

Resent Reject Regret by Aqua Summers

Chapter 801-810

Chapter 801 His Business Trip Was a Lie

Deirdre returned to the living room from the garden and changed the subject, "I'm hungry, Mrs. Engel." "In a minute, sweetie. Your porridge will be ready soon!"

The night, surprisingly, turned out to be a restless one. Then, the next early morning, Deirdre found herself woken up by a shrill commotion with Mrs. Engel's best attempt at consolation thrown in. She rose, put on a coat, and pushed open her door.

The racket became clearer and sharper. It crashed into her ears. "For the last time, where the h*ll is Brendan Brighthall!? Tell him to get down here right now! I am not leaving until everything's even!"

"How could he do this to me? I sacrificed my entire youth, my better years, to the Brighthall Group! I let them drive me like I was a slave! And he's repaying all that devotion by sending me away to some foreign country and forcing my children's schools to expel my kids!?"

"What the f*ck is this!? If he's not going to give me godd*mn explanation, I'm taking this to his old residence!"

The man's eyes were practically spitting fire. His voice was also too loud to ignore. Deirdre descended the stairs and asked, "What's wrong, Mrs. Engel?"

The older woman quickly approached her. "This angry man suddenly barged in and demanded to see Mr. Brighthall. I told him the master of the house isn't at home, but he wouldn't listen..."

Deirdre raised her head. She could only make out a vague, blurry outline of a person's face, but she could tell from the content of his rant that this had something to do with work. "Sir, Mr. Brighthall's not at home. If you have anything meant for him, please wait for him to come back before talking about it. Compared to him, we're not in the position to help."

Mr. Jensen stared at Deirdre, his steam temporarily replaced by confusion. Why did this one act as though she was the mistress of the house? Words were that Brendan was not interested in women except his partner. But should that not be someone else altogether?

He furrowed his brows and snarled, "The h*ll are you supposed to be?" "It doesn't matter," Deirdre replied patiently. "You could be here all day, shouting until your face turns blue, and Brendan still won't show up. If you must shout at him, just do it over the phone or talk to him personally." "As if that's an option! Where the h*ll am I supposed to drag him out to the open?" Mr. Jensen scoffed. "He's not in his office at all today! Nobody knows where the h*ll he went, either. Oh, but I know one thing's for sure. He's trying to cut me off from my rightful influence over the company by exiling me to a foreign country, so he alone can rule the Brighthall Group like a tyrant!"

The corner of Deirdre's lips twitched. "Are you telling me Brendan's scared ... of you? Are you telling me that Brendan Brighthall is hiding from you?"

Mr. Jensen could not give a counterargument, so he bit back with a brusque snarl. "I don't give a sh*t what he's doing. I know he's here, and I'm going to see him. Tell him to show himself now!"

Deirdre stepped aside. "You're welcome to search every room in the house if you don't believe us."

Mr. Jensen knew better than to do that. Gritting his teeth, he growled, "Where is he?" "Out on a business trip." "A business- Oh, shut the h*ll up!" Mr. Jensen snorted. "You actually thought an excuse as sh*tty as this one is going to fool me!"

Deirdre was startled. "W-What?" "Do you know how much cr*p is pending in the company itself? And what? He takes one look at the mountain of work he's supposed to solve and decides to go on a business trip instead? My *ss!" he rebutted. "I'm one of the board of directors, and even I've never heard of any golden-goose project so important that it warrants his personal attendance!"

Mr. Jensen sounded so sure of himself that Deirdre could not help but clench her hands. Was he telling the truth? If Brendan had lied, then where had he gone?

Mr. Jensen probably realized nothing was going to come out of his agitation, so he stormed away after waving a threat about coming back to them tomorrow.

Deirdre was still rooted to her spot after he left. She thought of the man's farewell. Was it all fake?

She was almost amused. She had believed him. God, she had believed his excuse and thought he was on a business trip. But it seemed to her that Brendan had just finally become bored of her now that he had her back in his pet house.

The truth was that he was heading to see Charlene, was it not? It was time to share some nights with the woman he loved instead of wasting his time playing a character with Deirdre.

Mrs. Engel could see the growing dejection on her face and felt a pang. "Miss McKinnon, please. Let's not jump to conclusions, okay? Mr. Brighthall would never lie to you. I bet he really is on a business trip, but he decided not to tell that man for some reason."

Chapter 802 Is He With You?

Deirdre looked up. "But why would he hide it from him? Do you really think Brendan's scared of a guy like that?" "Well..." Mrs. Engel faltered.

Deirdre flashed a smile. "I'm going back to bed."

She turned on her heels and made her way back inside. The reveal did not make her feel anything in particular-instead, it just reminded her how talented Brendan was at acting. She almost bought it and believed that maybe, deep down inside, he did care about her or love her.

Deirdre had only just stepped inside her room when she heard the sound of Mrs. Engel trying to call Brendan's phone.

The call never connected.

Two days passed. One day, Deirdre propped the side of her head with her palm and asked, "So... That Mr. Jensen guy came back?" "Like clockwork, that man. He left after learning Mr. Brighthall was not at home, at least." Mrs. Engel looked unsettled. "I've got a bad feeling about this, Miss McKinnon. He seemed very unstable today. He was still himself two days ago, but today... God, his eyes were beet red. Do you think... Do you think he might have gone crazy?" "If he has, it is still Brendan who made him. It has nothing to do with us," replied Deirdre.

She paused and added, "But we should probably be extra careful for these two days."

Let's not leave the house if we can, and don't ever let him in." "You got it!" Mrs. Engel began cleaning up the dishes from their table. "Mr. Brighthall is coming home today, right? Three days, he said. Today's the day."

Deirdre cast her eyes outside and said nothing.

The man did not appear even as the night had fallen. Unsurprised, Deirdre finished her dinner and went straight to her room to sleep. By this point, the usual discomfort associated with her pregnancy had lessened enough that she could sleep as soon as her head hit the pillow.

Then, in a state of grogginess, she heard the sound of the door opening. A weight began to sink at the edge of her bed.

Deirdre's eyelashes quivered. She could feel the man's eyes beaming down on her and the weight of his body pressing against her before kissing her lips.

The kiss woke her up. She opened her eyes abruptly and sensed the man's body pushing against hers. Her face turned pale. "Brendan?"

The man answered with a selfish kiss.

She hit him on his shoulders as hard as she could. She could not tell which part of it, but the man suddenly curled into himself slightly and groaned.

"Brendan..." Deirdre was startled. Then, she smelled it—the metallic scent of blood.

"Are you hurt?"

Brendan threw his arms around her and pulled her into a cuddle. Shocked, she did not move. The stench of blood filled her nose until it seemed to suffocate her chest.

"Whatever injury you have, Brendan, you should get it dressed. Mrs. Engel's just downstairs, and she'll definitely call the doctor."

Deirdre had skipped asking him what had happened since she was sure the man would never answer her anyway.

"It's not a problem." He finally spoke, his voice strangely husky. He began to sniff her his hunger palpable. "I'll just stay like this for a while."

Deirdre clenched her fists. "You're crushing our child." 1

That did the trick. The man finally rose—and then fell forward, the floor next to her bed breaking his fall.

"Brendan!" Deirdre cried out, her fingers clawing desperately to catch him. The man was already unconscious.

Her mind blanked. She could not help him up alone.

When she heard a racket outside, she was about to put on a coat and called for Mrs. Engel. She stumbled outside just in time for Sam to catch her, who immediately asked, "Is Mr. Brighthall with you?"

Deirdre nodded, and Sam chuckled tiredly. "I knew it."

Deirdre felt a tinge of unexpected panic. Brendan was not acting like himself. "He, uh, fell to the side of the bed."

Sam entered their room hurriedly and turned the light on.

Every part of his body that was covered with bandages was oozing blood. A sickly ashen mien shrouded the man's handsome features like a mourning veil.

Deirdre stood under the door, her fingers clutching her sleeve. "Is he okay?"

Chapter 803 You're Always in His Heart

"He's alright. His wounds just tore a little."

Deirdre felt a pang of guilt. "Sorry, that was me. I didn't know he was hurt when I pushed him." "It's okay. It's got nothing to do with you at all. Even if you didn't push him, his wounds would have been torn open anyway. He had been driving all the way here from Central Hospital."

Deirdre froze. That was half an hour's journey! Had he gone mad?

She pushed away the complicated feelings as they arose and asked, "What's with his injuries? I thought he's been spending his time with Charlene. Did something happen halfway through? An ambush?" "Spending time with Charlene?" Sam was taken aback. "Who told you that? He wasn't spending time with Charlene." "No?" Deirdre's mind turned blank. Brendan had lied to her about the business trip, but Charlene was not the ulterior motive, after all? Then where had he been?

No. It did not matter where he had been. He had lied to her. Nothing was going to change that.

"So, he was ambushed?"

Sam looked conflicted. "Yes."

Deirdre exhaled a sigh. "Then you should call a doctor to redress his injuries. Meanwhile, I'll be sleeping on the couch downstairs tonight."

She turned on her heels, and Sam cried before he could stop himself, "Miss McKinnon, wait!"

Even he himself was surprised at his reaction, but he continued. "He... Mr. Brighthall needs you. Can you please stay by his side for tonight? You don't have to do much. Just lie next to him when you sleep. Or else, he'll wake up and look for you again."

Deirdre cast her eyes down. "And why will he do that?" "Because he wants to see you?" Sam was a little helpless. "An hour ago, his life was hanging by a thread, and he had an emergency operation performed on him in the early hours. If it weren't for you, why would rushing home be the first thing he did after waking up from his sedatives? You can't seriously think it's because he has trouble sleeping unless it's his own bed."

Deirdre could not understand what Brendan's actions meant, nor were Sam's words making any sense.

The man finally said the quiet words aloud, "Miss McKinnon, you're always in his heart."

Deirdre's eye twitched.

Then her face turned biting. "I didn't expect you to help maintain Brendan's lies."

She had always believed Sam to be candid and honest with her, but she was wrong.

She should not have trusted anyone who worked for Brendan. In the end, they all served him. "Miss McKinnon..." Sam faltered a little. Then, he continued. "You can trust me or don't. It doesn't matter because I'm not lying. If Mr. Brightall didn't care for you, why would he go to so many lengths pretending to be Kyran Reed just so he could be together with you? Do you really think it was because he wanted you to bear him a child?"

"You were heavily disfigured at that time, Miss McKinnon. And Mr.

Brighthall had no shortage of beautiful women who would come to him and gladly bear him a kid. So, why did he take such a heavy toll just to be-" "Enough!" snarled Deirdre. Her face was pale, and her brows furrowed. "I don't know what new game you people are playing, but I'm not gonna believe a single thing any of you say. Even

if I discount all the pains he has caused me, it still doesn't change the fact that he could not even be honest with me. There was never any business trip, was there? But he told me that was what this was!"

Sam, frantic, said, "It's because-" "Sam!"

The man on the bed suddenly growled, stopping him. He had just woken up from his blackout, but the pain from his injuries caused him to scowl.

'You're awake?"

Brendan took a deep breath and turned aside with difficulty. His black eyes reflected the woman's figure. "Leave us."

Deirdre headed toward the door, and Brendan added, "No. Sam leaves. You stay."

Chapter 804 In the End, You Can't Bear to See Me in Pain, Too

Sam shot a worried glance at Deirdre and left. The door closed behind him, but Deirdre was still one step away from opening it again.

Brendan gritted through his pain and beckoned. "Come here, Deirdre."

She did not move. Instead, she asked, "Doesn't your wound need to be addressed?"

Brendan's eyes glinted. "Are you concerned about me?"

Deirdre snickered. "Is that even possible?"

Brendan's eyes dimmed. "No," he remarked with a slight hint of self-deprecation.

Deirdre clenched her hands. "Glad we're on the same page. Now, I'm going if there's nothing else for me here." "Where to? It's late at night." "Downstairs where I can sleep. Or maybe share a bed with Mrs. Engel." i

Brendan's eyes turned cold. His tone turned firm, like an order. "Come here."

Deirdre was about to say something when he interjected warningly, "You know how I'm like, right? Don't make me say it twice."

If she made him say it twice, there would be consequences. Deirdre had no idea what kind it could be, but she knew it was going to be unbearable. Casting her eyes to the floor, she made her way slowly to him.

Brendan helped her into the bed and pulled her into a cuddle, where Deirdre remained stiff.

He sniffed the woman's scent hard until his nerves calmed. "Aren't you curious?"

Curious about what has happened to me, maybe?" He rested his head on her bosom.

He stopped for a second or two and said, 'Your wish almost came true, Deirdre. I almost died.'

Deirdre could not tell what he meant when he claimed it was her wish, but she was too disinterested to tell him she had no such wish, either.

'You reap what you sow. I have a hard time thinking you didn't expect something like this to happen as you do whatever the h*ll you like.' 'Yes, I expected this.' Brendan felt a hint of resentment as he fixed his gaze on her. 'What I didn't expect is you being so acrimonious and callous, Deirdre. You won't even spare me a neutral consolation even when I was injured because of you.' 1

Deirdre was stunned for a moment before pushing him away. "I am not Charlene! If you want someone to kiss your wound, you should ask her. You should stop wasting your time trying to gain something impossible from me."

She wanted to go, but Brendan's fingers were stubbornly locked between hers. She struggled for a while until she heard a pained groan.

She stopped.

Brendan could not let that brief moment of mercy go unnoticed-even if it meant it could be denied. 'You still can't bear to see me hurt, can you?'

Deirdre looked up. "No, I can't bear to be incarcerated over charges like injuring Mr. Brighthall again. But if you want to think that's the reason, go ahead. It's not like I can stop you." 1

Brendan resented her caustic sneers, yet he was just as hungry for any moment he could spend with her.

Deirdre lay next to him for a while until Sam knocked on the door to announce the doctor had arrived.

As the doctor came inside, Deirdre slipped out at the first chance she saw.

She passed Sam by and suddenly stopped. "Sam." "Miss McKinnon?"

Brendan had said she was the reason he had gotten hurt in the first place. It was a brief mention, and Deirdre had dismissed it completely. But now? It stuck out in her mind.

"Why was he injured?"

Sam was surprised to see Deirdre show concern, though the joy in his eyes quickly died. "Miss McKinnon, I... Mr. Brighthall has explicitly forbidden me from telling you, but I think you've misunderstood him way too much. I know you hate him, but I think you should know about all the things he has done for you, regardless. He went somewhere remote and far because he was on a case that concerned you. There, he was attacked.

"Had Mr. Brighthall not remained as calm and unperturbed as he was, none of us would be alive right now." "A case that concerns me?" Deirdre found the revelation more puzzling than enlightening. 'What about me?'

Chapter 805 Are You Concerned About Me?

Sam almost gave her the answer straight away. He had to stop himself right before it happened and change it to something less direct. "It's... someone very important to you." "Someone important... to me?"

His answer threw her mind into disarray. She knew Sam would never lie to her over something so trivial, but if that were the case, then who could this person be?

A figure took form in her mind, and she immediately rejected it.

It could not be her. She was dead.

Her mother was dead.

"Who?" "I can't tell you, Miss McKinnon." Sam intoned helplessly. "All I'm allowed to say is that I did not lie when I said Mr. Brighthall had not been spending his time with Charlene at all. Instead, he had been using all this time to redeem himself in your eyes.

'When he was attacked by a gunman yesterday, all he cared about was calling you to tell you he's fine. But his phone was switched off, and maybe that was why he raced to this place from the hospital as quickly as he could.'

Deirdre remembered how Mrs. Engel could not reach him in the afternoon yesterday. She had been under the impression that Brendan was ignoring them out of annoyance, but it turned out he was simply unable to answer them.

She stayed rooted on the floor, her head suddenly growing heavy with understated

pain.

The doctor finally finished his work. When he came out, he asked her, "Are you Miss McKinnon?" "I am." "Mr. Brighthall told you to come inside. It's too cold to sleep out there, he said," the doctor remarked hintingly.

Deirdre's first reaction was to ignore it, but she remembered what Sam had told her and decided to go inside.

It eluded her at first. Then, as her senses adjusted, she realized the entire room was thick with the scent of blood.

"Over here." Weariness was evident in the voice of a man whose skin was wrapped under fresh bandages.

Deirdre heeded his request and immediately found herself enveloped in an embrace so tightly she could not free herself.

She blinked and decided to cut to the chase. "Why are you hurt in the first place?" Brendan was resting his chin on her hair. Surprise shadowed his face. "Are you... concerned about me?"

Deirdre did not answer directly. She looked down and repeated, "Just tell me why you're hurt."

Brendan sank into momentary silence. "Did Sam talk to you while you were outside?"

He could tell it was him. In fact, his expression was already darkened on cue.

Deirdre did not waste time hiding the fact. "He told me you left a few days ago because of something involving someone important to me. It's also the reason you were attacked and hurt. Is that true?"

Brendan's fingers fiddled with strands of her hair. On the one hand, he was displeased with Sam giving away even the smallest of details, and yet... He was also enjoying the woman showing her least resistance.

Lying next to each other with the least amount of distance-both figuratively and literally-between them like this was just that rare of an occasion.

Brendan's eyes dimmed. "What do you think?"

Deirdre smirked. "Of course, I didn't believe him at first, but Sam has no reason to lie to me... especially since he won't get anything from it. So, who is this important person?"

Brendan was silent.

Deirdre raised her head and looked at him, her tone increasingly pressing. "Tell me, Brendan."

He almost said it. Staring into the woman's pleading, wistful eyes-the truth almost escaped his slightly parted lips. But what if... What if it was all a hoax, too? What would happen then?

"It's Tobey Rusell." 1 'Tobey?' Deirdre was stunned. This was completely out of her expectations. A moment later, however, genuine concern supplanted her shock. "What about him? Is he okay? Isn't he in Surstate? Why did you go to see him?" "There's nothing to fret." Brendan laced his fingers into hers tightly and kissed her hair.

Jealousy was roaring from within, but he had to remain calm to keep on the lie. "He was in Surstate, but he left after we returned here. What he didn't expect was Henry Walker's revenge."

Chapter 806 Possessiveness Is His Devil

"Henry Walker?" Deirdre's face turned ashen. She still remembered how gleeful that man was in his audacity. Of course he would begrudge Tobey for beating him up that badly! Just the thought that Henry would strike when Tobey was down made Deirdre's chest hurt.

"What did he do to him?"

Brendan saw how pale she had become and realized that the agony on his shoulders could not compare to the flame burning in his chest at all. "Not much. He abducted Tobey, that's all." "Abducted!?" Deirdre's voice went an octave higher. "W-What happened to Tobey after that? Is he okay!?"

Brendan tried his best to shove his displeasure back into his chest. "Deirdre, are you worried about another man in my presence?" He tightened his arms around her and nibbled on the tip of her nose. "You're bearing my child there, don't forget that. Especially when your mind seems to be quite occupied with someone else."

Deirdre stiffened. What was this? Jealousy?

If he were Kyran, Deirdre would have immediately believed he was being jealous and even found it amusing. But this was Brendan Brighthall-the only woman whom he cared for or loved had always been Charlene.

The way she saw it, this was likely just Brendan's favorite devil acting up again-his good friend, "possessiveness." Nevertheless, the last thing she wanted was for an argument to happen.

"Listen, Brendan. There's a reason for Tobey and Henry's bad blood. There was a night when Henry snuck into our room while Tobey was drunk and started assaulting me. Tobey was so furious he beat Henry up and took pictures of him after the fight," she explained. "That means Henry abducted Tobey because of me. I can't just pretend none of this concerns me!" "What!?" Brendan's hand tightened around Deirdre's wrist. He was livid. "Henry assaulted you!?"

She thinned her lips. "He didn't manage to do much, actually. Good thing Tobey woke up just in time."

Brendan's rage continued to flare. He had been under the impression that Henry was someone too cowardly to act on his lust, but the b*stard had actually tried. His expression turned Stormy-Henry should be eviscerated for even thinking about touching his lover.

"Brendan? You haven't answered the question. How's Tobey?"

Brendan hugged her. "He's fine. I came just in time, so nothing happened to him. Not that you can see him. I've sent him back to Eastgene."

Deirdre exhaled a sigh of relief. I don't mind not being able to see him. I just want him safe. "I get it." Brendan caressed her hair, his eyes so loving they were borderline pining. "I swear to God, Deirdre, if it's someone you care about, I'll make sure they are safe."

She was stunned. Her eyes quivered. Then, she said, "Thank you."

The many unforgivable sins Brendan had committed aside, she could not ignore the fact that he had saved Tobey's life. For that, she was nothing but grateful.

Brendan was upset, though. He kissed her on the lips and muttered, "Don't you dare thank me because I saved some guy you care about."

A thought came into his mind, and his eyes glinted. "But... since I need to rest at home

for these past few days to recuperate from the injuries on my right shoulder... If you really want to thank me, be my nurse.”

Deirdre craned her neck upward and tried to read Brendan’s expression as hard as she could. “Are you sure?” She frowned. “I can’t see.”

A visually-impaired person would only cause more trouble than she was worth, right? “I am sure.” Warmth crept into Brendan’s eyes as he drank gleefully in the woman’s expression. “Besides, it won’t be the first time. You took care of me back when I was hospitalized for a long time, didn’t you?”

Chapter 807 Your Cheeks Have Turned Red

Deirdre thought of Kyran. Those moments used to be so sweet...

And now she felt an equal amount of dejection.

She nodded as she pushed back against the tide of emotions. “If you don’t mind, fine.”

Deirdre fell asleep shortly after that. Imagine her surprise when she found herself still cuddling with him-she had used Brendan’s arm as her pillow since last night, and she had not changed her position at all.

Reeling from her shock, she quickly sat up.

Brendan massaged his numbing arm. “Oh, you’re up?” “Aren’t you supposed to go to work?” she blabbered.

Her pregnancy had made her lethargic as of late. By this point, it was already 8:00 or 9:00 a.m. On the other hand, Brendan was an early riser-he would wake up at 6:00 a.m. and go to work at 7:00 a.m. sharp. So why was he still here?

“I’m injured.” Brendan’s eyes were transfixed on Deirdre. They would not leave her.

“As such, I’m staying at home to recuperate. I’ll only go back there once I’m healed up.”

Deirdre thought he made sense, so she nodded groggily and climbed down from the bed. Brendan sat up, and then he took an exaggeratedly sharp inhale.

“What is it?”

He moved his arm. “My injured right arm hurts, while my left arm, after being used by a certain someone, has been rendered unavailable for the time being. How am I supposed to get dressed?”

Deirdre’s cheeks warmed a little. Guessing who that “certain someone” was must be the puzzle of the century, judging by that tone!

‘Then don’t get dressed at all.’

Brendan raised an eyebrow. “And let Mrs. Engel see me top-naked? Let her admire all the marks you’ve left on me?”

Deirdre was flustered. “What marks, Brendan? You tell me right now!”

He said, ‘There are scratch marks, some saliva stain, and-’ “Enough!” She bit her lips.

Brendan was making things up just because she could not see! “Ha ha, very funny. I don’t leave marks or any kind of a mess when I sleep. You’re pulling my leg!”

Brendan nodded. ‘Then we shall let Mrs. Engel be the judge.’ “...Come back here.”

Deirdre rummaged through the closet, found one of Brendan’s shirts, and began to help him. It was a rather intimate process. She found her hand coming into contact with his muscular, toned muscles several times. She could sense an almost burning heat emanating from it or the force each of his muscle cells seemed to be storing reacting against her touch.

Her thoughts wandered to intimate memories between Kyran and herself. Suddenly, she felt very self-conscious. She hung her head low as she buttoned his shirt.

‘Your cheeks are all red.’

Brendan had been staring at her face the whole time. He had been privy to every change to her visage as he observed her, and his eyes grew bright with joy. That injury suddenly felt so worthwhile!

After all, it made Deirdre lose a reason to put him at wide berth.

Deirdre looked away and said coldly, “You’re seeing things.”

She hurriedly finished with his buttons and strode out of the room as fast as she could. It took the nipping air outside to cool her cheeks off. Since she could not see, the man had to get really close to her while she helped him dress. The heat he radiated kept making her flustered.

Deirdre came downstairs to find no sign of Mrs. Engel. At that point, Brendan appeared behind her and explained, “Her son’s bringing his girlfriend home today, so she took a half-day leave and said she’s only going to return in the afternoon.”

Deirdre understood what that meant, but no understanding could make her stop feeling so starved. It was yet another change her pregnancy had brought her—first, she became too lethargic, and now she became too easily hungry. It was impossible for her to wait for brunch in the afternoon.

She made her way to the kitchen and searched the fridge for quick and easy food. She found one, and Brendan snatched it away. ‘These are unhygienic and lacking in nutrition! And you’re okay with feeding our child these!?’

Deirdre mounted a protest before she stopped herself and questioned, “

Isn’t your arm too numb to move?”

He coughed. “It was. And then it got better.”

Chapter 808 Miss McKinnon and Mr. Brighthall Must Be Close “Liar!” snarled Deirdre, scowling. She could not believe herself. Falling for another one of Brendan’s lies again!?

She turned away from him and ignored him.

Brendan locked his fingers into the spaces between hers and pressed his chest against her back. “Don’t be mad.” He breathed in her ears, his warm breath ticklish.

“You’re hungry, aren’t you? I should make you some pasta.” “You?” Deirdre scoffed.

With injuries like that, he could set the whole kitchen on fire from something as innocuous as making pasta. Td rather do it myself. Leave me be.”

Brendan’s eyes trembled. A smile shadowed his lips. “Are you telling me you’re going to make a portion for me?” “How did you even come to that? I’m making pasta for myself. I ask you to leave because you’re getting in my way!”

She shoved him aside and took some leafy vegetables from a clean, clear bag.

Deirdre had spent quite some time in the kitchen shortly after she was married, so she knew its layouts and where everything was by rote. Her sight had also recovered enough to make out vague shapes of everything, so making pasta was hardly difficult.

She was so hungry she cooked about half a pot. She filled a bowl for herself and left the rest on the stove. Seeing that, Brendan felt joy creeping into his chest and asked,

“Did you make it for the two of US?” “No, I made it for one of US, me. I was simply

worried that I'd need seconds."

The thought of cooking some for him simply never crossed her mind. Her appetite had grown a lot lately. Sometimes, she found herself craving seconds.

Brendan sat next to her and watched her eat, occasionally brushing strands of her hair away from her face. There was nothing but intoxicated adoration in his eyes.

"Wow, our kid sure has an appetite."

Deirdre ignored him. When she was finally full, there was still some left, which quickly became Brendan's. He managed to finish it all the way to the bottom of the pot, wolfing it down quickly without displaying his usual grace and patience. One might even wonder if he had been starving for days.

Only Brendan knew why he acted this way. It had been so long since he tasted Deirdre's cooking.

The doctor arrived on time to change his bandages. He was surprised to see Brendan eat without his usual elegance, but seeing the pasta upset him more. "Didn't I tell you, Mr. Brighthall? No spices while you're recovering. That means no garlic, no onions, no ginger, and definitely no chilies"

Deirdre had been craving food with stronger flavors lately, so she had added various spices.

However, Brendan did not mind it at all. He took a bite and muttered, "Just this once."

"But it will hamper your recovery."

Brendan shot him a look, and the doctor faltered.

Naturally, Deirdre had heard it all already. It did not occur to her that Brendan was going against a physician's order because she was the one who made it. Instead, she thought he was just too hungry to care and so elected to stick to sitting on the couch and doing nothing.

It was time to redress his wounds. Brendan sat next to her during the process. The stench of his blood made Deirdre's stomach churn. She was about to leave when Brendan locked his fingers with hers tightly,

The doctor noticed that and remarked, "The two of you sure are close."

Deirdre pretended not to hear him while Brendan shot an appreciative glance at the doctor.

The process was rather agonizing to him. He began to grab Deirdre's hand so tightly his palm was sweating.

Brendan rested his head on her shoulder when the doctor left and mumbled, "It hurts a lot, Deirdre."

She finally had enough. She retracted her hand away and snapped, "Are you done putting on a show? Tell the doctor if it hurts' I can't help you even if you keep complaining!" "I'm not acting... It does... hurt a lot."

Deirdre froze. His breaths were labored and heavy. The instability in his voice when he spoke implied that he was trying to endure great pain.

She remembered Tobey's rescue as the reason he had been attacked and felt a little coerced into being a little warmer. Frowning, she said, "It's the medicine, isn't it? Why didn't you say anything when the doctor was dressing your wounds? I can't help you, you know."

Chapter 809 stay With Me, Keep Me Company

"You're wrong. You can help me." Brendan's lips began to loom close. His face seemed to be zooming in on her eyes. She still could not make out much of his features, but she could feel his breath washing over her.

She instinctively froze. "How was I supposed to help?" "Kiss me to relieve me of my pain."

Deirdre's expression darkened. "This cr*p again?" she snapped and ignored him altogether, rising to her feet as though she was going. 1

Brendan reached out and caught her in the wrist, and the pain of something being torn open flared on his arm.

He took a shaky breath, and his fingers quivered. Still, he refused to let go.

"Brendan? Are you okay?"

He fixed his eyes on her alarmed expression and reacted with a helpless grimace. "I know you hate my guts, Deirdre, but my injury came from rescuing your friend. Can't you at least be a little nicer to me while I'm recovering?"

Deirdre found herself having no counterargument. She would freely admit to loathing Brendan with every fiber of her body, so much so that staying with him for more than ten minutes could suffocate her. At the same time, though, she had to admit that it was Brendan who had saved Tobey.

She took a deep breath and lowered her eyes to the floor. "What do you want me to do?"

Brendan added a little force in his hand to pull her in. "Sit with me and keep me company," he said sincerely.

She frowned. "That's it?"

He paused and said, "You mean I can ask for more?"

Deirdre almost choked on her own saliva. "No. What I meant was I don't understand why you insist I sit with you! If all you need is a companion, why not just ask Charlene? She's the woman you love the most! Have her keep you company. You won't be as bored as being bound to me, at the very least!"

The name instantly summoned a surge of disgust in his eyes. "Who the h*ll told you she's the woman I love the most?"

Deirdre laughed self-deprecatingly. "What? You're going to tell me she's not now?" "She's not."

The certainty in his denial startled her a little.

She decided to drop the thread. This was a sore, cheerless topic, especially when they mentioned it.

Deirdre returned to her spot on the couch and decided to ignore Brendan as much as she could, so she turned on the TV. Unfortunately, she could feel the man's unsteady breath and noticed how irregular its rhythms were, as though he was suffering great pain. It was a far cry from last night. Brendan at least managed to feign normalcy last night, no matter how much it hurt him.

"Did the doctor use the wrong medicine?" she asked. She could no longer contain her shock.

Brendan's eyes widened in quiet joy. Deirdre showed concern!

"Maybe the wound was deeper than we thought. Maybe it was infected from last night."

Deirdre thought about how the man had raced to their mansion as soon as his operation was complete and noted the conflicted sentiment that had arisen. Brendan seized what he believed was an opening. "But I'm sure the pain would subside if you could make me a nice, warm chicken soup." It was something she used to make for him. Since he used to work late into the night, Deirdre would fret about him a lot and would make something warm and comfy to perk him up. After tasting her pasta, Brendan also began to miss that soup. Deirdre's expression turned cold. "Sorry to disappoint you, but I can't do that. I'm blind." "You can't, or you won't?" "I won't," she admitted curtly. She did not want a dish representing her guileless, pure love being abused by a man who did not love her anymore. She used to make that soup because she loved him more than anything else in the world. She loved him unconditionally and wanted nothing back for her sacrifice. Spending time to make the best chicken soup just seemed right to her back then. But things were different now. There was no reason for her to do that. It was meaningless. Brendan espied the cold glare she wore and felt his heart plummeting.

Chapter 810 Hemorrhage

A sharp sting spread out from his heart to the rest of his innards. It hurt so much even his injury on the right arm paled in comparison.

"Alright. If you won't, then I won't ask for it either."

He assented instead of demanding his request be met.

Deirdre's eyelashes trembled. She was surprised to see him showing no anger. She was surprised he managed to calm himself and not make it an issue.

On the top floor of a hotel in Neve, a man knocked on the door of the luxury suite before reporting to a man standing in front of the floor-to-ceiling window.

"Sir? Brendan Brighthall has left the hospital."

The man played with the wineglass between his fingers and watched the light reflecting off its rim. He set the glass down. "Oh? Did he notice it?" "No." Disdain animated the underling. "We successfully ambushed him, meaning he was not sharp enough to notice things like that. I doubt he knew we bribed the operating doctor into introducing medicines that could make his injuries worse after the operation." "Then why did he leave?" "Deirdre McKinnon. The first thing Brendan did after waking up was to run away to meet her. It seems obvious that he treasures her, and so by sheer luck, he avoided our trap.

"Not all things are lost, though." The underling continued, beaming. "Brendan has no idea that Dr. Lang works for US. Our plan is already in action, sir. Dr. Lang administered the drug to his wounds just today. The dosage may not be much, but it's only a matter of two weeks for his wounds to be infected and deteriorate. His body will be done for." "Perfect." The man turned away and watched the unsuspecting crowd going about their days on the streets far below his window. "Still, the fact that he managed to escape our ambush means Brendan's not a foe to be trifled with. We should ensure he's too distracted to notice what he did.

"Throw in another one of our backup plans." "Yes, sir!"

Night fell. Deirdre was drinking Mrs. Engel's carefully-prepared chicken soup as the older woman glanced at the stairs. "Mr. Brighthall hasn't eaten anything since the afternoon, has he? And now, he's all cooped up in his study with Sam. Should we send him some chicken soup too?"

Deirdre munched on a slab of chicken. Mrs. Engel was right. Brendan had not eaten much today. He had left almost half of his food untouched by the time Mrs. Engel cleaned up the plate.

It was hard to tell if it was because his wound was hurting too much or if he was full from Deirdre's pasta. Either way, he should be coming downstairs for dinner instead of skipping his meal.

"Please give him some, Mrs. Engel." "Okay."

Mrs. Engel did as she was told. Before she could enter the study, though, Sam suddenly clambered out of the door with bloodied bandages on his hand, shocking her. She tripped, and the bowl fell onto the floor and spilled its content.

She apologized and started to clean up. Deirdre heard the commotion and ascended the stairs, asking, "What's wrong, Mrs. Engel?" "Nothing at all, Miss McKinnon! I accidentally knocked the soup over!" she cried out as she scanned the bandages on Sam's hand. Worried, she glanced into the study and asked quietly, "What... What's going on with that?"

Deirdre smelled the scent of blood in the air, too. "Huh? What's this?"

Mrs. Engel's eyes were transfixed on the bandages. "Sam is holding some very bloody bandages. Is... Is Mr. Brighthall hurt?"

Bloody bandages?

Deirdre's heart skipped a beat. She remembered the man's pain after he redressed his wound. She remembered how weak he had sounded when he told her it hurt.

Had something happened to his injury?

Sam was about to explain when Brendan suddenly walked out of his study, his bandages changed anew. His face was ashen, though-so much so that even the color of his lips was white.

"It was nothing," he said. "Just a hemorrhage. I had Sam address it for me."

"Hemorrhage?" Mrs. Engel was alarmed. "Weren't you fine just this afternoon? How did this happen? Are your injuries okay at all, sir? Should we get you to the hospital?"