

Resent Reject Regret by Aqua Summers

Chapter 524-555

Chapter 524 Her Torment Was On Your Orders

Deirdre

had become sure of herself, confident, regal, and imposing, like, well... that man...

Maeve's shock gradually transitioned into feeling sorry for her. "Alright. I'll do it. I'll testify against McKinney."

"Thank you." Deirdre nodded politely at her and left her seat. The police officer greeted her and entered the room after her.

Kyran covered her with his coat and praised her. "You were excellent."

"Really?" Deirdre forced herself to smile through her fatigue. "I probably looked stoic and purely rational in there, but I was barely controlling my sadness and anger. I guess I'm just *not* mature enough."

"No, you're wrong. You're very mature. What you felt stemmed from your disappointment against her. That's why you felt sad and angry."

Deirdre flashed him a pained smile. She cleared her throat and hoped all her emotions went down into her gut like a heavy load. "Reason tells me it's only natural for a mother to do what she did. She was trying to save her daughter, her own flesh and blood. To her, the decision was easy. The life of someone she didn't know against the life of her own daughter. There was no cause for hesitance.

"But I couldn't help but feel, you know? Who did she see me as? We lived together for a while, right? Did my life mean so little to her? I guess... In the end, the only thing she shared with her was the voice. She sounded like her, but she's not her."

Deirdre forced herself not to cry even as her eyes were red. She was not Ophelia—she never was her mother. Never was the woman who would forgo her own meal if it meant she could buy a little lollipop to brighten Deirdre's day.

"Deirdre..." Kyran gritted through his trembling heart and threw his arms around her. He closed his eyes as his expression twisted into a regretful grimace. It took him a long time before he could finally calm himself into assuming his calm voice. "You still have me."

Deirdre squeezed her arms, drawing him into herself with all her might. "I know." Her voice sounded muffled as it escaped. "You have no idea how glad I am that you're around. Anyone else in the world could bring me pain... except for you. You never disappoint."

Kyran's hand froze in mid-stroking her back.

"Mm-hmm."

Maeve told the interrogating officer everything. Deirdre listened to about half of her testimonial and decided she had had enough. The two left and visited a supermarket close to their residence. 1

After buying their ingredients, she asked, "Hey, Kyran, should we call Mr. King and ask when he is coming back? We can have dinner together."

Kyran made that call, but the other side did not answer him.

"He's probably busy. He's not even answering my call. Let's eat on our own."

"Okay!"

Deirdre began to prepare their dinner as soon as they returned home while Kyran made himself useful with whatever auxiliary tasks needed to be completed. He received a call halfway and immediately frowned.

"What is it?" asked Deirdre, turning back to him.

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Kyran hung up. "Nothing big. Declan had a few drinks, and now he's too tipsy to drive. He wants me to get him."

"He drank?" asked Deirdre, surprised.

"Well, you better rescue him now. Come back soon, okay?"

Kyran kissed her hair. "Take care of yourself. If you can't find something, just wait for me. I won't be long."

"Okay!"

Kyran took his coat, closed the door, and strode outside. Declan's car was parked near the entrance, with its owner leaning against the bonnet. A cigarette was lodged between his fingers.

As soon as Kyran appeared, he handed him a file. "Here. Your report."

As Kyran rummaged through the pages, Declan spoke. "Someone ordered Deirdre to be maltreated and physically abused in prison. The guards and their boss all claimed that

it was on your orders, which means it's very likely Steven's doing. The only reason any one would mistake anything as your order is

when he said it was."

The document was filled with graphic details of Deirdre's torment and pain as described by witnesses. The more Kyran read it, the more his heart ached until he accidentally crumpled the pages with a frown.

Chapter 525 The Child Was Forced to Die

After a long beat, Kyran finally found his voice. "And Steven?"

"Fled." Declan took another sharp inhale of smoke.

"He is a smart man who knows you all too well. He foresaw things going south way ahead and withdrew his savings before disappearing. It's impossible to find him."

Kyran's eyes were nailed to the document. A maelstrom was kicking up in his chest, pressing itself against the inside of his chest and stinging him so much that his face turned white.

It took him a while to recover. Exhaling a few breaths, he said, "He had no motive. He wouldn't even have gained anything from it."

Declan flashed him a smile. "That much is obvious. What could he possibly gain from doing all of this to Deirdre? Nothing. As such, someone else must have ordered him to. Now, I don't have any solid proof yet, but I'm sure who that mastermind could be. Question is... Do you want to hear it?"

Kyran did not even blink. "Charlene."

"Huh? Right on the first strike. Only two people could have gained from this whole thing: you and Charlene McKinney. Deirdre was pregnant with your kid after two years of marriage, so her emotional motive was transparent."

Kyran sank into silence, his eyes misty. He could not stop his mind from returning to that day—the fire, the woman and her blurry features, and the near-suicidal, altruistic determination to save him from the

inferno.

Never had he expected that same angel to become a demon capable of the most wretched things behind

his back.

Declan could see the mental anguish playing out in Kyran's mind. Snuffing out his cigarette, he exhaled. "Brendan, the past is the past. People can be unrecognizably changed even after a year, let alone two years shy of a decade.

"Charlene is no longer the same woman who saved you from the fire. She has changed. I told you back when *the* woman and I first met that this is a woman who's motivated by avarice. You were so in love with her that you wouldn't listen when I told you, and that's okay. I get it. But what other excuses can you come up with now?"

"I'm not even going to excuse her." Kyran thought of the trials Deirdre had gone through and felt a chill sweeping across his heart. "I was just thinking, who's the bigger sinner? Me or Charlene?"

After Deirdre was finally released from the prison and was given a chance to live, Brendan swooped back in like the Devil, chained her to his side, and proceeded to rain hellfire on her, humiliate her, abuse her, and endlessly torment her.

'No wonder Deirdre's love turned into hate.' 2

Declan sidestepped the question with a much more practical one of his own, "What now?"

"Deirdre has stated that the culprit behind her abduction is Charlene." Kyran shut the document. "It's high time she reaps what she sowed."

He handed the document back to Declan. "Come inside with me. Deirdre's busy in the kitchen. It's not safe to leave her alone."

He took two steps forward until Declan, climbing down his car, stopped him. "Brendan."

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The man stopped.

"You're not going to like what I'm about to tell you. The child the two of *you* had? Miss McKinnon never wanted to kill it... The kid was forced to die. On the day she lost her sight, she was forcibly drugged. She fought back and was beaten up over it," said Declan. "Nobody helped, so she lost. She didn't manage to save the kid." 1

Kyran's back was as straight and erect as ever, but one could see his entire frame shaking.

Deirdre heard the sound of the door opening and stopped her work. Rubbing her hands clean, she called out, "Hey, welcome back! Mr. King, did something happen? Why did you drink?"

Declan's well-practiced smile had returned.

"False alarm! I wasn't drinking to heal my broken heart. My clients basically forced me."

"Well, that's a relief," she replied, relaxed.

"I made you soup. Come take it. Hopefully, it will help lessen your hangover on the next day."

"Gee, thanks."

Deirdre smiled and told him not to worry. Then, turning toward a rather sullen Kyran, who had not spoken a word since entering the house, she cried, "Hey, can you help me locate the pepper?"

Chapter 526 Did You Smoke?

Deirdre was all smiles and joy, her tone playful and adorable. But Declan sniped a concerned glance at Kyran and saw an icy visage shadowed by guilt. His eyes were so hollow and devoid of light they could have belonged to a corpse.

"Let me do the honors, Miss McKinnon. Kyran's a little tired from the drive."

She stopped, stunned for a moment, and smiled. "Well, I won't say no to that. Thanks!"

Declan rolled up his sleeves. "Pleasure's all mine. Working in the kitchen could probably help me sober up."

He stepped into the kitchen and began looking. He found it easily enough, but as he passed it to Deirdre, she thanked him and asked, "Did you really drink?"

He paused. His smile became a little mechanical. "What do you mean?"

"You don't smell like you had booze. You smell like cigarettes."

Declan sighed in relief. "No, I drank. The smell probably left on the journey, and then I smoked a cigarette outside. The smell must have covered it up."

"Huh?" Deirdre hummed noncommittally. "I get the necessity of social events with customers and clients, but I sure hope you'd drink and smoke less, Mr. King. Those things don't do your health any good."

"I know. Honestly? I don't even like those poisons. It's a sometimes-thing."

The two of them had small talks like that while they worked in the kitchen. Declan helped Deirdre lay it out on the table when the meal was ready. The young woman said, "Time for dinner, Kyran!"

There was no answer.

Declan scanned the living room and found no sign of him. "The man told me he didn't have enough rest yesterday, so I guess he must be taking a power nap upstairs. I'll get him."

"No, let him be." Deirdre looked at the stairs and said. "Let him rest. We can always reheat dinner later. We're not in the middle of the summer, so I don't even have to store them in the fridge."

In the end, the two of them had dinner together. It seemed ennui spurred Declan into a conversation machine because he and Deirdre had a very lively conversation involving all kinds of topics. The only thing he would always pivot away from, though, was Eastgene.

"That day when I was abducted... You didn't quite manage to settle back in Eastgene when it happened, right? Sorry. You had to rush all the way back here because of it."

"Nah, it was nothing," replied Declan, smiling. "I don't want to stay in that dump, and you gave me the perfect excuse to hightail out of there. But well... Now is not the time to talk about that. We should eat!"

When the meal was over, Declan took dishes duty upon himself. Deirdre got up the stairs, ready to take a break when she passed by Kyran's room. She knocked.

It took him

a long while to answer the door. As soon as it opened, a smoke wave crashed onto Deirdre's face, causing her to stiffen. "You were smoking?"

"Maybe a little," he replied.

No, it was not 'a little'. That much Deirdre could tell. The stench was so thick it came not from him but the entire room.

Baffled, Deirdre asked, "Why? Bad mood?"

Chapter 526 Did You Smoke?

He realized he could not look into Deirdre's crystal-clear eyes and let his gaze settle on the floor." Nothing. I'm just a little... tired, so I was hoping nicotine could keep me up."

Deirdre frowned.

“If you’re tired, the right thing to do is to sleep. Quit smoking. It’s terrible for your health.”

“Yes, ma’am.” He chuckled lightly. “I guess I’ll go to rest. You get an early rest too.”

Deirdre nodded and turned away before, suddenly, Kyran stopped her. “Deirdre?”

She turned around, nonplussed. “Yeah?”

His eyes bored into hers. “Good night.”

She flashed him a smile. “You too.”

She returned to her room, took a shower, and lay down on her bed. The way Kyran said his goodnight was

... strange. It felt unusually loaded, as though it crawled out from a place of anguish.

Chapter 527 Something’s Weighing On Your Mind

It was as if Kyran had something he wanted to say...

Deirdre closed her eyes. Maybe she was overthinking it because she was pretty tired to o. If Kyran had anything he wanted to tell her, he would just say so. There was no reason for secrets between the two of them at this stage of their relationship.

Deirdre slept soundly.

A long, long while later, her bedroom door creaked open.

A man snuck inside from that little crack, his movement featherlight and careful, to avoid waking up the young woman. He took his seat near her bed.

Moonlight sprayed into her room through her window and drenched her. Her skin was clear, like the surface of a silvery lake. As he studied her, her eyes gleamed with hunger while his lips curled into a shadow of a smile.

That was until, suddenly, the smile died.

It was as if someone had sucked away every oxygen in his lungs, and now his ribcage and its fleshy contents were imploding. His face paled, he knelt a little forward, and his eyes rested on the young woman’s abdomen. Her blanket covered it.

An uncontrollable urge sprung out from the depth of his mind and animated his hand into pulling the blanket away. His trembling fingertip traced invisible circles on the exposed abdomen.

He and Deirdre's child used to be in there.

If that kid had lived... The man would have someone to call him 'dad'. The kid could have grown up in a happy family—the best childhood they could ever have.

Yet, he killed it before any of that possibility was even given time to take shape. Then, as though his sin was not great enough, he blamed it all on Deirdre. He skewered her over her supposed abandonment of their child and vilified her for failing to protect them.

Brendan Brighthall deserved to burn in hell.

“Kyran?”

The woman's voice broke his train of thought. Kyran froze and raised his head instinctively. The young woman was staring at him groggily as his hand rested on her abdomen.

“What are you doing?” she asked, her confusion audible. Sleep colored her enunciation.

Kyran retracted his hand as though he had just touched something hot. “I— I can explain!”

He could not explain.

Deirdre suddenly laughed and held his hands in hers. “I get it. You're hungry! I knew you'd be hungry if you skipped a meal! Come on. I'll reheat dinner for you.”

She trusted him. She trusted him so much that the fact that he had suddenly appeared in her room did not ring any of her alarms.

For some reason, that unconditional trust weighed on Kyran's heart even more heavily. “No, I'm fine.”

“Hmm? What's wrong?” It finally occurred to Deirdre that something was not right with Kyran. Sitting up, she asked, “Hey, is something weighing on your mind?”

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Chapter 52105omething's Weighing On Your Mind

Kyran looked at her and felt a sting in his throat. He hummed. “Yeah. There's one.”

Deirdre was alarmed. “Is it about Mr. King, or-”

“Me.”

“It’s about you?”

“I did something unforgivable when I was younger.”

She was stunned. Kyran was capable of committing mistakes?

“What... did you do?”

“I can’t tell you now exactly what it was, but believe me, it was the stupidest mistake I’ve ever made in my life. It’s so insanely idiotic that I can’t even forgive myself for what I’ve done until now.

“That sounds very serious,” Deirdre replied pensively. “Did you hurt that person?”

“Yeah. Deeply.”

“That’s very, very serious. If you accidentally hurt someone over something, then that something couldn’t have been trivial. Kyran, you need to apologize to them.”

He gazed deeply into her eyes. “What if they don’t accept it?”

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“Well, it’s not that surprising, isn’t it? After all, you’re the one at fault, so I guess... All you can do is to make it up for them to the best of your abilities, using means that don’t repulse them.”

He pulled her into his arms. Her scent kicked up a storm of feelings, so he rested his head on her shoulder and took a deep breath. “Thanks.”

She laughed. “For what? I didn’t do anything. Hungry?”

Kyran was so hungry that his stomach was aching, but he had no appetite. “I don’t feel like eating,” he said candidly.

“That’s *not* a good reason not to have a few bites. You weren’t able to have lunch, and then I didn’t call for you during dinner because I thought you needed some rest.”

Chapter 528 I Wish I Could Become Kyran Reed

Deirdre climbed out of her bed, but Kyran stopped her. “Where are you going? It’s cold!”

“I’m going to reheat dinner.”

Kyran frowned. "I can do it myself."

"I'll be fine. In fact, I'll keep you company."

She put on her coat and went downstairs, where the food was already cold. Instead of sending them into the microwave, she took some spaghetti and green vegetables from the fridge.

Confused, Kyran asked, "Weren't you supposed to reheat dinner?"

Deirdre

pushed a lock of her hair behind her ear. "I thought for a moment and changed my mind. I don't think it's good to have something with that much kick and flavor in the dead of night, so I decided to make something mild and tame, like... a bowl of spaghetti. You just have to wait for a few minutes. Once the water's boiling, I can make simple veggie spaghetti."

She turned away from him and set her attention to the meal.

Kyran watched her back, his face pale. And then, within minutes, a steaming bowl of spaghetti with some leafy green greeted him.

He froze.

When was it again?

Their marriage. This used to happen a lot back then.

She used to wait for him to come home from work. The sound of the tires scrunching against the road would wake her up, and she would gushingly run up to him and ask him about his day, and then...

She would make food for him.

And he would never give her the time of his day. The first thing he would do was go all the way to the second floor and check on Charlene.

Steam was pouring out of the bowl like a geyser. Kyran grabbed a fork and began scooping them up and stuffing them into his mouth. It stung his mouth. He thought he had stuck a burning iron rod inside for a moment. He sputtered.

"H-Hey! Spit it out! God, I'll get you water!"

She poured him a glass of cold water and pushed it toward him. Her face was pale with worry.

"What's with the hurry? Are you that hungry? It was piping hot, Kyran. You will get hurt."

He drank a big gulp until his mouth finally felt better. From the reflection, it seemed like his eyes were red. "I'm okay," he muttered, his eyes fixed on the bowl. After a while, he wolfed it down again.

His tongue had gone numb from the previous ordeal—he could no longer taste the spaghetti. And yet, he ate it as though it was the most precious food in the world. He would not even leave the sauce alone.

Deirdre propped her chin on her hand. "Seconds?"

"Yes!"

She dumped whatever was left of the pot into his bowl, and yet even she thought it was too much for a man. "Huh? You should just eat half of it."

Kyran agreed, but he did not mean it. He finished it completely as if worried that the spaghetti would

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Chapter 5281 New It curd Bec

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disappear if he did not. His stomach was protesting in pain from all of it, but he still ate it down to the last

bit.

He pushed an empty bowl back to Deirdre. She lifted it and was immediately shocked at how light it felt. "You finished it?"

Kyran fought his discomfort and replied, "Yeah. It was so good. Your skill hasn't dulled one bit."

"Hasn't dulled one bit?" She was perplexed, but she figured that he might have meant she was generally a good cook. Frowning, she asked, "Are you sure you'll be fine? You ate a lot. I don't think you can sleep well."

"I'm fine."

Deirdre's prognosis was right. Kyran threw up three times in his bathroom, and his stomach refused to be at ease. His face was stricken with tears, but they were born from pain.

After all, when he looked at himself in the mirror, all he saw was the same cold, stoic expression.

Someone knocked on his door. Worried that it might be Deirdre, he kept quiet until Declan said, "It's just me."

He washed his face and opened the door, and his friend gave him gastric medicine. "Here."

"You saw?" asked Kyran, unabashed. He threw two pills into his mouth.

"Yeah. It was like watching an amateur live-stream host, where the idiot tried to down three people's worth of spaghetti. Thanks, I hate it. I don't even need a crystal ball to know that someone's going to have a rough night."

Declan had been a little shocked by his friend's action, but then again, maybe he was not. Kyran was just

like that.

The shadow of a smile settled on Kyran's lips, but it did not reach his eyes.

Suddenly, he said something completely off-topic. "If only I could become Kyran Reed."

Chapter 529 As Those Scars Healed

Deirdre had expected Charlene to be arrested, but she did not expect it to happen as soon as two days later. When the police told her the woman in question was already detained, Deirdre was shocked.

The police were careful to put a damp on whatever fervor Deirdre might have after hearing news like that. "We need to put this out there, though. We might not get to arrest her instantly on our first attempt."

She did not really need it—

Deirdre knew it was next to a miracle to get Charlene to admit to guilt or be arrested on the first day. She splashed some water over her face, hoping the cold would wake her up from any stupor.

She was so preoccupied that she missed out on her face's strange smoothness. She changed into a set of new clothes and went downstairs.

Declan was on breakfast duty today while Kyran played his assistant. Hearing a commotion echoing from the stairs, Declan raised his head and greeted, "Miss McKinnon, good morn—"

He did not finish his sentence.

Kyran instinctively turned to look at the woman at the stairs as well.

A pair of clear, misty doe—
eyes stared back at him from the covers of slender, arched eyebrows. Her scarred face was gone—
her skin was smooth, fair, and supple, like the skin of a newborn. Her ruby lips brought out the pearly whiteness of her luscious teeth. She looked so absolutely stunning that *nobody* could turn their eyes away.

Kyran had seen Deirdre before her disfigurement, and yet right now, he could not stop his heart from skipping. His cheeks were burning.

“What’s wrong?” Deirdre blinked in confusion. “What happened? Why did you stop? Is it something on my

face?”

Declan chuckled. “Well, it’s your face, all right. You’re so beautiful it terrified me.”

“Beautiful?” Deirdre was stunned.

“Didn’t you know? Your scars have healed.”

Deirdre’s heart skipped a beat, and she unconsciously rubbed her cheeks. She could not feel the jagged friction from her scars anymore. Her face had completely recovered. Her skin was so supple it was as if it was just born anew.

She had recovered her original look.

“Wait till your sight has recovered. You’ll be like a phoenix rising- No, scratch that. You are already a phoenix rising from the flames.”

Deirdre’s eyes warmed in glee. “Really?!”

“Yes, really. You can ask Kyran if you think I’m pulling your leg.”

Kyran did not expect himself to be name-dropped at all, and he sputtered. “R-Right! You’re beautiful.”

“Hmm... That reaction is suspicious. Now I’m a little sure Kyran had already known how beautiful Miss McKinnon really was way before her recovery, which is why he tried to steal your heart that early! D*mnit, Kyran is a psychic, isn’t he?” Decla

n teased. "Meanwhile, a mere mortal named Declan King can only wallow in his lack of foresight. He could have waged an epic war at Kyran!"

His comment flustered Deirdre, but the man continued. "You know... since you haven't gotten into a

Seats Healed

marriage with Kyran, it's still fair game, right? Ditch him, pick me!"

He was kidding, so Deirdre was not offended at all. She giggled. "That's enough, Mr. King! I know I'm not your type at all!"

"Oh?" Declan froze a little before his habitual smile resurfaced. "What kind of girl *do* you think I like, then?"

Deirdre thought for a moment. "I think you like a kind, gentle type who always understands you."

He paused, but before he could reply, Deirdre continued.

"But I actually think a girl like that might not be the one for you. I think you're a lone wolf underneath all that exterior, Mr. King. Distant and stoic, even. Maybe the kind of girl you need is a passionate, fiery type! The two of you will be the perfect match!"

"You think... I'm distant and stoic?"

Deirdre was only blabbering off her gut feelings, so being asked pointedly about it made her nervous. "I mean, it was just a wild guess."

Declan found it hilarious. "Ha, ain't that a guess! I almost believed you. Well, I hope your verdict ends up becoming an omen for my love life, then. May Cupid grant me a passionate, feisty chick to butt heads with!"

Chapter 530 Let Me Talk to Her

"I'm sure it'll happen."

Declan wanted to add more to the banter, but Kyran's jealousy had brewed up so much that he forcibly terminated it by stepping right in front of Declan. His eyes were not even blinking.

"Why are you up so early today? Are you not feeling well?" he asked out of concern.

Deirdre

was finally pulled back from her glee, causing a change to solemnness in her face. "Kyran, the police called me."

“And?”

“Charlene’s detained. I’ve decided to pay her a visit.”

Kyran’s expression darkened. “Do you want me to come with you?”

She smiled. “I can manage on my own.”

Declan met Kyran’s gaze and immediately chimed in. “Whoa, slow down, Kyran. I remember you telling me you’re going to meet Mr. Smith today. He’s your friend, and he’s here in this city today. Don’t ditch that meeting, okay? Miss McKinnon, I’m coming with you.”

Deirdre froze, though she ultimately shrugged it off. “Thank you so much as usual, Mr. King.”

“Don’t mention it. I owe your boyfriend a favor,” he replied. “We should have breakfast before we go. I’ll take you there.”

“Got it.”

Deirdre quickly went for a wash-up, giving Declan the opportunity to talk to Kyran. “You can trust me to take care of her. You know it. I’ll call you if anything happens, so don’t show yourself.”¹

Kyran placed his hand on his forehead. Fatigue hung over his eyebrows like a blood fog. “Sorry for the

trouble.”

“It’s nothing. You can always check on your own some other time. You know what Charlene is like, right? She’s going to throw a spectacular b*tch fit if she knows.”

“Who’s going to throw a fit?”

A confused Deirdre suddenly appeared in the living room, her hands freshly cleaned in the kitchen. Kyran and Declan exchanged an alarmed glance. Neither of them could tell how much she had overheard.

“What was it about? Who’s gonna throw a fit if she ‘knows’?”

Declan coughed to ease the tension in his voice. “Oh, we were just talking about Charlene’s thing. If she knows someone’s accused her of any crime, she will likely flip.”

Deirdre was not the slightest bit fazed.

“She can try, but nothing will work out for her just because she has a nasty temper. We all reap what we sow, and this is exactly what she deserves.”

“Too true. All we should care about is our own roles in the whole thing, right? The police will take care of

the rest.”

“Right,” she said, brightening up. “Forget her. Let’s eat!”

They finished their breakfast. Soon, Declan and Deirdre were ready to go.

Kyran could not stop himself and said, “I’ll come to fetch you if I finish work early.”

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Chapter 500 Let Me Talk to Her

“Alright.” Deirdre removed the scarf around her neck and furled it around his. “See you.”

“Yeah. See you.”

Declan had been waiting for her in front of the car. She made her way into the passenger seat, got comfortable, and let the smile on her face fade.

This was not the end. This was just the beginning.

They reached the station. A police officer came to her and greeted her. “Miss McKinnon.”

“Where’s Charlene?”

“McKinney’s in the interrogation room. She won’t speak at all, ma’am. She says she’ll only talk if her lawyer’s with her.”

Deirdre could have guessed that excuse from her from a mile away. “Let me talk to her.”

The police officer led the way. He opened the door, and without missing a beat, Charlene declared in her usual cool confidence, “I don’t understand a single thing of what you people are accusing me of, so don’t even bother asking me again. I need my lawyer.”

She turned to the door as it creaked. Her eyes met Deirdre’s, and a muscle in her face seemed to twitch. All colors were drained out of her face.

She could not take her eyes away from Deirdre's flawless, gorgeous face. Her gaze was so intense it was as though she wished she could burn a hole through her cheeks with it.

Deirdre's survival was unexpected to her. But nothing topped seeing her archnemesis regaining her old beauty.

It made her burn in envious rage.

Chapter 531 I Want You To Pay The Price

Charlene had thus lost another advantage in competing with Deirdre.

Meanwhile, Deirdre, who was facing Charlene's oppressive eyes, remained calm and collected. It was as if she wasn't facing her enemy, who once wished to kill her. She even lifted up the corner of her mouth.

"Miss McKinney, how are you doing? It's been about two weeks since we last met, hasn't it?"

Charlene regained her calmness and smiled. "I'm sorry I don't get you. What I know is that we haven't seen each other since we were separated from Neve. In fact, I have been wondering why the police came to me. It turns out that Miss McKinnon is trying to avenge me by plotting against me because she is jealous that her ex-husband has fallen for me and wants to marry me."

"So, you won't confess regardless, right?" said Deirdre while looking at Charlene.

While blinking her eyes, Charlene rebutted, "What do you want me to confess? Miss McKinnon, do you know that I am innocent? I'm not surprised that you hate me because of our emotional entanglement. However, you can't blame me for no reason, can you?"

"Maeve O'Keefe. Can you still remember her?"

Charlene's smile froze for a second when she heard Deirdre's question.

She clenched her fists and asked, "What do you mean?"

Composed, Deirdre said, "You deny it probably because you think that with me as the witness, you don't think the police can detain you for long without evidence, in addition to the emotional entanglement between us. But what about if there's another witness?"

At that moment, Charlene lost her smile.

“You thought I was dead. And because you got a scapegoat and no one else would think that you were the culprit, you didn’t think of other aspects at all. What you didn’t expect was that not everyone would keep this secret for you.”

“What do you want to do?” asked Charlene with her fists clenched.

Deirdre rose to her feet. Her eyes betrayed her hatred as she replied, “I want you to get the retribution you deserve, and I want you to pay the price!”

Hints of fluster could be seen in Charlene’s eyes. She took a deep breath and kept denying it. “Miss McKinnon, there is no grievance or enmity between us. Why are you trying to slander me when the relationship between you and Brendan has ended?”

“You will know thoroughly when the case is brought to trial.” Taking two steps towards the exit, Deirdre remembered something and stopped to add, “Don’t worry. It won’t be long.”

Charlene stared at Deirdre with bloodshot eyes, who went out when a police officer opened the door for her. She saw Declan approaching Deirdre with a concerned expression before the door was closed.

Charlene could remember the scene when she first met Declan. At that time, even though Declan was smiling brightly, his gaze was indifferent. Therefore, Declan’s current expression showed that he was obviously concerned about Deirdre.

She began wondering whether she had misunderstood Deirdre and Brendan. Perhaps Deirdre was Declan’s partner instead?

Thinking of Declan’s identity, she believed she would lose the court case if he were to help Deirdre!

And she was flustered.

When a police officer approached her, she immediately shouted, “Where’s my lawyer!? Call him here now!”

Not long after Charlene’s lawyer came and the door was closed behind them, Charlene overturned the table to vent her anger. “That b*tch! She actually survived! What the h*ll did they do!?”

The lawyer glanced outside and said, “Miss McKinsey, please talk softer. Although the police have no right to bug our conversation in this room, it doesn’t mean they can’t hear us.

“So what if they hear us? This is already the case!”

Chapter 532 Still A Wife of Brendan

The lawyer frowned. "What's happened? Isn't it just Ms. McKinnon? You just need to insist that both of you are just emotionally entangled. She resents that her ex-husband wants to marry you, so she slandered you on this matter. In this case, we'll have a high probability of winning even if the case is brought to trial."

"This is the problem!" Charlene was so angry that she was shivering. "She is not the only witness."

"What do you mean?"

"In order to kidnap Deirdre at that time, I got a woman who knew Deirdre to lure her out. But it is obvious now that the woman has become a turncoat, and she may accuse me in court!"

"How could this be?" The lawyer couldn't help but frown heavily. "It might be difficult with two witnesses. How could you create weaknesses for yourself when you were deciding to employ someone?"

"I never expected that b*tch to survive. I learned she's alive only when the police arrested me!" While gnashing her teeth, Charlene added, "If I knew she would survive, I'd have-

Eyes flickering, Charlene demanded, "I'll give you the address of Maeve O'Keefe. Go to her and convince her regardless! Money is not a big deal as long as she shuts up!"

"Ms. McKinnon, hold on." When Deirdre was on her way out with Declan, a police officer came. "Can I talk to you privately for a while?"

"Sure," replied Deirdre, who turned to Declan.

"I'll wait for you outside," replied Declan with a smile.

Deirdre nodded in reply to Declan.

After Declan left, she went to a quiet place together with the police officer. Following that, she asked, "What is it that you'd like to talk about?"

"We talked to Charli McKinsey before you came and learned from her that both of you used to have conflicts?" asked the police officer in a serious manner

"It is not really a conflict. At most, her self-righteousness made her see me as her imaginary enemy. There is nothing between Brendan and me already."

"Nothing?" The police officer was confused. "Aren't you two a married couple?"

“Yes.” Deirdre added, “But it was in the past. We have divorced. Otherwise, how could he have a new

fiancee?”

“This is why I wanted to ask you privately for confirmation. We saw your personal information, and your status shows you are married. In other words, you and Mr. Brighthall are still a married couple,” explained the police officer.

Upon hearing the police officer, Deirdre was stunned. “How’s it possible!?”

“Whether both of you are a married couple, don’t you know it personally?” The police officer couldn’t understand.

7-”

Deirdre was struck dumb. She didn’t know what to explain. She had been under the impression that Brendan would take the initiative to file for divorce when she faked her death.

“Did you see it wrongly?”

“Unlikely,” replied the police officer with a smile.

Deirdre’s face turned white. “Is there any method for me to file a divorce without him knowing?”

The police officer thought Deirdre was joking. “Miss McKinnon, are you pulling my leg? Filing a divorce needs both parties’ agreement. Moreover, if you want to file a divorce, isn’t it easy just contacting Mr. Brighthall?”

“Easy?”

Deirdre smiled wryly because the matter wouldn’t be a headache if it was that easy.

“I can’t get to meet him.”

Startled, the police officer looked at her and asked with disbelief, “How’s it possible?”

Chapter 533 She Will Do Anything

“Both of you were obviously-”

‘Both of you were obviously together yesterday’

When the police officer was about to blurt that out, he seemed to have recalled something and stopped. His eyes were filled with disbelief.

When Deirdre heard the police officer, she looked confused and asked, "What did you want to say?"

"Both of you were obviously a married couple. Since both of you are married, why can't the two of you talk face-to-face? How can you not meet him?"

Deirdre was stunned for a moment before she replied, "The world is very complicated. Not every couple can talk face-to-face in a friendly manner. In short, we don't wish to see each other."

"Oh, I see." The police officer suppressed his surprise and went back to the topic. "Anyway, please take note that the relationship between you and Mr Brighthall may affect this case with Miss McKinsey."

"Understand, thank you."

Deirdre turned and walked away. However, after she had taken two steps, she couldn't help but ask, "Are you sure that there isn't any way that I can divorce Brendan without him knowing it?"

Brendan might have just forgotten about it. But with her married status, it would be difficult for her to be with Kyran.

Because she couldn't get through it.

She thought she was calm and recollected enough in the relationship with Brendan. However, the fact that she was still married to Brendan overwhelmed her with helplessness and frustration.

"It's impossible without Mr. Brighthall's consent," replied the police officer. Following that, he paused and continued. "Since it's a divorce, both parties must be around to apply together."

"Both parties must apply together?"

"Alright, I got it. Thank you," said Deirdre.

Declan was waiting in front of the car while Deirdre went out. When Declan saw Deirdre, he went toward her and said, "Miss McKinnon, Kyran called and said that he has something to deal with and can't come over. So, let's go back directly."

"Sure."

Declan was very observant. He was instantly aware of Deirdre's emotions and asked with his eyebrows raised, "Is there anything wrong?"

Deirdre raised her head and forced a smile while suppressing her emotions. "I'm fine. Let's go back."

It was obvious that Deirdre didn't want to talk about it, and Declan was tactful enough not to dwell on it. When they boarded the car, Deirdre was reminded of the conversation she had had with Charlene and said, "Mr. King, when I was talking to Charlene, I mentioned Mrs. O'Keefe. Hence, Charlene may send someone to deal with her in order to stop her from becoming the attestor."

"Are you worried that Maeve O'Keefe will become a turncoat?"

Deirdre shook her head. "I don't think she will. I'm just worried that Charlene will harm her when her people fail to reach a deal with Mrs. O'Keefe. After all, a person like Charlene will do anything just to live"

"Don't worry about this, Miss McKinnon. Kyran has gotten someone to arrange a safe location for her. She'll be fine."

Thinking that Kyran was a step faster than she was, Deirdre felt secure. With Kyran's support, she even felt more confident to confront Charlene. It was just...

Upon thinking of her married status, Deirdre felt anxious. She felt that it was unfair for Kyran to become the third party in the relationship by force.

On the other hand, Deirdre felt it was fortunate that she learned about her status prior to meeting Kyran's parents in Germia. Otherwise, it would be even worse when she realized it only when they were preparing to get married in Germia.

Anyway, Deirdre was troubled, wondering how she could end the relationship with Brendan.

Should she go to him?

Chapter 534 Hand Injured

Deirdre felt chilly. Upon returning to the mansion, she washed her face, trying hard to calm down. Then, she changed into a new dress.

When she went downstairs, Declan had left.

Declan had told her earlier that he had to go out because of the project. Deirdre sat on the sofa and switched on the TV. Even though she couldn't see, she could at least hear the sound, and she felt calmer by hearing the TV program.

After some time listening to the noisy TV program, Deirdre felt drowsy. It was until she smelled the scent of the flowers that she opened her eyes.

“Are they flowers?” said Deirdre with surprise while reaching out her hands.

Kyran, who appeared suddenly, was smiling with his eyes when he saw Deirdre’s surprised expression. Yes, I went by a greenhouse and plucked a bouquet after obtaining permission from the owner. Do you

like it?”

“Yes.”

Unlike the lifeless flowers the florists sold, these flowers had a faint fragrance of freshness. Although she couldn’t see, she could feel the freshness and beauty of the freshly picked flowers. She was moved and embraced the bouquet in her arms.

When she accidentally touched Kyran’s hand, she heard him hissing.

Deirdre became concerned and asked, “What’s wrong with your hand?”

“Nothing,” replied Kyran as he tried to cover it up by withdrawing his hand. “My hand is fine.”

Deirdre frowned with disbelief. She put aside the bouquet and demanded, “Reach out your hand so that I can check.”

Kyran chuckled. “It’s not convenient for your eyes to see. What’s more, I’m really fine. It’s just that when picking these flowers, I was pricked by their thorns. Don’t worry. It’s not a big deal. I’ve already treated it. with first aid.”

“Are you sure?” Deirdre immediately turned serious. “Why were you so careless? Where’s the first aid box?”

With a gentle gaze, Kyran replied, “I’ll find it.”

He eventually found the first aid box under the sofa. As soon as he opened the box and took out the disinfectant, Deirdre grabbed it over.

Even though she couldn’t see it, she could fumble and clean Kyran’s wound with a cotton swab. She had tried her best to be as gentle as possible, yet she could still hear Kyran’s soft hissing sound once.

She felt distressed. “Is the wound deep?”

“No, it is not.”

Deirdre pleaded plaintively, "Please don't do it again next time. If Mr. King were to learn about it, I think he would laugh at you a couple of times."

"Well, the main reason was that I wanted to pluck them so much for you when I saw them. I thought you'd like them very much," said Kyran gently. His black eyes were filled with only tenderness as he asked, "Do you like the bouquet?"

Deirdre helplessly pulled the corner of her mouth. "Yes, I do."

She indeed loved these flowers. She felt instantly calm and recollected when she smelled the flower's fragrance.

"Since you like it, I don't mind even having my hand amputated for it. Let alone it's just a minor injury."

Deirdre was shocked upon hearing the declaration. She hurriedly reached out to cover Kyran's mouth and said angrily while staring at him, "Don't simply say it. What if it really comes true?"

"If it really comes true, you will have to take care of me. After all, I will not be able to eat, drink, and rest without you," said Kyran seriously while staring at the woman's face with clear black eyes.

Deirdre felt Kyran's moving lips and warm breath when he spoke. She began to feel itchy and anxious.

Her heart was pounding fast, and she subconsciously withdrew her hands. However, Kyran forcibly grabbed her slender waist and pulled her toward him.

"Your hand-"

"Don't move," said Kyran, who pressed his head against her abdomen, slowly closed his eyes, and breathed her scent.

Deirdre obeyed. But because she was still worried about his injured hand, she whispered, "It is not yet bandaged."

Chapter 535 He Has Got Two Phones

Seeing Deirdre's tenderness and worry about him, Kyran began to feel hot, and that heat seemed to have gone up and out through his throat.

"Deirdre."

Deirdre seemed to be aware of something when she heard Kyran's husky voice. She froze and felt the strength Kyran used to hug her gradually increasing as he pulled her tighter into his embrace.

Deirdre looked at him nervously. Her prey-like eyes, and her blushing face were more delicate than the blooming roses. Her stiffened body seemed to be aware of what was going to happen and appeared to be seducing Kyran.

He almost couldn't help thinking of Deirdre's face frowning under him. His black eyes became burning hot, and he repeated calling her name over and over again.

"Deirdre.

"Deirdre.

"Deirdre."

"|-"

When Deirdre was about to answer, a pair of lips covered and pressed against hers, stopping her from answering.

Kyran was shivering, feeling the joy of regaining what was lost and the nervousness that it might not last long. Therefore, this kiss was full of various emotions.

Deirdre was clenching her palms tightly, but she gradually relaxed at the thought she wanted to truly belong to Kyran.

However, she seemed to have remembered something and hurriedly opened her eyes at

the next second.

Kyran felt a pushing force that separated him from Deirdre. When he saw her gloomy look, he was awakened.

"I'm sorry." Kyran took a deep breath to suppress his urge. "It's too fast, isn't it?"

"I didn't mean to force you. I was too impulsive. I will not do it again."

Deirdre shook her head. Her eyes were red.

She wanted to answer no because she thought it was okay to give him her love since they were already a couple. But at that moment, she remembered her unresolved relationship

with Brendan.

She was still Brendan's legal wife, so what would Kyran be? How could she let Kyran be the

third party of the relationship unknowingly?

Moreover, she couldn't accept Kyran without any grievances at all. It was unfair to him.

Seeing the entanglement and annoyance on Deirdre's face, Kyran kissed her forehead. "It's not your fault. It's really inappropriate to do so before we get married. You have nothing to feel guilty about."

'Get married?'

Deirdre felt that it was sardonic. Even the little wish to marry might become very difficult for them now.

"Let me cover your wound with an adhesive bandage on your hand first. I've just put on an ointment but not yet the bandage."

"Okay, thanks."

Carefully, Deirdre covered Kyran's wound with an adhesive bandage.

Following that, Kyran said, "I'll take a shower. I'm quite smelly because I was sweating when plucking the flowers."

"What about your hand?"

"No worries. It's just my right hand which is injured. I'll be careful."

Only then did Deirdre feel more at ease.

Kyran took off his coat and went upstairs.

Meanwhile, Deirdre put the bouquet on the table, found a vase, filled it with water, and put flowers in it one after another.

Suddenly, Deirdre heard an unfamiliar mobile phone ring from the sofa.

It wasn't hers, nor did it sound like Kyran's.

Could it be that Kyran had changed to a new ringtone?

Deirdre couldn't figure it out. But because the phone kept ringing, she had no choice but to go to the sofa and search for it. She found the phone in the pocket of Kyran's coat.

To her surprise, there were actually two mobile phones in the pocket.

Because the phone was still ringing, she suppressed her confusion and fumbled to answer the phone. "Hello?"

The voice on the other end stopped abruptly the moment the person heard her.

Chapter 536 Was That Voice Ms. McKinnon

It was at this moment that Kyran came down with a towel in his hand. When he saw Deirdre answering the phone belonging to Brendan, his face turned white in an instant.

"Deirdre! Who's calling?" asked Kyran nervously as he hurriedly went down the staircase and stared at Deirdre.

Deirdre handed him the phone. "I don't know. It might be someone calling the wrong number because there's no voice at the other end."

Kyran received the phone, took a glance at the name on the screen, hung up the phone, and said, "It's indeed a wrong number as I don't recognize it."

Deirdre nodded. Following that, she asked with confusion, "Since when do you have two phones? Why didn't I know that?"

Kyran usually switched off the phone belonging to Brendan and locked it in a drawer. He would usually switch it on to make a call only when needed. He had brought it out today because he needed it, but he didn't expect to receive a call while he was taking a shower.

Kyran forced himself to be calm and recollected. "My phone accidentally got wet, and the receptor didn't work very well. Thus, I bought a phone when I went out today."

"Oh, so that's the phone you bought today." Deirdre was convinced.

She felt she shouldn't have thought too much.

"Do you think the vase of flowers on the table is beautiful?" She shifted the focus to the bouquet.

Seeing the flowers he had personally plucked in the vase, Kyran was pleased. "Yes, it's indeed beautiful."

"They should be able to last longer by putting them in a vase on a table." While touching the petals with her hands, she could feel some were still stained with morning dew, and she enjoyed the sweet fragrance of the flowers too. "It's getting late. Are you hungry yet?"

"Yes."

"Let me cook you spaghetti." Deirdre carefully put away the vase of flowers and went into the kitchen.

The last hint of a smile disappeared from Kyran's eyes. Frowning, he stared at the phone. He paced to a side and redialed the number.

Soon, the other party answered the call, and Sam's excited voice sounded. "Mr. Brighthall! Was that the voice of Miss McKinnon? So, this is the reason you aren't returning to Neve. She is not dead, right? You found her?"

Kyran kept looking in the direction of the kitchen as he replied indifferently, "This is beyond

your duty."

There was a sudden silence, and Sam's voice became hoarse. "Why didn't you tell me? I thought she was dead, I thought-

"Sam, just take it as if she is dead because she will never return to Neve, and I'll not take her back either. She'll have a better new life," warned Kyran with his voice raised.

Sam felt a lump in his throat, and his chest tightened. However, it might be a good thing for Deirdre.

"Anything for calling?" said Kyran.

Suppressing the suffocating feeling, Sam said slowly, "You'll have to come back..."

After listening to Sam's explanation, Kyran's face turned gloomy, and his eyes betrayed his mixed feelings. After recollecting himself, he said, "I'll give you the address. Come and pick me."

Kyran then ended the call, went into the kitchen, and saw Deirdre with her hair tied up, carefully preparing the seasoning. Kyran reached out his hands and hugged her from her

back.

Upon smelling Kyran's fragrance after taking a shower, Deirdre smiled. "Did you finish the phone call?"

"Did you hear it?"

"Yes, a little bit. I heard you were talking with somebody."

With complicated feelings, Kyran said, "Let's have our meal first."

"Oh, sure. Then, I'll serve the spaghetti first. The spaghetti is tasty only when served hot."

Chapter 537 I Have To Leave Later Tonight

As soon as Deirdre reached out her hands, Kyran took the lead.

"Let me do it so that you won't be burned. Just wait for me outside."

Kyran was very meticulous. Deirdre enjoyed spending her time with him except...

She felt Kyran seemed to be hiding something from her. They were close, but their hearts seemed to be distanced a lot. And she wondered why.

The two of them had their own thoughts, so they didn't chat a lot when they sat down to eat.

After they finished eating, when Deirdre rose to her feet, Kyran said, "Deirdre, I have to leave tonight."

"Leave?" Deirdre was stunned. "Where are you going? Are you going to pick up Mr. King? He's drinking again?"

"No." Looking affectionately at Deirdre, Kyran said, "My father is sick, and he's admitted to the hospital. I have to go to see him in Germia."

Upon hearing that, Deirdre became nervous. "He's sick? Is it serious?"

"I'm not sure."

"So it wasn't Mr. King who called you but your family?"

"Yes..."

Although Deirdre was reluctant, she cheered herself up and said, "In that case, please go quickly. Yes, it's your responsibility to be by your father's side to care for him when

he's sick. I-I will be fine. As I'm not outgoing, I won't go anywhere other than Charlene's matter. Moreover, I can take good care of myself because I can see slightly now."

While Kyran was stroking Deirdre's hair, she grabbed his hand and asked, "When will you be back?"

"I'm not sure." Kyran replied with a deep gaze, "It may be from a few days to a week."

'A week?'

Deirdre suddenly felt that it was a long time. Since she had gotten together with Kyran, they had been together almost daily. Hence, she had been used to Kyran's presence. Even if they were separated, it wouldn't be more than a week.

She didn't know if she would be used to living alone.

"If

you aren't used to it, you can come with me. Just take it as an opportunity to meet my parents." Kyran sounded like he was inviting her.

Deirdre fell into a daze.

'Meeting Kyran's parents?'

She was short of breath. But when she thought of something in the next second, her vivid eyes gradually dimmed, and she forced a smile. "Forget it. I don't know when Charlene's matter will be dealt with. Before that, I have to wait for the police to contact me. Y-You can just go."

"Alright." Kyran hugged her and promised, "I'll come back as soon as possible. Even if I can't, I'll call you every day."

"Okay."

"Deirdre, I will miss you," Kyran said with a serious tone, causing tears to well up deep inside Deirdre's eyes. While holding back her tears, she cheered herself up and packed some clothes for Kyran.

Soon, a car was heard waiting outside. Kyran went out while pulling his luggage, and Deirdre saw him off at the door.

Deirdre only returned reluctantly after Kyran entered the car, and she couldn't see his figure.

Sam, sitting in the car, had been staring at Deirdre. Because he was looking at Deirdre, whose face had recovered, he was unsure whether the lady he saw was Deirdre.

She was no longer a zombie without any emotion but a normal person who could frown at daily necessities.

Perhaps it was the best for Deirdre. At least she looked happy now.

“What’s happening over there?” Kyran asked when he rubbed his brows in exhaustion.

Sam recovered his senses, started the car, and replied, “Ms. McKinney was desperate and sent someone to break into the company to see you but was stopped by the security guards. In the end, she had no choice but to call Madame Brighthall. Your mother was so angry that she fainted and was sent to the hospital. She still hasn’t woken up.”

Chapter 538 Get A Lawyer

Kyran’s face turned white. “Get back to Neve first.”

He couldn’t ignore it when Madame Brighthall had fallen ill.

Sam nodded and started driving without a word, not even asking anything about Deirdre.

That night, Deirdre couldn’t sleep well.

She didn’t know whether it was because of Kyran’s departure, but she dreamed of Brendan again for the first time in a while.

In the dream, Brendan was as indifferent as before. He grabbed her neck tightly, asking her why she accused Charlene.

Struggling, she replied with her eyes reddened, “It’s your Charlene who wanted to kill me! Brendan Brighthall, you are so blind that you can’t even see the truth lies before you!”

“She is the only one I acknowledge as my woman. She kidnapped you because you deserve it! As for your life and death, what does it have to do with me? I can’t let you win this time. I’ll make sure you lose the lawsuit!” said Brendan condescendingly.

Deirdre woke up, still experiencing the lingering feeling of suffocation in her neck. She had an inexplicable premonition that this dream seemed to tell her the choice Brendan would

make next.

Charlene would be desperate when she couldn't find Maeve and might seek help from Brendan. Charlene was the person who would rather die than go to prison. Hence, Deirdre wondered whether Brendan would cover up for Charlene regardless of the truth.

Moreover, she and Brendan had yet to divorce officially.

Deirdre felt a headache.

When she got downstairs, she saw Declan had just come back. Declan also saw Deirdre and greeted her politely.

Even though he sounded laughing, he couldn't hide his exhaustion. It was obvious that he didn't have time to rest all night.

Deirdre immediately asked Declan to go back to rest. However, before Declan entered his room, Deirdre couldn't help asking, "Mr. King, do you know any lawyer?"

"Yes." Declan asked, "What's wrong?"

Deirdre didn't want Declan and Kyran to know about her marital status. She was afraid she would feel shameful when they learned that she, a married lady, had actually agreed to be with Kyran.

"Well, it's about Charlene's case. I wish to know more about the chances of winning this case when it's brought to court."

"Oh, I see." Declan didn't think much and agreed. "I'll get you one when I wake up tomorrow."

"Thank you."

The first thing Declan did when he woke up was to contact a lawyer for Deirdre. Following that, he gave Deirdre the number during the meal.

"Miss McKinnon, just contact this number directly if you have any questions. This lawyer is very well-known in their field."

While memorizing the number, Deirdre asked, "How's Kyran there?"

It had been more than ten hours since Kyran didn't contact her. She dared not call because she was afraid she might disturb him. At the same time, she couldn't help but worry. She was worried about Kyran's father's condition and that Kyran would be too busy that he would overlook his own health.

Declan's expression changed, and he sighed softly.

Upon hearing the sigh, Deirdre's face turned white. "What's wrong?"

Declan hurriedly replied, "No worries, Miss McKinnon. Kyran is still dealing with it. His father has always been weak. In fact, I can't manage to contact him either. But I think he's gotten out of the plane and is rushing toward the hospital. I think he will call you after he has settled down."

"Hmm..."

Deirdre nodded. She knew she shouldn't overthink, so she rose to her feet and cleaned the

table.

As Declan didn't have much time to stay in the mansion, he drove out soon after the meal.

Deirdre cleaned the living room again and again alone before she could remember the phone number of that lawyer.

Chapter 539 You're Starting to Meet New People Upon Leaving Me

Deirdre plucked up her courage to call that phone number, which was answered in a few seconds. She quickly introduced herself, "Hello, I'm Deirdre McKinnon."

"Hello, Miss McKinnon, I'm Bell. Mr. King said you have something about a case to ask me. May I know what it is?"

It was inconvenient for Deirdre to get straight to the point, so she inquired about Charlene's matter as a cover before getting to the point. "Mr. Bell, I would like to ask, is there any quick way to file a divorce without the consent of the man?"

"Divorce?" Mr. Bell was stunned. It was totally out of the topic that he needed a few seconds to recover his senses. "It depends on the situation. Generally, if the man

disagrees, he needs to file a lawsuit in court. As for filing for divorce, of course, a reason is

also needed."

"A reason?"

"Behavior such as domestic violence, abuse, taking on a bad habit, or cheating can all be grounds for litigation."

"Do any of these need proof?"

Mr. Bell chuckled. "That's for sure."

Deirdre fell silent. Brendan had cheated, but she had no evidence, and Brendan would not allow her to sue him in this way.

Mr. Bell seemed to realize something. "If the man didn't show any of these behaviors, there's another way."

Deirdre's eyes lit up. "What's the way?"

"Live separately for two years."

'Live separately for two years?'

It seemed to be the most effective method for the time being. However, it had been about half a year since she faked her death. In this case, did it mean that she would have to wait for another one and a half years before she could file for divorce with Brendan?

She couldn't wait, nor did she wish to make Kyran wait.

"What about when the wife is dead?"

Mr. Bell couldn't understand. "What do you mean?"

Deirdre hurriedly explained, "It means, what if the wife died in an accident, but the marriage is still in effect."

"It should be that the relatives or lover of the woman did not apply for a declaration of death. They only need to apply for a declaration at this time, and the marriage relationship will cease to exist."

"Oh, I see." Deirdre's eyes were stained with hope as she said, "Thank you, Mr. Bell!"

"Miss McKinnon, you are welcome."

When the call had ended, Deirdre thought she might need to look for a chance to go to the police station.

Suddenly, the phone rang again. Deirdre thought it might be from Mr. Bell and quickly answered the call, "Mr. Bell, is there anything else?"

The other end fell silent for a while before he asked, "Who's Mr. Bell?"

The man's voice sounded very low, and when one listened carefully, there were hints of irritation.

Deirdre wasn't aware of it because she was overwhelmed. "Kyran! You've arrived in Germia?"

"Yes." Kyran didn't sound happy and repeated the previous question, "Who's Mr. Bell? Were you talking to him over the phone for a total of 30 minutes!?"

Deirdre paused for a second and replied, "Yes."

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"Is he someone you know? Just like how I've been missing you, I thought you would miss me since I left and couldn't sleep well. It turns out that you're starting to meet new people."

Deirdre understood what Kyran meant. "Kyran, are you jealous?"

"What do you think? Deirdre, I don't want to interfere with your circle of friends, but sometimes, I still selfishly wish that you could meet fewer people."

Kyran sounded low-spirited and tired as if covered with chills after a long journey.

Deirdre felt sorry for Kyran. At the same time, she couldn't bear to laugh. "Mr. Bell is a lawyer Mr. King has introduced. I didn't know much about Charlene's case, so I asked the lawyer for the details. As for you, It's fine if you're jealous of Hoyt Leigh, but why are you still jealous of someone I have never met?"

Chapter 540 Mr. Brighthall?

Kyran was startled and couldn't help but curl his lips to laugh at himself. "Really?"

"Yeah, silly." Deirdre nestled on the sofa and smiled to herself for a while before she rose to her feet with a pillow in her arms. "Did you not have time to rest when you arrived in

Germia?"

"Yes." Kyran closed his eyes and put his hands on his forehead, looking tired and weak.

While sitting on the cold, long chair in the hospital, he felt lonely, as if he was in the wild.

It was too quiet in his surroundings, so quiet that he inexplicably felt like listening to Deirdre's voice. Yet, he couldn't reach her even after making a few calls. While trying to control his anxiousness because he knew Deirdre didn't like him to be too jealous, he wanted to know with whom Deirdre was talking.

"How's your father? Has he gotten better?"

Kyran's eyes turned gloomy. "He's just gotten out of the emergency room."

"Emergency room? How can it be so serious?" Deirdre frowned.

"He has a weak heart, but he's almost out of danger already."

'Heart?' Inexplicably, Deirdre thought of Madame Brighthall.

Madame Brighthall had some health issues with her heart as well. Hence, she would always carry medicine with her and was often hospitalized. It was after Brendan's marriage that her health issues gradually stabilized.

Soon, Deirdre became aware that she had been thinking nonsense again.

"Glad that he's out of danger. Return to the hotel early to rest so that you won't fall sick when your father has gotten well."

"Okay."

As soon as Kyran agreed, Deirdre heard the sound of high heels and the voice of a nurse. "Mr. Brighthall! It turns out that you're here! Madame is—"

Kyran was anxious. He hurriedly raised his head to look at the nurse, shook his head with wary eyes, and the nurse stopped talking immediately.

Deirdre's heart was burning, and her heart was pounding fast. "Mr. Brighthall?"

Sam, beside Kyran, responded quickly by altering his voice and answered, "Is my mom alright? Are her test results out yet?"

The nurse uneasily glanced at the two men before saying, "Yes, the test results are out. There's a shadow in the lung, so the doctor would like you to go to him."

"Alright, I'll be there immediately."

Sam went along with the nurse. When Deirdre heard the sound of their footsteps, she gradually calmed herself. But she still asked curiously, "Aren't you in Germia? Why are there Berth People around you?"

"It's the private hospital owned by my friend. There is a floor dedicated to medical treatment for Berth People. Hence everyone here is from Berth."

"Oh, I see."

Deirdre chuckled. She had been so panicked that her mind had gone blank. Now that she thought back, she felt that it was rather funny.

"It's late now, do rest early."

"Okay." Before Kyran ended the call, he couldn't help but say, "Deirdre, I miss you."

Deirdre said with a happy smile, "Me too."

Before Kyran could say anything else, Deirdre ended the call. She was blushing, and her heart was pounding fast.

Kyran gazed tenderly at the phone screen until it turned dark. Following that, he turned to Sam next to him, who had just returned, and his expression gradually turned cold and indifferent, as if this was his true self.

That tender Kyran only belonged to Deirdre.

"What's wrong?"

"Madame is awake. But because of Ms. McKinney's matter, she wanted to meet you. She wanted to verify whether Ms. McKinney has truly done that."

Kyran had already guessed it and paced into the room.

Madame Brighthall was seen sitting on the bed. She no longer looked elegant-her hair was disheveled and her face pale, as if she had gotten ten years older overnight.

Chapter 541 She Doesn't Know It's Me

Madame Brighthall let out a self-deprecating smile when she saw Kyran. "You're my son, but seeing you is even harder than climbing the sky itself. It has almost been a year since I last saw you. You wouldn't have come to see me if I hadn't gotten into an accident, right? Do you hate me that much?"

Her voice was filled with sadness and disappointment. She had been through a lot ever since she sent Deirdre away. Her family had fallen apart, and none of them cared about each other.

Kyran's face was emotionless as he said, "Don't overthink it. I'm just busy."

“Busy? Are you telling me you’re busy to the point that you can’t even come into the house. and see me, although you’re just a few blocks away?”

Kyran just kept silent.

Madame Brighthall sighed and said, blaming herself, “I thought I was doing you a favor by sending Deirdre away. I thought I was helping you maintain your hard-earned family, but I did not expect that it would be the last straw that broke the camel’s back. So I don’t have any complaints about what happened to me right now. This is my punishment.”

“Please don’t say that,” Kyran said, frowning tightly. “You’re going to live a long life.”

Madame Brighthall coughed and continued mockingly “Me? Live a long life? Oh gosh, that’s the funniest joke I’ve ever heard. Look at me. Do you think I look like someone who’s going to live a long life? By the way, let’s talk about Charlene. Is it true that she abducted someone?”

“Yeah,” replied Kyran, his face dark.

“She said she’s framed and wasn’t the mastermind behind the abduction. Well, I don’t believe her. If she were framed, she wouldn’t have panicked and come to seek your help. She got into a hit-and-run that time, and now-

Madame Brighthall’s face turned pale. A sharp pang shot through her chest, rendering her unable to speak for a moment. After a short while, she continued. “What are you going to do?”

Deirdre flitted over Kyran’s brain, and his face sank. “If she’s really the mastermind, no one can help her.”

Madame Brighthall’s face relaxed, and she said, “I’m so disappointed in her this time.”

She had been under the impression Charlene was the one who had saved her life instead of Deirdre. Thus, no matter how dissatisfied she was with her, she just treated her action as a normal tantrum. However, after the truth was revealed, she was getting more and more disappointed with Charlene.

“This is her own mess, so she should clean it herself. As for the victim, try and ask her if there is anything she needs our help with in her life. After all, it’s our fault that caused

Charlene to become who she’s today.”

Suddenly, Madame Brighthall realized something. “Do you know the victim’s name? Does Charlene have any grudges against her?”

Kyran fell silent when he heard the question.

Madame Brighthall looked at his expression, and understanding instantly dawned on her.

“Is she Miss McKinnon?”

Kyran did not say anything.

Madame Brighthall finally connected all the dots and said, “So, you were with Miss McKinnon when you were not in Neve the whole time? You’ve already found her?”

“Yes.” Kyran did not plan to hide anything from Madame Brighthall. “I’m staying with her now.”

Madame Brighthall’s eyes were filled with shock. “I thought she already has someone she likes?”

When she met her that time, she had asked her to come and see Brendan. However, from her reaction, she knew that she hated Brendan to the core, so how was there any possibility she would stay with him now?

As if he sensed her surprise, Kyran replied readily, “She can’t see, so she doesn’t know that person is me.”

Madame Brighthall finally saw the light. She looked at Brendan as if she were looking at a stranger instead of her son.

“So... The person she likes... It’s you?”

“Yes.”

Madame Brighthall closed her eyes. She was awash with exhaustion as she said, “Alright. I won’t poke my nose into your affairs. But since you’ve decided to develop your relationship with Miss McKinnon, you need to tell Charlene and make a clean-cut with her. You must not hurt Miss McKinnon ever again.”

Chapter 542 You Need to Trust Me

“I will,” replied Kyran, the expression on his face turning gentle. Suddenly, he thought of something, and a light flashed across his eyes. “I think the same way as well. I’ll find an opportunity and talk to her myself.”

After Deirdre hung up the call, she buried her head into the pillow, and it took her a long while before she finally calmed herself down.

She felt a bit sad and thought how good it would be if she could go to Germia with Kyran.

It was just that she was in a sensitive position right now. She was another man's wife, so she could not bring herself to face Kyran's parents.

At present, what she wanted to do the most was to end her marriage with Brendan as soon as possible.

Since she could not let Declan know what she was going to do, she only came out of her room in a trench coat after Declan went out in his car the next afternoon.

She flagged down a cab and said, "At the police station at Mr. Verm Road, thank you."

Meanwhile, an unwanted guest arrived at the police station.

When the man entered the police station and appeared in front of the police, all of them jerked up, and their faces were filled with shock.

"M-Mr. Brighthall?"

The police officers looked at each other, and they could see the confusion on their faces. Brendan flicked the water droplet on his shoulders and glanced across the surroundings. After that, he said, "Where is Charli? Bring her to me."

He sat in front of the table, and soon, Charlene appeared from the door. She was

handcuffed and had lost her arrogance. Her face was bloodless, her lips parched, and she looked dejected like a frosted eggplant.

When she saw Brendan, her eyes lit up with happiness as she pounced on him.

"Brendan! Brendan! You're finally here! I knew you wouldn't forget about me. Hurry up and get me out of here. This isn't a place for humans to stay. It's disgusting!"

Her face was filled with snot and tears as she told Brendan about her experience here. However, Brendan just looked at her impassively.

"Brendan..." Charlene finally realized something, and a bad feeling arose from the bottom of her heart. "Why aren't you talking? Are you mad at me? I know I had a fight with Miss McKinnon, but it really wasn't me who abducted her!"

Brendan looked at her coldly and asked, "If you weren't the one who abducted her, then why are you here?"

"It's Miss McKinnon's fault!" Charlene hastily said, "She's jealous of our relationship, so she wanted to take advantage of this opportunity to send me to jail so that she can have you all to herself. Brendan, you need to trust me!"

“Trust you?” Brendan looked at the woman in front of him. He did not know why but felt like she was a stranger. “Do you think these police officers are idiots where anyone can lead them by the nose? Then how are you going to explain about Maeve?”

When Brendan mentioned Maeve, Charlene’s face turned pale. Her eyes were filled with tears as she explained, “She... She was bought by Deirdre...”

As if he had enough of his bullsh*t, Brendan rose to his feet and said, “If you still don’t want to tell me the truth, then I’m sorry. There’s nothing I can do to help you!”

“No! Brendan! No!” Charlene shouted in panic. If Brendan left now, she would be a goner.

She did not want to go to prison. She did not want to spend her life in a confined room where even the sunlight could not reach her. She should live an affluent life. There was no way she would go to prison.

“It... It’s true that I know about her abduction, but...” Charlene’s eyes rolled, and tears began to stream down her cheeks as she tried to save her reputation. “I didn’t mean to put her in a dangerous situation. My rage and jealousy blinded me. I just couldn’t accept the fact that you were so deeply impacted by her death that you ignored me. I’m your girlfriend!”

Chapter 543 You Can’t Do This to Me

“I’m jealous of her, but Brendan... Isn’t jealousy a normal thing? I just love you too much. When our emotions blind us, we’re prone to do many stupid things! Besides, I already know that I’ve done something wrong!”

Brendan lifted his head, and his eyes were filled with disappointment. He could no longer relate the face of the woman crying in front of him to the woman in the sea of fire.

Even until this moment, she was still defending herself. She still did not know her mistake

yet.

“Just because you’re jealous of her, you hired someone to abduct her? So, does this mean you can simply kill someone and shrug it off as if nothing happens when you’re jealous of them?”

Charlene was stunned. “I didn’t kill her! She’s still alive! I didn’t kill her!”

Brendan placed his hand on his temples and said, “Charlene, do you think I don’t know what you did?” His voice was thick with rage, and his eyes had turned bloodshot. He looked at the woman in front of her fixedly and continued. “You think those people you

hired can keep their mouths shut for the rest of their lives? Have you forgotten why they chose to help you?

“Charlene McKinney, I’m very disappointed in you. I don’t even know who you are anymore.

“Or rather, I’ve never truly known you before. Your disguise has successfully deceived everyone around you, including me. Deirdre has never done anything wrong to you. She became someone else’s scapegoat and was sent to prison. She had to fake her death to hide from the public, and not only did you not feel any guilt for her, but you even wanted to kill her. How can you be so vicious?”

Charlene’s face was ashen pale. This was the first time Brendan called her full name. She felt as if her entire world was falling apart.

“Does he already know everything? He must know everything!”

“Did Deirdre tell you about these? Did she complain about her suffering to you?” Charlene’s voice was trembling. Her eyes turned red around the rims as she shouted hysterically, Yes! I was the mastermind behind her abduction, but what do you expect me to do? I was doing it for your sake!”

Brendan’s face was livid with rage. “What the h*ll are you talking about? You weren’t doing it for me. You were doing it for your own selfish reasons..”

“But if you were willing to spare even a glance at me in the past six months, why should I fight with a woman who’s not important to me? Why should I take the risk of doing something illegal?” she yelled.

“Brendan, I’m your woman! We’re meant for each other! I’ve already forgiven her for taking

away two years of my life, but she’s going to take you away from me now, and you expect me to do nothing? Never! I’ll never accept that!”

She took a deep breath, and her eyes were filled with hatred. “She should just die. She deserves it.”

At that moment, Brendan’s face lost all its color. His fingers were trembling slightly at Charlene’s words.

This was the woman he had trusted for eight years. This was what she had been thinking the whole time, and this was the first time Brendan saw who she truly was—a monster living under human skin.

He closed his eyes and took a deep breath. When he opened his eyes again, all of his emotions were gone.

“If that’s really what you think, then I believe you must be ready for the consequences.”

“Brendan... What do you mean?” Charlene froze. She finally regained her senses and looked at Brendan in disbelief. “You’re not going to help me anymore?”

Brendan did not say anything, but she already knew the answer. She panicked and said, “No, Brendan, you can’t do this to me! You can’t!”

Chapter 544 You’re Going to Prison

“Why can’t I do this to you? I’m just letting you have a taste of your own medicine.”

Charlene was stunned. Her heart was clutched by fear as she cried out loud, hoping that Brendan could forgive her. “How can you compare our eight-year relationship to hers? We’ve been together for eight years, and she’s just a nobody! Have you forgotten the time we spent together? I just made a little mistake, but Deirdre is safe. Why can’t you just forgive me?”

“A little mistake?” Brendan frowned deeply.

Charlene threw herself in front of Brendan and continued. “I’m sorry, Brendan. I just love you too much and let my jealousy get the best of me. That’s why I went crazy on Miss McKinnon. I’ll apologize to her and make up for it! So please, Brendan, please don’t give up

on me.”

Brendan looked at her coldly and moved away when Charlene was about to touch him.

Tears streamed down Charlene’s face.

Brendan had lost his patience and told her his purpose for coming here.

“Are you the one who asked those people in prison to beat up Deirdre when she was serving her time there?”

“What?” Charlene was stunned. Her tears froze in her eyes.

It was something that happened two years ago. If Brendan had not brought it up, she would have already forgotten about it.

It occurred to her that Deirdre had bewitched Brendan. That was why he was bringing it up

again.

“What has it got to do with me if Miss McKinnon was beaten in prison?” Charlene clenched her fists tightly and put on an innocent look on her. “I didn’t know her that well at that time, nor did I have any grudges against her. There’s no way I’d ask someone to beat her up to the point that she lost her baby...”

A hint of coldness crossed Brendan’s eyes. “Have I told you before that Deirdre lost her baby in prison?”

Charlene’s face turned ashen pale when she realized she had said something she shouldn’t have. She hastily explained, “I was just speaking nonsense! She was pregnant when she went to prison, but she didn’t give birth to any kid when she came out. Thus, I suspected that she lost her baby in prison!”

“Shouldn’t you suspect that she had an abortion?” Brendan gnashed his teeth. “Stop lying to me, Charlene!”

Brendan was shaking with anger. Charlene had never seen him so angry. Her blood went

cold, her brain became blank, and her legs were shaking as her feet were cemented on the ground.

Brendan could not contain his anger and said coldly, “I won’t help you anymore. Not only that, but you’re going to prison too.”

He rose to his feet and left the room. The air in the room and the anger in his chest suffocated him.

Meanwhile, Deirdre had just arrived at the police station. Her fingers were freezing, and she only removed her scarf after warming herself. up.

When the police officer saw Deirdre, he was stunned. “Miss McKinnon? What brought you here too?”

“Too?” Deirdre frowned as she felt confused. “There are other people here too?”

“Well...” The police officer stammered.

He did not know if he should tell Deirdre that Brendan was inside there or not. Even if he was going to tell her, how would he tell her about it? After all, Brendan had two identities right now.

While the police officer was caught in a dilemma, a series of heavy and rapid footsteps erupted from the corridor. Before the police officer could do anything, Deirdre saw the incoming figure.

She looked at the incoming silhouette blankly. She did not know why, but she felt that he was familiar.

Her throat went raw, and a name spurted out of her lips before her brain could even react.

“Kyran?”

When she realized who she had called, she was stunned.

Chapter 545 Who Else Will Touch You?

‘There’s no way he could be Kyran. Kyran is still in Germia. It’s going to take nearly a day’s flight for a round trip alone, so there’s no way he can be in the police station.’

However, if the figure in front of her was not Kyran, why would he feel so familiar? It was as if she had known the person for a long time...

Deirdre’s fingertips trembled as she asked, “Kyran. Is that you?”

Brendan’s face was bloodless as she stood opposite her. He did not expect Deirdre to appear in the police station, nor would they run into each other.

For a moment, countless thoughts flitted across his head. Was he going to admit that he was Kyran? Or should he just say she had taken him for the wrong person and walk away?

At that moment, Charlene broke herself free from her confinement and rushed out of the room. As she ran toward Brendan, she shouted in despair, “Brendan! Brendan! Please give me another chance! Please! I promise I won’t do it ever again!”

She threw herself in front of Brendan and Deirdre and bawled her eyes out. Even though the police officers reacted rapidly and took her away, her voice entered Deirdre’s ears.

Deirdre’s face became pale. ‘Brendan? Brendan Brighthall?’

The person in front of her was Brendan!?

When the realization hit her, her blood ran cold. Fear slid icily down her spine and into her limbs through every nerve ending in her body.

She did not expect to run into Brendan here.

Her pupils constricted as she clenched her fists tightly.

“Deirdre?” Brendan calmed himself down and suppressed his emotions. He raised his head, showing his chiseled face before Deirdre’s eyes, and said in a cold voice, “I knew it. You’re still alive.”

When his voice entered her ears, she felt as if there was a thread coiling around her neck. Her eyes widened with fear and shock as a strong sense of suffocation assaulted her, causing her face to become bloodless. She did not answer his question and turned around to run away from the police station.

Brendan caught up to her in a few steps and grabbed her wrist tightly before she could make it to the road. “Trying to run away? Do you think you can run away from me?”

His words sounded like a nightmare. Her eyes turned red around the rims as she shook him off. “Don’t touch me!”

Brendan squinted and asked, “Don’t touch you? Then who can touch you?”

He grabbed her chin tightly and closed his eyes. When he reopened them, they were filled with rage. “How dare you work with other people to deceive me? How dare you fake your death? Who permitted you to do that, Deirdre?”

“Why can’t I do that?” Deirdre broke herself free from his grip. She felt like she was going to faint any time, but she forced herself to calm down. She was no longer the same person she used to be. She had Kyran on her side now. She had the power to talk to Brendan on the same ground now.

“Mr. Brighthall, right on time. Since we are here, we should discuss our divorce now.”

“Divorce?” Brendan was flustered and frowned. “Don’t even think about that!”

“It’s fine if you don’t want to talk about it now, but my lawyer will come and negotiate with you in the future.”

Brendan looked at her coldly and said, “It seems to me that you’ve become bolder after not seeing you for so long. You even have the guts to talk to me this way. Who made you think you can treat me like this? Is it another man? Who is it?”

Deirdre’s face turned pale. She knew that Kyran was no match for Brendan yet.

“It has nothing to do with other people. I just... I just want to cut ties with you. After all, you and Charlene are getting engaged soon, so why don’t you just let me go?”

Chapter 546 | Hate Him To the Bone

Brendan looked at Deirdre sharply-his gaze felt like sharp blades that cut through her skin. After a short while, he said, "Not a chance, Deirdre. I'm the one who can end this relationship."

After he finished speaking, he grabbed Deirdre's wrist and threw her into the car, locking the door in the process.

Deirdre was shaking in fear as she struggled to open the door. Even though she could not see now, her nostrils were filled with Brendan's body scent, and it sent a shiver down her spine. She could not open the door, so she curled up in a defensive position, staring fixedly

at Brendan.

"What do you want from me, Brendan?" Her voice was shaking with fear despite her effort to force herself to calm down.

Brendan had the urge to grab her into his arms, but he knew he could not do that now.

He was Brendan, not Kyran. He had to make him look like an evil person. That was the only way to detach himself from the persona called Kyran. That way, he would not cause Deirdre to have any suspicions.

As such, he could only grab Deirdre's face and force her to look him in the eye. Then, he said in an apathetic voice, "Aren't we husband and wife? It has been half a year since we last saw each other. Naturally, we have to find a quiet place and reminisce about the old days."

Deirdre's eyes were wet with tears and disgust. "I don't have anything to reminisce with you

about."

'She really hates me to the bone...'

Brendan swallowed the sadness into the pit of his stomach and went closer to her.

There wasn't much space in the car. At their current distance, Deirdre could even see the pores on his face as he said, "Deirdre, do you really hate me to the point that you don't even want to reminisce about our past with me? Don't forget that I was the only one who went around searching for you when you faked your death! I was the one who wanted you to live! Other than me, where can you find someone else so loyal to you?"

“Yes...” Deirdre found his statement laughable. “That’s because you killed all those who were good to me! My mother, Sterling... You were the one who forced them away from me! So, do you want to force me away from you too?”

Brendan was stunned. The light in his eyes dimmed as he said, “I’ve already explained it many times. I have nothing to do with the death of your mother.”

“You have nothing to do with it?” A piercing pain shot through Deirdre’s heart. “Brendan, don’t you feel ashamed of yourself at all?”

‘How dare he say that my mother’s death has nothing to do with him!?’

If he hadn’t forced her to serve time in prison, she would have been by Ophelia’s side, and the latter wouldn’t have fallen to her death.

He had promised her that he would protect Ophelia, but he tried to hide the fact that she was dead from her. If it weren’t for other people to tell her about it, she wouldn’t have known about her mother’s death.

Brendan’s face turned pale for a moment, and he said, “I admit that I did something wrong in this matter, but people can’t come back from the dead. This is a fact that can’t be changed. I can promise you that as long as you come back to me, I’ll do everything I can to compensate you for your loss.”

Even now, he was talking to her as if he was doing her a big favor.

Deirdre felt dizzy, and her fingers were trembling with anger.

“It seems that you haven’t changed at all, Brendan. You’re still an arrogant and self-conceited b*stard!” Deirdre shouted as she glared at him. “How can you compensate me? Can you bring my mother back to life? Or can you undo everything that you’ve done? You can’t! There’s nothing you can do to compensate me! I just hope that you’ll go down to h*ll!”

Her

eyes were filled with hatred. It seemed to him that she really wanted him dead.

Deirdre’s words were like blades that stabbed into his heart. It was so painful that it deprived him of his ability to speak as he looked at Deirdre.

Chapter 547 Help Me Call the Police!

However, this was all Brendan’s fault. He was beyond redemption, and there was nothing he could do to make her forgive him.

“Take that back, Deirdre,” commanded Brendan, his voice cold and his breath raspy.

Deirdre scoffed and said, “You brought this to yourself, and now you can’t accept what you

did?”

“If even you can accept the bad deeds you committed, what makes you think that I can’t forgive you? Brendan, you—”

His heart was stung with pain as he listened to her words. Before she could finish her sentence, Brendan lowered his head and pressed his lips against hers, his emotion surging.

It was as if he was attempting to stop her from saying something he couldn’t accept.

Deirdre’s eyes widened in disbelief. The soft lips of the man made her mind go blank. Following that, an endless wave of anger, shame, and disgust overwhelmed her.

Driven by her rage, she slapped him across his face, stunning him. The side of his cheek was swollen up, and there were some emotions in his eyes that Deirdre couldn’t read.

At that moment, Declan opened the door and was slightly stunned when he saw Brendan and Deirdre. “What are you two doing?”

His head was blank. He did not know what they were doing inside the car, but it seemed to him that they were having a fight. Before he could do anything, Deirdre tore her shirt open and got out of the car.

“Mr. King!” Her face was full of tears as she bit her lower lips tightly. “Please help me call the police!”

“Call the police?” Declan was stunned for a moment, and then he realized something.

The man in front of him right now was not Kyran. He was Brendan.

When the thought surfaced in his head, he hastily protected Deirdre behind him. Then, he looked at Brendan and said sternly, “Mr. Brighthall, don’t you think it’s inappropriate for you to take advantage of a woman in an open street?”

Brendan took a deep breath to calm himself down and got out of the car. He went along with Declan and asked, “Declan, since when did you get acquainted with Deirdre?”

“That’s none of your business,” Declan said flatly. “If you have the time, you should take care of your fiancée at the police station. Let’s go, Ms. McKinnon.”

Declan brought Deirdre back to his car. Tears streamed down her face as soon as she got into the car. She had been holding her tears back as she did not want Brendan to look down on her.

Declan looked at her silently. After she calmed herself down, he handed her a tissue paper. "Are you all right?"

"Yeah," replied Deirdre. "I'm so sorry for the mess, Mr. King."

"Don't be." Declan hesitated for a while and asked, "How did you run into Brendan?"

By right, it was not the right time for Brendan to show up in front of her as Brendan.

Deirdre's head was a muddled mess. "I came to the police station to do something. I didn't expect Brendan to be here too," she said.

Understanding soon dawned on Declan.

'So, it was just an accident.'

His eyebrows knitted deeply at the center of his forehead. Even now, Deirdre hated Brendan to the bone. He could hardly imagine the situation when Deirdre found out that Kyran and Brendan were the same person.

He started the car and said, "I'll send you back first. If you want to come to the police station next time, you should let me know. I'll come with you. After all, Charlene is still being detained at the police station. I'm worried that she might hurt you."

"Okay..."

Deirdre nodded. She did not expect to run into Brendan today, either. If she had known it earlier, she wouldn't have come here.

Chapter 548 How Long Can You Keep Her in the Dark?

The first thing Deirdre did after returning to her room was to go into the restroom and wash her face.

Her consciousness finally returned a little bit under the stream of cold water. However, the heavy weight on her chest still made her unable to breathe.

She was very grateful for Declan's timely arrival, which saved her from Brendan's hands. Otherwise, she might not have been able to get away from him.

She picked up her phone. At that moment, she just wanted to listen to Kyran's voice.

Declan sent Deirdre back to the mansion and left. A black car was waiting outside when he

came out.

He walked over, opened the door, and sat on the passenger's seat. Brendan was smoking the third cigarette, and he looked haggard. After taking one last drag of his cigarette, he asked, "Is Deirdre okay?"

"Are you sure you want to know the truth?" replied Declan, smiling bitterly. "How is there any possibility that she'll be fine after running into you? She looked somehow unhinged and nearly passed out."

It went without saying that Brendan was well aware of this. It was just that he still felt a sharp pain in his chest when he heard what Declan said.

"I finally understand why you refuse to appear in front of Deirdre as Brendan," said Declan. "She's so scared of you. Even if you're Kyran, she might not be able to forgive you."

Brendan closed his eyes. "I've been trying my best to hide my identity from her. Luckily, I didn't say I was Kyran before my identity was exposed. If not..."

He would not dare to imagine the consequences...

After a short while of silence, Declan said, "Are you planning to keep her in the dark forever? Instead of using your own name, you used a fake identity just to be with Deirdre?"

"Do you think I have another choice?"

Declan was stumped.

No, he didn't have another choice.

Brendan had hurt Deirdre so much to the point she would never forgive him for the rest of her life. Therefore, he could only try to compensate her and redeem himself through a new identity.

However, Declan did not know why, but a feeling of unrest tugged at the bottom of his heart.

He had a feeling that it was not an accident that Deirdre ran into Brendan this time. He felt that Brendan would be unable to keep his identity as Kyran for long.

Suddenly, the phone belonging to Kyran rang. As Brendan opened the window, he took out his voice changer and placed it on his throat. At the same time, the exhaustion on his face melted away, and a gentle expression appeared in its place.

“Hey, Deirdre.”

“Kyran...” Deirdre’s body was shaking, and she only calmed down when she heard Kyran’s voice. “Where are you now?”

“Me? I’m in Germia now.”

“Really?” Deirdre asked calmly.

“What’s the matter?” asked Brendan.

“Nothing,” replied Deirdre, her jaw set tightly. “I was just missing you, so I called listen to your voice. When are you coming back?”

Brendan fell silent for a moment and replied, “It might take a little longer. I...”

you to

Realization suddenly hit Deirdre. She felt she was troubling Kyran, so she said, “No, no, no, it’s fine. You can just continue with your own stuff. I’m just missing you. I’m not asking you to come back.”

“I’m sorry,” said Brendan. “I’ll come back to you after I’m done with my stuff here.”

“Okay. I’ll wait for you.”

As she did not want to disturb Brendan, Deirdre hung up the call after a short while.

Brendan looked at his phone silently for a long while.

“She’s very dependent on you,” commented Declan.

“So what if she’s dependent on me?” Brendan said mockingly, “I’m the one who made her so afraid of me. All I can do right now is to disappear from her world and only appear before her as Kyran.”

Declan paused for a moment and asked, “How long do you think you can keep her in the dark?”

Chapter 549 Evidence From Brendan

“I have no idea either,” Brendan said in a daze. “I’ll hide it for as long as I can.”

He just hoped that day would not come so soon. This way, he would have more time to compensate her.

Deirdre had been staying in the house for the past few days. She didn't even open the door as she was too afraid to do so.

Based on her understanding of Brendan, she was confident that he would come for her the next day. However, three days had passed, and nothing had happened. It was so quiet, as if Brendan had never appeared in this city before at all.

Deirdre even started to wonder whether it was a dream that she had run into Brendan that day at the police station. However, the scorching sensation when the man's lips fell on hers and his tenacity kept reminding her that everything was real.

Brendan had been there, and they had run into each other.

It was just that Brendan might still be bothered by Charlene's case, so he did not have the luxury of caring about Deirdre.

On the fourth day, Deirdre received a call from the police, notifying her that the prosecutor had filed charges against Charlene for abduction and that the first trial would be held on the first day of the next month.

"If nothing goes wrong, there'll be a result this time."

"That's great!" replied Deirdre, her voice thick with delight. Then, she asked, "What about Brendan..."

"What?"

"Brendan didn't do anything about it?" Deirdre was confused.

'If Brendan wasn't there to save Charlene, then why was he at the police station?'

Deirdre's question threw the police officer for a loop. "Mr. Brighthall? What does Mr. Brighthall need to do?"

"Charli is his fiancée, right? Didn't he help Charlene prove her innocence or something?"

"Yes, Charli is indeed Mr. Brighthall's fiancée," the police officer said hesitantly. "But you're his wife too. I'm sure Mr. Brighthall can differentiate between who's right and who's wrong. He probably had a fiancée because he thought you were dead after you fell into the sea and went missing. Since you're back, he'll have to take care of his wife first. He came to the police station several days ago to provide the evidence regarding your abduction to us."

'What!? Brendan is the one who provided the evidence to the police?'

Deirdre's eyes widened in shock as her heart hammered in her chest.

She did not think something like this would happen at all. After all, she knew very well how much Brendan loved Charlene. She was confident that he was willing to sacrifice himself for Charlene, so how would he help her by sending Charlene to prison?

"Are you sure about it?" asked Deirdre, her eyebrows furrowed into a concerned frown.

"Of course. There's no way I'd make a mistake like that." The police officer chuckled.

Deirdre still couldn't pull herself out of the shock after the police officer had hung up the call.

After that, she heard someone come into the house.

Declan had a lot of things in his hands. When he saw Deirdre, he asked, "Have you eaten anything, Miss McKinnon?"

Deirdre shook her head.

Declan smiled and said, "Then I'm right on time. I just bought some takeout from the restaurant today. The food is still warm, so you don't have to cook. Anyway, I hope you'll find them delicious."

Declan placed all the food on the table. After that, he went into the kitchen to get some utensils for Deirdre. When he came out, he saw that Deirdre was still standing frozen stiff on her spot.

"Miss McKinnon?" asked Declan.

"I'm sorry." Deirdre snapped herself out of her trance and walked toward the dining table. Declan followed after her and asked, "Is something bothering you, Miss McKinnon?"

"Well, you really are quite an observant, Mr. King. Nothing can escape your eyes," said Deirdre, smiling dryly.

Declan teased her. "It's not that I'm observant, but you're like an open book now, Miss McKinnon."

Chapter 550 How Well Do You Know About Brendan?

"Let me guess. It's about Brendan?" asked Declan.

Deirdre clenched her fists and closed her eyes. After a while, she replied honestly, "Yes. It's

about him.”

“It seems like I hit the jackpot,” said Declan. “What has he done again this time? Did he come to bother you again?”

“No. It’s exactly because he didn’t come to disturb me that makes me feel strange. This doesn’t feel like Brendan at all. According to what I know about him, he isn’t someone who’ll give up so easily,” Deirdre said as she lowered her head.

She knew Brendan very well, but she was unsure of it now.

“Besides...”

“Besides what?”

Deirdre took a deep breath and continued. “He didn’t get Charlene out of detention. Instead, he even gave the police a lot of evidence. I don’t understand at all. What is he up to again?”

A smile appeared on the corner of Declan’s lips as he said, “I was wondering what you were worrying about. So, this is it.”

Deirdre couldn’t help herself and continued. “Don’t you feel it’s strange, Mr. King? You know Brendan too, so I’m sure you know how domineering he is and how he treats Charlene as if she’s his whole world. How is there any possibility that he’ll do nothing when Charlene is going to prison? And why is he helping me-”

“Ms. McKinnon.” Declan chimed in, interrupting Deirdre. He took a seat around the table and looked at her. “How much do you think you know Brendan?”

Deirdre was stunned.

Declan continued, “Everyone will change. What’s more, you’ve been separated from Brendan for half a year. During the time when you faked your death, are you sure your death didn’t affect Brendan? Are you sure he didn’t regret what he did? Are you sure he didn’t see through Charlene’s true face?”

“I...”

Deirdre was stumped. She did not know how to answer Declan’s questions at all.

Would Brendan really mourn her death? Would he really come to his senses and see who Charlene really was?

She had never thought of these before.

She always thought Brendan would be blinded by his love for Charlene for the rest of his life. Little did she expect that he would come to his senses one day.

Declan continued. "Brendan is indeed hateful, but he's a human too. He's able to differentiate between right and wrong. Besides, every piece of evidence points to the fact that Charlene abducted you, so there's no way he would help her. I guess he's just trying to redeem himself. That's why he gave the evidence to the police."

'Redeem himself?'

Deirdre's mind was a chaotic mess. She could not think of anything right now as she said, "After everything he has done, what's the point of his redemption?"

Declan was stunned.

Deirdre realized something and raised her head. "I'm sorry. I..."

Declan laughed and said, "It's okay. I can understand how angry you are with him. After all, what's done is done. He can never undo the damage that he has done to you."

Deirdre did not say anything in return. After calming down, she said, "I'm hungry. I'll wash my hands in the kitchen and start eating. You can do your own stuff, Mr. King. You don't have to worry about me."

Declan looked at her, nodded, and said with a smile, "Alright then. I have a meeting to attend, so I'll be in the study room."

He left after he finished speaking. By the time Deirdre came out of the kitchen, he had already gone into the study room.

Deirdre let out a sigh of relief. Even though she had no appetite, she forced herself to eat something. When she was cleaning the table, she accidentally hurt herself.

The good thing was that it was not a deep wound. She went to her room to get the wound tended. While she was cleaning her wound, she thought of the things that Declan had said.

"Everyone will change. What's more, you've been separated from Brendan for half a year.

"During the time when you faked your death, are you sure your death didn't affect Brendan? Are you sure he didn't regret what he did? Are you sure he didn't see through Charlene's true face?"

Chapter 551 How Did You Get In?

“Besides, every piece of evidence points to the fact that Charlene abducted you, so there’s no way he would help her. I guess he’s just trying to redeem himself. That’s why he gave the evidence to the police.”

Deirdre found the remark to be saddening and amusing.

Brendan’s effort was completely worthless. Moreover, his repentance came two years too late.

If it came a little earlier, if her mother was still alive, perhaps she could pretend that nothing had happened and live a peaceful life. However, everything had already collapsed, and she did not want Brendan’s repentance anymore.

She took a deep breath and lay back on the bed, her painful fingers still tightly clenched

She felt an ineffable feeling of lethargy overpowering her and fell asleep curled up in the bed.

She lost count of time until she felt someone touching her fingers. She was awakened forcefully by the unbearable pain.

However, she felt a shiver down her spine the next moment.

Someone was standing next to her bed.

“Who’s there?”

Deirdre struggled to get out of bed and hurled her body ferociously down the bed after entangling herself in the blanket in a flurry. She shut her eyes instinctively at the very moment she felt the feeling of falling. However, the intense pain that was supposed to come with the fall did not come as expected.

She was caught by a pair of wide, thick arms steadily.

The man’s faint scent bore into her nose from their close physical interaction. Even if Deirdre tried to forget it, she could not refrain from recalling the man’s face. Her face turned ghastly pale instantly.

“Brendan?” She inhaled sharply and found her voice to say, “What are you doing here?”

The man did not respond. Meanwhile, Deirdre shouted with her pale face, “Mr. King-Mmm!”

In the next moment, the wide, huge, muscular palm covered her mouth. His leaning posture made both of them tumble into the bed with one person on top of the other, tightly stuck together.

Deirdre widened her eyes with incredulity and vigilance.

Brendan regulated his breathing and said in a chilly voice, "Are you trying to get the people in the next room to come and watch us having an affair by screaming now?"

'Having an affair?'

Deirdre was furious. It was an insult to use that term on her.

She bit the man's palm so strongly that she could bite off a chunk of his flesh.

Brendan furrowed his eyebrows tightly from the pain. He said, "I won't stop you if you want to scream. However, you must consider if you want Declan to find out that you're spending the night with another man. I'm certain that your man will learn about this incident as well. There's no telling if he's going to make wild conjectures and come rushing back immediately"

Deirdre did not have the courage to move as soon as she heard the remark.

She could not explain why Brendan had shown up in her room.

Moreover, she could not allow Kyran to learn about the incident. She did not wish to distract him more when he was already troubled enough by his father's severe illness.

Deirdre stopped biting at last and glared at the blurry figure before her with bloodshot eyes.

Brendan moved away his hand.

Deirdre lowered her voice and asked shakily, "How did you get in?"

"Through the window," Brendan said without any guilt. In reality, he had come in through the front door

openly.

"You're a madman..." Deirdre gnashed her teeth in anger.

She was puzzled when thinking about his atonement earlier and wondered if he had changed for the better. Now, it seemed he was still as arrogant and proud as before.

"Are you incapable of respecting someone for the rest of your life?"

She suppressed her disgust and her shaky body.

Brendan could see her reaction, and his dark eyes dimmed. A moment later, he said tauntingly, "Is that man with you capable of respecting others? If he is so good, why are you busy running about for

Charlene's case when you're blind?"

Chapter 552 You Don't Deserve to Compare Yourself to Him

"That is none of your business!"

"How is that none of my business when I'm your husband?" Brendan said in a bitter tone, "I think he's just a coward who ran away in fear of trouble!"

"You have no right to criticize him, Brendan!" It was Deirdre's first time losing her temper. She exhausted every means to defend her lover. "He is a thousand times better than you! Forget it."

Deirdre suppressed her shakiness and found the situation amusing for no apparent reason. "What's the point of me taking what someone like you said so seriously? You've always lived in your own world! When have you ever cared about others' feelings? You will never feel that you are at fault!"

Brendan stared straight at the woman's face and felt a wave of pain wash over his chest. The pain was so overwhelming that he bent over and buried his head in the nook of her neck. He said in a hoarse voice, "What if I... know that I'm at fault?"

Brendan spoke in a soft voice as if he was consumed by his ego or was not planning on letting her hear him.

Yet, those words slammed into Deirdre's ears inevitably in view of how close they were to each other.

She was stunned, and her chest was burning. Soon afterward, she furrowed her eyebrows tightly.

"What?" She assumed that she had misheard because Brendan would never possibly acknowledge his mistake. She sought to prove that she had misheard. "What did you say again?"

Brendan was jolted back to reality instantly. The sorrow in his dark eyes faded, and he cooled down slowly.

"Nothing." He said nonchalantly, "I find you ridiculous. Why do you always assume that someone else is at fault? Deirdre, if I'm at fault, I'm at fault for not fulfilling my promise to protect your mother, and that's all."

“That’s all?”

Deirdre shut her eyes shakily, and her heart sank. She thought about how she had lost her mind for thinking that Brendan would show his fragility a moment ago and that he had begun to realize his mistakes.

“How can a self-righteous person like him possibly recognize that he is at fault? I’m the only person who is at fault. I was foolish for choosing him in the past and getting myself reduced to this state!”

“Go away…” Her voice was hoarse.

Deirdre held back and suppressed her emotions with great effort, yet she could not refrain from being physically disgusted by Brendan. She propped her hands on the man’s chest and shoved him away with all her might. “Get off me!”

However, their bodies were closely stuck together and almost only separated by the thin fabric of their clothes. They could even feel each other’s blazing body temperature. Her face turned paler when she felt the heaviness of the man’s body on her, and she struggled with all her might.

The ferocious struggle loosened Deirdre’s collar and completely revealed her supple, fair bosom to Brendan’s eyes. Now, coupled with the woman’s scent, his throat was burning with sexual desire. Brendan had never been a man of honor. He could only uphold Kyran’s reserved mannerisms by exercising restraint. However, exercising restraint drove him insane, just like a tightened string that could

break at any moment.

He indulged in holding the woman’s shaky body and constantly kissing her body parts with Brendan’s identity. He wished that he could control everything.

Brendan only got clear-headed after a slap landed on his face.

Deirdre’s face was drenched in tears, her eyes filled with anger and hatred. “Get out of here!”

Brendan’s teeth slammed into his lower lip from the slap. The taste of blood spread in his mouth, and he swallowed a gulp of bloody saliva before saying, “Are you resisting me so strongly because you want to keep your chastity for that man? Is he so good and deserving of your behavior?”

“He doesn’t force me to do anything I don’t want to, at the very least!” Deirdre pulled the blanket tightly around her, her eyes filled with vigilance. “You don’t deserve to compare yourself to him.”

Chapter 553 Go on a Date With Me

“You don’t deserve to compare yourself to him.”

The remark was merciless. It sent a wave of pain through his body like a sharp knife that stabbed into his heart. Yet, he did not even have the excuse to disclose the truth about himself.

Kyran was him but not him at the same time.

Kyran was the product of his meticulous disguise. He was a robot with forcefully controlled emotions and sexual desires. He was the exact opposite of Brendan.

In truth, he wanted Deirdre to accept his true self even more. However, he knew that it was only his silly

notion.

Brendan’s fists tightened at the sight of the vigilant woman who was near the point of breakdown. A feeling of extreme reluctance was burning in his chest.

He could not refrain from saying, “Do you hate me that much?”

Deirdre was shaking. She sneered upon hearing that, as if she was poking fun at his question.

“I understand now.” Brendan chuckled in a self-mocking way. “That man is all you care about, so you want me to disappear from your life, right?”

Deirdre furrowed her eyebrows and wiped away the cold tears on her face. “What are you trying to say?”

“Go on a date with me.”

Deirdre’s pupils constricted soon afterward. “Have you lost your mind?”

Brendan sneered. “I’m not threatening you, but I’m merely giving you a choice, Deirdre. Don’t forget that we’re still legally married. You want to get rid of me and get a divorce as soon as possible so you can dive into that man’s arms, right? Then you’ll have to give me a proper bargain anyhow.”

He said softly, “This is the condition that I want. Go on a date with me, and I’ll sign the divorce papers when the time is right.”

Even if it was just a silly notion, he knew that it was possible he would not have the chance to do that for the rest of his life.

He wanted to be with her as Brendan, even if it was just for a few days or a few hours.

Deirdre's mind went blank. "Why?"

"Hmm?"

"Why do you want that condition?"

'It is obvious that he doesn't love me. Is he still motivated by his disgusting possessiveness?'

Brendan said sarcastically, "It's because I owe it to you, of course. I still have trouble sleeping because of your mother's incident, so I'm taking this opportunity to make it up to you, right?"

When he uttered the last few words, his tone was tainted with puzzlement and amusement.

Deirdre was disappointed instantly. She said with her fists tightly clenched, "You don't need to make up a high-sounding excuse. If you wish to make up for that, the best compensation you can give me is to get a divorce at once!

"However, are you willing to do that? Hence, you don't care about making up at all. You're only using this to console yourself for causing someone's death!"

Brendan's dark eyes dimmed slowly, and he said in a hoarse voice, "Is this how I am to you?"

Deirdre was momentarily stunned while Brendan returned to his usual cold self. He pulled his business card out of his pocket and placed it on the bedside table.

"You may think however you want. This is my business card, and you can call me when you're done. figuring it out. Otherwise, we can continue to be legally married too. I don't have any objection to this, but I don't know how that man will feel when he finds out about this."

Upon saying that, he got out from the balcony.

Deirdre could not help trembling from the cold when she felt a gust of cold wind blowing. Her heart was filled with intense coldness.

Meanwhile, Declan knocked on her door. "Miss McKinnon? I heard someone talking in your room earlier. What's going on? Are you alright?"

"I'm alright..." Deirdre took a deep breath and forced herself to calm down. "I was sleeping soundly, and I said something when a nightmare awakened me."

“I see. Have a good rest. Call me if you need me, Miss McKinnon.”

“Hmm.”

Chapter 554 Set Up on a Date in Eastgene

After Declan left, Deirdre stretched out her hand and felt for the business card placed on the bedside.

table.

The business card was made of sturdy materials, just like the man’s mannerisms. The corners of the business card felt so sharp it could cut through skin, and the writing etched onto the card’s surface could be felt just by touching it with one’s fingers.

Brendan had come prepared. He knew she was blind, so he left a business card she could read with her

touch.

‘Does he think I will agree to his condition?’

Filled with boundless rage, Deirdre wished she could throw away the business card. Yet, in the next moment, she was reminded by a voice in her head, “Are you really going to give up on the chance to get a divorce?”

If she agreed to his condition, she could be rid of interacting with this man for eternity in exchange.

She could travel to Germia with Kyran to have their wedding with peace of mind. She would not be bothered by her past marriage. She knew this was a rare opportunity for her to do so.

Deirdre lay back on the bed, but she was having trouble falling asleep.

She was worried that there would be unforeseen events.

Deirdre was still incapable of falling asleep until daybreak the following day. On the contrary, Declan woke up early and knocked on her door to inform her that he was leaving.

Deirdre draped a jacket over herself and opened the door. Her expression was tainted with a tinge of surprise. “So early? Why don’t you stay for another ten minutes or so? I’ll cook you breakfast. You can leave after having breakfast.”

"It's fine, I" Declan wanted to explain when he abruptly saw the marks on Deirdre's neck and stopped speaking for a moment.

He suddenly realized what was with the commotion in the next room last night.

"Mr. King?"

Declan recovered from his surprise and said, "I have a flight to catch to Eastgene, and an in-flight meal will be provided. The flight is taking off at 7:30 a.m., so I'm going to be late if I stay.

"Eastgene?" Deirdre felt her heart racing.

Nothing good came out of Eastgene every time Declan traveled there in a rush. "What's going on in Eastgene?"

"Nothing much. It's my sister-in-law's birthday, and they're throwing her a party at home. I wasn't planning on going initially. However, my eldest brother told me he wanted to introduce a girl to me." Declan fell silent for a moment. "So, I have to be back."

Deirdre inhaled sharply. She thought about how Declan's eldest brother had gone too far with his action.

Declan did not even manage to maintain a righteous relationship with his sister-in-law, yet his eldest brother had actually ordered him to attend the party. Not only that, but Declan's eldest brother also wanted to introduce him to a girl before the eyes of everyone there.

Declan said in a relaxed tone, noticing the change in Deirdre's expression, "It's fine. I'm already 24 to 25

years old, so it's very normal for someone to try to set me up on a date. Moreover, it will be very busy during the party, so my brother may not have time to mind me."

Deirdre did not think so.

Perhaps the party was specially organized for Declan.

She appeared overwhelmed with emotions, while Declan chuckled and said, "Relax. You look like I'm about to get myself killed, Miss McKinnon. Don't worry. I'm not opposed to being set up on a date. The only troubling part about this trip is that I may need to stay in Eastgene for a few days.

"It's fine." Deirdre immediately said, "There's enough food in the refrigerator to last me a week. I've lived alone for a long time, so I don't need people caring for me. Don't worry about me."

“Hmm.” Declan nodded. “You can call me anytime if you need anything, and I’ll get someone to send it to you.”

“Sure.”

Declan raised his hand to check the time and discovered it was almost time. He gave a few gentle reminders before he left. Deirdre discovered that he was also bringing luggage, so it seemed that he would be staying in Eastgene for some time.

The house was empty after Kyran’s departure, and now, Declan was traveling to Eastgene. Deirdre felt as if the house was deserted.

Chapter 555 It’s Just a Date, Right

Deirdre would not think this way in the past, so it was apparent that Kyran had spoiled her

She could not refrain from making a call to Kyran.

The call was picked up after a long time. “Deirdre.”

His voice sounded hoarse, as if he had been smoking all night long.

Deirdre was momentarily stunned, and she could not help feeling concerned. “Kyran... are you alright?”

“I’m alright. Why do you ask?”

Deirdre said, “You sound very tired, like you haven’t slept all night.”

Kyran paused for a moment before he said, “I haven’t slept all night, indeed.”

“Why? Is it because your father’s condition is not so good? Or is it because you have something else happening at work?”

Deirdre regretted not going to Germia with Kyran so she could monitor the situation over there.

She would not be how she was now, doing nothing at home but feeling anxious.

She sounded anxious.

Kyran chuckled and comforted her with a gentle voice by saying, “Don’t fret. I’m alright. I’m the caregiver of my father in the hospital. Hmm, I haven’t slept all night because I was taking care of my father.”

Deirdre could not help feeling guilty. "It would be good if I were with you. I could take turns with you so you'd have time to rest."

"I can't bear to let you do that." Kyran smiled nonchalantly and fell silent for a moment before suddenly saying, "Deirdre, I miss you very much. I think about you all the time."

Deirdre sniffed. Her eyes were stinging with tears, and she felt the urge to cry but was delighted in her heart.

"Me too! I, uh... miss you very much too, all the time. I sometimes dream about you, and I hope to see you soon."

If this were in the past, Deirdre would most certainly have trouble speaking in this manner.

There was no telling if it was due to Brendan's sudden appearance, but she was afraid she would have less of a chance to be with Kyran. As such, she could not care about being shy anymore.

The person on the other end of the conversation seemed stunned for a long time before he realized the

situation.

Kyran's voice turned gentler when he said, "What's going on? What made our Miss McKinnon so straightforward that she would speak freely of her feelings?"

Deirdre felt her cheeks burning. "If you find it strange..."

"Why would I find it strange?" Kyran denied it and could not refrain from saying, "Deirdre, I haven't stopped smiling from the start to now."

Deirdre lowered her head and felt warm and fuzzy in her heart at the thought of Kyran constantly smiling.

"It's great that you like it."

"I like it very much. I like it so much that I wish to leave everything on hand and come see you." Kyran took a deep breath. "Deirdre, set your mind at ease and wait for my return."

"How long?"

Kyran said, "Less than a week."

Deirdre's gaze dimmed for a moment. It was not considered a long time, but it was not a short time either. She would not be able to discuss the divorce with Brendan when Kyran was back.

At the thought of her marriage with Brendan, Deirdre felt a bitter taste in her mouth. She forced herself to perk up by saying, "Promise to take care of yourself before you come back. Rest more so you can see me as your brand new self when you're back."

"Sure, I promise."

"Get some rest, quickly."

"Hmm."

After ending the call, Deirdre was distracted.

She wanted to seize the opportunity to end her marriage when Kyran and Declan were away.

She made up her mind and procured the business card from the room. She felt for the number on the card and called up Brendan.

After a while, the call was picked up. It sounded slightly noisy, and there was no way to tell the person's voice, but the tone of his voice was still as indifferent as usual.

"You called me. Have you thought it through, Deirdre?"

Deirdre was not astonished by how Brendan knew her phone number, but she clutched her phone tightly and asked, "It's just a date, right?"