

Resent Reject Regret by Aqua Summers

Chapter 331-362

Chapter 331 Do You Hate Me?

Kyran ignored Declan and turned his face to Deirdre, asking, "Are you done?" His chest was still left exposed to the air.

Deirdre's ears were burning hot. Even though she couldn't see anything, she spun her head to the other side. "It's done."

Kyran pulled his shirt down and buttoned it up again. After that, he typed and asked, "Did that friend of yours look a lot like me?"

Deirdre was stunned for a moment, and the light in her eyes dimmed. "Yeah, but there's still a slight difference between you and him."

"What kind of person is he?"

'What kind of person is he?'

He was domineering, cold-blooded, and heartless. When Brendan's face appeared in Deirdre's mind, he would always look at her with a condescending and icy gaze.

When she gave it a second thought, Kyran and Brendan were two completely different people. Something must have gone wrong in her head that she thought they were similar

to each other.

"I've forgotten about it." The last thing Deirdre wanted was to recall anything about that man. She paused for a moment before replying, "It has been too long. My memories about him have gotten fuzzy."

This was her hope as well. She hoped that one day, she would forget about Brendan, forget about all the painful past, and make a fresh start.

Sensing that she did not want to continue the conversation, Kyran changed the topic and

typed, "Let me send you back."

Deirdre wanted to tell him that he did not have to do that. However, the church had a complex internal structure, and she was not familiar with the ways. As a blind person, there was no way she could make her way out. Therefore, she could only nod and say, "Thank you then."

Kyran fell silent for a moment. He seemed a bit displeased with Deirdre's reaction, but he did not show it on his face. He grabbed her wrist and began to lead her out.

By the time they came out, a thin layer of snow was on the ground.

Deirdre stretched her arm to reach out for the snowflakes. The snow melted on her palm, and she could feel the coldness seeping into her skin.

"I'll send you back to the Russells," Kyran typed.

"It's okay," Deirdre replied as she waved her hand. "I'm sure you guys have something to

do for coming to Alnwick. You've wasted a lot of time helping me, so I can't keep on bothering you anymore. I know how to go back. I'll go back myself."

Kyran replied, "It's snowing, and the road is slippery. You might fall."

"It's okay. I'll be more careful."

Kyran frowned. "Miss McKinnon, can you stop rejecting me? Do you hate me? Or are

you keeping your distance and not wanting to interact with me because I look like your old friend?”

Deirdre was stunned.

She did not hate Kyran. On the contrary, she had a feeling about him that she couldn't explain because he couldn't speak. However, it was also because he looked a lot like Brendan that she did not know how to face him now.

“You're just overthinking.” Deirdre lowered her face. “You guys are two different people.

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know that very well.”

“So this means that you don't hate me, right?”

“Yeah.”

“Then let me send you back.”

Deirdre did not reject him this time.

Kyran was walking in front of her. He grabbed her hand tightly and tucked it into his pocket.

Deirdre froze for a moment as the memory of her walking with Brendan in cold weather surfaced.

The man was walking very fast. The window on the third floor was left open. She was following behind him, her limbs frozen stiff. As she panted heavily, she said, “Brendan, wait... Wait for me...”

However, the man paid her no mind until she fell to the floor.

He turned his head to look at her. Deirdre's hand was bleeding, but she kept it inside her

sleeve. She got up from the floor and said, “It's too cold. My feet were frozen stiff.”

Brendan glanced at the hand she hid in the sleeve and said, “Take it out.”

Deirdre had no other choice but to stretch her arm forward. When Brendan saw the wound on her hand, he frowned. He grabbed her hand and stuck it into his pocket.

Chapter 332 What a Coincidence

Deirdre froze for a moment when Kyran did the same thing. However, she soon snapped

herself back to reality by shaking her head.

‘Why am I thinking of him again? It isn't that Brendan is the only man in this world who would do that.’

The snow was getting heavier as they moved forward, and small piles of snow were on their shoulders. Deirdre did not know if it was because Kyran was holding her hand that she did not feel that cold.

When they arrived at the door, Kyran stopped and typed on his phone, “We're here.”

Deirdre patted the snow on her body and said, “Thank you.”

She went forward to open the gate, but Kyran kept standing still. She hesitated for a moment and asked, “Mr. Reed, do you want to come in and have a cup of tea?”

“Maybe next time,” Kyran quickly typed a few words on his phone. After that, he thought for a while and asked, “Didn't you ask me if I had something to say to you last night?”

“Yes, I indeed had something to say to you, but let's talk when we meet next time. At that

time, I hope you can answer my question honestly.”

Deirdre was stunned. By the time she came around to her senses, Kyran had already left.

She entered the courtyard, and Eilis was setting up the fire. When she saw Deirdre, she hastily took a towel to help wipe the snow off her body.

“What took you so late today? I was going to call you after setting up the fire.”

Deirdre smiled and replied, “Since there’s only a little bit of work left in the yard, I decided to finish it off before coming back.”

“Silly kid. Won’t you feel cold? I was going to help you after I finished mending these clothes. Anyway, sit down and warm yourself up first. I’ll go get you a cup of water.”

“Okay.”

Deirdre sat down, enjoying the warmth from the fire that petted her cheeks. She stretched her arms forward, and after chasing the coldness away, she thought about the things that Kyran had said.

He had said that he had something to ask her and that he hoped she could answer his question honestly.

Did that mean that he had something to ask her yesterday?

Deirdre tried to remember what had happened yesterday, but to her chagrin, nothing came to her mind.

The weather became colder after the snow.

The clothes Deirdre wore weren’t able to protect her from the chilling wind. The only clothes that fit her were Eilis’ old clothes.

Therefore, Eilis decided to bring Deirdre into the town. The only problem was that getting

around there was not easy. There were only two bus trips—one in the morning and one in

the afternoon. However, it would be too late if they took the bus in the afternoon.

“Mr. King and his team were supposed to come over to the mountains for inspection, but

I guess they’ll go back soon since the road hasn’t thawed completely yet,” said Eilis.

Deirdre bit her lips and fell into contemplation.

She had not brought anything with her when she came here and had been bothering the Russells for a month. She did not want to bother them so much anymore with a trivial matter such as her clothes.

“It’s okay, Madame Russell... I think this is fine...”

“No, this is not fine. Putting aside these clothes, you’re a 20-year-old girl, so how can you wear my old clothes? You need to put on something that matches your age. Maybe something that’ll make you look nice.”

‘Something that makes me look nice?’

It had been such a long time since she heard this word.

Deirdre let out a dry smile and said, “I’m already used to it. Besides, the winter will soon be over before we even realize it, so I don’t want you to waste money buying new clothes for me. You should keep the money for Toby. I’m sure he’ll need a lot of money since he’s staying in town.”

Eilis knew what Deirdre was worried about after listening to her explanation. She grabbed her hand and said with a smile, “You don’t have to worry about that. Although Toby doesn’t own a big corporation, he can still afford to take care of the

two of us!”

Deirdre’s eyes turned red around the rims when she heard what Eilis said and lowered her head.

Eilis draped a jacket over Deirdre’s shoulder and led her to the village’s entrance.

There,

they ran into Declan, who was leaving.

“Mr. King, what a coincidence. Are you guys going back to town?”

“Yeah,” Declan said as he snuffed out the cigarette. He looked at a car and asked, “What’s the matter?”

Chapter 333 Newlyweds

“Can you give us a lift?” Eilis asked, “We’re going to town to buy some winter clothes for Deirdre.”

“Sure,” said Declan. However, when he looked at his car, he suddenly said, “But my car is fully occupied now. What about you go ask Kyran? He’s over there.”

“Mr. Reed?” Eilis hesitated for a moment. She no longer held any hostility toward Kyran, but she was not very familiar with him. “I’m worried that he might not want to give us a lift.”

“Oh, don’t worry about that. I’m sure he will,” said Declan. “We’re all family. I’m sure he’ll be happy to help out.”

“Alright then.”

Eilis grabbed Deirdre, and they walked toward Kyran’s car. She knocked on the window, and the window was rolled down, revealing Kyran’s perfectly chiseled face.

He glanced at Eilis before focusing on Deirdre.

Eilis froze for a moment and said, “Mr. Reed, Deirdre and I want to go to the town to buy some clothes. Can you give us a ride?”

Kyran observed Deirdre. Apparently, the shirt Deirdre was wearing right now did not fit her at all. Perhaps the shirt was so old that it had lost all its form. He contemplated for a while before nodding.

Eilis grinned from ear to ear as she said, “Thank you.”

It would be rude for both of them to sit at the back since it would make Kyran look like their driver. Therefore, Eilis sat in the passenger seat. When Kyran started the engine, Deirdre’s phone rang out.

She pulled her phone out of her pocket and answered the call. A gentle voice wafted from the other side of the line. “Dee.”

“Tobey?” Deirdre was surprised that Tobey would call her.

Kyran froze for a moment, and Deirdre hastily pitched her voice low. “Why did you suddenly call me? Did something happen?”

Tobey chuckled and asked, “Must I have something to call you?”

“No, that’s not what I mean,” replied Deirdre, her voice filled with embarrassment. “Of course, you can call me whenever you want. It’s just that I thought you were working right now.”

“Yeah,” Tobey said, smiling. “I wanted to hear your voice, so I called you.”

Just when Deirdre wanted to say something, Kyran hit the brake, and she nearly rammed into the back of the seat.

Tobey heard the commotion and asked, “What’s wrong?”

Deirdre got up and looked ahead. Eilis was obviously startled as well as she patted her chest and said, "Someone suddenly cut in just now."

Honestly, she did not know what had happened either. She just assumed that was the reason since there was no way Kyran would slam on the brake all of a sudden.

"I see," Deirdre said before speaking to Tobey. "Something happened on the road."

"On the road? Where are you going?"

Deirdre said embarrassingly, "Madame Russell is taking me to buy some clothes at the mall today."

Understanding instantly dawned upon Tobey. "Ah, I see. It was autumn when you came, so you didn't bring any winter clothes with you. I've been too busy recently, so it totally slipped my mind. Otherwise, I would've bought a few and had someone deliver them to you."

"It's okay..." replied Deirdre in a low voice. "I've already caused you a lot of trouble staying in your house."

"You're not causing us any trouble." Tobey laughed. "You're keeping my mother company. She has been living alone, and your presence has added a lot of color to her life. By right, we should not only offer you food and shelter but also give you a salary."

Deirdre was amazed at how he put the whole thing in such a nice way. It seemed to her that the way he handled things was different from other people since he worked in town, and now she did not feel that bad anymore.

"Since my mother is taking you to the mall, you can buy whatever you want. After settling

things here, I'll come to see you."

"Okay."

Deirdre hung up the call, and Eilis teased her. "You guys really make a good couple, do you know that? People who don't know it might think you two are newlyweds."

Chapter 334 Kyran Likes You

"Stop teasing me, Madame Russell..." said Deirdre, her face turning red with embarrassment as she bit her lower lips.

Suddenly, the car stopped again, and a mechanical voice rang out. "We've arrived."

"Thank you so much, Mr. Reed," Eilis said as she hastily opened the door. She did not know why, but she felt suffocated when staying in the car with Kyran. He had set his jaw tightly throughout the way, and it seemed to her that he was kind of unhappy. Suddenly, she realized something. She went to the back of the car and helped Deirdre get out of the car. Kyran asked through his phone, "How are you going back later?"

Deirdre replied, "There will be a bus trip to Alnwick at 5:00 p.m."

"At five? That's too late." Kyran frowned. Seeing that there was still some time left before

5:00 p.m., he continued. "I don't have anything to do now, so I'll go with you guys. After

Enter title...
that, I'll send you back."

Deirdre said, "You don't have to do that-"

Before she could finish her sentence, Kyran interrupted her coldly. "I've already decided."

Since Kyran insisted, Deirdre had no other choice but to let him follow them.

Eilis did not interrupt their conversation and just stayed at the side to observe them. After

they entered a shop, Kyran waited for them outside.

Eilis asked, "Deirdre, are you and Mr. Reed very close friends?"

'Close friends?'

Well, honestly, even Deirdre herself was not sure about that. She replied, "Mr. Reed treats everyone like his good friend."

"Really? I don't think so." Eilis said in a low voice, "The way Mr. Reed looks at you is different from other people. From the way he acts, I can see that he's a cold person. I'm pretty sure that you're the reason he's willing to come to the mall with us. Besides

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'Besides, Kyran appeared to be very upset while Deirdre was talking to Tobey on the phone.'

"Besides what?" asked Deirdre. Then, she smiled and said, "He might look cold on the outside, but he's actually a very nice person. I'm sure you saw it during the feast that day, right?"

Eilis let out a dry smile. "But it still seems to me that he's only nice to you."

Deirdre's face burned red with embarrassment after she heard what Eilis said.

Eilis then pressed on. "Let me tell you something. When you were talking to Tobey on the phone, I could see from the side that Mr. Reed wasn't very happy about it. I know I'm

not seeing things. I'm not stupid. I'm pretty sure that he was jealous."

'He was jealous?'

Deirdre was stunned, and her heart raced into a gallop.

'He was jealous of Tobey and me?'

"But how is that possible?" Deirdre found it hard to believe.

"I didn't think it was possible either. After all, you two are from two different worlds and have been acquainted for a few days. But I'm not sure about that now." Eilis sighed.

"Anyway, just keep an eye on it. Honestly, just like you said, Mr. Reed is a nice person. I can see he'll treat you nicely if you end up together."

Deirdre was rendered speechless. The things that Eilis had said were revolving inside of her head.

'Kyran... He likes me?'

It would be possible if she were not disfigured, but right now... She was blind and ugly. There was no way any man would fall in love with her, let alone a successful man like Kyran.

She laughed and shook her head in an attempt to remove those thoughts from her head.

After that, she went to pick out her clothes with Eilis.

She did not actually care if the clothes were nice on her or not. She just wanted them to keep her warm. After picking a set, she asked the shopkeeper for the price.

"This one is 720 dollars. I can give you a discount."

"720 dollars?" Deirdre was dumbfounded. She bit her lips and fell deep in thought.

It was too expensive.

“Do you have anything cheaper?”

“The cheapest item in our store costs about 600 dollars.”

Chapter 335 I Don't Want to Owe You Anything

When Deirdre was putting the clothes back, Eilis came over and asked, “What’s wrong? You don’t like them?”

Deirdre lowered her voice and said, “Let’s go to another place.”

“Why? Tobey told me to bring you to this store. He said that the winter clothes in this store are the best in town,” said Eilis. Suddenly, she realized something and chuckled.

“You don’t have to worry about the price. Tobey just transferred 3,000 dollars to me. He told me to use the money to buy clothes for you, so I have to do as I’m instructed.”

When Eilis dragged Deirdre over to the counter, the shopkeeper said, “That man over there has already paid for the clothes. Do you need a bag? Otherwise, you can leave us your address, and we’ll deliver them to you.”

Eilis and Deirdre were stunned, especially the latter. She already felt they had troubled Kyran too much when he sent them to the town. She did not expect him to pay for her clothes at all and did not know what to do now.

“How much did he pay?” asked Deirdre.

The shopkeeper replied with a smile, “It’s enough to pay for all the clothes in our store.”

“I knew Mr. Reed was rich, but I didn’t expect him to be this rich. This is a famous brand in the town. It’s going to take a few thousand dollars to buy all of the clothes here.”

Deirdre bit her lips tightly. She did not want to accept any undeserved reward. She would

rather owe Tobey money than Kyran. After all, Kyran had helped her a lot.

“Madame Russell, do you have the money? I want to...”

”

“Yeah, yeah! I have the money.” Eilis hastily pulled a wad of money out of her purse and put it in Deirdre’s hand. “I understand what you’re going to do. You two aren’t a couple yet, so you shouldn’t take his money or take advantage of him. It’s right for you to return the money.”

Holding the money in her hand, Deirdre wanted to thank Eilis, but she felt that Eilis might

not accept it, so she just smiled at her. Then, using the counter as her support, she slowly walked toward the entrance.

Kyran noticed her before she could reach the entrance. He asked her through his phone,

“What’s wrong? Are you done buying your clothes?”

Deirdre handed the money in her hand to Kyran.

Kyran did not accept it and asked, “What do you mean by this?”

“This is the money for the clothes. See if it’s enough or not. If not, I’ll ask Madame Russell to get more for you. Mr. Reed, I’m grateful that you sent us to the town, but you can’t pay for the clothes,” Deirdre said sternly.

Kyran’s face sank.

“Why?” he asked, stunning Deirdre.

‘Why?’

They were just friends, and they had only met each other not long ago. Even if they had

known each other for a long time, she couldn't accept gifts from him just like that. "I can't take your money," Deirdre said after thinking for a while. "I appreciate your kindness, but we're friends, right? We should have each other's back as friends, but this is too much. I won't be able to pay you back, so I'm not going to take it."

"Then what about Tobey?" Kyran looked at Deirdre. "So, you will pay him back?"

Deirdre

was stunned again. She did not expect Kyran to bring Tobey up at all. 'Does he know Tobey?'

This was the first thing that appeared in her brain when Kyran mentioned Tobey.

It took her a while to come to her senses and say, "I can't pay him back either, but..."

She did not know how to explain to Kyran.

Kyran's face was cold. His fingers danced rapidly on his phone screen as he said, "But what? Could it be that you guys aren't friends? Unlike me, is he someone special to you?"

Deirdre did not know how to answer this question either.

It was true that they were friends, but...

Before Deirdre could say anything, Kyran continued. "This money is nothing to me. If you

really feel uncomfortable taking it, you can treat it like I am lending it to you. You can pay

me back when you have more money in hand."

Chapter 336 Marry Him

"But..." Deirdre lowered her head. After falling silent for a while, she said, "I might not be able to pay you back so soon."

She had nothing left. She did not even have the ability to take care of herself, let alone find a job to earn money. Under the circumstance where she couldn't find any job, she could only depend on others for survival.

"You should take the money. I can pay Tobey back at any time, but aren't you leaving once the project is done? I don't think I can get so much money in such a short time."

Deirdre did not think that Kyran would stay in Alnwick for his whole life. Alnwick was not his home, and he was not the kind of person who would stop at one project. She was certain that another Alnwick was waiting for him.

Kyran did not take the money. Instead, he asked, "So, can I say that you're asking me to stay in Alnwick for a while longer?"

The mechanical voice from the phone was cold. She could not tell whether Kyran was joking or being serious.

Before Deirdre could come to her senses, Kyran continued. "Just keep the money. I'm sure you can pay me back before I leave Alnwick. I have confidence in you."

In the end, Kyran did not accept the money.

When Deirdre returned the money to Ellis, the latter couldn't help herself and asked, "What did Mr. Reed say?"

"He told me to treat it as he's lending me the money, and I can pay him back when I have enough money."

Ellis fell silent. Apparently, he was creating an opportunity for himself to stay closer

to Deirdre. Deirdre was the only one who did not think Kyran was attracted to her because she thought she was ugly.

“What if you can’t pay it?”

“He said he has confidence that I’ll be able to pay it before he leaves. I don’t know what he means either,” Deirdre said, her voice filled with confusion.

“Maybe he wants you to marry him?”

Deirdre was stunned. In the next second, the tips of her ears turned red as she lowered her head. “Stop teasing me, Madame Russell.”

Eilis chuckled and dusted her clothes. “What a silly girl.”

The bag obviously became heavier after the shopkeeper packed everything up. Kyran took it over with one hand, and they all left the store.

When they passed by another store, Eilis stopped and said, “Wait a minute. I need to go in and buy something.”

“What?”

Eilis patted Deirdre’s hand and walked into the store. Deirdre had no choice but to ask Kyran, “What is Madame Russell going to buy?”

Kyran lifted his head and was momentarily stunned when he saw the things that were being sold in the store.

“Mr. Reed? Kyran?”

Deirdre’s voice snapped Kyran out of his thoughts, and he replied, “She’s buying some clothes.”

“Clothes?” asked Deirdre. “But we already bought a lot of clothes. There are jackets here

and some thermal underwear...”

Suddenly, Deirdre realized something.

Only now did she see the light in Kyran’s silence and his ambiguous answer.

She bit her lips and kept her mouth shut. There was an abysmal silence between them until a young female voice broke the silence. “Hi, handsome guy. I’ve been looking at you for a long time. Do you want to exchange your contact number with me?”

Deirdre blinked and could feel that Kyran was moving closer to her as if he was asking her for help. It seemed to her that he was not interested in that girl.

She cleared her voice and said, “I’m sorry, but he doesn’t want to exchange his contact number with you.”

“Who are you?” The woman frowned, stared fixedly at Deirdre, and said arrogantly, “He hasn’t said anything yet. Who do you think you are to help him make the decision?”

The woman apparently did not take Deirdre seriously. Meanwhile, Deirdre was dumbfounded for a moment when she heard her question.

Who was she?

If she said she was Kyran’s friend, the girl would be even more upset. After all, it

would be true that she did not have the right to help Kyran make decisions if she was just his friend.

“_”

Before she could say anything, a hand wrapped around her waist and pulled her over.

Chapter 337 It's Brendan

Dierdre was forced to lean her head on the man's broad chest, his nice scent tickling her

nostrils. She couldn't tell what kind of cologne he was wearing, but she found it rather pleasant to smell.

It was just that other people might misunderstand them when they saw their posture right now.

The woman harrumphed and said, "Jeez! So you guys are a couple? I don't know what is going on with people nowadays. Why are all of the handsome men matched with ugly women? This is so frustrating!"

She stormed off angrily.

Kyran tightened his grip when he heard what the woman said.

Deirdre could sense his feelings. She did not want him to get angry because of a stranger, so she said, "It's okay. I've already gotten used to it."

Kyran's face was dark. He stroked Deirdre's face with his hand and wrote on her palm. "You're prettier than her."

He was not lying. In his eyes, Dierdre was prettier than the woman, and Deirdre could sense his sincerity from how he wrote on her palm.

Deirdre laughed and said, "Tobey said the same thing to me as well. I can understand him since he's the kind of person who likes to take care of others' feelings. As for you... Could it be that you've seen too many beautiful women, so my appearance looks new to you?"

Kyran fell silent for a long while before replying, "I'm stating the truth."

"Besides..." He continued to type on his phone with his eyebrows knitted together. "I don't like you mentioning other men's names in front of me."

Meanwhile, Elaine saw Deirdre and Kyran before she entered the elevator, and she was stunned.

'Isn't that Deirdre?'

She was surprised to see Deirdre here, so she took a picture of her before entering the elevator. After that, she sent the photo to Charlene and said, "Honey, have a look at the picture I just sent you. Is the woman in the photo Deirdre?"

After sending the voice message, she pulled the photo out and looked at it again.

Suddenly, she realized that a man was standing in front of Deirdre.

The man was too far away from her and was facing her with his back, so she couldn't see his face clearly. However, she did not know why, but she felt the man was familiar. Suddenly, Elaine's heart jolted.

'Could it be... Brendan is here in Alnwick? What about his engagement with Charlene? Did he abandon everything in Neve just to come to look for Deirdre? Is he not going to attend the engagement banquet? No, I can't let this happen!'

Without waiting for Charlene to reply to her, she called her.

Charlene had just woken up, and she said grumpily, "What's wrong with you? Why can't you just send me a message? I just fell asleep, you know?"

"Wake up, girl! Your fiance is going to run away with another woman!"

"What?" Charlene cracked her eyes open. "What do you mean?"

"Take a look at the photo I sent you through WhatsApp. Is that woman Deirdre?"

“Deirdre?”

Charlene’s face sank when she heard the name. She opened up her WhatsApp and looked at the photo. She could not find another person with that disfigured face in this world. Even though she was very far away, Charlene knew she was Dierdre.

“Where did you see her?”

“In a shopping mall at Alnwick.”

“Alnwick...” Charlene bit her finger. “Then what do you mean by Brendan is going to run away with another woman?”

“Look closely! There is another man in the photo aside from Dierdre. They look so close to each other, and I can’t think of anyone else but Brendan.”

Charlene zoomed in on the photo. The man looked very similar to Brendan from the back, but...

“Are you sure he’s Brendan?” Charlene asked, “Did you see his face?”

It went without saying that Elaine had not seen his face, but she did not want Charlene to think that she was lying to her, so she said ambiguously, “I just took a glance at his face, but I can’t tell for sure that he’s Brendan since they were too far away from me.

“That being said, I don’t think there’s anyone else in this world other than Brendan who can make Deirdre look like this. Let me tell you something that you don’t know.

When you were in a coma, the way Dierdre looked at Brendan was different from other men, so I’m sure that he’s Brendan!”

Chapter 338 Hand Him Over to Another Person

The seed of suspicion began to sprout in Charlene’s heart after listening to Elaine’s speculation. However, she had seen Brendan at Neve yesterday, and Neve was pretty far away from Alnwick, so what was going on?

When Charlene did not say anything, Elaine added, “What are you still waiting for, Charlene? Do you really want to hand over the man who you’ve been in love with for so many years to that woman?”

“She got it easy and became his wife because she looks like you. Not only that, but she’s

also the reason you can’t appear in public. Now she’s going to steal your fiance away from you again! If you don’t do anything right now, you’ll lose what you have today!”

The things Elaine said reminded Charlene of her bitter past. A hint of coldness crossed her eyes. She was not going to go back to those days again.

“Alright, I know what I should do. Thank you so much, Elaine,” Charlene said gently. “I’ll get someone to send you the purse that just got released this year.”

Elaine’s eyes glowed with delight, but she pretended she did not want it. “You don’t have

to do that. We are friends and should help each other.”

Charlene laughed and ended the call. As soon as she hung up the phone, her smile disappeared, and her face turned cold. She clenched her fists tightly and looked at the photo again—the smile on the woman’s face in the photo stung her eyes greatly.

She did not understand why she was still so happy, even in her current state.

As for her, ever since Madame Brighthall learned it was someone else who had been keeping her company for those two years, she cut ties with her. She had tried to visit her

several times but refused to see her.

She had lost Madame Brighthall's support. If she lost Brendan again...

She did not dare to think what would happen to her then. She gnashed her teeth tightly and went out.

Brendan had yet to recover from his injuries. He was still in a serious condition since the wound on his abdomen couldn't heal, so he had been recuperating in the villa. Besides, after what happened to Deirdre, he had been keeping himself in his room, and she could

only see him when he was having a meal.

When Charlene appeared, Sam said sternly, "You've come at bad timing, Miss McKinney. Mr. Brighthall has an operation tomorrow, so he's resting in his room now. You should come back the day after tomorrow."

Charlene just wanted to find out whether the man in the photo was Brendan. She ignored what Sam said and pressed on. "Since he has an operation tomorrow, I should stay and take care of him. I'm sure he'll be bored staying in his room alone. I'll go up and

keep him company."

"Miss Mckinney-"

"Sam." Charlene's face sank. "You may have served Deirdre in the past, but she's gone now. I'm sure you know who'll be the future Mrs. Brighthall, so let's not make this difficult for both of us."

Sam froze. Charlene hastily rushed up to the second floor and pushed open the door to Brendan's room.

The moment she entered the room, she was welcomed by darkness. The curtains were drawn tightly, and the only thing left in the room was the smell of wine and medicine, both of which made Charlene frown.

She looked toward the bed, and Brendan was sitting on the bed. His body was enveloped in the darkness, and he seemed dispirited. Even though he knew that Deirdre

was still alive, it still did not give him enough motivation to keep living.

"Brendan..." Charlene covered her nose and asked, "Are you all right?"

The man shuffled in his bed and frowned. "What are you doing here?"

"I... I just wanted to see you. I saw that you weren't in good condition when I had a meal with you yesterday. By the way, when is your operation? I want to keep you company..."

"Tomorrow night," he replied impatiently. "Get out of my room now. I want to rest."

"Alright." Charlene closed the door and looked at the time on her phone.

It had only been one hour since Elaine saw Deirdre. There was no way Brendan could have made his way back from Alnwick in such a short period. Apparently, the man in the photo was not Brendan.

Chapter 339 You Wouldn't Want to Know

To be honest, Charlene did not care who the man was. All she ever cared about was Deirdre.

She had been trying to get Deirdre's news from Brendan but to no avail. Little did she expect that Deirdre had returned to Alnwick.

A hint of coldness crossed Charlene's eyes. After she came out of Brendan's house,

she

called Elaine.

“I don’t like you mentioning another man in front of me.”

Deirdre’s head went blank for a moment when she heard what Kyran said. Even though he was typing on his phone, she could sense that he did not like Tobey at all through the

mechanical voice of his phone.

Her heart clutched a little as she pressed her lips and asked, “Why? Is it because you haven’t seen Tobey before? You should see him first. He’s a very nice person…”

“Not because of that.” Kyran looked fixedly at Deirdre. “You wouldn’t want to know about it.”

‘I wouldn’t want to know about it?’

Deirdre’s brain went blank again. Anyone would be able to get what he was trying to say easily, but Deirdre found it difficult to believe.

‘How is this possible?’

Sterling and Tobey liked her and pitied her because they had seen her before she was disfigured, but Kyran was different. They had only known each other for a few days, so she did not believe that he would fall in love with her in such a short period.

After rejecting the idea, she smiled and said, “What is it? Why are you so sure I don’t want to know about it?”

Kyran typed on his phone and asked, staring fixedly at Deirdre, “So, do you want to know about it?”

Deirdre was stunned. It took her a while to come to her senses, and she said, “Yes, I want to know about it.”

However, Kyran did not say anything in return. Before she knew anything, he leaned closer. She could feel his hot breath grazing through her eyelashes and tickling her skin.

Deirdre closed her eyes, and her lips quivered. Her heart raced into a gallop, and the man pulled away from her just when she held her breath.

It was as if he had not come closer to her and was not trying to do anything to her.

“I’m so sorry for making you wait for so long, Deirdre, Mr. Reed. I lost track of time while I

was shopping inside.”

Eilis came out of the store with a few bags in her hand.

Deirdre’s palm was sweaty, and her eyebrows were tightly knitted. She did not know if she had an illusion, but a strange feeling was tugging inside her heart.

“What’s wrong?” asked Eilis.

Deirdre shook her head. “Nothing. My legs feel numb.”

“Oh my. I should’ve asked Mr. Reed to bring you to the car to wait for me,” said Eilis, her

voice filled with guilt. “Anyway, let’s hurry and go back first.”

It had been quiet throughout the entire journey. Eilis tried to spark up a conversation, but

she soon forwent the attempt when she realized the strange chemistry between Deirdre and Kyran. It was snowing and hailing when Kyran sent them back to Alnwick. Chunks

of
ice fell from the sky and landed on their car.
Deirdre couldn't help recalling the hailstorm that night. Brendan held her tightly in his arms as he rushed into the hailstorm, begging her to stay alive.
She did not know whether he had been saying that from the bottom of his heart or out of guilt for her mother's death. After all, he was the one who had caused her mother's death.
A pang shot through her head as she immersed herself in her memories. By the time she came to her senses, she heard Eilis saying, "What heavy snow. Are you sure you want to go back, Mr. Reed? The road is frozen, and it'll get even more slippery later. The condition of the road in the village isn't that good either. It's too dangerous."
Kyran was driving the car, so he couldn't reply to Eilis.
Eilis then continued. "Mr. Reed, why don't you spend a night at my house? It's just that I don't have a heater installed in my room. If you don't mind, you can stay in Tobey's room. All of the blankets and bed are clean."
Listening to the crackling noise as the hail crashed on the car, Deirdre chimed in and said, "Madame Russell is right. It's too dangerous to go back right now since the road condition is bad."

Chapter 340 You Liked to Smile In the Past

Kyran felt they were right. He looked at the road and replied with his phone, "Okay." As soon as he stopped the car, the snow got heavier.
Deirdre opened the door, and the icy wind that gusted across the courtyard felt like knives cutting into her skin.
After they got into the house, Eilis went to take some charcoal to set up a brazier in Kyran's room. As for Deirdre, she helped Kyran make his bed.
She took off her snow-laden jacket and got to work.
Kyran looked around and picked up the picture on the table. There were four people in the picture, two young women, a boy, and a girl.
The girl was looking at the camera with two of her fingers stuck out. There was a bright smile on her face, and she was the one who stood out the most among the four people in the picture. The boy standing next to her was looking at her. Even though he tried to hide his emotion, Kyran could still see from his eyes that he had a thing for her.
Kyran looked at the girl and fell into contemplation.
"Mr. Reed?" Deirdre called out to him, pulling back to reality. He put down the picture and turned over to get the blanket. Deirdre realized something and asked, "What's wrong?"
"Nothing," replied Kyran. He hesitated for a moment and added, "I saw your photo when you were 17 or 18. You liked to smile a lot at that time."
"Photo?" Deirdre had already forgotten about the photo. "What photo?"
"It looks like a family photo. I can see that one woman is Madame Russell when she was young. The girl is you, and I think the boy should be Tobey. As for the other woman, she should be your mother, right? After all, you two are very much alike," said Kyran.

Deirdre was stunned. She did not expect that Tobey was still keeping the photo in his room. She set her jaw tightly and asked, "Where is it?"

Kyran handed the photo to her. She grabbed it, and although she tried to open her eyes as wide as possible, she couldn't see anything. Despite that, her eyes were still glowing with light.

"It was the happiest time in my life," she said, smiling. "I didn't care how much I made. I just wanted my mother to live a better life. For this reason, I worked hard to learn

to play the piano, wanting to achieve success. After my mother started to get sick, she spent most of her time in bed, so I dropped out of school and took over her work. Although it was tiring, it was also very fulfilling."

Kyran couldn't help but ask, "Then what happened next?"

"What happened next, huh?" The smile in Deirdre's eyes melted away as coldness and indifference started to take hold. She clutched tightly at the photo and changed the topic.

"Mr. Reed, can you do me a favor? Can you help me to make a copy of the photo? Although I can't see it, at least I'll have something to reminisce about."

"Sure. Give it to me."

"Thank you."

Deirdre handed the photo to him. Just when she was about to return to her work, something snapped, and the entire room turned dark.

"What happened?" Deirdre raised her head.

Kyran couldn't see Deirdre's face clearly in the dark. He raised his phone up and said, "I have no idea. The light just went off suddenly. Maybe it's a power outage."

Deirdre inched toward the door and opened it. At the same time, Eilis came out of the kitchen. She was boiling the water when the light went off.

"What happened, Madame Russell?"

"I think it's a tripped breaker. Let me go and have a look."

Kyran typed, "Let me do it. I'm more experienced in this. Besides, it's cold outside. You just warmed yourself up, so you should stay here."

Deirdre put on her jacket and said, "I'll go with you."

Kyran frowned. Before he could say anything, Deirdre said, "You don't know where the switchboard is. You need me to take you there."

Kyran did not stop her anymore. Deirdre was blind, so walking in the darkness was not a

problem for her. After they opened the door, the snow was still falling.

Chapter 341 He's Sick

Deirdre made her way to the left side of the yard and stood against the wall while she said, "It should be here."

Kyran turned on the flashlight on his phone and saw it. He opened up the switchboard and discovered that it was a little more complicated than a tripped breaker. It was fortunate that the toolbox was nearby.

"Can you hold the phone?"

He needed someone to shine the light.

Deirdre nodded. "Sure."

She took the phone and was assigned to stand at a suitable position by Kyran. It was fortunate that there was no wind in the yard, but she was still shivering in the cold.

Kyran removed his jacket suddenly and draped it across Deirdre's body.

Deirdre felt no longer cold when she was wrapped in the man's jacket with his warmth. Yet, she remembered that Kyran did not dress warmly either, so she wanted to remove the jacket. "It's fine, Mr. Reed..."

Kyran insisted and helped her to button the jacket before he continued his task.

Deirdre felt comforted for some unknown reason as she smelled the scent of the man's jacket. She was caught in a daze when she remembered the conversation that did not carry on at the international trade center.

'What was he going to say?

'Or, what was he going to do?'

She could not see if Kyran tried to get closer on purpose at the time, and she had no idea whether it was just her wrong impression. She could not refrain from asking, "Did you approach me at the trade center, Mr. Reed? Were you trying to tell me something? What was it about?"

Kyran's action of utilizing the tools halted to a stop before he continued. He had only ended his repair when Eilis opened the door to inform him that the power was back and took the phone from Deirdre to type his speech.

"Come and meet me at the church's lounge area tomorrow afternoon. I'll tell you in person."

Deirdre returned to the room and lay on the bed with her eyes wide open. She was utterly awake.

She wanted to know what it was that he could only tell her tomorrow. It was as if he needed to make up his mind or something, and it made her feel uneasy for no apparent reason.

Despite feeling perplexed, Deirdre fell asleep at last, and it was already eight by the time

she woke up.

She changed into fresh clothes, and Eilis said to her as soon as she walked outside, "There's some oatmeal in the pot. I'll get you a bowl. Take a seat first."

Deirdre took two steps before she asked, "Where is Mr. Reed?"

"He left early in the morning. I came outside after waking up and found him already dressed fully. He bid farewell to me with a voice message before he left."

'Left?' Deirdre rubbed her palms together to warm herself. 'That's quick.'

"I wouldn't be able to sleep soundly last night had he not fixed the breaker yesterday. I felt bad for troubling him." Eilis' voice was heard coming from the kitchen. "Oh right, he seemed to be sick. He was constantly coughing and didn't stop even when he was walking. He didn't look so well and was in a rush. I didn't manage to pass him some medicine before he was gone."

'Sick?'

Deirdre was caught in a daze and could not help being astounded when she remembered the jacket from yesterday.

He had been fixing the switchboard for more than ten minutes, wearing thin clothes in the freezing weather. How could he possibly not be sick?

Deirdre felt extremely guilty in her heart and said, "Madame Russell, you can pass me the medicine first."

"Why? Are you going to meet Mr. Reed today?" Eilis walked over with a bowl. "They may

not necessarily be coming into the mountain due to the road closure from the heavy snow. You might catch a cold if you head outside on such a cold day and might not even

be able to deliver the medicine."

"That won't happen." Deirdre spoke softly. "We have an appointment."

"What?" Eilis understood the situation and smiled mischievously. "If you end up with Mr. Reed, you're going to move to Eastgene, right? It's a good thing too as I'll get to travel to

Eastgene. If you can't be my daughter-in-law, I'm fine with being your godmother too."

Deirdre blushed scarlet. A news report flashed on the television. "A reporter took photos of Brendan Brighthall being admitted to the hospital late at night for emergency surgery. He has yet to be discharged. It seems that he was injured severely during the previous incident, so his life is at stake."

Chapter 342 He Told Me to Wait for Him

"Yikes, yikes!" Eilis said in astonishment while she ate her oatmeal, "An influential person like him is injured? How did that happen? Aren't influential people like them constantly being protected by bodyguards? It's not some cancer, right?"

Deirdre was stunned and felt her heart wrench in pain. She laughed at how silly she was

in her heart and kept her head lowered to consume the oatmeal.

The news report was replaced by something else, and Eilis was having a delightful time watching the entertainment news.

Deirdre washed her face and grabbed her gardening tools before she said, "I'm heading to the yard."

It had been a long time since she had done gardening. Due to the snow, there was nothing much for her to do, yet she could not allow herself to remain idle. She would need to find something to do because it was the only way she could stop herself from thinking and asking.

Eilis knew Deirdre's personality very well, so she concerningly reminded Deirdre to be careful.

"Hmm, I'll be careful."

Deirdre headed to the courtyard cautiously and shoveled away the snow first before she moved everything that could be moved into the house.

She discovered that she stopped thinking when she was busy, just as expected, and her

body was sweating from working.

She returned for lunch and headed to the church at noon with the medicine Eilis had prepared.

There was a villager in the church, and she persuaded the person to get her to the lounge area.

She waited on the sofa and sat there for two hours until her body was stiff. She got up

to
move around before she took a seat back.
Someone opened the door and asked, "Deirdre, who are you waiting for? Mr. King and his people won't be coming due to the snow."
Deirdre answered hastily, "I understand. I'm waiting for someone else."
"Someone else?" The villager paused for a moment before he nodded. "Alright, don't wait for too long because we'll be closing the church at night."
"Hmm, I won't."
Deirdre thought to herself that perhaps she was too early for the appointment. Perhaps the afternoon mentioned by Kyran was from 4:00 to 5:00 p.m.
She felt drowsy and lay on the sofa for a while before she dozed off.
"Deirdre, Deirdre?"
Deirdre opened her eyes abruptly. The villager said with a frown, "I don't think the person that you're waiting for is coming today. It's almost 8:00 p.m. now."
'5:00 p.m.?'
Deirdre's heart was racing not only because she had fallen asleep for such a long time but, most importantly, because Kyran was not there.
She asked hesitantly, "May I inquire if any car came to the village today?"
"Who's coming to the village with such heavy snow? Let alone travelers, we would rather check into a hotel to rest for a night than come back if we were to work elsewhere. I've been in the church all day and haven't seen anyone."
Deirdre's face turned slightly pale, and her eyebrows were tightly furrowed. She was certain she did not remember the date wrongly, yet why was Kyran not there?
"Can... Can I stay for a while longer?" After a long time, Deirdre made up her mind. "He told me to wait here and that he would come."
Deirdre refused to leave before she could pass him the medicine in the bag in person. The villager was troubled. "Sure then. You have until 9:00 p.m. I would like to go home too."
"Hmm, thank you so much!"
The villager left, yet Deirdre's expression was still tense.
The lounge area was cold at night. Deirdre wrapped her clothes around her body tightly and repeatedly thought about the possible reason for Kyran's lateness.
'Is it because the roads are closed from the heavy snow, or is it because it's inconvenient for him to travel in the cold?'
'If that were the case, why wouldn't he give me a call then?'

Chapter 343 Have I Been Deceived?

Kyran did not know her number, but he could call up the village head or the villagers. She refused to believe that Kyran could not get her number in view of Declan's connections.
'Or is he trying to get here, but the heavy snow blocks his route?'
At that thought, Deirdre decided that she would wait a little longer.
A moment later, the door of the lounge opened suddenly.

Deirdre raised her head in pleasant surprise only to hear the villager's voice. "It's nine, Deirdre."

"I'm sorry for holding you up." Deirdre felt an ineffable feeling in her heart and walked outside with the medicine bag.

It had already begun to snow outside, and a thick layer of snow was on the ground, almost to her ankles.

The villager said, "I'll send you since it's on my way. It's inconvenient for you to head home in this weather."

Deirdre hesitated for a moment before she said with a forced smile, "It's fine. You should go home first."

"You're not going to wait still, right?" The villager inhaled sharply. "You came at one, and

you waited until nine. The person is not here yet, so it's apparent that he has stood you up. He's not coming, and it's understandable due to the weather. However, you'll be a fool if you continue to wait."

"He's coming." Deirdre became even more convinced when she remembered Kyran's mannerisms.

He would give her his jacket when he was freezing, so what if she were to wait a while more?

What if Kyran were to come a moment after she left?

It would be deeply regretful for him to come in vain on such a cold day.

"Alright then. There's nothing I can do if you insist. However, it's snowing heavier, and you'll only last half an hour at most when it's freezing. You're going to be in danger if you

stay longer."

"Hmm, don't worry. I'll wait ten minutes more, just ten minutes."

The villager nodded and left.

Deirdre squatted by the door. The roof shielded her from the snow, but she kept her hands close to her chest from the cold.

'I'll wait a while longer, just a little longer.'

She waited until it was already 10:00 p.m. by the time her phone reported the time.

Deirdre wanted to stand up, only to discover that her body was already stiff. She tumbled

head-first into the snow and had no control over her limbs. She lay in the snow and exerted every ounce of strength in her body to turn over. She looked up to the sky with her head raised and felt the snowflakes landing on her face. The snowflakes did not melt

instantly on her face because her body was so cold.

The feeling of nothing was agonizing. She shut her eyes and thought if she would die this way until she heard the sound of an approaching car in the distance.

Deirdre opened her eyes abruptly. The car stopped, and Declan's voice was heard. Ms. McKinnon!"

He came over and helped her to stand up. He furrowed his eyebrows ferociously at the very moment he felt her cold body. "Why are you still out here?"

Deirdre was stunned. "Mr. King? What brought you here?"

'Have I been deceived? Has Kyran deceived me?
'Did he make a fool out of me and regard me as a joke just like that man?'

Declan's face was green with rage. "Get into the car first. There's heating in the car." Deirdre's entire body was stiff, and she was almost lifted into the car by Declan. It was really warm in the car, and she could not stop herself from shivering after her body warmed up.

Declan said, "I'm sorry I came late, Ms. McKinnon. I didn't expect you to wait at the door all this time either."

"What do you mean?" Deirdre exhaled a deep breath. "Where... is Kyran?"

"He's in the hospital."

Deirdre was stunned and felt her chest tighten. "What happened?"

Declan's expression was very unpleasant. "He's sick. He's burning with a high fever. and

collapsed. He was sent to the hospital, and when he regained consciousness, he insisted on removing his intravenous line so he could come and see you. He claimed that you were waiting for him."

Chapter 344 The Woman He Fancies

At that point, Declan was amused. "Both of you are the same, and one of you is more stubborn than the other. One insisted on coming, while the other insisted on waiting. Are both of you trying to get yourselves killed?"

The first thought that came into Deirdre's mind was the news report about Brendan's collapse in the morning, of him being sent to the hospital for treatment that very night. Kyran too... It felt a little too coincidental.

However, she discarded that idea immediately. These people had totally different personalities. Brendan was domineering, while Kyran was gentle.

If Brendan were to find out that she was talking to Tobey on the phone, he would snatch the phone and hang up domineeringly before humiliating her. Yet, Kyran would not do that. He would never force her to do anything against her wish when he was displeased. Perhaps he had really caught a cold from fixing the switchboard last night?

It was no wonder she had not received any update from Kyran, but the first thing he wanted to do when he regained consciousness was to come to Village Alnwick.

She felt an ineffable feeling in her heart and hastily asked, "Is he alright?"

"He's not doing so well." Declan did not have a reason to hide the truth, so he said in all seriousness, "Kyran had health issues from the start, and his physical condition is weak. He gets sick and is admitted to the hospital very frequently. Moreover, he has a high fever from being exposed to extreme cold. Had he not lost consciousness, I wouldn't be here now."

Deirdre's face turned pale instantly. She felt her heart wrench in pain at the thought of how Kyran had taken off his jacket indomitably last night and put it on her while he endured the snowstorm.

'He's such a fool.'

"You too. Had I not come in time, do you know how you'd end up on a cold night like this?" Declan heaved a sigh. "Let me send you home..."

"Mr. King," Deirdre said anxiously. She suppressed her coldness and said hesitantly,"

Can I trouble you to... take me to the hospital with you? I would like to visit Mr. Reed..." She knew that she would not be able to sleep even if she were to go home, and her mind was filled with thoughts about Kyran's hospitalization now.

She was the one who put him in harm's way.

"Are you sure? Your clothes are wet, and it's late."

"I'm sure." Deirdre spoke in a determined voice.

Declan wanted to reject her request, but he remembered the person who had just regained consciousness on the hospital bed. His rejection halted to a stop when he thought about the person's ghastly pale face from the high fever yet insisting on seeing Deirdre.

"Sure... I'll take you to see him. However, it's really late. It's possible that it will take a long time to drive there. You should get a nap first."

"Sure," Deirdre muttered and hugged herself tightly.

Noticing the situation, Declan increased the heater temperature in the car and started the engine.

Deirdre woke up instinctively when the car stopped. She had a bad headache and asked

in a hoarse voice, "Are we here?"

"We're at the entrance of a hotel in the city. We're still a distance away from the hospital,

but you must get a hot shower and change into fresh clothes. Your clothes are drenched.

If you continue to be like this, you're going to lose consciousness, let alone see Kyran."

Declan was thoughtful. Even though Deirdre was worried about Kyran, she knew that she would certainly get sick if she were to continue to be like this. She nodded and said softly, "Thank you."

"Don't mention it." Declan chuckled and said, "You're the woman that my good friend fancies, after all."

Deirdre was stunned, and her cheeks started burning soon. She came to realize that Declan must have misunderstood the incident that had taken place in the church's lounge the other day. She explained, "You've misunderstood..."

"Hmm?" Declan was unbothered. "Get out of the car first."

Declan passed his jacket to Deirdre before she got out of the car.

Declan checked Deirdre into a hotel room while he waited outside so Deirdre could take a shower.

Both of them returned to the car once again after Deirdre got changed. Declan said, "The journey will take a few hours. You can rest first, and I'll wake you when we're there."

"A few hours?" Deirdre could not help feeling surprised. She blinked in shock and said, "Aren't we already in the city? Why do we need a few hours? Is the hospital very far from here?"

"It's not very far, but it's snowing very heavily. There's no snow cleaner at night, so driving fast is dangerous. Moreover, I can't go through the bridge, so I'm taking a long detour."

Chapter 345 It's My Fault for Putting You in Harm's Way

"I see..." Deirdre said softly, "It must be very tiring for you to travel such a difficult path to get to me in a rush, right? I'm sorry."

Declan was stunned upon hearing Deirdre's remark and came to understand the situation. He smiled subconsciously and said, "I've never seen Kyran being close to a woman from the start, but you're the only exception, Ms. McKinnon. You're so kind, Ms. McKinnon. Perhaps I might have fallen for you too if I didn't already have someone else that I love."

Deirdre had a hard time explaining her relationship with Kyran within a short period, so she immediately changed the conversation topic. "Do you have a lover, Mr. King?"

"Hardly a lover... She's not planning on being with me."

"Is that so?" Deirdre expressed her astonishment.

Declan could not help chuckling. "Why? Why are you feeling incredulous to know that I'm still single?"

Deirdre said truthfully, "It's because you seem like a very outstanding man, Mr. King. You

hold a respectable status, and you're good with words. If you have someone you love, it should be normal for you to end up being with her."

Declan looked ahead and said, "Is that the way you look at it?"

His eyes were unfocused, and there was no telling who he was thinking about. Then, he smiled and said in a teasing voice, "I suppose the great have great hardship to contend with, right? It's precisely because I'm so outstanding that I'm destined to have troubles in

love because my career is smooth sailing."

Deirdre forced a smile while Declan said, "Get some rest. We'll be there by daybreak."
"Sure."

Deirdre shut her eyes. She fell asleep in the car's swaying rhythm until she was awakened by Declan. She rubbed her eyes.

"We're here."

"Alright." Deirdre felt her way out of the car. Declan offered her an arm to lead her to the hospital level.

A nurse passed by, and Declan asked, "Has the patient in Room 1106 awakened?"

"No." The nurse stopped and asked in a stern tone, "Are you his friend?"

Deirdre could not help feeling her chest tighten.

Declan nodded. "I am."

"I believe that the patient is concerned about something. He woke up a few times and fell

asleep back, but his lips were constantly chanting something in his sleep. I couldn't hear his voice clearly, so it would be best for you to pay attention to that."

"Sure."

Declan was in the mood to tease Kyran after the nurse left. "That lad is probably still thinking about his date with you in his dream."

Deirdre could not crack a smile, and Declan understood her feelings. He did not continue

to make jokes and took Deirdre to the room right away.

The room reeked of disinfectant, yet Deirdre felt calmer for some unknown reason. It was possible that it was because she was getting closer to Kyran.

“Take a seat first, Ms. McKinnon. I’ll get two sandwiches from the cafeteria for breakfast.”

“Sure.” Deirdre was caught in a daze for a moment before she nodded.

After Declan left, she stretched out her hand to touch Kyran’s face. It was burning hot and at an unnatural temperature.

“It’s my fault for putting you in harm’s way.” She lowered her gaze. Any man who interacted with her would always end up bad.

There was Sterling, then Tobey, and not even Kyran could be spared.

There was dejection in her gaze. She was about to pull back her arm when her palm was

grasped abruptly.

The icy cold fingers clutched her palm strenuously in an anxious yet rushed manner.

“Are you awake, Mr. Reed?”

The man did not answer, but he clutched her hand tightly. His breathing was rapid and chaotic while his body was trembling.

Deirdre subconsciously placed her other hand on his face and felt the cold sweat covering his forehead.

“Nurse! Nurse!”

Deirdre’s expression changed drastically. There was nothing she could do to walk away from the bed due to Kyran’s tight clutch. She was panic-stricken until the grasp suddenly loosened.

Chapter 346 Disturbing Your Intimate Moment Together

“K—Kyran?”

The man’s eyes were filled with pain and lethargy. The sight of the woman sobered him up. He grabbed Deirdre’s hand once again and wrote on her palm. “I’m fine.”

Deirdre broke into tears of joy.

Kyran wrote, “I’m sorry.”

“What are you sorry for?” Deirdre was stunned.

“For making you wait.”

Deirdre’s eyes reddened with tears abruptly. She shook her head with all her might and suppressed the overwhelming emotions in her heart.

“It’s me who should be sorry. I encumbered you the other day. You wouldn’t have been caught in a road closure from the heavy snow when you sent us home had I not wanted to buy clothes. Had I not insisted on following you, you wouldn’t have removed your jacket for me and gotten sick. Everything that happened was my fault

Kyran tapped on her palm to beckon her to stop. Then, he searched around and found his phone.

“I’d be in agony if you got sick.”

Deirdre was stunned instantly, and she was rendered speechless.

She came to realize that Declan was at the door without noticing him. He cleared his throat and said, “I’m sorry for showing up at the wrong time and disturbing your intimate moment together.”

Deirdre immediately pulled her hand away and took a step back—her expression was filled with embarrassment. Kyran looked at Declan with a frown. It was apparent that he was displeased.

Declan was frustrated. “I wanted to be sensible and leave as well, but I couldn’t do it. I believe that it has already been a long time since Ms. McKinnon last ate. She’s going to need a bite of something after traveling in the car for a night, right?”

Kyran had just only come to realize that. He furrowed his eyebrows tightly and tapped on the phone’s screen. “Haven’t you eaten yet?”

Deirdre nodded. She had last eaten during lunch yesterday, and the food was already digested fully by now. Yet, she did not feel the hunger, perhaps due to her concern for Kyran.

Kyran’s gaze was filled with sympathy. “Frankly, you shouldn’t have come. It’s far and tiring to travel here.”

“I’m the reason you got sick, so how could I not come?” Deirdre furrowed her eyebrows and thought about how he had no idea how worried she was. She wanted to say something but could not speak when she remembered that Declan was still in the room.

Declan suppressed his urge to laugh and thought about how these two people had finally agreed to be with each other, so he passed two sets of sandwiches to them. “I just

bought these, and they are still warm. Both of you can have it. I haven’t slept for one whole day, so I’m going to get some rest at a nearby hotel before I come later.”

Deirdre received the sandwiches and nodded hastily. Declan bid farewell and left without turning back.

Kyran typed, “I’ll unwrap the sandwiches, and we shall eat something first.”

“Sure.” Deirdre took a seat once again and waited for Kyran to pass her the sandwich. She took two bites before she realized how starved she was. She ate for a while and realized that Kyran had yet to take a bite. She asked in confusion, “Why aren’t you eating?”

Kyran looked at his whole sandwich and typed, “I don’t like pickles.”

“There’s none in mine.” Deirdre regretted saying that.

So what if hers had no pickles? She was halfway through her sandwich, so she would not allow herself to give Kyran the half-eaten sandwich.

She lowered her head in embarrassment, her ears burning. She was about to explain when the man took away her sandwich and passed her the new one.

“That’s great.” Kyran typed, “I like yours.”

Before Deirdre could speak, he munched down the sandwich without uttering a word, without any concern that she was eating the sandwich. Moreover, his action was so affectionate, as if they were a couple...

Deirdre could not tell if she was feeling embarrassed or shy. Meanwhile, Kyran’s phone rang.

Kyran looked at the strange number and hesitated for a moment before he picked it up. Soon afterward, Eilis’ anxious voice was heard saying, “Is this Mr. Reed? Is this Mr.

Reed? Have you seen Deirdre? She hasn't been home all night, and I can't reach her phone. Is she with you?"

Chapter 347 Pass Her the Phone

Deirdre was stunned. She felt for the phone in her pocket and realized that it was turned off after being out of battery.

She stretched out her hand and said, "Pass it to me."

The phone was given to Deirdre, and she got up to pick up the call. "Hello, Madame Russell."

"Silly girl!" Eilis was almost in tears. "Why aren't you picking up your phone? You scared me! I looked for you everywhere for a night and almost thought that you were buried under the snow!"

"I'm sorry..." Deirdre sniffed. She had been so worried about Kyran that she had forgotten to call and update Eilis about her whereabouts.

Madame Russell said, "As long as you're safe and sound. Where are you now?"

Deirdre had no idea, either. She said truthfully, "Mr. Reed got sick and was admitted to the hospital after helping me the other day. I sought help from Mr. King to take me to the hospital, and it is quite some distance away from Village Alnwick."

"I see... Are you cold then? Would you like me to send you warmer clothes?"

"It's fine." Deirdre smiled. "Mr. Reed has already awakened. I'll be back when the hospital has examined and confirmed that he is fine."

"Alright then." Eilis remembered something and said, "However, I called up Tobey because I panicked. He got in touch with people here to look for you. I'm afraid that he might not have slept the whole night, and perhaps he would have hopped on a plane to come back if he weren't so busy. I shall call him and update him about your situation."

"Sure."

After ending the call, Deirdre blushed as she thought about how she had troubled way too many people.

She passed the phone to Kyran, and he asked, "What happened? Is Madame Russell very worried about you?"

"Yes." Deirdre was very embarrassed. "I'll be leaving by noon. It would be strange for her

not to panic after I came over and vanished for the whole night without informing her prior."

"Had you been waiting for me since noon?"

Deirdre nodded and said immediately, "However, it was because I was too bored. The lounge of the church was warm, so I thought I'd go there to warm myself. Oh right."

She pulled the plastic-wrapped medicine out of her pocket. "I brought you this, but I believe that you don't need it anymore because you're in a hospital."

She was planning on changing the topic of conversation when Kyran suddenly held her hand beyond her expectations. Despite her blindness, she could feel the man's blazing hot gaze on her face.

Deirdre was stunned, and her heart was racing. Kyran's lips moved, and he exerted some strength in his grip.

All of a sudden, the phone rang at a bad time and interrupted the ambiance between them. Deirdre immediately pulled back her hand.

Kyran picked up the phone with a frown and heard a gentle voice coming from the other end of the call. "Hello, I'm Tobey Russell."

The call was hung up abruptly, and Deirdre was stunned. She had a keen sense of hearing and asked, "Was the caller earlier Tobey?"

"No," Kyran answered quickly, his expression very unpleasant. "You misheard."

However, the call came once again.

Kyran wanted to hang up right away this time, but Deirdre asked cautiously, "Aren't you going to take the call, Mr. Reed?"

Kyran could only suppress his anger this time as Tobey's voice sounded. "Hello, Mr. Reed. Did you accidentally hang up the call? I'm not a stranger but Deirdre's friend. Will you please pass her the phone?"

"It's Tobey."

Deirdre's eyes lit up while Kyran's dark pupils turned dim. He passed her the phone.

"It's me, Tobey."

Tobey was relieved to hear Deirdre's voice. "Deirdre, will you please inform my mother or me first before you go anywhere the next time? Do you know how worried I am?"

"I'm sorry, Tobey. Today's incident is an accident, and I won't do that again."

Chapter 348 Brendan Is in the Hospital

"I know that it's not your intention to worry us, but I regret even more that I can't keep you company during this time." Tobey sounded tired when he asked Deirdre, "Who is this

Mr. Reed?"

Deirdre was momentarily stunned and bit her lower lip before she told Kyran that she was going out to take the call. She took the liberty to walk out of the room and shut the door before she said, "He's a new acquaintance of mine."

"He seems to object to my presence very much," Tobey said half-jokingly, yet with a tinge of seriousness. "It would be great if I were by your side."

Deirdre's expression turned gentle. She was about to speak when someone walked past

her and said with excitement that could not be concealed, "Do you know that Brendan Brighthall from Neve is in our hospital?"

All the blood drained from Deirdre's face instantly, and her eyes widened incredulously as she looked in the direction of the source of the voice.

The voice continued to say, "I heard that he is still single, and rumor has it that he's handsome and graceful. It would be great if I could meet him!"

"Dream on." The other person teased by saying, "Even if he is still single, he will be married soon. Haven't you heard of the news of his engagement soon? His girlfriend is very pretty, and I think she's the heiress of an influential family."

"He's not married yet. Perhaps he might take a fancy to someone like me even if he is engaged?"

"Nonsense! Oh right." The woman asked, "Why is Brendan Brighthall admitted to our hospital? We're at least two hour's drive away from Neve, right?"

"I'm not too sure either. It is said that it's inconvenient for him to be admitted to Neve's hospitals because of the crowd of reporters, so he is here to seek treatment..."

The voices moved further and further away. Deirdre's body was trembling abruptly as if she was drenched in ice water, and her mind went blank.

'Brendan... is in this hospital?'

At the thought of the man's possessiveness, coldness and how he had declared that he wanted to start over again his relationship with her, Deirdre's teeth were chattering while her body was shivering beyond her notice.

'If... If he were to find out that I'm not only alive but also in the same hospital now...'

Fear and terror almost overpowered her senses until Tobey's voice pulled her back to reality. "What's going on, Deirdre?"

Deirdre was incapable of moving her legs. Her lips parted, and she bit her lower lip ferociously to calm herself with great effort. "Nothing... Tobey, I'm rather tired from the journey and would like to get some rest..."

"Sure, you may get some rest first. Remember to charge your phone, so I can keep in touch with you anytime."

"Hmm."

After the call ended, Deirdre felt her back covered in a cold sweat from fear, and she was

having a hard time composing herself.

Her sealed heart began to be flooded with intense uneasiness. In fact, a thought had even occurred to her.

'Run!'

There was still time for her to run now. If she were to bump into Brendan, he would capture her, and she would live in agony for the rest of her life.

Yet, she had utterly no idea where she was, so how could she run? Moreover, what about Kyran? She was there to see him, so would it be appropriate for her to leave after the brief visit?

Deirdre swallowed a gulp of saliva. She tried calming herself a few times before returning to the room again.

She passed the phone to Kyran, but she was still distracted.

Kyran looked at her solemnly and asked her with a typed message, "What's going on? What happened? Why do you look so pale?"

"I'm fine."

Deirdre wiped her face and forced herself to perk up. She tried to convince herself that the hospital was huge and Brendan had yet to recover from his injury. They may not necessarily bump into each other so coincidentally.

On the other hand, she would not be discovered if she was careful.

"I can tell if you really are fine." Kyran paused for a moment. "Miss McKinnon, you can tell me if you are going through some difficulty that is hard to tell. I'll protect you."

Chapter 349 Same Level

'Protect?'

Deirdre understood that no one would be able to protect her in Brendan's presence because he was a madman who acted on his will.

'If he is happy, he will smile at you. But if he is displeased, he will figure out all sorts of ways to destroy you, and no one can stand a chance against him. How can he protect me from him?'

‘Moreover... why does it have to be so coincidental that he is in the same hospital as Kyran and they are warded on the same level?’

“I really am fine.” Deirdre clenched her fists tightly and inhaled three deep breaths once again to calm herself. She rubbed her face and said, “I’m just tired because I didn’t sleep

well in the car last night.”

Upon hearing that, Kyran typed, “I’ll get Declan to take you somewhere to rest when he’s up.”

“Sure.”

Deirdre seized the opportunity to walk outside once again.

Even though she hoped to cut ties with Brendan, she had to figure out which level and room Brendan was staying at first.

She felt her way to the elevator and went downstairs to the nurses’ station. After looking at her, the nurse assumed that she was a patient and asked, “Are you having trouble getting to the dispensary because you can’t see?”

“No.” Deirdre explained, “I’m not a patient.”

The nurse was momentarily stunned but did not ponder further. “How may I help you then?”

“Uh...” Deirdre inhaled a deep breath. “I would like to inquire about Mr. Brendan Brighthall’s room.”

The nurse expressed her understanding instantly when she heard Deirdre’s remark.

She

regarded Deirdre as one of those women trying to charm Brendan and replied in a cold, official tone, “I’m sorry, but I can’t reveal a patient’s confidential information if you’re not the patient’s family.”

‘Patient’s family... Does his deceased wife count?’

Deirdre knew that the nurse would most certainly regard her as a madwoman if she were

to say that. She explained softly, “Don’t worry. I’m only asking, and I won’t approach him.”

“Even if you don’t approach him, I can’t give you an answer either way. Please move aside if you have nothing else. We’re busy.”

The nurse’s mannerism was cold, so Deirdre did not have the courage to linger at the nurses’ station. She kept her head lowered and was about to return to Kyran when she heard the rushed clicking sound of someone’s high heels trailing behind her.

Soon afterward, the figure walked past her to the nurses’ station. “Where is Brendan Brighthall’s room?”

Deirdre’s body froze abruptly.

‘Is that Charlene? I can’t let her see me!’

Deirdre panicked and walked ahead in a rush and bumped into someone accidentally.

The person called out ‘Yikes’, and he was furious. “What the heck is going on? Why are you walking heedlessly in the hospital? Are you rushing to get to the morgue?” The commotion drew Charlene’s attention. She turned around subconsciously and saw an emaciated-looking woman with her back facing her. The woman was being scolded by the other person, and she looked...

There was puzzlement in Charlene's eyes, and she walked over with her high heels clicking...

"Miss McKinney, right?"

The nurse approached Charlene, and the latter shifted her gaze. "Yes, where is Brendan's room?"

"Please hold on. I shall check for you."

Deirdre was lucky to escape without exposing herself and stood in the crowd. She could hear the commotion at Charlene's side and Charlene's voice clearly.

Her heart was racing when Charlene mentioned Brendan's name.

"Mr. Brendan Brighthall... Alright, found it. Mr. Brighthall is on the top floor, Level 11."

'Level 11?'

Deirdre suddenly remembered Declan's mention of Kyran's room. She remembered that Kyran's room was on Level 11 as well. 'It's such a coincidence that they are both warded

on the same level?'

Her face turned ghastly pale in an instant. 'In other words, is it possible that a wall only separates Brendan and me, and he almost caught me?'

As soon as the thought occurred to her, Deirdre felt a shiver down her spine.

Charlene asked impatiently, "What is the room number?"

Deirdre felt her heart in her throat.

"Room 1106." The nurse answered, "That is Mr. Brighthall's room."

Deirdre was shocked instantly

Chapter 350 He Is Brendan!

'1106...1106...'

'Isn't that Kyran's room? How is it Brendan's room?'

'It's supposed to be Kyran's room! I was there earlier! Unless...'

All the blood drained from Deirdre's face, and her eyes widened in fear.

'Unless Kyran and Brendan are the same person.'

Deirdre stood in the same spot, stunned. It felt as if her energy was drained from her body, and she was incapable of moving. The thought of the reveal was suffocating.

Yet, it was not utterly impossible when she thought about it closely.

Kyran had always kept up with his mute image since he showed up, and she could not see with her eyes, so she could not reveal Brendan's identity. He could turn himself into a stranger.

She was probably oversensitive, but when she thought about it closely, it was highly possible for Kyran to be Brendan. In fact, Kyran was admitted to the hospital when news of Brendan's hospitalization was reported. How could it be such a coincidence that both of them were admitted to the same hospital?

She was under the assumption that it was just a coincidence, and she did not expect Deirdre felt as if reality had delivered a crushing blow to her. Besides pain, she was more

saddened by the fact that she had been deceived.

Kyran was a fake, and so was his gentleness. Deidre bit her lower lip tightly. When she recovered from her surprise, she walked along the wall to the outside, holding back her tears.

‘Run.’

The only thought left in her head now was this. She wanted to run afar and leave this place. She would be fine running anywhere as long as she could be far away from Brendan!

“Miss McKinnon?”

Deirdre did not expect that she would bump into Declan, who returned after his rest. He walked over and asked in a puzzled tone, “What are you doing here, Miss McKinnon? I just came in through the entrance and looked over by chance. I thought that I might have mistaken someone else for you. Where are you going?”

Deirdre felt her entire body turn icy cold despite Declan’s friendly, gentle mannerisms at this very moment. She gnashed her teeth and continued to walk forward.

“Miss McKinnon?”

Declan became even more confused. He stretched out his hand to clutch her wrist, yet Deirdre struggled free from his grip in the next moment. In fact, her eyes were glistening with intense fear.

“Don’t touch me.”

“What is going on?”

Apparently, something was going on judging by Deirdre’s sudden change, and Declan found it absurd. “Did Kyran bully you?”

‘He is still pretending at this point.’

Deirdre’s breathing was irregular. Had she not figured out the situation today, the truth would have been hidden from her for the rest of her life. In fact, she had even regarded Kyran as the only stranger who was selfless enough to treat her well willingly.

She felt a dull pain in her chest and suppressed the tremble she felt on the tip of her tongue to continue to walk forward.

Declan grabbed her. “Miss McKinnon, you’re a stranger in a strange place. I won’t let you

leave. If you wish to go home, wait for me to get Kyran settled down first so I can send you personally.”

“Stop... pretending...” Deirdre inhaled a deep breath, and her eyes were bloodshot from anger. She glared at him and said, “Mr. King, you’re a man with respectable status. Do you need to go as far as to put on an act? Or do you think that pranking a blind, ugly person like me gives you a sense of achievement that you’re still unwilling to stop at this point?”

“Stop?” Declan was stunned. He came to understand the situation, inhaled a deep breath, and said, “Miss McKinnon, even though I don’t know what happened, please calm down first. Even if you want to sentence me to a crime, you should let me know what crime it is too, right?”

Chapter 351 What Is It Between Brendan Brighthall and You

It felt like a nuke was dropped right in the middle of Deirdre’s chest. Her eyes began to water. How dare he tell her to calm down? How could he still be thinking about continuing this stupid charade!?

Deirdre’s head was spinning. She placed her hand against her temple and shut her eyes, gnashing her teeth to endure the pain before opening them again. She turned in Declan’s direction, her glassy eyes boring through his face.

“Who is Kyran Reed really?”

“Who is Kyran?” Declan paused. “Er, you’re losing me, Miss McKinnon. Kyran is, well, Kyran. He’s my friend. My brother from another mother. What? You suspect he has a crimefighting alter ego or something?”

Enter title...

“You really think this is the time to keep up this stupid charade!?” She exhaled, her fists tightening. She took a deep breath. “I heard what the nurses said. The man who’s staying in No. 1106 is Brendan Brighthall. But Kyran is the one who’s there, isn’t he? Which means Brendan and Kyran have been the same person this whole time! ‘Kyran Reed’ doesn’t exist! He’s just a made-up person you people cooked up to. dupe me!

“So now I want you to tell me, what drives both you and Brendan into making up this sick scheme just to fool me!?”

“What the h*ll!?” Declan’s denial erupted out of him in an instant. “Kyran and Brendan are the same person!? This is nuts! You’re suggesting that Kyran somehow duped me, too. You’re telling me my friend has been the guy ruling the Brighthall Group from Neve this whole time!”

Deirdre frowned. His response was unexpected. She had thought that her candor would incite Declan into confessing their plot.

Instead, all it seemed to have done was piss off Declan. The young man tugged her by her sleeve and announced, “I’ll gladly propose Kyran’s operation if it means this insanity gets resolved. You’re coming with me!”

He began to trawl Deirdre to the nurses’ station.

Deirdre was confused... and hopeful. That ember of hope removed her will to struggle against him and follow him.

Declan wasted no time. “Who’s the patient in Room 1106?” he asked coldly.

“1106?” The nurse checked the record and answered, “Er, Mr. Brendan Brighthall.”

Deirdre wanted to laugh at the absurdity of his action. Was he really that mulish in playing his part? She was about to pull her wrist away from him when new footsteps approached them.

The older woman sounded like the head nurse, judging from the authority she exuded when she chided, “Not Brighthall, junior! It’s Mr. Kyran Reed. Mr. Brighthall’s at No. 1109.”

The first nurse looked at the record again. “Wait, what?”

“Save yourself the time to check, junior. That record’s been outdated since the morning. No one had the time to make a new one, but Mr. Brendan Brighthall’s room has been changed to 1109 because Mr. Kyran Reed is staying in Room 1106.”

Deirdre froze. Her feet seemingly turned to roots. Her body stiffened like a cactus. ‘1109? Not... 1106?’

‘K–Kyran Reed and Brendan Brighthall... are not the same person, after all?’

Kyran was real. His gentle kindness was not a stint—it was real. Real!

‘Oh my God! Then... This means... This whole thing has been one gigantic misunderstanding!’

It was a full-blown roller coaster ride. Deirdre did not even know if she wanted to laugh, cry, or both. All she knew was that when her high-strung nerves suddenly relaxed, her feet could barely hold her up.

Declan's voice hid a slight hint of smugness. "There, you heard them, right? So... Are Kyran and this Brendan Brighthall the same guy or not?"

Deirdre bit her lip. This was completely outside her expectations. His room had simply been changed to another. They... were not the same person.

"G—God, I..." She could hardly finish her sentence.

Declan softened his tone. "Listen, Miss McKinnon. The right thing to do when you're having trouble is to talk it out, not run away. This hospital is huge and hectic. If I lose you

here, how am I supposed to explain myself to Kyran or Madame Russell?"

"I... I'm sorry."

Her mind was still blank when she lowered her wrists, which were now sore from Declan's grip. "I'm blind, so I thought the two of you were preying on that with this sick joke..."

"Even if we were pulling a prank like that on you, the better action would be to confront us, wouldn't you agree? Why run away?" Declan replied, his eyes examining Deirdre's visage like a hawk.

Any emotional display should clue him in on the young woman's troubles. "Pardon me for asking, but... Miss McKinnon, what's the deal with you and Brendan Brighthall?"

Chapter 352 You Just Wanna Ask About. Kyran, Don't You?

Deirdre's face was as white as a sheet. Hearing both his name and a question about their relationship triggered her.

Fortunately for her, Declan knew better than to pursue the thread. "No, never mind. It must have been something deeply distressing from the looks of it, so I won't press on it anymore."

"Thank you," Deirdre muttered under her breath.

"God, I told Miss Charlene McKinney Mr. Reed's room by mistake just now. That's not good," the first nurse murmured. "I should go up there and inform her of the change."

"You don't have to," replied the head nurse. "I'll inform the nurses on that floor."

"Okay."

Enter title...

Their conversation died.

Deirdre bit her lips as a new question took hold of her mind. Should she go up there? Charlene was there right now...

"You wanna take a break, Miss McKinnon? I'll get you a room in a nearby hotel. You can

come back in the evening. How does that sound?"

Deirdre stiffened for a moment and replied hastily, "T—That's great."

She felt lucky to have met Declan at this moment.

As soon as she entered his car, a thought leaped into her mind, prompting her to ask,

"Mr. King, are you from Eastgene?"

Declan turned the steering wheel noncommittally. "Yeah."

"Why the thought of turning Alnwick into a tourist spot? Ours is a pretty remote place, isn't it?"

"Alnwick's remote, but I'm not exactly the only heir in my family. H*ll, I'm not even the favored child! Most of our ventures in Eastgene are controlled by the family and my

brother, so I kinda need to carve a new path for myself, you know what I mean? A business to call my own.”

Deirdre lowered her head slightly. The whole affair sounded complicated. Parting her lips, she asked, “What about Kyran?”

That seemed to command Declan’s actual attention. He laughed. “Whoa, Miss McKinnon! You just wanted to ask about him from the get-go, didn’t you?”

Deirdre hastily smoothed her skirt. “No, I wasn’t! I was just... asking.”

Declan flashed her a smile. “He’s an Eastgene native too. We’ve been friends since we were kids. My Alwick business is my personal venture outside the family business, and he’s been an invaluable support. The man basically left his work in Eastgene to accompany me.”

Deirdre’s nod was sluggish as it was a little doubtful. “You... seem to be pretty famous in

Eastgene, aren’t you?”

Declan smiled. “Please. Naturally, I can’t hold a candle to my brother’s name, but my family generally rules Eastgene like kings. Most people there probably know me.”

As they talked, they arrived at the hotel. Declan let the hotel personnel escort Deirdre to her room while he returned to the hospital in a cab. As soon as she got into the elevator, she produced her phone and asked, “Do you have any cable for this? I need to charge it.”

In a world of smartphones, old dumbphones like Deirdre’s were rare enough to be considered novelties. The staff took it, examined it, and replied, “Sorry. We don’t have it.”

Deirdre’s disappointment was visible.

The staff continued. “But I can help you buy one in one from nearby shops. I think its cable should still be sold there.”

“Really?” Deirdre cried out, her eyes twinkling. Then she moved her hand to her pocket and frantically pulled away. She had forgotten to bring her money while rushing to get there.

The staff seemed to have noticed her and flashed her a smile. “No worries, miss. All of our services are included in your fees. Now, let us get you to your room first.”

Deirdre lay down after plugging the cable into her phone, but sleep eluded her. The sting

in her chest—the all-consuming panic—stubbornly remained in her mind. It was just a misunderstanding in the end, and yet...

She climbed up and turned her phone on. A flood of messages reminding her of unanswered calls echoed. She decided to call Eilis to inform the older woman of her safety and told her she would have to be here for a few more days.

Chapter 353 We’re Not Like That

“Good call, Dee Dee. It’s a snowstorm here, Dee Dee. The roads have been blocked for the time being! I feel better knowing that Mr. King and Mr. Reed are taking care of you.”

Eilis’s lecture went on for a little longer. Her wide-ranging topic included Deirdre’s safety

and how she should never run off alone. Finally, the call ended.

Deirdre sat on her bed, indecisive. After mulling it over, she punched Tobey’s numbers.

The recipient practically answered it on the first beep, “Dee?”

Deirdre was still a little surprised at how fast he was. “Toby! You’re... quick. Aren’t you supposed to be resting or something?”

“I rested,” Tobey replied, massaging his temples. “I went to work after a short few hours of rest.”

Enter title...

Deirdre felt a pang of guilt. “Sorry. I cost you last night, didn’t I? And you still have to work the next day.”

Tobey could not help letting out a cackle. “God, Dee. I swear, if you’re calling me just to say you’re sorry, then I wish I didn’t answer you at all.”

Deirdre gave a curt laugh. She never knew how to repay Tobey’s kindness.

“Alright. You called me for a reason, I bet. How can I help you?” he asked.

Deirdre’s lips curved into a shallow smile, but it did not reach her eyes. “I could never hide anything from you, could I?”

Everything had turned out to be a false alarm today, which was a good thing in and of itself. And yet, Deirdre could not help but be reminded of just how little she knew about Kyran. All she knew was that his surname was Reed and that he was mute.

That was all. She had no inkling of his family background, where his home address was, or who his siblings were—nothing. He was an enigma with no history, face, or voice.

The mystery about him put Deirdre at a disadvantage.

“I... need you to help me research someone, Toby.” Her grip tightened around her phone. She breathed deeply. “You’re at Eastgene, too, right? Do you know someone called Declan King?”

“Declan King?” Tobey mused for a moment. “Rings a bell, but I need to check with my colleague. Hold on.”

A while later, Tobey was back. His tone, however, took a turn for the serious. “Dee, are you acquainted with Declan King?”

“Why?”

“He’s the youngest son of the King family. He had been abroad for a few years until he returned to the city recently. He’s a mysterious man, Dee. He doesn’t socialize much, so I can’t get a handle on the kind of person he is. Either way, you shouldn’t be too close to him. Like any wealthy elite families, the Kings are complicated and messy.”

“Why?”

“Do you know what happens when common folks like us get involved in a battle royale of the elites? We become pawns and sacrificial lambs and cannon fodder for their schemes.

“I’m gonna be honest with you, Dee. Declan used to have a girlfriend. Had she been from another of those fancy, wealthy, upper-class families, she would have been strutting among them like a nobility too. But no. She was just a normal girl who became a

source of conflict for the two brothers.

“Declan’s older brother stole her away from him using the most despicable way you can imagine and got her pregnant without acknowledging her as his girlfriend or wife. She is still a nameless, titleless mistress to his older brother to this day!”

Tobey’s eyebrows were practically knitted together. “She’s in limbo, Dee. She was

made into a living reminder and lesson to Declan. If you get close to that man, his older brother will make you Declan's second warning, I bet." Deirdre's face was pale. Judging from the way Declan acted, she had always believed him to be a high EQ, debonair sweet-talker with no baggage. As it turned out, he lived in the shadow of his brother's oppression, who then punished him through the woman he loved... "I don't begrudge you for not reciprocating my feelings, but I'm telling you, don't get close to Declan King." He sounded so anxious and worried that it shook Deirdre out of her daze. Smiling apologetically, she replied, "Oh God, Toby, you misunderstood us. Mr. King and I are not like that."

Chapter 354 A Chance Meeting

"Wait, so you two are not..." Tobey froze for a moment before sighing in relief. "Oh my God, Dee! You almost gave me a heart attack!"

"Listen very carefully. The last thing we common folks wanna do is to find ourselves involved in these nobles' skirmishes. We don't have status or wealth to back us, Dee. The only thing that's gonna come out of this is us being chewed up and torn apart by the chaos."

Deirdre felt her entire body turning into stone. She closed her eyes, her eyelids trembling, and wished someone had told her this earlier. If only someone had told her sooner. God, things would have been so different!

"I know what you mean, Toby. But I'm only acquainted with Mr. King because he's the man behind the plans to develop Alnwick into a tourist spot."

Enter title...

"Oh, so it was him." A severe look crossed Tobey's face. He mulled it over for a second and frowned. "It's a profitable business and all, yet I can't help but find this a little suspicious. Why does a man with that much power and resources want to focus on a place most people can't even point out on a map?"

"He said Eastgene has completely become his brother's domain, so he has to strike out on his own."

Tobey relaxed. "Huh."

Deirdre bit her lip. "There's one more I need information on, Toby. Please."

"Kyran Reed?"

Deirdre was stunned. "How did you..."

Tobey's laugh sounded a little hollow. "I'd investigate his background even if you didn't ask, Dee. The man's too mysterious for my taste, and the fact that he's trying to get close to you? Well, I don't think I can sleep well unless I know exactly who he is."

"Thank you, Toby. You help me so much, I don't even know if I can-"

"Dee, we're more than just neighbors. We're friends. I'm not doing this because I like

you,” Tobey said quickly. “You should rest. One of my friends is a journalist, and I’m sure

he can help me with this. Call you then.”

“Sounds good. Thank you.”

Deirdre lay on her bed. The cost of her emotional roller-coaster must have finally caught up with her. Keeping her eyes open was starting to feel like a chore.

She fell asleep.

By the time she opened her eyes again, her phone informed her it was already late evening. She made her way to the bathroom and took a shower.

After she was dressed, she heard a staff member calling from behind the door. “Are you awake, Miss McKinnon?”

“Coming.” She opened the door.

The staff member smiled. “Good evening! Mr. King told me to get you some dinner before sending you to the hospital.”

She thanked her bashfully and dutifully ate some dinner. A few bites later, she set her fork down.

“You good?”

“Yeah.” She nodded. Her appetite was just not there.

The staff member bagged some desserts and handed them to her before sending her to the hospital.

The journey had been an anxious one. She walked fast, her head low as her nerves seemed to wind more and more tightly, and headed to the elevator. She was about to get

in when she heard a voice saying, “Mr. Brighthall! Do you need my help?”

She froze.

Then a voice—one she could never banish from the abyss of her mind—snapped.” No. I’m

wounded, but I’m not dead!”

He sounded impatient and a little under the weather. Even after his declaration of independence, he coughed.

Deirdre swore her heart stopped beating. Her feet had turned to lead—or maybe they had

sprouted roots. Her body refused to move.

Brendan stepped out of the elevator and suddenly stopped in his tracks as though sensing something in his vicinity.

He stared in the direction where Deirdre was.

His assistant was quick to notice his change and asked, “What’s wrong, Mr. Brighthall?”

The crowd around the escalator was big enough. People from all walks of life swarmed in and out, all in droves. Brendan frowned, unsure why he suddenly felt a steep pang of breathless anxiety. It was as though something was right within his grasp moments ago, only for it to escape through the space between his fingers.

He suddenly felt feckless. Feeble.

“Nothing,” Brendan replied, turning his attention away. “Where’s Lena?”

Chapter 355 Just Can’t Help Feeling Bitter

“Miss McKinney is-”

The assistant hardly got one more word in before the shrill sound of high heels stabbing the floor reverberated throughout the hall. Its fitful beat was indicative of the wearer's frazzled concern.

"Brendaaaaan!" Charlene called out frantically, her fingers gripping her handbag. "Why aren't you lying on your bed right now?! Did you listen to what the doctor said? You're in no shape to walk around, darling! You must get on with the operation and take a long break!"

Not a hint of warmth surfaced in Brendan's frigid visage. His icy tone hardly thawed. "Make me stay inside any longer, and I'll be no different from a corpse."

Enter title...

"But you should at least tell me before you leave! And look at your buttons. They are mismatched, darling. I can't let you suffer even the weakest winter breeze!"

She tossed her bag to the assistant and latched her manicured fingers around his buttons, ensuring they were all done properly. Only after Brendan's coat hugged tightly around his chest with nary a break in-between did the young woman break out a smile.

"Now that I think about it, we haven't been going out since you got hurt, right? Well, now that you're in the mood to walk, I'm in the mood for a date. You're coming with me to that

restaurant I told you about. I wanna try that couple set they kept touting!"

Deirdre crouched in her chosen corner, her face matted with cold beads of sweat. A sense of dread pressed against her lungs so hard she almost passed out from suffocation.

Only after she heard their voices fading into the distance did the weight disappear.

The colors on her face, though, did not seem to return so soon.

From their conversation, Brendan and Charlene's relationship seemed to have stabilized. She was sure these two would have picked their wedding date if the man was not hurt.

Well, good. Once they settled down, Deirdre's importance would diminish like a snowflake in summer. Then, after a while, Brendan would not even give a d*mn if she turned out to still be alive. He would not even bat an eye, either.

She let out a sigh, yet her hands clenched into fists. Pain filled her eyes.

She realized she could not help but feel bitter.

But then again—it was exactly as Tobey had said. These people were the untouchable elites. They had power, status, and unbeatable social backing. Deirdre could not possibly hope to avenge her life!

She was hapless against these titans.

"Uh, Miss McKinnon? Why are you hiding here?"

Declan had just come out of the elevator, but he immediately caught the young woman, face pale, crouching behind a potted plant. Frowning, he pressed on. "You okay?"

"I'm fine." She forced herself to look better. "There was a big crowd just now, and I felt kinda suffocated. So I, uh, waited here until it passed."

"Okay." Declan clapped the dust off her dress. "Come on. Did you have your dinner?"

Deirdre nodded and got into the elevator.

They entered the ward. "Kyran's having a full-body medical examination as we speak, so it's gonna be some time before he gets back. I'm gonna head to the hotel and take a break," said Declan. "Sorry to put you on the night shift. Once his operation is over, I'll send you back."

“Excuse me? 0–Operation?”

Brendan needed an operation too.

Deirdre could not stop her mind from making the connection. Kyran needed it, and Brendan needed it, and...

No. She had decided to stop making baseless claims about Kyran just a few hours ago! She should not walk back on her decision so soon!

Perplexed, she looked up to Declan. “I thought he was here because he’s got a high fever. Why would he need an operation?”

Declan raised his eyebrow. “Huh, did I forget to tell you? His fever triggered something more. Miss McKinnon, Kyran has always been a sickly child. A heart condition, you know

the drill. He needs to get that fixed, or he can’t even climb out of his bed by himself.”

“That sounds terrible!” Deirdre grimaced. “He seemed so healthy. I didn’t suspect... I didn’t think his heart was...”

“Don’t be hard on yourself. That guy’s just too stubborn to let it show. His health hasn’t been the best recently, but he should be okay after the operation.” Declan cleaned up the couch and beckoned. “Here, take a seat. Tell him I’m heading to the hotel for a nap. Ciao.”

“Right.”

He closed the door, and Deirdre waited patiently.

The window was not shut right, and the nipping winter air leaked into the room through its crack. Deirdre found herself squeezing more and more into herself until, suddenly, the

door burst open.

Chapter 356 Not of The Same World

Kyran was panting. Obviously, he had been rushing over.

Deirdre woke up, raised her head, and said, “Have you finished the examination?”

Kyran paced forward and hugged her vigorously into his embrace.

The clothes on his body were cold. As Deirdre smelled his faint aura, she inexplicably felt

calmed down and said jokingly, “Why did your full body checkup take so long? Did you come here only after sleeping there?”

Kyran released her and took out his smartphone.

“I’m sorry to keep you waiting for so long. There was a temporary problem with the equipment, so I waited for a while. Declan told me that you are in the ward, but I couldn’t

come over immediately.”

Enter title...

“Now worries.” Deirdre cast a comforting smile. She didn’t care about it at all.

However, Kyran clenched her hand tightly. He frowned when he felt her cold fingertips, and he took off his coat and put it on her without much thought.

Deirdre was shocked. She quickly refused and pushed the coat away. “No, thank you.

The last time you did it, you fell so sick that you will have to undergo surgery now.

Therefore, if you catch a cold again this time, I won’t be able to forgive myself again.”

Kyran didn’t resist, but he typed to say, “Because I’ve rushed all the way here, I’m

feeling

hot. But you have been sitting sedentary on the sofa. If you catch a cold, Declan will have a headache. So, put it on.”

Following that, he threw his phone on the bed, covered Deirdre’s body, and went to close

the windows tightly.

The clothes were really very warm. Deirdre lowered her eyes, recalled something, and got up from the sofa again. “By the way, have you eaten? Are you hungry? I got the waiter in the restaurant to pack some pastries for you.”

Kyran picked up the bag from the sofa. The package was crooked, and all the cream was squeezed out.

Although Deirdre couldn’t see, she could still react.

Because when she was hiding from Brendan, she was terrified and tried her best to squeeze into the crowd.

“Are they crooked? If they are, just forget about them-”

Kyran tore the package apart, picked it out, and took a bite. It was too sweet to his liking,

but he didn’t even frown a bit.

Following that, he picked up his phone. “It tastes good.”

Deirdre smiled. Before she could sit, the mobile phone in her pocket rang out. She picked it up and heard Tobey’s voice.

“It’s me, Deirdre.”

Deirdre didn’t hear any movement noise from Kyran. Therefore, while covering the phone microphone, she said, “You may eat first while I’ll go out to answer a call.”

She went out, closed the door, and walked out along the wall.

“Tobey, I had something to do just now, but it’s all right now. You called so late. Did you find something?”

“Deirdre, did you give me the right name?” reaffirmed Tobey.

Deirdre stopped in her tracks. “W–What do you mean?”

“There hasn’t been anyone called Kyran Reed around Declan King from the start to the end.”

“How’s it possible?” Deirdre gasped and reaffirmed with her face went white, “Are you sure that you got it right? Or perhaps, did you use the wrong method...”

“My reporter friend has Declan’s classmate’s contact information. That person said that Declan has always liked to be alone and has no friends. The only few contacts he had were all taken away by his elder brother. If Kyran Reed was able to avoid Declan’s elder brother’s sight to stay with Declan, what kind of identity would he have?”

Tobey’s rebuttal left Deirdre speechless for a while. “What if Kyran’s identity was not very

prominent? No one would notice, or he was secretly...”

“Deirdre, you should understand that they aren’t from the same world as we are.”

Chapter 357 There Was No One Called Kyran Reed

“They don’t make friends just because you give me extra candy, I smile at you, and they are friends. Since they were born, they will only make friends for the sake of connections, to go higher and farther.

“If Kyran Reed was a person with no identity, how could he mingle with Declan? As for you saying that Kyran Reed wouldn’t be noticed, don’t you think that it’s ridiculous? People who can mingle with the youngest son of the King family are either rich or noble. As long as the two are together, it is impossible for others not to pay attention. Are you sure you aren’t being deceived?”

Following that, Tobey gave another shocking piece of information that there wasn’t any wealthy family called Reed in Eastgene.

In an instant, Deirdre’s mind went blank. Everything became pale and white.

Enter title...

What was Kyran’s identity, and who was he? Declan said that Kyran and he had been friends since childhood, but Tobey’s investigation showed that Kyran did not exist. It was

as if Kyran had appeared out of thin air.

Deirdre was bewildered and puzzled.

To find out further, she bit her lip tightly.

“If they lied, what’s the point of them doing it?”

Tobey sighed. “I don’t understand either. You don’t have anything they need on you.

Why

would they create a false identity to lie to you? Could there be a misunderstanding?”

“Tobey, thank you for your help. You may take a rest first, and I’ll handle the rest.”

“Okay. Don’t work too hard. No matter what, mom and I will be here for you,” said Tobey in a soft tone.

Deirdre smiled, but she was very much bothered.

After ending the call, Deirdre returned to the room, feeling despondent.

Naturally, Kyran could tell that. He stared at Deirdre’s face with a complicated expression, and he typed to ask, “What’s wrong? Every time you answer Tobey’s call, you are always unhappy. Did he say anything bad to you?”

“No.” Deirdre took a deep breath, groped for a chair to sit down, and looked up in Kyran’s direction.

“I just chatted with him about the past and feel a bit sentimental. So don’t worry about it.”

Kyran hesitated as he typed, “A—Are you on good terms with him?”

“Yes.” Deirdre nodded. “We used to be neighbors. Moreover, my mother and Madame Russell were very good friends and often stayed together. Although we lost contact later, we’re still very close.”

“Do you like him then?”

Deirdre was startled by the question.

Kyran typed, “I’m sorry that this question might be a bit presumptuous. But you always address him Tobey and call me Mr. Reed. It seems that you’re trying to keep a distance from me, which makes me feel like you hate me and like him.”

“I don’t hate you.” Deirdre tried to figure out a comfortable way to explain and replied in a

low voice, “Mr. is just an honorific title.”

“What if I don’t need this honorific title?” Kyran said, “Since you regard me as a friend,

there isn't such politeness and alienation between friends. How about you try to call me Kye or Kyran while I call you Deirdre?"

Deirdre was startled. She felt that such an address was too intimate—it only made the tip of her tongue tingle. After a long while, she could only call out, "Kyran."

Kyran was satisfied.

"Deirdre."

The name came from his phone with a cold mechanical voice. But for an unknown reason, Deirdre felt it sounded illusioned, with hints of tact, as if he wanted to call the name out of his mouth.

Deirdre blushed. She somewhat managed to say, "Don't you still need surgery? Do take a rest to take care of yourself. I'll be here."

Chapter 358 Because I Like You

"Aren't you tired?"

"I've taken a long rest, so I'm good."

Kyran wanted to say something but stopped and only replied with the word "Okay".

Following that, he went to lie down on the bed.

Deirdre switched off the lights. It was already late at night, and the room was very quiet.

Deirdre waited until Kyran fell asleep from the sound of his breathing, which became calm, before she got up from the sofa.

She walked to the bed. Even though the room was pitch black, it was no different to her. She could even discern Kyran's position by listening to his breathing.

Enter title...

Taking a deep breath to cheer herself up, Deirdre stretched out her hand, and her fingertips slowly landed on the man's eyebrows.

She groped bit by bit downwards, from his forehead to his high, straight nose. Deirdre opened her eyes. When her hand was about to reach his lips, a hand suddenly grabbed her wrist. In the dark, she felt the man's eyes were wide open and locked on her face.

It was a vigorous hand grab, but when Kyran realized it was Deirdre, he relaxed his grip and wrote with his finger on her palm.

"What are you doing?"

Deirdre adjusted her breath, but she eventually couldn't bear it anymore and asked, "Kyran, who are you actually?"

She had too many questions.

Kyran's breathing rate changed instantly. After a while, he pulled out his phone and asked, "Deirdre, what do you mean?"

Deirdre didn't want to be kept in the dark anymore, so she said calmly, "Tobey is in Eastgene. I asked him to investigate you and found out that there is no one called Kyran Reed in Eastgene. So, who are you?"

Kyran was silent. "Do you want me to tell the truth?"

"Yes, please." Deirdre felt chills run down her spine. "I think it's better that I know the truth."

Kyran got out of bed and switched on the light. Looking at Deirdre retreating subconsciously with a defensive expression, he took a deep breath.

"I didn't lie to you. I'm really called Kyran Reed. It's very normal that Tobey didn't find me

in his investigation. As a son of the King family's driver, would you pay attention to him?"

"A—A son of a driver?"

Deirdre got into a daze.

Kyran continued typing, "My father used to be a driver of the King family, so I lived together with Declan from a young age. Because I couldn't go out often due to my congenital heart disease, he would come back to accompany me every time, so I had very few friends. Afterward, my father left the King family to live in Germia, and I also went to start a company. Declan has been supporting me with funds, and since then, we have become business partners."

Deirdre's mind went blank for a moment, thinking it was no wonder Tobey couldn't find any information about Kyran.

He was not only mute but also had congenital heart disease, which forced him to stay at home all day long, preventing anyone from contacting him. As for the reason there was no Reed family in the Eastgene, they had moved to Germia.

Deirdre's heart tightened, and she muttered, "T-Then, why are you so kind to me?"

Kyran's black eyes were filled with complexity as he replied, "Because I like you."

Chapter 359 Check On The Surveillance.

Boom!

Deirdre seemed to be struck by lightning. She was so shocked that her soft lips couldn't even close together. "What?"

She thought she had misheard, but Kyran was extremely sure.

"I like you. The first time I saw you, I already liked you."

Kyran typed very quickly, and his eyes were flowing with endless affection. "Actually, if I hadn't fallen sick, you would have known it the day before yesterday. I asked you out to confess to you and formally pursue you."

"How could it be?" Deirdre's mind was completely numb.

Enter title...

Kyran liked her? How could it be? How was it possible!?

"Why can't it be?" Kyran rebutted calmly. "The first time I saw you, I already got the feeling that it's you. It must be you. I've never had this feeling all these years. I think it's called falling in love at first sight."

Deirdre gasped and couldn't believe that Kyran had fallen in love with her at first sight.

That was simply too ridiculous.

"With such an appearance of mine, you can obviously have a better candidate."

"If you fall in love at first sight just because of the look, that's tarnishing the word." Kyran pursed his lips into a line and said earnestly, "I just felt that we are the same kind of people from the first sight. When I first met you in the church, I just paid attention to you. You don't care about how other people see you, and you have your own shining points. Those little details have attracted my attention to you. I can't help it. You have attracted my eyes to lock on to you."

"Deirdre, if I being mute, and you being blind is destined by God, then God has also destined that I will be your eyes and you will be my voice. We are, perhaps, a perfect match."

"We are, perhaps, a perfect match." Although the icy-cold mechanical voice read those

words out, it was scorching hot and scalding for some reason. It was so hot that Deirdre became confused and at a loss for words.

“Kyran, don’t be silly,” said Deirdre after a while.

Kyran didn’t type to reply, but he took a step forward. Before Deirdre could react, Kyran had already leaned toward her, and his hot thin lips fell on her face. She felt part of her skin was unbearably hot on those ugly scars.

“So, do you still think I’m joking?” Kyran was extremely serious. “Miss McKinnon, I won’t do any good by lying to you.”

Deirdre couldn’t regain her composure. Thus, Kyran tactfully took a step back and stopped pressuring her.

“I’m telling you, just to let you know what’s on my mind. I don’t mean to ask for your consent. You can still treat me as a friend. Deirdre, you just need to know that I will never hurt you.”

When Deirdre came out of the ward, her footsteps remained slow. Someone came up to her. “Are you Miss McKinnon? Mr. Reed has called me to send you back to the hotel.”

“Thank you very much.”

“You’re welcome.” That man smiled and led Deirdre the way.

Meanwhile, Charlene walked into the hospital. Because the pendant on her bag was very valuable, she requested the nurse to check on the surveillance.

“Just check the one at the hall. There were so many people there, and I was squeezed. Someone must have taken that opportunity to pull the pendant off my bag.”

The staff manipulated the monitor, zoomed in on the screen, and sped it up.

Charlene stared at the screen closely. She suddenly saw something and demanded, “Stop!”

The staff stopped the video immediately. Charlene pointed to a crowd and ordered, “Zoom in.”

The staff did as per requested. In the image with relatively low quality, a woman was seen in the crowd. She had simple, tied hair, striking knife marks on her face, and empty

eyes. She was hiding in the crowd with her face full of panic.

In an instant, Charlene was surprised. “Deirdre McKinnon!?”

Chapter 360 He Didn’t Have A Sweet Tooth

Charlene couldn’t believe that Deirdre could be seen here.

Why was she here? And for whom? The answer was almost imminent.

Charlene was furious and cursed her inwardly, calling her a b*tch.

She had already feigned death and escaped, yet she was still lingering around. It seemed that she regretted it again. As such, she returned, trying to rekindle Brendan’s longing for her.

Upon thinking her relationship with Brendan had finally settled down, a vicious look flashed across Charlene’s beautiful eyes.

She would never allow Deirdre to appear in front of Brendan again, even for a second. Enter title...

Deirdre lay on the bed again but couldn’t fall asleep. She had been tossing and turning with the one and only doubt, which was why Kyran would fall for her.

She was obviously nothing. If it was just because she was blind and he was also a person with a disability, it would be too casual to show compassion.

A person like Kyran should have seen a lot of blind people.

In short, she couldn't accept this sudden profession. Just like the case of Tobey, she no longer had the courage to like someone.

Just Brendan alone had hurt her too deeply.

She forcibly closed her eyes. When she fell asleep, she had a nightmare. She dreamed of meeting Brendan in the hospital. Brendan ignored her resistance and sent someone to tie her up and take her back to Neve.

When she woke up, she woke up in a cold sweat. Brendan's compulsion and icy-cold look lingered in her mind for a long time and could not be shaken off.

When she managed to regain her composure, she heard the ringing doorbell.

Deirdre opened the door and heard Declan, who asked with a smile, "Did I disturb you, Miss McKinnon?"

"No, it just so happened that you came to ring the doorbell as soon as I woke up."

"That's good. Shall we go take our breakfast together? Then, we can go to the hospital. Somehow, Kye's been sending me several text messages consecutively today, asking about your condition. Did you guys have a fight?"

Of course, they hadn't had a fight, but it was more embarrassing than being in a fight. Deirdre couldn't explain, so she smiled. "Why should we? Kyran must have been too bored and wanted our companion as soon as possible."

"Kyran?" Declan smiled ambiguously. "It's just a night, and you've changed how you address him. Hmm, it seems that something indeed happened yesterday."

Deirdre was embarrassed but unable to argue. She could only lower her head.

Declan laughed loudly. "I'm just kidding, don't worry. Let's go. I'll take you to the downstairs restaurant for something to eat."

This time Deirdre had a relatively good appetite and ate a lot. As she recalled that Kyran had eaten all the pastries yesterday, she requested that the waiter pack a portion.

"What's the matter? Do you like to eat the pastries here? If so, I'll ask them to deliver one to your room daily."

"No." Deirdre replied, "It's for Kyran. He likes it."

"He likes it?" Declan sounded slightly surprised. "He told you that, or did you guess it yourself?"

Deirdre heard that there was something in his words and asked tentatively, "What's wrong with it?"

"Kyran can't eat sweets. He hates sweets the most, and he'd feel uncomfortable by their smell."

As soon as Deirdre heard that, she was stunned. She put the fork on the plate, wanted to ask why Kyran had eaten them all yesterday but closed her mouth in the next second.

Because there was no other answer—Kyran had eaten them because of her.

In order to appreciate her efforts, Kyran had eaten them, even if it was something he hated.

This left Deirdre at a loss. She couldn't believe that Kyran really liked her up to this level when they obviously had only known each other for less than half a month.

Chapter 361 Canceled The Engagement

Declan didn't take it seriously. "He ate those nasty things for your sake. It seems that he likes you very much."

Deirdre used to be able to take this sentence as a joke, but now she only felt embarrassed.

It took her a long time to come back to her senses. She changed the subject and asked, "Mr. King, you and Kyran have been together since childhood, haven't you?"

"Huh? Yes and no, I'd say." Recalling the past, Declan replied, "Because he went to Germia for a while, we were separated. We managed to reconnect only later. What's wrong?"

"I'm curious if he barely contacted any woman. Otherwise..."

Otherwise, why would he be interested in her?

Declan smiled. "No, you are wrong. He not only has many women around him, but he also has many suitors. After all, girls these days like cool guys. Because Kyran doesn't speak, he just fits in this

personality. Plus, he has a delicate mind. Remember his ex-girlfriend-"

Declan stopped abruptly as he seemed to realize that he had talked about the wrong topic and changed to another. "In short, he is not interested in you because he is lonely. He really likes you, so he pays attention."

Deirdre caught the main point. "Kyran has an ex-girlfriend?"

"Yes, but it was a long time ago."

Deirdre asked, "How did she look?"

Declan looked troubled. After a moment, he smiled and said, "Miss McKinnon, do you have to ask me this question? If you are curious, you can talk with Kyran personally. After all, I am not interested in bringing up my friend's weakness again."

Weakness?

Kyran's ex-girlfriend was his weakness?

As Deirdre pondered, she suddenly realized that there were many stories in it.

After the meal, Deirdre and Declan went to the hospital.

On the way, Deirdre stopped upon thinking of the scene when she ran into Brendan yesterday.

“Mr. King, can you lend me some money to buy a hat and a face mask?”

“What’s wrong?”

“I’m cold. That’s why I want to buy a hat to keep warm,” Deirdre said while forcing a smile.

“You’ll just rely on a hat and mask to keep yourself warm?” Declan raised his voice. While laughing, he stared at Deirdre’s face. “Are you trying to avoid Brendan Brighthall?”

Deirdre’s heart skipped a beat, and her face turned pale.

Declan comforted her. “Don’t worry. I don’t mean anything else. It’s just that you are in contact with Kyran.

I had to investigate your background and your past, so I could feel at ease.”

Deirdre clenched her hands tightly. “So, you’ve known about it?”

“Do you mean you are Mr. Brighthall’s wife or…”

“Not his wife!” Deirdre took a deep breath and stood with downcast eyes, trying to restrain herself and regain her composure. “He’s about to get married. In the eyes of others, I’m dead, not even his ex-wife.”

“Really? My investigation shows otherwise.” Declan’s words had a hidden meaning.

Deirdre raised her head. Although she couldn’t see Declan’s face, her heart skipped a beat. “W-What do you mean?”

“Mr. Brighthall has canceled the engagement.”

Deirdre’s eyes were widely opened. “How could it be?”

“Although the media was not notified, outsiders only saw that Mr. Brighthall was seriously ill and postponed the engagement. But, in fact, he canceled the engagement on the spot. Miss McKinnon, how much do you think it has to do with you?”

Deirdre’s mind went blank. “I don’t know…”

“Then, Miss McKinnon, do you still like Brendan Brighthall?”

This question made Deirdre's soft lips tremble. She suddenly bit her lower lip. "How is it possible..."

There was a trace of sullenness and unwillingness in her eyes.

Chapter 362 Disassociate With Him

Did she still like Brendan Brighthall?

Deirdre only hated that she was blind, hence unable to seek revenge against Brendan.

Declan didn't do anything and remained silent until Deirdre managed to regain her composure. Then he smiled and said, "That's good. I don't want Kyran to be with a woman who likes someone else. Since you have nothing to do with Mr. Brighthall, you should have a new start with Kyran."

When Declan mentioned Kyran again, Deirdre's expression changed. "I have nothing to do with Kyran."

"Whether you have or not, you should know better than I do." Declan paused for a moment before continuing. "I also know that you have concerns about Kyran's identity. I can understand that after the incident with Mr. Brighthall. It's normal for you to be on guard. But I think you should also feel that Kyran and Mr. Brighthall are two completely different people.

"Kyran will never hurt you. If this doesn't make you lower your guard, how can he prove it? He can't take his heart out for you, can he?"

Declan said half-jokingly. Then, he turned around to buy a mask and hat for Deirdre.

Deirdre was rooted on the spot. Her mind was in a mess, and Declan's words were playing over and over

again.

Declan said she should be able to feel that Kyran and Brendan were two different people.

Yes, even she was wondering about this point.

Brendan was cold-blooded by nature, domineering, and professional. He always focused on himself and never cared about hurting others. Kyran, on the other hand, was a very gentle gentleman. He was considerate and would rather get sick than let her suffer the slightest cold.

With such a completely opposite personality, why did she always have the illusion that Kyran was. Brendan and suspected Kyran's identity?

Was she dazed? Did she mess up everything when she saw Brendan in the same hospital?

Deirdre had a headache. She closed her eyes and opened them again. Declan had returned and handed over the things he had bought.

"Just put them on."

"Thank you." Deirdre put on the hat and mask, making sure that her eyes would not be exposed.

Fortunately, as soon as she entered the hospital and walked all the way to the 11th floor, the scene from yesterday did not repeat itself.

Declan knew what she was nervous about and explained, "Because Mr. Brighthall went out yesterday, he's suffering from wound dehiscence. Hence, he can only lie on the bed and can't go anywhere. Don't worry about meeting him. With a row of bodyguards outside his room, it's difficult for you to get in."

Deirdre lowered her head. For an unknown reason, Declan added, "I think his condition is very serious. Even the most authoritative academicians in the hospital have been transferred here."

She clenched her fists, hesitated repeatedly, and whispered, "Mr. King, thank you for telling me the news. But I don't want to hear about him anymore, not even a little bit."

Declan paused, raised his eyebrows, and said, "I thought you would be happy, and I think this is good

news."

Deirdre shook her head. She was not happy and felt stuffier. All she wanted was to disassociate with Brendan. The cleaner, the better.

"Okay, since you don't like it so much, I won't say it next time."

Deirdre nodded. Declan went on leading her to Kyran's ward.

Kyran was still drinking porridge. When he saw Declan, he immediately shifted his gaze behind him, settling down only when he saw Deirdre.

"Alright, I've brought the person to you. I'll go to the doctor while you guys take your time," teased Declan.

Kyran nodded. Declan left immediately after that. Kyran typed on his phone to invite Deirdre to sit down. When Deirdre sat on the sofa, gratification could be seen in his eyes.

“I thought you wouldn’t come anymore.”

“How could I?” Deirdre cleared up her messy thoughts and cheered herself up. “You’re still sick.”