he had to

leave.

Deirdre remained by Kyran's side all the time But Kyran was still slumbering

After a long time, a nurse knocked on the door, came in, and asked, "Miss McKinnon, it's almost nighttime. Do you want something to eat? I'll go to the cafeteria and get you a meal box"

"No." Deirdre smiled. Thank you, but I'm not hungry yet

"But... Miss McKinnon, you haven't eaten all day Even if you're not hungry, your body needs food The nurse was worried "How about I bring a bowl of porridge over? Just take a little Otherwise, Mr. Reed will be in distress when he wakes up later

Deirdre really didn't have much of an appetite. But when she thought that she might not make it through the night if she didn't eat, she nodded hesitantly

"Thank you"

On the other hand, Blake made a phone call at the hotel. As soon as the call was connected, he

reprimanded furiously, "What's going on? What about the money you promised me? Why haven't i received it yet? We agreed on 50,000 dollars! Are you reneging after you've only paid 25,000 dollars?"

Upon hearing Blake's accusation, the other end was enraged "How dare you still call me? What a troublemaker! That woman was not Charlene McKinney at all. She was just an ordinary passerby! I trusted you, but now I have received the court's summon

"What?" Blake was incredulous "Are you kidding? That was indeed Charlene McKinney!"

In fact, Blake somewhat felt guilty. Although he was assured, he had no way to prove that Charlene McKinney was the woman who should be in prison.

But again, they shouldn't have any evidence to deny it.

"Who is that woman? I think you know better than I do! We've already received her information. Her name is Deirdre McKinnon, an ordinary woman!"

"Deirdre McKinnon?" Blake suddenly panicked and forcibly calmed himself down. "You weren't deceived, right? Maybe it's just a random piece of information..."

"If I were not sure, would I not report such news? On the contrary, I trusted you so much, but you ended up deceiving me! You better quickly return the 25,000 dollars, or you know my tricks!"

After hanging up the phone, Blake panicked. His dream of becoming a rich man had come to naught. He knew what tricks he would have to face if he didn't return the

money, so he hurriedly called his girlfriend. The phone was connected almost instantly. Blake heard Lily walk aside amidst laughter, who said excitedly. "Dear, you are really great! I managed to show off in front of my friends! I'm now doing my shopping and bought myself a set of beautiful clothes, remember to come to me at night..."

How could Blake care about all these things? He was so devastated that he asked cautiously. "Lily, how much have you spent from the 25,000 I gave you?"

"Eight..."

"Eight? In that case, it should be just 800 dollars at most."

Just as Blake was about to breathe a sigh of relief, Lily said playfully, "It's 18,000."

Blake was rendered speechless.

"What's the matter?" Noticing that Blake remained silent, Lily frowned, pursed her red lips, and said, "Are you unhappy that I spent so much? Blake Dunn! Don't forget that when you transferred me the money, you already told me to spend it freely, and you said you would support me. But in the end, you're showing your true colors when I just spent a little of your money?"

Blake was sweating profusely. "No, Lily...please listen to my explanation..."

Chapter 454 Just to See Her Face

"What is there to explain? I thought you could give me a good life, but you immediately showed your true colors when I only spent 18,000 dollars. How will I survive if I marry you in the future!?"

Blake quickly coaxed her. "Oh, Lily, you've misunderstood. I just wanted to ask whether you have enough money. I'll give you more if you don't."

"Really?" Lily's expression softened. "It's true that I've almost finished spending my money. When will you transfer me the remaining 25,000?"

Blake gnashed his teeth and replied with determination, "Soon! I'll transfer it to you immediately after 1

receive it."

"Oh dear, you're truly very amazing. In that case, I'll continue to enjoy it!"

After hanging up the phone, Blake knelt with his head in his arms.

He knew that Lily had spent the 18,000 dollars, and he would not be able to get it back. It wouldn't be worth it if he lost his girlfriend again.

But if he couldn't get the money, wouldn't he....

The woman's eyes flashed in his mind, and he refused to reconcile.

How could it be such a coincidence? How could they have similar eyes and also appear in the same hospital? It should have been a foregone conclusion, but it turned out it was not.

Suddenly, a thought flashed through his mind.

Whether the woman was Charlene McKinney, he would just have to see her face under the mask.

"Miss McKinnon, I'm coming in."

The nurse knocked on the door and came in with the packed porridge. "I don't know what flavor you like. so I got you some honey, fruits, and nuts. Do have it while it's still hot."

Deirdre picked up the spoon and said, "Thank you, I really appreciate it."

The nurse smiled and replied, "You are welcome. We're just doing what Mr. King has requested. After all, it's not only because he's very busy. You also can't see, so please don't hesitate to ask for our help."

"Sure."

The nurse went out.

While Deirdre was eating the porridge, her mind was full of the reported news.

She wondered how they had found her when there obviously were very few people who knew her there. And that kind of report..

The rumor was too unbelievable and unconscionable without them knowing her identity.

She fell into a daze while biting her lower lip.

The phone rang out suddenly, so she put down the spoon, accepted the call, and heard Tobey's voice." Deirdre, are you okay?"

Upon hearing such a question, Deirdre's heart skipped a beat. "Tobey, did you see something in the news?"

“Not me. I’m in Eastgene, and it’s not that fast for me to get that information. It’s my mother.”

“Madame Russell?”

Tobey paused before he continued. “She saw the newspaper, took a picture of it, and asked me if the woman in the photo was you. Only then did I learn that the sister next door who I grew up with was the ex- wife of the famous Brendan Brighthall.”

His tone was filled with exhaustion and bitterness.

Deirdre felt as if her mouth was stuffed with cotton balls, and she couldn’t speak a word.

Brendan’s ex-wife? She would rather not have this title...

“So that’s why you asked me to find out if Kyran Reed and Brendan Brighthall were the same person? I didn’t really understand it until I saw the news.”

Deirdre felt depressed but managed to pull herself together. “Tobey, thank you.”

“Why are you thanking me?”

“Thank you for choosing to help me without asking any more questions, even though my requests are incredible.”

Tobey sighed. “I know you should have an unspeakable secret, but I really never thought that it would turn

out like this.”

Deirdre was silent, so Tobey asked, “Deirdre, do you know how I feel right now?”

Chapter 455 Feed Me Water

“H-How do you feel?”

“I wanted to be with you at the beginning. It turned out to be wishful thinking. How could I be worthy of you, a woman who married Brendan Brighthall? I guess you wouldn’t like me either.”

Deirdre frowned. “Tobey, do you still remember what you said to me before? Don’t belittle yourself. I always remember it very clearly. Why did you forget what you taught me?”

“ ... ”

“Tobey, the relationship between Brendan and I is not as simple as you think. We didn’t have any affection for each other. If possible, I would rather have never met him in my life.”

Only then did Tobey come to his senses. He frowned and said, “Indeed, if he was good, how could you become like this?”

Deirdre smiled. After all, she didn’t care anymore, and neither did she have the strength to do so.” Anyway, it’s over. By the way, what about Madame Russell?”

“I’ve already explained that it’s just a nonsense stunt pulled by the media, and you have nothing to do with. Brendan Brighthall.”

“Thank you.” Deirdre breathed a sigh of relief. She would really feel ashamed if even Madame Russell knew about her past.

After ending the phone call, the half bowl of porridge had already turned cold.

Deirdre put the lid back on, and a subtle thought surfaced in her mind.

She had been hiding her past because she didn’t want to get hurt again and wanted to leave the past behind, but now that everyone knew about it, did she still need to hide it?

She thought at least Kyran had the right to know the truth.

Deirdre looked downcast.

The matter was too depressing, and it was still difficult for her to speak about it easily.

After clearing the table, she seemed to hear the man on the bed move. “Kyran?”

There was no response.

Deirdre stretched her hand over to the man’s face, and when she touched the thin lips by mistake, she felt somewhat hurt by the dead skin.

She frowned and rummaged through the drawer until she found a cotton swab. She poured another glass of water, thinking of letting him get some moisture by swabbing his lips.

However, after she dipped the cotton swab into the water, she couldn’t find Kyran’s lips. After several times of groping, the water was all in her hands.

The only method she had left was...

Merely thinking of it made Deirdre blush. If Declan was around, he might laugh at her for still caring about it when they were already a couple.

She held the glass of water and took a sip.

Following that, she cautiously leaned down while her soft lips searched for the man's lips and injected water into his mouth little by little.

As a result, a large part of the water spilled on Kyran's neck

Deirdre took another sip. When she just managed to pry Kyran's lips open, the man moved.

He opened his eyes and looked at Deirdre with surprise.

Deirdre retreated instantly in shock. She was so embarrassed that she didn't know whether to swallow the water or spit it out.

Kyran had woken up.

He reached out his hand and feebly tugged at the corner of her clothes as if asking if she was belittling him.

Deirdre swallowed the water, but she felt her throat burning hot and her chest filled with heat. She quickly explained, "Your mouth is too dry! I'm just feeding you water. There's no other meaning, don't get me wrong..."

After speaking, she realized that Kyran needed his phone.

She took it for him.

And Kyran typed, "I know."

Deirdre breathed a sigh of relief. Just as she raised her head, she heard the phone's mechanical voice again. "So, please continue."

'C-Continue?'

Deirdre asked anxiously, "What do you mean by continue?"

"Don't you want to feed me water?"

Kyran sounded so serious, but Deirdre was stunned. She felt uncomfortable and said without looking in his direction, "Since you are awake, you have to drink by yourself."

Chapter 456 Photographed

“But I’m the patient.”

Deirdre’s cheeks burned slightly when she heard Kyran talk in a serious manner. Biting her lower lip, she rebutted, “Don’t make excuses. It’s not like you can’t move your mouth.”

“I like it when you feed me. It was soft, and it smelled good.”

Deirdre felt so embarrassed upon hearing the mechanical voice of the phone. She turned, intending to walk away, but Kyran pulled her back smilingly. “Alright, I’ll stop messing with you.”

When Deirdre sat down, Kyran asked, “Why were you crying when I was pushed out?”

“I did?” Deirdre was startled as she couldn’t remember at all.

“Your eyes were red,” replied Kyran.

Deirdre immediately recalled the reported news and the person who took a photo of her, and her face turned pale. Trying to force herself to regain her composure, she lowered her head and said, “I was just too worried about you.”

“Oh dear, why were you so worried? Didn’t I tell you that I’d be fine?”

Deirdre smiled, but her eyes became empty.

Though Kyran survived the operation...

Because Kyran had to get enough rest, and Deirdre didn’t want to make things difficult for him, she found an excuse to prevaricate and went to take a shower. By the time she came back, Kyran had already fallen asleep.

She went out with dirty clothes and walked along the wall to the laundry room. It was late at night, and the surroundings were very quiet, but she still heard footsteps approaching.

She knew the footsteps didn’t belong to a woman because they were heavy..

Deirdre frowned. She was about to close the laundry room door when Blake rushed up and tightly

covered her mouth.

“No!”

Deirdre's eyes were wide open, and she felt a gust of cold air. She struggled hard, but Blake suddenly

threw her on the floor.

When her frail body hit the marble, Deirdre felt so painful that she couldn't breathe, and her face turned pale. She hurriedly shouted, "Help!"

"Shut up!" Blake hurriedly covered her mouth with his hand and threatened viciously, "Shout again, and I'll make sure that you won't see the sun tomorrow!"

Feeling a sharp object at her waist, Deirdre really didn't dare to move. But her face was pale, and her soft lips were trembling.

Blake hurriedly tore off Deirdre's mask, but he didn't expect to see a bandage on her face.

He became furious. "B*tch! You've been vigilantly guarding against letting others recognize your real identity, haven't you!?"

Deirdre realized what Blake intended to do from his words and was stunned. But when she was about to stop him, Blake had already pulled off the bandage, revealing her entire face.

Blake was frightened the moment he saw Deirdre's face was riddled with scars, which appeared red, swollen, and scary.

Could she be Charlene McKinney?

Recalling the glamorous woman wearing a custom-made long dress in the data, Blake felt a chill down his spine. "How is that possible!?"

With such a look, who would believe that this woman was Charlene McKinney?

Deirdre didn't dare to move. Although Blake felt hopeless, the more he looked at Deirdre's eyes, the more he felt they resembled Charlene's.

He was assured that this woman was Charlene McKinney! But because the media wouldn't believe him anymore, he thought of Brendan.

He could no longer sell those photos to the media but believed he could threaten Brendan to pay him money with those photos. After all, if he could get Charlene out of prison, he would definitely not be willing to expose her photos to the outside world!

While thoughts ran wildly through his mind, Blake took out a camera and photographed Deirdre. Following that, he heard noises outside the room and immediately rushed out through the safety exit.

The next second, a nurse came in. She was stunned when she saw Deirdre, who had fallen on the floor.” Miss McKinnon? Are you alright!?”

Chapter 457 Couldn't Let Brendan See It

The nurse hurriedly held Deirdre up, but Deirdre was feeling dizzy. She had heard the sound of the camera shutter earlier. Her face had turned pale as a sheet, and she touched her body.

“Miss McKinnon? What are you looking for?”

“My phone...” Deirdre forced herself to calm down. “Can you please lend me your phone? I think I left mine in the ward.”

The nurse immediately took out her phone. “Who do you want to call?”

“D-Declan King!”

The nurse naturally had Declan’s phone number. After she made the call, she passed it to Deirdre. While pressing against the marble countertop, she was shivering.

She knew she would disturb Declan by calling late at night, but she had no other alternatives. The photos must not be spread.

“Hello.” After quite a long while, a hoarse man’s voice was heard. “Who’s this?”

“Mr. King, it’s me! I’m sorry for waking you up at this late hour.”

Declan was indeed sleeping. But when he heard Deirdre’s voice, he immediately sobered up because something must have happened for Deirdre to call him. Therefore, he asked in a low voice, “What’s it? Did something happen?”

Deirdre took a deep breath. “Someone broke into the 11th floor. It was a man. He came in while I was doing laundry, closed the door, pulled off the bandage on my face, and photographed me!”

Declan frowned heavily. “Photographed you?”

“Yes.” Deirdre said with a trembling voice, “Mr. King, do you have any way so the photo won’t be leaked Out!”

Declan reassured her while putting on his clothes. "Miss McKinnon, don't worry. I have already warned the media. Not many would dare to publish any news about you. You don't have to worry about your current photos. No one will think you are Charlene McKinney, even if they are released. In fact, it's easier for us to explain."

"No." Deirdre clenched the phone tightly as her mind went blank. "I don't care if those people know who I am. It's Brendan! If he sees that photo, he will come for me!"

For a moment, Declan was stunned and stopped his movement. When he recovered his senses, he continued to button up and said, "Don't worry, Miss McKinnon. He won't see it."

"W-Why are you so sure?"

"There's no reason. His ward is now sealed off. He can't get out from the inside, and no one can get in from the outside. Therefore, how can your photo be shown to him so easily?"

Deirdre felt comforted. She gradually looked relaxed though she still felt the lingering fear. Declan added, "Don't worry, don't be nervous. I will definitely solve this matter."

Upon hearing the promise, Deirdre heaved a sigh of relief. "Thank you, thank you very much."

It was only after the call was over that Deirdre realized that the nurse had been by her side the whole time, so she might have listened to their conversation.

Deirdre felt nervous, and the nurse promised tactfully, "Miss McKinnon, I'm ordered to take care of you

only. Other than that, I know nothing. The same goes for what you've just said. I will forget it when I go

out."

Afterward, the police came again during the day, checked the surveillance cameras, and chatted with Deirdre, asking about the person's characteristics.

Because Deirdre was blind, she couldn't help much. But before the police left, she thought of one thing.

"The day before yesterday..." She tried recalling. "The day before yesterday, at the laundry room door, a man came to ask me something. His voice was exactly the same as the man who attacked me last night."

The man completely moved around the surveillance cameras' blind spots yesterday, and his face couldn't be seen clearly when he was in public. Therefore, Deirdre's words helped a lot. The police took notes, told Deirdre not to leave the ward, and left.

Chapter 458 Request to Meet Brendan

Deirdre took a deep breath and entered the ward. As soon as she closed the door, Kyran asked, "Who did

you meet?"

He totally didn't know what had happened. He only saw the bruise on her arm in the morning, but Deirdre told him she fell accidentally.

"It's people from the hospital's management level. Because I fell in the laundry room, they asked me if I was okay and if I needed compensation."

Although Kyran was unhappy that Deirdre was injured, he couldn't blame anyone, so he could only ask, "Does it still hurt?"

Deirdre held his hands and smiled. "After taking medicine, it's gotten much better, and it doesn't hurt anymore."

"The next time anything happens to you, remember to tell me immediately. If I didn't see your swollen arm this morning, you would have hidden it from me, wouldn't you?"

Kyran couldn't help but blame Deirdre, but he felt even more distress.

Deirdre was touched and even felt better from the restlessness she suffered from the incident yesterday.

Since the police were involved, she thought the ridiculous situation would end with the culprit being captured soon.

Upon thinking of that, Deirdre's smile got wider. "I didn't care because it didn't hurt. I'll pay attention next time."

When Blake came out of the elevator door with the crowd, no one noticed him because he was dressed differently from yesterday. In fact, they were busy with their own affairs.

And when he came last night, he noticed that the corner room was always guarded.

Thus, he believed that no one would be so cautious other than Brendan.

Holding the newly printed photos in his pocket, Blake made up his mind to walk toward the corner.

There were still bodyguards, and they stopped Blake when he took a few steps forward. "What are you doing? You are not allowed to enter here. Go aside!"

Blake smiled and said, "Hi, I'm looking for Mr. Brighthall. Can you inform him that I have news that I guarantee he will be interested in?"

"I've seen a lot of people like you. I don't care what news you have. Leave immediately. Otherwise, don't blame us for being rude!" The bodyguard mocked and didn't take Blake seriously.

Blake immediately said, "It's about Charlene McKinney! I don't believe Mr. Brighthall doesn't care about it either."

The bodyguard was startled, and Blake seized this opportunity to grab the doorknob and push it open. "Mr. Brighthall! Mr. Brighthall! I've got Charlene McKinney's photos, and I want to talk to you!"

However, when he barged into the room, he saw no one on the bed. The room was empty, so neat and clean that it seemed uninhabited.

Blake's expression froze, and before he could react, he was pushed to the floor by the bodyguard, who kicked him hard

"How dare you! How dare you barge into the room without permission? Who gave you the guts!?"

Blake curled up on the floor while protecting his head with his hands. Meanwhile, he was wondering whether it was a bluff and Brendan was not around.

But if Brendan was not around, why would bodyguards guard the room, not letting anyone in?

After the bodyguards were satisfied, they grabbed Blake by his collar, intending to take him out. It just happened that Charlene walked over in high heels. Looking at this scene, she frowned. "What's the matter? Aren't you afraid of making noise when you beat someone here in the hospital?"

"Miss McKinsey."

Seeing Charlene approaching, the bodyguards looked at each other and explained, "This man is probably

a reporter. He deliberately broke into Mr. Brighthall's room just now, and that's why we did it."

“Reporter?” When Charlene heard the title, her face turned gloomy in an instant. “He didn’t take any photos, did he?”

“No, we stopped him before he could take any photos.”