

Resent Reject Regret

Chapter 61 You Cannot Wake up a Person Who Is Pretending to Be Asleep

In truth, she minded that very much, especially when she woke up that morning to the man's hug and smelled his faint body scent. She could not help thinking about the time when they had been married.

She remembered the wonderful process infuriating her even more. She hated Brendan for always being in control and calling the shots, yet he had chosen to annoy her in this manner.

Brendan was actually not infuriated. He turned over and got out of bed. Just as Deirdre thought she could finally feel relieved, Brendan suddenly removed her

blanket and began to undress her without any hesitation.

Deirdre was startled by the unexpected coldness on her body. She covered her chest with all her might and said, "What are you doing, Brendan!"

'Why won't he let me off when I'm already in this state? Does he want me to break my ribs again so he can be pleased?!

"No! Don't! Don't molest me!" Deirdre's face turned ghastly pale, and the huge movements put her in so much pain that she teared up.

Brendan immediately pinned down her arms after noticing that her body was convulsing in pain. "Have you lost your mind! Why are you still moving frantically in your current state? Who's molesting you, huh? I'm only trying to give you a sponge bath!"

'Sponge bath?'

Deirdre was naked. She was aware of the state of her body despite her blindness, and her face flushed scarlet in embarrassment.

"You don't need to!" she said. "Even if I need one, I'm certain there are professional caregivers to do it. If that doesn't work, you can call in a nurse to do it for me. I don't want you to do it!"

"How are you going to get a caregiver now? Besides, do you think that the nurses are free to do that?"

Brendan was displeased. In reality, he did not wish to let others see Deirdre's body. not even a woman.

"Do you think that I'm doing this willingly? My hands are meant to sign contracts worth millions, not to serve you. Plus, is there any part of your body that I haven't seen or touched yet?"

Deirdre's lips were trembling, and she was so aggrieved that she did not want to speak.

Brendan scooped up a wet towel and sponged her cautiously. Deirdre was high-strung throughout the process and covered herself as soon as it ended.

Deirdre was relieved, and so was Brendan.

He could not figure out why he still felt uncontrollable libido after seeing her body, despite her emaciated look.

Suppressing his surging impulse, Brenda helped Deirdre change into fresh hospital attire and he said after he was done, "I've already found your assailant. The police have confirmed the whereabouts of the person who poisoned you, so I believe you will receive an explanation in two days if everything goes smoothly."

Deirdre did not need an explanation, but she felt her heart racing when she heard that the assailant had already been found. She was very convinced that Charlene was the culprit, so she could not help asking, "Who's the assailant?"

"A company assistant." Brendan expressed his contempt. "Charlene accidentally killed someone in a car crash, and the assistant is that victim's university mate. Her motive was to seek revenge on behalf of her deceased friend."

"An assistant?" Deirdre shut her eyes in despair. "How could you believe such a crude lie?"

"What do you mean?" Brendan looked at Deirdre in a displeased manner. "Are you going to wrongly accuse Charlene again? Or are you only satisfied when you insist on the answer being Charlene putting you in harm's way?"

'You cannot wake up a person who is pretending to be asleep. Could Brendan really believe that the assistant would destroy her future for a university mate? In other words, even if they had such a close friendship that she would avenge the deceased, why would she choose to silence me with poison?

'Wouldn't it be better to just kill me?"

Chapter 62 Found a Scapegoat

Deirdre wanted to laugh. "You're going to say that I'm wrongly accusing her. Fine then. I'm tired. You should leave."

'Here it goes again."

Brendan was furious.

'Have I not done enough for Deirdre? I called Charlene over to the office and questioned her without definite evidence when Charlene was supposed to be the

person I cherished the most. I doubted her for Deirdre. What else does she want me

to do?’

“Don’t push it, Deirdre. It is my bad for not preventing you from nearly being poisoned indeed. However, you can blame it on me, not on Charlene!”

Deirdre chuckled.

‘How could I ever have the audacity to do that? I can’t blame it on anyone because I’m just a powerless, blind person.’

Deirdre did not wish to speak anymore, so she shut her eyes and pulled up the blanket to rest.

Brendan left angrily after being ignored by Deirdre, and his departure startled Sam. Brendan was emotionally unstable, with extremely drastic mood swings, and had been like this ever since Deirdre had come into his life in the past.

Brendan did not show up for a long time after this incident but he hired a caregiver to care for Deirdre on a daily basis.

The caregiver enjoyed reading the tabloids when she was free and would update Deirdre on Brendan’s whereabouts. He attended charity balls with Charlene and went on work trips, but Charlene was always by his side.

Deirdre was oblivious and would only speak when she got irritated. “You don’t need to tell me about him.”

The caregiver was stunned by her cold, harsh tone, so she made up an excuse about getting water and left in displeasure. Perhaps she found Deirdre ungrateful and thought it was rich of her to throw a tantrum despite being a disfigured, blind person.

Deirdre shut her eyes in fatigue, feeling the thoughts in her head getting jumbled up. She could not fall asleep after a long time, but at that very moment, the door was opened.

The clicking sound of high heels on tile could be heard echoing throughout the entire room. Deirdre looked in the direction of the door with an unpleasant

expression. “Is that you, Charlene?”

She was right. Charlene chuckled and did not attempt to hide her identity. “It’s me. I know that Brendan has not been paying attention to you in the past two months. I couldn’t bear it anymore, so I’m here to check on you. How are you?”

‘Check on me? Charlene is checking up on me indeed, but it is not to see how I am doing but to see me make a fool of myself.’

“Stop pretending, Charlene. If you really cared about me, you wouldn’t have sent someone to poison me.”

Charlene called out, "Yikes! Ms. McKinnon, don't throw around accusations like that. We looked into this incident and found the culprit. They have already been dealt with according to the law."

"Brendan is the only one who believed your crude lie. That person and I are not bound by enmity, so why would she risk her life in exchange for possibly silencing me? You're the one who found herself a scapegoat!"

Charlene beamed in delight and made her way to Deirdre. She looked down at her and dropped the act. "Yes, I did find myself a scapegoat indeed, but what can you do about that? If Brendan believed you, you wouldn't have been reduced to what you are now."

Deirdre was rendered speechless. Charlene's true nature was obvious, yet Brendan still chose to ignore it. He was truly blinded by love, just like she had been in the past.

"Why?" Deirdre clenched her fists tightly. She could still remember the pain she had felt when the poison had been forced down her throat. even though her throat had already recovered fully. "I'm already in this state, yet you still won't let me off, huh?"

Deirdre clenched her fists so tightly that her nails dug into her flesh.

'Yes, she's already in this state. She looks hideous and disgusting, yet she still manages to captivate Brendan's heart even under the circumstances!'

Chapter 63 What Happened to My Mother

"It's because you're in the way, of course. Your presence ruined the loving relationship between me and Brendan!" A moment later, Charlene chuckled, sounding like a show-off. "However, Brendan still cares about me very much. He chose to leave you injured and all alone in the hospital without the slightest concern. after finding out that I was displeased. He took me traveling around just to cheer me up, and I had a delightful time sharing a bedroom with him."

She smiled with her head lowered, as if she was shy.

Deirdre could obviously feel the stinging pain in her chest, but it was not because she still had feelings for Brendan She had already given up, but that did not mean that she was dead. She found Brendan's coldness and ignorance toward her

malicious.

"So you're here today to show off your loving relationship with Brendan?"

Charlene sneered. "No, of course not. Do I still need to show off my loving relationship with Brendan? I'm only here to tell you something out of kindness."

She took a step forward. "You still haven't gone through the divorce procedure with Brendan, right? It was delayed when you were imprisoned, but two months ago, Brendan promised me that he would go through the divorce procedure with you. when you're discharged. Then, he's going to marry me!"

Deirdre clutched her blanket so strongly that her knuckles turned white abruptly, but the expression on her face remained unchanged. "Is that so? Congratulations to you. I hope you can manage your husband properly from now on, so he won't use me to satiate his desire for control."

As soon as those words were spoken, the smile on Charlene's face vanished, her gaze turning sinister. "Why are you boasting as though you're proud of it, Deirdre? Brendan enjoys exercising control over you because it feels like he's controlling a dog! When he grows bored of playing with the dog after a while, he's going to treat you a thousand times worse than he does now!"

Deirdre cracked a smile. 'I will be free when he grows bored of me. There's nothing more agonizing than what's happening now.'

"What if he doesn't grow bored for the rest of his life?" Deirdre raised her head in a provocative manner. "Are you going to stand having your husband provide for me?"

"You..."

Charlene's face turned pale at that thought. She had attempted to discuss this matter with Brendan before and she'd wanted him to send Deirdre away, yet he had refused to give her an answer, so perhaps he would provide for Deirdre for the rest of his life.

At the thought of having Deirdre in her life, Charlene was furious beyond recognition. "Deirdre, Brendan is only providing for you as though you're his pet, yet you still think you're some hot sh*t? If you really had integrity, you would have already gotten away from Brendan. I assure you that you will end up in the same place as your dead mother if you come between me and Brendan!"

All the blood was drained from Deirdre's face as she glared in Charlene's direction strenuously. "What did you say?"

'What do you mean I'll end up in the same place as my dead mother? My mother is getting treatment for her illness abroad, isn't she?'

Deirdre grew restless and asked impatiently, "Charlene, what do you mean by that? What happened to my mother?"

Charlene was stunned for a moment. Soon, she cracked a cruel smile. "So it turns out that you have no idea, huh?"

She was about to speak slowly when the door opened abruptly. Brendan raised an eyebrow when he noticed Charlene. "Charlene? What brings you here?"

Charlene's expression softened into a piteous look soon. "I knew that Ms. McKinnon would be discharged from the hospital today, so I dropped by to visit her out of concern, Brendan. However, it seems that Ms. McKinnon is not in a great mood, and

I'm fine with that."

Brendan looked at Deirdre and found her in a high-strung mood. Her expression showed that she was angry, and he could not help expressing his agitation.

He felt even more displeased with her temper after not seeing her for two months.

Chapter 64 I Want to See Her

"Don't bother. She has always been ungrateful. She will still pull a long face no matter how well you treat her, and the sight of her sickens me," Brendan said in a displeased tone.

"You should head back first. I'll come and see you tonight."

Charlene nodded shyly. She was about to leave when Deirdre, who was sitting on the bed, suddenly said, "Brendan, are you planning on going to court to go through the divorce procedure with me when I'm discharged from the hospital later today?"

Brendan turned his head to the side to look at Charlene as soon as those words were spoken, his dark eyes glistening with coldness.

Charlene's expression was frozen. She hastily explained, "Brendan, I just gave Ms. McKinnon a gentle reminder. I wasn't trying to do anything."

Brendan did not respond. Instead, he looked at Deirdre once again. His flawless, gorgeous face was enshrouded in a layer of coldness, and his thin lips were pursed tightly as he said in a cold voice, "So what if that is the case? I didn't love you right from the start. How could I still need to be legally married to you?"

'So what if that is the case? I didn't love you right from the start...'

If Deirdre had heard him say this two years ago, her eyes would have reddened with tears and she would have started biting her lower lip in sorrow. However, she realized that she was calm and unemotional now.

It was because she had been hurt by Brendan too deeply and was already utterly disappointed.

"That's fine." Deirdre raised her head and said in a righteous tone, "We can get a divorce, of course. However, I have one condition."

Brendan furrowed his eyebrows. 'After not seeing this woman for two months, it seems that she has grown bolder.'

However, he found that he felt happy for some unknown reason. 'So it turns out that she still cares enough to stop me from ending the marriage by proposing a condition.'

"A condition? Deirdre, who do you think you are to negotiate with me? Don't even think about asking me for a high alimony so I won't divorce you." Brendan sneered in contempt. "Our relationship must be ended today because I'm going to give

Charlene a proper status!"

Charlene looked up in delight with her beautiful eyes, while Deirdre's expression

remained unchanged. "The fact that you want to give her a proper status is none of my business. I will divorce you immediately if you promise to let me see my mother!" "What?" Brendan was astonished.

Deirdre clenched her fists tightly, her head filled with thoughts of Charlene's earlier remark. She said, "Ms. McKinney suddenly told me that I should be more appreciative, or I'll end up like my mother. I don't understand what she meant. Brendan, it has already been two years since you sent my mother abroad to receive treatment for her illness. Is she not being taken care of properly? Why haven't you mentioned her yet? She is my only family, and I want to see her!"

'Judging by Deirdre's expression, her eagerness and concern to see Ophelia are not feigned. Is she really unaware of the situation?'

Brendan suppressed his shock. "Who told you that your mother is receiving treatment abroad?"

Deirdre's expression was tainted with a tinge of confusion. "Sterling. Sterling told me that." Soon, she pursed her lips anxiously. "Could my mother have already returned to the country? I want to see her!"

She choked from agitation, her neck flushing as she clutched the blanket tightly." Brendan, you must let me meet my mother if you want a divorce. Otherwise, I will never agree! As long as I shall live, you will never be able to give Charlene a proper status! I swear on it!"

Charlene had been feeling slightly guilty initially, yet she was infuriated upon hearing Deirdre's remark. "Ms. McKinnon, you should come up with a better excuse. It's obvious that your mother is already..."

"Charlene!"

Brendan shouted at her loudly, his dark eyes filled with panic and threats. He said in a rigid tone, "You should go home. I shall see you off."

Deirdre was not deaf. "Charlene, what were you going to say? My mother is already what?"