

Resent Reject Regret by Aqua Summers

Chapter 588-600

Chapter 588 These Photos Are Fake

Mrs. King's expression was dark. Just as she was about to summon the security guard to get her out of there, Cillian spoke. "Miss McKinnon, I think this matter has nothing to do with you, right? You shouldn't think that you can have everything your way just because you're Mr. Brighthall's plus-one. Whether or not there is another story in this matter, we'll figure it out ourselves."

"She's Mr. Brighthall's partner? Is he talking about Brendan?"

"I see. No wonder she's so bold. So, she has someone to back her up."

When Mrs. King heard that Deirdre was with Brendan, she had no other choice but to swallow her anger.

As for Brendan, he just dusted his sleeves and said, "Stop it, Deirdre."

Enter title...

Even though he sounded like he was admonishing Deirdre, everyone could see that he was actually supporting her.

If he really did not care about her, he would have asked someone to get her out instead of asking her to stop.

"No," Deirdre replied gently. "If it was someone else, I probably wouldn't have stepped in."

But Mr. King helped me get out of trouble in the washroom, so I can't stand seeing someone slander him."

"Hmm?" Brendan raised his eyebrows. "So, does this mean that you owe Declan a favor?"

"Yeah," Deirdre replied before looking at Cillian. "Mr. Cillian King was there too."

Putting on a fake smile, Cillian said, "Yes, it's true that Declan has helped Miss McKinnon, but you don't know each other. You're not his friend, so how can you be so sure that someone is slandering him instead of his true this matter any further. Let's end it here. You can rest assured, miss. We'll certainly give you a satisfactory explanation."

"Dad-

"Shut up!" Mr. King Sr. shouted, "I don't want to hear a single word from your mouth!"

Cillian turned to the crowd and said with a smile, "I apologize for the disruption. All of you

are here today to celebrate my wife's birthday, so let's move on from this matter and continue to cut the cake."

Everyone laughed. They all just treated the things that transpired just now as a show.

"Yeah. We're here today to celebrate Laura's birthday. As for this farce, we believe that the Kings will be able to find a perfect solution for it."

"That's right. Let's continue with the celebration."

Everyone was wearing big smiles on their faces and clinking their glasses together. All of

them looked as if nothing had happened before. Even though everyone laughed it off as nothing but a farce, deep down, all of them thought that Declan was a playboy who only cared about having fun.

If Declan did not do anything, he would only become the laughingstock of the city. With that thought in mind, Brendan cleared his throat, and Deirdre stood forward.

“Hold on for a second.”

Everyone, including Gillian, was stunned. They all frowned and were displeased by Deirdre’s interruption.

Deirdre ignored them and said calmly, “It seems to me that you all have come to a decision pretty fast. None of you have any photo of them sleeping on the bed, yet all of you think that he has slept with this woman.”

“Who is she?”

A discussion began to break among the crowd.

“I have no idea. She just popped out of nowhere. But who does she think she is? The Kings intended to settle the dispute, yet she has the audacity to step forward.”

“Could it be that she is Declan’s lover too? Well, she’s pretty, but unfortunately, she’s brainless.”

Mrs. King’s face sank as she said, “Miss, this is our own family affair, and it has been resolved. Why must you bring it up again?” “Are you sure about that?” asked Deirdre.

“Why do I feel that this matter is filled with suspicion?”

Chapter 589 He Isn’t Innocent

“Of course I did!” Gillian smiled coldly at Deirdre as he waited for her to fall into his trap.

“If you don’t believe it, you can check the surveillance camera. Wynne, go get the surveillance footage of Mystic Midnight for us.”

Wynne went to do Gillian’s bidding. After roughly ten minutes, he came back and whispered into Gillian’s ear. Wearing a shocked expression on his face, Gillian said, “What? The footage has somehow been deleted?”

Yes...” Wynne said, “The people from Mystic Midnight said...”

“Just say it. Stop wasting our time!”

Wynne gnashed his teeth and said, “They all said it’s Declan who ordered them to delete the footage.”

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Everyone gasped in surprise when they heard what Wynne said.

“Isn’t this enough to prove everything? If Declan really didn’t do anything, why would he ask them to delete the footage?”

“Yeah. It seems like he isn’t innocent.”

A commotion broke out in the crowd.

Deirdre knew that this was what Gillian was aiming for. After all, if he hadn’t struck a deal

with the people from Mystic Midnight, Gillian wouldn’t have told them to check the surveillance footage. He was not someone who would leave a loose end untied.

She smiled and said, “I see. I thought that Declan wasn’t known in Eastgene? I didn’t expect him to have the capability to make the people from Mystic Midnight delete the footage.”

Everyone looked at each other after Deirdre finished speaking.

Deirdre was right. Even though Declan came from the Kings, no one in Eastgene took him seriously, so there was no way he could make Mystic Midnight delete the footage.

After all, the owner of Mystic Midnight was equally powerful to the Kings. Gillian was stumped. However, he soon regained his composure and said, "Well, the answer is simple. That's because he's one of the Kings. They need to delete some footage, and they can make the Kings owe them a favor. The people from Mystic Midnight are smart. I'm sure they'll be able to see the benefit behind the deal." "Even so, it's impossible to leave no trace at all, right?" asked Deirdre. Gillian frowned. "What do you mean, Miss McKinnon?" Deirdre did not reply. Suddenly, Fionn came in from the outside. His entire body was clad with snow as he went to Deirdre's side. "Miss McKinnon, it's ready." Gillian narrowed his eyes. He did not know when Fionn went out. "What's ready?" "When Wynne went to do your bidding, I asked Declan's assistant to check the surveillance cameras around Mystic Midnight." "What?" Gillian's expression changed. "Mr. Fox, can you tell everyone what you found?" asked Deirdre. "Wait for a second!" shouted Gillian, his brows furrowed in discontent. "Fionn is Declan's assistant. His words can't be trusted at all." "As such, he brought the footage back with him. We can show the footage to everyone." Before Gillian could say anything, Fionn connected his phone to the large screen behind them. Soon, the footage came on the screen. At 21:36, Gillian walked out of the private room and drove away. After roughly ten minutes, Declan also came out of the private room with Fionn's help. Someone from the crowd shouted, "This can't prove anything." The woman added, "That's right. This can only prove that Mr. King left before Declan. Within those 10 minutes, I had been with Declan the whole time!" After the woman finished speaking, Deirdre smiled faintly and said, "This can prove a lot of things. Declan only came out of the private room ten minutes after Mr. King left. It takes about three to four minutes to walk from the private room to the door, so there are only five minutes left. So, can you tell me what can happen between you and Declan between these five minutes?" The woman's face was pale. She clenched her chin tightly and said, "Declan was drunk, so he finished very quickly." "Well, that's possible, but you've forgotten one thing. If Declan went to ask the people from Mystic Midnight to delete the footage, it'd take at least four minutes. So, there are only a couple of minutes left for you. I doubt you have enough time to take off your pants with that amount of time. However, it's more than enough to take a picture."

Chapter 590 You're Innocent

"What do you mean?" The woman was shaking with anger. "You're saying I'm slandering Declan while disregarding my reputation? He didn't ask to delete the footage on the spot."

He did it later!”

Declan, who had been silent the whole time, chimed in and said, “You’re wrong. I’ve never visited Mystic Midnight again after I left.”

“What?”

“Besides, it occurs to me that you don’t know a drunk man well. Based on the video, I was very drunk and could barely stand on my own. There’s no way I could get any reaction in that situation, so how could I have sex with you?”

“I…” The woman was stumped. She was so nervous that beads of sweat were beginning to form on her forehead.

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Cillian frowned. He knew his plan had failed, so he turned around and said to the woman, “How dare you! How could you slander my brother with these photos?”

“No! No! I didn’t!”

Cillian looked at her coldly and continued. ‘You didn’t? There are plenty of loopholes in your story. If it hadn’t been for Miss McKinnon, the Kings’ reputation would have been destroyed by you today!’

He looked so righteous that it was as if he was not the person who made things warm for

Declan.

Deirdre just wanted to laugh right now, Perhaps many people thought the same way as well, but all of them just went along with Cillian. After all, none of them took Declan seriously.

Mr. King Sr.’s countenance turned better. He lifted his trembling finger and pointed at the

woman. “You evil woman! Go get the security guards and have them send her to the police station!”

The woman cried and shouted as she was taken away.

At the same time, Mr. King Sr. looked at Declan and said, “Luckily, we’re able to prove your innocence.”

He did not even apologize to Declan. After that, he turned to the crowd and said, “Guys, she’s just a woman with an evil intention. The good thing is that we’ve found out the truth

and proven my son’s innocence. Let’s move on from it and continue with the party.”

“That’s right. Let’s continue with the celebration.”

“I knew it! I knew something was fishy. It was that woman who was making all sorts of baseless claims. I always have faith in Declan. I’m sure he won’t do something like that, and it now turns out I’m right. That woman is lying.”

“Yeah, that woman is a liar!”

Everyone laughed and moved on from the matter.

Holding Laura’s hand, Cillian guided her to cut the cake. Everyone showered her with all sorts of wishes, and it seemed as if nothing had happened at all.

Deirdre felt sorry for Declan. She felt that his whole life was a joke, and it was also now that she understood why he could be so calm and collected in so many different situations.

After the crowd dispersed, Cillian walked over to her with a grin on his face. “Thank you

very much for helping us to expose that woman, Miss McKinnon. I know you're very beautiful, but I didn't expect you to be so smart. If you hadn't exposed that woman's lie, not only would our family's reputation be damaged, but my brother would also have had to marry a woman that he doesn't even know."

Deirdre replied with a faint smile, "Well, I'm just returning the favor. Declan helped me in the washroom, so I can't just sit by and do nothing when he's in trouble."

"But what if it was real? What were you going to do about it?" Cillian asked as he looked at Brendan. He was standing not far away, clinking glasses with a few people. Then, he continued meaningfully. "Or do you have someone backing you up, so you can help my brother without fear or hesitation?"

Deirdre knew what he was talking about, so she smiled and replied, "You're right. It's because I have someone to back me up, so I dare to do so."

Brendan loves me very much. I know he won't let other people bully me."

Gillian's face sank.

At that moment, Brendan removed himself from the group and came over. He wrapped his arm around Deirdre's waist in a protective gesture and asked, "What are you guys talking about when I'm not around?"

Chapter 591 Did He Do This?

Deirdre leaned on his side and answered, "Nothing much. Mr. King is here to thank me for his younger brother's incident."

At the mention of Declan, Brendan furrowed his eyebrows and said in an extremely displeased tone, "It was inappropriate for me to speak in the witness of everyone earlier. What is your relationship with Declan that you have to help him like that? You made up a poor excuse even."

He sounded jealous, as if he was extremely displeased about his woman showing herself in public to defend another man.

Gillian's expression was unfathomable, while Deirdre said in a coquettish tone, "What do

you mean by I made a poor excuse? You can ask Mr. King whether Declan helped me if you don't believe me."

"She's right." Cillian recovered from his surprise and nodded. "A drunkard charged into the female toilet and behaved unkindly toward Miss McKinnon. My younger brother went to stop the drunkard after hearing the commotion. I immediately sent someone to deal with the drunkard as soon as I learned about the incident."

Deirdre sneered in her heart.

Cillian turned the near-miss bully incident into an unkind act, and he even tried to take credit for himself.

"Is that so?" said Brendan, his expression dimmed at once. He scrutinized Deirdre's face

covered by concealer and caught everybody by surprise when he asked, "What unkind behavior did that man engage in?"

"Uh..." Cillian could tell that Brendan was displeased, so he softened Ronan's behavior with great effort. He speculated and said, "He assumed that Miss McKinnon was his

family after he had one too many drinks and wanted to do something to Miss McKinnon. However, don't worry, Mr.

Brighthall. My younger brother came quickly, and nothing bad happened to Miss McKinnon."

"Nothing bad happened?"

Brendan inquired closely, but his tone sounded off.

Cillian was stunned for a moment. In the next moment, Brendan's eyes glistened with a cold glint, and he tilted Deirdre's chin. "So, what is with your swollen face? You told me that you knocked on a table accidentally earlier, but in reality, it was that man who hit you?"

His expression was so ghastly that Cillian was startled.

Deirdre knew Brendan well enough, but she could not figure out what had infuriated him.

'Is it only because my current identity is his woman? Or is he putting on an act in Gillian's presence?'

"Brendan." She lowered her eyes. "I—"

"I don't want to hear any answers that are trying to hide the truth or soften the incident. I want you to tell me the truth. Did that man hurt your face?"

Brendan spoke in a loud and clear voice. He took a deep breath to suppress his anger.

Deirdre's face turned pale, and she answered, "Hmm."

"Where is he now? What is his name?"

Noticing that Brendan was determined to get to the bottom of the matter, Cillian hastily said, "Don't worry, Mr. Brighthall. I wouldn't let Miss

McKinnon be mistreated since she is your guest. I've already dealt with the matter for you. We've not only made the drunkard pay 150,000 dollars as compensation, but we've

also made him write an apology letter. He was sent to the police station, and he is still being detained there so he can repent!"

"Repent?" Brendan's pupils constricted abruptly, and he said coldly, "Who isn't capable of paying 150,000 dollars? Isn't it a necessity to write an apology letter? If he is released after repenting in the police station without any criminal record, he's going to do this the second time and the third time in the future. Moreover, she is my woman! I won't let him off!"

Gillian's expression turned rigid instantly after he was startled by Brendan's aura. He was rendered speechless. Even though he knew that Brendan was not targeting him, he was still scared out of his wits by Brendan's aura.

One should know that Brendan was younger than him by four years.

"However, he is Ronan Lane, the only heir of Lane Industries..."

"Do you think that I'm incapable of handling a measly Lane Industries, Mr. King?"

Brendan found it amusing. "Let alone Lane Industries, I won't even be bothered by the most powerful corporation in Eastgene!"

Chapter 592 Pay the Price

Brendan was still as arrogant and proud as usual. His dark, jewel-like pupils were burning with wild anger, yet Cillian was incapable of refuting him.

It was because Brendan did have the capability to be all-domineering indeed. “Why do you want to have an extra enemy when you can have a friend?” Cillian chuckled forcefully. “When Mr. Lane comes to realize this, he will acknowledge that he owes you a favor and will certainly figure out ways to compensate you by then! Please do it out of respect for me too, Mr.

Brighthall—”

In the next moment, Cillian was rendered speechless by Brendan’s cold gaze. “I’m afraid that you’ve misunderstood, Mr. King. I always get what I want with my own capability, and there is no reason I need to do it on someone’s charity. Since he did this, he will need to pay the corresponding price.” Brendan pulled out his phone. Deirdre came to realize the situation and spoke to stop him. “Forget it, Brendan.”

She furrowed her eyebrows and did not wish that Brendan would be troubled by this incident in the future. She just wanted to settle Declan’s matter soon so she could leave Eastgene.

“I’m fine. I know that you care about me, but it would be better if we didn’t make a big fuss out of this situation.”

Brendan caressed her hair and did not answer her at once. He was breathing slowly to suppress his anger. ‘This matter is no longer related to you.’

He left with long strides to deal with the situation.

Cillian appeared relieved, but his expression remained unpleasant. He lost his prior healthy look.

“Miss McKinnon.” He recovered from his surprise and stared at Deirdre with a strange expression. He had already lost the frivolousness and contempt in his tone that he had in the washroom earlier, but he sounded like he was fearful. “I didn’t expect that you’d be

so important to Brendan in the beginning. You should know that Ronan is not someone to fool around with.”

Deirdre also felt very vexed in her heart, but she could only feign her nonchalance upon hearing that. “I told you that Brendan gets jealous very easily, Mr. King.”

‘Yes, but I’ve never seen him lose his temper like that. He has always been serious and can’t be bothered by most things. Yet, he came to the party because of you, then...’

Cillian forced a smile and said, “I wonder how both of you got acquainted with each other. If he has a woman he treasures so much, why haven’t I heard anyone mentioning you before?”

Deirdre lowered her eyes.

‘Why have you not heard anyone mentioning me before? That is because the name of Deirdre doesn’t deserve to be associated with Brendan, of course.’

She widened her mouth but felt especially chaotic inside her.

Meanwhile, Declan suddenly approached them with a glass of liquor.” Cillian.”

He greeted Cillian courteously first as if he had already forgotten about Cillian’s oppressive episode earlier. Then, he raised his glass and expressed his gratitude to Deirdre. ‘Thank you for all your help earlier, Miss McKinnon. Had it not been you, I’m afraid I wouldn’t have been able to end the incident so easily.’

Deirdre felt more relieved in Declan’s presence. “Don’t mention it. I was only stepping forward to put in a word at most. In truth, your assistant found the breach and told me

about it. It was him who went looking for the surveillance footage while I was only speaking according to his idea.”

She seized the opportunity to explain how she was connected to Fionn.

Declan smiled and said, ‘The whole thing came to light because you took a stand. I won’t

say ‘thank you’ too many times, but please allow me to toast a drink to you.”

He raised his glass. Cillian, who kept quiet all this time, suddenly said, “Miss McKinnon doesn’t drink, Declan. Isn’t it disrespectful to toast a drink to someone who doesn’t drink?”

Chapter 593 Did You Really Deal With the Incident Properly?

Deirdre did not drink, indeed. She would only put on an act by holding a glass without taking a sip.

She was afraid that she would get drunk, make a fool of herself, and do something strange in Brendan’s presence. She was even more afraid that the man would behave indecently toward her and that she would not be able to resist him.

Yet now, there was no telling if she was trying to help out Declan or if she wanted to get a drink. She smiled and said, “It’s fine. I’ll be fine with just a few sips.”

Cillian narrowed his eyes subconsciously upon hearing that.

His gaze dimmed bit by bit as he watched them clink glasses until only a veiled glint glistened in his eyes.

They did not manage to chat much before Brendan came back. His flawlessly handsome

face was filled with coldness.

Brendan had his hands in his pockets, and he took a glance at Declan before looking away coldly. “We should leave, Deirdre.”

“Sure.” Deirdre placed down the glass. “Mr. King, Declan, it’s getting late. We’re going to

make a move. Let’s keep in touch.”

Cillian nodded and called over Laura to send them off.

They got into the car, and Deirdre could feel the intense coldness radiating from Brendan’s body in the cramped car. She could not see his displeasure, but she could clearly sense it.

She assumed that Brendan was displeased by Ronan’s incident. She propped her elbow

against the window and said, “Don’t worry. Cillian kept a tight lid on this incident, and very few people at the scene know about it.

Your image won’t be affected because of this.”

Upon saying that, Brendan’s expression grew even more unpleasant. He stared at Deirdre closely out of the corner of his eye. “Do you think that what I care about in this situation is my image?”

‘Or else?’

Deirdre expressed her puzzlement, yet she could not bring herself to speak her mind now that Brendan had asked her in this manner. She said speculatively, “Could it be that

you feel that Cillian was being disrespectful to you? Or... are you and Mr. Lane in a

conflict?”

The car screeched to a stop. Deirdre stabilized her body while the driver explained that someone was braking suddenly in front.

Deirdre said, “Is everything alright?”

“It’s fine. It’s possible that the person went in the wrong direction.”

She calmed herself only to discover that Brendan was quiet. She could still feel the intense oppressive feeling radiating from the man next to her, and it was apparent that he was still furious.

Deirdre was frustrated. She thought about the party but could not figure out why.

It was truly difficult to figure out Brendan’s temperament.

They kept quiet all the way to the hotel. Brendan walked in front while she followed behind. However, Brendan kept a pace that was in line with hers even when he was furious. Deirdre made up her mind to speak when they got into the elevator.

“Brendan, will you tell me why you’ve been angry all the way here?”

She thought that she had handled the party’s incident perfectly.

Even though she couldn’t care less about Brendan’s feelings, it was apparent that they could not treat each other coldly in view of their current relationship.

“Are you trying to appease me?” Brendan looked at her out of the corner of his eye in surprise.

A moment later, he recovered from his surprise, and his voice turned cold abruptly. “Are you scared that I won’t agree to get a divorce after the Eastgene trip?”

Deirdre tilted her head to the side when he read her mind. She asked instead of answering, “I don’t understand why you are angry. Hasn’t the incident at the party been dealt with perfectly?”

Brendan’s gaze dimmed. ‘The incident at the party was dealt with perfectly, but how about you?’

“Me?” Deirdre was stunned for a moment.

In the next moment, Brendan tilted her chin and scrutinized her left swollen cheek with cold eyes. He felt his chest burning with anger. “Did you really deal with the incident of you being bullied properly?”

Chapter 594 Who Are You Cooking For?

‘You were only lucky that Declan noticed that in a timely manner. What if Declan hadn’t noticed in time? You should have told me at once when something so risky happened so

I could deal with it. I know how to make the man regret his action for the rest of his life better than you, yet what happened in the end?’

Deirdre batted her eyelashes and lowered her eyes ever so slightly while she listened to the man recounting his worries.

“All you gave me are lies and deceit. You treat me and your identity like a joke. You still choose to lie even when I’ve seen through your lie. Do you feel that I’m of no help to you,

or do you just don’t take me seriously?”

Deirdre felt her throat burning. “I feel that I shouldn’t trouble you.”

In the next moment, she furrowed her eyebrows tightly.

Brendan exerted strength in his fingers, and she inhaled sharply from the pain.

“Shouldn’t trouble me? Who gives you the right to think that you’re troubling me?”
Brendan said in a loud and clear voice.

Deirdre’s pupils constricted when she heard him saying, “Deirdre, I will never allow my wife to be bullied like this, and I will never allow the offender to remain at large, regardless of whether we’re getting a divorce. It happened once today, but don’t let it happen again, and don’t let me be the last to know.”

Upon saying that, the elevator door opened, and Brendan walked out gracefully, leaving Deirdre behind. She felt suffocated by the weight on her chest.

‘So, the reason behind Brendan’s anger on the way to the hotel was that I hid this incident from him?’

She was under the assumption that Brendan did not care and couldn’t care less. On the other hand, Deirdre began to scrutinize Brendan once after hearing his opinion earlier. Yet, she calmed down quickly when she came to realize something.

She realized that it was only possibly his eagerness to excel at performing his husbandly

duty one last time and nothing else. If he really did regard her as his wife, why would he send someone to torment her cruelly and ruin her in prison?

“Come.”

Deirdre lowered her gaze and walked out of the elevator bit by bit.

In the Kings’ Manse, Laura was bustling about when Cillian walked into the kitchen in his

silk pajamas. His expression turned cold when he saw her cooking soup.

“Who are you cooking for?”

‘Why are you here?’ Laura felt her heart racing.

Cillian repeated himself by saying, “Who are you cooking for?”

Laura’s eyes were tainted with a tinge of fear. She turned off the stove and said softly, “For you, of course. I was planning on serving it to you in your study…”

A loud slap landed on Laura’s face. Cillian was furious. “How dare you try to deceive me, you b*tch?”

Laura covered her face, her eyes reddened with tears, “I’m not, Cillian!”

‘You’re not?’ Cillian pulled her hair. “I have never enjoyed having soup, and even the cleaning lady at home knows about that, but you don’t? On the contrary, Declan loves having soup. I bet you’re cooking specially for him, right? You two-faced b*tch!”

Cillian was burning with fury. He pulled Laura’s hair and dunked her head into the sink. At the next moment, someone grabbed his arm strongly.

‘Who’s that!?’ Cillian turned his head in anger and saw the person clearly. His eyes were

tainted with scorn and mockery. “I was just thinking about who was being such a busybody at home. So, it turns out to be my kind brother. What’s going on? This is between your sister-in-law and me. Are you going to join the fun as well?”

Laura looked at Declan in a manner that was begging him to leave.

Declan loosened his grip slowly and clenched his fists tightly. ‘You’ve misunderstood, Cillian. I felt it would be inappropriate if Laura showed up with an injury on her face. We are expecting guests tomorrow, after all. It’s going to make the family look like a fool.’

Chapter 595 He Is a Lunatic

“Are you afraid that the family will make a fool of itself, or are you worried that you’ll feel for her?” Cillian tutted and said, “It’s a waste that she is already your sister-in-law, even if

you feel for her. She is a toy that I can fumble with when I like while you can’t even lay a finger on her!”

“Cillian...” All of Laura’s blood drained from her face. “Don’t say that.”

“What’s wrong with me saying that? Could it be that everything I said was false?” Cillian said in an arrogant tone and provocatively stared at Declan.

Declan looked away and did not speak. He turned around to get himself water when Cillian said unexpectedly, “You’re acquainted with that McKinnon girl, right?”

Before Declan could answer, Cillian said with narrowed eyes, “You didn’t react for the slightest bit back then, yet you didn’t mind offending Ronan just to help a girl you’re not acquainted with?”

Cillian still remembered clearly when Declan ran into the room to find Laura and him on the same bed. He had assumed Declan would be frantic, but the latter actually left without turning back. Declan left Eastgene for three whole years and only reached out via one phone call during his absence.

Cillian was wondering whether Declan still loved Laura more than he showed it.

Laura bit her lower lip tightly while Declan took a sip of water and said, “I couldn’t do anything back then because you’re my brother, but Ronan is a nobody.”

“I’ve never felt like you regard me as your brother over the years.” Cillian said sarcastically, “All in all, you treat Miss McKinnon rather well. Don’t tell me that you’ve fallen for her?”

Declan did not speak, yet the phone in Gillian’s pocket rang. He pulled it out of his pocket and checked the caller ID before ordering Laura to go upstairs. Then, he made his way to the balcony on the right.

“Hello.” He picked up the call. “How is the situation?”

Wynne spoke through his gritted teeth, “Mr. King, Brendan Brighthall is a full -on lunatic. Do you know what he did? He had actually exposed Ronan’s solicitation with prostitutes and drug usage. Brendan has not only gotten Ronan in trouble but not even Mystic Midnight was spared. The police shut down the place tonight!”

‘What!?’

Ronan and Mystic Midnight collaborated closely with Cillian. Brendan’s act was equal to getting rid of his trusted subordinate.

Gillian’s expression turned unpleasant instantly. “Is there a way to turn this thing around?”

Wynne said anxiously, “No! There’s no telling where he got the evidence, so everything we do now will be futile! The Brighthall Group also collaborates with Ronan. Isn’t he putting himself in trouble as well? Why would he do that for a woman?”

Gillian’s gaze was dim. He would find Wynne’s description exaggerated before this, but after experiencing the incident during the party, he knew that Brendan was capable of doing this.

Brendan treasured Deirdre. When Brendan discovered that someone bullied Deirdre, the

thought of Brendan’s gaze still sent a shiver down Gillian’s spine.

‘What’s with Mystic Midnight, then? It will be fine if Ronan is destroyed, but how did Mystic Midnight offend Brendan?’

“Brendan found out that the owner of Mystic Midnight had picked up Ronan and considered both of them accomplices. No matter how powerful Mystic Midnight is, it is still subjected to law enforcement. The evidence in Brendan’s possession is too strong. Even if Mystic Midnight can be salvaged, it’s going to take half a year.”

Upon saying that, Wynne could not refrain from adding, “Brendan is quite the devil himself. It’s no wonder Declan refuses to be associated with him anymore. He isn’t afraid

of offending the Lanes for just a measly woman. He behaves like a lunatic when he goes

against Mystic Midnight!”

Chapter 596 Invitation From the Kings

“He has been a lunatic from the start!” Cillian scolded in anger before he ordered Wynne, “Handle the projects that we’re collaborating on with Ronan first by getting someone to take over as soon as possible. As for Mystic Midnight, I’ll reach out to my connections to help as much as I can.

“Sure!”

“As for Brendan...” Cillian suddenly remembered something, turned around to look in the

direction of the living room, and found Declan sitting alone. His gaze dimmed abruptly, and a sharp glint glistened in his eyes.

“Leave it to me.”

The next day, the news of Ronan’s detainment reached Deirdre’s ears.

She did not look into it on purpose, but it caused such a huge commotion that the news was reporting it as soon as she turned on the television.

Mystic Midnight was in trouble as well.

Deirdre was well aware of who did this.

She felt rather surprised and found it slightly strange. When Brendan got out of the bathroom, she asked, “Mr. Lane’s case, did you do it?”

Brendan furrowed his eyebrows involuntarily upon hearing the name.” Hmm.”

“How about Mystic Midnight, then?”

“Same.”

Deirdre lowered her gaze. “What is your motive?”

Before Brendan could answer, she said, “It’s not just to punish Mr. Lane, right? I believe that you may have other motives. Otherwise, you didn’t have to go as far as to get

Mystic

Midnight involved as well.”

Brendan took two more glances at Deirdre. He did it not only to punish Ronan but also to

pave the way for Declan. The incident gave him a very good excuse to do that, albeit it was too advanced.

He did not answer the question, but his phone on the table rang. He checked the caller ID and put the call on speaker. “Mr. King.”

Deirdre raised her head abruptly to look in the phone’s direction.

Gillian's eagerly solicitous laughter came from the speaker. "Are you still in Eastgene, Mr. Brighthall?"

"Yes. I haven't managed to get around to buying flight tickets. Why?"

"That's wonderful." Cillian said, "My parents are deeply grateful for Miss McKinnon's help

with the Kings during the party, and they would like to express their gratitude in person by having you and Miss McKinnon over for a meal tomorrow. I wonder if you have the time to do that?"

"Tomorrow, huh?"

"Yes." Cillian smiled. "Our families had a rather close relationship from the start. We should just find time in our busy lives to gather and use this opportunity to welcome you to Eastgene with a meal. What do you think, Mr. Brighthall?"

Brendan furrowed his eyebrows tightly. He still had affairs to handle for the time being, so he would not be returning to Neve within a short period of time. Hence, it would be inappropriate for him to decline Cillian's invitation.

He could only ask hesitantly, "Will Declan be there?"

"Yes." Cillian immediately said, "However, the boy doesn't enjoy showing himself in public, so I figure he will only join the meal when it's time. If you're not fond of him, I'll ensure he doesn't join the meal by then. What do you think, Mr. Brighthall?"

Brendan said coldly, "Forget it. You should do it on purpose, so he won't feel I'm targeting him. We are only strangers."

"Yes, yes, yes," said Cillian. "Shall I send someone to pick you two up tomorrow, then?"

"Sure. I'll send you the address."

After hanging up the call, Brendan's movements of tying his tie slowed down.

Deirdre could feel that something was off about the invitation.

It would be too pretentious for Cillian to use the words 'deeply grateful' because he should hate her for ruining his plan.

Yet, they could not figure out a more suitable answer within a short period. As such, they

could only regard the invitation as Cillian trying to connect with Brendan to form a close relationship.

After all, it would be better to make Brendan an ally than an enemy. Meanwhile, the doorbell of the hotel room suddenly rang.

Chapter 597 I'll Protect You

Deirdre was distracted from her thoughts. She was about to get up when Brendan took the lead to open the door and saw the bellboy standing at the door.

The bellboy smiled and said respectfully, "Hello, Mr. Brighthall. Our hotel is organizing a party at the pool. The scenery there is amazing. Our manager sent me to inquire whether you're interested in having dinner there. We can book a reservation for you."

"Party?"

"Yes, it's a fun event that we organize once every six months."

Brendan turned his head to take a glance at Deirdre. It was bad for her to stay in the room frequently, and she needed to walk around more often, so he nodded.

"Book a reservation for me tonight. I'll be there."

Brendan and Deirdre headed to the pool area during dinner time.

They were very quiet all the time when they had nothing else to talk about. Even when they were seated at their seats and listening to others chatting leisurely, Deirdre did not have the desire to speak.

She abided by Brendan's order to eat out but did not wish to get involved further.

After the meals were served, Brendan started a topic of conversation.

"What do you think about Gillian's invitation to Kings Manse tomorrow?"

Deirdre raised her head in surprise. She could not see the man's face clearly with her vision, nor could she figure out from the tone of his voice if he was teasing her on purpose or was seeking her opinion sincerely.

She forked her pasta and said, "I don't know Gillian's conduct well enough, but I believe he should hate me after the party's incident. There can only be two possibilities for him to extend the invitation out of nowhere. It can either be he has an ill-intentioned motive, or he's purely trying to draw you over to his side."

Brendan agreed with the two possibilities. He said, "Are you scared if it's the first possibility?"

"What should I be scared of?"

"If he is ill-intentioned, he will be targeting you." Brendan's eyes were overwhelmed with complicated emotions. "Aren't you scared that you'll be in trouble?"

Deirdre took a bite of the pasta and smiled nonchalantly. "It would be impossible for me not to be scared of an unscrupulous man like Gillian. However, I think that he won't take action on me so openly in your presence. As long as it doesn't affect my safety, there's nothing to be afraid of."

Brendan's gaze turned gentle. He rapidly took a sip of the liquor to return his face to its prior coldness.

"I'll protect you."

Deirdre was stunned.

It was his promise to set her mind at ease.

Her soft lips moved, but she could not bring herself to say "Thank you". On the contrary, she changed the topic of conversation and said, "Are you going to collaborate with Gillian?"

Brendan paused for a moment. "Why do you ask?"

"It's very apparent that Gillian is leaning toward collaborating with you. Are you going to choose to work with Gillian because of Declan? After all, this is the best, quickest way to take revenge on Declan," Deirdre said with delight. In truth, she was worried about this matter for a long time.

If Brendan were to work with Gillian, Declan would not be able to make his comeback anymore.

Brendan scrutinized Deirdre's minute change of expression. His flawlessly handsome face was nonchalant, and his legs were crossed. Instead of answering her question, he asked, "So, are you trying to talk me out of collaborating with Gillian?"

"Gillian's willingness to make a move on his younger brother without any concern for the family's reputation signifies he has no one else in his heart other than himself. You might

benefit from the collaboration with him within a short period, but he will never form a bond with you and can easily turn his back on you."

Brendan smirked. ‘You do make feasible speculations, but it’s not enough to convince me. What if I am looking for short-term gains?’

Chapter 598 She Was Supposed to Be in That Girl’s Position!

Deirdre took a deep breath and said, “I can’t convince you then.”

‘You can convince me,’ Brendan said in a meaningful tone. “Use the advantage that you take the most pride in.”

Deirdre’s expression froze on her face.

On the other side, Joan Wood and friends were chatting by the poolside. She took a glance past the man before she realized she could not take her eyes off him.

She was feeling blue initially and had agreed to her friend’s invitation to join the party.

She attempted to recall but could not remember anyone mentioning Brendan Brighthall’s

presence here.

She became distracted instantly. Could it be that it was fated for them not to end their relationship so rashly?

“Joan, what are you looking at? You’re so distracted that you don’t even respond when I talk to you.”

“Precisely. Everyone is here to keep you company and cheer you up. Why are you so distracted when you’re the main character?”

Joan was jolted back to reality. “I’m sorry, I didn’t hear what you said.”

“Didn’t hear me? What’s going on with you? You haven’t even heard what I told you, are you distracted because you saw something?”

Joan wanted to deny it, but her gaze landed on Deirdre, who was seated opposite Brendan. She felt her chest tighten and bit her lower lip in displeasure.

She was supposed to be in that girl’s position!

She looked in Brendan’s direction and said, “I saw an acquaintance suddenly, and that person had attended the Kings’ party previously as well.”

The people invited to the Kings’ party were mostly influential and reputable figures, and the Woods had only made it to the guest list with great effort. Of course, Joan’s friends had not made it to the invitation list.

Their interest in the man was piqued upon hearing Joan’s remark. They immediately looked in the direction that Joan was pointing at.

In the next moment, their eyes landed on Brendan’s flawlessly handsome face, and their

eyes lit up without exception.

‘This man is exquisite. Is he from the entertainment industry? Why haven’t I seen him before? He’s so good-looking! He looks arrogant, cold, yet graceful, and he is much more good-looking than any other man I’ve met!’

“He looks like he comes from an influential family because his watch alone costs a few thousand dollars.

“Who is that? Those invited to the Kings’ party are no ordinary people, especially when he is so young. Who is he?”

The crowd of people could not hold back their excitement as if they had unearthed a treasure.

Someone muttered, “Joan is so picky on usual days, so this man is one in a million for

her. Why haven't you got on with him yet?"

"Stop joking." Joan said softly, "I'm not worthy, and I don't have the intention to."

"Not worthy? Is there a person who the Woods' heiress is not worthy of?" The crowd of people inhaled sharply, including Zinerva Cole. She was staring straight at Brendan without looking away.

"Joan, are you joking with us?"

"I'm not. He really is no ordinary person," Joan said softly. "He's Brendan Brighthall. Have you ever heard of him?"

"Brendan Brighthall!" The few people inhaled sharply and became excited. 'Is he Brendan Brighthall from Neve? The CEO of the Brighthall Group? Oh my God! What brings him to Eastgene?"

"It's extraordinary for a person like him to visit Eastgene!"

Joan said, "He is here for the Kings' party, and I found out when my father introduced me to him."

"Your father introduced the both of you? So, are you going to date him?" Zinerva was growing slightly restless.

She knew they would not be able to get someone Joan was determined to get.

"How can that be possible?" Joan feigned her carefree attitude. "I'm not interested in men who are older than me."

"Really? That's a waste."

Zinerva claimed it was a waste, yet her eyes were brimming with excitement. She was eager to have a try!

Chapter 599 Convince Me

After all, that man was Brendan Brighthall!

Apart from having no concern about living a good life after marrying him, she would be respected and envied by others no matter where she was. She would not need to suck up to the Woods, be subservient to Joan, and live on Joan's leftovers.

"It's no pity. My family still has a strong hold in Eastgene without Brendan," said Joan. "I hope that one of you can get on with Brendan. We're besties, so we can help out each other when one of us marries Brendan. It's a waste that..."

She heaved a sigh.

"It's a waste what?" Zinerva's interest was piqued, and she grew restless in her heart when she heard Joan's sigh.

"It's a waste that Brendan is already in a relationship." Joan looked toward Deirdre. "It's the woman seated opposite Brendan. She's beautiful, isn't she? She is a nobody and blind. Yet, she managed to make Brendan take her to an upper-class party just with her beauty. He is very affectionate to her."

Zinerva stared at Deirdre's face closely.

'She is beautiful, but there are countless beautiful women in this world. How did she get so lucky?

'In comparison, I'm no worse than her. Moreover, she is blind!'

She grew jealous in her heart, and so were the others. They could not refrain from complaining, "There's nothing impressive about her. She can seduce a 40-year-old man with her beauty, but Brendan is truly out of her league."

Joan's eyes glistened with an unknown glint. She heaved a sigh and said, "I find that there's nothing impressive about this woman as well, and she's not half as beautiful as all of you. Yet, Brendan dotes on her and spoils her.

I figured that she is good at pretending and feigning a good image for herself."

"Who is incapable of feigning a good image? I think she is lucky that she met Brendan earlier than us. If I were to meet him first, perhaps I'd be the one being spoiled."

Joan nodded. "You're right. I think so too. If her image is ruined, such as letting Brendan see her after she falls into the water, I figure that Brendan's impression of her will be ruined completely. By then, all of you can show up looking amazing. Even I'd choose you

if I were Brendan."

Zinerva seemed to be enlightened upon hearing Joan's remark. Her beautiful eyes landed on Brendan's face and glowed with a confident glint.

'You can convince me... Use the advantage that you take the most pride in.'

Deirdre's expression froze as soon as Brendan made the remark.

Brendan sniggered. "I'm only teasing you. I'm not interested in you. I'm not planning on collaborating with Cillian, either. I'm not fond of Ci Ilian's character. Moreover, I can do it myself if I want to take revenge on Delcan."

"Is that so?" Deirdre was relieved instantly. She felt ashamed of her thoughts earlier because she assumed Brendan was about to make exaggerated requests again.

"It will be great if you don't work with Cillian."

Upon saying that, she lowered her head and ate her meal in small bites.

Brendan's phone vibrated, and he saw the caller ID. He stood up subconsciously and said, "I'm going to take a call outside. I'll be back soon.

Wait for me here."

"Hmm."

Deirdre nodded. Brendan left with quickened steps.

She found it strange that he would walk so far away just to take a call.

Perhaps it was just a call that he could not allow others to overhear. Deirdre did not pay too much attention to the matter. She seized the opportunity to pull her phone out of her pocket during this period.

Her phone had been completely silent for two whole days. She could not see the missed

calls or text messages on her phone, so she could not tell if she had missed Kyran's call while she was at the party.

Chapter 600 Kyran Is Me

'That must be it. Kyran wouldn't be gone for two days in a row.'

She wanted to seek the help of a waitress to check on the text messages on her phone, but she raised her head to find a woman with a slim figure walking into her visual field.

"Hello." Deirdre got up and passed the phone to the woman. "Would you please help me check if there are any missed calls on my phone? I'm blind and can't see it."

She spoke in a pleading tone, but the person did not respond at all.

Deirdre could not help feeling dejected and forced a smile. "I'm sorry for troubling you."

She walked away in an attempt to seek help from a waitress when Brendan was away.

She had just walked past the woman when she tripped over a foot in high heels that

suddenly extended under her. Soon afterward, she felt her body being shoved forward and lost her balance before toppling into the water instantly.

The intense, ferocious feeling of drowning overwhelmed her. Her body sunk into the icy cold pool water while the panic of being in darkness overpowered her like a rope tightening around her neck. She struggled frantically, yet she could not scream out for help. On the contrary, the water surging into her mouth was choking her. She felt suffocated and cold.

Deirdre's breathing was weakening bit by bit.

Brendan came back to find a woman who looked similar to Deirdre struggling in the water. On the other hand, her seat was empty.

His eyes widened with anger instantly, and he dived into the pool without any hesitation. "Deirdre! Deirdre McKinnon!"

He exhausted every ounce of strength he had to swim to the woman and scoop her out of the pool. He could not be bothered about maintaining his image or that his expensive suit was a mess.

Joan's face turned pale.

The staff members were about to get into the water, yet Brendan still chose to jump in. He was carrying so many expensive items on his body. 'Does he not care about his phone and watch? Or is he incapable of thinking about anything else other than to save Deirdre?'

Deirdre recovered from the brink of death when she could finally breathe air. She coughed ferociously and felt her lungs burning with pain as if they were sliced open with a knife.

Brendan swam with her to the land. Deirdre could not refrain from feeling nauseous and vomited as soon as she got to the ground. Her body was frozen stiff, and her mind went blank from the cold.

"Are you alright?" Brendan wiped away the water droplets on her face.

There was only deep concern in his dark eyes. "Should we go to a hospital?"

Deirdre shook her head. She raised the phone she was clutching tightly to show Brendan by the time she regained her strength to speak.

Brendan said with a frown, "What is it?"

"The... The phone..." Deirdre gasped for air loudly. Even though her face was already ghastly pale, she was only focused on one thing. "Tell me, is it damaged?"

Brendan's expression was unpleasant as he looked at the water-damaged phone. He clutched Deirdre's weak, skinny arm and said, "Deirdre! You almost died, but all you care about is your phone?"

Deirdre felt as if her throat was on fire and coughed violently. She managed to soothe her throat with great effort and endured the pain radiating from her arm. She said stubbornly, 'Tell me, is it damaged?'

Brendan said through his gritted teeth, "It's damaged."

The disappointment in Deirdre's eyes could not be concealed. Her body was shivering in

the cold, but all she said was, "I won't be able to take his call anymore. I won't be able to take his call anymore..."

Brendan felt as if his chest would burst with anger. He wished that he could tell Deirdre, "I am him! The man you think about all day long, the man named Kyran Reed, is me! He is right beside you! He is right in front of you!"

Still, his senses forced him to hold back the urge.

It was because he was well aware that Deirdre would give him a tight slap if he were to say that.

He was scared of seeing Deirdre's hateful gaze because it would make his heart bleed.