

# Resent Reject Regret by Aqua Summers

## Chapter 491-500

### Chapter 501 Trying to Keep You Warm

“When do you mean a long time ago? I spent a whole day with you, yet why haven’t I heard you coughing so profusely?” Deirdre felt her heart racing, and she took a deep breath before she said, “Kyrán, you’re not well. No one will blame you, so just sleep with me on the same bed. You’d rather ruin your health than share a bed with me? Are you scared that I might do something bad to you?”

Kyrán was stunned. He furrowed his eyebrows and thought, ‘Why would she think like this? It’s obviously my problem... It’s me who is scared that I can’t control myself...’

“You’ve misunderstood, Deirdre. I just think it’s inappropriate because we’re not married yet

”

“Excuses.”

Deirdre felt powerless. She was already trembling in the cold just by standing at the door, so she found it unimaginable that Kyrán could stay here for more than a few hours.

She walked over and stretched out her hand to feel the blanket. She could not feel any warmth, just as expected.

“Give me your hand.”

“Deirdre.”

Deirdre kept her head lowered and refused to accept his objection. “Give me your hand.”

He stretched out his hand, and Deirdre felt her heart racing as she held his hand.

‘Is this a hand? More like an ice cube!’

She did not make a sound but removed her jacket, flipped the blanket, and squeezed herself next to him.

Kyran tried to stop her and spent a long time typing. "Stop fooling around. It's cold here. Go back to the room quickly!"

Deirdre shut her eyes. "It's you who is fooling around. You can return to the room with me, or we can spend the night like this."

Naturally, Kyran would not allow Deirdre to stay in the living room. He grabbed the jacket and wrapped it tightly around her before he scooped her into his arms and went into the room.

The air smelled like Deirdre in the room. The room was narrow, but the bed was even smaller. Kyran felt his chest burning with desire as he placed her on the bed.

Noticing that he was about to leave, Deirdre clutched the hem of his shirt. "Don't go."

The faint scent the woman's body emitted and her warmth made him yearn for her. Kyran

clenched his jaw tightly to calm himself. "Deirdre, stop fooling around. None of us will get any sleep if you keep this on."

"We won't sleep then." Deirdre inched herself closer to the inside on purpose. She shut her eyes and opened them again. "Kyran, I've already made an offer like this despite being a woman, so don't decline my offer anymore. I'm not trying to do anything to you, and I'll be fine lying on the same bed with you till the morning. It's too cold outside."

Kyran swallowed a gulp of saliva. "I know you're not trying to do anything to me..."

'It's me who is scared I'll do something to you.'

He could not bring himself to type that. He remembered how she resisted him in the past, and he had already done everything he could to avoid being that disgusting self. He did not wish to let Deirdre find out about the kind of person he was.

Kyran felt his throat choked up, and it was difficult to make a sound. In the end, he relented and clutched his phone tightly to type, "Sure."

He squeezed into the small bed.

It was so small that he could not fit all his limbs into the bed. Both of them were lying on their sides face to face. Her feminine scent was even more noticeable, and he exhaled heavily as he touched her burning skin.

It was torture.

Deirdre was more fixated on warming Kyran. The first thing she did was to hold Kyran's hands and found that they were still cold. Even though she was embarrassed, she braced

herself to stuff Kyran's hands under her shirt.

Her body was burning hot, yet Kyran pulled his hands away sharply. He grabbed his phone and typed, "What are you doing, Deirdre?"

"I'm trying to keep you warm." Deirdre raised her head, her expression sincere.

Kyran inhaled deep breaths repeatedly. "This is good enough."

Deirdre furrowed her eyebrows. "However, your body is cold. You're going to catch a cold if you continue like this. You don't need to be shy or overthink the situation. I just don't want you to fall sick, and that's my duty as your girlfriend."

## Chapter 502 Indecent Thoughts

Upon saying that, Deirdre grabbed Kyran's hands and stuffed them under her shirt once again without being bothered by his reluctance.

He could feel the curve above the woman's abdomen.

Kyran kept his fingers curled, yet he could not stop his mind from wandering. His palms were sweaty from holding himself back.

Kyran pulled back his hands, turned over, and lay down on the bed, yet his body was burning with sexual desire.

"That's enough."

Deirdre could feel the cold wind stirred up by the movements of the man turning over and

also his steel wall-like back within her visual field. She was stunned for a moment.

Deirdre could not conceal the dejection she felt in her eyes, but she inquired closely, "Do you feel better, Kyran? Does your throat still feel uneasy? Do you still feel cold?"

Kyran did not answer her. She mustered the courage to stretch out her hand. "I'm only going to touch your back, and I will have peace of mind to feel that you're warm."

Her palm pressed on his back, and she could still feel the coldness radiating from the man's body across his shirt. She furrowed her eyebrows and flipped over his shirt. The moment her fingertips touched the skin on the man's back, a hand clutched her wrist

strongly.

Deirdre was stunned for a while. The man leaned over to her abruptly and pinned her hands above her head. Their bodies were close and fit together perfectly in their current posture.

Deirdre was astounded by his action. She could feel his heavy breathing and the subtle change in the ambiance. She wanted to apologize when she said, "Ky-"

Before she could utter his name, the man's figure had already moved down to kiss her ferociously.

Deirdre widened her eyes and was at a loss for what to do. She was incapable of freeing herself from him because of how strong he was!

In fact, she could not even move her body. She felt as if her hands were chained, and the man's kiss was no longer delicately gentle but ferocious yet frantic. His kiss invaded her like a soldier with a weapon attacking her until she was incapable of fighting back.

The clothes on her body were a mess.

Deirdre could not refrain from associating him with another person. Coldness arose in her heart, and she struggled to free a hand instinctively to deliver a slap on Kyran's face.

Kyran stopped moving, following the loud noise. Deirdre was forced to calm down by her

numb palm.

She was confused. Kyran was not Brendan, who would ruin her and force her against her will, yet she hit him.

"I'm sorry... I didn't do that on purpose."

Kyran clenched his fists tightly, his dark eyes filled with remorse. He composed himself and typed, "You were right in slapping me. It was my fault for being impulsive."

Deirdre fell quiet for a moment before she said softly, "Kyran, is something bothering you?"

He had indeed scared her earlier. He was so brute and cold, his oppressive and domineering behavior reminded her of someone else.

She said,  
"You weren't like this previously, and that was why I reacted earlier... I was scared

"I'm sorry." Kyran was stunned. He gently leaned his head on her shoulder and breathed evenly until the darkness in his eyes faded. He clutched his phone and typed, "I was overpowered by indecent thoughts."

"Indecent thoughts?" Deirdre paused for a moment. Soon afterward, she understood Kyran's intention, and her face blushed.

Kyran continued to type, "I know that it's possible that I'll lose control and scare you. That is why I don't have the courage to be near you. In fact, I don't even dare to lie on the same bed with you. I thought that was enough to resolve the situation. I didn't expect that I'd scare you. I'm sorry."

Deirdre's face blushed warmly. She had a few answers on her mind, such as that Kyran did not find her appealing, he did not enjoy a small bed, and he did not wish to have too much physical contact with her. However, she did not expect this particular response from him.

## Chapter 503 The Combination of Two Scents on You

Kyran was afraid that he would be impulsive.

Deirdre's face was scarlet. She lowered her gaze and said softly,  
"You can totally tell me if

that is the case."

"Tell you what?" Kyran found himself ridiculous. "Tell you that I have indecent thoughts and that I might possibly hurt you?"

"What you have is not indecent thoughts. Kyran, we're in a boyfriend-girlfriend relationship. It's normal for you to have desires for me, just like how I feel about you."

Before she could finish her sentence, Deirdre came to realize what she was about to say, and her face turned scarlet instantly.

Kyran appeared astonished and could not help inquiring closely, "Deirdre, how do you feel

about me?"

Deirdre was evasive. "Nothing much."

Kyran was delighted but felt slightly sad in his heart. He lowered his head and kissed the woman's lips.

Deirdre accepted the kiss and said gently, "However, I can't do it with you now. The bed can't withstand the process, and the room is not soundproof..."

Kyran held her hands tightly and cuddled her with smiley eyes.

"I know. You can give it to me for real when we're in Germia and you meet my parents."

Deirdre nodded and leaned again on his chest gently.

Other than the familiar perfume scent, there was a faint, ineffable smell on Kyran's body. It smelled wonderful and gave her a familiar, relaxing feeling.

Deirdre could not refrain from asking, "What perfume are you using?"

Kyran wrapped his arm around her. "Why?"

"I can smell the combination of two scents on you, and I find one of the scents to be ineffably familiar. Perhaps I might remember what it is if you tell me the name of your perfume."

Kyran's gaze was dim. "The perfume that I use is an off-brand. Moreover, Declan gave it to me, so I don't remember its name clearly. I'll ask Declan for you when I'm back."

"It's fine." Deirdre said smilingly, "It hit me all of a sudden, and it's not important."

Kyran rubbed her hair and said, "Sleep then."

"Hmm."

Deirdre shut her eyes. She was rather drowsy from the start, so she soon fell asleep in a warm, relaxed state.

Kyran did not sleep for a long time. He looked at her, and his gaze turned from gentle to enlightened.

‘I have to be more careful, it seems.’

The sky was already bright when Deirdre woke up.

She stirred and realized that she was almost half lying on Kyran’s body. The man’s body was much softer than the hard bed. It was no wonder she slept so soundly all night long.

She figured that he would certainly be uncomfortable being pinned under her.

Deirdre got out of bed cautiously and tucked the blanket under Kyran before she went outside with a jacket covering her body.

Mrs. Cox was already outside, picking up the rack blown away by the strong wind last night.

Deirdre approached her, and Mrs. Cox asked, “Why are you awake so late today? It’s almost noon. The breakfast I made for both of you has gotten cold. Where’s Kyran? Is he still sleeping on your bed?”

Mrs. Cox could see that Deirdre was embarrassed, so she said smilingly, “There’s nothing to be embarrassed about. It was so cold yesterday he would certainly freeze to death in the living room. It’s fortunate that you let him into your room. Otherwise, I was going to find him frozen into a popsicle.”

“It was cold yesterday.” Deirdre furrowed her eyebrows at the thought of Kyran’s hands at

the time.

“Indeed. The gap from the door is huge and not wind-resistant, while the living room is not as small as the room. I couldn’t set my mind at ease, so I woke up to check on Mr. Reed on purpose. I wanted to ask if he would like to light a fire in the kitchen to warm himself, but Mr. Reed was already back in your room by then. As such, I went back to my room.”

‘Mrs. Cox was awake too at the time?’

At the thought of the event that took place, Deirdre’s face blushed. “I hope I didn’t wake you.”

Chapter 504 Kyran Has a High Fever

Mrs. Cox said smilingly, "No. You didn't make much noise. I found that both of you were rather quiet. However, after seeing the condition of your lips, I can say that Mr. Reed's behavior doesn't match his mannerism."

Deirdre was stunned and touched her lips subconsciously. She could feel that her lips were obviously swollen and even a little tender to the touch.

At the thought of Kyran's ferocity at the time, Deirdre's cheeks burned with embarrassment. She felt rather shy in her head but also delighted.

That seemed to be Kyran's first time losing control of himself.

It was a good thing. After all, a person in love was not always sensible enough.

Mrs. Cox was delighted in her heart as she looked at Deirdre's reaction. When she was done binding the rack, she asked Deirdre, "What would you like to have for lunch today? I reserved some pork from Alby, who lives at the village entrance. Shall we have it with roasted carrots today?"

"Sure."

"Where's Mr. Reed? Does he have any dietary restrictions?"

"We don't have any dietary restrictions."

"Awesome! I shall cook something then."

Deirdre helped out by her side. When the meal was prepared, Mrs. Cox looked in the direction of the room and said in a puzzled tone, "Is Mr. Reed such a late riser? It's the middle of the day already..."

"He got out of the hospital yesterday, so it's possible that he is exhausted. I'll wake him." Deirdre got up, opened the door, and walked to the bedside.

"Kyran, Kyran."

She called him twice and did not receive a reply. She found it strange and stretched out her hand to touch Kyran. Her heart started racing as soon as her hand touched Kyran's face.

'He's burning up!'

His body temperature was unusually high, and his forehead was covered in sweat.

"Deirdre." Mrs. Cox opened the door halfway and asked, "Is Mr. Reed awake?"



Deirdre hastily said, "Mrs. Cox! Kyran has a high fever!"

She felt extremely guilty because she had not realized that after such a long time. She had assumed that Kyran was tired. Kyran might have had a fever all night, yet she had not realized it!

Mrs. Cox was stunned. She opened the door and entered the room right away. She wore an anxious expression instantly after feeling Kyran's face. "I'm sure this is because of the few hours he spent in the living room last night!"

"What should we do then?" Deirdre took a deep breath, and she was so anxious that her hands were shaking. "Is there a doctor in the village?"

"No," Mrs. Cox said with a bitter smile. "It's a poor village, and the capable villagers have moved away. The remaining villagers are mostly elderly people who don't mind being sick. They're fine with dying, so no doctor would start a clinic here because they won't make a profit here anyway."

"What should we do then?" Deirdre's teeth were chattering. "Can we call someone? Call Mr. King so he can come and pick up Kyran!"

"Deirdre..." Mrs. Cox reminded her, "The only road to the village is blocked by a rock that rolled down the mountain from the rain yesterday. The road is inaccessible by cars."

Deirdre felt the vision before her eyes darkened while Mrs. Cox said hesitantly, "We can only seek help from Hoyt."

"Mr. Leigh?"

"He rides a bicycle to the market to get the medicine. He helps out when someone here falls sick on usual days. If he can acquire the medicine, he can administer IV drip too."

Deirdre hastily nodded. "I'll get him!"

"I'll come with you."

Mrs. Cox shut the door and helped Deirdre to go over quickly.

Hoyt thought his eyes were playing tricks on him when he opened the door. He rubbed his eyes and said in surprise, "Miss McKinnon? You're still here?"

"I didn't manage to leave because it was raining yesterday." Deirdre was panic-stricken. However, that's not important. I need your help, Mr. Leigh. Kyran is having a high fever!"

Hoyt brought a thermometer to Mrs. Cox's house and tested Kyran's temperature. Kyran's body temperature was very high.

Hoyt could not care about anything else but made a promise before heading home to get his bicycle. "Don't worry, Miss McKinnon. I'll get you the medicine and be back as soon as possible. I promise!"

## Chapter 505 He Treats Me Even Better

"Thank you."

Hoyt felt bitter in his heart when she thanked him.

"Don't mention it, Miss McKinnon. Mr. Reed gave my family 72,000 dollars. Let alone buying medicine for him, it would be fine even if I were to give him my

life."

Deirdre was unaware of the situation, so she was surprised when she learned about it. She said, "You deserve it."

Hoyt smiled and left in a hurry.

Mrs. Cox boiled water while Deirdre got some cold water and placed a cold towel on Kyran's forehead. She discovered that his entire body was icy cold, other than his burning face.

Deirdre felt deeply remorseful as she held his hand tightly.

"Get well, Kyran."

Mrs. Cox filled a hot water bottle with hot water to warm up Kyran's body. She comforted Deirdre after seeing how pale she was by saying, "Don't worry, Deirdre. Mr. Reed is going to be fine."

Deirdre nodded, yet she kept holding Kyran's hand with hers and refused to let go.

It was already dusk by the time Hoyt returned. He was sweating profusely when he helped to set up the IV drip for Kyran and instructed Mrs. Cox to prepare the liquid medicine.

However, Kyran was incapable of keeping the medicine down.

There was *no* telling if the medicine was too bitter. He spat it all out when it was fed into his mouth.

Hoyt told Deirdre, "It's possible that he can't recover if he can't keep the medicine down. Just the IV drip is not enough."

Deirdre hesitated before she stretched out her hand and said, "Give it to me."

She took it upon herself to take a sip. It was extremely bitter, and she refrained from the urge to spit it out. She leaned toward Kyran and passed it to him bit by bit.

She repeated the process over and over again. When she was halfway through, she was sweating profusely and could not taste anything else in her mouth other than bitterness.

"Suck on a candy to soothe your tongue, Miss McKinnon." Hoyt placed the candy on her palm.

She swallowed it, smiled, and said, "Thank you."

Hoyt smiled. "You treat Mr. Reed very well. I have no choice but to say that I envy him that he got you."

After making that remark, he recovered from his surprise and said, "I'm only envious, of course."

Deirdre smiled. Her gaze turned gentle, and she turned to the direction of the bed. "In truth, he treats me even better."

Half of the cause of his fever now was her.

"That is why both of you are together. When are you planning on getting married? After you're in Germia?"

Deirdre's face blushed. "It should be after going to Germia."

"Why don't you do it in the country? You'll be a stranger in a strange place when you're in Germia. It's possible that you won't even have a friend to attend your wedding."

"Kyran's family is not living in the country. His parents are in Germia. As for me..."

Deirdre was caught in a daze before she said with a smile, "I don't have friends."

After saving Brendan from the fire, she had been comatose for a long time. While Deirdre had been recovering, her mother had spent all the family's savings to care for her. She had had no financial support to go to university, so she began working odd jobs.

Afterward, she became Brendan's wife, so she left behind her life and took over someone else's identity.

She had only begun to live for herself after meeting Kyran. Hence, she did not mind where the wedding would be held. As long as Kyran was there, she would be fine.

"Miss McKinnon, I can be there if you don't mind." Hoyt was extremely serious. "So you won't say that you don't have friends anymore. Tell me your wedding day, and I'll send my blessing even if I can't be there."

Deirdre was momentarily stunned. She said sincerely with smiling eyes, "Thank you."

Hoyt smiled as well.

They went outside so they would not disturb Kyran's rest in the room.

Halfway *out*, Hoyt suddenly remembered something and asked, "Oh right, Miss McKinnon, why is Mr. Reed speaking through his phone?"

Chapter 506 He Isn't Mute

"Kyran?" Deirdre said calmly, "He injured his vocal cords, so he became mute and can only communicate with us through the phone."

"Mute?" Hoyt frowned. "Are you sure?"

"Yes," Deirdre replied with a smile. "What's the matter? Why does it sound like you're implying something?"

Hoyt did not know how to put the question in his head into words. 'If Kyran is mute, then why did Dad say he can talk?'

His father was very confident of it, so the probability of him lying was close to zero. In other words, Kyran was lying to Deirdre.

Hoyt fell silent.

Deirdre was confused and asked, "Mr. Leigh? Why aren't you talking?"

Hoyt looked at Deirdre. He did not know if he should tell Deirdre the truth or not. "Miss McKinnon, how long have you known Mr. Reed?"

"How long have I known him?" Deirdre counted with her fingers and replied, "It isn't long. About three

months or so.”

Even Deirdre herself was stunned for a moment when she said that. Deep inside her heart, she felt like

she had known Kyran for a long time.

Perhaps he was very attentive. He knew everything that she did not like and had a perfect personality.

“Three months...” Hoyt gasped. “So you don’t know much about Mr. Reed?”

Deirdre froze. “Yeah...”

Other than his name, she knew nothing about him.

“Then what if...” Hoyt paused for a moment before finishing his sentence.

“What if Mr. Reed is lying to you? What would you do, Miss McKinnon?”

“Why would he lie to me?” Deirdre stopped in her tracks. “What’s the matter, Mr. Leigh? What are you shilly-shallying for? And you’re speaking weirdly too.”

Hoyt hemmed and hawed for a moment before finally making up his mind. He looked at Deirdre and said, “Miss McKinnon, Mr. Reed isn’t mute!”

Deirdre froze when she heard what he said. After coming around to her senses, she chuckled. “Is this a prank, Mr. Leigh?”

“Of course it is not!” Hoyt took a deep breath and continued. “Mr. Reed had talked with my father before he found you. He isn’t mute! Not only my father but even my mother has heard him talking. If you don’t believe me, you can come with me to ask them about it.”

Deirdre’s heart skipped a beat, and her head became blank.

When she returned to her senses, she still found his words hard to believe.

“Mr. Leigh...”

It isn’t that I don’t want to believe you, but... do you think it’s possible that your parents misheard it? The person who talked could be Kyran’s friend. His name is Declan-”

“No.” Hoyt interrupted her and said without any hesitation, “I’ve confirmed it many times with my parents, so there’s no mistake. My father has also said Mr. Reed doesn’t like talking much. Because of that, it left

a deep impression on my father when Mr. Reed finally spoke.”

Deirdre fell silent as a surge of chill crept down her spine.

‘So... Kyran has been able to talk the whole time? Why doesn’t he talk to me, then? Why is he hiding it from

me?’

Thinking about the things they had gone through together, Deirdre froze.

“Miss McKinnon? Are you okay?” Hoyt regretted telling Deirdre the truth after seeing her bloodless face. “I shouldn’t have told you about it.”

“It’s okay. In fact, I’m happy that you told me about it,” said Deirdre. Despite that, she still felt a bit of discomfort in her heart. “If not, I still wouldn’t know that he isn’t mute.”

“Maybe Mr. Reed has his own reason for not telling you about it.” Hoyt tried to comfort her.

Deirdre clenched her fists tightly. No matter how hard she thought about it, she couldn’t think of any reason that made him choose to become mute for the whole three months.

She pushed her thoughts aside and calmed herself down. She had promised Kyran she would believe in him unconditionally and that he was not that man.

## Chapter 507 You’re Hiding Something From Me

“Deirdre!” Meanwhile, Mrs. Cox emerged from the room.

“Mr. Reed has awakened. He said he wants to

see you.”

“He’s awake?” Deirdre was delighted. She decided to put everything else to the back of her head and pushed the door inside. “Kyran? You’re awake?”

As she stood at the side of the bed, Hoyt stood at the door. When Kyran saw him, he froze a bit and asked, “How long have I been sleeping?”

“14 hours? Or is it 15?” Deirdre heaved out a sigh of relief, “I don’t remember it anymore. In any case, you had a very high fever. Anyway, you need to thank Mr. Leigh. If it hadn’t been for him going to the market on his bike to get your medicine and IV drip, you might not have woken up so soon.”

“I’m sorry for making you worry about me.”

Even though he was sick, he blamed himself for making her worry about him.

Deirdre's heart skipped a beat when the thought surfaced in her mind, and she shook her head. "It's okay. Everything is fine as long as you wake up."

Kyran

turned his head to look at Hoyt. Even though he disliked Hoyt, it was all thanks to him that he could wake up so soon.

"Thank you for your help, Mr. Leigh," Kyran said through his phone.

Hoyt felt embarrassed and scratched his head. "Don't mention it, Mr. Reed. It was Miss McKinnon who rushed to my house despite the slippery road that I was able to help."

Kyran closed his eyes as he still felt weak all over his body. Seeing that the IV drip was about to finish, Hoyt pulled the needle out and said, "I'll come again tomorrow. If Mr. Reed does not recover, I'll go to the market to get some more medicine. If there's nothing else here, I'll go now."

Deirdre rose to her feet and said, "Let me see you out, Mr. Leigh."

As soon as she stood up, Kyran grabbed her hand tightly, stunning Deirdre.

Hoyt hastily said, "It's okay, Miss McKinnon. It's not far away, and I'll see myself out since you can't see

well."

After Hoyt had finished speaking, he left hurriedly.

Deirdre could sense that Kyran did not like Hoyt. She turned around and said in a low voice, "Kyran, Mr. Leigh has been helping us since the afternoon after you fell unconscious."

"I've already expressed my gratitude," replied Kyran as he earnestly looked at her.

"If you think that isn't enough, I'll *send* some gifts to him after I recover. But I don't want you to give the gift to him. I don't want you to leave my side."

Even though Deirdre knew it was just an excuse, her face still turned red with embarrassment. "Where were you when I woke up just now? Were you talking to Hoyt outside?" asked Kyran. "Yeah." Deirdre's heart sank again upon recalling the conversation she had had with Hoyt. Even at this moment, Kyran was still holding his phone despite being very weak.

She just couldn't think of any reason he wanted to lie to her.

Did he not want her to find out that he was not mute, or did he just not want her to hear his voice?

“Deirdre?”

A mechanical voice came into her ears and snapped her out of her thoughts.

Kyran frowned. “What’s wrong?”

“Nothing.” Deirdre calmed herself down and said, “I just suddenly remembered that we haven’t told Mr. King about our situation yet. He must be wondering why we haven’t returned yet.”

“I’ve already sent a message to him.”

Deirdre nodded. “Are you hungry?”

Kyran seemed to be able to see through her mind as he looked at her fixedly, “What’s the matter, Deirdre? It seems to me that you’re being bothered by something. Can you tell me about it?”

Deirdre was dumbfounded. She did not know if she should tell him about it or not. She did not know what

kind of answer he would give either.

She closed her eyes and said, “Kyran, I said I’ll trust you wholeheartedly, so I won’t have any doubt of anything you tell me. Right now, I only have one question for you. Are you really mute?”

Chapter 509 I Love You Unconditionally

“Yes.” Kyran got out of his bed. Even though he was still experiencing dizziness from time to time, he steadied himself and walked toward the living room.

While

Mrs. Cox was heading to the kitchen, she said, “I just made chicken soup, but you need to bear with it as my cooking skills aren’t as good as Deirdre’s. I don’t have her magical hands that can turn even something like Brussels sprouts into the tastiest dish in the world.”

The light in Kyran’s eyes dimmed for a moment as he said, “Okay.”

“I heard she has been honing her cooking skills daily because of *you*. Is that true?”



Kyran was stunned, and Deirdre hastily turned around to look at Kyran when she heard what Mrs. Cox said. She couldn't see Kyran's expression right now, so she didn't know if Kyran would care about her past

or not.

After all, she had lived a long part of her life for another man.

"Mrs. Cox--"

When she tried to explain to Mrs. Cox, Kyran chimed in and interrupted her calmly. "Yeah. She has been trying to improve her cooking skills for me and making different dishes for me every day to make me happy. I... Although I'm very happy she's willing to do that for me, I always feel ashamed. So after she marries me, I won't allow her to work that hard anymore. I'll prepare the meals for her."

A big smile appeared on Mrs. Cox's face as she said, "Aw, that's so considerate of you. No wonder Deirdre was so worried about you when you were sick. Even I envy your relationship."

Deirdre let out a few dry smiles and helped her to set the table. Even though she looked calm on the surface, her heart was pumping rapidly in her chest. She had not learned to cook because of Kyran, but the latter helped her to answer Mrs. Cox's question.

Although she appreciated his kind gesture, she wondered what Kyran was thinking right now and whether he would feel jealous about it.

After all, he appeared very hostile toward Hoyt whenever he came near her.

She felt as if she was eating sawdust throughout the whole meal. After cleaning all the dishes, Deirdre returned to the room with Kyran. He asked gently, "What's the matter? Are you not feeling well? I saw that you didn't eat much just now."

Deirdre clenched her fists tightly. She briefly had a tug of war with herself inwardly, bit the bullet, and said, "Kyran, about the things that Mrs. Cox said earlier, I think I should tell you about it."

"What do you want to tell me about?" asked Kyran.

Deirdre took a deep breath and said, "I once learned cooking because of someone else."

The light in Kyran's eyes dimmed as he said, "Is it Brendan?"

Deirdre could sense the disappointment in his voice. She became nervous and bit her lips. "Yes, Mrs. Cox asked me before when I was cooking last time, so I told her that I learned how to cook because of someone. She thought it was you, so..."

"

"Deirdre, why are you telling me this?" Kyran said gently, "I can see that you don't want to talk about this at all. You don't have to tell me if you don't like it."

"No..." Deirdre closed her eyes. "I need to tell you everything. Since you're my boyfriend, I feel that I have an obligation to tell you about my past."

Leave Your Unditionally

She took another deep breath and continued. "I was married before."

Kyran fell silent after she finished speaking.

"I'm sorry for not telling you earlier. The reason I didn't want to talk about it is that... I want to forget about it. Every time I think about it, I'll feel a deep sense of regret. It makes me not want to talk to anyone about it. I didn't mean to keep it from you."

Deirdre was worried. She did not want Kyran to look at her differently, but she felt she needed to tell him about her past.

Kyran asked, "Deirdre, do you really think I know nothing about you?"

Deirdre was stunned and jerked her head up. She couldn't see Kyran's face, but his voice was still as gentle as ever, and it calmed her down.

"Of course, I know that you were married before. I know about your relationship with Brendan too. The reason I didn't say anything is that I don't care. I like you, and it has nothing to do with your previous marriage."

Chapter 510 Do You Hate Him That Much?

'I like you, and it has nothing to do with your previous marriage.'

Deirdre's eyes widened, and she had the urge to cry when she heard what Kyran said.

Kyran collected her hair with his fingers and continued.

"So, don't worry about it. Don't ever think you're doing a bad thing because you've been hiding it from me. Everyone has secrets they don't want to tell anyone, including me."

"Including you?" Deirdre looked at him.

"Yeah." Kyran gazed into her eyes fixedly and continued. "I have my secrets too.

Deirdre chuckled and was relaxed. "Are you referring to not telling me about the fact that you weren't mute?"

Kyran fell silent for a moment and said, "Yeah."

"That's normal. In that situation, even I would choose not to tell the truth. Besides, you've been looking for a chance to tell me about it. You weren't planning to keep me in the dark forever."

"Then you didn't plan to keep me in the dark forever, either, right? You're confessing to me now."

Deirdre felt as if the fog in her mind was cleared, and she said, "You are very good at comforting other people."

Kyran helped her to collect her hair behind her ears and said, "I'm just stating the truth."

A surge of warmth filled Deirdre. After a short while, she asked again, "Are you sure you don't mind it?"

"What are you talking about? Are you talking about your past with Brendan?"

Deirdre nodded silently.

Kyran asked, "Do you still love him?"

Deirdre shook her head without any hesitation after hearing the question. She hated Brendan to the core. She would never love him anymore.

"That's it, then," said Kyran. However, there was a subtle emotion in his eyes that Deirdre couldn't read." Since you don't love him anymore, I don't have to care about him. I just feel that we should've met earlier. This way, *you* wouldn't have to suffer so much."

"Thank you," said Deirdre, her voice raw. She felt that she was really lucky to have run into Kyran.

She hugged him, and Kyran reacted by hugging her back gently.

After a while, he asked, "Deirdre, do you hate him?"

He was asking about Brendan.

When Deirdre thought about Brendan, her face went pale. She did not want Kyran to notice it, so she forced herself to calm down.

"Yes, I hate him very much," she said. Even though she was saying this in a very calm voice, Kyran could still sense a deep resentment in her tone. "It's because of him that I hate myself. I hate everything in the past. I don't even have the courage to think about them, and I have the feeling that I'll go down to hell when I die."

Kyran grabbed her hand, trying his best to warm them up. He felt as if a heavy stone was in his chest as he asked, "What if he regretted his actions? Would you... Would you forgive him?"

Chanter 510 de voe Plate Him That Much?

"Never!" she replied rapidly, her eyes cold.

"If a person could start over by repenting, then we wouldn't need to send those criminals to prison. I'll never forgive him!"

"Do you really hate him that much?"

Deirdre closed her eyes and said, "It's not that I want to hate him that much. It was what he did that made him unforgivable."

Her eyes turned red around the rims when she thought of her unborn child and her mother, who had still been looking for her before she died.

"If he had shown me even the slightest bit of mercy, perhaps things might have developed differently today."

Her shoulders were shaking, and he patted her back. "Well, it's all in the past now."

"Yeah, you're right. Right now, I just hope that he'll never appear before me anymore. I don't want him to destroy what I have now. I hate him, but I can't do anything to him, so we shouldn't see each other for the rest of our lives. This is my only hope now."

Kyran looked at her fixedly. "Don't worry. He'll never appear in front of you again."

As soon as he finished speaking, the door was opened from outside.

It went well by finishing it in one gulp without stopping before he declared he was done.

"Isn't it bitter?"

"It's fine. It tastes much better than the one I had previously."

When he took it so lightly, his reaction made Deirdre's chest tighten with anxiety. She realized that he must have endured hardships when he was previously severely ill.

She said, "I had to suck on a candy when I took it in the afternoon, and I only managed to suppress the bitterness after a long time."

"Afternoon?"

Deirdre was stunned. She came to realize what she had just said and lowered her head without answering Kyran.

Mrs. Cox was amused and said, "You must thank Deirdre, Mr. Reed. We couldn't get you to keep the medicine down when you were unconscious in the afternoon. It was Deirdre—"

"Mrs. Cox!" Deirdre was extremely embarrassed. "Let's not talk about that anymore."

"Why?" Kyran seemed to have understood the situation, but he wanted to hear it from Deirdre. "How did you make me take the medicine?"

Deirdre's face blushed scarlet. She glared at him while he smirked but attempted to hold back his smile with great effort. "Alright, I won't ask anymore."

Mrs. Cox smiled wider as she witnessed the scene. She suddenly remembered something and said, "Oh right, I asked around and found out that the village head had already sent someone to clear the blocked road. It is estimated that the road will be almost accessible by tomorrow."

Deirdre asked Kyran, "Can you drive?"

"I feel that I'm almost fully recovered. I should be fine after resting for a night."

"Both of *you* can rest first, then. When you're done resting, you can leave feeling fresh tomorrow. I won't bother you two anymore."

Kyran fell asleep as soon as his head touched the pillow after Mrs. Cox's departure, perhaps due to exhaustion. Deirdre listened to his even breathing and shut her **eyes** slowly, feeling a sense of peace that she had never felt before.

She lost count of how long she **slept**, but when she woke up, Kyran was still sleeping. He seemed to be having a fever dream and was muttering something.

Deirdre called out to him a few times, but he did **not react** to her calling. She **stretched** out her hand **to** feel the man's forehead. It was clammy with cold sweat, but his fever had almost broken.

## Chapter 511 Don't Hate Me, Deirdre

"Kyran? Kyran?" She could not hear him clearly, but she wiped away the sweat on her face. "Wake up!"

**"Don't** hate me, Deirdre..."

She could finally hear him and was stunned.

'Don't hate you?

'Who?

'Me? Why would I hate you?'

Before she could respond to the situation, Kyran suddenly opened his eyes, and his breathing was ragged. His expression was filled with agony and lethargy as he sat upright.

Deirdre inquired anxiously, "You're awake... Kyran. Are you alright?"

Kyran sobered up completely.

"I'm sorry. I had a nightmare. I hope that I didn't scare you."

"No." Deirdre cracked a smile. "I thought you were having a nightmare too."

He seemed to be very scared when he was having the nightmare.

Deirdre could not refrain from asking, "However, what did you dream about that made you react that way? You called out my name and told me not to hate you."

Kyran's gaze dimmed, and he said, "Nothing much. I dreamt that something bad happened to you again, yet I just couldn't do anything to protect you, so I hoped that you wouldn't hate me."

"I see." Deirdre found it amusing. "Kyran, it was just a dream."

## Chapter 512 She Is Really Good to Me

"Hmm... I hope that it was just a dream too."

Kyran stood up and felt dizzy, but he did not feel nauseous like when he walked yesterday. "Wash up first. We'll pack our things and head back afterward. I believe that Declan has already grown impatient from waiting."

“Sure.”

Mrs. Cox did not go foraging today. Instead, she went to the market to purchase beef and pork. She had been bustling about in the kitchen since early in the morning.

Deirdre smelled the fragrance of food when she walked into the kitchen. She said smilingly, “What is today’s occasion, Mrs. Cox? Why do I feel that the meal today is extraordinarily plentiful?”

“What do you think? It’s because you’ll be leaving today. I thought about it and decided to send *you* off with a scrumptious meal. You will not be treated shabbily on your last day here!” Mrs. Cox was constantly beaming.

Deirdre looked at her with a gentle gaze. “You must have spent a lot of money on this, right?”

“How much money can that be? It’s not a meal in the restaurant, so it doesn’t cost much, just the amount I make from one foraging trip.”

Mrs. Cox was not young. The act of foraging was not only arduous, but she also needed to dry the ingredients she foraged under the sun for a long time before she could sell them at the market. She made

less than 30 dollars in a week.

Deirdre helped out quietly and thought about how she would send some cash to Mrs. Cox when she could work after her vision had recovered so she could provide for Mrs. Cox’s livelihood.

When the meal was prepared, Mrs. Cox served it at the table. “Smell it. Does it smell good? Help yourself to more food today. Don’t be modest!”

Kyran helped out as well, but he did not seem to be very skilled in helping. He looked like he was born with a silver spoon in his mouth and had never cooked.

A person like Kyran would not be fond of using the wood fire burner, but he did not behave that way, even if he was just doing it for Deirdre. Mrs. Cox felt at peace to know that Deirdre would not be enduring hardship when she married him.

Deirdre wanted to leave after the meal. Mrs. Cox placed the local products she had prepared into the trunk of Kyran’s car even after Deirdre constantly told her that it was enough.

"This isn't much. It is all the local products of this village. Even though they're not rare, they are all natural products. I noticed the others were buying them, so they must be good. Cook some when you're free at home. It is not only good for your skin. It is also..." Mrs. Cox said softly, "Good for health, so you can have children easily."

Deirdre was extremely embarrassed while Kyran said straightforwardly, "Thank you, Mrs. Cox."

"Don't mention it. It's getting late, so you should leave soon!"

Mrs. Cox urged Deirdre and Kyran to get into the car. The car moved away from Mrs. Cox's waving hand.

Mrs. Cox turned around to wipe away her tears.

Kyran saw it from the rearview mirror and said, "Mrs. Cox doesn't want to part with you."

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Chapter 512 She Is Really Good to Me

Deirdre felt her eyes stung with tears. She took a deep breath and held back her tears. "She is really good

to me."

"Yes."

They were only passersby who met by chance, yet Mrs. Cox treated her kindly, which was rare.

"Don't worry. I stuffed some cash and a bank card into the gift box I gave her earlier. She will live a good life." Kyran did not wish to tell Deirdre about it because he felt it was what he was supposed to do. However, he believed that Deirdre could set her mind at ease by telling her about that.

Deirdre turned her face, and her eyes reddened with tears. "Really?"

"Yes."

Deirdre smiled and said, "I owe you one for that."

"Hmm. You can pay me back when your eyes are healed." (1



Deirdre said softly, "Thank you."

Upon their return, the first thing they did was not to meet Declan but go to the hospital.

The scabs on Deirdre's face had almost fallen off, and they were almost fully separated from her skin. The skin under the scabs was softer than a baby's skin.

## Chapter 513 Lost Her Sight in Prison

Dr. Engle said after examining her, "You're recovering very well. There won't be any scars when the scabs fall off. It should happen in the next two days."

Deirdre thanked Dr. Engle smilingly.

At that moment, Dr. Engle noticed something. "Has your vision returned, Miss McKinnon?"

"Yes." Deirdre said, "However, I can only see some light and blurry colors of an object, but I can't see something clearly yet."

"How did you lose your sight, Miss McKinnon?"

Deirdre paused for a moment and turned to the area behind subconsciously where Kyran was.

Dr. Engle said smilingly, "You can choose not to answer if it's inconvenient for you. I'm only thinking that there should be hope of recovery for the eyes if you're not born blind."

"Really?" Deirdre held the hem of her top tightly. It was truly torturous for her not to be able to see. Moreover, she felt the urge to see how Kyran looked.

Dr. Engle said, "This is only my prediction. It would be better for you to examine your eyes, of course."

Deirdre nodded in all seriousness.

After leaving Dr. Engle's office, she headed to the ophthalmology department with Kyran.

After the examination, the doctor asked, "Miss McKinnon, have you experienced head trauma in the past?"

At the thought of the nightmarish experience in prison, Deirdre clenched her fists tightly. "Hmm..."

"You have a blood clot in your brain that is compressing on your optic nerve, resulting in blindness. As for the reason you can see a little, the blot clot may have shifted to the left due to some external factor."

Deirdre asked, "Uh... Will I recover my vision then?"

The doctor was uncertain. "The location of your blood clot is very dangerous. If we were to remove it surgically by force, it would be riskier for you. Moreover, how long has it been since you lost your sight?"

"Three years."

The doctor was surprised. "Why haven't you gotten your eyes checked in the hospital after so long? If you were to seek consultation from the first day you lost your sight, perhaps you would only need a small surgery to correct it."

Deirdre did not answer, and her face was pale.

Kyran swallowed a gulp of saliva, and his mind was perplexed.

'Three years ago was when she was still in prison.

'She lost her sight in prison...'

She had not been lying at the time, yet he was so embarrassed that he became furious. He had assumed that she was ridiculing him by exaggerating her condition and blaming him.

He clenched his fists tightly and shut his eyes in despair. He thought about how much of a b\*st\*rd he was

at the time.

Deirdre calmed down and said, "I was in prison at the time."

## Chapter 513 Lost Her Sight in Prison

The doctor was stunned because he did not expect that answer. He let out a cough and said, "You could still apply to receive treatment for your condition in prison too."

Yes, she had been desperate and begged for Brendan's help only to receive his intimate conversation with Charlene and his disgust toward her.

She had not had the courage to seek his help anymore afterward. She would rather lose her sight than beg Brendan.

"I need money for the treatment too." Deirdre smiled calmly. "I was penniless at the time, so I gave up."

The doctor could not help heaving a sigh. "You can't undergo surgery now, so you can only take some medicine to dissolve the blood clot slowly. The process will possibly be slow and long. Can you accept that?"

"Yes." Deirdre was unbothered. She had already lost her sight for three years, so what would a little wait do to her? The only thing she had more than anything else now was time.

"Great then. I shall prescribe you medicine now, and you will only take it according to the prescription. It would be best if you could visit the hospital to check the blood clot once a month."

"Thank you, doctor."

After receiving the prescription, Deirdre and Kyran went to get the prescription filled.

Kyran could not refrain from saying on the way there, "Did something bad happen to you in prison, Deirdre?"

#### Chapter 514 I Didn't Know It Was You

Deirdre recovered from her surprise. "What?"

"Didn't you lose your sight in prison? Did something happen to you that resulted in your blindness?"

Deirdre's face turned ghastly pale at the mention of prison. She tried her best to put up with it, yet everything that had happened there was unbearable.

She had a hard time accepting her powerless self. It was her weakness and powerlessness that had resulted in her miscarriage and her being bullied.

"Deirdre?"

Kyran could feel Deirdre's hand shaking. He frowned and grabbed her hand. "What's going on? You don't have to talk about it if you don't want to."

"There's no reason why I don't want to talk about it." Deirdre suppressed her shakiness and smiled

bitterly. "It's just embarrassing. I offended Brendan, and he gave the order to bully me. In the end, I lost my eyes in a battery incident."

"What!?"

Kyran's dark eyes were shaking violently. One could even hear his voice trembling if one were to hear closely. "Brendan... gave the order to do that?"

"Yes." Deirdre had already accepted the truth. "Who else is capable of exercising so much influence other than him? Moreover, those women admitted to it too."

"That's impossible..."

Deirdre raised her head and looked in his direction. "How can it be impossible?"

Kyran choked up and said,

"Even though Brendan is not a good man, he couldn't be as cruel as to obstruct you in prison."

"Who knows?" Deirdre looked up, and her vision was all white. She chuckled and said, "It's possible that I sickened him so much that he wanted to shut me up. He wanted me to vanish without a trace, turning me

into a cripple."

Upon saying that, she hissed. Her shoulder was in pain from being clutched by Kyran.

"That hurts... Kyran..."

Kyran was jolted back to reality. He hastily pulled away his hand, yet his face was ghostly pale.

Deirdre asked, "Are you alright?"

"I'm fine." He swallowed a gulp of saliva, yet his chest was unbearably painful. He took a long time to get himself to speak. "I'm angry for you. It seems he deserves to die from what he did to you."

Deirdre said, "It's in the past. I loathed him very much in the beginning. I hated him for his unwillingness to leave some leeway for me. Afterward, I thought it through and figured he needn't leave some leeway for someone he didn't love."

Kyran's heart was wrenched in pain because she casually talked about this. He wanted to refute it but

could not find the words.

“Uh.” He calmed his breathing and said, “You should’ve gone to him when you lost your sight, at the very least. After all, it’s your eyes. How are you going to live when you can’t see?”

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## Chapter 514

it know It Was You

“I went to him.”

“You went to him?”

“Hmm.” Deirdre lowered her gaze. “I knew I couldn’t see, so I sought help from someone to call him. The call was picked up, but I heard the conversation between him and Charlene about meeting his parents, and they talked about wedding gowns.

“Not only that, but Charlene also mentioned me, and he sounded agitated. He sounded like he was sick of me and wanted me to die badly. I came to understand that the call had only invited humiliation to myself.”

Kyran’s pupils constricted abruptly. “When did that happen?”

Deirdre recalled and said, “A little over two months after I was sent to prison.”

He was reminded of the time he received an unknown call when he was accompanying Charlene to choose her wedding dress. Charlene had been talking to him, and he was distracted. By the time he remembered, the call was already hung up.

He did not expect that the call he had paid no attention to was the cause of Deirdre’s blindness. He had been kept in the dark for three years!

Kyran said hastily with a pale face, “I didn’t know it was you!”

Soon afterward, he came to realize the situation. His expression changed drastically, and he hastily looked toward Deirdre.

## Chapter 515 Took Away Her Will to Live With His Own Hands

Kyran had spoken so quickly that Deirdre was stunned and only heard ‘didn’t know it was you’.

She furrowed her eyebrows and said, "What do you mean by not knowing it was me?"

Kyran clenched his fists tightly, and his gaze dimmed. "What if he didn't know that the call was from you? Perhaps he would have commissioned someone to treat your eyes if he knew. It's possible that he is not that merciless that he would seize your ability to see?"

Deirdre chuckled. "That is how I used to think. We were married, after all. He should have some feelings for me after being married for two years, at the very least, right? Yet, I was *too* naive.

"Charlene mentioned me when he took my call, and the impatience and disgust I heard in his voice were not feigned. I had no doubt that he would only scold me for ruining his mood on an important day if I

were to tell him the truth at the time."

She could still remember Brendan's tone until today, perhaps because of how profound the incident was to her. She remembered every word he had said at the time and how hopeless she had felt.

Brendan had taken away her will to live with his hands and turned her into a zombie.

Kyran shut his eyes in despair.

He could no longer remember his mistake, but he knew he did not hate Deirdre for sure. His impatience for her was only due to the guilt he felt for her. He would dream about Deirdre almost every night at the

time and would be restless.

"Forget it. It has already been more than a year. It's meaningless to think more about that. Let's get the prescription filled."

Kyran smiled bitterly and held her hand.

Deirdre was surprised by his sudden act of intimacy, but she accepted it smilingly.

Radiance had returned to her eyes gradually. She went from being in agony to being reluctant to part with Kyran. It was Kyran's ultimate goal.

After filling the prescription, Kyran said, "Let's head to Declan's place. He prepared the food."

"Prepared the food?" Deirdre was surprised. "Isn't he staying at a hotel?"

"No. He's not used to staying at a hotel, so he leased a place. After all, he will still need to be here to watch over the Village Alnwick project."

"I see." Deirdre nodded.

The journey was not far. The car stopped after driving for a while during Deirdre's absentmindedness.

Declan stood by the door and approached them after noticing that they had gotten out of the car. "How was the consultation?"

"She's not a suitable candidate for surgical management, so she's going to take the conservative management of taking medicine and go back for a checkup next month."

Declan was stunned. "So you two can't go to Germia for now, right?"

"We'll discuss further after the checkup next month."

"Sure. Come inside." Declan said, "You're in luck today because I purchased many ingredients in preparation to cook for you."

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Chapter 515 Took Away Her Will to Live With His Own Hands

Kyran changed his shoes when he got inside and helped Deirdre to change her shoes as well. He raised his head upon hearing that. “I thought that you could only cook mac and cheese? Pasta alone is not enough to fill our tummies.”

Declan smiled in frustration. "I can only cook one meal, but knowledge has no limit, and there's always the next meal to cook. I bought a recipe book that I studied in detail. It should be easy."

Deirdre felt something was off when he used the word 'should'. She stayed in the living room for a while before she smelled burned food, just as expected.

Kyran noticed that as well. He wanted to go to the kitchen when Declan walked out of the kitchen first. He let out a cough and said, "I think it would be better for us to order takeout today."

There was no doubt that the food was ruined.

Kyran knew Declan well. In fact, he did not even say a word before he pulled out his phone to order something. Deirdre stood up.

"Why don't I give it a try?"

Declan said jokingly, "Miss McKinnon, it is rather embarrassing that I've ruined lunch today. Are you trying to make me feel better about myself?"

Deirdre said, "I'm not doing this to make you feel better, but I'm eager to try to cook suddenly."

Chapter 516 Are You Going to Do This to Yourself for the Rest of Your Life?

Noticing that Deirdre was not joking, Declan immediately became serious. "Miss McKinnon, it will be my honor to enjoy the feast you prepare if you can see, yet you can't see. Are you sure that you can do it? You might burn yourself accidentally."

Kyran said, "Deirdre, we can just order takeout. The oil and smoke of the kitchen are not good for you."

"I'll be fine." Deirdre found their anxiety to be amusing. "I cooked when I was living with Mrs. Cox. Moreover, my eyes can still see to a certain extent. I can tell where the cooking pan is. It will be fine if I have ingredients prepared."

Declan was hesitant. "Are you sure?"

"Hmm." Deirdre nodded. "Let me give it a try."

Declan looked toward Kyran, and the latter did not intervene. Instead, he said, "Be careful. I'll help you."

"Sure."

Deirdre smiled. She had an ulterior motive. She used to cook to get on Brendan's good side, but this time, she would do it for Kyran because it was all she could do.

Deirdre asked Declan before she entered the kitchen. "Do you have any dietary restrictions?"

Declan chuckled and said, "No, I can have anything."

"Sure." Deirdre nodded and asked Kyran, "How about you?"

"Same."

She had the freedom to improvise because of that. She changed her question by asking, "What sort of taste do you enjoy?"

Kyran kept quiet for a moment before he answered, "Spicy and sour."

His preference was actually the complete opposite of Brendan's.

Deirdre was caught in a daze for a moment before she said, "Sure."

She identified the location of the ingredients and spices when she entered the kitchen. Due to her visual impairment, she adopted the method that was the opposite of what one would do: mixing all the spices in a bowl before pouring them into the pan with the meat after the pan was heated.

Even though the food would taste better if it was marinated in spices, the difference in taste that resulted from this cooking method would not be that vast either.

When she was done, Declan came and helped to set up the table. He glanced at Kyran after seeing the spicy, sour-tasting meal on the plate.

Kyran did not mind, but he reminded Deirdre, "Walk slowly."

The three of them sat together. Declan moved his cutlery and began eating. He could tell that each dish was cooked with chili that tasted much spicier than ordinary food.

He could withstand that but looked toward Kyran. Although Kyran's expression was calm, he was sweating from the spice.

"How is it?" Deirdre asked anxiously.

Declan complimented by saying, "It's scrumptious. Whoever marries you is a lucky guy, Miss McKinnon. Your cooking skill is no less than that of a restaurant chef."

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Chapter 516 Are you come to Do This to Yourself for the Rest of Your life?

Deirdre knew that Declan was a sweet talker, but she was still pleased in her heart. She asked Kyran, "How about you? Is there anything that I can do to make it better?"

Declan said smilingly, "You're making things difficult for Kyran. He has eaten a large portion of your meal, and it is cooked by his beloved girlfriend. What's there for him to nit-pick?"

Deirdre

was shy while Declan said, "Oh, right. Can you please help me to get my phone from the left room on the second floor if you're free, Miss McKinnon?"

"Yes, of course." Deirdre got up.

Declan placed down his cutlery and passed a napkin to Kyran as soon as Deirdre left the room. He said with a frown, "Don't eat anymore. Go and throw up after you wipe away the sweat on your face. You still have time to do it. You can't stomach this level of spice."

Kyran pushed away Declan's hand despite the discomfort, feeling as if his stomach was burning.

Declan was frustrated. "Why are you doing this to yourself? Do you think that choosing a taste preference that is completely different from yours will turn you into someone else? You're going to be with Miss McKinnon until the end of your life. Are you going to do this to yourself for the rest of your life?"

Chapter 517 Going to Make Brendan Disappear From This World

Kyran put up with it for a while before he relaxed his frown and answered, "I won't let her associate me with him, even for the slightest bit. I want to separate myself from Brendan and be the Kyran that she

knows."

"Yet, you're not Kyran. You're Brendan."

Kyran took a glance at Declan upon hearing that and found Declan's expression to be unpleasant. "Brendan, I hope that you can keep a clear head. I understand that you are

determined to get Deirdre to trust you, but if you continue to behave like this, you're going to have a hard time. Your body is utterly incapable of tolerating meals of this spice level. If you can endure and finish the meal today, how about the next time? How about in the future?"

"I'll get used to it in the future."

"Used to it?" Declan was incredulous and could not help laughing from anger. "Can you guarantee that you won't give yourself away for every day that follows? Even if you force yourself to get used to eating spicy food, how about your face? You can't put on the hyper-realistic mask to change your face every time she is planning to touch your face. There will come a day when Deirdre will find out that you're Brendan."

Declan said in all apparent seriousness, "Brendan, you should think about what you are going to do to keep her with you and how to prevent her from hating you after finding out your true identity instead of hiding yourself aimlessly. You can't possibly keep her in the dark for the rest of her life."

'Think about how to keep her with me and how to prevent her from hating me after finding out my true identity?'

Kyran said in a self-mocking tone, "That would be impossible."

"She said that she won't ever forgive me. She will most certainly try to get rid of me if she finds out I'm Brendan, just like the few days she went missing. Even though she missed Kyran very much, she would hide and run away without hesitation after becoming suspicious about my identity as Brendan."

Declan felt a sense of powerlessness in his chest. "So, you're going to change yourself even if it means sacrificing your body?"

The tip of Kyran's tongue was numb, but his expression was indifferent. He swallowed a gulp of saliva and said, "I owe it to her, and I promised her that I won't ever let Brendan show up before her again. I will erase the personality of the man named Brendan bit by bit."

"What do you mean?"

Kyran did not even blink. "I want Brendan to disappear from this world before I go to Germia. I want to turn him into a dead man to set my mind at ease to be with Deirdre."

"Have you lost your mind!?" Declan furrowed his eyebrows. It was his first time showing his anger.

Deirdre heard the commotion coincidentally when she got out of the room. She walked down the stairs, and her expression changed drastically. "What's going on? Are you having a fight?"

She was extremely nervous, and Kyran looked up at her while he said in a comforting tone, "No."

Declan assumed his smile and explained, "We just have differing opinions about the project. Kyran and I will never fight in view of our close relationship."

Deirdre felt that way too, not because she believed in their relationship but because Declan was a reserved man. If he was angry enough to be involved in a fight, it would be something very serious.

1/2

Senate Make Frendan Disappear From This World

"I see. I was under the assumption that you got into a conflict." Deirdre did not put much thought into the incident and passed the phone. "Here you go, Mr. King."

"Thank you so much, Miss McKinnon."

Declan took the phone and said, "Kyran and you don't have a place to stay, so you can stay at my place for the time being. There are many guest bedrooms anyway. I don't come here often either, so you make yourself at home."

Deirdre was shy. "Will that be alright?"

"It's fine." Declan said jokingly, "If you stay here, I get to take some rent from Kyran too."

Deirdre smiled while Declan said, "I have something to attend to, so I'm heading out. Please make the

necessary arrangements as you please."

Chapter 518 The Mastermind of the Abduction Has Been Captured

"Sure."

Deirdre stretched out her hands in preparation to clean the table after Declan left, but Kyran took over the

task. "I'll do it."

"You have just only recovered from a fever. Sit down." Deirdre was worried.

Kyran smiled and said, "You cooked, so it's my duty to do the dishes. Having moderate exercise is good for health too. You sit down."

He took the utensils from Deirdre's hands and walked to the kitchen. He checked his phone before he

walked away and found a text message from Declan.

[I hope that you will think it through.]

Kyran turned off the screen and walked to the kitchen.

He bustled about in the kitchen while Deirdre sat on the sofa by herself until her phone rang. She picked up and heard Hoyt's voice coming from the other end. "It's me, Miss McKinnon."

Deirdre paused for a moment, yet she was not surprised by Hoyt's call. They had left in a hurry, and she did not wish to disturb him, so she had left her phone number with Mrs. Cox.

"Mr. Leigh, I'm sorry for troubling you yesterday. Kyran has almost fully recovered from his high fever, so we came back to the city to get him checked in the hospital first. I didn't manage to inform you before I

left."

She spoke in a gentle voice.

Kyran turned off the tap and looked toward Deirdre as soon as he heard the words 'Mr. Leigh'.

Hoyt hastily said, "It's fine! It's important for him to seek medical care. I requested my father to send someone to clear the road in the beginning just so it'd be convenient for Mr. Reed to get to the hospital. This is great news!"

Deirdre chuckled. "The more reason for me to thank you. I'm planning on staying in the city for a while now. If you have anything that you need help with or something else, call me anytime. If it's within my capabilities, I'll try to figure out a way to help for sure."

"You don't have to do that..." muttered Hoyt. Then, he said, "Oh right, why did you suddenly decide not to leave, Miss McKinnon? Did something happen?"

"Nothing much. It's just my eyes. I learned that my eyesight can improve with medicine after the consultation, so I made the decision to stay for a month and monitor my eyes' condition."

"I see." Hoyt was relieved. "That's great too. It will surely make things much easier for you if you can see,

Miss McKinnon."

"That's right," Deirdre replied smilingly. She suddenly realized that someone was standing in front of her. She raised her head, and a man's outline came into view.

"Who are you talking to on the phone?"

His tone did not sound as calm as usual, and it was obviously tainted with a tinge of jealousy.

"It's Mr. Leigh. What's going on?"

"I don't feel well."

1/2

Chapter 518 The Mastermind of the Abduction Has Been Captured

Deirdre grew anxious instantly. "Which part of your body doesn't feel well?"

"My heart." Kyran did not even blink in guilt, but he said conscientiously, "I feel even more unwell, especially when I heard you chatting with someone else while you ignored me, who was doing dishes in the kitchen." 1

Deirdre was stunned for a moment when she heard his vague declaration of love. She could not help feeling amused and said while she covered the phone's microphone, "Sit down if you feel unwell. I'll do

the dishes later."

"I can't bear to let you do it either."

He left her with no choice but to say softly, "I will end the conversation soon."



Kyran let the matter drop and turned around to return to the kitchen.

Deirdre cleared her throat and adjusted her hold on the phone. Before she could speak, Hoyt said smilingly, "That's all for today, Miss McKinnon. It's time for me to go to work, coincidentally. You should go back to keep Mr. Reed company."

Her face was burning with shyness. She did not expect Hoyt to overhear the conversation because she had covered the microphone with her hand.

"Sure, we'll speak again."

She ended the call in embarrassment. She was about to stand up to go to the kitchen when her phone rang once again.

"Who's calling again?" Kyran walked out of the kitchen.

Deirdre was confused. She hushed him before she picked up the call. "Hello."

Soon, a voice was heard from the other end.

"Hello, Miss McKinnon. We're calling from the police station. We received notification from the hospital of your safe return earlier, so we're calling to check on you."

"Will it be fine for you to come to the station? The mastermind of the abduction has already been captured, and we need *you* to identify the man."

Chapter 519 Brought to Justice

'Charlene has already been captured?'

Deirdre was incredulous, and her grip on the phone tightened from excitement. "Are you serious?"

The police officer said, "Miss McKinnon, we're the police, so we don't lie."

Deirdre calmed down her breathing. She had almost given up on pursuing the case and did not expect that there would be a change in the abduction investigation. After all, Charlene was Brendan's lover. She could not possibly be captured as long as Brendan still loved her.

She calmed herself with great effort. Kyran walked over and asked softly, "What's going on? You sounded very emotional earlier."

Deirdre turned around and wrapped her arms around Kyran's waist. "The police just called and informed me that the culprit who abducted me has been captured."

"Really?" Kyran's gaze was tainted with ferocity at the mention of the abductor. "The police work rather quickly and haven't disappointed us. Do you need to be at the police station now?"

"Hmm, they're asking me to identify the suspect."

Kyran grabbed his jacket. "I'll send you there."

They drove to the police station. Deirdre's mood went from her initial excitement to calmness along the way. In fact, she was even slightly worried that Brendan would be there. However, she figured he should not be able to get there so quickly since he was in Neve.

"We're here, Deirdre."

The car had already stopped by the time she was jolted back to reality.

Deirdre got out of the car and entered the station holding Kyran's arm. The police officer's eyes lit up at the sight of Kyran, and he approached Kyran to welcome him. "Mr. Bright-"

He was immediately interrupted by Kyran before he could finish his sentence. "Hello, sir. I'm Kyran from the abduction case previously, and this is the victim."

The police officer was stunned for a moment upon hearing that, but he came to understand the situation immediately. "Hello, Mr. Reed, Miss McKinnon. Please come in first."

Upon entering the place, Deirdre clutched her sleeves tightly, and her face turned pale from anxiety. "Sir, may I inquire if the mastermind of the abduction has been captured for real?"

"Yes."

"Is there anyone else with the person?"

"No, the person worked alone."

Deirdre felt relieved instantly. She realized that Charlene had not come with Brendan because she did not want Brendan to find out that she was still alive.

"So I should..."

"The interrogation is taking place in there now, and it will be inappropriate to let both of you confront each other in the same room. I'm taking you to wait in another room. When the interrogation is over, you will identify if there is any misinformation in the specific details, Miss McKinnon."

“Sure.”

Deirdre clutched her fists tightly, and Kyran could feel that she was unprecedentedly anxious. He felt pity for her in his heart and whispered into her ear, “Don’t be scared. I’ll be with you at all times.”

“Alright.” Deirdre raised her head and smiled before she said, “I’m so happy... I’ve already waited for the person to be brought to justice...for a long time already. The person should have been in prison a long time ago.”

Kyran was stunned. “You’re acquainted with the mastermind of the abduction?”

“This way, please, Miss McKinnon, Mr. Reed.”

Deirdre was about to answer when she was interrupted by the police officer. She stopped chatting and walked into a dimly lit room with Kyran.

She seemingly saw a light source ahead but could not see clearly. Soon afterward, she heard the detective’s querying voice from the speaker. “So, what is your motive for abducting Miss McKinnon when you don’t bear any hatred toward her?”

Deirdre shut her eyes. She thought about this at times too. She and Charlene were not bound by hatred, so why would Charlene always target her? In fact, she had already faked her death to extricate herself, yet Charlene still would not let her off.

‘Is it because Charlene took everything from me and became so blinded by greed that she wants to take my life as well?’

“No motive.”

The voice came from the speaker. Deirdre raised her head abruptly, her eyes filled with astonishment.

Chapter 520 He’s Not the Abductor

Noticing Deirdre’s unusual behavior, Kyran immediately turned to her and inquired softly, “What’s going on, Deirdre? Is something wrong?”

The voice from the speaker continued to speak.

“The reason I abducted Miss McKinnon is very simple. I don’t have money, so I wanted to blackmail and extort money to spend.”

‘The voice! It’s a man’s voice!’

Deirdre shook her head desperately. "This isn't right! This isn't right!"

"What isn't right?"

Deirdre said, "Trust me, Kyran. This man is not the mastermind of my abduction!"

It was no wonder the mastermind of the abduction would be found—  
it was no wonder that Charlene would yield obediently. It turned out that she had figured out a way to find herself a scapegoat!

Deirdre's chest  
was burning with anger. She felt as if the man in the interrogation room was herself in the past.

On the other hand, this was precisely Charlene's special trick!

She turned a blind eye to the law, and when she got herself in trouble, she would get someone random to be her scapegoat!

"What?"

The police officer behind her heard her remark as well. He approached her to confirm her remark by saying, "Are you sure that this person is not the mastermind of the abduction, Miss McKinnon?"

"I'm sure!" Deirdre said, "This person is used as the scapegoat!"

Noticing how determined she was, the police officer furrowed his eyebrows tightly. "Please hold on, Miss McKinnon."

The police officer halted the interrogation and questioned the man on the person who sent him to be the scapegoat, but the man refused to reveal anything. The man assured the police officer he was the one  
who had targeted Deirdre because she was blind and easily subdued. Supposedly, the idea of abducting her had come to him suddenly.

Deirdre found it amusing. 'How would he think of using Maeve in advance if the idea of the abduction came to him suddenly?'

At the thought of Maeve, Deirdre felt dizzy.

Maeve was no saint either. She could hardly absolve herself from the blame.

In the end, the interrogation ended. The man was detained at the police station while the police officer sent Deirdre to sit in a comfortable area in the office. He said with recorded

ng equipment, “Miss McKinnon, I’m going to question you on the incident now. Please feel free to inform me if there is anything improper at any moment.”

Deirdre clutched the hem of her outfit anxiously. Kyran kept her company and held her hand and soundlessly to offer her support

“Sure...”

Deirdre calmed down, knowing that she was no longer alone now.

Chapter 5.0 Hes Not the Abdur tor

“How are you so sure that the mastermind of the abduction case is not that man from earlier? Did you hear something during the incident? Or do you have some other way to determine the abductor’s identity?”

“It’s because I’m acquainted with the mastermind of the abduction.”

“It’s your acquaintance?” Kyran could not help furrowing his eyebrows while the police officer was also astonished. “So, this is a case of non-stranger crime, huh? Are you acquainted with the person?”

“I’m not only acquainted with the person, but I know that the person is a woman too. Hence, I am fully convinced that the person who pleaded guilty earlier cannot possibly be the mastermind of my abduction!”

“A woman?”

The police officer had been investigating the case for a week, yet he had not considered the gender of the mastermind. He could not help being astounded by Deirdre’s remark. “What is her name?”

“Her...”

Deirdre was about to blurt it when her face suddenly turned pale, and her voice halted to a stop.

Kyran noticed something was off. “What’s going on?”

Deirdre clenched her fists slowly. She wanted to announce Charlene’s name on the one hand, but her senses were telling her, ‘Are you sure, Deirdre?’

'The police will most certainly detain Charlene, and Brendan will be alerted after you give Charlene's name. Are you sure you want him to know that you're still alive?'

Deirdre shut her eyes in despair. "I can't remember anymore..."

"Can't remember anymore? Miss McKinnon, are you... messing with me?"

"I remembered the woman's voice sounded familiar, but it had been too long..."

## Chapter 521 Are You That Afraid of Him?

The police officer wanted to ask for more, but Kyran stepped in. "Sorry, but I think we'll have to stop here. She hasn't exactly recovered from falling off the cliff. Coupled with the abduction incident, it's only natural that her trauma is affecting her memory recall," he said. "Once she has some time to process the entire thing again, she might remember something. We'll come back and give new information by that point."

Although the police officer found the resolution quite disappointing, he could get behind Kyran's

explanation. Nodding, he said, "We're counting on you, Miss McKinnon. Please contact us as soon as you remember anything more."

They shook hands, and Deirdre left with an icy feeling in her gut. She wondered how long she was supposed to hide from the public. Was she doing right by hiding?

Was it right to accept injustice without raising any alarm or standing up against it so she could move to Germia with Kyran and start all over again?

Why should Charlene McKinney be free from her just desserts?

She mulled over her thoughts quietly. Kyran held her fingertips, his hand emitting a little warmth throughout the cold. "You okay?"

She flashed him her teeth. "Oh, I'm fine. It's just that recalling that abduction incident kind of makes me depressed a little."

He comforted her placidly. "You don't have to hide anything from me, Deirdre. I know it's about something else."

She froze

as a lump formed in her throat. He knew her so well, or rather, he cared a lot about her.

Kyran led her into the car first before she could get tormented by the unforgiving winter. He started the engine and feigned nonch

alance, deciding not to stress Deirdre out. "The abduction, huh? I think you knew who masterminded the whole thing, but you wouldn't say it for some reason. Is something compelling you to keep quiet? Is the culprit someone you knew, or..."

Deirdre did not expect Kyran to see through her mind and gave a mirthless laugh. "Fine. You're right. I'm aware of the mastermind's identity."

Kyran frowned. "Then why say nothing? Why protect evil? Whoever they are, they deserve to get their comeuppance and be served justice. They don't deserve mercy."

Deirdre cast her eyes down. Naturally, she knew all of that! She wished she could pack Charlene's ass into the justice machine and watch her suffer her sentences! But the problem was...

She gave a deep sigh. "Kyran, do you know one Charlene McKinney?"

Kyran's eyes darkened, and his expression stiffened. "Heard of her."

"She's Brendan's fiancée and the love of his life. She's also the mastermind."

Although Deirdre's tone was even, Kyran's face paled. His fingers tightened around the steering wheel. "Are you sure?"

"I've never been more sure," she replied. "She made a personal appearance that day and even talked to me. She mistook you for Brendan and thought I was somehow reconnecting with him. Thus, she arranged the abduction in retaliation."

An overcast shadowed Kyran's visage. His eyes started to look unfocused, as though he was lost in

Chapter 521 Are You That Afraid of Him?

thoughts. It was only when he noticed the red light on the traffic light ahead he managed to shake himself out of a trance and stepped on the brake.

"If you're sure it was her, then you should have told the police and let them deal with it."

Deirdre smiled bitterly. "I can't."

Kyran frowned. He thinned his lips. "Why? Did she threaten you into silence?"

"No. I don't give a damn about her threats. It's... Brendan I'm worried about."

There was a subtle crack in Kyran's voice. "Why him?"

"Because as far as he knows, I'm dead. I used my death as an elaborate ruse to evade him. If the police arrest Charlene, Brendan will receive the news soon enough," she whispered. She closed her eyes, and her lips quivered. "And then... he'll find me."

Every time her thoughts drifted to Brendan, a primal chill would pour out of the shadows of her mind and freeze every inch of her chest. Nobody could win against that demon. She could never forget just how hard he had destroyed Sterling's life.

A jolt of pain struck Kyran. "You're that afraid of him, huh?"

Chapter 522 I Won't Force You into Making Your Decision, Okay?

"One thing's for sure. I don't want anything to do with him."

Kyran steadied his breath and turned the steering wheel. "If this is the origin of your hangup, then you don't have to worry about it at all. Brendan will never know that you're alive. Not in his entire lifetime."

Deirdre's eyes widened. She was taken aback and pretty perplexed. "Where's that confidence coming from?"

He studied her calmly. "You said it yourself. Charlene did all of this for Brendan. Her motive was to ensure that you'll never be near him. In other words, it's well within her motive to ensure Brendan knows nothing about the abduction plot or your whereabouts. If he learns about the abduction and that she's the one behind it, do you know how bad her position's going to be?"

Deirdre bit her lips. 'He has a point, but...'

"Do you really think she's capable of hiding the whole plot from him?" she asked under her breath.

Kyran chuckled regretfully. "I wouldn't underestimate her if I were you. She's good at keeping many things in the dark."

He knew she would ruminate on her decision again, so he quickly added, "You also forget that you're not alone. You have me. I'll communicate with the cops and make sure that you remain anonymous."

"Look, I'm not going to force you into a decision. What I'm saying is just do what your heart tells you to. Ask yourself, does Charlene McKinney deserve to be brought to justice?"



Deirdre clenched her hands into fists and exhaled a long, long breath. Was there anything to hold her back anymore?

“Kyran, I want... I want to inform the police! I want Charlene to be brought to justice!”

Kyran’s gaze softened. He held her nipping fingers and squeezed them gingerly before letting go. “Good. I’ll come with you.”

In truth, he had been driving them back to the police station. A few minutes later, the car stopped at the entrance. The two strode back into the hall, to the previous police officer’s surprise.

“Mr., uh, Reed? Miss McKinnon? What’s the matter?”

Deirdre balled her hands into fists in embarrassment. “Uh, I suddenly recalled who that person was in mid- journey, so we returned.”

The police officer’s eyes twinkled. “Really? That’s awesome! Come on in!”

He almost could not contain his excitement. As soon as they fell into their seats, he asked, “So, who was

it?”

Deirdre took a deep breath. “Her name is Charlene McKinney.”

The police officer was stunned. “Wait, what?”

“Deirdre, Charlene legally changed her name,” reminded Kyran.

‘Changed her name? Oh. Of course. To the public, “Charlene McKinney” has been incarcerated. She must have reinvented her identity so she can marry Brendan without any hitch or drama.’

“Who is she now, then?”

Kyran replied, “Charli McKinsey.”

tee You into: Making Your Decision Okay!

The police officer shot a glance at Kyran and back at Deirdre. He typed the name into his laptop.” McKinsey, C–H–A–R–L- Whoa! The famous socialite of Neve? Or-

“Brendan Brighthall’s fiancée.” Deirdre finished his sentence. Then, a little apprehensively, she added, “Is it gonna be a difficult one?”

The police officer laughed dryly. “Difficult how?”

"The fact that she's connected to Brendan. It's very likely that he will try to protect Charli from the law."

At present, the police officer's stare at Kyran was filled with shock. Still, he managed to recover enough to reply, "Don't worry about that, ma'am. Even if she was Mr. Brighthall's actual wife, the state still has the authority to arrest her as long as she committed a crime. There is but one concern, though..."

## Chapter 523 Testify Against Charlene McKinney

The police officer thought it would be unkind to snuff out Deirdre's hope, so he asked tactfully, "Do you have any solid proof, Miss McKinnon?"

"Proof?"

"We can't sentence someone based on he-says-she-says. We need more witnesses and evidence."

"Don't I count as an eyewitness?"

"You do, but since you're blind, the defendant can easily weasel her way out of this accusation. It's really hard to make a solid case if you're the sole witness."

A person came into Deirdre's mind—and the color in her eyes darkened. She thinned her lips. "... I know another eyewitness, but I don't know if she's willing to help. Regardless, I'm willing to try. Can you help me summon this person? Then I'll talk to her alone."

Maeve O'Keefe

was brought in a while later. Despite her seemingly calm expression, she was gripping the edge of her skirt tightly as though she had predicted this outcome. The police escorted her into an interrogation room, where Deirdre was already waiting.

The older woman almost could not recognize the latter even as she sat across from her. Deirdre's face was almost fully healed—if one were to look over the scars, they would be quickly sucked in by her head-turning beauty.

Suddenly, Charlene's malicious envy, as well as all the other schemes the woman had cooked up just to erase Deirdre's existence, made sense.

In truth, Maeve was happy to see Deirdre well and unharmed. Sitting across from her, she said gingerly, "Miss McKinnon."

Deirdre had been casting her eyes to the table placidly until she spoke. Lifting her head, she asked, "Is your daughter safe?"

Maeve froze. A moment later, she realized Deirdre was asking about her daughter's abduction, and her eyes watered. "Yes! Oh God, she's safe!"

Of

course, she only learned her daughter had never been in danger after a long time. How could she know that her daughter would play ball with Charlene and pretend to be in danger all to get some money?

Ashamed, Maeve added, "I didn't think... You'd be concerned about her or me, Miss McKinnon. I thought... I thought you'd never want to see me again."

Deirdre closed her eyes and steadied her breath. "You didn't mean to put me in danger, did you?"

Maeve wiped tears away from her eyes. "Of course not, dear." She chuckled, morose. "Though I guess you don't believe me, do you?"

"You're wrong. I believe you."

Maeve stared at her at a loss.

"I believe you were forced to play your role in the abduction because they left you no choice, but it doesn't change the fact that you abused my trust and were an accomplice to the harm they inflicted on me. Do you know why they abducted me?"

"They... They want you to leave Mr. Brighthall's side," replied Maeve, but her face was pale with

uncertainty.

1/2

"No. Charlene's motive has been murder all along."

Every bit of color was drained from Maeve's face.

jumped off a cliff to save myself." Deirdre continued.

"My survival was a miracle. It was more than likely that the water would swallow me whole. I could have very well died that day."

Maeve covered her face. She was guilt-ridden, and even her voice was cracking and trembling. "God... I'm sorry."

Deirdre was unfazed. "You feel sorry for me? Well, if I'm being fair, I should have told the authorities that you're one of the accomplices, but I didn't. Because I need your help."

Anxiety gnawed on Maeve's mind. "What?"

"I need you to testify against Charlene."

"What!?" The older woman cried out. She clenched her hands so hard that her nails turned white. "M—Miss McKinnon, you—"

Deirdre cut her off.

"Don't disappoint me any further, Mrs. O'Keefe. I want to see Charlene be served the compensation that has been due for way too long. She cannot evade justice any longer."

She had been

staring ahead at Maeve without breaking eye contact. "This isn't a request that you can accept or reject. This is me giving you a chance to redeem yourself. This is your one chance to do the right thing and do right by yourself if you really, really are sorry for what you've done to me."

Maeve met Deirdre's gaze for the first time.

She used to be *too* meek to stand up for herself—holding herself in such low regard that she would suffer so much pain in silence.

But now, Deirdre had grown to become a strong, brave woman