

Resent Reject Regret by Aqua Summers

Chapter 620-652

Chapter 620 He'll Certainly Lose

He paused for a moment before adding, "It was Laura, right?"

Deirdre was shocked. Declan could tell that he had guessed right by looking at Deirdre's expression. He smiled lightly and said, "Well, it seems like I have a knack for being a detective too."

"Yeah, you're pretty good at deducing things." Deirdre fell silent for a while before asking,

"So... What do you think about it?"

Declan thought for a while and replied, "She's my brother's wife, so it's only right and natural for her to help him. I might have felt hurt before giving this answer, but I feel calm

after saying it. After all, there is no better answer to this question."

Deirdre did not say anything else.

The woman he loved had tricked him into having sex with another woman. Forget about Declan. If Kyran had done the same thing to her, she would have felt very hurt as well.

"She was also one of the victims of the drug, so she hates it more than anyone else,"

Declan said. Then, he smiled and added, "Anyway, let's not talk about me. Let's talk about you. What happened to you after I left Kings Manse?"

"Me?"

"You were drugged too, right?" Declan frowned. "I was able to stay awake because I had

hurt myself, but you were different. You were on the verge of losing consciousness, and the hospital was very far away. Are you feeling alright now?"

"Yeah..." Deirdre replied simply. She would rather not talk about it, as she did not want to

recall the things that had happened between her and Brendan while they had been in the car. "The only problem we have now is the Kings."

"What happened?" Declan was confused. "My brother refused to apologize? Or was my father trying to protect him?"

"You..." Deirdre raised her head.

She was kind of surprised that Brendan had not told Declan that they had fallen out with the Kings. However, when she gave the issue some more thought, she found it normal for him not to tell him as well. Brendan and Declan's estranged relationship aside, Declan was still one of the Kings, so it went without saying that Brendan had to avoid getting too deep into their family affairs.

Since Brendan had not told him, she would not do anything extra or tell him about it.

"You're right. Your brother refused to apologize, and your father was protecting him, so Brendan was rather displeased."

"Well, I expected that," Declan said. "My father has appointed my brother as his heir, so he'll do anything he can to protect him. But at the end of the day, he's just holding a candle to the devil. He offended Brendan today, so he can offend someone else tomorrow."

“Not only that, but your father insisted that you need to be held responsible for this matter, even though he knows very well that you’re innocent. Since they’re so coldblooded, why do you still consider them your family? Could it be-” Deirdre clenched her

fists in her pocket tightly and let out a sigh. ‘ Could the Kings be so powerful that even you can’t fight them?’

Declan lowered his head and said, ‘That isn’t the main problem. After all, even Brendan doesn’t take them seriously. The main problem is that they’re related to someone else.’

“Related to someone else?” Deirdre asked, her voice filled with nervousness. ‘Who are they?’

“Do you know Mystic Midnight?”

Deirdre nodded. ‘You were there when you were set up last time.’

“Mystic Midnight was established in Eastgene fifty years ago. They’re involved in many illegal transactions, and the reason the police can’t do anything to them is that there is a powerful figure pulling the strings behind Mystic Midnight.”

“You are saying that...” Deirdre’s lips trembled. ‘The Kings are related to that person?’

“Not only are they related, but the Kings are also in a mutually beneficial relationship with that person. It wouldn’t be far-fetched to say that they can’t survive without each other. Therefore, even Brendan doesn’t have the confidence to eradicate them. No, let me rephrase. The issue is not that he doesn’t have confidence. It’s that he’ll certainly lose if he goes up against them.”

Chapter 621 Handle the Discharge Procedures

“Lose... for sure?”

Deirdre inhaled sharply without her notice. She felt as if the cold air in her chest had turned into dense needles that stabbed into her softest point. Other than pain, she could feel a tinge of fear as well.

“What’s going on?” Noticing the sudden unpleasant expression on Deirdre’s face, Declan

furrowed his eyebrows ever so slightly. “Did something that I’m unaware of happen?”

For as long as Declan remembered, the Kings would never target Brendan easily, no matter how displeased they were with him.

Brendan was not to be messed around with, so it would be unnecessary for the Kings to go to war with Brendan just to get an apology.

“Nothing.” Deirdre composed her expression. “I’m only surprised because I didn’t expect that the Kings would be associated with that level... You should rest. I’ve got to go because it’s getting late.”

“Sure. Fionn.” Declan called out to Fionn, who was guarding the door. “Send Miss McKinnon to her room.”

Not long after Deirdre returned to her room, Fionn received a call and told Deirdre that he would be handling the discharge procedures at once so Deirdre could leave the hospital.

“What’s going on?”

“Nothing much. Please stay calm, Miss McKinnon.” Fionn spoke in a calm tone. “This is Mr. Brighthall’s idea. He feels that it’s a waste of time for you to stay in the hospital, and he has arranged for you to recuperate in another new location.”

“Recuperate?” Deirdre furrowed her eyebrows because she found the term used to be strange. She had a feeling that she would be staying longer than necessary. “Since I need to recuperate, we’ll be fine doing that in Neve. Why are we relocating to another place, especially for this?”

Fionn said, “Mr. Brighthall is not planning on returning to Neve for the time being.”

Deirdre felt her heart racing and inquired closely, “Is he not planning on returning, or is he incapable of returning?”

Fionn fell silent for a moment before saying, “I think it would be better for you to personally ask Mr. Brighthall this question, Miss McKinnon.”

Deirdre was not planning on making things difficult for Fionn upon hearing that. She handled the discharge procedures obediently, and both of them got into the car. They drove for a long journey before the car stopped and turned into an unknown villa.

Fionn said, “This is the house that Mr. Brighthall has been renting temporarily. Fresh cooking ingredients are prepared in the fridge, and so are fresh clothes for changing in the room. You can call me with the landline phone if you need anything else.”

Deirdre nodded and asked, “When will Brendan be here?”

“Probably tonight, but I’m not too sure about the time. Just rest, Miss McKinnon. You’ll meet him for sure.”

“Alright.” Deirdre did not comment further.

She took a seat on the sofa after Fionn left and felt the unfamiliar senses of the surroundings. She pulled her knees up to her chest, curled up, and waited quietly.

She lost count of time until she felt drowsy and dozed off on the sofa. She was awakened when the light was turned on.

Brendan looked at her and furrowed his eyebrows without his notice. He asked while he removed his coat, “Why aren’t you resting in the room? Isn’t it cold here?”

It was very cold. It was so cold that she could not feel her upper body anymore, yet Deirdre could not set her mind at ease before she got an answer.

“Why did you choose to stay in Eastgene instead of returning to Neve?”

Brendan made his way to the sink to pour himself a cup of water and drank half of its content before he stared straight at her with his dark eyes. He said in a cold, taunting tone, “Why? So you can get a divorce as soon as possible? Have you grown so impatient that you can’t wait a few more days?”

Deirdre did not fall for his trick. “You know that is not my intention.”

Brendan took one step closer. Deirdre could smell the cigarette stench and the masculine scent on him. She could not help thinking about something and avoided his gaze.

Chapter 622 Get Me the Pill

Brendan took his sweet time to say, “I think that an intelligent woman will learn to accommodate to circumstances, mind her own business, and live every day in a clear and ordered manner. What do you think?”

Deirdre batted her eyelashes, and her beautiful face was tainted with unyieldingness. “I think that a normal woman will not agree to be hidden from the truth like a fool. After all, she is a person, not a pet, to be manipulated by others.”

Brendan stared at her for a long time while he kept quiet. In the end, he heaved a sigh softly and said, “Don’t worry. Go and rest upstairs. Everything is going to be fine.”

Deirdre's eyes glistened. "Really."

"If I say that everything is going to be fine, I'm not lying to you, of course. We can't go back to Neve within a short period. Cillian is injured, and the Kings will need to regain their influence anyhow. Hence, you need to be hidden from the public on the cusp of the transition. When the time is right, we'll go back to Neve, and they won't do anything to us anymore."

Deirdre's doubts were removed after listening to the reason.

She felt tired because she was relaxed, so she returned to her room to rest. She dreamt about the incident in the car when she slept on the bed.

The difference was that Kyran showed up in her dream. She could not see Kyran's face, but she felt like she could see the hatred in his eyes.

Deirdre was awakened rapidly to find that the room was bright, yet her body was cold and shivering.

She washed her face at the sink and remembered that she had not taken any precautions during the incident.

It was risky because she could get pregnant easily.

Just like how she had gotten pregnant for no apparent reason previously, which resulted in a bunch of things that she regretted for the rest of her life.

Deirdre comforted herself so she could calm down. Then, she called Fionn with the landline phone downstairs.

The call was picked up quickly. Deirdre said in embarrassment, "It's still very early in the morning, right? I'm really sorry for calling and disturbing you."

Fionn sounded like he was wide awake. There was no telling if he had woken up early or

not slept all night. "Don't say that, Miss McKinnon. I'm out, and you're not disturbing me. How can I help you?"

Deirdre took a deep breath and suppressed her feeling of embarrassment. "Can you get someone to get me the pill?"

"The pill?"

"That pill. I don't want to be pregnant."

Fionn understood instantly and said at once, "Sure thing."

"Thank you for taking the trouble to do that. Will you do it sooner? I'm afraid the pill's effect will weaken if I take it too late."

"Sure/

After ending the call, Deirdre sat on the sofa and waited in a daze. The doorbell rang in less than 30 minutes.

Deirdre opened the door. It was not Fionn at the door but an assistant who came to deliver the pill. He handed the bag to Deirdre before he left.

Just as she was preparing to shut the door, Deirdre suddenly heard heavy footsteps coming from behind her.

Brendan walked down the stairs, his hair still slightly messy, and he ran his long, slim fingers through his hair to tidy them up. He asked in a carefree manner, "I heard the doorbell earlier. Who was it?"

Deirdre's body turned stiff, but she soon calmed herself and asked, "You're home? Are you not going out today?"

"I'll head out later. It's still very early." Brendan's gaze swept across, and he noticed the bag in Deirdre's hand. "You still haven't answered my question. Who was it earlier? What's in the bag?"

Deirdre tucked a strand of hair behind her ear and said, "I had a headache when I woke up this morning because I didn't sleep well. I sent Mr. Fox to get me some painkiller."

Brendan did not speak but made his way to her step by step.

He reached into the bag and pulled out the medicine. His dark eyes dimmed for a moment when he read the label.

Chapter 623 Every Wrong Has Its Cause

Brendan exuded a powerful presence that felt like the air was burning with anger.

However, he suddenly stuffed the medicine back into the bag the next moment.

"You spare no effort to make an excuse and act so mysteriously. I thought that it was something else, so it's just a contraceptive pill. Are you being so secretive because you're scared that I will be displeased? Deirdre, you know that you're overthinking, right?"

Deirdre was stunned by Brendan's reaction for a moment, but she realized soon that she

should not have acted secretly.

She did not wish to be pregnant with Brendan's child, and he should also share the same thoughts. Why would she think that Brendan would be angered by her decision?

"You're right. I'm overthinking the situation." She relaxed, unboxed the medicine, and removed the pill from the packaging before taking it with water.

Brendan watched from behind. His expression could not be seen clearly due to the poor lighting.

After Deirdre swallowed the pill, Brendan said, "It seems that the man has taught you a lot. You weren't that sensible in the past. You would spare no effort in seizing the opportunity to get pregnant with my child at the time."

Deirdre had no idea why Brendan would talk about the past.

She wondered if he was only making small talk or found her past self foolish and ridiculous.

She chuckled calmly. "It has also taught me a great lesson, and it is precisely due to the great lesson that I've learned to be sensible."

They fell quiet for a long time when her voice died away. Brendan picked up his jacket that was placed on the sofa and said in a rigid tone, "It's time for me to leave."

She did not call him out for his poor trick of avoiding the topic of conversation, but she nodded in agreement.

She heard the sound of the door being opened and shut as she unwrapped a packet of instant ramen.

She lost her appetite after Brendan left.

Ultimately, she chose to munch on an apple after being caught in a dilemma before sitting on the sofa.

The living room was spacious and empty. She turned on the television and leaned against the sofa while she dozed off. She heard the door knob being turned in a sleepy state.

'How long has it been?'

Deirdre stood up, clutching the blanket, when the door was opened. Someone walked into the house. She could not see clearly and assumed that the person was Brendan. She asked in puzzlement, "Didn't you just head out? Why are you back so soon? Did you leave something?"

Before she could hear an answer, the person stretched out his hand, and a rag with a pungent smell covered her nose instantly.

Deirdre immediately struggled with all her might, yet she could not fight the intense dizziness that took her. In the end, her body fell limp.

Deirdre opened her eyes and inhaled sharply when she regained consciousness. She felt a shiver down her spine at the thought of the person who barged into the house.

'Who was it?'

Since Brendan had arranged for her to live there, it meant that it was an absolutely safe place. How did the person find her there, then?

Her head was in a chaotic mess when the person in front of her suddenly moved.

Deirdre raised her head abruptly.

She saw a man standing before her.

She could see the outline of a man, but she could not see anything else. Before she could ask, the man spoke eagerly out of turn. "Miss McKinnon, it seems that Brendan cares about you more than normal. He has actually hidden you in a godforsaken place. Finding you has really taken me a lot of effort and time."

The man spoke in a slurred voice, inhaling sharply every time he enunciated his words. It

was apparent that the man was having trouble speaking due to the pain of losing a few teeth when Brendan punched him.

"Is that so? Thank you for taking the trouble to do that, Mr. King." Deirdre was not surprised that the abductor was

Cillian. After all, even if it was not him, it would be someone closely affiliated with him.

"Every wrong has its cause. Since Brendan is the one who offended you, you should be giving him trouble. Why would you direct the spearhead at a woman like me?"

Chapter 624 He Won't Be Coming

Cillian did not fall for her trick. He sneered and said, "You can't escape from your responsibility in this matter, Miss McKinnon. If you were to behave yourself and go along

with my plan, I wouldn't need to go as far as to be punished like this."

As he was speaking, he could not help but inhale sharply. He cupped his extremely swollen face, and a look of malice flashed past his eyes. "However, don't you worry, Miss

McKinnon. Brendan is definitely not having it easier than you."

Deirdre could fully confirm that Cillian's target was Brendan judging by his speech.

She said, "You loathe Brendan so much. I'm curious why you didn't capture Brendan but

came for me instead?"

Cillian cracked a taunting smile. "Are you really confused, or are you acting confused? Brendan loves you so much. Will he remain unconcerned if he finds out that you've been abducted? He will surely sacrifice everything he can, even if it means that he has to bow down to me just to ensure your safety!"

Deirdre was calm upon hearing that, but she chuckled.

Cillian furrowed his eyebrows. "Why are you laughing?"

"I'm laughing about how you are more naive than me, Mr. King."

Cillian could not help being infuriated. "What do you mean?"

Deirdre raised her head and said in a very convincing tone, "Brendan won't be coming."

"Why?" Cillian stared at Deirdre in puzzlement.

'The reason is simple. If you were in Brendan's position, would you let someone lead you by the nose for a woman? Do you think that a man like Brendan has a lack of women? Do you think he would allow himself to come here and be hampered because of me?' These were Deirdre's innermost thoughts.

It would perhaps be possible for her to waver Brendan if she was Charlene. However, she was Deirdre, a woman Brendan refused to look at for two years. It was possible that her death would equate to a crushed ant to Brendan.

"If it were me, I wouldn't allow myself to be hampered because of a woman. However, Brendan isn't me." Cillian sneered. "Deirdre, don't think that I can't read your mind. You're trying to make me give up on torturing Brendan.

However, I can see everything he did for you and how he treated you. It's evident you mean something else to Brendan.

"If you were just any other woman, he wouldn't be bothered about your chastity so much that he even barged into Kings Manse to beat me up mercilessly. He would only act like this because he has true feelings for you!"

"You're wrong." Deirdre had no idea if she should praise Brendan for being so good at acting. "He barged into your house and beat you up because his woman had fallen for your scheme, and he felt provoked and displeased by that. For example, you're not fond of Ms. Smith, right? However, would you be unconcerned if she were to fall for someone's scheme and her chastity was ruined?"

'The answer is no, of course.'

Gillian's gaze turned dim at once. In the next moment, Cillian burst out laughing aloud.

"How will you know if you don't give it a try? In addition..." Cillian sized up Deirdre's face meaningfully and clutched her chin strenuously with his fingers. He forced her to tilt her head back so he could meet her clear, bright, seductive eyes.

"If he really is unconcerned about your safety, this abduction is not considered futile either. You look pretty, at the very least. I believe the joy will be doubled if I toy with Brendan's woman until she is ruined, right? When I grow bored of toying with you, I'll leave you in Mystic Midnight so you can be a hostess there. Taking that beating is not in vain if that is the case."

The more he spoke, the deeper his voice sounded, as if he was pleased with the idea that came to him.

Chapter 625 Work Together

Deirdre shuddered violently and felt a feeling of disgust that she had never felt before. 'You pervert!'

Cillian burst out laughing aloud. "It has been a long time since anyone has called me that

way. It's no wonder Brendan is so fond of you. You sound as sweet as a nightingale's call

even when you're berating someone."

Deirdre clenched her fists tightly. She knew that it would be useless for her to speak further at this point. It would be a waste of time for her to talk more to a merciless, heartless man like Cillian.

Yet... would Brendan come and save her?

She knew the answer but was still feeling uneasy in her heart. She did not want or need Brendan to come, but on the other hand, she was having a hard time enduring Gillian's torture.

Perhaps she should not have listened to Brendan and come to Eastgene from the start. She had to pay such a great price just to get a divorce.

Afterward, Cillian called up Brendan. It was apparent he had already realized Deirdre had been abducted, yet he sounded unexpectedly calm.

"Where is she?"

"Where is she?" Gillian's eyes were tainted with pride. He took a glance at Deirdre proudly from above. "She is with me, of course."

The voice at the other end of the call quieted down. Deirdre felt her heart sink as well. A moment later, Brendan asked, "What do you want?"

Cillian rubbed his extremely painful face and chuckled in a ghastly manner. "I haven't thought it through for the time being. By the time you get here, I might have found inspiration."

He said in a warning tone, "Come alone, and don't call the police. Otherwise, all you'll find is Deirdre's corpse!"

A few seconds later, the call was hung up.

Cillian furrowed his eyebrows and said through his gritted teeth, "Brendan, I want to see if you can still be arrogant later!"

He kept his patience and waited for Brendan to come.

However, not a sound could be heard outside after half an hour.

They were in an abandoned yard without many obstacles in the surroundings. One could

see clearly if anyone were to show up a few hundred meters away.

No one came to report to Cillian, meaning there was no progress.

Cillian was growing slightly impatient, but Deirdre was not surprised.

"I told you that he won't be coming."

If he were to come, he would not be the selfish, cold, merciless Brendan she knew anymore.

She would not allow herself to resign herself to death, so she raised her head and said, "Mr. King, you won't be able to seek revenge on Brendan even if you wait until the night if you continue to wait."

Gillian's patience was exhausted. He grabbed Deirdre by her hair and said, "It seems

that you're really nothing to Brendan!"

He had placed the wrong bet.

Deirdre lowered her eyes and suppressed the sorrow that vanished in her eyes as soon as it appeared. 'That is natural. After all, Brendan is an egoist. He won't get himself involved when something doesn't hurt him, so why would he come for me?"

"F*ck!" Cillian could not refrain from cursing aloud. He narrowed his eyes and sized up Deirdre before he clutched her lower jaw strenuously. "What should I do then? I can't just

be on the losing side for nothing. Since he won't take the bait, I will punish his woman instead."

Deirdre took her sweet time to say, 'You can punish me anytime you want, Mr. King.

After

all, I've already been captured by you. However, are you sure that you want to let Brendan off so easily?"

Cillian took a step back and looked at the woman's calm face. His interest was piqued.

"What do you mean?"

"We should work together. I'll help you to seek revenge on Brendan, and you'll grant me my freedom."

Cillian raised an eyebrow and assumed that he had misheard.

Chapter 626 Why Should I Trust You?

He had not expected the woman before him to have the nerve to play mind games with him at a moment like this.

"I know exactly what you are thinking. You want to run away, right? I can't believe that you would stoop so low as to use this kind of excuse. What makes you think that I'll work

with Brendan's woman?"

'The devil takes the hindmost. Maybe a second earlier, I was still Brendan's woman, but since he refused to come to my rescue to save himself, why shouldn't I find another way to save myself?' Deirdre said candidly. She laid herself bare and added, "Mr. King, all I care about is my own safety. To achieve my goal, I'm willing to do anything I can, including betray Brendan."

Cillian squinted his eyes. There was a voice in his mind telling him to guard himself against the woman before him. After all, not everyone could stay as calm as she had when she had been abducted.

That being said, he was curious about the things that Deirdre had said.

'Then how are you going to take revenge on Brendan?' Cillian pitched his voice low and warned her. "Don't tell me that you want me to let you go so you can lead Brendan into some sort of trap. I'm not a fool, Deirdre."

Deirdre took a deep breath and said, "Of course that's not what I'm going to do. Since I'm planning to get revenge on Brendan, I'll think of another way. Anyway, do you know Charlene, Mr. King?"

The name rang a bell, and it took Cillian a short while to recall who she was. "Isn't she Brendan's ex-wife? She's serving time because she ran over someone with her car.

Why

did you bring her up all of a sudden, Miss McKinnon?"

Deirdre said, 'That's because she's been released from prison.'

Cillian narrowed his eyes, and Deirdre continued. "She had plastic surgery and now she's using the name Charli McKinsey. If you don't believe me, you can go and check yourself, Mr. King."

"So?" Cillian asked expressionlessly. "What are you trying to say here?"

"I'm sure you know how much Brendan loves Charlene, right? He would do anything for that woman, including sacrifice himself. The reason I have been able to stay by Brendan's side and reap the benefits is that I look like Charlene," Deirdre said. "If the person abducted wasn't me but Charlene, do you think Brendan would have thrown everything away and come to beg you to let her go?"

Gillian's eyes glowed up. The things that Deirdre had said were exactly what he had been dreaming of.

However, he soon regained his composure and said, "Why should I trust you since you don't have any proof to support your statement?"

"First of all, I'm not stupid enough to provoke you with a lie that can be exposed at any moment," Deirdre said calmly. "Second, you'll be able to tell if I'm telling the truth or not when you go check it out. For example, you can check if Charlene is still in prison or not.

You can also check if the name Charli McKinsey is real or not."

Before Cillian could say anything, Deirdre added, "Not only that, but I know where Charlene is right now. You just need to send some people over there and I assure you that you will find her."

Cillian asked, "Where is she now then?"

Deirdre was not going to tell him that. She struggled a little bit and felt the coarse surface

of the rope grazing her skin. Then, she said, "Mr. King, you're a smart person, but I'm not

that gullible either. I need something to secure my safety too. I want you to get me a more comfortable place to stay. I'll also give you some time to check everything I just said. When you make up your mind, we'll continue to talk about the details."

Chapter 627 Brendan Has Already Left

Cillian fell silent. Given his current circumstances, he did not have any better options. It would only take two days to get everything done. Since Deirdre was here with him right

now, he was confident that she would not be able to run away from him.

In the end, he untied Deirdre's hands and led her into his car.

He took her to the room on the second floor of the private property he owned. Before he left, he warned her. "Deirdre, you'd better not be lying to me. Otherwise, I hope you'll enjoy your last two days. Then, I'll show you what it feels like to live in hell."

He smirked coldly and left. Deirdre rubbed the red welt on her wrist as the indescribable pain spread from her skin to her chest.

Brendan did not show up anymore. He had gone off the grid completely. Perhaps he was

on his way back to Neve, so she could only depend on herself right now.

However, this was something impossible for an ordinary person to handle, let alone a

blind woman like her.

After she calmed herself down, she got to her feet and opened the door. As soon as the door was opened, two muscular men stood in front of it, their bodies so massive that they did not allow even the slightest bit of light to pass through.

“Where do you think you’re going?” one of them asked sternly. Deirdre placed her hand on her stomach and said, “I’m starving. I’m sure that your boss wouldn’t want to see my corpse when he comes back, would he? Can you get me something to eat?”

The two of them looked at each other and said, “Go wait inside the room. We’ll order some take-out for you.”

“Can I eat in the living room? It’s going to get smelly if I eat in my room”

“You’re so troublesome.” One of them growled menacingly. Before Cillian had left, he had told them to be wary of Deirdre. After all, she was not as weak and vulnerable as she looked.

Deirdre’s gaze changed. She sighed helplessly and said, “Then please hurry.”

She closed the door and the smile on her face disappeared. She leaned on the door and

bit her lips tightly.

She could not leave through the main door. There were two bodyguards guarding this room, and she was certain that there were even more of them outside.

‘Should I leave through the window?’

When the thought surfaced in her head, she groped her way to the window. However, much to her chagrin, Cillian had installed bars on the window. She could barely stick her arm out, let alone her entire body.

Overwhelmed with despair, she gnashed her teeth tightly and willed herself to calm down.

If she wanted to get out of this place, she needed to stay calm.

Soon, the bodyguard threw the take-out on the table and asked Deirdre to finish it as soon as possible.

When Deirdre walked over to the table, she noticed that the soup had spilled on the floor.

However, she did not care. She finished all the food despite not having an appetite.

After

she had regained her energy, she began to look around for the instrument that could open up the bars on the window.

While she was searching the room, the door opened. The bodyguard saw that Deirdre was rummaging through the drawer and scoffed coldly, “Stop wasting your energy.

Since

we locked you up in this room, it means that we’ve already taken everything away. Even if you wanted to kill yourself by cutting your wrists, you wouldn’t even find a single blade here.”

Deirdre was discouraged but she did not stop what she was doing. “You misunderstood. I’m looking for a piece of paper,” she said softly.

“Looking for a piece of paper? What are you going to do with it?”

Deirdre smiled at him and said, “I’m having my period. If I ask you to buy me some tampons from the convenience store, will you do it for me? If you don’t want to do it, I have to figure out a way to make do.”

The bodyguard's face turned pale. He had not expected something like this from Deirdre.

He frowned slightly and said, "You can just let us know what you need."

"I'm a woman, so I feel too embarrassed to tell you something like that." Deirdre sat back

on the bed and placed her hand on her stomach.

The bodyguard turned around and left. Before he walked out of the room, he remembered what he had come for and said, "Oh yeah, Mr. King told me to inform you that Brendan has already left Eastgene. He's on his way back to Neve now."

Chapter 628 You're Tempting Me

Even though Deirdre had expected it, her heart still sank a little when the bodyguard told

her about it.

She had not expected a heartless person like Brendan to show her any compassion, but she had not expected him to leave in his car without any hesitation when she was in danger either.

'He really is the most heartless man I've ever met,' Deirdre thought as her eyes were filled with mockery.

"Okay," she replied. "I know what kind of person Brendan is, so you can tell Mr. King. As long as he can ensure my safety, I have plenty of ways to bring him down from his throne."

The bodyguard turned around and left. Deirdre was still sitting on the bed in the same position even when he came back from the grocery store. Her face was hidden in the shadows, so he could not see her expression right now.

He felt a little bit sorry for her, so he said in a gentle voice, "Don't worry. As long as everything you said is true and you're willing to cooperate with Mr. King, he won't hurt you."

Deirdre placed her hand on her face. No one knew if she was wiping tears off her face or

just rubbing her face because she was exhausted. 'Thank you.'

She took the paper bag from his hand and groped her way into the bathroom.

After she closed the door, the sadness and vulnerability on her face melted away, getting

replaced by calmness.

It was true that she had felt hurt for a moment after Brendan's departure, but she would never feel sad about it. She knew very well what kind of person Brendan was, so she did

not expect much from him.

She had just been putting on a show for the bodyguard just now.

Regardless of how stone-hearted a man was, he would let his guard down once he saw a woman break down in grief. Once he let his guard down, even if it was just for a short period of time, she would seize the chance.

She unwrapped the tampon and put it on. Then, she moved along the wall to the window

sill.

Soon, she realized with delight that there were no bars on the window. However, the window was tightly shut.

Smashing the window was so much easier than breaking the bars!

A plan appeared in Deirdre's head almost instantly.

She pretended that nothing had happened and went to rest on her bed.

On the third day, Cillian suddenly came to the mansion and entered her room.

"Everything you said is true. Charlene isn't in prison anymore. No wonder Brendan hooked up with another woman called Charli as soon as his ex-wife was sent to prison."

As if he had found something, a triumphant smile appeared on Gillian's face. "We just need to catch hold of Charli and Brendan will certainly come back to Eastgene!"

Deirdre had expected this, so she went along with Cillian and said, "Yeah, Brendan treats Charlene as though she's his whole world. If something happened to her, he wouldn't sit by and do nothing."

Cillian glanced at her and said, "You've done well this time."

Deirdre smiled. "Well, I'm very honest when it comes to cooperation."

She looked stunning when she smiled. Especially now that she had gotten so much rest in the past few days that her cheeks were ruddy.

Lust was normally the next thing one considered when they were all warm and fed.

Cillian had always wanted to have a taste of Deirdre, so he decided to give in to his desire and went up to Deirdre. His breathing became labored as he pulled her hair behind her ears.

"I have to admit that Brendan really has a good eye for women. You and Charlene are both beautiful, but you have the same style too. You both have an innocent vibe, but you

have some kind of determination in your eyes. I really want to have a taste."

He leaned over Deirdre and dismissed the bodyguard.

Deirdre slipped her finger into the blanket, and just as Cillian was about to kiss her, she said, "Mr. King, I'm on my period."

Cillian froze. His face sank, and he asked in disbelief, "Really?"

"If you don't believe me, you can ask the two men over there," Deirdre said calmly

Chapter 629 I Just Wanted to Live

The bodyguard behind them said, "Yes, she's telling the truth."

Cillian frowned. His desire disappeared without a single trace, and he felt a bit disgusted.

"I know what you want, Mr. King. But we don't have to rush everything. We can always have more fun after we've pulled Brendan down from his throne."

Cillian felt that Deirdre was right. Women were the last thing he would be lacking.

However, the satisfaction of being able to trample Brendan under his feet was something

that could not be replaced by anything else.

"Where is Charli now?"

"She's at a church in Neve.

"Church?" Gillian's face sank. The place was a bit too far away. He said with displeasure,

"What is she doing there?"

“A while ago, Brendan was seriously ill and almost died in the hospital, so Charli went to the church to pray for him while atoning her sin for running over someone.”

It was a good excuse, and Cillian did not press on as he was confident that Deirdre did not dare to lie to him. He went away excitedly as he was going to Neve tonight to capture

Charli.

After the door was closed, Deirdre’s lips were trembling, and her back was wet with sweat.

She thought she still had time. She did not expect Cillian to be so fast.

There was no way Charlene would be at Mt. Ash in Neve. She was waiting for the first trial at the police station’s jail.

Thus, Cillian would definitely find out that she was lying. Therefore, if she wanted to run away from here, she had to do it today.

Deirdre felt like she was sitting on pins and needles when the thought surfaced in her mind.

She had already figured out the habits of the two bodyguards outside in these two days. They would go down to have their meal every night at 10:00 p.m.

They would talk when they ate, so as long as she did not cause too much commotion, she would not alarm them.

Therefore, when they went for their meals, Deirdre pushed the table over to the door to block it. After that, she took the sheet off and wrapped it around her elbow together with the clock on the table beside the bed. She then came to the bathroom and smashed the window with all her might.

The window shattered.

There was noise coming from downstairs, and Deirdre’s face was filled with sweat. Her lips were trembling, and she continued smashing on the window until it was large enough to pass through. Afterward, she wrapped herself in a blanket and jumped from the window.

When she fell from the second floor, she felt as if her lungs were coming out of her throat, and her eyes were tearing up.

At the same time, the bodyguards finally entered the room on the second floor. Deirdre did not dare to waste any more time and ran straight ahead.

Even though she could not see the road clearly, she did not stop. After all, she knew that

they would torture her with all their might if they chased up to her when she stopped.

However, she was nearly blind and could barely discern anything with her eyes. She could not see the road ahead clearly, and she accidentally tripped and fell down. Those people had already jumped down from the second floor. In the next moment, they arrived

in front of her and directed their flashlights directly at her face.

One of them said, his face dark, “Miss McKinnon, come back. Please don’t make things difficult for us.”

By the time Cillian came back from Neve, it was already the second day.

He kicked the door to Deirdre’s room furiously. Deirdre was lying on the bed, her arms were tied behind her back, and her eyes were staring blankly ahead.

Rage instantly rose from the bottom of Cillian’s heart as he walked forward and gave

her a slap across her face.

“B*tch! Not only did you try to run away, but you lied to me too! I went to Mt. Ash, and there was nothing there!”

There was blood lining the corner of Deirdre’s lips. After she heard what he said, she lowered her head. “I just wanted to live”

Since no one would save her, she could only rely on herself.

If it were in the past, she would not care if she was alive or dead since she had nothing left in this world. Instead of being tortured, she would rather die.

Chapter 630 Brendan Is Here

However, things were different now. She had Kyran with her. If she died, Kyran would be devastated.

At the very least, she wanted to say a final goodbye to Kyran before she died.

“You want to live? Does Brendan want you to live?” Cillian scoffed. “Well, you can’t blame anyone but yourself. After all, you were the one who chose him to be your man.” Deirdre’s eyelashes trembled. A pang shot through her chest, and she gasped out in pain.

“I met with the wrong person. Please give me another chance,” she said.

“Another chance?” Cillian grabbed her hair and enunciated each word. “You don’t have any chance anymore!”

He took off his tie. “You’ve exhausted my patience. Initially, I planned to have some fun with you. I might keep you for a few more days if you serve me well today. If not, I’ll send

you to the owner of Mystic Midnight today and force you to serve other people right away!”

After he finished speaking, he stretched his arm forward to tear Deirdre’s shirt. He was furious. He wanted to vent all his anger on Deirdre for playing him like a fool.

Suddenly, Deirdre came around to her senses and tried to fight back but to no avail. Cillian was much stronger than her. Just when Cillian was about to mount on her, someone knocked on the door rapidly.

“Mr. King! Mr. King!”

Cillian snapped and growled, “Don’t come and bother me even if the sky has fallen! Get out of here!”

When he went to kiss Deirdre’s neck, Wynne shouted, “Mr. King, you need to come down! Brendan is here!”

Deirdre’s pupils constricted as she was stunned when she heard what Wynn said.

‘Brendan is here? Isn’t he at Neve right now? Is he not going to help me anymore?’

Then
why...’

Cillian was equally surprised too. However, he calmed himself down and pushed all the thoughts to the back of his mind. As he put on his clothes, he told Wynne to come in.

After Wynne came in, Cillian asked, “Brendan is here? Where is he now?”

“He’s in the courtyard.”

Cillian frowned. “He came here alone?”

Wynne nodded. “Yes. He didn’t bring anyone with him.”

Cillian was confused. If Brendan had run away, why did he return to Eastgene? Besides, hadn't he already given up on Deirdre? Even though he couldn't figure out the reason, Cillian found that he did not have to worry about anything since Brendan was here alone. No matter how powerful Brendan was, there was no way he could defeat all ten people around him. What's more, all of these people were expert fighters. After he finished putting on all his clothes, he grabbed Deirdre's hair and dragged her downstairs as well. When they were downstairs, he flung Deirdre on the couch. "Ask Brendan to come in." The bodyguard did as he was told and brought Brendan in. It was only then Cillian saw the incoming person clearly. His body which was wrapped in the suit was ripped. He had a handsome face, and his gaze was as sharp as a blade. It was just that he seemed rather tired. There were two dark circles around his eyes, and he did not seem as intimidating as he used to be. It occurred to Cillian that Brendan had not been having a good time for the past few days. He sneered disdainfully and lit himself a cigarette. After taking a drag, he said, "This is a surprise. What brought you here today, Mr. Brighthall? Why didn't you call me before you came here so that I could go out to welcome you?" From the moment Brendan came in, his gaze had never once left Deirdre. His face sank when he saw the wounds on her arms and the bruises on her face. After ascertaining that she was not hurt badly, he raised his head and parted his lips. "Stop beating around the bush. Tell me what you want before you'll return Deirdre to me."

Chapter 631 Bowed Down for Real

'Tsk, tsk, tsk.' Cillian tutted in a taunting manner. "If you were to come six days ago and tell me this, perhaps I might be touched by your unfaltering devotion. Yet, you've only returned after leaving Eastgene for six days. Isn't it hypocritical of you to speak like this now?"

Deirdre widened her eyes and agreed with Gillian's remark in her heart.

'Didn't Brendan give up on me? Didn't he leave for Neve already?' She could not understand why he was back again.

Brendan was unbothered, and his expression did not even change, but he repeated himself, "What do you want?"

Cillian was feeling slightly furious. He put out his cigarette while he sneered.

Enter title...

"What do I want? You beat me up violently the other day that my face was swollen for three whole days, Mr. Brighthall. I woke up in pain and lost a few teeth. I figure that I can't just endure the torment for nothing, right?" Cillian narrowed his eyes and said, "If you were to bow down to me in everyone's witness, I might consider handing Deirdre to you."

Deirdre's pupils shook upon hearing that. She raised her head quickly. However, she calmed down soon enough.

Brendan would never consent to such a humiliating act. Perhaps he would just turn around and leave. Since he had the courage to come alone, he had a plan to get away too.

Brendan did not even furrow his eyebrows for the slightest bit. "Will you be able to accept it if I bow to you, Mr. King?"

Cillian cracked a crafty smile and said, "You're jesting, Mr. Brighthall. I'm four years your senior, so why can't I accept your bow? You will only need to let me know if you're willing

to do so. I won't stop you from leaving even if you're unwilling to do so, just that..."

He turned his hand and grabbed Deirdre's hair before tugging her hair upward.

The stinging pain on her scalp made her frown deeply. Cillian said provocatively, "It's just

that Deirdre will be suffering today. However, I believe that you won't care about Deirdre's survival this time too, since you didn't care about it previously, right?"

Brendan's dark eyes were staring at Cillian's hand coldly, and his fists were tightly clenched. "Get your hands off her!"

"You seem like you've taken pity on her." Cillian smirked sarcastically.

It seemed that Deirdre did have a place in Brendan's heart, and he was delighted about that. Even though he could force Brendan to bow to him, it was much more exciting for him to manipulate Brendan into bowing down to him spontaneously.

"Since you treasure her so much, why didn't you come and save her previously?"

Brendan's dark eyes were so dim that there was no way to tell his mood." This is none of

your business."

Cillian's smile froze for a moment before his expression soon turned scornful.

He would like to see how long Brendan could uphold his pride at this critical juncture.

"Are you going to bow down, Mr. Brighthall?" He cast a look at his subordinate. The subordinate aimed the prepared camera at Brendan and waited to take photos of the scene so Cillian could upload them to his social media and show off to his friends.

Brendan did not answer at once, while Deirdre was so anxious that her breathing became irregular.

'What is going on? Why hasn't Brendan left? Since he is here alone, isn't he prepared to get away in advance?'

Her thoughts were a mess, and she heard a commotion.

Cillian applauded.

'This is amazing! I didn't expect Mr. Brighthall to have the boldness to bow down to someone willingly for a woman!'

'Bow down? What!?'

Deirdre's pupils constricted, and she widened her eyes with great effort. She saw the tall

outline standing at the entrance bending over without her notice.

'Brendan has actually... bowed down for real!'

Her fingers were trembling, and her eyes were filled with shock.

Chapter 632 Don't Need Your Feigned Kindness

Cillian looked at her and said, "It seems that between you and Charlene, he has chosen you."

Deirdre was shocked and her eyelashes were batting.

'Am I dreaming? I must be... Brendan is arrogant and overbearing. How can he possibly bow down to someone? How can he bow down to Cillian!?'

"Will that be enough?" Brendan looked straight ahead. Even when his back was bent, he

was still as charming as ever. "Let her off. Every wrong has its cause. I should be the one to pay back what I owe you."

"Uh..." Cillian feigned his hesitation, but the smirk on his lips remained as wide as ever.

"It is surprising that Mr. Brighthall is willing to bow to me.

Enter title...

However, I'm afraid that it can be difficult to erase everything that happened when all you

do is just bend over."

Brendan's expression turned sour. "You said that all I have to do is bow down."

'Yes.'" Cillian laughed in delight. "However, I didn't say I'd free Deirdre after you bowed to

me. I said I won't torment Deirdre if you bow down to me willingly."

Brendan clenched his fists, yet he could only endure it. Cillian was extremely proud of himself.

He was under the assumption that Brendan would have a trick up his sleeve. He did not expect that Brendan would actually have the boldness to come alone without a backup plan.

He was behaving like a lunatic for a woman. He did it for Charlene in the past, and he did it for Deirdre now.

"However, I'm not an unreasonable person." Cillian lit a cigarette for himself and said in a

carefree manner, "Kneel to me, and I'll consider your beating incident undone."

Before Brendan could speak, Cillian said, "It's already very magnanimous of me, right? I'm writing off the incident in a perfect manner without hurting you even after those few punches you threw got me in a hospital."

Brendan would not be hurt, but he would be more disgusted by his action than taking a beating.

Cillian was tormenting him. Moreover, Cillian would not just put an end to everything so easily after this. He would also have the next step planned and the step after that.

Deirdre's chest was burning with emotions. It was so painful that her face turned ghastly pale. When she calmed down, she took a deep breath and said, "I don't need your feigned kindness, Brendan."

Everyone looked at her, and she said in a hateful tone, "You had a chance to take me with you six days ago, but you chose to leave. You abandoned me at the time, so why are you here now? Are you here to show that you still have a tinge of pity in your icy-cold

body? Or do you think that I won't hate you anymore if you do this?"

Deirdre clenched her fists tightly and chuckled in a mocking tone. "That is completely

out

of the question... Brendan, that is completely out of the question! I hate you, and I won't forgive you for the rest of my life! Leave now and get out of here!"

She roared out her final sentence.

Brendan's dark eyes were glistening with emotions but dimmed in the next moment as if he had fallen into the deepest pit. Not a single trace of emotion could be seen in his eyes.

Cillian was infuriated and raised his hand to slap Deirdre.

'You b*tch! Shut the f*ck up!' He was furious that the woman would suddenly come forward and ruin his plan when he was confident that he initially had a death grip on Brendan.

Deirdre's face was turned to the side from the slap, and her shoulders were bouncing.

Brendan's pupils constricted as he was overwhelmed with the urge to run to her.

Next to him, two burly men were ordered to stop him in advance, so they pinned him down.

Gillian's delightful mood to fool around had vanished. He told Brendan, "You are bold to show up by yourself today. However, you beat me up previously. You must be dreaming if you think that you can leave here with Deirdre safely just by bending your back."

Chapter 634 He Didn't Do It for Her

Brendan spoke so coldly that Cillian could not help halting his movements for a moment.

By the time he realized his reaction, he despised his reaction and leaned over in preparation to kiss her.

In the next moment, a loud noise echoed from outside suddenly.

Wynne came from outside in a rush. His face was green with rage and pale with fear.

"Someone's coming, Mr. King!"

More than ten cars and a helicopter surrounded the private residence densely. Before Cillian could respond to the situation, someone had already shot the door lock, kicked down the door, and charged into the house.

Cillian wanted to react by running, but those people had already arrived and captured everyone, including Cillian and all his subordinates.

Enter title...

Sam took a glance at Deirdre on the sofa and then looked at Brendan apologetically.

"I'm

sorry that I'm late, sir."

Brendan did not respond. Instead, he took away the gun from Sam's hand and dragged along his extremely painful body to walk to Cillian step by step.

His expression was somber, and his dark eyes were filled with killing intent.

Gillian's entire body was shaking from fear. "What are you doing!? Brendan! The Eastegene police won't let you off if you kill me, nor will the Kings!"

Brendan smirked and said, "Don't worry. It will be too easy for you to let you die."

"What-"

A shot was fired!

"Gah!"

Following the gunshot and screaming, Cillian held his arm, which was bleeding

profusely, and collapsed to the floor in a distorted manner. The stench of blood was pungent.

Gillian's body was twitching as he lost consciousness.

Deirdre's mind went blank due to the unexpected change of events. She tugged at her clothes, her entire body shivering in the cold.

"Miss McKinnon..." Sam sounded bitter when he said, "Are you alright?"

Deirdre nodded but was still incapable of recovering from the shock. When she calmed down, she asked, "Is Cillian dead?"

"He won't die. Mr. Brighthall is still going to use Gillian's life to strike a deal with the Kings."

Deirdre batted her eyelashes. 'Strike a deal? Is this the motive of Brendan's return?' Brendan returned after throwing away the gun and found Deirdre sitting absentmindedly on the sofa. He heaved a sigh and walked over.

"I'm taking you to the hospital."

"It's fine." Deirdre wrapped her arms around herself to stop herself from shaking. She was still overwhelmed with fear. She had been keeping her cool with greater effort a moment ago, yet she was filled with lingering fear at this very moment.

She came to understand deeply that she and Brendan were of two different worlds.

She was incapable of enduring his tricks and mercilessness.

Initially, she had no idea why Brendan would backtrack, but she came to realize now that

he had come prepared from the start. It was the reason he had the boldness to come alone. He had had to suffer hardship only because Sam and his team were late.

He had not come to save her or knelt down for her.

"I'm taking you back then."

Deirdre moved her body. "Back where?"

Brendan said, "Back to Neve, to home."

"Home?" Deirdre was caught in a daze as she found it ridiculous. "I don't have a home. I don't know where my home is ever since my mother died. I feel like I can go anywhere, but I'm always the outsider no matter where I am.

Brendan's dark eyes moved quickly. Deirdre took a deep breath and said, "Thank you for

coming to save me today, Brendan. It's possible that I would have lost my chastity if not because of you. However, I wouldn't be enduring this hardship if not because of you too.

Hence, let's just be done with everything that happened today."

She would always remember how Brendan hung up the call without hesitation when she was abducted and got into a car to return to Neve.

His priority was to ensure his own safety, and he ignored her survival, so why should she

be grateful for his help?

Chapter 635 Is That How I Am to You?

'You must get yourself checked in the hospital first, right? I'll take you.'

Brendan extended his hand while Deirdre avoided him nonchalantly.

"Send me to Village Alnwick. That is the place where I should be."

“Deirdre-”

“Consider that I’m begging you.” Deirdre furrowed her eyebrows tightly, and her head was throbbing. ‘You don’t need to put on an act in my presence. Brendan, I understood how merciless you are from the moment you decided to return to Neve after learning about my abduction.

“Even though I knew it all along, you still managed to be a little crueler than I had imagined. It is a good thing that I didn’t put much hope in you from the start. That’s all. Enter title...

Let me go back and rest for a few days first so I can calm myself down.”

There was a change in Brendan’s dark eyes at last. A tinge of melancholy flashed past his eyes, and he cracked a smile that pained one’s heart. “Is that how I am to you? Selfish, heartless, merciless, and someone who will cast you aside first when in danger?”

“Or else?” Deirdre raised her head, her expression one of ridicule.

Brendan felt his heart wrench in pain. When he recovered from the shock, he took a deep breath and said, “Sure... I’ll send you there.”

This time, Brendan did not go back on his own word. He sent Deirdre to the airport personally.

Sam waited until Deirdre’s figure had vanished before he said, “Let’s get to the hospital, sir... You...”

Brendan’s face was injured, and his body was covered in blood. He drew the attention of

countless people along the way.

Sam could hear Brendan’s occasional sharp inhale too. He knew that Brendan’s condition was certainly worse than he had imagined.

“I’m fine.” Brendan wiped his hands with a wet tissue and said, “Get Declan to send someone to pick up Deirdre to ensure her safe return. Then follow me to the Kings Manse.”

Deirdre had just gotten off the flight when someone came to pick her up.

“Hello, Miss McKinnon. My name is Glenna Glaser, and I work for Mr. Declan King. I’m here to send you home.”

Deirdre had never heard of this person’s name, and she became hesitant. Glenna passed the phone to her and said, “Call from Mr. King.”

Declan’s voice was heard coming from the other end of the call when she placed the phone on her ear.

“Miss McKinnon, Glenna is a friend of Fionn. She is a very dependable person. You can reach out to her for help during my absence. I’ll be back in two days.”

Deirdre was overwhelmed with emotions in her heart. “How do you know I’m back today,

Mr. King?”

Declan said, “Brendan reached out to me and told me that you were leaving and insisted

that no one was to keep you company. Otherwise, I would have sent Fionn to go with you.”

“It’s fine.” Deirdre’s tone softened when she said, ‘You should recuperate first and come back when you’ve recovered.”

“Hmm, oh right.” Declan said nonchalantly, “Kyran couldn’t reach you, so he sought my help to tell you that he will need to be there for a few more days.”

‘That is wonderful.’

Even though Deirdre missed Kyran like crazy now, her state of mind was a mess. She had no idea how she should be in Kyran’s presence after the events that unfolded with Brendan.

After ending the call, Deirdre passed the phone back to Glenna.

‘Thank you for taking the trouble to do this.’

The woman’s voice sounded sweet. “It’s fine! I’ll send you, Miss McKinnon.”

Deirdre kept quiet along the way. Meanwhile, Glenna was friendly and chatty. She told Deirdre about many fun things and told Deirdre to reach out to her tomorrow when the car stopped.

“Miss McKinnon, here’s a motivational quote. We should live every day being happy. You’re so beautiful, so why do you wear a sad face? If it’s a relationship problem, you don’t need to mind that at all because you have no lack of suitors. If it’s something else, it’s useless to be worried anyway. You just need to adjust your mentality and start fresh.”

Chapter 636 Express Yourself Boldly

Deirdre knew that Glenna was comforting her, so she cracked a smile to appease Glenna.

‘Thank you.’

She wanted to adjust her mentality, but the events that had taken place in the past few days were complicated.

“I shall make a move first.”

Deirdre leaned against the door and slid to the floor upon entering the villa. She felt as if all her energy was drained from her body, leaving only an empty, flat husk.

She had only discovered that she did not even have someone to vent to after losing Kyran.

She could not express everything that happened, but she could only bury everything in her heart until it decayed and turned into a puddle of mud.

Two days later, Deirdre was back to being her usual self and accepted Glenna’s invitation to have a meal.

Glenna’s friendliness was overboard in the past few days. She went from addressing Deirdre as Miss McKinnon to Deirdre in less than half an hour. In fact, she had even told Deirdre about everything regarding herself.

It was Deirdre’s first time encountering someone so enthusiastic, yet she did not feel revolted by Glenna. She could see that Glenna had a naive temperament and lack of experience in the world, judging by Glenna’s naive speech.

Glenna ordered five courses as soon as they sat down in the restaurant.

Deirdre stopped her by saying, ‘You shouldn’t order so much. We can’t finish the food, and it’s going to turn into waste.’

Glenna beckoned the waiter to continue to take the order as before. Then, she unwrapped the disposable cutlery and smiled. “It’s fine. We’ll just take it to go if we can’t finish it. Moreover, there is more than just the two of us today.”

“More than just the two of us?” Deirdre was stunned.

Glenna propped her face and said, "Mr. King will be joining us today as well!" Deirdre had not been informed about that. However, it was not that Declan did not tell her but that her earlier phone was damaged and her SIM card was still with Brendan. "Is Mr. King coming today? Has he recovered?" "Hmm!" Glenna was delighted and said in excitement, "It's all thanks to you that I get the honor to meet Mr. King. I heard that he is super-good-looking like Henry Cavill!" Deirdre smiled. "Aren't you a friend of Fionn? Why haven't you even met Mr. King before?" Glenna heaved a sigh. "It's all Fionn's fault. He was scared that I'd talk rashly, disrespect Mr. King, and act like a stalker!" Deirdre was amused. "He's quite right." "Shoo!" Glenna leaned against the chair and feigned her reservation as she said, "I just adore good-looking men. However, I know how to practice good etiquette. I will behave myself and strive not to scare him when I meet him." "Don't worry. Mr. King is a man of great experience. He won't be scared by your lack of reservation." Deirdre comforted Glenna, saying, "Do your best to express yourself boldly." "What do you mean by expressing myself boldly..." Glenna was shy all of a sudden. "You make it sound like I'm about to do something to Mr. King." "What if you do?" Deirdre winked. "Spoiler alert, Mr. King is very goodlooking." "Deirdre, how did you turn so indecent in just two days!" Glenna cupped her cheeks and said in a curious tone, "I thought you can't see, right? How can you tell that he's goodlooking?" "Hmm..." Deirdre tilted her head to the side and said, "I heard someone else mention it, and I can tell from the way he carries himself. Also, I feel it when I speak to him. After all, a man's politeness does influence one's favorable impression of him." Glenna was embarrassed. "That's true too..." The door opened up while they were talking. The owner called out, "Welcome!" Glenna raised her head and saw Declan bending over to enter the cubicle with one hand pushing over the curtain. His well-fitted suit accentuated his tall, strong figure. His facial features were charming, and he had gentle eyes.

Chapter 637 She Was a Part of Brendan's Plan

Declan walked toward them, and Glenna was already incapable of taking her eyes off him.

He was so good-looking that she could only describe him as breathtaking.

"Miss McKinnon." Declan nodded toward Deirdre courteously, then turned his head to look at Glenna. He cracked a smile and said respectfully, "You're Glenna, right? I frequently sought your help to handle many tasks previously. Thank you for taking the trouble to do those tasks."

Glenna was at a loss for how to behave herself. Her usual high spirits and enthusiasm vanished at this very moment, and she felt muddle-headed.

Deirdre cleared her throat, and Glenna was jolted back to reality. She rubbed her palms anxiously at all times and answered, "It's... It's no... No trouble..."

Declan smiled. "You sounded very extroverted on the phone. I didn't expect you to be so shy in person."

Deirdre could not refrain from chuckling aloud. Glenna was an extrovert, but she would shrivel up when she was in the presence of someone she fancied.

Deirdre came to Glenna's rescue by saying, "Did you just get off a flight, Mr. King?"

"Yes." Declan seized the opportunity to take a seat by sitting next to Glenna.

Deirdre asked, "Where is Mr. Fox then?"

"He is personally paying a visit to Village Alnwick for the development project, so he will not be joining us."

The meals were served coincidentally, so Deirdre picked up the cutlery and said, "Let's eat. I believe that you caught an early flight today. You should be hungry for lunch by now, right?"

"A little hungry indeed." Declan did not decline the offer and began eating as well.

Glenna only took two bites of her meal after a long time.

Declan found her behavior strange and asked, "Glenna, is the food not suited to your preference?"

Glenna felt as if her heart was electrocuted. She hastily said, "Please don't address me as Glenna anymore!"

Declan paused for a moment. "What should I address you as, then? Ms. Glaser?"

"Hmm..."

Glenna left soon after they walked out of the restaurant.

Declan looked at her departing silhouette for a long time before he said in frustration, "It seems that Ms. Glaser is not very fond of me."

Deirdre wanted to laugh but could not. It would be inappropriate for her to tell Declan that Glenna was not fond of him, but on the contrary, Glenna was too fond of him.

There was no way for her to tell Declan that. As such, she could only avoid the topic of conversation as her response.

"She is rather... Hmm... Shy in temperament. It's possible that she will be better after interacting with you for a while."

Declan nodded nonchalantly, not bothered at all. "I shall send you home."

"Sure."

They chatted casually after getting into the car.

Deirdre received some updates from Declan through the conversation, such as that Gillian's arm was crippled and he would not be able to use it anymore. There was also the video clip of Ci Ilian humiliating Brendan that the latter used as evidence to force the Kings into covering up the incident without any condition.

Upon hearing that, Deirdre fell into a daze for a long time. She was only jolted back to reality after Declan called out to her repeatedly.

"What's going on?"

Deirdre shook her head and asked, "What did Brendan get from the Kings then?"

Declan was rather surprised. "How did you know?"

Deirdre smiled and said, "Just a wild guess."

"He received a plot of land for a development project. Even though the Kings don't need the project, it costs more than 150,000,000 dollars, and it's enough to keep the Kings' cash flow for a good while."

Deirdre nodded after a while.

Brendan had been beaten up and forced to kneel just so he could use this as evidence to manipulate the Kings. He had punished Cillian just so he could receive a project worth

more than 150,000,000 dollars.

Which part of this involved him doing things for her?

Perhaps, not a single tiny part was for her. If she were to ponder further, she realized that she had been a part of Brendan's plan. Otherwise, why would Cillian be able to avoid Brendan's attention and find her hiding spot to abduct her?

Chapter 638 Come and See Me

Deirdre suddenly began shaking, and the feeling of disgust radiated all over her body. She covered her mouth.

Declan hastily stepped on the brake.

"What's going on? Are you alright?"

Deirdre recovered from her shakiness and shook her head.

"I'm alright." She said, "Just getting a little motion sickness. Please continue to drive."

Declan said concerningly, "I shall drive slower then. You may let me know if anything."

"Sure."

Deirdre hugged herself tightly, yet she still could not withstand the coldness that chilled her to the bone.

The car stopped after half an hour. Deirdre tucked a strand of hair on her face behind her ear. "Are we here?"

"Hmm, we're here. I'll send you into the house and pay a visit to the village."

Declan was about to remove his seat belt when Deirdre said smilingly, "It's fine. I'm not fully blind, and I can still tell where the door is. Go ahead and get busy with the Village Alnwick project."

She removed her seat belt and got out of the car while she waved at Declan.

Declan was about to drive away when he remembered something. "Oh right."

He took a business card out of his bag and passed it to Deirdre.

"What is that?"

Deirdre took it and discovered that it was a card.

Declan hesitated for a moment before he said, "This is Brendan's business card."

An evading look flashed past Deirdre's eyes, but she calmed down soon enough. "Why are you giving his business card to me?"

She was about to leave the card when Declan said, "Brendan gave this to me. He wanted you to reach out to him. He claimed that he still has something of yours with him."

Deirdre's movement halted. In the next moment, she clutched the business card tightly in

her hand and felt the sharp edge cutting into her skin. It was painful but not causing injury, fortunately.

'Something of mine...'

Deirdre searched for the answer in her head only to come up with one answer.

It was the phone.

It had Kyran's quick contact method and was the only phone she could operate easily. When she held phones of other brands in her hand, she could not even unlock them because she could not find the button.

Deirdre's chest was filled with anger and frustration.

Brendan knew her needs and was using them to force her into connecting with him.

Otherwise, he could just have handed it to Declan in Eastgene. Why would he need to make such an unnecessary move?

"Understood."

Suppressing his hatred, Deirdre behaved normally and waved her hand as she gazed after Declan's departing car.

She loosened her grip on the card when she turned around, walked back, and wished she could throw it into the trash the next moment.

Yet, just like how Brendan could have a grip on her, she could not do it.

Deirdre headed to a convenience store near the village the next day.

The store offered phone service to the customers, so she passed the business card to the storekeeper and sought the storekeeper's help to call the number.

The call was picked up after a while.

"Hello, who is this?" The voice sounded hoarse from fatigue that could not be concealed.

Deirdre shut her eyes and opened them again. "It's me, Brendan."

Before Brendan could speak, she took it upon herself to say, "You have my phone with you, right? Please ship it to me, and I'll pay for the cost."

The other end of the call fell silent for a few seconds before he said, "Come and see me.

I'm in a hotel in the city too. I'll pass it to you in person, so you don't need to pay for shipping."

'Stop fooling around!'

Deirdre suppressed the urge to utter those words because she could not provoke Brendan's anger.

"I feel we should keep a distance other than going to the lawyer's office. What do you think about that?"

"I think that is a bad idea." Brendan's voice sounded muffled, as if he was sick. It felt as if

he was catching a breath so he could have the strength to say, "Come and see me, Deirdre. I don't feel so well."

Deirdre could tell that he was unwell just by listening to his voice.

Chapter 639 Come See Me

Deirdre was caught in a daze for a moment, but she cleared her head soon enough.

'Brendan's tricks are growing cruller with time, and now he has learned to seek pity too?'

She would feel sorry for him at this point if she was her past self, but she felt nothing other than hatred now.

She said nonchalantly, "What does your well-being have anything to do with me? Go to the hospital if you're unwell, Brendan. I'm not a doctor and can't help you. If it's inconvenient for you to send the phone to me, I'll seek Mr. King's help to get it from-"

"I won't hand it to him." Brendan took a deep breath and concisely interrupted her. Deirdre was stunned and furrowed her eyebrows. "What are you doing, Brendan?"

Brendan repeated himself by saying, "Come see me."

"No!" Deirdre roared aloud, her ghastly pale face flushed in anger. The customers in the convenience store looked over at her. She forced herself to calm down with great effort by clenching her fist tightly. Only then she found her voice to say, "Stop dreaming, Brendan. I won't come and see you."

Brendan fell silent for a few seconds. "If that's the case, I won't return the phone to you either."

"You!"

"Not only will I not return the phone..." Brendan chuckled in a teasing manner. "I'm going to throw it out of the window so it will shatter from the impact."

Deirdre felt as if her chest was exploding, and her body was shaking from the anger. "You're despicable!"

"Hmm..." Brendan answered nonchalantly, "You see me as the kind of person who would swear not to stop until my goal is attained anyhow. Why shouldn't I just display that impression fully then?"

Deirdre hung up the phone in a rage. The storekeeper looked at Deirdre concerningly and said, "Girl, don't keep it to yourself if you find yourself in a difficult situation, such as you're being threatened. Laws rule the society, and there's police to help."

Deirdre forced a smile and said, "Thank you. You've misunderstood. I'm not being threatened."

The storekeeper appeared to be relieved. "Then it must be a lover's quarrel, right? That's just how it is when you're dating someone. When I was dating my husband, his actions infuriated me. He was incapable of showing care or romance and also incapable of learning. However, he treated me with sincerity and gave me all his love. I figured that I would not be at a loss if I married him as long as he didn't do anything that betrayed my trust."

Deirdre cracked a smile, but she could not bring herself to smile. "Isn't Brendan a textbook example of a bad partner? He is incapable of showing care or romance, and he doesn't treat me with sincerity. Why did I wallow in him at the time like I had lost my mind? Why does my heart hurt now when his name is mentioned even after I've stopped loving him?"

Noticing that Deirdre's expression grew even more unpleasant, the storekeeper hastily said, "If he really isn't a good one, move on. There is plenty of fish in the sea. You have a beautiful face, so you'll have no lack of suitors."

"Thank you." Deirdre swallowed the stinging bitterness in her throat and felt for some loose change in her pocket. "How much will that be? I'll pay."

"That will be 15 cents."

Meanwhile, the phone rang.

The storekeeper stuck out her neck to take a glance, "I-it's from your boyfriend."

Deirdre was vexed and could not be bothered to correct the storekeeper that Brendan was not her boyfriend. She said, "Don't bother."

She pulled out a note, handed it to the storekeeper, and waited for change.

During that period, the phone rang again as if it would not stop until its goal was attained.

The storekeeper could not refrain from taking a few glances at Deirdre. "Why don't you...

take the call? It will be difficult for me to continue working if he keeps calling like this."

Chapter 640 Are You Really That Merciless?

It would be inappropriate, indeed. In the end, Deirdre took the call, but her tone was icy cold.

"What the h*ck do you want, Brendan? Are you only pleased after tormenting a person to madness?"

Brendan chuckled bitterly. "I'm sick, Deirdre. I'm feeling very ill and have no one else with

me. I just want to see you. Even if you don't care about me, will you not fulfill this request of mine?"

After exhaling a breath, Deirdre fell silent while Brendan said, "You can call me despicable or shameless, but I'll return the phone to you if you come. Otherwise, not only

will I destroy the phone, but I won't agree to get a divorce either."

Upon saying that, Brendan gave her the hotel address and ended the call concisely.

Deirdre suppressed the shakiness of her hand as she returned the phone to its spot.

"What's going on?" The storekeeper was extremely anxious.

Deirdre shook her head. "It's done. Please charge me for this call as well."

After leaving the store, her mind was blank.

The address of the hotel Brendan had given her was haunting her mind like a nightmare.

She had no other choice.

She hailed a cab and told the address to the driver. The staff recognized her as soon as Deirdre got to the hotel.

"You're Miss McKinnon, right? I'll send you to the room."

"Sure."

Deirdre entered the elevator with that person, headed to the top floor, and soon stopped in front of a door.

The staff member said, "This is Mr. Brighthall's room. I don't have permission to enter. You may go ahead yourself, Miss McKinnon."

The staff member opened the door with an access card.

Deirdre opened the door and entered the pitch-black room. She felt for a switch to turn on the light in the corridor so she could distinguish the room with great effort. Meanwhile, she heard the sound of a suppressed cough coming from ahead. Soon afterward, she heard Brendan's voice saying, "Is that you, Deirdre?" His voice sounded even more tired and hoarser than on the phone. Deirdre felt her way along the wall with her gaze lowered and found Brendan lying on the bed. She asked in a cold tone, "Where's the phone? Where is it?" Brendan fell quiet for a few seconds before chuckling in a self-mocking manner. "Can't you even say something that shows your concern to me? No matter how estranged we are now, we still have a relationship that lasts five years..." "You don't need to remind me of my past foolishness in every remark of yours. There is no relationship between us anymore." Deirdre's expression was cold, and she continued her previous query by asking, "Where's the phone?" "Just pour me a glass of water first? My entire body hurts, and I'm so exhausted that I can't get up. It's my first time having such a bad cold. I feel like I'm dying." He took it upon himself to divert to another topic of conversation with a muffled voice. "I... I can't breathe." Deirdre shifted her gaze to the side. "Brendan, it's utterly useless for you to tell me your symptoms because I'm not a doctor and can't help you." Brendan smiled, but his dark eyes were filled with melancholy. "Is it really utterly useless? Don't you feel even an ounce of putty? Are you really that merciless?" "Perhaps." Deirdre could not be bothered to explain herself. She was merciless, yet she would never be as merciless as Brendan. She could never compare to how he could disregard the woman who loved him deeply and ignore his wife of five years' survival. "Will you return the phone to me?" Brendan held back his cough and said softly, "I'll give you when you pour me a glass of water." Deirdre did not refute at this point. She asked for the location of the water and poured Brendan a glass of warm water, following his guidance. "Thank you." He sat up in preparation to receive the water, but he could not refrain from inhaling sharply.

Chapter 641 You Suspect Me?

It was by no means serious, but external wounds were usually the most painful type of injuries anyone could suffer. Even a little brush on a gash could make one think a sharp, thin blade was peeling their skin. Brendan took a deep breath to calm himself before finishing the entire glass of water. Deirdre placed the glass back on the table. He took another gulp of breath before stating, "The phone's in the drawer near the headboard." Deirdre felt her way to the cabinet near the bed and pulled the drawer out.

The phone was where he said it would be—a revelation that surprised her since she had not expected him to make it so easy.

Then her surprise faded immediately into the same stony face she had reserved for him since the beginning.

“Seems like there’s no more reason for me to be here. Goodbye.”

She turned on her heels and started toward the door.

” Deirdre.”

His voice came out almost like a frail whisper.

She stopped dead in her tracks but did not spare him a glance.

Brendan sneered.

“Will you be glad...if I die...today?”

‘Die today?’ Shock overwhelmed Deirdre’s mind for a second before she snapped out of it.

Seriously? Brendan Brighthall, known absolute egotist, allowing himself to die here? Ha! This was just another one of his self-directed poor-quality dramas to gain sympathy.

Frost covered her eyes.

“You think too highly of yourself, Brendan Brighthall. Whether you live or die, I don’t give a damn. I’m not gonna feel happy or sad because you’re dead because you don’t even mean a thing to me. As long as you’re out of my life, that’s the best thing God can give me.”

Brendan suppressed his urge to cough and gave her an unfathomable smile.

“I see. So, nothing will change what you think about me? Not even if I explain myself...not

even I tell you I didn’t abandon you there because I wanted to?”

“Shut the h*ll up! How many times are you going to defend yourself with lies and more lies!? I’m not an idiot, Brendan!”

Deirdre thundered. Her face was beet red from the sheer rage accumulating in her chest. She had lost it— she could no longer keep her cool.

This piece of sh*t had not, even once, apologized to her for abandoning her.

All he had been devoting his energy to was to throw up mound after mound of excuses to gain her pity! Did he really still see her as the same moron from four years ago who would come rushing back to him just because he said one or two nice things? Shaking in

her fury, she pointed at her eyes.

“My eyes may be damaged, Brendan, but I’m not the slightest bit brain- damaged! I know you flew back to Neve on the same day I was abducted! I know you didn’t give a sh*t about my life! You think I’ll grovel at your feet, thanking you for being my savior just because you came back? For Christ’s sake, I was only a target because I was connected to you!”

Deirdre breathed hard.

“You were the one who provided the safe house. Only you and Mr. Fox knew where it was! So. how did Gillian Manage to find and abduct me. huh? How could you even say you’ve got zero involvement in this entire thing!?”

Shock flooded into Brendan’s eyes.

His fingers closed around the edge of his sheet.

“You...You believe I led Gillian into abducting you?”

“I don’t want to consider the possibility at all. but reality doesn’t care about what I want, does it? What happened, happened!”

Deirdre managed to recover some semblance of control, but her lips were still trembling.

“You know what’s funny? I don’t even blame you because I know this is who you really are. No means are too underhanded or despicable if it means you can grab that project from the Kings’ hands, including milking my potential as your pawn to its absolute maximum. You want to do all that? Fine! But don’t kid yourself and think I’m too stupid to

realize your thought process!”

Despair was oozing out of Brendan. His dry, pale lips were quivering. He gazed deeply into Deirdre’s eyes and suddenly hung his head.

“I’m sorry about the abduction. I should have known better. I should have done more. I honestly don’t know how Gillian learned about where you were, and for that, I apologize.”

Chapter 642 They Are Close “I had nothing to do with the abduction at all,” said Brendan.

“But you won’t believe me if I say that, will you?”

The mirthless self- mockery in his tone was so stark even Deirdre felt her heart droop. Doubt crawled into her chest like an invasion of ants—she clenched her hands into fists as a burst of desire to leave seized her.

He was back at it again.

Back to that idiotic, wounded, “woe is me” pretense.

Would he ever quit!? If she stayed any longer, she might just fall for it and be scammed by that stupid innocent look he was making.

“Excuse me.”

With that, she marched out of the room.

Deirdre helped herself with the help of the wall until she felt her chest finally relaxing and

she could breathe again.

She closed her eyes. She opened them as soon as she finally regained the strength to stand.

Remembering where the elevator was, she headed in its direction.

There were others inside, and they asked her where to go. She replied through her pale lips, “The ground floor, thanks.”

The button was pressed.

Deirdre grabbed her phone tightly.

When the elevator stopped at the ground floor, she stepped outside and caught the front-desk woman muttering something frantically into her walkie-talkie.

“Blackout.”

“Call the ambulance.”

“Don’t let anything happen in this hotel...”

Deirdre paused in her tracks.

The front-desk lady caught her quickly enough and called out, “Miss McKinnon! Did you

just come out of Mr.Brighthall's room?"

Hearing his name immediately caused Deirdre to frown before she could stop herself.

"Yeah? What about it?"

"His door wasn't closed, so our staff went inside to see if he was okay.

And that was when they saw Mr.Brighthall unconscious on the floor! He's completely unconscious and feverish.

We immediately called an ambulance, but we need someone to accompany him, right?

Since you're Mr.Brighthall's friend or even partner, please, accompany him to the hospital, okay?"

'Brendan is unconscious on the floor?' Suddenly, she remembered what he had said.

"Will you be glad...if I die...today?"

It was not a lure for sympathy.His state was literally that grievous.

Deirdre hesitated for a second before shaking herself out of her momentary weakness.

"No, I'm sorry.You're sorely mistaken.I'm not his friend, let alone his partner.I'm actually very busy now, so I don't have the time to keep him company.Send him to the hospital, but I'm not coming."

Deirdre ignored the shock on the front-desk lady's face and strutted out of the lobby.

Even after she climbed into the taxi, the first thought in her mind was not calling Kyran anymore.Her mind was in complete chaos.Her thoughts kept drifting to Brendan's weakened whisper, bitter self- deprecation, and apologetic undertone.

All of them somehow overlaid onto the frigid young man he had always presented himself to be.

She leaned her head against the window and felt her heart plummeting into an icy pit.

In the end. Declan was the one who footed Brendan's hospitalization bill.

Glenna was the one who told her that.

Deirdre stopped kneading the batter in her hand for a moment before quickly resuming her activity, smiling noncommittally, "I thought your tongue immediately goes on strike every time you see Mr.King.So, how did you manage to talk to him long enough to find out?"

Glenna let out a "Hey!" cooly.

"Excuse you, but I didn't actually pry that information from the man himself, okay? Did you forget Fionn exists? He's my childhood friend, remember? He will always answer whatever I ask him.

"Honestly, I didn't even know Brighthall is here in this town and suffering from this mother-of-all-fever," she added.

"It's been two days, and he's still sick! Knowing how close Mr.King is with Brendan, I bet the poor man is worried sick."

Deirdre stopped and turned in Glenna's direction.

"They are close?"

Chapter 643 It Was All An Act!

"Girl, you have no idea!" said Glenna, unaware of anything amiss.

She even laughed at Deirdre.

"Come on.You can't seriously not know anything about that, right? Okay, so here's the gossip.Mr.King and Brendan are actually really close.They're so close they won't mind lending underwear to one another if the other needs it.

“When Brendan got into this big trouble, Mr.King flew straight home from Germia without any warning that he shocked his own family!”
Deirdre was stunned.
“When was that?”
Glenna made a production of counting on her fingers.
“About...Huh, I don’t remember the details, but it’s got to be a year ago or something.Mr.King was trying to establish his footing in the Germian business scene, so he almost never returned.”
As Glenna prattled on, the smile on Deirdre’s face died second by second.She interjected, “No, you must have gotten all that wrong, Glenna.”
The young woman in question blinked in confusion.She broke out a smile.
“Okay, why so serious all of a sudden? I really thought I must have said something really wrong for a sec.But I don’t think I got it wrong.This stuff is practically branded into my head.I don’t think I can even make a mistake about that!”
The corner of Deirdre’s lips twitched into a mockery of a smile as a frown shadowed her brows.
“Mr.King and Brendan had a falling – out a few years ago, didn’t they?”
“There, this is proof your information is not as accurate as you think it is!”
Glenna chirped, beaming with her chin high.
“I’m surprised that you didn’t know the truth behind all that despite being Mr.King’s good friend.”
Deirdre felt as though every mol of air in her lungs was being drawn away.
A void was forming from within.
“The truth?”
“Yes.It’s a hoax! The whole falling-out was a hoax.”
Glenna took a gulp of water and leaned against the table.
“It was all a concerted act to dupe Gillian.See, if Cillian and his mom knew about Brendan helping Mr.King, they’d do their best to sabotage the man’s business instead of letting him be free and flourishing in Germia.”
“I’m not getting you,” replied Deirdre, her face turning white.
She bit her lips stubbornly as her heart grew cold from anxiety.
“How could any of this possibly be an act?”
“Why is it that impossible?”
Glenna leaned toward Deirdre and pinched her cheeks.
Giggling, she continued.
“I have always known Mr.King has Oscar-worthy acting skills, but I didn’t know he’s good enough to fool even you! Think about it. How did Mr.King and Brendan know each other?
They were the kind of best friends nothing in the world could separate.
How are they supposed to have a falling-out without, like, an apocalyptic fight?
“Like, if they had really decided never to talk to each other again, then why did Mr.King rush all the way back home to the hospital the moment Brendan was hospitalized?”
Deirdre felt a chill running down her spine.

“What about Kyran?”

“Kyran?”

Glenna was perplexed.

“Uh, who?”

Deirdre lurched and grabbed onto her arm.

“You’re Fionn’s childhood friend! How could he not tell you about who Kyran is! ?” she cried hotly.

“D-Dee, h-hey!”

Her reaction shocked Glenna, who was trying to calm her friend down.

“C-Chill, Dee! Just because I don’t know who this Kyran guy is doesn’t mean it’s anything serious! Maybe he’s someone Mr.King met in Germia? Maybe they were just friends? Look, I don’t exactly have an encyclopedic knowledge of Mr.King’s entire backstory and life...”

‘Just friends? Kyran and Declan have known each other since they were kids! That was no “just friends” at all!’ Deirdre’s mind was a mess.

It was then that the entrance door suddenly opened.

Declan strode in and, finding the air a little too tense, set the things in his arms down and

joked, “What’s wrong? Trying to decide who should be the cook today via a pro-wrestling match?”

Chapter 644 Who Is She to Him, Then?

Deirdre released her grip, and Glenna rubbed on the sore spots.

Too sheepish to look directly at Declan, she gave an awkward laugh and replied,

“RRright! We were... b- both too excited to show off our c-cooking skills.”

Declan snickered.

“God, what did I do to deserve having two attractive women dying to feed me good food?

It’s not even my birthday yet!”

Hearing Declan call her “attractive” caused Glenna’s brain to eject everything that had happened between herself and Deirdre just seconds ago.

Sheepishly, she announced, “I’ll be in the kitchen!”

She brought the bags to the kitchen while Deirdre stood still on her spot, unmoving.

Declan considered her as he hung his coat and asked tentatively, “Miss McKinnon?”

She raised her head, and he smiled.

“What’s the matter? Didn’t you have a good rest last night? You’ve been wearing a long face since I got here.”

“I didn’t have a good rest, yeah.”

She took a deep breath and forced herself to calm down, but Glenna’s words haunted her like a specter.

Clenching her trembling fingers, she asked, “Where were you, Mr.King?”

“Me?”

Declan turned silent.He could not decide if it was better to tell the truth or fib.It was Deirdre who went straight to the point.

“Is Brendan awake?”

Declan seemed to have been anticipating her.

Hearing her candor somehow made him feel even more relieved.

“No, not yet. He hasn’t been in the best of health these days. This fever he had was really

bad, too. It only got slightly better before I came here.”

Deirdre closed her eyes and opened them again.

“Do you care a lot about him? I thought the two of you had a falling-out. If you hate him so much, why care?”

Declan poured himself a cup of water and mulled her question for a moment.

“I mean, you’re not wrong. I really don’t like Brendan, and we haven’t been friends for along time now. But he’s alone here and was only here because he helped me. His fever is at least a little tangible connected to me. I could be a cold-hearted man if I wanted to, but I can’t find it in me to abandon him at this hour. If I did that... wouldn’t that make me the

exact kind of person I hate?”

He made sense.

Brendan had only come to Eastgene for Declan’s sake.

In the same vein, Declan could not possibly respond to that with cruel abandonment.

Still, none of that dispelled what Glenna had said.

Her words swirled in her head as whispers, haunting her.

If the whole falling-out was just a hoax, then who was she to Declan? Who was Kyran to him? Deirdre shook her head. Her chest still felt like it was being pricked by icicles.

Declan inhaled.

“Miss McKinnon, if there’s anything on your chest, let it out. I know you’re upset by me tending to Brendan in the hospital because... Well, you hate him. So if there’s anything that’s eating you about all of this, just say it. I’ll explain to you.”

“It’s not about me hating him or you tending to him.”

She took a deep breath and raised her head, her eyes red.

“Mr. King, what caused the falling-out?”

Declan froze.

“Huh? I thought I had talked about that to you before. We’re very different people at our core. He’s a selfish, cutthroat motherf’cker who would use any means necessary to secure himself a pie. That’s the sort of sh*t I hate, so we fell out.”

He smiled.

“I actually thought you’d understand. You dated before, right? You know that sometimes, things like that can happen between lovers too. If you’re not meant to be with one another, you’re just... not.”

“But, but!”

Deirdre balled her hands into fists so hard her fingernails turned white.

“The two of you had been friends since you were kids! If the two were really that incompatible, then why did your friendship only end several years ago?”

Chapter 645 It’s Simple, Really

“I was about to go abroad then. At that time, I had decided never to come back, so I used

that opportunity to tell him upfront. Told him it’s best we never talk to each other again.”

"Then why did you come back? When you showed up when Brendan needed you the most!"

"Miss McKinnon?"

Declan was baffled by Deirdre's accusatory snap.

Frowning, he explained, "I came back for two reasons. One, I wanted to see my mother's grave. Two, I changed my mind."

He exhaled a breath.

"My mother's death is connected to Gillian and his mother, Miss McKinnon. I was too young to protect her... I couldn't save her from them. But now, I'm older. I have more means now. I came back because I wanted to start my business empire here and... avenge my mother."

Deirdre froze. She had not realized that the enmity between Declan and Cillian ran this deep.

"I'm sorry, I didn't..."

"All's good."

He flashed a smile.

"I doggedly insist on hiding all of this history from people, so it's only natural that you knew nothing of it. But since you've misunderstood me, I thought it was time to let it out of

the bag. As for the angle with Brendan, though? That's patently false. I haven't been talking to him for so long already, or you would have heard of me while you were his wife, right?"

Deirdre closed her eyes as she debated in her mind.

Declan was right about one thing — Brendan had never mentioned him before.

Deirdre and Brendan may be more strangers than husband and wife, but there was no way she would have missed Declan's name.

"Well... Glenna said... Glenna said the falling-out was a hoax! How do you explain that?"

Deirdre finally came to her real point of contention. Her face was pale from suppressing her emotions.

"She's Fionn's childhood friend, so she must have known a lot of things. And there's no reason for her to lie to me."

Declan finally understood the reason behind Deirdre's behavior.

"No wonder you're acting strange today. Glenna told you something, and now you're struggling to make sense of me and Brendan's affair."

"The reason Glenna said it was just a hoax was simple."

Declan said placidly, "I told Fionn to say that."

"But why?"

Deirdre demanded hastily.

"It's simple. I was trying to hide the fact that Brendan and I weren't talking, so I told everyone it was just for show. That way, Cillian would be too uncertain about our relationship to want to hurt me," explained Declan.

Amusement cropped up on his smile.

"Unfortunately, Brendan was not having it. He hated me way more than I expected. He told my family the truth pretty straight-up. As for Glenna... Well, I haven't had the time to explain it to her, have I?"

"Oh. That's all?"

Deirdre felt her heart finally sinking into some semblance of peace until, suddenly, she raised her head.

“Why doesn’t Glenna know about Kyran?”

Declan placed his cup down.

“That was me, too. Kyran’s pretty prone to sickness, so he’s constantly homebound. The fewer scandals he could potentially get into, the better. No one wants to live with a family who keeps whispering behind their backs, right? Hanging out with the bastard son of the Kings just isn’t something to be proud of.”

‘So that’s why.’ Deirdre released her hands as the storm in her chest slowly died. She calmed down.

Some parts of his explanation seemed a little weird, but the whole tiling made sense in its entirety. She wanted to believe it. She wanted to believe Declan. She wanted to think that Kyran would never lie to her.

“I’m so sorry. I really jumped to conclusions.”

Declan was not worried at all.

“Anyone in your shoes would have done that. It’s okay.”

It was then that Glenna showed up and told them the food was almost ready.

Deirdre rolled up her sleeves and went to help out.

Less than half an hour later, three plates of classic beer-battered fish and chips made their way to the table.

Chapter 646 Pay Him a Visit, Won’t You?

The three of them started eating. Declan was ever the conversation starter while Deirdre

gave her inputs, but Glenna was silent throughout. She was suspiciously focused on her fish and chips, except for the odd moments of her scanning Declan through the corner of her eyes.

Then, before the man himself noticed, she would lower her head instantly. It happened enough times that the man finally found out. Setting his knife down, Declan asked,

“What’s wrong, Glenna? You kept glancing at me.

Something on my face?”

Glenna sputtered. Strapped with any excuse, she replied, “It’s not your face! It’s, uh, your... hair? It’s, uh, interesting...”

“Interesting?” Declan thought for a moment. This was the first time anyone had ever commented something like that about him. “How?”

Glenna gripped the edge of her shirt tightly before finally coming up with an answer. “It makes you look, uh, retro.”

Declan’s smile froze.

Deirdre almost spat out her food.

Glenna tried to salvage her answer. “No, I don’t mean you look old or anything! I was saying... It, uh, it’s not that good on you... It makes you look off...”

Declan flashed her his teeth. “Okay. This is unexpected,” he said. “But maybe you’re right. I’ll put that into consideration on my next trip to the barbershop.”

Glenna was so flustered that her hands turned red. What she really wanted to say was that she liked his hair and thought it made him look manly and gentlemanly. But

somehow, the words just changed into something else moments before they left her lips.

Glenna was the first to break the silence when they were finished. "Um, Mr. King? Do you want to bring some food over to Brendan's?"

"No." Declan was silent for a bit. "He's not conscious yet. If he were, Fionn would have told me. Let's see how it goes after he's up."

Glenna was aghast. "He's still sleeping after two days?"

"Mm-hmm." An unfathomable expression shadowed Declan's face. "He hadn't been resting easy for two weeks before he got beaten up. After all that, he should be getting some rest in the hospital, but he refused to stay in Eastgene and insisted on coming here, which severely stained his body. He got a fever, blacked out, and was sent to the hospital. Honestly, who's surprised he hasn't woken up yet?"

Glenna felt like her heart was suspended in midair. "What the h*ll was he up to for those two weeks?"

"He was-"

"I'm exhausted," Deirdre suddenly declared loudly and rose from her seat. "You guys go ahead. I'm going to my room."

Sure. He was busy-busy protecting himself! Busy scheming after Cillian!

Deirdre was not going to stay there and listen to more of that nonsense. It was only going to ruin her mood. She had to go.

"Dee?" Glenna was stunned. Her reaction threw her off a little, but she followed her. "Let me help you."

"No need. I'm coming down with a slight headache. I will be better after some sleep, I think." She turned toward the stairs.

"Miss McKinnon?" Declan suddenly spoke up. "How about... paying Brendan a visit?"

Deirdre whipped her face in his direction, her features twisting in a mix of shock and ire. She even wondered whether she had misheard, and her lips were trembling.

It took her several deep breaths to finally calm down enough. "What are you trying to do,

Mr. King!?"

Declan looked conflicted. "I know it sounds absurd because I shouldn't be helping Brendan to fulfill his whim to see you, but... he really isn't in the best state right now. It's reasonable to have someone give him some kind of moral support-"

"Reasonable my *ss!" Deirdre retorted sharply. "I wasn't the one who got him into the hospital! I wasn't the one who got him sick! He was so hellbent saving his precious life that he abandoned me to that demon, Cillian! Why would I want to visit him!?"

Chapter 647 You Misunderstood Him

"Dee..."

Glenna's mouth hung agape in bewilderment. She had never expected someone this gentle and graceful to be so animated by rage and hate.

Deirdre's eyes were beet red, but she reined herself in as much as possible. "Sorry, that was sudden and impolite, but I'm not sorry for what I meant. Whether Brendan lives or dies has nothing to do with me! Nothing! I won't and will never see him!"

Declan scowled. A long while later, he said, "I understand your rage against Brendan, but

why... did you say he abandoned you in Gillian's hands?"

"What? He didn't do that?" Deirdre laughed mockingly. "On that day of the abduction, Cillian called him and told him to come to get me. Do you know what he did? He just took the ride all the way back to Neve! The only reason I'm alive is that I raked my head to find anything to help me survive! He didn't care if I lived, so why should I care if he dies?!"

"You think... he didn't care?" Declan sounded thrown off, as if he was on his back foot. He took a few breaths and sighed. "Miss McKinnon, you misunderstood him." Her eyes trembled. "What!?"

The moment Brendan hung up the call was engraved in Deirdre's mind. She remembered hearing the guard say Brendan had returned to Neve in his car. None of that was fake!

"What? You're telling me he didn't scurry back to Neve? He didn't hang up on Gillian's call telling him to save me? I'm blind, Mr. King, but my ears are not damaged! I heard it all! That is an undeniable truth!"

"It was the truth," Declan admitted. "He left Eastgene."

"So what misunderstanding is there left?" she snarled.

She could feel her heart growing cold as it sank into her stomach and snickered. "Did I misunderstand his intention? So, this whole time, he was worried about me for a week but also worried for his own safety? He was biding his time in Neve until everything was okay enough for him to return and save me? Well, that's even worse! I was captive for a week! Nobody knew if I could live. I could have died, and that's it!"

She shrieked. Nobody knew just how hard it had been for her to survive that one week the lengths she had had to go through just to live.

Declan's gaze turned soft and sympathetic. "I thought you had finally walked out of the nightmare after returning to Eastgene, but I didn't expect your trauma to run so deep. I'm sorry."

Deirdre wiped her drenched face. She could not tell if it was sweat or tears. "No, you don't have to be sorry. Nobody would have been able to save me back then. I was just chilled to the bone by his cruelty. Anyone would have been worried for a dog's safety if they had been living with it for two years, but God, this b*stard left just like that! He couldn't even wait to go home!"

"And that is why I said what I said. You misunderstood Brendan." Declan could not even make out whatever sentiment was brewing in his chest. "Didn't he tell you?"

Deirdre finally caught on. Raising her head, she asked, "Tell me what?"

"The reason Brendan didn't come to save you immediately was that my moles were with Cillian."

"What!?" Deirdre's pupils dilated in shock.

Declan leveled her gaze with an appeasing gaze. "He knew you were safe. He knew you

managed to calm Cillian into buying you more time. So, he used the time you bought to gather manpower in Neve. Did you know? He didn't sleep for three days. All he could do was devise plans to save you.

"But your real intention was exposed too soon, before the plan was finally ready. Cillian

was about to finish you, and knowing that, Brendan ignored everyone's attempts to stop him and barged into Ci Ilian's house... alone."

Chapter 648 You're Shaking

Deirdre's mind went blank.

"You know what happened after that, right? Since he had the chance to capture Brendan,

Ci Ilian seized the moment. That was why everyone was trying to stop him from going alone, but he was just doggedly persistent. He was so terrified at the prospect of you getting hurt just because he was late for a second."

"No, how could this..." Deirdre closed her eyes, quivering. Myriad emotions crashed onto

her-at its core, anxiety.

She remembered what he had said when he was in Gillian's house. "So, this is who you think I am? A selfish, cruel man who would abandon you the moment there's danger?"

She remembered what he had said while his life was hanging by a thread as he sat up from his bed. "I'm sorry about the abduction. I should have known better. I should have done more. I honestly don't know how Cillian knew where you are, and for that, I apologize."

All those words had brought her was burning rage. She had perceived it as Brendan trying to excuse himself with his silver tongue.

The man might have wanted to explain himself, but she did not give him the chance at all, did she?

Deirdre suddenly felt a mountain's weight crashing onto her chest. She could not breathe.

She had misunderstood him. She had really misunderstood him, hadn't she?

"Miss McKinnon? I know you hate Brendan. He hurt you so much that even I wouldn't be

able to forgive him. But he did all he could this time. He didn't sleep a wink for a week, and he let himself be beaten up for you. Did you really think he had no idea what was going to happen to him if he went to save you alone?"

Declan sighed.

It was then that his phone rang. He picked up, and his expression suddenly turned frigid and severe. "I need to go."

"What happened?" asked Glenna.

Deirdre felt her hands tighten. Declan shot a look at her and comforted, "It's not about Brendan, don't worry. I'm just needed elsewhere. Either way, Miss McKinnon, you should

take a good night's rest. As for Brendan... Well, go see him if you want to, but it's okay if

you don't. He owed you, anyway."

Declan headed out in a rush, leaving the door open. Glenna quickly closed it before giving Deirdre an awkward smile. "Gosh, that was so intense!

Everyone's busy and tense. We don't even have time for chitchat!"

Deirdre wanted to give her a smile, but her face refused to oblige.

"Can I have a glass of water?"

"I'll get one for you right away!" Glenna poured a glass of juice and watched Deirdre down it. As soon as she set it down, Glenna held her hand and asked, concerned, "Are you alright? Dee... You're shaking."

Was she?

Was it her fingers? Or was it her body?

Her heart was so heavy that she could not even acutely sense her body's change.

"Maybe it's the weather. The heater isn't on, and I'm not wearing a lot."

Glenna gave a dry laugh. "Yeah. It's a pretty cold day, haha. It's going to be below zero soon. I had to put on two coats to come here."

Deirdre cast her eyes down while Glenna caressed her cheeks. She stuck a strand of her friend's hair behind Deirdre's ear. "Dee, I don't know what happened between you and Brendan, but I was thinking... if you're worried or feeling bad for the misunderstanding, you could always just go see him. It's not going to cost you anything, right? And it doesn't change much, either. If you're worried about inconvenience... I'm beside you."

She was right. It would not cost her anything or change much.

It was only natural for her to feel bad for misunderstanding him. Was it not?

Chapter 649 I'm Here For Our Divorce

Unlike Brendan, Deirdre had a heart. She had a soul, too, and none of them were black. It would have been stranger if she had no emotional responses after hearing the truth.

"Tomorrow." She heaved a long, heavy sigh. "Please accompany me."

"No problem!" Glenna threw her arms around Deirdre's and replied gregariously. "You get a good night's sleep. I'll drive tomorrow!"

"Okay."

What Deirdre did not expect was that Brendan would call her first the next morning before she was even on her way to the hospital.

"It's just me."

She was stunned for a few seconds. "I... know."

The weakness in his voice was unmissable. He coughed and choked. "Please drop by the hospital. I'll be heading back to Neve soon."

"Oh."

There was a pause. Then, he said, "Come with me. We're getting... divorced."

The call ended.

Deirdre sat on her bed, her mind blank. She thought this was the thing she wanted so much. Even the mere mention was enough to keep her feet dancing. She was the one who had proposed it, too.

"Dee! Dee!"

Glenna burst into her room. She swiped away the dewdrops on her coat, her eyes blinking, and cried, "Earth to Deirdre! I've been calling for you from outside for a while now! You gave no responses that I really thought you went back to sleep."

"No." Deirdre wiped her face and rose from her bed. "Let's go."

"Yay!" Glenna chirped excitedly. "I heard that Brendan's up. You might be able to talk to him when you see him in the ward."

Deirdre's lips twitched, and the two descended the stairs.

It took only half an hour to reach the hospital. As soon as they arrived, Glenna stopped

a

nurse and asked, "Hey, we're Mr. Brendan Brighthall's friends? Where is his room?" The nurse did not raise her head from her work. "1208." Then, scanning Deirdre's face, she looked a little surprised. "Huh? It's you."

"What's wrong?" Glenna questioned as Deirdre looked at the nurse.

The nurse frowned in her thoughts until she finally asked, "Are you... McKinnon or something like that?"

"Yes, that's me." Deirdre nodded. "Deirdre McKinnon. What's the matter?"

The nurse smiled. "Nothing. I was just wondering... what took you so long?"

Deirdre stiffened for a few seconds. "Sorry?"

'The first thing Mr. Brighthall asked after waking up was whether one Deirdre McKinnon had come to see him. I told him I didn't know who that was, so he told me it was a beautiful blind woman. I told him I had never seen someone like that. He looked so dejected in a snap!

"And that made me wonder who this woman he so missed could possibly be!" The nurse

pressed her lips into a smile. "And today, she made an appearance after all! Mr. Brighthall will be so happy to see you, I bet."

Deirdre's smile turned mechanical. It felt like her heart had been seared with a burning brand. First, there was a sting, then she felt it scorched.

Glenna studied her expression and waited for the nurse to leave before comforting her.

"Hey, maybe you can tell Brendan you wanted to come yesterday but were under the weather. I'm sure he won't mind."

Deirdre clenched her hands into fists. "There's no need for that."

Glenna blinked.

Deirdre looked down and said slowly, "I'm here for our divorce." Glenna was stunned.

"Divorce? Wait, as in splitting? That serious?"

Chapter 650 How Can You Possibly Care About Me?

"No, we wanted this. It was only dragged on by other things," Deirdre replied flatly. The only thing that really bugged her was that she had misunderstood Brendan, but her feelings about him did not change. "We don't like each other."

"Huh? Okay..." Glenna was baffled, but she respected it enough. "So... you're going to leave with Brendan later?"

"Yes, but I'll be back soon."

"In that case, I'm taking you to the ward first."

Before she could even do what she said she would, Brendan emerged from the door in a

coat. His face was sallow and sickly-it was clear just how ill he had become. He kept coughing, and his eyes were bloodshot. When he saw Deirdre, his eyes widened a little. Then, a look of mockery shadowed his face. "Time to go, Sam," he ordered the guard next to him and ignored Deirdre altogether. He brushed past her.

Deirdre shuddered. Glenna held her hand. "Dee?"

"It's okay." This was well within her expectations, so she was not that shaken up either.

"Thanks for bringing me here, but you should go. I'm going to Neve for the time being and will be returning after my divorce."

“Um, okay. Give me a call when you’re at the airport once you’re back, okay? I’ll drive you.”

Deirdre flashed her friend her usual smile. “Got it.”

Seeing Brendan slowly disappearing into the horizon, she widened her eyes, made out the vague outline of his back, and followed him into the elevator. The door closed, and heavy silence weighed so much on her that she almost could not breathe.

Only Brendan’s suppressed coughs occasionally broke the silence.

Deirdre moved a little and feigned nonchalance. “Why are you so dead set on returning to Neve? Didn’t you just wake up last night? You should take at least a few days’ break.”

Brendan covered the fatigue in his eyes. “Is that worry I hear?”

Then, before Deirdre could answer him, he shook his head. “No. It’s not. How could you possibly care about me? You hate me to the bones. You wish I would just die already.

In

fact, you must be disappointed to see me standing here, awake and alive.”

Deirdre cast her eyes down in silence. “I told you I don’t care if you’re alive or dead. I’m not going to whine and groan just because you lived, nor am I going to dance if I hear you’re dead.”

“Yeah, because you only care about being with the man you love forever. All you care about is ensuring I’m not dragging your precious divorce out.”

She found herself tongue-tied.

“Don’t worry.” Brendan continued. “It’s something I’ve promised to do, so I will do it. I’m rushing out of the hospital because I want to fulfill my promise for a divorce.”

In the past, Deirdre would have answered, “A good choice.” But now, she could not even

say that. She could hear his disappointment, his mocking tone aimed at himself.

All of that suddenly made it impossible for her to dunk on him any further. That misunderstanding she had would not allow her.

She parted her lips. “Brendan-”

The door opened. Brendan strode out of the elevator instantly, and suddenly, the space he left was filled with a flood of strangers.

Deirdre felt the words stuck in her throat. She shifted her feet and moved out.

Sam was waiting outside the hospital entrance. Seeing her, he approached her and said,

“TH lead you to the car.”

She nodded. When they arrived, he pulled open the door to the passenger seat.

Chapter 651 She Had to Apologize

Deirdre suddenly understood. She quietly boarded the car and fastened her seat belt.

While the car was moving, Brendan was continuously coughing.

Sometimes, it became so intense that he seemed to be coughing his lungs out.

Even Sam couldn’t stand it and suggested, “Mr. Brighthall, shall we get some medicine from the pharmacy?”

“Just drive the car.” Brendan gave the most indifferent reply. “Don’t waste time. We have

to go back as soon as possible.”

Sam had no choice but to speed up.

The moment they arrived at the airport, it was boarding time. Sam gave Deirdre a flight ticket and said, “Miss McKinnon, do talk to the flight attendants so that they will lead you to your first-class cabin.”

What did Sam mean?

Deirdre was startled. “What about you two? Are you not boarding the plane?”

“Of course we are.” Sam hesitated before he added, “It’s just that the first class has the last seat available, and Mr. Brighthall and I are taking the business class.”

What a coincidence!

Deirdre felt weird but didn’t dwell on it. She went to the flight attendant and was led to her seat. Following that, she took a nap. When she woke up, she felt very thirsty and called for the flight attendant. When she looked around, she found that there weren’t many people around at all.

When the flight attendant was attending to her, Deirdre requested a cup of water and asked, “Isn’t the first-class cabin full? Why are there so few people?”

“Full?” The flight attendant replied gently, ‘There are still many empty seats in this firstclass cabin. It’s not full. Perhaps, you have misheard.’

‘Misheard? How is it possible? Sam told that-’

In an instant, Deirdre knew what was happening. She thanked the flight attendant, and when the flight attendant left politely, Deirdre looked out through the window.

She saw only foggy white. When she thought about it carefully, she realized that it had been a while since the last time she took her medicine to dilute the blood clot in her brain.

She took a shallow breath and felt somewhat cold for a while, even though the cabin was warm.

‘This is perhaps the best ending,’ she thought.

Brendan stayed away from her, and she hated Brendan. In this case, they would go their

separate ways and wouldn’t contact each other after getting the divorce certificate. Any misunderstanding was just an inconspicuous emotion among many instances of hatred. Even without such an understanding, they couldn’t get back to the old days.

Still, Deirdre had to admit that she couldn’t forget the scene of Brendan kneeling.

She couldn’t forget the fact that such an arrogant man would kneel to Cillian for her sake

and how Brendan had hysterically threatened Cillian not to do anything to her.

Brendan obviously shouldn’t have had to suffer the consequences of being beaten up, losing his self-esteem and man’s pride, and being ridiculed and belittled by others. Yet, Deirdre had regarded him as the culprit and treated him with hostility.

Moreover, she turned a blind eye to the distress signal given to her when Brendan was seriously ill. If the open door had not attracted the hotel staff, Brendan might have died of

illness in the room without anyone noticing.

Deirdre clenched her fingertips tightly into her flesh.

She wanted to apologize, not because of Brendan but herself. It was because she wasn’t cold-blooded and couldn’t be so cruel to just pretend that nothing had happened.

This incident would become a thorn in her heart. Hence, she wanted to pull it out-it was all she wanted.

When Deirdre got out of the plane along with the others after the plane landed, Sam and

Brendan were already waiting. Upon getting into the car, Brendan demanded, "Go to the mansion to get the required documents first."

Sam drove toward the mansion. Even though Deirdre couldn't see anything, her chest became stuffer the closer they got to the mansion.

The things called memories, both good and bad, were running around her mind. They were collectively referred to as complicated things, and the pressure was overwhelming.

Chapter 652 I Really Care About You

Fortunately Deirdre didn't have to go in.

After unfastening the safety belt, Sam asked, "Mr. Brighthall, may I know where the documents are?"

'TH get them," said Brendan.

'Til go. It's cold out there. Moreover, I'll be faster." Sam tried to stop Brendan.

After a sudden pause, Brendan said, 'The marriage certificate is under the pillow in the bedroom."

'Under the pillow?'

Deirdre fell into a daze and quickly recovered her senses, but she kept feeling numb in her chest.

To think that Brendan actually kept the marriage certificate under the pillow.

Why?

Deirdre was very confused.

When they registered, Deirdre carefully wrapped her marriage certificate with a cloth while Brendan simply threw his on the coffee table in the dining room and sneered so much that he didn't even feel like taking a second look.

He had been tolerating the marriage from the start. The marriage certificate was just a tool to divorce one day, so it stood to reason that Brendan should have put it away in an inconspicuous area.

Sam didn't look surprised by the answer at all. He went toward the mansion after closing the car's door.

Deirdre breathed heavily. Brendan said coldly from behind when she wanted to say something, "Don't misunderstand me."

His tone was indifferent. "I didn't mean anything to put the marriage certificate under the pillow. It was just in preparation for divorcing you. I rummaged it out of the drawer and put it under the pillow when I returned here last time so that it would be easier for me to retrieve it later on."

Deirdre managed to calm down quickly upon hearing the answer because it was logical enough.

'Yes." She nodded.

Brendan didn't speak anymore. Instead, he wound down the window, took a cigarette out of the packet, and lit it up.

There was no smell of smoke in the car, but Deirdre still heard the sound of the lighter. She had a quick frown and advised, "Aren't you coughing? If you are, it's better that you don't smoke."

Brendan was taking the cigarette butt to his mouth. When he heard Deirdre, he halted for a moment before he continued his action to sandwich the cigarette butt between his lips.

Following that, he replied coldly, "Aren't you disregarding my life? As long as my illness is not serious enough to affect the divorce, you won't care, will you? Don't worry. I won't die yet."

Brendan sounded like he was choked up with emotions. This made Deirdre's face turn rather white, but she insisted, "Of course, I know that you won't die yet. But because you

are ill, it's better that you don't smoke."

"Caring about me?" retorted Brendan.

After a long pause, he jeered. "Deirdre, I know exactly what you are thinking. So, don't show concern for me hypocritically. If you really cared about me, would you leave without

looking back when I was seriously ill?

Would you not even visit me in the hospital?"

Deirdre breathing became disorderly.

Brendan stubbed out the cigarette and said, "Forget it. I can understand that you are ignoring me because you hate me. Provided you don't act hypocritically again, it has nothing to do with you, even if I die."

Deirdre's brows trembled before she opened her eyes and said, "I didn't."

Brendan took a glance at Deirdre. "Didn't what?"

"I didn't act hypocritically. I truly care about you!"

Brendan fell into a short daze before he realized what Deirdre meant." Deirdre, are you afraid that I'll regret it? Even if you are, you shouldn't use this method. I'll divorce you anyway."

"No." Deirdre smiled wryly. "How would you regret it when you have been waiting to divorce me for as long as six years?"