

Resent Reject Regret by Aqua Summers

Chapter 686-700

Chapter 686 Brendan Is in That Private Room

"Deirdre? What's wrong? They've finished cleaning the room. Let's go in," said Glenna. Deirdre came back to her senses, but her pupils were slightly constricted.

She would rather believe that her ears were playing a trick on her. After all, there were many people here, so there was a high chance that she might have misheard. Besides, there was also a possibility that she was being paranoid and sensitive.

Other than these two reasons, she could not find any other excuses to explain why she would hear Charlene's voice here.

"Deirdre?"

"I'm sorry." Deirdre forced herself to smile. She did not want to spoil their fun, so she said, "I was thinking about something just now. Let's go in."

Glenna frowned worriedly and patted her shoulder, "You're thinking about that thing again? It's all in the past. You should stop thinking about it."

"Okay."

After that, Deirdre followed Glenna into the private room.

Glenna was surprised by the decoration in the private room and exclaimed, "New restaurants are really different. It seems to me that they've put a lot of effort into the decoration. All of the decorations are inspired by Begonia. I heard that the room next door is called the Peach Blossom Room. Could it be that the entire room is designed with peach blossom-inspired decorations?"

"You didn't see it just now? I took a peek when someone opened the door to the private room next door. I saw that even the wallpapers are peach blossoms."

"Wow, I'm sure that must be very beautiful. If the food here is good, we should come again and get another private room next time."

While both of them chatted, Deirdre memorized the name of the private room next door. Just when she was thinking about how she should find out who was inside the private room, she suddenly came back to her senses in the next second.

'What am I doing? Didn't I already make up my mind? Didn't I already decide to move on? We'll be leaving this place once Kyran finishes his work, so why... Could it be that I still can't forget about Brendan? That's why I want to know if he's inside the private room or not?'

"Deidre, is there anything you want to eat? Here's the menu. I can read it for you if you want."

"It's not necessary," Deirdre smiled after calming herself down. "I'm good with anything. You guys can go ahead and order anything you want."

'What about the flavor? Do you like spicy food?'

"I'll be very happy if it can be less spicy."

"Alright!"

Glenna circled a few dishes for Deirdre before turning around to discuss with Elyne and Whelan. After making up their minds, they found that the waiter hadn't returned yet.

‘What’s wrong? Is the waiter not going to take our order?’

Elyne supported her face with her hands and said, “Maybe there are too many customers and they’re too busy?”

Suddenly, Deirdre stood up. “I’ll go look for the waiter and pass him our order.”

Elyne was dumbfounded for a moment. She stood up as well and said, “We can’t let you do that for us. Let me do it. I’ll pass our order to the waiter.”

This was Deirdre’s chance to get close to the reception desk, so she said with a smile, “I’m going to the restroom anyway, so I’ll drop by the reception desk and pass our order to the waiter. You don’t have to worry about me. I can see a bit with my eyes, so I’ll be alright.”

Glenna chimed in and said, “You should let her go, Elyne. Although she’s blind, she’s more capable than all of us. I can guarantee that you can’t cook half as well as she does.”

“Seriously?” Elyne was amazed, “Not only are you beautiful, but you’re so hardworking too? What a shame for us company slaves!”

Deirdre chuckled. After she left the private room, she took a deep breath to calm herself down and walked down the stairs.

She handed their order to the receptionist and said, “Hi, I’m from the Begonia Room.

We’re ready to order, but the waiter is probably too busy to come and get our order, so I brought it over myself.”

The receptionist apologized to her and said, “I’m so sorry about that! The guests in the other private room ordered a lot of food all of a sudden, and there are too many customers in the restaurant. I guess that’s why the waiter forgot to come and take your order.”

‘That’s okay,’ said Deirdre. She did not leave after handing the menu back to the receptionist. Instead, she continued and asked, “Is that private room called the Peach Blossom Room?”

Chapter 687 He Mustn’t Know That I’m Here

‘Yeah. How did you know about that?’

“I know the customers inside that private room. She likes to order a lot of food. It’s just that...” Deirdre came to an abrupt stop before finishing her sentence.

“It’s just what?”

“She doesn’t have much money and likes to puff herself up to the cost.

When she was in Neve, she always ran away before paying when those new restaurants

weren’t paying attention to her. I didn’t expect she’d come here now, and I’m pretty sure that she’ll do the same this time.”

The receptionist did not say anything after Deirdre finished speaking, so she added, “If you don’t believe me, you can go around and ask about it yourself. That woman’s name

is Charlene McKinney.”

‘That is not necessary.’ The receptionist smiled. ‘Thank you for your advice, Miss, but don’t worry. That woman won’t do that this time.’

‘Why are you so sure of that?’ asked Deirdre.

“It’s because Mr. Brendan Brighthall has booked that private room.”

Deirdre froze for a moment. Her fingertips were trembling when she came around to her senses. However, she did not feel too surprised as she had expected something like this.

The receptionist continued excitedly. "If you're from Neve, I'm sure you know who Brendan is, isn't it? He's rich, and since she's his partner, I doubt she'll run away from the bills this time."

"Really?" Deirdre tried to calm herself down. "It seems that I was overworried. Since you're busy, I won't bother you anymore. I'm going back up now."

"Okay. Please watch your steps when you're on your way back."

Deirdre turned around, and perhaps because she still hadn't come around to her senses yet, she missed a step on the stairway, and her body leaned forward.

Just when she thought she was about to fall down, a pair of large hands appeared out of

nowhere and grabbed her.

"Miss McKinnon."

Deirdre raised her head to look at Whelan. "Mr. McKinnon?"

"Are you alright?" asked Whelan, his voice thick with worry, "You look pale. Are you not feeling well? Luckily, I came out to look for you. If not, you would have fallen and hurt yourself."

"Thank you," replied Deirdre.

Whelan was right. She would have certainly fallen and hurt herself if it weren't for him.

After that, she shook her head and continued. "I'm alright. I was just distracted by something else."

"You should be more careful next time. Have you handed our order to the receptionist?"

"Yeah."

"Alright then. Come, let me help you go up."

Just when Deirdre was about to nod, a series of footsteps rang out behind her, and the receptionist's excited and high-pitched voice wafted into her ears. "Mr. Brighthall, you're here!"

"Yeah," the man replied apathetically, his voice cold.

Deirdre felt a chill down her spine, and she grabbed at Whelan's arm. There was only one thought in her head right now.

She mustn't let Brendan know that she was there!

She was no longer angry with Brendan, nor did she have the courage to confront him about why he did not keep his word. It only took him a single word to drag her from heaven to hell.

After living with him in peace for some days, she had almost forgotten that this man was a demon!

"Miss McKinnon?" Whelan felt Deirdre's fear and asked in confusion, "What happened?"

However, Deirdre could not say anything right now. The heavy footsteps were getting closer and closer, and she desperately tried to squeeze her body toward Whelan, using his tall stature to shield her.

She just hoped that Brendan wouldn't see her.

Whelan's face turned red with embarrassment. Even though he was pleased with Deirdre's action, he did not move closer to her and just allowed her to lean on him.

Chapter 688 Who's He?

30 feet... 15 feet... 7 feet...

Deirdre's heart was hammering rapidly inside her chest as her fingertips went cold.

Then, with a stomp, the man's feet landed on the staircase.

At that moment, Deirdre's heart skipped a beat as well.

Both of them were right above the stairs while Brendan was behind them.

Brendan continued to climb the stairs, and apparently, he did not notice them. Soon, he arrived next to them in a few steps, and his body scent tickled Deirdre's nostrils.

Just when Deirdre thought something was about to happen, he walked straight past them and headed up to a higher floor.

'He didn't notice me?'

When the thought surfaced in Deirdre's brain, she felt as if all her energy had left her body. She let go of Whelan and found that her back was wet with sweat.

"Miss McKinnon, can you tell me what happened?" Whelan asked, "Are you alright?"

Even though he tried to keep his voice low, Brendan still heard his voice and stopped in his tracks.

Deirdre's face turned ashen pale as Brendan turned around.

He saw the figure in the man's arms, and the jacket the figure was wearing was familiar to him. It was exactly the same jacket that he had personally chosen not long ago when Deirdre accompanied him on his shopping trip.

His pupils constricted as he was overwhelmed with rage. At that moment, he just wanted

to go forward and punch the man's face.

However, he soon calmed himself down. After all, Deirdre would never allow another man to get so close to her.

Maybe someone else had the same jacket? Or maybe...

Brendan tried to convince himself that the figure in the man's arms in front of him was not Deirdre, but he found it impossible. He could not calm himself down anymore, so he took a deep breath and walked toward them slowly.

Deirdre's back was filled with sweat.

She grabbed at Whelan's arm and pleaded, "Let's go. Bring me out of here

Even though Whelan was still shrouded in confusion, he decided to do as Deirdre said and went down the stairs with her.

Just when they were about to reach the lower floor, a voice erupted behind them.

"Stop!"

Whelan raised his head. What appeared in his vision was a finely sculptured face. It wouldn't even be far-fetched to say that he was a masterpiece of God, and even as a man, he was enthralled by his gorgeous face.

The only thing that made him uncomfortable was the man's oppressive aura and his piercing gaze. It seemed to Whelan that he was angry right now, and he was the cause of Brendan's anger.

Whelan did not want to make himself look weak in front of a woman he liked, so he raised his voice and protected Deirdre behind him. "Is there anything we can help you with?"

Brendan frowned at his action. He walked down the stairs step by step and fixed his

gaze on Deirdre.

Deirdre could feel Brendan's searing gaze. She felt suffocated, and just when she turned

around to run away from him, Brendan finally saw her face clearly. Rage exploded in him

as he grabbed Deirdre's arm. "Deirdre!"

He held her so tightly that Deirdre winced in pain. Whelan hastily pushed Brendan away and shouted, "What are you doing? Can't you see that you're hurting Miss McKinnon?" 'Miss McKinnon?'

Brendan's anger abated a little when he heard how Whelan addressed Deirdre.

However, he still felt as if there was a blade stabbing at his heart when he remembered how Deirdre leaned on Whelan's chest.

"Deirdre, tell me honestly, who is this guy?"

Deirdre knew that she could not run away from him now, so she bit the bullet and lifted her head. Her eyes were bloodshot as she replied, "Does it matter to you who he is?"

After that, she continued coldly. "Mr. Brighthall, Charlene is waiting for you right now. I suggest you don't make her wait for you for too long."

Brendan's face turned pale. He took a deep breath and clutched tightly at Deirdre's arm. In the next second, he dragged her toward the entrance of the restaurant. "You're coming back with me now!"

Deirdre struggled with all her might to break herself free from him. She was filled with so much rage that she could barely speak now.

She did not understand why he had the audacity to ask her to go back with such an attitude. Just who did he think he was!?

Chapter 689 Can You Be More Heartless?

"Brendan, do you want me to remind you again? We're no longer husband and wife. I can go wherever I want. You have no right to control me!"

"I have no right?" Brendan was so infuriated that he felt a throbbing pain in his temples.

"What about your boyfriend? Does your boyfriend allow you to hug another man?"

Deirdre, have you no shame?"

'Have I no shame?'

Deirdre sneered coldly.

She might feel a bit embarrassed if other people said something like this to her, but what

made Brendan think he could judge her like this? The only person in this world who did not have the right to say that she was shameless was him.

"Even if I'm shameless, at least I know that we need to keep our promise. What about you, Mr. Brighthall?" Deirdre said through gritted teeth. She forced down her anger and scoffed mockingly. "How much truth is there in what you say?"

Brendan parted his lips. There were a lot of things he wanted to say, but he swallowed them back into his stomach pit. In the end, he just said, "I know what you're trying to say,

but I promise you that Charlene won't hurt you anymore!"

Deirdre's eyes turned red around the rims, and her entire body was shaking as she

laughed.

She had been waiting for a long time to bring Charlene to justice, but in the end, Brendan just told her that Charlene would not hurt her anymore.

Of course, Charlene would not hurt her anymore. This was because no matter how ruthless Charlene was, Brendan was even more ruthless than her.

He was the main source of all her pain. He had driven her to the verge of insanity. The pain that she suffered afterward was nothing compared to the pain that Brendan caused her.

"Brendan... I keep on thinking that after all the disgusting things you've done, can you get any more ruthless and drive me even closer to despair?" Deirdre clenched her fists tightly and grinned bitterly. "Apparently, you never let me down in this matter."

Brendan closed his eyes and breathed hard to get rid of the pain that was torturing him. He avoided her question and said, "It's time for you to go back today."

Before Deirdre could say anything, he added, "It's okay if you don't want to come back with me, but I can assure you that your friend here will have to go back even if he doesn't want to."

'Is he threatening me?'

When the thought surfaced in Deirdre's head, her eyes widened as she shouted, "What are you going to do again?"

"I'm sure you know more than I do about what I want to do. After all, we've slept on the same bed for two years. You should know more about me than anyone else," Brendan said coldly.

'You're a monster...' Deirdre's eyes turned bloodshot. She did not expect Brendan to be so shameless.

At that moment, the door to the private room on the second floor opened up.

Charlene had long heard the commotion outside. It was just that the noise was so loud that she didn't hear who it was. Right now, she just happened to come out to call Brendan, but she never imagined that the man she was waiting for had already arrived. Not only that, but he was also arguing with his ex-wife right now.

Charlene did not get angry. Instead, she was happy when she saw Deirdre. After all, she

had long wanted to look for Deirdre.

"Miss McKinnon? What a small world. I didn't expect to run into you here. I'm sure that this must be the doing of God," Charlene said as she walked down the stairs. Even though there were two black circles around her eyes, her cheeks were ruddy.

She walked up to Brendan with a smile on her face and said with her mouth pouted, "Why didn't you tell me that you're already here?"

Brendan's face turned pale as he stared fixedly at Charlene.

Charlene blinked her eyes and coiled her arm around his affectionately. Since fate has brought all of us together, why don't you come with Brendan and me? After all, we're friends, and I'm sure we have a lot of things to catch up to."

"Friend that almost got sent to prison?" Deirdre sneered coldly. Her heart was filled with disappointment as she watched the two clinging figures in front of her.

Chapter 690 Deirdre Is His Bottom Line

The smile on Charlene's face melted away, but she still kept her composure. "It's all

thanks to you, Miss McKinnon. If you hadn't kept Brendan company when I was away, he wouldn't have missed me so much and wouldn't have thought of taking me out of jail. It seems that you can never shake off the fact that you're my substitute, Miss McKinnon."

When Brendan heard what Charlene said, he frowned slightly and glared at her threateningly. However, Charlene ignored him. She knew his secret, so she was not afraid of him now.

After that, she turned around and asked Brendan in a sweet voice, "Am I right, Brendan?"

Her face was filled with a smile as she waited for Brendan's answer.

Brendan closed his eyes. After a few seconds, he opened them again and said, "Yes."

Deirdre's heart skipped a beat as a chill crept down her spine upon hearing Brendan's answer. She had gone through so much disappointment that she became numb to it. She said calmly, "I'm totally speechless, Miss McKinney. You really are the most naive woman I've ever met.

'The fact that Brendan can get you out of jail just because he misses you means that he can leave you without any hesitation when he doesn't love you anymore. If I were you, I wouldn't wipe up that smug smile on my face and show it off in front of his ex-wife. I would be doing all I could to keep him by my side. After all, no matter how happy you are, everything you have right now won't last long. You can't even tell if Brendan really loves you or not."

Deirdre's words felt like blades that stuck into Charlene's heart. Putting a fake smile on her face, she said, "Do I need to prove if Brendan loves me or not? Can you and Brendan love each other as much as we do right now?"

"No, we can't," Deirdre replied honestly. 'That's because I'm not someone who would use something that other people have used before."

Brendan's face sank. Charlene was waiting for him to get angry, but unfortunately, she was disappointed.

At that moment, she finally could not keep her composure anymore. It was because she did not expect Brendan to be so tolerant of Deirdre.

"Well, I hope that you can keep the positivity going and won't feel regret in the near future."

After that, Deirdre turned her head around. "Mr. McKinnon."

It was only then Whelan snapped himself out of his trance. He came over to Deirdre and replied, "Yes?"

"Let's get out of here."

She wanted to get out of here right now.

Whelan did not say anything anymore and brought Deirdre out of the restaurant.

Charlene did not stop them either. After Deirdre had gone out of the restaurant, she said,

'That man seems to be on rather good terms with Miss McKinnon. Brendan, it seems like

you didn't fully gain her heart even though you approached her with another identity."

Brendan remained silent. Suddenly, he grabbed her arm and dragged her into the

private
room.

"Brendan! You're hurting me!" After arriving at the private room, Charlene shook herself free from Brendan's grip. She felt so much pain, as if the bones in her arm were broken. Just when she was about to complain to Brendan, a hand appeared and grabbed her by her neck.

Chapter 691 Stay and Keep Me Company

Charlene's eyes were bloodshot, and she said in a grievous tone, "Brendan, I'm supposed to be the one you love! What have I done wrong? Why are you treating me like this!"

Brendan expressed his disgust. "Shut up! I considered myself blinded in the past. You're

no longer the kind Charlene who risked your life to save me, and I won't trust you anymore!" 1

Had he not been blinded by love in the past, Deirdre would not have had to endure hardships in prison, and she would not... She would not loathe him so much that he would need to assume a different identity to be with her.

Charlene went from being hopeless to calm. She wiped away her tears and said, "However, you have no choice but to be with me to acquire the information for Deirdre,

no matter how much you hate me."

She cracked a smile. "As long as you're willing to be with me, we will spend more time with each other. I assure you I'll make you fall in love with me once again."

"I don't know how you can be so confident to think I'd fall in love with a malicious woman

like you." Brendan could not be bothered to take an extra glance at her. He opened the door in preparation to leave.

Charlene immediately roared, "Where are you going!?"

Soon afterward, she bit her lower lip and feigned her grievance. "You're going to see Deirdre and comfort her, aren't you? I won't allow that, Brendan. I won't allow that!

You're

only allowed to stay and keep me company today."

Brendan furrowed his eyebrows and expressed his disgust.

Charlene turned a blind eye to his reaction. On the contrary, she cracked a gentle smile.

"I know that you'll make the choice for Deirdre."

After leaving the restaurant, Deirdre calmed down when she felt the intense cold wind.

She stood at the intersection and felt an ineffable feeling spreading over his chest.

She found it ridiculous that she would actually feel hurt to be in Brendan's presence when he behaved that way.

Perhaps, she hated her past self more and thought about how she was so blinded by love back then that she would give Brendan the chance to torment her over and over again.

"Miss McKinnon..."

Deirdre was jolted back to reality and realized that Whelan had been standing right next to her all this time.

Deirdre felt guilty upon hearing the concern in his tone.

"I'm sorry, Mr. McKinnon. I didn't expect the event today to transpire in this manner and that you'd be implicated until you had to stand in the cold with me. You should go home."

"How about you then?" Whelan's expression was solemn. He hesitated for a moment before he decided to speak. "That man... is Brendan Brighthall from Neve, right? Miss McKinnon... were you and him... lovers in the past?"

Deirdre smiled bitterly.

'Lovers in the past? I'm just a replacement without any recognition, as always.'

"We were in the past. However, we've already gotten a divorce."

Whelan could not help feeling astonished. He could see Deirdre's charm and knew that Deirdre and he were of different worlds. Yet, he did not expect that they would be separated by such a huge gap between their worlds.

Brendan was a well-known entrepreneur in Neve who was young and capable. Novelxo dot com Brendan was so prestigious that an ordinary man like Whelan could not stand upright in Brendan's presence. How about Deirdre, who had married Brendan then? He felt unwell in his heart and forced a smile while he said, "I didn't expect you to be so...

impressive, Miss McKinnon. You're not only acquainted with Brendan Brighthall, but you were also legally married to him."

Deirdre knew that Whelan had misunderstood, but she could not be bothered to explain. She understood Whelan's thinking to a certain extent but decided that she would take it calmly since he refused to probe more. However, she did not wish for their relationship to

go further than its current state.

"It's possible that I won't be returning to the restaurant anymore, I don't feel like eating. I would like to go home and rest earlier." She raised her head, her hair blowing in the wind, and said in a weary voice, "Mr.

McKinnon, will you please take the trouble to notify Glenna and Ms. Lowe on my behalf?"

Chapter 692 Who Are You?

'Yes, o-of course. That is not an issue, for sure. However, are you sure that you want to go home by yourself? Shall I send you?"

Deirdre shook her head and declined by saying, "I'm fine. I'll just get a cab home and inform Glenna about it later novelxo dot com. If they ask about me, please tell them I'm not feeling well."

Whelan did not comment further because he assumed that Deirdre wanted some quiet time to be alone. "Sure."

"Thank you."

Deirdre hailed a cab, got into the car, and felt an intense feeling of fatigue washing over her until she felt suffocated.

She leaned her head against the window and reached into her pocket without her notice.

She could tell from the dim light of her phone that her phone was still working.

However, she had yet to receive Kyran's call after a long time.

"What time is it, sir?"

The driver answered, "It's almost 9:00 p.m."

'It's so late already? Could it be that Kyran is still driving?'

It was perhaps a good thing, so Deirdre did not ponder further.

Soon, Deirdre unlocked the door of the mansion when she arrived home. She headed to the kitchen in preparation to cook.

She thought about how Kyran would be delighted to find a freshly-cooked meal on the table upon his return.

Deirdre was in a better mood as she thought about this. There was still no commotion from the door when she served a three-course meal on the table.

She wiped her hands and chose to call up Kyran. However, the call was not picked up after two attempts.

Deirdre was stunned for a moment. Then, she called up Declan.

"Do you mean Kyran?" It was apparent that Declan fell silent for a moment on the call.

Deirdre asked during the momentary silence, 'You don't have any update from him either, huh?'

Declan answered, "I'm not working on the Village Alnwick project, but Fionn and Kyran are visiting there. I shall call up Fionn and ask about it later. What's going on? Is Kyran still not home yet?"

'Yes. I can't reach his phone, and he's not back yet.' Deirdre was having a hard time hiding her anxiety. "The road to Village Alnwick is arduous, and I'm worried that..."

"It's going to be fine." Declan comforted her by saying, "It's not raining or snowing now, so the road is not arduous. They're most probably delayed by some issues in Village Alnwick, and Kyran is coincidentally at a spot with bad reception. I shall help you to reach out to the staff members in Village Alnwick."

"Sure." Deirdre took a deep breath and said, "Thank you for taking the trouble to do this."

After hanging up the call, Deirdre did not choose to wait idly and called Kyran's number again.

She was surprised when the call was picked up after a few rings.

Deirdre was delighted. "Kyran! Where are you now? When are you coming back?"

The other end of the call was silent.

Deirdre was stunned for a moment. "Kyran?"

There was still only silence, but a faint breathing sound could be heard. She was certain that the breathing sound was not Kyran's.

Deirdre was riled up. 'Who are you?'

Meanwhile, a male voice was heard coming from a nearby area. "I got you the item.

Where would you want it to be placed?"

The voice sounded slightly distorted in the phone call, and it came from a distance.

However, Deirdre was extremely certain that the person speaking was Kyran!

Why would his phone be in another person's hand? Why would the person who picked up the call not speak? The breathing sounded like a woman's! Why would Kyran allow another woman to touch his phone?

Deirdre's mind was a chaotic mess. She wanted to inquire closely, but the call was hung up.

Brendan looked at Charlene's hands that were tucked behind her and narrowed his eyes. "What are you hiding behind?"

Charlene blinked and feigned her innocence. "What am I hiding behind- Oh!"

Chapter 693 I Would Like to Talk to You for a Moment

Charlene was caught by surprise when a hand clutched her arm and pulled her hands out from behind her forcefully, revealing the phone.

Brendan's pupils constricted abruptly. He snatched the phone from her hand and brought

up the call history to find Deirdre's countless missed calls and the incoming call that had lasted one and a half minutes. His face turned pale instantly.

Charlene tucked a strand of hair behind her ear without a modicum of guilt, and she was even smiling when she said, "Brendan, I feel that it would be best for a man not to be too

crude. What do you think?"

Brendan glared at her. "Have you lost your mind?"

At the thought of how Deirdre could have possibly heard Charlene's voice, he felt an overwhelming feeling in his chest, and he looked like he wanted to murder someone.

Charlene felt lingering fear in her heart from his stare. She said with an innocent expression, "Don't worry, Brendan. She didn't know it was me. I didn't make a sound from the moment I picked up the call. I won't go back on my own word after making a promise to you. I won't ever let Deirdre find out that we're together."

Brendan was disgusted by the woman's accommodating mannerisms, as if she was doing everything for his good.

He cast a cold, warning glance at her before swiftly picking up the car keys on the table and running out the door.

Charlene did not attempt to stop him. Instead, she made her way to the windowsill and watched the man open the door rapidly before starting the car and driving away. The corner of her lips curled into a proud smile.

"Deirdre..." She chanted the name, her eyes glistening with malice. "I won't let myself lose again. Brendan can only be mine. He's mine!"

The car was stopped at the villa's yard. Brendan quickly got out of the car and opened the door with a key.

A dim light was turned on in the living room. The woman was seated on the sofa absentmindedly and kept her arms tightly wrapped around herself because she was cold. Her eyes were staring at the television blankly.

Brendan felt an unbearable, stinging pain in his chest upon witnessing the scene. He gently moved and removed his jacket to drape it over Deirdre's body.

Deirdre was jolted back to reality immediately. Her body moved, and she said, "Is that you, Kyran?"

Brendan answered, "It's me."

Deirdre got up from the sofa and said smilingly, "Why did you come back so suddenly without notifying me in advance? Look, the meal I cooked has gotten cold, and I haven't heated it up for you. Wait for me here while I heat it up."

The woman made her way to the table cautiously with a gentle expression and picked

up

every container of food to the kitchen. Her behavior was so relaxed as if nothing had happened and she had no idea what had transpired.

Yet, Brendan knew Deirdre too well and could see a glimpse of avoidance in her unyielding gaze.

Brendan held her hands when she was transferring the last plate of food.” Deirdre.”

Deirdre shifted her gaze for a brief moment before she asked with a forced smile,

“Hmm? What’s going on?”

Brendan took the plate off her hands and placed it on the table. “I would like to talk to you for a moment.” 1

‘What would you like to talk about?’ Deirdre raised her head. She was mentally prepared

for anything that would come her way regardless novelxo.

Brendan inhaled a deep breath. ‘What did you hear from the call earlier?’

Deirdre’s gaze was melancholic. Soon afterward, she raised her head and said, “I heard you talking.”

‘Then?’

Deirdre’s hands trembled ever so slightly. She did not tell the truth but asked, “What would you like to talk to me about, Kyran? Would you like to tell me about the reason you

didn’t come home late at night or the woman’s identity?”

Brendan’s face turned ghastly pale. She had found out about the woman, just as he had expected. However, he was fortunate that Charlene had not lied to him about Deirdre, not knowing that the woman was Charlene.

Otherwise, Deirdre would have already figured out who he was by associating him with Charlene by now.

Chapter 694 Under Someone’s Spell?

Before Brendan could say anything, Deirdre said smilingly, “Perhaps I might listen to the reason you didn’t come home late at night, but you need not explain about your relationship with the woman.”

Brendan felt his heart racing, and the panic in his speech could not be concealed when he said, “Deirdre?”

‘That is because it’s unnecessary,” Deirdre answered swiftly. Her gaze was gentle as usual when she said, “I trust you, and I trust that your relationship with any other person is pure. I trust that you won’t cheat on me or betray our relationship. Hence, I’m not going

to indulge in wild conjectures, and you don’t need to be anxious about that.” i

Brendan stood in the same spot in a daze. He had never expected the situation to turn out like this. In fact, he remembered feeling an unbearable burning sensation in his chest

when he was driving here.

He was afraid that Deirdre would indulge in wild conjectures, that she would get in a conflict with him and hate him.

Countless possible scenarios went through his mind, but he was only afraid that she

would be utterly disappointed in him and that he would be unable to salvage their relationship. As a result, he found out that she trusted him without any reservation all this while...

It was precisely due to the trust that she would not question him on the woman's identity with tears running down her face or become hysterical. On the contrary, she cared even more about him not having warm food served to him after coming home late.

Brendan hugged her in his arms tightly in a state of emotional turmoil. He was so overwhelmed that he could not help feeling like crying despite being a man.

"Deirdre, how have I ever deserved such love..."

He was supposed to be guilty of a crime for which even death was not enough for him to

atone, and he deserved to live the rest of his life in pain and agony. He did not have the right and did not deserve her most sublime love.

It was his selfishness and desire to possess her that resulted in the current situation, yet she trusted him wholeheartedly.

Deirdre felt something warm spreading on her shoulder, and she could not refrain from asking, "Are you crying, Kyran?"

"No."

She smiled, raised her head, and said, "It's me who should say, 'How have I ever deserved such love'. My world was all dark initially with my mother's passing while I was hurt by the person I deeply loved. I lost the will to live, and it was you who saved me.

You

made me gradually learn to live for myself, and it's my honor to meet you."

Brendan felt an ineffable feeling in his heart, and he could only hug Deirdre tightly.

Deirdre could not stand it anymore after he was done having dinner and dozed off with her head leaning on his shoulder.

With gentle movements, Brendan sent her back to the room and covered a blanket over her cautiously. He could not bear to part with her and sat by her bedside to watch her calm, sleeping state.

She would always completely let down her guard when she was with him, making him feel wholeheartedly loved. On the other hand, Brendan did not know how long he could last in this love.

He leaned over slowly and planted a kiss on the woman's lips in the end before getting up and leaving.

When he shut the door, his phone rang. He pulled out his phone and checked the caller ID before picking up the call.

Declan said, "You're finally picking up your phone. I was under the assumption that you don't want to be my friend anymore."

Declan had made a few calls to him when Brendan was driving there. He did not have time to pick up Declan's calls because he was fixated on novelxo dot com thinking about

Deirdre at home, fearing that she would do something foolish.

"I'm sorry."

"Sorry?" Declan kept quiet for a moment before he stopped joking around." What's going

on with you? Are you under someone's spell or something?"

"Sort of."

It had been a long time since he had heard Brendan being so depressed.

The only time Brendan behaved this way was when Deirdre went missing after drowning

in the sea. He had been so depressed that he refused to take care of his health.

However, Deirdre was with him, and they would travel afar in one month. Why would Brendan still be depressed now?

Chapter 695 His Scent

Declan was receptive enough to notice that something was off. He asked with furrowed eyebrows, "What is going on?"

Brendan placed his phone on the table and lit a cigarette. He narrowed his eyes and looked into the dark night and plants blowing in the wind outside the window, surrounded

by smoke. His heart, which was boiling over with pain, only calmed down gradually at this very moment.

"I bailed out Charlene."

Declan did not pay much attention to the case because he had more important tasks to attend to. He was surprised when he heard that.

"What happened?"

He could not help feeling that Brendan had lost his mind. He furrowed his eyebrows and speculated, saying, 'Were you threatened?'

Sooner or later, Charlene would discover that Kyran was Brendan. It would be inevitable for her to want to take Brendan down with her when she found out about the situation and threatened Brendan with this.

Declan found it strange because how could Brendan be threatened if he were to migrate to Germia with Deirdre now? After all, Charlene would not have the opportunity to interact with Deirdre.

A trivial idea emerged in his mind without his notice.

Declan said in all apparent seriousness, "Tell me the truth, Brendan. What is she using to threaten you?"

Brendan's dark eyes were overwhelmed with emotions when he heard the remark. His dark eyes glistened as he stared into the night, making him appear lonelier as he was surrounded by smoke.

Brendan was about to speak when he suddenly heard a commotion from Deirdre's room.

Brendan responded by hanging up the phone and walking to her room.

After turning on the light, he found Deirdre already lying on the ground. Her hair was messy, and she was breathing heavily.

Brendan's gaze was filled with concern that he could not hide when he stepped forward to help her to her feet. 'What happened, Deirdre? Did you have a nightmare again?'

Deirdre breathed deeply repeatedly, yet she could not stop her body from shaking. She clutched Brendan's collar and leaned on his chest. She nodded when she calmed down and said, "Hmm, I had a nightmare."

Brendan caressed her hair gently. "It's alright. Those are all just dreams. I'll be here with you always and won't let anyone hurt you."

Deirdre calmed down completely.

Brendan said, "Let me help you get to bed."

He exerted some strength in his arms to help her get into the bed and lie down. Just as he was preparing to leave, Deirdre suddenly clutched his hand tightly.

Brendan was stunned. "What's going on?"

Deirdre had difficulty finding words, and Brendan was slow to understand the situation. "Are you scared?"

Meanwhile, Deirdre could not care about being embarrassed anymore. She said in a muffled voice, "Kyran, since you're going to sleep in your room, you can sleep just as well in this room anyway. Will you... stay?"

Her mind was only set at ease when Kyran was with her.

Brendan's gaze turned extremely gentle. He kissed Deirdre's forehead and said, "Sure."

He chuckled and said, "However, I haven't changed into fresh clothes today, so I might smell of cigarettes."

Deirdre's face blushed. "It's fine."

Brendan removed his jacket with a smile and lay next to Deirdre. He cuddled her gently in his arms. Deirdre could not help shivering when she felt his strong, thick arms slide down the skin on her waist.

Her body was curled up, and her pupils glistened in the dark. She felt rather troubled.

On the other hand, Brendan pulled up the blanket next to her feet.

"Don't worry. You're unwell today, so we're just going to cuddle to sleep and novelxo dot com nothing else."

The man's voice gave her a sense of security. She felt relieved and slightly embarrassed. She could not help smelling Brendan's scent when she leaned her head on his chest.

His body emitted an ineffable scent-she seemed to remember smelling this scent somewhere before.

Chapter 696 Lend Me a Woman First

Deirdre raised her head, trying to remember, but she could not.

"What's going on?" The man leaned closer and kissed the side of her lips. He teased her

on purpose by saying, "Or have I misunderstood your intention that you want to do something else before you sleep?"

Deirdre immediately lowered her head in embarrassment while Brendan chuckled and cuddled her. "Go to sleep."

"Hmm."

Initially, she did not feel very drowsy anymore, yet she could not help feeling drowsy in the safety of Kyran's company and fell asleep slowly.

Brendan made breakfast the next morning and waited for Deirdre to eat after she woke up. Then, he left driving, with Deirdre gazing after his departure.

"What!? You're saying that they look like they have a good relationship and that they don't quarrel? How can that be possible?" Charlene's expression was unpleasant, and

she pulled back her hand that was being manicured. She made her way to the side and said, "Are you sure that you haven't seen it wrongly?"

The party on the other end of the call said, "No. Deirdre walked Brendan to the door personally. Moreover..."

"Moreover, what?"

"Moreover, Brendan kissed Deirdre, and she appeared to be very shy. They looked like they had a close relationship and not like someone who just had a fight."

Charlene clutched the door handle with her hand to suppress her anger and sneered.

"I've underestimated Deirdre's magnanimity. I was under the assumption that she was incapable of tolerating deceptions. It seems that she doesn't have many limits anyway."

"So, is there anything else that you need us to do, Miss McKinney? Should we continue to keep watch on her or what?"

"You may leave. Brendan will notice if we make it too obvious. I'll make arrangements with you if anything else comes up."

After hanging up the call, Charlene's mood was substantially ruined in an instant.

She had not stopped Brendan from leaving because she wanted to make him seem guilty for returning home in a rush at the time.

She knew how a woman felt, and she was convinced that Deirdre would be able to sense that something was off.

On the other hand, she could only facilitate the downfall of a couple's relationship if there

was already a conflict. If that were the case, the couple would part ways sooner or later.

Still, she did not expect Deirdre would actually be so capable of putting up.

Naturally, Charlene was displeased that her plan had gone to waste. She narrowed her eyes to think and suddenly remembered something. She made a call to someone.

"What are you doing now?"

Mitch sat casually with his legs crossed. "I'm immersing myself in the company of gentle women, of course. When are you going to pay me the 450,000 dollars you promised me?"

"Why are you in such a rush?" Charlene gnashed her teeth and said, "Lend me a woman first."

"Ah?" Mitch sat upright and said sarcastically, "Since when have you had a change of appetite, Miss Charlene McKinney?"

"I don't have the time to engage in your disgusting jokes!" Charlene's expression was somber. "Get me a woman with a clever mouth and capable of putting on an act. Then, hand her the phone."

Deirdre cleaned up the living room once again because she was free.

She brought a pail of warm water with her and was halfway wiping down the table when the doorbell rang.

Deirdre raised her head. She could not figure out who would come at this time. She walked over and opened the door to find a woman standing outside. Judging by her outline, the woman had a great figure.

"You are-" Before she could ask, the woman shoved Deirdre away and walked into the house spontaneously. She sized up the house while walking into it, her expression tainted with contempt.

"Kyran is making you stay in this dilapidated house? It seems that he isn't treating you well."

Deirdre was caught off guard when the woman shoved her, yet she entered the house rudely and started criticizing the house. Deirdre was displeased and asked with a frown, "May I inquire who you are?"

Chapter 697 I'm Already Pregnant With His Baby

"Who am I?" The woman could not help laughing aloud. "Can't you recognize me?"

She reminded Deirdre by saying, "I picked up your call kindly yesterday night."

Deirdre's expression changed upon recalling that.

The woman's red lips curled into a smirk. "It seems that you haven't forgotten all about me. I thought Kyran might have cast a spell on you, so you forgot everything from yesterday. As it turns out, you're just keeping up a front and still thinking about it constantly."

Deirdre folded the rag and placed it properly with a cold expression. She asked, "What are you doing here?"

The woman tilted her chin in a flaunting manner. "My goal of visiting here is very simple. You still don't have awareness after my action yesterday. I have to pay you a visit in person to get rid of you for the future of Kyran and me. If you have some sense of propriety, you should leave Kyran as soon as possible! Stop being shameless."

"Shameless..." Deirdre chanted the word and found it ridiculous. "Uh..."

Miss? How may I address you?"

The woman furrowed her eyebrows. "Why are you asking this?"

"I'm only curious about the name of an irrational woman." Deirdre smiled nonchalantly and said, "You accused me of being shameless. However, if I'm not mistaken, I come first between the both of us. If you do have a relationship with Kyran, as you've mentioned, you're the mistress. I wonder who's more shameless between the two of us?"

"You!" The woman's face turned pale, but she sneered and said, "So what? There's no sequence in a relationship. Moreover, you and Kyran are not married, while I'm already pregnant with his baby."

Deirdre's gaze shook abruptly. "Baby?"

Noticing Deirdre's unusual reaction, the woman flaunted proudly by saying, "Yes, a baby."

Kyran kept me company yesterday because I'm pregnant. He wants to take care of me but is a man of strong morality. In addition, you are blind and have a fragile mind, so he can't bring himself to come clean to you."

Deirdre stood on the same spot calmly, only that her fists were tightening ever so slightly.

The woman took one step closer to Deirdre. "However, I think it is better for you not to be

so shameless, Miss McKinnon. Kyran doesn't mind that you're blind and has been taking

care of you for a long time. Can't you choose to back out and let go for his future and the

future of his child?

Don't make things difficult for him because he has already fulfilled his duty to you perfectly."

The woman finished her remark concisely and waited for Deirdre to perhaps have a mental breakdown or shed some tears. Unexpectedly, Deirdre was calm.

"Are you done?" When the woman had no more follow-up remarks, Deirdre said, "It's time to leave after you're done talking."

"How can you be so shameless?" The woman was in disbelief.

"I've already made myself clear, but you're still unbothered. It seems that you're nothing more than just words! You're not even capable of leaving without making a scene!"

Her voice died away, and a crack was heard when the door was opened.

Deirdre said coldly, "Miss, I've already reminded you many times that you should leave. Your absurd lie will be exposed if you still don't leave."

The woman raised her head abruptly. Kyran walked into the house with a mist-stained coat and a small number of white ice crystals on his hair. His facial features were cold, and he was flawlessly handsome. His eyes were glistening with coldness from the moment he saw the woman.

Chapter 698 Your Death Will Not Be Mourned

"Who are you?"

The man's tone was icy cold, and he exuded an oppressive coldness from his body. He shielded Deirdre behind her and looked at the woman with a gaze sharp as a knife that could cut through a person's throat.

"Who sent you here?"

The woman felt suffocated, and her knees turned to jelly from being stared at.

She found that Mitch was already an imposing man, followed by a bunch of subordinates

to do his dirty work. Mitch was extremely overbearing, but he was a weakling in comparison to the man before her.

"I..." The woman could not help speaking with a shaky voice. She gnashed her teeth ferociously in an attempt to continue speaking, but she was already so terrified that she was rendered speechless.

Kyran narrowed his eyes, pulled out his phone, and dialed a number. "Hello, I would like to report a case. The location is No. 106 Peak Residence, and someone has broken and

entered a private residence with the intention of theft. Please come."

Soon, the police came and detained the woman.

Kyran's gaze was still cold as he hugged Deirdre and asked, "Why did that woman come here?"

Deirdre's expression was overwhelmed with emotions. She did not divulge the truth but said, "I'm not too sure either. She didn't say much after she came, and then you got home"

Kyran caressed her hair. "Don't open the door for strangers so easily next time."

"Hmm, sure." Deirdre forced a smile. "I've already prepared the item for you. Is that the

document on the table? You can take it.”

Kyran picked up the document and said, “I’ll be back tonight.”

“Sure.”

Deirdre gazed after Kyran’s departing figure. Her forced smile vanished, and her expression turned disordered.

After leaving, Brendan turned his car around and drove to a villa in the city center. He parked the car and got into the house without anyone stopping him. Brendan walked upstairs and found Charlene standing on the balcony in the cold wind, wearing a nightgown.

Before she could speak, Brendan walked forward in rage, clutched her slim throat, and pinned her upper body against the outside of the balcony.

Charlene screamed in fear from the sudden feeling of falling. She grabbed Brendan’s arms frantically, and the dizziness from being at a high spot made her shiver and nauseous.

“Don’t! Brendan!” She was so startled that she teared up.

Brendan looked at the panic-stricken and fearful Charlene coldly, his face filled with disgust. “Have I not taught you plenty of lessons, Charlene? Are you trying to get yourself killed?”

His grip over her that was loosening, and the fear of height made Charlene almost lose consciousness. She exhausted her last ounce of strength to show a photo to Brendan. Brendan’s pupils constricted abruptly when he saw the photo. He pulled Charlene away from the edge of the balcony and tossed her to the side. Charlene’s lips were ghastly pale from being on the brink of death.

She felt proud of herself for causing Brendan’s emotional episode.

“How is it?” Deirdre held her neck and recovered from the feeling of lingering fear. She watched Brendan staring at the photo before her and sneered. “I didn’t lie to you, did I? Do you still want to kill me? If you kill me, you won’t be getting updates from me anymore!” 1

Brendan was burning with killing intent and clutched the photo in his hand.” Where is the person now?” i

Charlene turned around to face the mirror and examined the red marks on her neck from

the choking. She did not answer the question but said in grief, “Brendan, I’m still the woman that you used to love regardless. How could you be so cruel to me? Do you know that I almost died?”

Brendan expressed his disgust upon hearing that. “Charlene, I’ve already told you not to challenge my limits anymore. You promised me that you wouldn’t let Deirdre discover the

truth, yet you repeatedly keep going back on your own word. This is a warning. If you do it again, your death will not be mourned!”

Chapter 699 Is She So Important?

“However, will you still find out what you want if I die?” Charlene burst out laughing profusely. Noticing that Brendan was frowning and quiet, she leaned closer to him coquettishly. “I love you so much that I won’t go back on my word. I’ve always kept my

promises to you. Deirdre doesn't know about my existence, and she won't find out who you are."

Brendan found her remark ridiculous and avoided her approaching hand. His gaze was filled with disgust, hatred, and coldness that he did not bother to conceal. "How about that woman today? Don't you dare tell me that she is not a part of your trick."

Charlene admitted to it by saying, "I sent that person indeed."

"So, how dare you claim that you didn't go back on your word?"

"Is that woman related to my promise?" Charlene said boldly and smiled charmingly. However, her gaze was tainted with hatred. "I promised you that I won't let Deirdre find out the truth, but I haven't promised you that I won't do everything in my power to discourage Deirdre. These are two separate matters."

Brendan's gaze was cold. He found it meaningless to debate Charlene's distorted, irrational opinion and wanted to get away from her as soon as possible.

"What do you want in order to provide the information to me then?"

Charlene twirled a strand of hair with her finger. "Brendan, why are you asking me what I

want? My feelings for you have never changed from the past to now. I won't be with anyone else but you—"

"That's enough!" Brendan was disgusted. "Have never changed? You got involved with other men in private and committed all sorts of crimes in my name. Is my love what you want? You just want power and money!"

Charlene did not feel any shame. "Money is everything. Without money and power, what

is the meaning of being alive? In addition, you and money are so closely knitted that you're basically inseparable. It's not a lie to say that I love you."

Brendan sneered. He did not wish to engage in a discussion about life's priorities with her anymore. He said, "If you want money, you can have 20% of the company's shares. If you want power, you can be the second biggest shareholder of the Brighthall Group. I'll

offer these two things in exchange for the information in your possession."

The offer of 20% of the company's shares was already extremely high. Charlene was both astounded and jealous.

"Is Deirdre so important to you? The Brighthall Group is the result of your blood and sweat for more than a decade, yet you're willing to give me 20% of its shares without a fight?"

Brendan's dark eyes were still as he said calmly, "I owe it to her and must make it up to her regardless."

"Owe it to her..." Charlene clenched her fists so tightly that her nails dug into her flesh, but she could not feel any pain. "How about what you owe me then? Brendan, if I hadn't risked my life to save you from the fire back then, you would have already vanished from

this world! I'm your savior, yet this is how you treat me!"

Brendan's gaze was icy cold. It would be fine if she did not bring up this issue, but now that she mentioned it, Brendan felt nothing but guilt and hatred. "I've already treated you with utmost patience and magnanimity.

"If you didn't scheme to ensure that Deirdre was tormented in prison, resulting in the death of her child and causing her blindness and disfigurement, I wouldn't have kept her by my side out of guilt when I met her again. If you hadn't abducted her, I wouldn't have seen your true colors. Initially, I was planning on marrying you, but everything...

Everything that

happened, you brought it upon yourself! As for the favor from the fire..."

A look of confusion flashed past his dark eyes.

Was the cruel, malicious, disgusting woman before him really the pure, kind woman who

would risk her life for him in the past?

Chapter 700 I Want You to Marry Me

Brendan recalled once again and found it strange. Both women had the exact same face, but why were Charlene's eyes glistening with intelligence and scheming?

Was it because she was honored over the years that she became obsessed and incapable of becoming the person she was in the past?

Brendan's mind was a chaotic mess. He stopped himself from continuing to think about it

with great effort. He shut his eyes to calm himself and opened his eyes again. "As for the

favor from the fire, I've already paid it back with eight full years of my life. I saved your life once during that period. A life for a life, so I don't owe you anything anymore."

He owed it to Deirdre, and he would never be able to repay it fully. He hoped that he could make it up to her bit by bit with this.

"I don't agree with that!" Charlene's beautiful face became distorted. "I won't!"

Brendan looked at her coldly. "It's up to you to agree with that, but I get to decide if I'm willing to do it. If you want to be with me and make Deirdre leave, I can tell you that the answer is no!"

The man spoke so resolutely that it made Charlene feel sad and angry. However, she knew how determined Brendan was when he made the remark.

Charlene bit her lower lip and pondered before she said, "I'm not asking you to leave Deirdre, but... you have to marry me! I want you to announce to the world that I, Charlene, am Brendan Brighthall's fiancée. Moreover, you're going to marry me legally!"

Brendan's pupils constricted abruptly. "Don't even think about it!"

"Don't reject me in such a rush." Charlene said casually, "I won't pressure you nor force you. However, the thing that you want will vanish with it similarly."

'You!' Brendan's veins bulged up, and he glared at Charlene as if he was looking at a piece of trash. "Are you threatening me?"

"I'm not threatening you." Charlene was afraid that Brendan would take her down with him as well. After all, Brendan was determined to acquire the information in her possession. "I just want to discuss it with you. Brendan, I've been dating you for a long time, and I need proper recognition.

However, I'm not going to ruin your relationship with Deirdre either. She can still have Kyran with her while I want Brendan to marry me."

Brendan's dark pupils turned still instantly as if he was pondering.

Charlene cracked a proud smile because she knew that Brendan would agree to her request.

Brendan did not refute just as she had expected. He said with cold eyes, 'Do you think that a photo and trivial information is enough to get me to marry you? If you want more, you're going to have to make an offer of equal value. I want a video recording with sound

to ensure the person's identity."

It was not a difficult task for Charlene. She said, "I will give you what you want when you announce to the world that you're marrying me."

Brendan did not speak. Instead, he turned around and left.

Charlene grabbed his hand and said, "Keep me company for a while more, will you? Is there nothing else between us other than a business deal, Brendan? Sit with me on the bed for a while."

Brendan pulled away from her grip coldly and exposed her without showing any courtesy

when he said, "I find it disgusting to touch you!"

After leaving, the sky was dim, as if it would rain heavily soon.

Brendan pulled a photo out of his pocket. He could see the person's face clearly from the

dilapidated environment.

Hence, she was still alive. 1

Brendan felt delighted because he knew that he could still make it up to Deirdre at the very least. Still, he knew even better that he would need to pay a price for dealing with Charlene.

He sat in the car for a while before driving away. By the time he arrived at the mansion's entrance, it was already raining cats and dogs.

The moment Brendan opened the door, Deirdre turned her head away from the balcony and expressed her joy. 'You're home, Kyran!'