

Resent Reject Regret

Chapter 91 What if I Don't Apologize

He had not been counting on Deirdre to cry in sympathy or have a sleepless night when he was sick, yet she had not even bothered to show any concern for him!

He wondered if she wanted him to die from the illness in his heart so she could be with Sterling without any care in the world.

'How can this woman be so cruel!'

Charlene pushed away the long hair covering her neck when the timing was right. She attempted to comfort him pretentiously by saying, "Don't blame Ms McKinnon, Brendan. Her body has always been weak, so I suppose she didn't want to be infected. Besides, she wasn't in a good mood yesterday.

Brendan narrowed his eyes at the sight of the marks on Charlene's neck. "What happened to your neck?"

Charlene's face turned pale abruptly, and she covered her neck with her long hair once again. "It's... It's nothing..."

"Do you really want me to look into this?"

Charlene bit her lower lip. "It's really nothing. Ms. McKinnon was in a bad mood, so it was only normal that she took it out on me. It's fine. Plus, I was very lucky that Sam showed up in a timely manner to stop Ms. McKinnon. So... It's really nothing..."

Charlene claimed that it was fine, but he saw the terror and anxiety in her eyes that she could not conceal.

Brendan's expression turned unpleasant, and he was furious. He realized that he had spoiled Deirdre so much that she had walked all over Charlene!

He pulled away the blanket and put on his shoes.

Charlene hastily said, "Where are you going, Brendan? Are you going to look for Ms. McKinnon? I'm fine, really. I'm scared that Ms. McKinnon might do something else next time if she is provoked..."

"How dare she!" Brendan's dark eyes were sharp as knives. "How dare she?"

He walked outside after opening the door and asked Sam, "Where is Deirdre's room?"

Sam was stunned for a moment when he saw Brendan's angry expression, yet he did not have the courage to delay him. "It's the room at the end of the corridor."

Deirdre was still resting on the bed when Brendan kicked the door.

She knew that she had not slept for a long time, perhaps not even half an hour. She felt an intense headache when she was awakened by the commotion.

Before she could react to the situation, her arm was grabbed by Brendan, who stood right in front of her face angrily and questioned her through tightly-clenched teeth.

“Deirdre, who gave you the right to hurt Charlene! Do you know how severely injured her neck is!”

Deirdre was stunned. The first thought that popped into her mind was that Brendan was awake. The second thought was, ‘Ah, so it turns out that he’s here on a punitive expedition for her crime.’

He seemed to be very eager, as he had just awakened yet he had come to scold her without resting. He did not manage to see that there was a palm mark on her face as a result of Charlene’s slap.

“How severe is it?”

Brendan paused for a moment, as he had not expected that Deirdre would ask this question. His eyes were burning with fury when he said, “There were bruises covering her neck. You’re really malicious, Deirdre! You bullied Charlene because she’s kind and gentle, huh! You’re disgusting!”

Deirdre chuckled and brandished her face to show Brendan. “Would you believe me if I told you that Charlene hit me first? Why can’t I defend myself?”

The palm print on the woman’s face looked rather serious indeed. Brendan felt a knot in the pit of his stomach, but at the thought of what Deirdre had done, his gaze turned icy and he exerted more strength as he held Deirdre’s wrist.

“So you tried to kill her because she hit you? Deirdre, it seems that you still don’t know your place!” He pulled her off the bed and said in contempt, “Who do you think you are? You’re just a toy for pleasure! Charlene could even kill you, let alone hit you, and you’d still not be allowed to fight back! Go and apologize to Charlene at once!”

His voice was a mix of anger and personal feelings, and Deirdre trembled in fear upon hearing it.

She fell to the ground, and her face turned ghastly pale from the pain. “What if I don’t apologize?”

Chapter 92 It’s Because He Won’t Believe You

“It’s fine if you don’t apologize.” Brendan’s expression was cruel. “However, I hope you don’t regret this.”

“Are you going to take it out on Sterling again?” Deirdre’s entire body was shaking. Is this all that you can do?!”

Brendan was not planning on punishing Sterling, yet he was infuriated that she would risk her life to protect him, so he said, "That's right! You can choose not to apologize to her, but I will make sure that Sterling is on the most popular searches and enjoys the best treatment the paparazzi have to offer these days. You're going to thank me then!"

'Brendan is merciless. He would actually blackmail me to this extent...

It was obviously Charlene who had hit her first, yet she was forced to apologize to Charlene. There was no unfairness in Brendan's world, but there was favoritism

when it came to the woman he loved.

Deirdre was used to that. "Sure, I'll apologize!"

Charlene stood at the door. She walked into the room when the timing was about right and declined pretentiously. "Forget it, Brendan. Ms. McKinnon is a patient, so how could I possibly make her apologize? It's good that she is not injured. Plus... I'm fine. I would like to thank Ms. McKinnon for giving me the opportunity to take care of you by myself."

The situation was better before she spoke, as Brendan's gaze turned colder as soon as she mentioned this.

Deirdre would apologize to Charlene obediently in an attempt to protect Sterling yet ignore Brendan when he was sick. Her attitude toward Brendan was clear as day. Since she was already so heartless to him, why would he still show concern for her?

"She must apologize for her mistake!" Brendan pursed his thin lips and looked down at her. "Perhaps she doesn't know her place anymore without being given a warning."

"Brendan..." Charlene's eyes reddened with tears, and she said tenderly, "You're really good to me..."

Deirdre was nauseated by their affection for one another. She endured it with great effort and lowered her head toward Charlene. "I'm sorry, Ms. McKinney. You're a magnanimous person, so stop fussing about this matter."

"Of course, Ms. McKinnon. Why would I fuss about this matter with you?" Charlene

took a step forward and held Deirdre's hand with feigned enthusiasm, yet she held Deirdre's hand so tightly that her nails dug into Deirdre's flesh. She only loosened her grip when Deirdre began bleeding.

"Brendan, Ms. McKinnon looks very displeased that she has to apologize to me. I think it would be better for us to leave, right? Your mother will be bringing you her chicken soup coincidentally. I'll feed you."

Charlene wrapped her arm around Brendan's arm and left. Deirdre's knees buckled, and she fell to the ground, her soft lips trembling from the pain in her hand.

It was Sam who came in and saw the savage, squeezed-up wounds on her hand. He was stunned for a moment. 'That must be painful!'

He did not care about keeping his distance from her, so he clutched her wrist and asked, "What happened to your hand, Ms. McKinnon?"

Deirdre pulled back her hand and said, "It's fine."

"How can you be fine? Your hand is bruised and bleeding!" Sam was confused. "Who did this? Was it Ms. McKinney?"

It looked like a nipping wound caused by long fingernails. Sam was scared out of his wits when he realized that. 'How can a beautiful woman be so sinister?'

"I'll get you a doctor and tell Mr. Brighthall while I'm at it!"

"Don't!" Deirdre hastily held him back, her wounds hurting even more. She was in so much pain that her hands were trembling. She took a deep breath and said, "Get someone to dress the wound, but don't tell Brendan."

"Why?" Sam was puzzled. It was obvious that she had the evidence to prove herself.

"No reason." Deirdre smirked. "It's because he won't believe you even if you tell him. He's angry, so he will only think that I did it to myself to vilify Charlene after seeing the wounds."

Sam's expression was slightly unpleasant, but it was possible that Deirdre was right indeed.

Chapter 93 Listen to the Other Side of the Story

Everyone, including him, knew that Charlene had saved Brendan's life and was aware of her status.

No one would have the courage to challenge Charlene's status, as Charlene could not be defeated. Besides, she was vengeful, so anyone who challenged her would be doomed.

"Sure... I shall get someone to dress your wound first, or it will get infected easily." Deirdre forced a smile on her pale face. "Thank you..."

"Don't mention it."

Brendan did not take a step into the hospital in the next few days. However, he did not visit Charlene either. Instead, he worked on his documents in the office, alone until late at night, before falling asleep in the room there.

He would have trouble falling asleep as soon as he shut his eyes, his head filled with images of Deirdre. He was furious, and he wondered why a blind woman would affect his mood so much.

He turned over and got out of bed. He then put on his jacket and left the building. When he arrived at the hospital, Sam was calling for someone to take over his shift. Caught by surprise by the sight of Brendan, he hung up the call.

"Mr. Brighthall."

Brendan nodded and looked through the door to see the woman sleeping on the bed. He felt agitated by the sight of her sleeping soundly and he clenched his fists tightly without noticing.

'I haven't slept in so long, yet she's been sleeping soundly every day?'

"Mr. Brighthall." Sam chuckled. "I was under the assumption that you wouldn't be coming to see Ms. McKinnon anymore since you didn't show up for days."

Brendan turned his head to the side. "I'm not here to see her. I just couldn't sleep well at night, so I came to get a sleeping pill prescription from the hospital."

"Is that so?" Sam hesitated for a moment before he said, "In truth, Ms. McKinnon has not been doing so well in the past few days either. If you have time, you should come and visit her more. Ms. McKinnon is trying to endure this forcefully and won't tell me. I still haven't managed to get any information from her about her health."

Brendan sneered. "What's the point of me coming to visit? She wants me to stay far away from her and she won't speak to me sincerely either. You should get Sterling to come. She will start smiling more then."

"Is that so? I don't think so. I think Ms. McKinnon cares a lot about you too, Mr. Brighthall."

Brendan found it absurd. He turned around and glared at Sam. "If she cares about me, why did she abandon me in Charlene's care when I was unconscious from the high fever? If she cares about me, why did she complain about my sickness and request to be placed in another room?"

Sam was stunned. "Ms. McKinnon complained about your sickness and requested to be placed in another room?"

He sounded astonished, and Brendan furrowed his eyebrows. "Is that not the case?"

"No, of course not!" Sam had finally figured out the situation, so he hastily said, "I have never heard Ms. McKinnon complaining about your sickness. The reason she requested to be placed in another room was because Ms. McKinney wanted to be with you and they were involved in a fight."

Brendan stopped for a moment and then sneered. "This woman is so good at pretending. She won't show her true self to you, of course! She's still counting on you to put in a good word for her!"

'That would be impossible. Deirdre could have made me tell Mr. Brighthall about the wound caused by Charlene's grip but she did not.'

"Mr. Brighthall... I believe that there's some sort of misunderstanding between you and Ms. McKinnon. Right?"

Sam could not help saying, "Ms. McKinnon could have left you to get some rest when you collapsed at the time. You wouldn't have been able to make it through the night given your health condition, but Ms. McKinnon summoned me to help immediately. She did not leave

your side for even half a step during the treatment process. If she minded your sickness, why didn't she leave earlier? Besides..."

Sam pursed his lips because he felt troubled by what he was about to say. However, he mustered the courage to say, "Ms. McKinnon and Ms. McKinney were in conflict, and I found out later on. I didn't know the reason, but Ms. McKinnon appeared to be very angry at the time because Ms. McKinney made a provocative remark. I believe that you should listen to the other side of the story regarding the conflict. Won't you?"

Chapter 94 How Did You Get Injured?

'Listen to the other side of the story?'

Brendan was stunned for a moment. He had never cared about Deirdre's side of the story because Charlene would never lie to him. However...

"You said Charlene made a provocative remark?" He could not help raising an eyebrow because Charlene had never mentioned this to him.

Sam nodded in a haste. "It was my first time seeing Ms. McKinnon so furious. After I restrained Ms. McKinnon, Ms. McKinney made the remark, but I can't remember the details."

"Noted." Brendan exhaled and said, "You can go home and rest. I'll be here."

"Sure."

Sam left.

Brendan looked at the woman lying on the bed from the door, his head filled with Sam's words about Charlene making a provocative remark.

He wondered what Charlene had said and why Deirdre had not mentioned it.

He was upset when he entered the room. The woman was still resting on the bed, but she seemed to be restless in her sleep. Her eyebrows were furrowed tightly, and her hands over the blanket were tightly clenched.

'Is she injured again?'

Brendan turned on the light to check on her. Deirdre opened her eyes when she was awakened by the commotion.

"Sam?"

She could not see who it was, so she could only inquire with uncertainty. Brendan did not answer, and both of them were frozen in space until all the blood was drained from Deirdre's face when she realized who it was.

"Mr. Brighthall." Her voice trembled ever so slightly as she attempted to suppress her fear.

Brendan was infuriated by the way she addressed him.

'Mr. Brighthall?

'We have already become so estranged in just a few days?'

"How did you injure your hand?" Brendan clutched her wrist, suppressing his anger." Why didn't Sam tell me about this?"

He could not help blaming Sam. Deirdre was stunned for a moment before she immediately answered, "I wouldn't let him tell you!"

She lowered her gaze and added, "It's not Sam's fault. I refused to let him tell you."

Brendan's expression was icy. He clutched her wrist tightly and raised it, pulling her upper body closer to him. He looked down at her and said, "Deirdre, who gave you the right to do that? You should understand that you don't belong to yourself anymore and you should be reporting everything to me. Okay?"

Deirdre's face turned pale for a moment. He then asked, "When did you get injured?"

"On the 19th."

"On the 19th?"

Brendan furrowed his eyebrows. It was precisely the date when he had woken up after his fever had broken. Afterward, he had stopped visiting Deirdre for two days. out of spite, yet not the slightest information had been leaked to him during that period.

He could not help feeling furious. "It seems that Sam doesn't know his place at all. He doesn't know if I'm his superior or you are! Does he not know that he should be reporting to me?!"

When she realized that Brendan was about to vent his anger on Sam, Deirdre's face turned pale abruptly and she tugged at his sleeve. "I told you that this is not Sam's. fault. I threatened him with my life. Besides, it's not a big deal."

'How is it not a big deal when your hand is so heavily bandaged?'

Brendan wanted to scold her in anger but he was even more furious with Deirdre's methods. She was obviously powerless yet she insisted on protecting Sam.

"Deirdre, who do you think you are?" Brendan grabbed her lower jaw and tilted her face up. His thin lips parted as he blurted, "You don't even have the ability to protect yourself, yet you're still trying to protect Sam? When will you know your place and understand that you're utterly incapable of protecting anyone?! You're only capable of relying on me!"

Deirdre felt her chest wrench in pain and held the blanket so tightly that her knuckles turned white. "Yes... I know that, but I can't do nothing while an innocent person is implicated because of me."

Sterling was already in deep trouble because of her, so she did not wish to put Sam in the same situation. Otherwise, she would hate herself so much that she would not want to live anyway.

“Since you know that Sam is innocent, it would be best for you not to play tricks anymore.” Brendan’s gaze landed on her arm, his dark eyes dimming as he asked, “How did you get injured?”

Chapter 95 Would It Kill You to Stop Vilifying Her

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“...I forgot. I believe that I burned myself accidentally when I was drinking warm water.”

“You’re lying!” Brendan tightened his grip over her lower jaw. He knew Deirdre so well that he knew she would lower her head subconsciously to avoid him every time she lied. “If you don’t tell the truth, don’t blame me for holding Sam accountable.”

Deirdre took a deep breath, shut her eyes, then opened them again. “Charlene did it. Are you satisfied?”

Brendan assumed a disgusted expression as soon as she said it. “Deirdre, you must know your limits when you’re trying to frame someone! Charlene was with me all day long on the 19th, so how could she have hurt you! Would it kill you to stop vilifying Charlene?”

‘Here we go again.’

Deirdre wanted to laugh. He had done everything he could to force her to tell the truth but he refused to believe her when she told the truth. In that case, what was the point of her being honest?

“This is the answer you’ll get if you don’t want me to lie. There’s nothing that I can do if you don’t believe me.”

“Alright! You claim that it was Charlene who hurt you, so how did she hurt you?” Brendan sneered. He would like to find out how far Deirdre’s ability to spin lies could

Deirdre pursed her lips tightly. “With her nails. Her nails dug into me when she squeezed my hand.”

“That’s enough!” At that very moment, Brendan could not bring himself to listen anymore. “Deirdre, Sam was still backing you up earlier. He claimed that you attacked Charlene that night, possibly due to some unspoken difficulties. Based on what I see now, you will never change for the better and you’re still as malicious as you’ve always been! How can I believe you when you tell me that she dug her nails into your hand? Aside from Charlene’s kind temperament and the fact that she would never do something like that, could a puncture wound be so serious? Do you think that you’re made of paper or something!”

Deirdre's entire body turned cold when she was scolded by Brendan. It was fortunate that she was already used to Brendan taking Charlene's side. Hence, she did not feel sad or surprised.

"Hmm, you're right. I will never change for the better, and I'm still extremely malicious. I'm sorry for disappointing you."

Brendan flung away her hand, and the impact pushed her to the edge of the bed. Her wounded hand hit the side of the bed, her face turning ghastly from pain.

Brendan sneered. "You're really good at faking things. You could have considered working in the entertainment industry if your face was not disfigured."

Deirdre's eyes reddened with tears from the pain but also due to Brendan's humiliation.

"I'm tired. Please leave, Mr. Brighthall." Her voice was hoarse and filled with fatigue. She turned and lay on the bed once again.

Brendan was furious. He grabbed her by her shoulder strongly and forced her to turn over. "You're tired? I think that you're embarrassed by your failed attempt to frame

someone..."

Before his voice died away, Brendan was stunned. The woman's face was drenched in tears, as reflected in his dark eyes.

Brendan's entire body turned stiff, and his mind went blank. Deirdre said shakily, "Am I not human, Brendan? Will you stop humiliating me if I die? What have I done to

deserve this?"

She was not hysterical, yet her demeanor broke Brendan's arrogant wall. He could not utter a word and he loosened his grip over Deirdre's shoulders before he turned

around and left.

He closed the door yet he could not stop thinking about Deirdre's expression.

'Why is she crying so sadly in despair? It is obviously her fault for slandering

someone. She is the one to blame. Would she have been reduced to this state if she had been sensible in a delicate situation?'

He sat down on a chair on the side. After a while, a nurse walked over with a trolley and greeted Brendan. She was about to change Deirdre's dressing in her room.

Brendan remembered something and raised his head abruptly, his eyebrows tightly furrowed. "What's going on with all of you? The patient's hand is fine, yet you wrapped her hand in gauze. Are you helping that tyrant deceive others with her wound?"

"There's no wound on the patient's hand?" The nurse was caught by surprise. "There is a wound, though. It's very serious. It's not only infected, but the wound will discharge pus at night. That is why we keep the wound bandaged."

"Infected?" Brendan got up from his seat. "When did that happen?"

The nurse thought for a moment. "On the morning of the 19th."

Deirdre was actually telling the truth. She had been injured on the morning of the 19th. On the other hand, that morning....

Brendan could not help breathing heavily as the image of Charlene showing up that morning popped into his mind. He clenched his fists tightly and asked eagerly, "What does the wound look like?"

The nurse was startled but she did not have the courage not to reply. She considered it closely for a moment before she pointed at the back of her hand. "It's injured here, here, and here. It's all covered in puncture wounds, and her hand bruised up right away. Her flesh was dug out of her skin, and she was bleeding profusely."

'Puncture wounds... Puncture wounds!'

It was just like Deirdre had described it!

Brendan's mind went blank. He shut his eyes and thought about Deirdre's crying face when she had said in a deep voice, "Am I not human, Brendan? Will you stop humiliating me if I die? What have I done to deserve this?"

He had believed that she was extremely aggrieved. It was the reason why she had been sobbing soundlessly while she'd made that extremely aggrieved remark. On the other hand, he had treated her as someone... putting on an act and feeling sad for making a mistake.

He felt his chest wrench in pain for no apparent reason. He then felt an unusual emotion surging through his chest that he could not describe.

He clenched his fists tightly. "I'm coming in as well."

"Sure..." The nurse lowered her head shyly after seeing Brendan's gorgeous, flawless face. She entered the room and turned on the lights.

Deirdre was no longer crying, but her eyes were open and there was no telling what was on her mind.

The nurse said, "Ms. McKinnon, I'm here to dress your wound. Sorry for the delay.

The hospital is swarmed."

"It's fine." Deirdre's gaze was lowered. She pushed herself to sit upright on the bed and raised her hands.

The nurse removed the bandage from Deirdre's hands skillfully. Brendan's pupils constricted abruptly the very moment he saw the wounds.

Those red, swollen puncture wounds were concentrated into a bloody, mushy mess of flesh and skin. The sight of the injuries was terrifying, as the wounds were infected.

'That's painful. Just looking at it feels painful.'

Brendan had still been counting on the possibility of Deirdre plotting everything properly and hurting herself after they had left.

He realized that was impossible the moment he saw the wounds Deirdre could not possibly have done that to herself no matter how merciless she was.

"Why aren't the wounds healing yet? The hands are a woman's second face. It would be bad if they turned into scars" The nurse muttered to herself as she soaked the cotton balls in antiseptic liquid and cleaned Deirdre's wounds.

Deirdre's body trembled in pain, and Brendan realized that he felt the pain as well.

"Be gentle!" he blurted out without noticing.

The nurse said innocently, "I'm already doing it as gently as I can. There's nothing that I can do because that's just how painful the antiseptic liquid is."

Deirdre turned her head to the side and bit her lower lip tightly. "Please go on."

The nurse continued to dress the wound upon hearing that.

Deirdre was drenched in sweat, and her lower lip bled from her bites during the process.

Brendan could not bring himself to watch anymore. He pried open her mouth and said, "Stop biting, Deirdre. Do you want more wounds on your body?"

He raised his arm. "You can bite me if you can't stand the pain."

Deirdre raised her head and looked in his direction. She cast a soft gaze at him, but Brendan could feel her intention.

She was mocking him for being pretentious.

Then, Deirdre endured the pain until the dressing was completed. The nurse was sweating as well, but it was mainly due to Brendan's terrifying gaze, as he looked like

he could eat her.