

Resent Reject Regret by Aqua Summers

Chapter 491-500

Chapter 491 I Can't Leave Him Alone

Kyran looked at her gently. He pulled something that he had been holding dear for a long while from his pocket and handed it to Deirdre. Even though they were crumpled and unrecognizable, Deirdre knew the moment she held them in her hand that they were their air tickets to Germia, the tickets to her freedom.

Tears began to stream down her cheek, and Kyran gently wiped them off her face. He typed on the phone, "I've been waiting for you to return so that I can fulfill my promise. Deirdre, I'm glad I found you, and I'm glad that you're still alive."

Deirdre could sense his relief through the mechanical voice and words. However, before she could say anything, Kyran faltered and limped forward.

"Kyran!" She was shocked and hastily went forward to support him, but Kyran had become so much heavier that she could barely hold him.

Deirdre squatted down and placed her hand on his forehead. When she realized that he had a fever, she exclaimed, her voice shaking, "What happened? Why is he having a fever?"

Declan frowned and came forward to check on Kyran. "He has passed out. Come, give him to me. I'll send him to the hospital."

He carried Kyran on his back after he finished speaking. He walked two steps forward and stopped in his tracks as he said, "Miss McKinnon, Kyran has been in the car or at the police station since you disappeared. He hasn't had a good night's sleep since he didn't want to miss any news regarding you. He should be taking a rest right now, considering his body condition.

"You can doubt anything in this world, but one thing you should never doubt is his feelings for you. Think about it carefully, Miss McKinnon. Do you think the person you hate would sacrifice himself for you?"

Deirdre did not know what to say. There was no way to prove what Charlene had said, so Kyran was not Brendan. However, she believed in Charlene's bullsh*t and gave much pain and torment to Kyran and herself.

Her heart was filled with pain.

Declan turned around and said, "The first thing Kyran did after he woke up was to look for you. If you trust me, then come with me. Otherwise, please don't appear in front of

Kyran anymore. You'll cause him nothing but only pain. He has been hurt once. I don't want him to experience the same pain again." 1 Deirdre did not know what to say. However, she still followed her instinct and stepped forward.

She followed after Declan, and Hoyt came forward. He looked at Declan and Kyran, who was unconscious, before saying, "Miss McKinnon, what happened? Is everything alright?"

Deirdre closed her eyes, and her fingers were still shaking. She couldn't imagine how dangerous it was for Kyran to come here and look for her after having his operation.

"Yeah, everything is alright," she replied. "Mr. Leigh, please go back without me. Help me inform Mrs. Cox that I have something else to do and will only return in another three days."

Hoyt was stunned. "Are you leaving with them?" he asked.

"Kyran is sick." Deirdre clenched her fists tightly. "I hold part of the responsibility, so I can't just leave him alone." 1

Hoyt understood everything when he saw the anxiety on Deirdre's face. He knew no matter how unwilling he was, he had no right to change her mind.

"Then please stay safe, Miss McKinnon. Mrs. Cox and I will wait for you to come back."

"Okay."

When Deirdre got into the car, Kyran was already lying in the back seat. She stretched her arm forward and placed her hand on his forehead. He was perspiring profusely, and his forehead was hot. When he felt her fingers, he nudged closer to her.

'He is in a lot of pain.'

This was the first thought that came into Deirdre's mind. She felt like there were thousands of knives cutting through her heart. They sent Kyran to the hospital, and it took a long while before the doctor came

out.

"The fever is caused by wound inflammation," the doctor said with a frown. "He has just gone through an operation. He should be resting on the bed. How could you let him go around as he wished?"

Chapter 492 Believe in Kyran

Declan said, "I'm sorry. Something unexpected happened."

“He didn’t eat on time either, right?” The doctor sighed. “The report shows that his digestive system is in disarray. We’ve already tended to the inflamed wound, and he’s receiving IV drip treatment right now. You just need to ensure he won’t get out of his bed and go everywhere anymore. Or else, with his current immunity level, he might be unable to handle it.”

“Okay, we’ll take good care of him.”

After the doctor went back inside, Declan pulled his cigarette out of his pocket, but he resisted the urge to take it as he realized he was in the hospital now.

He leaned on the wall, feeling the coldness from the hard surface seeping into him. “Kyran had been eating cold lunch boxes for the past few days.”

Deirdre’s pupils constricted.

“It was because he would put down his lunch and go to look for you whenever he received any news regarding your whereabouts. By the time he returned, his lunch boxes had turned cold. But he was worried that he might pass out and miss your information, so he always forced himself to eat those cold. lunch boxes.

“There is a possibility that the inflammation started yesterday, the day after yesterday, or on the day you went missing. I’m his best buddy, yet he didn’t tell me anything about it and put up with the pain. Maybe he was worried that I might send him to the hospital and he wouldn’t be able to look for you anymore.

“Miss McKinnon, he’s willing to give his everything, even his own life, for you. So, after learning all of this, do you still insist that he’s Brendan?” said Declan, his voice filled with disappointment.”

Deirdre hugged her head in her hands, and her eyes were filled with tears. She was the same as well. She had also been greatly tormented as she escaped from the mountain that day.

“Mr. King, if there is anyone in this world I hate the most, that person must be Brendan.”

“I know.”

Deirdre took a deep breath. “He destroyed everything that I once held dear. I will never forgive him for the rest of my life. If Kyran is Brendan, I’ll kill him.”

Declan turned his head and looked at her.

“But I’m willing to believe that he is not,” said Deirdre, smiling bitterly. “You’re right. Brendan is different from Kyran. He’d not do any of those for me, and he’d never sacrifice himself in order to look for me. He’s the coldest and cruelest man I’ve ever

seen. It's only now I realize how wrong I was. It was me who put Kyran through those bad things, and I'm very sorry about it."

She wiped the tear off her face and said in a determined voice, "So, from now onward, I'll never suspect him anymore. He's Kyran. He isn't somebody else."

Her heart was pumping rapidly. She was tired and did not want to constantly live in fear anymore.

This time, she decided to believe in her own sixth sense. She decided to trust Kyran wasn't Brendan.

"Alright." The doctor came out of the ward. "His fever will go away after the treatment is done. You guys can go in now. Just call us if you need any assistance."

"Thank you very much, doctor," said Declan.

Deirdre rose to her feet and went into the ward in an animatronic stiffness. The smell of disinfectant stung her nose. The man was lying on the bed motionlessly as if he was in a deep sleep.

There was a mixed feeling tugging in her heart. She felt disappointed in herself, but at the same time, she

was relieved.

She was disappointed in herself because she was the one who had caused his current condition. She was relieved because Kyran was sleeping in front of her right now. Maybe even she did not realize it, but she had already gotten used to Kyran's company.

Those days when she suspected his identity was the worst period she had ever had in her life.

As soon as she sat down, Kyran's fingers trembled. He seemed to have a nightmare as he was struggling.

Deirdre did not want him to injure himself, so she went forward and grabbed his hand. Kyran grabbed her back, coiling his fingers with hers as if he was asking her to stay.

"Kyran, stop it. You'll injure yourself," Deirdre said with a frown. Even though Kyran couldn't hear her voice now, he stopped moving.

Chapter 493 Are You Leaving?

Declan pushed the door, and the light in his eyes dimmed as he saw their interaction.

No matter how calm he was right now, he did not have any mood for a joke right now. He handed a phone to Deirdre and said, "Miss McKinnon, I believe this is yours."

Deirdre was stunned. She did not expect that she could still get her phone back.

"Where did you..."

H

"We found it lying in a bush in the courtyard. It had shut down due to insufficient battery, but many phone calls came in after we recharged it."

Deirdre's heart skipped a beat. She was certain that most calls came from Madame Russell and Tobey. After all, she rarely did not answer their calls for so many days or did not give them any calls.

She took over her phone and pressed her lips tightly. "Thank you very much, Mr. King."

Declan offered her a wide grin and said, "Don't mention it. I'll leave Kyran in your care then, Miss McKinnon. I'm going back to the hotel to get some rest. I'll come back again when he wakes up."

"Okay."

After Declan left, Deirdre decided to call Madame Russell to inform her that she was safe. Since she did not want to wake Kyran up, she gently and carefully took Kyran's hand away from her hand.

Just as she rose up to her feet and was about to go out, Kyran grabbed her hand even tighter.

"Kyran?" Deirdre turned her head around and saw the mass of shadow on the bed, struggling to get up.

"He's awake?"

Even though she was happy that Kyran had finally come around to his senses, she did not want him to injure himself, so she said, "Let go of me, Kyran! You're going to injure yourself!"

However, the man ignored her. As he coughed violently, his hands fumbled here and there for something.

In the end, he got his phone and typed something on the phone, his eyes red. "Are you leaving me again?"

“Do you really hate me that much? Why can’t you just stay with me for a while longer?”

“Kyran...” Deirdre felt a pang in her heart. She shook her head and squinted to focus on Kyran. “I’m sorry for what happened this time. Mr. King told me a lot of things, and I’ve already reflected on myself. Since I chose to believe in you, I won’t suspect you anymore, so you can rest assured.”

Kyran was stunned, and Deirdre hastily continued. “I was just going out to make a call. You let go of me first. You’re going to injure yourself.”

“Are you really not going to leave me?” typed Kyran.

“Yeah,” Deirdre replied gently in a serious manner.

Kyran went silent. Just when Deirdre wondered what he was doing, he suddenly wrapped his arms around her and hugged her like he was hugging his whole world. “You said it yourself. You mustn’t go back on your word in the future.”

“Okay,” replied Deirdre. Feeling his shaking body and listening to his heartbeat, Deirdre couldn’t help but recall the little bits and pieces since she met him, and her eyes were filled with tears.

From the moment she met Kyran, he had been tolerating her suspicions and insecurities. He would explain to her patiently whenever she suspected his identity, but she still hurt him again and again.

She did not think she deserved Kyran’s love at all...

After a long while, he released her. When Deirdre saw the blood on the bed, her heart skipped a beat.

She pressed the nursing call bell. When a nurse came in, she said, “Quickly, his hand is bleeding.”

The nurse came over, and Kyran did not make a single sound throughout the entire process. He just stared at Deirdre fixedly, worried that she would disappear before his eyes again.

When the nurse was tending to the bleeding, Deirdre’s phone rang again. She said, “You stay here and let the nurse tend to your wound. I’m going to take a call, okay?”

Kyran typed, “Okay.”

After she turned around, the nurse had finished her job. She switched the needle to another hand and said, “Mr. Bright-

Before she could finish her sentence, the man grabbed her by her neck, suffocating her.

He looked at Deirdre and realized that she was standing by the door. She was holding her phone next to her ear, and it seemed like she was talking to someone.

Chapter 494 I Won't Forgive You

The nurse was talking in a low voice, so there was a high chance that Deirdre had not heard her.

After ascertaining that Deirdre had not heard what the nurse had said, he released the nurse and said in a cold voice, "If you don't watch your mouth again, I'll kill you."

The nurse's face turned as pale as a sheet of paper, and she hastily explained, "I didn't do it on purpose. I thought-"

"Shut up!" His voice was hoarse due to his fever, but he could still strike fear into other people. His eyes were filled with anger as he said, "There is only Kyran in this world. Brendan doesn't exist anymore. You should count your luck that she didn't hear it this time. If you make the same mistake again, there will be serious consequences for you!"

1

"Yes, sir!"

Outside of the ward, Deirdre walked to the side and answered the call.

Tobey's voice rang out from the other side of the line. "Deirdre, is that you?"

"Yes, it's me, Tobey."

Tobey only calmed down a little bit when he heard her voice. However, he soon frowned and asked, "Where have you been for the past few days? Why didn't you answer our calls? If my company's project hadn't held me up, I would've headed there to look for you."

Deirdre did not know how she should tell Tobey about the recent series of events.

"I was sick, so I've been resting on the bed for the past few days. I didn't know that my phone had run out of battery. I only realized that you guys had called me several times after Mr. King helped me to charge my phone."

"You're sick? Are you okay now?"

Deirdre smiled and said, "Yeah, I've recovered. That's why I can answer your call now."

"That's great then," said Tobey. "Make sure you have your phone with you the whole time. You should know that there are a lot of people who care about you."

Deirdre felt a surge of warmth in her heart and nodded. However, she soon realized that Tobey was not in front of her right now, so she chuckled and replied, "Sure. I promise you that the same thing won't happen again."

"Alright. Remember to call my mom later. She has been worried sick about you. I told her that your phone has broken down, so you couldn't answer her calls."

"Okay."

After she hung up the call, she made a call to Madame Russell before returning to the ward. However, as soon as she stepped into the ward, she felt something was off. She did not know why, but she felt a chill down her spine. The atmosphere in the room somewhat became a lot tenser.

She froze for a moment before asking, "What happened?"

"Nothing," typed Kyran as he smiled gently at Deirdre. Gone was the cold and harsh-sounding man. He typed on the phone and asked, "Have you finished the call?"

"Yeah, I called Tobey and Madame Russell to tell them not to worry about me," she replied. After that, she

turned to the nurse and asked, "How is he now?"

The nurse forced herself to calm down and replied, "The needle tip was crooked. Mr. Reed just needs to be more careful not to do that again. Otherwise, there's no place to put the needle."

Deirdre frowned after listening to the nurse's explanation. "Okay. Thank you very much."

After the nurse went out of the ward, she said, "Did you hear that? Don't do that ever again."

A layer of mist covered Kyran's eyes, rendering Deirdre unable to see through his emotions. "I thought you were leaving me to go to that man and never come back."

"That man?"

"The man who stood up for you at the clothing store earlier."

"You're talking about Mr. Leigh?" Deirdre said, "He's just a nice guy who likes to help other people."

Kyran let out a self-deprecating smile and typed, "Only a man would know what the other men are thinking. He likes you."

Kyran seemed very confident, so Deirdre was stunned. Before she could say anything, Kyran pressed on. "What about you? Do you like him? If I wasn't hurt, would you have gone with him and left me behind without hesitation?"

Deirdre did not know what to say. It seemed to her that he still did not believe her when she said she would not leave him anymore. She fell silent for a few minutes before saying, "The reason I've been hiding by Mr. Leigh's house is that I thought you were Brendan."

Chapter 495 I'm Not Going to Marry You Yet

Kyran was stunned. He clenched his fists in secret. His heart began to pick up its pace, but then the stinging pain on the back of his palm calmed him down. He typed on his phone and asked, "What about now?"

Deirdre lowered her head. "I already know that you're not Brendan, and I've made up my mind," she said. "I shouldn't have suspected your identity just because someone told me that you're not Kyran. After all, we're a couple, and I should have faith in you."

"Yeah," Kyran replied bitterly. "Deirdre, I'll never be the person you talk about. I'm Kyran, your Kyran."

"My Kyran?" Deirdre lowered her head. It seemed to her that Kyran was really good with lovers' prattle, and she felt a bit embarrassed.

Kyran put his hand on hers and asked, "Deirdre, do you hate that guy very much?"

Deirdre froze. Then, pain and suffering entered her eyes. It took her a few moments to calm herself down and take a deep breath. "Yes. I hate him. His existence is a nightmare for me. He destroyed everything I once held dear, so... I won't forgive him for the rest of my life."

Kyran felt hurt, as if someone had stabbed him in his heart after listening to Deirdre. He gazed deeply at the woman in front of him and typed, "Don't worry, Deirdre. You won't be able to see him again for the rest of your life."

'For the rest of my life?'

Deirdre was stunned. She did not know what made Kyran say that, so she asked, "But how?"

“Have you already forgotten? We’re going to Germia. That man is here in Neve. There’s no way he’ll leave the Brighthall Group behind and come to look for you in Germia, right?”

“You’re right,” replied Deirdre.

Kyran was right. Brendan was in Neve. As long as she went to Germia, she would not run into Brendan anymore.

She sat on the chair. The patch of blood on the blanket seemed to be enlarging indefinitely in her blurry vision. Deirdre’s heart skipped a beat as she asked, “Does it hurt?”

Kyran had long forgotten the feeling of pain. When he heard her question, he typed, “I just didn’t want you to go.”

She recalled how the man gripped her hand tightly when he woke up. He refused to loosen his grip even though he was coughing and trembling. At that time, she was certain that the pain on the back of his hand was much worse than a razor blade.

Deirdre couldn’t help herself and said, “Please don’t do that again, Kyran.

“You didn’t tell Mr. King when your wound became inflamed, you ate cold lunch boxes, and you crooked the needle inside you just now. You have poor health, and if you don’t stop doing this, I’m afraid you’ll collapse before you go to Germia.”

Kyran smiled and replied, “Okay, I’ll take care of myself for you, Miss McKinnon. I’ll promise you that I won’t die before you and make you a widow.”

‘A widow?’

Deirdre’s face turned red. “I... I haven’t agreed to marry you yet.”

Kyran leaned closer. His body was cold, and his lips were parched. However, his movement was gentle

when he kissed her.

Deirdre closed her eyes and received the kiss. She was certain that no other man would be gentler than Kyran.

Brendan would never do this to her, and he would never treat her like she was his whole world.

After everything had settled down, Kyran rested on the bed for a long while.

Deirdre stayed with him in the ward.

The next morning, Deirdre said, "I need to go back to the village for a while."

"Why? Did you leave something there?"

Deirdre shook her head. "Mrs. Cox took me in and helped me a lot after I escaped from the mountain. I should go back there and say thank you to her and Mr. Leigh."

Kyran frowned when she mentioned Hoyt.

Chapter 496 Expressing Gratitude

Deirdre sensed changes in his emotions and said, "Mr. Leigh is just a good friend of mine. He's a good

man."

"I know." Kyran forced down his jealousy and guard against Hoyt. "That's why I want to go with you," he typed.

"You want to come with me?"

"Yeah. They took care of you when you were in trouble. By right, I should buy some gifts and thank them personally."

Even though she felt what Kyran said made sense, she was worried about his wound. She asked with a frown, "But you—"

"I feel a lot better after the IV drip treatment, I believe that my fever will go down soon. Besides, moderate exercise is good for the body too."

Since he insisted on coming with her, Deirdre had no choice but to nod. "Alright, you can come with me. But remember to let me know if you're feeling uncomfortable."

"Okay."

Kyran changed into his clothes, and they left the hospital together. Before they headed to the village, they went to a store to buy some gifts and filled the back of the seat to the brim.

Their first stop was Mrs. Cox's house. When they stopped the car, Mrs. Cox was doing some work outside of her house. When she heard the noise, she turned her head around and saw Deirdre getting out of the

car

Deirdre still hadn't regained her eyesight, so she moved carefully. There was a tall and handsome man standing next to her. He held her hand gently to help her get out of the car, and his gaze did not leave Deirdre.

Mrs. Cox put down the stuff in her hand and walked forward. "Deirdre."

Deirdre smiled and replied, "Mrs. Cox."

Mrs. Cox grinned and took another look at Kyran. The man in front of her had a regal air about him, and it was only now she understood why she felt that Deirdre was different from people like her from the first time she saw her.

"Is he your boyfriend?"

Deirdre nodded embarrassingly.

Kyran typed, "Hi, I'm Kyran."

"Something happened to his voice, so he can't speak," explained Deirdre.

Mrs. Cox was surprised. She did not believe that a wonderful man like Kyran was mute.

"What a shame."

Kyran offered her a smile and took some stuff out of the trunk of the car.

"These are all for you, Mrs. Cox. Thank you for taking care of Deirdre for the past few days. Without you, we might not have been able to find her so quickly."

Mrs. Cox glanced across the stuff. All of them were expensive gifts, and she waved her hand. "No, no, no!"

"This is too much. I didn't do anything at all. You guys can take these gifts back and enjoy them yourselves."

"Please take these gifts, Mrs. Cox," said Deirdre. "If I hadn't run into you on the mountain that day, I wouldn't be standing here talking to you now. You've been taking great care of me for the past few days, so you definitely deserve these gifts."

Mrs. Cox had no other choice but to receive the gifts. When Kyran was taking the gifts into her house, she went closer to Deirdre and said, "Your boyfriend seems like a good man. I can see that he likes you very much. How did you guys get into a fight?"

"We just had a small misunderstanding," Deirdre replied with a smile when she recalled the things that had happened during those days.

“Misunderstanding?”

“Yeah. I thought he did some bad things, so I wanted to run away from him. But it turns out that I’ve misunderstood him.”

“I see...” replied Mrs. Cox. Then, she smiled, “Well, it’s great that you guys managed to solve your misunderstanding in the end. I always saw you waking up with your eyes red when you were staying here. I was worried about you, but I didn’t say anything as I didn’t want you to think of those bad things. I just hoped you could forget it early and start over. I even tried to match you up with Hoyt.”

At this point, Mrs. Cox realized how ridiculous she was.

“You already have a wonderful man like Mr. Reed as your boyfriend. You won’t be interested in a famous celebrity, let alone Hoyt.”

Chapter 497 They’ve Reconciled

Mrs. Cox was not belittling Hoyt. It was just that there was such a big gap between Kyran and Hoyt. She had seen a lot of men in her life, and none of them was better than Kyran.

Deirdre chuckled and lowered her head. “But I’m sure Mr. Leigh is treating me as one of his friends.”

“Really? I don’t think so,” said Mrs. Cox. “You didn’t come back with Hoyt yesterday, so I asked him where you had been. He was kind of dejected while explaining the whole story to me. He looked very sad, and I’ve never seen that kind of expression on his face before.”

Deirdre was stunned, but before Mrs. Cox could say anything further, Kyran returned.

She stopped saying anything and changed to another topic. “Why don’t you two stay for a meal? I’ll go prepare some food for you.”

“Okay, but Kyran and I still have to go somewhere else.”

“Where are you going?”

“We’re going to Mr. Leigh’s house.”

“I see,” replied Mrs. Cox. “Well, he has helped you a lot as well, so you should go and say thank you to him. Alright then. I’ll be waiting here for you to come back then.”

“Okay.”

They went back into the car, and Kyran started the engine. None of them talked to each other as they headed to the village head's house.

As Deirdre was about to get out of the car, she realized that the door was locked.

She looked at Kyran and saw him typing on the phone. "Are you going to comfort that guy? After all, he seems sad, according to Mrs. Cox."

It seemed to Deirdre that Kyran had been there when Mrs. Cox and she were talking. He had listened to their conversation. That's why he remained silent throughout the whole journey of coming to the Leighs' house. He was being jealous.

She chuckled and said, "Mrs. Cox was just assuming. I think Mr. Leigh is sad because he ran into his ex- girlfriend yesterday. It isn't because of me."

"What if it's because of you?"

Deirdre fell silent for a moment and replied, "Since he didn't confess to me, it isn't appropriate for me to avoid him. By right, I should express my gratitude to him since he has helped me a lot."

Kyran paused for two seconds before typing helplessly. "Alright then."

Deirdre coiled her arm around Kyran's and said with a smile on her face, "Hurry up and open the door then. I'm not going out anywhere with Mr. Leigh. We're just going to talk for a while in front of you. You don't have to worry about anything."

Left with no other choice, Kyran got out of the car first and helped Deirdre get out of the car.

When Madame Leigh came out with a bowl of water in her hand, she saw the luxury car in front of the gate. She was stunned for a moment, and it took her a while to come around to her senses after seeing Kyran and Deirdre.

She turned toward the house and shouted, "Honey, come out here!"

After that, she turned her head around to look at Deirdre, and understanding soon dawned upon her as to what had happened to Hoyt last night.

The village head came over with a cigarette clasped between his lips. He was not surprised when he saw Kyran. "What brought you here today, Mr. Reed?"

Kyran typed on the phone, "We're here to thank you for your help in the past few days."

He looked at Deirdre, and the village head was stunned. "Well, we're happy that you finally found her."

Madame Leigh said something to the village head, and he said, "Oh my! Let's go in and have a seat. It's cold out here."

"That's not necessary," typed Kyran. "I just came here to thank you. Besides, is your son here?"

"My son? Yeah, he's in his room right now."

Kyran's heart was filled with jealousy, but he forced it down and said, "Can you ask him to come out for a while?"

"Okay."

Madame Leigh hastily went in to call her son. After a while, Hoyt came out. He was wearing a jacket and looked dejected. When he saw Deirdre, his eyes glowed up. "Miss McKinnon?"

In the next second, he received an indifferent and cold gaze from Kyran.

Deirdre looked at him with a smile and greeted him. "Mr. Leigh."

Hoyt froze. It seemed to him that they had reconciled.

Chapter 498 He Isn't Mute

"Miss McKinnon..." He pressed down the bitterness in his heart and forced a smile on his face. "What brought you here today?"

"I'm here to thank you. When I was injured, if it hadn't been for you riding your bike to the market every day and buying me medicine, my hands wouldn't have recovered so soon."

Deirdre looked at Kyran. After receiving her signal, Kyran went to the car and took some gifts from the trunk.

The village head took them over and said embarrassingly, "I... I didn't do much. It's a bit inappropriate for me to receive the gifts."

"Well, although you didn't do much, your son has provided us with a lot of help," typed Kyran with a fake smile tugging at the corner of his lips.

Even though he did not mention it explicitly, Hoyt knew what he was implying and lowered his head. Deirdre sensed his hostility and cleared her throat. "Mr. Leigh, can I have a minute with you?"

Hoyt walked over to the side. Just when Deirdre followed after him, Kyran grabbed her hand.

"I'll be back soon." Deirdre comforted him.

He let go of her hand but leaned closer and landed a light kiss on the corner of her lips as if he was telling Hoyt that he was her boyfriend.

Hoyt was overwhelmed with sadness, but there was nothing he could do other than ignore it.

When Deirdre walked over, he forced a smile on his face and said, "Congratulations, Miss McKinnon. Mr. Reed is such a wonderful man. I'm sure you two will have a happy life in the future."

"Thank you," Deirdre replied gently.

This was the first time Hoyt saw Deirdre smile genuinely. In the past few days, her smile seemed fake and forced. It seemed to him that she had found the man that she loved in her life, and he was happy for her.

With that thought in his mind, he asked, "Are you leaving this village, Miss McKinnon?"

"Yeah." Deirdre was surprised at Hoyt's sixth sense. "I'll be going to Germia soon. We might not be able to see each other anymore, so I'm here to say goodbye to you. Thank you for taking care of me for the past few days."

Even though Hoyt did not want her to go to Germia, he did not show it on his face. "Don't mention it. Anyway, since you're going to Germia, please take care of yourself, Miss McKinnon. Remember to come back here and visit me if you have the chance."

"Okay."

Kyran had been keeping an eye on Deirdre and Hoyt throughout their conversation. When he saw that they were almost done with their conversation, he pulled a bank card out of his pocket and handed it to the village head.

"The password is 000000. There are 72,000 dollars in it."

"What do you mean by this, Mr. Reed?" asked the village head. He did not know whether or not he should take the card.

"Just take it," typed Kyran, "This is what I promised to give you after you helped me to find Deirdre. You can use the money to find a house and a girlfriend for your son. Try to get him married and have a

grandchild within a year.”

He needed to get rid of this threat within a year.

The village head had no other choice but to accept the card. He had a feeling that this was yet another mission given to him by Kyran.

Before he could ask anything, Kyran had already walked over to Deirdre. “Are you done?”

“Yeah.” Deirdre waved her hand at Hoyt and said, “Mr. Leigh, we’ll be leaving now.”

“Okay. See you again, Miss McKinnon and Mr. Reed.”

Both of them got into their car and left. A bitter smile appeared on Hoyt’s face as he turned around. Just as he was going back to his house, his mother said, “I thought Mr. Reed could talk? Did I remember it wrongly?”

Hoyt stopped in his tracks.

The village head also chimed in and said, “Yeah, I don’t know why he’s typing on his phone this time. Although he didn’t speak much the last time, I heard his voice last time. This is weird.”

“Could it be that something happened to his vocal cords? That’s why he can’t speak now? But it doesn’t seem to me that he’s sick.”

Chapter 499 Sleep On the Same Bed

Madame Leigh felt it strange as well.

“Are you sure about that?” Hoyt asked, “Mr. Reed was using his phone to talk yesterday. He’s mute, right?”

“I don’t think so.” The village head frowned. “I’ve heard his voice with my own ears. He was very cold and indifferent toward us. Whenever he opened his mouth, he would only be asking about Miss McKinnon’s whereabouts. That’s why I remember him so clearly.”

“Me too,” said Madame Leigh. “He was talking to Mr. King that day, and I didn’t see him using any phone

at all.”

Hoyt was stunned. If that were the case, why was he using his phone when talking to Deirdre?

Also, if Kyran was not mute, wouldn't he feel inconvenienced talking to Deirdre using the phone? Or was he doing it on purpose? Was he hiding something from her?

Hoyt frowned and fell into deep thought.

The village head shrugged and said, "Maybe he isn't feeling well. Or he just doesn't feel like using his voice today. It is none of our business anyway. Let's go inside. The weather is getting colder, and it seems to me that it's going to rain soon."

"Hoyt, go bring inside the clothes from the courtyard. I'm going to get some vegetables from the farm for our dinner."

Hoyt pressed down the suspicions in his heart and nodded. "Okay"

A second earlier, it was a clear blue sky, but in the next second, the sky turned black, and it started to rain

heavily after Deirdre and Kyran spent some time in Mrs. Cox's house enjoying her cooking.

Mrs. Cox hastily closed the window and said, "What happened today? It rained so heavily out of the blue. Luckily I've already brought in all of my clothes. By the way, are you guys still going back? It's dangerous to drive on such a rainy day. Why don't you stay for a night?"

Mrs. Cox was right. The village was in a remote area, and most parts of the road were muddy and not asphalted. There was a mountain next to the road, so it was indeed dangerous to travel in the drizzle.

Listening to the thunder, Deirdre frowned and said, "Yeah. It's really dangerous."

"It's decided then. I'll go get the bed ready for you two," Mrs. Cox said as she went to get the blanket and pillow from the cupboard.

Suddenly, Deirdre realized something. There were only two rooms in this house, and each room had only one bed.

Mrs. Cox slept in one room, so it meant that...

Her cheeks instantly turned red with embarrassment. Although they had been sleeping in the same room while Kyran was in the hospital, things were different at that time. They were in a hospital, so they wouldn't think of anything else. Besides, they were sleeping on two different beds.

"What's the matter?" Kyran asked with his phone when he realized something was wrong with Deirdre.

Deirdre shook her head. "N-Nothing."

"Are you sure?" He caressed her cheek with his finger. "Are you not feeling well? Why is your face so red?"

Deirdre was stunned and sprang up from her chair when Kyran's finger touched her cheek.

"Deirdre?" asked Kyran.

"I'm going to wash my face."

Deirdre calmed her head down with a bucket of cold water. Kyran did not care about it, yet there she was, acting all flustered. She was certain that Kyran would laugh at her if he learned of her thoughts.

'We're just going to sleep for a night. It's not that we're going to do anything.'

She calmed herself down. When she came out of the kitchen, Mrs. Cox had already gotten the bed ready.

Deirdre and Kyran went over. At that moment, Kyran noticed there was only one bed. Not only that, but the bed was small. It went without saying that it was not a problem if Deirdre was sleeping alone, but things would be different if he was going to sleep with her on this bed.

Suddenly, Kyran understood why Deirdre's face had turned red earlier. Even he would feel embarrassed when he realized that he was going to sleep side by side on the same bed with Deirdre.

It had been a long time since he had slept on the same bed with Deirdre. He did not know if he could hold himself back or not.

Chapter 500 He Doesn't Like Me Anymore?

Although it was tough, Kyran had been refraining from thinking about those things and keeping his

distance from Deirdre the whole time.

Now that he thought he was going to sleep with Deirdre on the bed, his heart raced into a gallop, and he gulped hard.

"Can I sleep on the floor?" he typed on his phone.

“Sleep on the floor?” Mrs. Cox was stunned. “It’s humid here, not to mention it’s raining now. As such, I don’t think you can sleep on the floor. I can assure you that the mattress and blanket will become wet in just half an hour.”

Kyran frowned.

Mrs. Cox wondered and asked, “Aren’t you two a couple? Why does it seem to me that you guys are embarrassed to be in the same bed?”

Deirdre froze. Even though she also felt it was inconvenient for them to sleep in the same bed, she felt differently when Kyran asked to sleep on the floor.

‘Does he not like being close to me?’

“Yes, we’re a couple, but we haven’t married yet, so it’s inappropriate for us to sleep on the same bed,” Kyran replied matter-of-factly.

“Well, you do have a point,” replied Mrs. Cox. “I should’ve thought of it earlier, but still, you can’t sleep on the floor, and I don’t have another bed for you either.”

“I’ll sleep in the living room then. We can put the tables together to become my bed. It’s just one night. I’m sure I’ll be fine,” replied Kyran.

“But…” Mrs. Cox frowned. “The living room is facing the door directly. It’ll get very cold when the wind blows in.”

“It’s okay,” replied Kyran. “I’ve already made up my mind. Let’s do that.”

After he finished typing, he went to help Mrs. Cox put the dining table with another table together to form a makeshift bed.

While Mrs. Cox was putting the mattress and blanket on the table, Deirdre stood at the side and clenched her fists tightly. She raised her head and asked, “Are you sure you’re fine sleeping in the living room, Kyran? You haven’t fully recovered yet. Why don’t you sleep in the room? I’ll sleep here.”

Kyran glanced at her. He forced down the urge to touch her and replied with the phone, “Yeah. I’ll be fine. Although it’s cold here, I can handle it. Besides, it’s just one night only. You should probably go to rest now.”

He took off his jacket and lay down.

Deirdre had no other choice but to return to her room.

When Mrs. Cox went to bring a pillow, she said, “Mr. Reed is such a good man. He’s completely different from other men. They just want to stay with their girlfriends the

whole time and take advantage of them. However, he's willing to brace the cold to keep your chastity. Deirdre, it seems to me that he really likes you very much."

Deirdre replied with a smile, but her heart began to sink.

Did he respect her, or was he keeping his distance from her?

Deirdre couldn't help but raise her hand and touch the scars on her face. She could barely feel them now since most of them were almost gone. However, she couldn't see clearly right now, so she did not know

what she looked like.

She did not doubt Kyran's feelings for her. It was just that she wondered whether her ugly face was the reason he was not interested in having any close contact with her.

She lay on the bed, drove those thoughts away, and closed her eyes.

She did not know how long it had been, but the howling wind awakened her.

When she opened her eyes, she saw nothing but darkness.

Just when she was about to get back to sleep, she heard someone coughing and opened her eyes again. Mrs. Cox's room was far from hers, so it could only be Kyran.

Deirdre put on a jacket and went down from the bed. She opened the door and was greeted by a cold blast that made her shiver.

'It's cold.'

In the next second, she heard coughing from the corner.

"Kyran?"

The man was stunned for a moment, and then he scrambled around for his phone. "I'm sorry. Did I wake you up?"

Deirdre asked, "Are you coughing?"

"Yeah, I'm having some discomfort in my throat," said Kyran. "But it didn't start today. It started a long, time ago."