

## Resent Reject Regret by Aqua Summers

### Chapter 401-426

Chapter 401 Happy Dating!

Deirdre's cheeks burned. If she admitted to it-well, would it not make it seem like she cared a lot about what Kyran thought of her?

The end of Kyran's lips curled. His sincerity bled as he typed, "I'm stoked to hear that you care about what I think."

Deirdre lowered her head, but no amount of searching provided her any good counterargument. "So? Why didn't you say anything, then? Unless both Mr. Engel and Mr. King were lying..."

"Maybe they were, but what about the man who flirted with you? Do you really think he was lying?" Kyran argued, his eyes nailed to the blind woman's own. They were unfocused and glassy, but her eyes had always been so clear and transparent.

He lowered the phone's volume. "You've always been beautiful, Deirdre. I didn't react back then because

Silence. His phone stopped speaking for him. Deirdre had not had the time to wonder what had happened when she felt him slowly inching close.

She could feel his breath beating on her. She felt a tightening in her chest. Her eyelashes were trembling- and then, she felt his soft lips gently caressing her lashes.

It was as quick as a dragonfly's touch on a pond-his warmth faded as quickly as it descended. But she could feel how much care he put into her. His breathing had become a bit more labored.

He released her. "Because my reaction would have been inappropriate... It would have been intimate. Like just now."

Deirdre's mind blanked. Her grip tightened around the tickets.

"So, I tried my best not to think about how beautiful your eyes are," he typed. "Don't ever put yourself down, Deirdre. You've always been wonderful."

She had always been... wonderful?

Deirdre's chest was glowing with warmth. He lit a fire in her, and it was taking away her breaths. She had thought her life was over and done. She never expected herself to be found, cared for, and loved. She never expected anyone to think she was wonderful.

"I m-made up my mind," she murmured, her quiet voice unable to disguise her resolve. The edge of her eyes was wrinkled. "Kyran, would you like to go to the amusement park with me?"

Kyran gazed at her softly. There was not a moment he wasted in his reply. "The pleasure is all mine."

The time for their trip was tomorrow morning. The first thing Deirdre did after waking up was to call Declan to inform him that he didn't need to come for her later.

"So, I'm guessing you two decided to go out?"

"Yea," she replied. "I'll be extra careful, so Kyran won't get hurt. We won't do anything extreme, I promise."

Declan laughed. "Frankly, I don't give a damn about him. It's you I am rather worried about! Remember to follow Kyran anywhere you go, okay? Don't wander off on your own!"

She remembered the stalker incident from before and felt her heart tightening a little. "Got it."

"And this is my cue to hang up. Happy dating!"

With that, Declan hung up, leaving Deirdre frozen in her seat. 'Dating!?"

Her cheeks were burning so much that she wondered if her mask could really cover them. She looked up instinctively, unsure whether Kyran had heard him or not

She might not know it, but Kyran had heard every word. His eyes were smiling. The only reason he managed to hide his joy was that the mechanical voice from his phone sounded flat.

"Let's get changed. Time to go."

"Right." Deirdre hung her head, grabbed her clothes, and got changed. They hailed a cab outside the hospital.

The journey was long, and the driver was the kind who would take advantage of the distance and prattle good-naturedly. "Gonna enjoy yourselves in the amusement park, huh, love birds?"

Deirdre was flustered by his word choice and looked down. "H-He's not my boyfriend!"

Her protest was too soft to overpower the sound of the car radio. The driver simply continued. "That amusement park is a newly built one, I heard, so you should expect a

huge crowd now. But it's a pretty good place to hang out. You can see the sea from the highest spot on the Ferris wheel! Oh, beautiful as h\* ck.

"And the roller-coaster there, woohoo! I got a ride with my honey, and let me tell you, it was just therapeutic being thrown around like that! Just grab your boyfriend's arm and close your eyes, miss, and you won't have anything to be afraid of anymore!"

Chapter 402 I Don't Want the Ferris Wheel Ride!

'G-Grab Kyran's arm?"

Deirdre lifted her fingertip and realized, belatedly, that she had been sitting this close to him the entire time. She could touch his finger from her end!

"You misunderstood, sir. We're not a couple," she explained hastily.

"Are you sure about that, miss? Because your not-boyfriend has been looking at you with goo-goo eyes the whole time!" The driver teased, laughing. "No need to be shy. I've been there. I know what it's like."

Deirdre froze and suddenly felt a pair of burning gaze landing on her. She lowered her eyes, and suddenly, the man's fingers walked into hers before depositing a firm, solid object in her palm.

Deirdre felt it for a moment before realizing it was a pair of Bluetooth earpieces. Perplexed, she plucked them into her ears and heard Kyran's mechanical voice, "We're getting close. Remember to stay close to

me."

He had opted to use this method as their means of communication in a crowd, but it also meant that she was the only one who could hear him speak

The air around them just got a little... intriguing.

Their ever-delighted driver watched their interaction in full view. "Not a couple, she said! Then why do I see sparks flying, eyes getting rosy, the whole shebang, huh? You two could be married already with that level of chemistry, miss! I honestly think you two are a match made in heaven!"

Deirdre knew that nothing she said could dissuade the driver from his verdict by this point, so she kept quiet. It did not stop the latter from running out of topics, though. The driver simply entertained them with romantic tales between him and his wife.

His story came to an end right as they arrived. Kyran paid, and Deirdre got out of the car first as he did. She could not see where she was, but she could hear the first wave of bustling cheers washing all over her.

She was troubled. Had they picked the wrong time?

She took a step forward and heard Kyran's voice in her earpieces. "Careful."

He strode toward her and held her hand, his other one typing with a firm purpose, "You almost ran into something. Please don't wander off on your own and follow me."

"Ran into something? Deirdre did not feel anything nearing her just now, but if Kyran said it, she thought it was likely true. "Sorry," she said apologetically.

Kyran squeezed her hand silently. The warmth in his palm wrapped itself around Deirdre, and she thinned her lips.

"Where should we go first?" he asked.

Deirdre thought for a moment. "Let's not do anything too extreme. I don't want your injuries to get ripped

open

"Ferris wheel?"

Deirdre stiffened. Kyran continued. "The driver said you could see the sea from there."

But... the Ferris wheel? Deirdre's breathing hitched. Her mind was suddenly scrambled and cluttered. She could not stop herself from remembering-Brendan taking her on a Ferris wheel ride. Back then, he had

been someone completely different. He was gentle, meticulous, and even kind. She had been drawn into the mirage as if under a spell and thought it would be nice if that moment lasted forever.

But it was really a disguise-a sugary mirage laid over her mother's gruesome death!

"I don't want the Ferris wheel ride!" Deirdre huffed, shaking her head to dispel her nausea, and hid the fact. that her eyes had turned red.

Her sudden outburst immediately commanded Kyran's attention. Frowning, he caressed her pale cheek and asked, "What's the matter?"

Deirdre did not want it to affect Kyran, so she forced herself to calm down. "It's... just that it's pointless for me, specifically. You know I can't see anything up there, right? Doesn't matter how pretty the view gets. I just can't."

"Then I'll describe it for you. I'll tell you how beautiful the view is in such vivid detail, and you will think you're looking at it yourself."

Deirdre felt a cold shiver crawling up her spine.

#### Chapter 403 A Chance Meeting with Freya

Brendan had said something similar to her before. He had even put his money where his mouth was, taking her hand and letting it graze the glass as he described where everything was and how beautiful they were.

Anxiety swept across Deirdre like a plague. She forced herself to calm down, reining her mind from wilder and wilder imagination. Kyran and Brendan were not the same! They could not be the same person!

"No, I'm good. I'm afraid of heights."

Kyran was silent for a moment. Then, he typed, "Okay, so no heights. What about the carousel?"

"Mm-hmm."

Kyran held her hand and led her to the line.

Nearby, Freya and her friends were munching on some snacks. Her friend sounded incredulous when she asked, "So, you got fired just like that? Because that Kyran Reed guy said so? What an \*sshole! Who the h\*ll does he think he is? Is he really that big of a hotshot?"

"How was I supposed to know? All I know is that even the director treated him like royalty!" Freya snapped and took a big bite off her popsicle in lividity "It's not him who's the \*sshole, though. It's that freak of nature! She's the reason he wouldn't look at me and the reason I lost my job. Like, make it make sense! How can someone who looks so b\*tt f\*cking ugly even attract Kyran's attention? How blind is he? Doesn't the freak just make his stomach turn?"

"Who knows?" Her friend pouted. She was just as upset to hear about how an ugly woman had managed to steal the heart of a wealthy man either, so she cast a malicious guess. "Maybe she's just really good at the art of a wh\*re?"

"Oh my God, I swear! Get that image out of my head! How could he possibly even go through with sex after looking at her?!"

The friend shrugged. "Turn off the lights, and men are none the wiser."

Freya tittered and playfully smacked her friend's back.

The friend scanned the line nearby them and pointed at a man who seemed to be a pair with another woman. "Look at this one. Is it me, or does he look like a winner? Those are some good clothes he's wearing, and that height? Yeap, totally a supermodel. I just wish I could see his face from here..."

Freya was uninterested. Pursing her lips, she muttered, "I doubt he's a match to Kyran anyway."

"Kyran isn't the only good-looking male in this entire world, sis. Who knows? Maybe he could have Kyran soundly beaten?"

Freya was still too upset about Kyran's incident, so she scanned the young man noncommittally. Strangely enough, she felt as though she had seen this man before.

Then, suddenly, Kyran turned. His cool gaze fell onto some of the food the patrons were having before he typed, "You wanna grab something to eat?"

Deirdre rubbed her stomach, a little embarrassed. "I admit, I'm kinda hungry."

"I'll buy something for us. Wait here. Don't go anywhere!"

"Okay."

Kyran started toward Freya and her friend's direction, stopped just a few steps away, and looked down at

his phone to begin his order.

Freya gawked. Her mouth was agape in disbelief. Her friend noticed her loss of composure and dragged her aside, though Freya found her heart racing just as wildly. When Kyran put on a suit, he looked even more ridiculously hot.

"Are my eyes deceiving me, or is that... Kyran Reed?" Arianne murmured under her breath.

Freya snapped back to her senses. Her cheeks turned pink. "Your eyes are right. It is him!"

"So that's Kyran?" Arianne's voice could hardly contain her disbelief. "Isn't he in the hospital or something? Why is he here?"

"Maybe his wound has healed, so now he's changing the scenery for a bit. Half a month has passed, remember?" answered Freya.

"Good point." Her friend nodded. Then, as though a thought had leaped into her mind, she quickly added, "But what about that freak who's with Kyran? Is that the woman over there? Oh my God! He's not actually crazy enough to bring her with him, right? People will jeer and laugh at them!"

She quickly turned in the direction of the line. Freya followed Arianne's gaze as well.

The woman turned, and she got the shock of her life.

#### Chapter 404 It Feels Like We've Been Together Forever

Despite wearing a mask over half of her face, Freya could tell from Deirdre's beautiful eyes and her smooth, glowing skin that she was looking at a gorgeous beauty.

More importantly, there was no way Deirdre McKinnon, the freak, was this same young woman!

Arianne saw it, too. She perused the woman among the line-takers and questioned aloud, "Uh... Is this the freak you mentioned?"

"Of course not!" Freya snapped. A flood of shock and anger washed over her. She was shocked to see Kyran seeing another woman and angry that he had only used that ugly freak to reject her advance. She knew it! That freak was a nobody from the start!

Kyran had gotten his purchase and returned to the young woman's side. He shielded her from the crowd's less gentle pushes with such sweet devotion that Arianne could not stop herself from remarking, "I can't believe I'm seeing this. Mr. Reed, famous for being reserved and quiet and asocial. Being a sweet, caring gentleman to a woman like that! No way around it, sis. They are with each other."

Envy shot up Freya's chest. A thought came to her mind, and her lips curled into a smirk. "Hey, An? If you were that young woman over there, and you heard that your boyfriend has been in a relationship with a freak more hideous than pus, how would you feel?"

"I'd be freaking pissed." Arianne blurted out. "It's like telling me I'm as attractive as a repulsive freakshow!"

She stopped. Turning slowly to Freya, she said slowly. "Er, you're not actually thinking

Freya said nothing. Biting her thumb, she scowled at the couple, her embittered eyes as lethal as daggers.

Deirdre quickly pulled her mask down to take a bite. Suddenly, she felt something zeroing onto her back, as though she was being preyed upon, and turned around in discomfort.

“What’s wrong? Not to your taste?” Kyran asked, typing.

“No. It’s exactly what I love.” It was weird. She had never told him about her food preferences, and yet Kyran managed to buy just the things she liked. He had even gotten the right sauce.

“I love it,” she added, chuckling. “Honestly, sometimes I wonder if I am that much of an open book when

it comes to food. You always get me exactly what I love, as if we’ve been together forever.”

Kyran’s gaze softened. “Luck plays a big role, Deirdre. Or maybe it’s as I’ve said, we’re meant to be together.”

That came out of nowhere. Deirdre froze a little and blushed, remembering just where they were. Fortunately, it was finally their turn, so the moment passed quickly.

Kyran helped her up a horse and picked one behind her.

Before it began, Kyran typed, “Grab tight. Don’t fall.”

The voice came to her through her earpieces as though he was whispering in her ears. Stunned, she looked back and smiled. “Do I look like I was born yesterday, Kyran? If I could somehow fall off the carousel, I’d seriously question my life!”

Her eyes creased from her grin. Kyran found himself staring at her for seconds before breaking himself out of the trance with a laugh. “Alright, alright! You’re an adult who wasn’t born yesterday, so grab on tight.”

He did not honestly believe Deirdre would not know how to do something this basic. It was, however, the feeling of being cared for that warmed the young woman’s heart.

The carousel began to spin, and the world waltzed along. It was one of the few times Deirdre got to experience some kind of thrill since losing her eyes. Brendan had accompanied her to an amusement park before, but she could never dare enjoy herself when he was around.

Now, though, she let her arms spread wide. She let herself bask in the wind and the cheers of people around her. If God truly felt bad for her and the life she had led, then she wished He would let this happy moment last forever.

The carousel stopped, but Deirdre's craving did not feel sated. Her doe-eyes seemed to be glistening in joy.

When Kyran held her hand, she grabbed his back. "So? Did I fall off or not?"

#### Chapter 405 Couple Photos

Kyran's soft and yearning gaze had never once left Deirdre's face. He brushed messy strands of hair away from her forehead before finally typing, "Yes. Very good."

Deirdre paused and felt belatedly embarrassed. It almost felt as though she was asking for his compliment.

"What do you want to play next?" he asked. "I'm all yours."

She was about to suggest something when she heard the snipping sound of a camera's shutter. She was sensitive to sounds-the sound of a camera, most of all-and immediately turned to the direction of the sound.

Kyran followed her gaze and saw a man taking pictures of them. He frowned.

The man finally noticed his more outward display of displeasure and realized his mistake. He lowered his camera and began introducing himself, "Oh, I don't mean any offense! I'm a photographer, and my Spidey-Sense just couldn't overlook the beauty in the way you two interacted and how generally beautiful the two of you are! So... I guess my job persona took hold of me before I knew it, haha I really didn't mean to rub you off the wrong way, seriously. If you don't like it, I'll delete my pictures as an apology."

"You took photos of us?" Deirdre asked, surprised.

The man's eyes shone. "That's right! Not tooting my own horn here, but I have a distinctive style and flair to my pictures. Look at this one! What a wonderful scene! This kind of moment would rake in millions of likes on social media, darling! Look, I even have pictures of you two on the carousel!"

The man was almost too excited to show off his oeuvre.

Deirdre hesitated for a moment before letting out an apologetic laugh, "S-Sorry. I, uh, can't see."

"You what?" The man looked up from his camera and stared at her, noticing for the first time that her eyes. -beautiful as they were-were glassy and unfocused. It actually made him feel bad for a second.

In the next moment, he said even more energetically, "So, your boyfriend still brought you here despite your sight? Oh. My. God! This is the kind of love story Taylor Swift will write a song about, okay? No wonder the vibe between you two is killing me!"

Deirdre was certain they had met a dramatic weirdo. If he knew Kyran was mute, God knew how wide his

mouth would crack open.

"So... You've been taking pictures of us since we were on the carousel?"

"Damn straight!" replied the man. "The way your boyfriend looked at you was just so soft! You, enjoying all the splendor and joy this world offered you. But behind you... He was enjoying you. How could I not raise my camera and immortalize this forever? Man, I took a lot of pictures!"

'So, Kyran... was looking at me?"

Deirdre remembered the way she spread her arms-like a theater kid in Full Drama Mode-and felt her cheeks burn. She was so embarrassed that she forgot to correct the man calling Kyran her boyfriend.

Suddenly, she heard him speak in her ear, "The pictures are beautiful."

Kyran was telling her he was impressed with the man's skills-a compliment that fanned her intrigue. Then, she heard him ask, "Can I keep them?"

'Keep them?" Deirdre was stunned. 'Keep those photos?"

Part of her agreed. These were irreplaceable mementos. Deleting them like this would be pretty unfortunate.

"Uh, can you print these pictures out and give them to us? We'll pay you. We want to have these pictures too," she said. "If you like them a lot, you can keep them for your own amusement. But please, don't upload them to the Internet, okay?"

She might have covered most of her face, but her eyes were still distinctive enough for an obsessive stalker like Brendan. It was all he would need to recognize her.

He was still searching for her, and she had every reason and incentive to thwart his effort.

The man was pleasantly surprised. "Yes, of course! I won't upload them, then! I can't print these photos out at the moment, so maybe you can leave me an address to post them to?"

‘An address...’

Deirdre thought for a moment and gave him Madame Russell’s house address. “This one, please. Sorry for the trouble.”

Chapter 406 Quit It Already

“No trouble, darling! No trouble at all!” replied the man, scratching his head and chuckling to himself. “I should be the one to thank the two of you! There’s no way I’m the only one contributing to pictures this good. The models did at least half of the work in this case! Anyway, I should excuse myself. I hope I get an invitation to your eventual, coming-soon wedding!”

He bolted away just like that. Deirdre hardly had the time to explain her relationship with Kyran. Sensing the young man’s burning gaze laser-focused on her neck, she apologized under her breath, “He fled before I could explain. Besides, I don’t think he’d trust me if I told him we aren’t a couple.”

“I know. That is why I don’t think there’s anything to explain. I like the ‘misunderstanding’ better.”

Kyran’s smile worsened Deirdre’s embarrassment. She was starting to feel a little sick in her stomach, too, and before she knew it, her hand was pressing against her belly.

The man caught her action and asked, “Do you need the bathroom?”

She nodded sheepishly. He took her hand and declared, “I’ll lead you.”

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They weaved in and out of the crowd until they reached their destination. “Here. You can ask anyone inside to help to get into the cubicle, and I’ll wait here. If you need anything, just shout.”

“Okay.”

She could not help but feel calm. She followed the direction Kyran gave, and as soon as she bumped into a woman, she told them to lead her to one of the toilets.

By the time she was done, the bathroom had quieted down. She felt her way to the washing basin while Freya suddenly strode in, her face half-covered with a cap.

The scowl she shot at Deirdre was dripping with bitter resentment. She simply could not understand why this was the one who had managed to get Kyran’s heart while she had lost. Then, of course, there was the performance they had given on the carousel. It only fanned her flames even more.

She forced herself to sound as calm as she could after approaching Deirdre. "Well, today's just magical, isn't it? That Kyran Reed sure loves you, doesn't he?"

Deirdre's hands paused in mid-washing.

Freya sneered. "What if I tell you it's a lie? What if I told you that, just half a month ago, he told me he had fallen in love with someone in the hospital? That's right! Don't be naive, girl. The woman he fell in love with was a horribly disfigured, ugly piece of work!

"He got bored of that woman, so he turned to you to get some kicks, but I bet... they haven't really broken up. Do you know what that means? It means you're just a number two to an ugly, hideous freak! How can you honestly stand there and act like you're happier than all of us?"

The more Freya spoke, the more impassioned she became. "Here's a piece of advice out of the goodness of my heart. You should leave Kyran as soon as you can. He's not the kind of man you can control, okay? To even think you can somehow make him yours is just delusion-"

"Nurse Rene, stop."

Freya faltered That voice! It belongs to..."

Alarmed, she studied the woman before her again. Suddenly, she could see it despite her newfound beauty-it was the same ugly piece of sh\*t from before!

How was this possible!?

"F\*ck me! You're Deirdre McKinnon!?"

Deirdre cast her eyes low to the floor. She could not believe just how stubborn Freya was. She just did not know when to quit! "You're right. It's me."

Freya felt as though she had slapped herself in the face. Her cheeks burned. "But when? How!? When did you face.. I have no idea what happened!" she stammered, shocked.

Deirdre faced her calmly, but her tone was frigid. "Why should you know if my face has recovered? Are you the doctor? No. Do you still work in that hospital? No. Why does it shock you to know that you've no idea I got my face patched up?"

Freya's mind blanked. She shook her head in denial. She could not accept that an ugly, hideous freak had somehow undergone a metamorphosis. "No, this is insane! Your disfigurement was so extreme, you can't possibly have that face reconstructed and healed within half a month!"

A twisted grimace shadowed her visage. She narrowed her eyes as though she had found her trump card and demanded, "Why are you wearing a mask?"

#### Chapter 407 You Can Never Be In Public Without A Mask!

Deirdre could feel the woman's jealousy as though it was a tangible gust. She stumbled backward, but she was too late. The possessed young woman had lunged, and her fingers extended like claws at her

mask.

Freya yanked it down and revealed bandages covering half of Deirdre's face. She was almost enraptured- as though she had stumbled upon a secret treasure trove "I knew it! I knew it! The lower half of your face. is not done yet! It's still as ugly as sin! That's why you had to wear a mask. You can't even bear to show it to the world!"

Deirdre ignored her provocation. Frowning, she demanded, "Give my mask back"

Freya was too happy as she had uncovered her secret Mockery and schadenfreude rolled into a single gut punch when she continued. "You really think you're some gorgeous angel fallen out of heaven, huh, b\*tch? Don't make me laugh! Most of those beautiful masked girls you see on the street actually looked like sh\*t when you pull their masks away, anyway I guess you're no different, either!

"Besides, I knew the level of your disfigurement could not possibly be fixed with knives and plastic It's impossible, and I know it! You'll never be able to go out there and show the public your true face, you disgusting, ugly b\*tch!"

Deirdre was unperturbed. "Well, okay then I guess I'll just have to wear a mask for the rest of my life Big deal, and honestly, none of your business. If you're that free, Nurse Rene, may I humbly suggest you spend your time honing your skills and attitude to get out of the unemployment line?"

That remark stung Freya. Ever since the hospital fired her, she had trouble getting employed anywhere. Her resume was impressive enough that she should have handily landed a position in any private. institution, and yet everyone immediately rejected her after reading through her profile

The only reason she seemed to be blacklisted in the industry was because of Kyran. It had to be-no one else had that power!

And the only thing that made Kyran flex that power was Deirdre f\*cking McKinnon!

Jealousy burned in Freya's eyes like an inferno. She lurched.

Deirdre grabbed her hand reflexively. "What the h\*ll!? What are you-

“You should be cooped up in your room forever, you b\*tch! You have no right to walk among us like you’re f\*cking better than me! You have no f\*cking right or reason to be with Kyran! You have no f\*cking right, you f\*cking wh\*re! And I want you to remember who you really are!”

Deirdre’s blindness was a very big disadvantage in the melee. Freya easily grabbed hold of her bandage and pulled it as hard as she could.

The bandages unraveled and landed on her shoulder.

Half of Deirdre’s face was exposed.

Freya took one glance at it and laughed scornfully. “I knew it, Deirdre! I f\*cking knew it! You’re still a hideous insult to everyone’s eyes behind this disguise! I can’t believe you thought it was a good idea to walk in public looking like sh\*t. Seriously, what the f\*ck made you think so highly of yourself that you’ve got this confidence? If I were you, I would run into ongoing traffic and pull myself out of my misery!” Deirdre had already expected the lower half of her face to be less acceptable than the top half, but the way Freya vilified her made her realize it might be worse than she had expected.

Still, she was not going to let that woman break her, so she retorted coldly, “If that’s the case, then why

are you so jealous of a freak who’s uglier than you? Who’s the loser between the two of us, Nurse Rene?”

Freya froze. Then, her temper reached a boiling point. “You f\*cking b\*tch really think you have something to gloat about! The only reason you even got him is that he met you first by pure f\*cking chance, you dipsh \*t! If he didn’t care about how ugly you are, then why the f\*ck did he want you to reconstruct your disfigured face, genius?

“Because men are like that! Men hate being embarrassed or mocked! He wants to bring you out on a date, but he doesn’t wanna be punished by being the joke on the town! Come on, wake up! He’s only hanging out with you because he has no one else to be with while he’s here. Once he’s back to his home turf, he’ll quickly remember, ‘Oh sh\*t! Deirdre is just an ugly novelty trinket! She’s nothing!’”

Even Deirdre had to admit Freya’s words stung. She was happy being with Kyran, but it was not guaranteed that one day, Kyran would not return to the upper-class wealthy, elite social circle he belonged to.

And she would still be the same unsightly creature who could never be seen with any of these elites.

Still, the effect of Freya’s putdown was short-lived. Deirdre shook herself out of it, reminding herself that she should not think that far ahead.

“Just give my mask back,” Deirdre said stoically.

## Chapter 408 I Don't Want to Lose You Again

Deirdre's indifference ignited another bomb barrel in Freya. She chucked the mask to the floor, scrunched it under her shoe, and stomped. “You want your f\*cking shame-cover so much? Find it yourself! Are you gonna stay in here until you find your mask? Or are you going to give up and let everyone jeer at Kyran when you walk beside him without it?”

Freya put her cap back on and hurried out of the bathroom, not giving Deirdre the time to pull her back in.

Now left all alone, Deirdre had no choice but to get on all fours to look. The wet floor and its putrid smell made her stomach churn, but she imagined the reception she would receive if she went out as she was and gritted her teeth. She had to continue searching.

As she scoured the floor repeatedly, she suddenly heard a mechanical voice from her earpiece. “Are you still in there, Deirdre?”

She broke out in a cold sweat. Taking a deep breath, she gnashed her teeth and tried again. A few people entered the bathroom and found her on all fours, so one of them asked kindly, “Hey, are you looking for something? Want us to help?”

Deirdre looked up, and one of the women screamed, “Arrghhhhhh!”

The crowd's fear and terror were palpable enough that Deirdre quickly cast her face down as quickly as she could, shielding it from any more prying eyes.

She panicked. After apologizing as much as she could, she shrunk her neck into her collar, hoping to block her face, and felt her way outside through the wall. There was still one last wall blocking the entrance from the public, so she hid there, shivering. Forcing her voice not to tremble, she asked, “K- Kyran, are you there?”

His reply was instant. “Yeah.”

A moment later, he asked again, “What's wrong? What's keeping you inside?”

Deirdre touched the lower half of her face. The ragged edge of her scars, the coarseness of her unhealed injuries-they pricked her fingers all too vividly. She could imagine just how much unkind attention it

would attract.

“1... I need more time. Can you please help me buy a new mask?”

There was no reply for a moment. Then, he said, "Sorry, Deirdre, but I can't leave you here for the time being. There are too many people here, and you had one stalking incident before. It's too dangerous to leave you like this. I just don't... Don't want to lose you again."

"Again?"

"Yes. Again. The last time, you formally rejected me and returned to the hotel. I couldn't sleep that night."

Deirdre felt a pang. It had been a rough night for her too.

"Why do you need me to buy a new mask suddenly? What happened?"

She took a deep breath. "It's complicated, and I don't think now is the time to explain. All you need to know is that my mask is gone, and my bandages have come undone."

Kyran scowled, but he did not ask why. "Is that all? Then why are you still inside? Come outside, okay? We don't have to talk with a wall between us. Unless... are you hurt?"

"No! I'm not..."

"Then... why?"

Deirdre almost could not push the words out of her gnashed teeth. "Because.... Because I'm ugly."

She could not do it. She could not stand being gossiped about, commented on, and gawked at while Kyran suffered the same fate. It hurt her.

There was only silence in her earpiece. Before she started wondering about it, she heard footsteps. drawing near.

She raised her head and felt the man's arm wrapping around her and pulling her close to his chest. He had a faint fragrance-it was a scent she yearned for.

She closed her trembling eyelids. Kyran smoothed her back over and over, comforting her in a way that reached her heart.

When he finally released her, she stared at the floor.

"Look up, Deirdre."

She hesitantly raised her head.

Kyran brushed strands of her hair away from her face, his eyes soft. “Ugly? You’re kidding. This is the most beautiful woman I’ve ever seen. Just standing in front of you makes me feel ill-deserving of this honor.”

#### Chapter 409 Are You Ready?

“Kyran...” Deirdre murmured. A warm glow seemed to be enveloping her chest. The corner of her lips

curled. “You don’t need to say things like that to make me feel better, Kyran. I’ve gotten used to it. People have been making these comments about me for four years. I know what will happen the moment I step outside looking like this.”

“Does it weigh hard on you?”

Deirdre shook her head. She used to feel dejected, but not anymore, or she would not have chosen to stay in Alnwick.

“If it doesn’t, then why don’t you want to step outside?” Kyran stated matter-of-factly. “The Deirdre I know doesn’t give a d\*mn about what the shallow masses think of her. She lives true to herself and is comfortable with herself. All of them were stray characters who wandered into her life only to be forgotten when they were out. So... why is the same girl suddenly afraid of letting them see her now?”

Deirdre froze.

“Is it because of me?”

Deirdre’s pupils seemed to be trembling. She looked perturbed. Freya’s verdict had taken shape in her head. ‘What’s there to be smug about? If he didn’t care about your face, why would he spend money on trying to get it fixed?’ she had declared. ‘Men are all the same! He wants to bring you out without suffering from mockery! The only reason why he still wants you around is that he doesn’t have a lot of friends here. Once he’s back in his social circle, he’ll remember-that you’ve always just been an ugly novelty! You’re

nothing!’

Before she could explain her fears, however, she felt a large warm hand wrapping itself around her freezing hand. He held her hand as though it was the most natural conclusion to lead to.

She was surprised.

“Are you ready?”

Deirdre suddenly understood his intention and shook her head hard. “No, Kyran! Take off your vest and cover my head with it, please! They will be laughing at you!”

“No, they will be jealous of me.” His voice was mechanical, yet it somehow felt like the most real thing she had ever heard. “Because I’m just so happy.”

Deirdre was stunned.

Kyran did not coerce her any longer. In fact, with a slight squeeze, she found herself following him obediently into the sun.

The crowd’s gazes turned to her from all sides. Deirdre felt her cheeks burn. She could hear quiet, gossiping voices as people huddled together.

“Morn, is that young woman cosplaying a monster character? She looks kinda scary.”

“Hush, honey. Don’t stare. You might get nightmares.”

“What’s with a hot dude going out with a... gothic artwork? Damn, is he blind?”

“Maybe he’s into it? Or maybe he’s a little bonkers in the head. Or maybe, he’s the reason she looks like that! He’s doing this to atone for his sin or something!”

“This is a marketing ploy, right? Something for the algorithm? ‘A hot-\*ss dreamboat with Ugly Betty walks around an amusement park’ sure sounds like those viral skits. Where’s the camera?”

“Damn, poor girl. She’s just a marketing tool to him, isn’t she? Once this dude gets famous on the Internet, he’ll dump her and get himself a hot influencer girlfriend too, I bet!”

Their comments stung Deirdre, especially the ones directed at Kyran. She wanted to pull her hand away from him many times, but he kept his grip as if determined not to let her cowardice get the best of her.

They walked across the amusement park all the way to the entrance. Deirdre was starting to get used to the crowd’s burning gazes.

“You shouldn’t have done this, Kyran,” she muttered. “It’s h\*ll to be ostracized and talked about like that.”

Chapter 410 My Heart Belongs to You

“So... This is how you spent four years of your life.”

Deirdre froze as the voice in her ear continued. "What did you do to deserve this, Deirdre? If only I had met you sooner... If only I had known you sooner. I could have protected you!"

Deirdre felt a lump unfurling in her throat. Her body was shaking-pain and self-pity suddenly took the form of a deluge flooding through her veins and breaking into her heart. Her eyes turned red. She thought she had grown accustomed to her fate and was done questioning God's injustice. She had accepted this as the divine's inexplicably stubborn grudge against her.

And then Kyran appeared and expressed empathetic anguish. He came and showed concern. And suddenly, the agony she had hidden was exposed. Naked.

It took her a long time to calm down and fight back the urge to cry. She raised her head and smiled. "Why apologize to me, Kyran? This has nothing to do with you at all! I'm happy just to live a peaceful life here. I want nothing now.

"Maybe... Maybe it's because I'm a tough woman at heart. I just don't feel much. I even forgot it sometimes."

Her smile felt like a dagger sunken into his chest.

He could not stop himself from pulling her into his arms. He just wanted to-God knew how much he wanted to warm her scarred, battered heart, thawing it out of that icy prison, someone else had forced it into. He wanted to be that warmth. Even if nothing came out of it, Kyran would try.

Deirdre sniffled and wiped away the last tear in her eye. "Kyran, I never wanted to display my scars and demand the world to pity me. I don't think my life is any sadder or less than anyone else's. If what you feel about me is pity, if you pity me because I remind you of your ex-girlfriend, who lost her eyes and couldn't seem to live on her own, then I would rather we stay as friends."

Quietly but firmly, she declared, "I am Deirdre McKinnon, and I never needed anybody's pity!"

She meant it.

Kyran lifted his hand and caressed her cheeks. His hand was warm, as always.

Deirdre felt his breath beating down her skin. She closed her eyes. As their lips met-fitting each other perfectly, like two pieces of a puzzle-a tear managed to escape her eyelid and trickled down her cheek.

If her heart was an impregnable fortress, its walls steep and unscalable, its interior unreachable... then Kyran was that single ray of sunlight that simply ignored all of her defenses and shone right down on the center square.

He had seen her at her worst, pathetic state, and unsightly moments. None of it made him walk away or walk out on her. He could not care less about what others thought.

So why couldn't she do the same? Why couldn't she give him a chance?

Why couldn't she give herself a chance?

At first, it was one or two lonesome claps. Then it grew louder and louder until it turned into applause and cheers.

The kiss ended as the applause turned into thunder,

Kyran's finger was trembling as it grazed her cheek. His eyes had lost their usual placidity. In fact, they were downright shy now. He was almost too excited to produce his phone and ask, "What... What exactly

do you mean, Deirdre?"

He did not dare to make his question any more explicit. He never wanted Deirdre to feel coerced.

She smiled. "I think I've told you before, right? My heart is too battered to love, so I might never be able to love anyone again. I might never be able to trust anyone at all. But if it's you... I'll do it. I'll try to accept you. I can't guarantee I'll forget all about my past, but I promise you that from today onward...

"My heart belongs to you and only you."

Kyran's breathing hitched. When he finally snapped out of his trance, he lifted her up into the air in rapture.

The crowd around them cheered.

Deirdre threw her arms around his neck and laughed.

And then she stopped and reminded him, "Oy, you're going to tear yourself a new wound if you don't put me down right now!"

Kyran would not listen. He hugged her close and twirled.

They spun, breeze billowing, dizzy with joy.

He put her down and planted his lips on her forehead. Deirdre realized belatedly that his lips were trembling.

All he could do right now was to hold her hand and squeeze. It was as if he wanted to say something, but words had suddenly evaded him.

#### Chapter 411 Just Need to Know I Love You

Deirdre smiled and held him back.

Afterward, some people came forward to give blessings. The amusement park staff saw it and even brought them a bouquet of flowers. "For you two! You look very happy, you must always be together!"

Deirdre took it and shyly said, "Thank you."

Someone in the crowd whistled. "Congratulations! Have a blessed marriage!"

Deirdre had never received so many blessings in a short while. She was so touched that she felt so warm that her hands and feet were still hot even after they had left the park.

"Deirdre." A mechanical voice rang in her ear, which seemed to be smiling. "I am very happy. Today is the happiest day of my life."

Deirdre noticed that Kyran's hand was mixed with sticky and nervous sweat, and she couldn't help but smile. "Me too. I'm also very happy."

Because Kyran was worried that Deirdre's face would be too cold, he bought a mask for her to wear. Following that, he hailed a taxi and returned to the hospital to wrap the bandages.

After Kyran applied topical medication, they returned to the ward. Declan looked at the hands of the two people intertwined, raised his brows, and his eyes were filled with surprise. "What's going on? Did you guys finally get together?"

Deirdre was shy and wanted to withdraw her hand, but Kyran held her tightly, not letting her hide.

Declan smiled. "In this case, I can be considered a matchmaker. Kye, this time, I should get half of the credit for helping you to get the beauty back, right? Now, for the project in the East Neve, your company should give me a lower percentage."

'Company?'

Deirdre was stunned for a moment. She then raised her head and asked, “Mr. King, don’t you two belong to the same company?”

“Of course not.” Declan replied, “Kyran and I are just partners. He has his own company, which is very large, with many complicated industrial chains. The money earned in a day is enough to buy a piece of land. When you two get married, you just need to be a proprietress and count the money.”

Deirdre felt upset. She believed that when Declan said Kyran’s company was very big, it must be big. She didn’t expect Kyran to be so capable, and she began to wonder whether she would be a good match.

“But why haven’t I seen Kyran interacting with people from the company?”

This time it was Kyran who replied, “Because of the company’s internal management, I don’t need to worry about those projects. At most, I will show up once on a big project.”

“Oh I see...” Deirdre looked downcast.

Since Kyran was so powerful, why did he stay in Village Alnwick and conduct some humble business with Declan?

She could understand it for Declan. After all, he was suppressed in East Neve, but Kyran obviously wasn’t. After Declan left, Deirdre was still in a state of confusion. When they returned to the ward, Kyran gently stroked her hair and asked, “What’s wrong? Your complexion suddenly turned quite gloomy.”

Deirdre took a deep breath, raised her head, and said truthfully, “Kyran, didn’t you find out? There seems

to be an imbalance between us. You only need to do a little research to find out about my past, but I know very little about you.

“Where is your company? What do you look like? Where are your parents? Do you have any brothers and sisters in the family? Where is your residence? I don’t know everything about you. I didn’t even know that you have a big company. I now know about it because Declan told me.”

She hesitated and said, “Kyran, if it was before, I wouldn’t care. But now that we are together, it is not fair.”

Kyran wrapped her hand with his broad palm. “You just need to know that I love you and will never abandon you.”

Chapter 412 Be Recognized

“Yes.” Deirdre lowered her eyes. “You love me, and I know it, but I have nothing but feelings for you. Kyran, let me tell you the truth, I-I would feel uneasy.”

Deirdre’s words made Kyran fall into silence as if he was thinking. Finally, Kyran said, “Okay, then I will answer whatever you want to know.”

“My company’s headquarters is in Germia, and my parents are also there. I don’t have a good relationship with them, so I don’t communicate very often. There are no brothers and sisters in my family. I am an only child and don’t have a residence. I just came back from Germia, and…” Kyran paused before continuing to type, “You know my appearance.”

“I know?” Deirdre was stunned for a second and shook her head in confusion. “How do I know? I obviously can’t see anything, and I never met you before I lost my sight.”

Kyran said, “One night, didn’t you touch my face with your hands?”

Deirdre was taken aback for a moment before realizing that she was teased.

Her cheeks were flushed, and she explained, “It was an accident.”

“I thought at the time that you were giving me the courage to pursue you.”

Kyran lowered his head and gently kissed Deirdre’s lips.

“Deirdre, I know what you’re worried about. You know too little about me, and you’re afraid that I’m just playing around and that I will disappear. You don’t know anything except my name is Kyran Reed, and you can’t find it.” Kyran’s black eyes were filled with seriousness. “So, I will give you the necessary sense of security. When your face recovers and my second operation is over, I will take you to see my parents, okay?”

Deirdre bit her lip. It seemed like she was forcing him to make their relationship official before his parents.

“No… I didn’t mean to force you to arrange a meeting with your parents so soon.”

“You don’t. It’s what I want.” Kyran looked at Deirdre greedily, enjoying such a wonderful time. “I don’t want you to run away. So, while you promised me that you would not go back on your word, I will tie you up so that you cannot escape. You can only stay in the Reed family and be wife.”

my

Deirdre was ashamed. It was such a passionate confession, but in the coldest and most mechanical tone, she was so embarrassed that she wanted the earth to open up and swallow her.

“I’m going to take the clothes to wash first.”

She found an excuse, grabbed the clothes on the bedside, and went out. Her heart was beating fast.

Did Kyran mean that after they left this place, they would go to Germia to get married?

This progress was too fast, but Deirdre didn’t resist the idea. Instead, she felt it was a sweet thing to do. She thought she might have developed feelings for Kyran a long time ago. It was just today that their relationship was enhanced.

When she arrived at the laundry room, she fumbled to stuff the clothes into the just-cleaned front-loading washing machine and started washing. Following that, she waited patiently by the side.

Suddenly a person came by. “Hello. Were you at the amusement park entrance with your boyfriend today?”

The lady sounded like she was in her 20s, and her voice was gentle and elegant. It seemed that she was raised in an excellent family.

Deirdre was surprised that she was being approached. “I was. Were you there too?”

The lady said, “I wasn’t there. My friend who was there told me that a couple was confessing at the gate of the amusement park, so he sent me two random photos. I didn’t expect to see you in the hospital.”

“Really...” While Deirdre was embarrassed, she felt rather strange.

Wasn’t it very common for couples to confess at the gate of an amusement park? Why did she purposely come to ask?

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Chapter 413 Obviously, It Was Brendan Brighthall Who Confessed to You

“Yes, I was at the amusement park earlier. May I ask... Is there anything wrong?”

“There’s nothing. The woman said with hints of contempt, “I’m just very surprised. With your status, how did you get Mr. Brighthall’s favor? I just wanted to come to see what kind of personality charm you have. Now that I see...”

The woman laughed. “I’m here to see Mr. Brighthall, who’s used to various delicacies from the land and the sea, trying to taste some light porridge.”

The expression on Deirdre’s face froze for a moment What Mr Brighthall?

The woman raised her eyebrows. Mr. Brighthall doesn't allow you to tell the public about your relationship with him, does he?"

Deirdre clenched her palms so tightly that her fingers were transparent. Though suffocating, she still restrained herself and calmed down. "I don't understand. Who is the Mr. Brighthall you're talking about?"

"Who is it?" The woman was surprised by Deirdre's question. "Naturally, the Mr. Brighthall I'm referring to is Brendan Brighthall."

The information seemed to explode in Deirdre's brain. She was so astonished that she lost control of herself. She grabbed the woman by the collar and shouted in disbelief. "What did you say? What did you just say!?"

"Hey! What are you doing? Let go of me! Why are you crazy!? The woman panicked. "If you do this again, I will call the nurse and the security guard! Let go of me!"

Deirdre had been shuddering, and her mind went blank.

Brendan? He was Brendan? The person he was with was obviously Kyran!

How could he possibly be Brendan!?

"Do you have evidence? Are you lying to me? Why do you say that Kyran is Brendan? He is clearly Kyran!"

The woman pushed her away irritably, straightened her clothes, and said impatiently, "I don't know who Kyran is. All I know is that in the photo my friend sent to me, it was clearly Brendan Brighthall confessing to you!"

Deirdre's face turned completely pale. She was shocked as the woman's words kept playing in her mind again and again.

"I don't know who Kyran is. All I know is that in the photo my friend sent to me, it was clearly Brendan Brighthall confessing to you!"

"Impossible... Impossible..." Deirdre took a deep breath and shook her head desperately.

Brendan was clearly in the ward located at the end of the corridor, and she had been staying with Kyran all this while. How could Kyran suddenly transform into Brendan?

Or Brendan was... Kyran?

Deirdre was about to go crazy. Her eyes were red as she tried to ask for the last straw, "Do you have any evidence?"

The woman thought she was looking at a psychopath. "Is there something wrong with your brain? I know Mr. Brighthall. What proof do I need? Although the picture my friend sent me is blurry, the face is very similar to Mr. Brighthall's. Moreover, I know that Mr. Brighthall is admitted to this hospital. Doesn't

everything prove that the man is Brendan Brighthall?"

Speaking of this, the woman suddenly came to her senses and smiled coldly, "I see Mr. Brighthall must have deliberately kept it from you, right? Probably he doesn't want to reveal his identity because he is just playing with you. When he recovers, he'll dump you immediately. It turns out that you are just a pastime activity."

Deirdre slid down to the ground. She was drained and no longer had any strength to refute. But she kept recalling the time they had spent together in the amusement park earlier today—the man's tenderness, attitude, cherished kiss, and determination to make her happy.

She even felt that she was the happiest woman in the world today...

Everything she thought she had turned out to be a damp squib, thanks to this woman's appearance.

Was Kyran... Brendan?

Deirdre burst into tears and collapsed. How could Kyran, who was so gentle and treated her so well, turn out to be that cold-blooded, tyrannical, and controlling Brendan!

Chapter 414 Uneasy, Suspicious

It must, must not be real!

Deirdre struggled to get up to confirm, but she was rooted to the spot in the next second.

If Kyran was really Brendan, she knew she wouldn't get the correct answer even if she was to ask again. He must have prepared to hide everything from her.

Deirdre hugged her head and wept. Although the woman was impatient at the start, she became rather empathetic toward her. "Isn't it just a man? Is it necessary to cry like this? Since you don't know that he is Brendan Brighthall, it means that you aren't someone who is greedy for wealth and status. You just got together, which means you don't have much affection. Why don't you just break up with him? After all, suffering from short-term pain now is better than long-term pain tomorrow.

"It's impossible for Mr. Brighthall to marry you. Don't be delusional and think that you are an exception. At most, he needs a blind woman who doesn't know his identity to

pass the time during his treatment. The sooner you wake up, the easier it is for you to withdraw. When it comes to that kind of man, you can't beat him in playing relationship games."

Deirdre sobered up, but with each breath she took, it was as sharp as a knife. She struggled to get up and tentatively requested, "The photo. C-Can you send me the photo?"

"Alright. Where's your smartphone?"

Deirdre took out a phone. The woman was extremely disgusted in an instant. "What is it? A super-old phone? How am I supposed to send it to you via Bluetooth?"

"Use MMS." Deirdre sniffled. "My phone can read MMS."

The woman finally sent it impatiently, turned around, and left. Deirdre held the phone, feeling shivering, cold, and discouraged. It was as if she was poured with cold water.

She didn't dare to imagine that Kyran was Brendan, but she also thought that this woman wouldn't lie to her because she had no grievances with her.

Thus, she needed to verify what the woman said was true further.

However, Deirdre couldn't feel happiness anymore. She felt that her heart was sliced by a knife. Apart from fear and apprehension, she felt nothing else.

"Deirdre."

Suddenly, a familiar mechanical voice sounded. Following that, the man slowly approached and asked, "Have you finished washing your clothes? Why are you not going back yet?"

Deirdre felt uncomfortable, thinking of the possibility that Kyran was Brendan. She didn't know how to place her hands and feet, subconsciously took a step back, and hastily stuffed the phone into her pocket. "I-I think it should have finished washing."

Kyran only thought Deirdre was still awkward and didn't take it to heart. He only looked at the washing

machine.

"It's almost done. Let's go back."

He packed the clothes, carried the basket with one hand, and held Deirdre's hand with the other.

Before Kyran could react to the coldness of Deirdre's fingertips, Deirdre withdrew her hand suddenly.

Kyran frowned. "What's wrong?"

Deirdre took a deep breath, closed her eyes, and opened them again. "I-I want to go out and do some

shopping."

"Now?"

"Yes."

Kyran hesitated. "It's not safe for you to go out alone. It would be bad if you were followed again. I will accompany you."

"No need!" Deirdre immediately rejected Kyran's offer.

Kyran frowned and fell into silence.

Deirdre added in a low voice, "This morning was already tiring enough for you, and I want to buy some private and intimate things. My period is coming, and I need to buy some personal clothes. I would be very embarrassed if you came along."

"Oh, I see." Kyran's face was filled with relief and a smile. He moved the hair covering Deirdre's face away with his hands "Since we've got together, there is nothing to be shy about."

"It's different Deirdre lowered her head, "I'm uncomfortable."

#### Chapter 415 Who to Send The Photo To

Since Deirdre said so, Kyran naturally couldn't force her. Thus, he arranged for a nurse from the hospital to accompany her.

When they were out, the nurse asked, "Miss McKinnon, shall we go to the supermarket to buy sanitary napkins first?"

Deirdre remained silent for a while before she replied, "I'd like to go to an electronics store. I want to repair my phone."

"Oh? Is your phone broken?"

"Yes, the sound is relatively soft."

“Okay.”

The nurse did not suspect Deirdre and took her to the electronics store.

After entering, Deirdre suggested. “I’m going in to fix my phone. Can you help me buy two packs of sanitary napkins at the supermarket?”

The nurse hesitated. “But Mr. Reed told me to follow you wherever you go.”

Deirdre assured with a smile, “He asked you to follow me wherever I go because he is worried that I will be followed and have an accident. But now that I am in an electronics store, it is impossible for someone to rush in and kidnap me, right? Do you think the electronics store’s owner is that weak?”

“But…”

“I just want it to end quickly, so you can get off work early, won’t you?”

The nurse thought for a while and agreed. “Okay. But Miss McKinnon, you must not wander around I’ll just go to the supermarket opposite, and I’ll come over after I’m done.”

“Okay.”

When the nurse left, Deirdre entered the store. The electronics store’s owner immediately greeted her. Miss, how can I help you?”

When Deirdre took out her phone, the electronics store’s owner asked, “Is it broken? Or do you want to replace it with a new one?”

“No.” Deirdre paused for a moment and said, “Open the text message on the phone, and you will find a photo. Can you please help me send this photo to someone?”

“Huh?” The electronics store’s owner thought he had misheard. “Are you kidding me? We don’t provide this service.”

“Don’t worry. I’ll pay you.”

The electronics store’s owner’s expression immediately changed, and he agreed.

“Okay.”

He sat down, turned on Deirdre’s phone, and clicked on a photo that showed a loving scene of a couple

at the amusement park gate. The electronics store’s owner glanced at the woman’s clothes in the photo and then at Deirdre.

“This is your couple photo, right? You are quite happy, and your boyfriend is so handsome.”

‘Happy...

Deirdre couldn't laugh at all. In fact, she was in a daze. When she heard the owner, she couldn't help

asking, “Well, do you know Brendan Brighthall?”

“Brendan Brighthall?” The owner said, “It's a familiar name. Could it be that he's the heir of the Brighthall Group in Neve?”

“Yes, it's him.”

The owner chuckled. “Am I that well-spoken? You've thought too highly of me. Why do you think I'd know that man of high status?”

Deirdre was very disappointed. Still, she asked another question, “What about his appearance? Do you know what he looks like?”

“How do I know? That man doesn't accept any interviews, and his photos are hard to find. Even if there are, they are all blurry.” The owner pointed to the photos in the phone as he said, “They're even blurrier than this. Look at your boyfriend's face. I can only clearly see his outline. You should buy a better camera next time. Let me tell you, do you want to try our latest cell phone? Soft light pixels, and it is very high-tech. You can clearly see ants in your photo-”

“I'm sorry. I'm blind, so I don't take pictures.” Deirdre politely refused.

The owner said embarrassingly, “It's also good to buy it for your boyfriend.”

Seeing that Deirdre didn't answer, he asked, “To whom do you want to send the photo?”

Chapter 416 I'm Indeed Sad

Deirdre told the electronics store's owner the phone number, and he quickly sent it. “Okay, I'm done!”

“Thank you.”

Deirdre gave the money she received from Kyran to the electronics store's owner. Following that, she stood at the door and called Tobey.

The other end quickly answered. Deirdre took a deep breath and said, "Tobey, did you receive the photo I sent you?"

Tobey was silent for a moment and smiled wryly. "It turns out that you were the one who sent me this photo. Deirdre, do you think that I'm emotionless? You rejected me, and after you got together with Kyran, you actually sent me a photo with your loved one. Did you send it so that I can enjoy it as well?"

Deirdre was stunned for a moment and quickly replied, "No! That's not what I meant..."

Tobey smiled. "Don't be nervous. I was just joking with you. Although I am indeed quite sad, I am relieved seeing that you look happy in the photo."

Deirdre's eyes were downcast and misty. When she found her voice only after a while, she explained. Tobey, I sent you this photo for another reason. May I know if you know Brendan Brighthall?"

"Brendan Brighthall?" Tobey was surprised to hear the name. He thought for a while and said, "Do you mean the only son of the Brighthall family in Neve? I heard a little about him when I was working. He is a successful businessman."

Deirdre couldn't help being nervous. "Then you... Have you seen him?"

Tobey replied, "No, I haven't. Deirdre, you've thought too highly of me. People like them have their own circle. I'm just a mere staff member. How could I have met them?"

The answer was not surprising to Deirdre. Brendan had always been mysterious and seldom appeared at commercial receptions. Only a handful of his photos were posted on the Internet, and it might even be possible that Brendan edited them before posting.

"Tobey, you may think my request is strange, but can I ask you to find out about Brendan's appearance and compare it with the man in the photo? I really don't know who else to trust other than you alone." Deirdre begged him.

Feeling Deirdre's seriousness and helplessness, Tobey agreed immediately. "What you've requested, I will try my best to find out. But Deirdre, I hope that you can be frank with me. Can you tell me why? Is the person in the photo Kyran or Brendan?"

"I don't know..." Deirdre felt bitter and could only answer like this.

If she knew, she wouldn't be so distracted and disturbed.

She didn't understand if God was playing tricks on her on purpose. Otherwise, how would it turn out like this when she finally mustered up the courage to love someone again?

“I can’t tell if the person with me is Kyran or Brendan or…” Somewhat desperate, Deirdre added. “Both.”

Tobey didn’t understand, but he still comforted her. “Deirdre, don’t be too anxious. I will help you find out as soon as possible, and you will know.”

“Okay, thanks.”

After ending the call, Deirdre stood at the door in a daze. She felt heartache, and it became more and

more difficult to breathe.

“Miss McKinnon, I’ve bought them.” The nurse hurried over. When she saw Deirdre standing by the door alone, she breathed a sigh of relief.

Deirdre nodded. “Thank you.”

The nurse smiled. “No problem. So, where are we going next? Are we going to buy underwear?”

#### Chapter 417 Give You A Massage

“No need,” answered Deirdre. “I just recalled that I’ve got enough. What about you accompany me to the pet shop?”

“Pet shop?”

“Yes.” Deirdre remembered that Brendan was allergic to dog fur. If Kyran was Brendan, he would definitely be too.

Deirdre explained, “I’m rather bored. I wish to go to the pet shop for a while.”

Although the nurse didn’t know why, she didn’t take it seriously. Anyway, the pet shop happened to be on the opposite street. When the two entered, Deirdre requested a dog that tended to shed hair, hugged it in her arms, and waited for a long time before letting go.

Afterward, the nurse sent Deirdre back to the hospital. Upon reaching the door of the ward, she repeatedly inhaled to calm herself before she opened the door and entered.

Kyran was unpacking the meal box. When he saw Deirdre, his eyes turned gentle. “You’re back in time. The meal is here. Take off your coat, wash your hands, and let’s have a meal.”

“Hmm. Deirdre took off the coat with dog fur and threw it on the sofa. Then, she went into the bathroom. She only turned on the tap and waited for a while. After that, she turned it off, dipped her hands in water, and went out

“Deirdre, we have Tuscan scrambled eggs and stuffed eggplants with minced meat for our dinner today. Which one would you prefer?”

“I’m good with either one,” answered Deirdre casually. Upon taking two steps forward, she suddenly frowned and fell dizzily.

Kyran quickly held her in his arms. Deirdre took advantage of that moment and hugged him tightly. She then took a deep breath and closed her eyes while her soft lips trembled.

“What’s wrong?” Kyran freed his hand to ask with his phone.

Deirdre didn’t let go of her hand. “Maybe it’s because I’ve stayed outdoors for too long, and I felt rather dizzy, so…” replied Deirdre.

Kyran put his hand on her forehead. She didn’t have a fever.

“Do wear an additional jacket the next time, so you don’t catch a cold.”

“Okay.”

Deirdre nodded, let go of Kyran, groped for the sofa, and sat down. Kyran passed the cutlery to her palm, and Deirdre began nibbling some food while holding the meal box.

She didn’t have any appetite. Instead, she had been paying attention to Kyran.

However, Kyran did not show any sign even until the meal was over.

Deirdre bit her lip. She didn’t know if it was because the allergies didn’t occur or because Kyran wasn’t Brendan in the first place.

Following that, she felt Kyran rise to his feet. “I’ll go out for a while,” he typed.

Deirdre also stood up immediately. “Where are you going?”

It was obvious that Kyran didn’t expect to see Deirdre react this way. His pause made Deirdre quickly

explain herself with downcast eyes. “I-I don’t like to be alone. I’m not used to being too quiet.”

Her words resulted in Kyran's eyes becoming even more tender. While stroking Deirdre's hair, he said, "I intended to take the clothes in the basket and wash them, but if you don't want to be alone, I won't go."

"Okay," replied Deirdre while trying to maintain a normal expression. She had to keep Kyran with her for the time being. Thus, she lowered her head for a moment and suggested, "I used to work in a clinic and learned some massage techniques. Since you can't exercise now, do you want me to massage you to relax your muscles?"

Kyran smiled. "Why do you want to give me a massage all of a sudden?"

Deirdre lowered her head and pretended to be shy. "I chatted with the nurse when I went out today. She said that when people don't exercise and lie on the bed for a long time, their body functions will

degenerate without massage. You are injured and can't exercise, so as your girlfriend, I thought of giving you a massage."

"I see," replied Kyran. His eyes were gently locked onto Deirdre's face when he typed earnestly, "Deirdre, I'm blessed to have you in my life."

Deirdre closed her eyes for a moment. "Let's start with your arms. Please roll up your sleeves."

#### Chapter 418 You Are Being Seductive

Kyran rolled up his sleeves and put his arm before Deirdre.

Deirdre raised her hand and put her fingertips on Kyran's arm as she breathed calmly.

Due to the allergic reaction, Deirdre knew rashes would appear on Brendan's body. She knew she couldn't see it, but she could feel it with her hands.

Deirdre didn't know what she felt. She only knew that the moment she touched Kyran's arm, she felt his

skin was smooth and clean.

She froze for a moment. Her reaction made Kyran type with the other freed hand, "What's wrong?"

Deirdre shook her head in reply. While massaging, she took the opportunity to grope the whole arm. Following that, she massaged the other arm just to find out that there was no allergy rash on them at all.

'Could it be on his neck?'

Deirdre was confused. She massaged Kyran's arm for a while longer before saying, "Okay. Now, please sit down. I will massage your neck."

The man didn't intend to resist and sat down obediently. Deirdre ran her hands along Kyran's neck and stroked it.

Deirdre opened her eyes. She still didn't feel any rashes.

Before she could react, her wrists were suddenly wrapped by a force, and Kyran pulled her into his arms and kissed her red lips heartily. He didn't stop until Deirdre was out of breath.

"Deirdre, you're being seductive," typed Kyran in an upright and confident manner.

But Deirdre was confused and touched her lips. "How did I seduce you?"

"You stroked my neck, didn't you?"

Upon hearing the answer, Deirdre's cheeks turned red immediately, and she struggled to get off him.

Kyran hugged her even tighter, sighed, and asked her, "Deirdre, do you have something on your mind?"

Deirdre was stunned.

"Don't take me for an idiot. Almost all of your mood is written on your face. What's wrong with you?" asked Kyran.

What was wrong? She suspected that he was that devil!

Could she say something like this?

Deirdre desperately grabbed the cloth on Kyran's shoulders. When she calmed down, she shook her head. 1.

"If you don't want to say it, you don't have to." Kyran kissed Deirdre's forehead and typed to tell her, "Even

a married couple have their respective secrets, let alone we have just started. Don't feel sorry. I will wait until the day you want to tell me."

Deirdre's breathing became heavier. She put her arms around Kyran's neck and nodded lightly.

Even until late evening, Kyran didn't seem to have any allergic symptoms. Hence, Deirdre began to feel that she had made a wrong assumption.

She began to wonder whether it was a misunderstanding.

If Kyran was really Brendan, he should have gone to the doctor because of his allergies. But now that Kyran didn't have any allergic symptoms, it was obvious that he wasn't allergic to dog fur.

With doubts, Deirdre went out to dry clothes. When she returned, she heard Kyran taking a shower in the restroom and the greeting of the nurse who was starting the vacuum cleaner.

Upon hearing the vacuum cleaner's noise, Deirdre asked, "What are you doing?"

The nurse smiled and said, "I'm cleaning the dog hair on your coat and in the room. When we went to the pet shop earlier, we got too many of these things stuck on us."

Deirdre's heart skipped a beat. "Who told you to clean it?"

"Of course it's Mr. Reed." As the nurse patted the quilt, she said, "He specially asked me to come over to clean up."

Deirdre clenched her fists and asked while pretending to be calm, "Are the dog hair on me obvious? How could Kyran know that I have them on me?"

"No, it's not obvious. But because I told Mr. Reed we went to the pet shop, he speculated that there might be dog hair and told me to clean up."

Chapter 419 The Phone Was Answered

"When was it?"

"When we returned from the pet shop. Anyway, I came here to clean up after I finished my work not long ago. I'm almost done now. Miss McKinnon, do you need me to clean up the fur on your clothes with the vacuum cleaner?"

"Okay"

When the nurse had done cleaning, she notified Deirdre and went out.

After Kyran had taken a shower, he came out while wiping his hair, only to see Deirdre standing at the door alone.

He looked for his phone, picked it up, and typed. "What's wrong?"

“Nothing.” Deirdre smiled. “Have you finished taking your shower?”

“Yes.”

“Then, it’s my turn.”

“Be careful not to burn your face with the hot water

Deirdre paused while she was pushing the door open and nodded “Sure”

When she entered, she leaned her back against the door, feeling rather feeble

If Kyran knew that they had been to the pet shop and had taken allergy medicine in advance, he would probably not have shown allergic symptoms in other words, her test had failed

She still couldn’t verify who Kyran actually was

Deirdre closed her eyes and felt extreme fatigue.

Outside the bathroom, the phone on the table rang suddenly Kyran looked subconsciously at the source of the sound and saw Deirdre’s phone.

He turned to the bathroom and heard the sound of water. Thus, he went toward the table to hang up the phone. However, when he saw the caller ID, he fell silent for a moment.

The caller ID showed it was Tobey.

Kyran frowned. He unconsciously picked up the phone and accepted the call.

He immediately heard Tobey’s voice. “Deirdre, I already have an idea of what you asked me to do. Is it convenient for you to chat here?”

Has Deirdre asked Tobey to do something for her?”

Kyran’s breath became heavier.

“Deirdre?” When Tobey didn’t get a response, he realized that the party on the other end might not be Deirdre “Are you Mr. Reed?”

Tobey didn’t like Kyran, who had intervened in his relationship with Deirdre. Hence, he held back his anger and demanded, “No matter how close you are with Deirdre, this is not the reason for you to use her phone. If she were to know, she wouldn’t be happy.”

Kyran looked cold, He took out his phone and said, "Since you know that I'm close with Deirdre, why do you still call my girlfriend? Mr. Russell, don't you think you have transgressed the boundary?"

Tobey chuckled. "Mr. Reed, being domineering may be something to admire for other women, but it doesn't mean that Deirdre also likes it. I have grown up with her since we were young I don't think it's just because of the relationship between the two of you that I have to disconnect from her "

Kyran tightened his fists, and Tobey provoked him further. "In other words, Deirdre may be on a whim or be deceived by your sweet words to have chosen you. I don't know how long the relationship will last, and I can't stay away from her each time she has a new boyfriend, can I?"

Kyran's look became gloomier. If he had been able to speak, he would have exploded.

Tobey said again, "She must be busy, right? If that's the case, I'll hang up first. When she is free, please tell her that the matter between us has got an outcome."

After Deirdre had carefully taken a shower, she rubbed her wet hair while turning the doorknob to go out." Kyran, I seemed to have heard the sound of a phone when I was taking a shower. Who were you talking to on the phone?"

Deirdre was stunned because she heard no reply from Kyran even after she had taken two steps forward." Kyran?"

Kyran put down the phone. His black eyes were filled with sophisticated feelings that he had to breathe repeatedly to calm himself down.

Chapter 420 Do You Regret Being With Me?

"Your phone, someone called you earlier."

Upon hearing the answer, Deirdre's face, which was blushing from the heat, instantly turned pale.

"Who?"

Kyran didn't answer but paced toward her step by step.

Before Deirdre could speak again, Kyran took the towel from her hand and gently patted her hair. His movements were infinitely gentle, but the air pressure around him was inexplicably suffocating. Deirdre clenched her fists tightly, and her palms were sweating. She asked again, "Who called?"

Kyran finally stopped his movements. With his face unexpectedly cold, he took out his phone and typed, "Who do you think it could be?"

Deirdre swallowed her saliva. She couldn't think of anyone else apart from Tobey, but she didn't know what they had said over the phone and why Kyran was in a bad mood.

"W-Was it Tobey?"

Kyran replied with a sophisticated feeling in his eyes, "Yes, it was him."

As predicted...

Deirdre felt uncomfortable.

Kyran asked, "Is there any secret between you and him that I don't know?"

Without waiting for an answer, he added another question, "Deirdre, who's Tobey to you? And who am I?"

Deirdre's mind went blank for a while. Kyran laughed at himself. "Ever since you agreed to be my girlfriend, you've been acting very strangely. And you are close with Tobey. D-Do you regret agreeing to be my girlfriend, regret being with me?"

"Of course not!" Deirdre strongly denied it. She closed her eyes and felt complicated because no one could understand her feelings.

She cared about Kyran and was looking forward to this relationship, but at the same time, she was afraid. She was afraid that Kyran would be that man.

"Since you haven't regretted it, tell me why you suddenly bought sanitary napkins when your period hasn't arrived yet. I thought I remembered it wrong, but you actually wanted to contact Tobey, right?" Kyran took a deep breath, and he even typed somewhat harder.

Hearing that her intention was exposed, Deirdre felt embarrassed, and her eyes drooped.

Kyran couldn't get an answer, so he gave her the towel in his hand. "Deirdre, I'm not a saint. I could bear it before because I was pursuing you at that time. But after becoming my girlfriend, I can't help feeling jealous and uncomfortable, especially when confronting a love rival who provokes me. I don't blame you for hiding something from me, but if you just want to hide from me and keep in touch with someone who likes you, then I think we both need to calm down."

He turned, intending to leave.

Reflexively, Deirdre grabbed the hem of his clothes and said depressingly, “Kyran, I’d never two-time you. Are you willing to believe that I have difficulties?”

Kyran didn’t break free but asked, “Why can’t you tell me your difficulties? Do you think I’m not truthful

enough to you?”

“Kyran.” Deirdre took a deep breath, trying to control the urge to speak out again and again. “I-I can’t

speak it out.”

Kyran was silent for a moment. He kissed her forehead, but at the same time, pushed her hand away.

“Since you can’t speak it out, I won’t force you. You can tell me only after you have settled your affairs.” He handed Deirdre her phone. “I’ll give you time to deal with the call. I’ll go out for a while.”

Deirdre bit her lip. “Thank you.”

Kyran didn’t say a word. He merely stood there for a while and went out.

When Kyran left, Deirdre’s eyes couldn’t help turning red. She closed her eyes and inhaled repeatedly before she could finally calm herself down.

## Chapter 421 High School Graduation Photos

Deirdre knew Kyran was angry.

It was just that, considering his personality, instead of having a hysterical fit and demanding an explanation, he would just force himself to calm down. Therefore, it was difficult for Deirdre to relate Kyran to Brendan, who was very possessive.

However, she couldn’t forget what the woman had said to her.

Kyran could be anyone but Brendan.

Taking a deep breath, Deirdre picked up her phone and made a call to Tobey.

Tobey waited for a few seconds before accepting the call. He asked, “Are you Deirdre?”

“Yeah, it’s me Tobey.”

Tobey chuckled and replied, "I called you earlier, and Kyran accepted the call."

"Kyran has told me about that."

"So... Since he helped you to answer your call at such a late hour, does this mean that you guys are living together now?"

Deirdre was stumped for a moment. She did not reply to the question directly. After all, they were no different from living together now.

"Did you call me to tell me about the photo, Tobey?" Deirdre asked, changing the topic.

"Yes, you're right," replied Tobey. Since they were talking about an important matter, his voice became stern. "Although I don't have any recent photos of Brendan, my friend has a photo of Brendan when he graduated from high school. So what I want to ask you is that, is there a big difference between Brendan and his high school days?"

"Difference?" Deirdre clutched her hands tightly. "I'm not sure about it."

She did not know about that. They were in the university when she first fell in love with Brendan. At that time, he was able to shoulder responsibilities alone and started a charity business.

"But..." Deirdre gulped hard and continued. "If my memories serve me right, he looked slightly youthful and more gentle than when he was 23 years old in the midst of his career."

"When he was 23 years old?" Tobey was stunned for a moment. "Deirdre, Brendan is 27 now."

"I know."

She lost her eyesight after that. Therefore, what was left in her mind was the bad impression of Brendan when he was 23 years old.

"I only saw him once when he was 23 years old," she explained.

"This is hard. I thought we could get something useful from that graduation photo."

Deirdre asked, "What does he look like in the photo? Does he look different from Kyran?"

"I think he is. Just like you said, he looks more youthful in the picture. But the picture is blurred. I can only see that they look quite similar to each other, and both of them look gentle."

“Gentle?”

“The friend of mine who gave me the picture told me that Brendan liked to smile a lot when he was in

enough to you?”

“Kyran.” Deirdre took a deep breath, trying to control the urge to speak out again and again. “I-I can’t speak it out.”

Kyran was silent for a moment. He kissed her forehead, but at the same time, pushed her hand away.

“Since you can’t speak it out, I won’t force you. You can tell me only after you have settled your affairs.” He handed Deirdre her phone. “I’ll give you time to deal with the call. I’ll go out for a while.”

Deirdre bit her lip. “Thank you.”

Kyran didn’t say a word. He merely stood there for a while and went out.

When Kyran left, Deirdre’s eyes couldn’t help turning red. She closed her eyes and inhaled repeatedly before she could finally calm herself down.

Chapter 422 Am I Not Good Enough?

Deirdre was stunned. “Yeah?”

“I think I’ve done something wrong, so I think I should tell you about it,” Tobey said, chuckling helplessly.

Deirdre was stunned. “What is it?”

“It wasn’t you but Kyran who answered the call when I first called, and you know that. But what you don’t know is that I actually said something terrible to him.”

“What do you mean?”

“I told him that you guys aren’t going to last long because you said yes to him on the spur of the moment. I also told him that there is a secret between us”

Deirdre’s heart skipped a beat. It was only now she saw the light of Kyran’s anger. She thought he was angry with her because she had lied to him. She never expected this to be the reason.

“Even though I don’t like him, he’s your boyfriend. I shouldn’t have said something like that, and I apologize for letting my emotions get the best of me,” said Tobey

“Tobey, I can forgive you this time, but... I hope the same thing won’t happen again. This isn’t you You’re not someone who would do or say something like this,” said Deirdre, lowering her head.

“I’m not someone who would say something like that?” Tobey let out a bitter smile as he felt there was a heavy weight on his chest. “Am I a saint in your heart?”

Deirdre was dumbfounded.

“Deirdre, I’m a human too. I can be uncomfortable and jealous too when seeing the woman I love being together with a man she has known for less than two months,” said Tobey

“Tobey...”

“I’m sorry.” Tobey took a deep breath and snapped himself back to reality. “I’ve talked too much. Please forget everything I said. I just took some wine before calling you. I hope you won’t mind. I’ll hang up now if you don’t have anything else to tell me.”

Tobey hung up the call first. Holding her phone, Deirdre let out a sigh.

Since Kyran was still outside, she put down her phone and walked toward the door. She pushed the door open and said, “Kyran?”

He snubbed out the cigarette, but it was too late. Deirdre asked, “Are you smoking?”

Before waiting for Kyran to reply, she continued. “You shouldn’t be smoking in the hospital. Have you forgotten that you’re a patient now?”

“Are you worried about me?” Kyran asked, stunning Deirdre.

After she came to her senses, she said, “You’re my boyfriend. Of course, I’m worried about you.”

“I thought you’d break up with me after the phone call.”

“Huh?” Deirdre was stunned. “What makes you think that? I-”

Before she could finish her sentence, Kyran grabbed her into his arms and pinned her on the wall gently. He lowered his head and planted a kiss on her lips. Despite his gentle movements, he seemed a little impatient and vented his emotions when his lips touched hers.

Deirdre could feel the coldness on Kyran's fingertips. She slowly closed her eyes. She did not feel

disgusted by the smell of cigarettes on the man's lips. After the kiss was over, Kyran put his arms around her and buried his head into her shoulder.

"Promise me, Deirdre. If I've done something wrong, just bring it up, and we'll work it out together. Don't just keep silent and run away from me, okay?" he pleaded.

Deirdre felt a pang in her heart.

She did not know what made Kyran think this way. He respected all of her decisions. She felt that every second she spent with him was a gift from heaven. She couldn't fathom why Kyran thought he had done something wrong.

He was the most perfect man she had ever met, but...

#### Chapter 423 The Cigarette Brand That He Likes

Deirdre felt that there was a lump in her throat.

Why would that woman say Kyran was Brendan?

Before she could figure out the woman's intention, she felt like there was a prick inside of her. If she couldn't get to the bottom of this, she couldn't open her heart up and be together with Kyran.

"Okay, I promise you, Kyran. I won't leave your side, I... I just need you to give me some time to figure something out," Deirdre said after taking a deep breath. "After I've found the answer, I'll accept you wholeheartedly."

Kyran did not say anything in return. He just tightened his arms around her.

Deirdre buried her head into his chest. Suddenly, something crossed her mind, and she asked, "Oh yeah, Tobey told me that he said something terrible to you. Is that true?"

Kyran was stunned. He paused for a moment and typed, "I don't care."

"Are you sure?" Deirdre chuckled. "If you really didn't care, you wouldn't have reacted like that. Anyway, Tobey and I are just friends. I'm asking him to help me out with a favor. He knows he's wrong, so he has apologized to me. I've already forgiven him, so you should do the same too."

Kyran tightened his arms around Deirdre. It took him a while before he typed on his phone. "I don't know if you trust me or not, but I'm not angry with him, Deirdre. I was just angry with myself. You wouldn't have to ask Tobey for help if I was more capable."

“You’re so silly.” Deirdre patted his back.

They hugged each other for a long while, and none of them spoke.

After a while, Declan cleared his throat and shattered the silence. “I know I shouldn’t interrupt this lovely moment, but there are others here. I’m sure you don’t want to misguide those minors, right?”

Deirdre felt embarrassed and released Kyran.

“What brought you here at this hour?” asked Kyran.

“Why do I have a feeling that you’re blaming me for interrupting you and Miss McKinnon?” Declan said, gnashing his teeth in exasperation, “Have you forgotten that I’m the cupid who matched you two up? Even if I don’t have anything to discuss with you today, you can’t treat me this way, let alone I do have something to tell you.”

Before Kyran could reply, Declan waved his hand and continued. “Let’s go in first. I want to discuss something with you about our project at Alnwick.”

As Deirdre was going into the room with them, she suddenly stopped in her tracks.

She looked around and felt for the trash can. After taking a deep breath, she stuck her arm into it.

The silver lining was that the trash can was cleaned up regularly. There wasn’t much rubbish inside, and she soon found the cigarette Kyran had thrown in earlier. She pulled out the tissue paper in her pocket and wrapped it in.

She still remembered the brand of cigarettes that Brendan enjoyed. It was called Winston. It was a rather popular local brand of cigarette in Neve in the past. When it nearly went out of business, it was funded by Brendan and became a famous tobacco brand under the Brighthall Group.

It was the only brand of cigarettes that Brendan enjoyed, and Kyran had only come back from Germia.

There was no way he would come across Winston, so...

Deirdre carefully put it into her pocket. When she went into the room, Declan was still talking to Kyran.

However, since it was already late, he just briefly told Kyran what had happened and then decided to

leave.

“Let me walk you to the exit, Mr. King.” Deirdre rose to her feet.

“It’s okay.” Declan said, teasing her, “A certain person isn’t happy with me for interrupting you guys just now if you walk me to the exit, I guess he’ll cut ties with me tomorrow.”

Deirdre felt embarrassed and lowered her head. “Stop teasing me like that, Mr. King.”

“Alright, alright. I can walk myself out. I’ll come back tomorrow. Have a good rest.” Declan laughed.

## Chapter 424 Jealousy

“Okay.”

Declan closed the door as he was on his way out.

At that moment, Kyran noticed the dirt on Deirdre’s hand and typed, “Why is your hand so dirty?”

Deirdre took a tissue paper and wiped the dirt off.

“My phone dropped on the floor just now. I guess that’s when I got it dirty,” she explained.

“You should have let me know about it. Don’t you know how dirty and cold the floor is?”

Kyran went to take a towel and helped Deirdre clean her hand seriously.

“You were talking about work with Mr. King. If it were a normal time, I would’ve asked you for your help,” Deirdre said with a chuckle.

After cleaning her hand, Kyran picked up his phone. “Next time, you can come to me and ask for my help even if he’s here. He’s not as important as you.”

“If Mr. King heard what you said, he’d be very sad.” Deirdre laughed.

“Putting a girlfriend in the first place is what all boyfriends should do. He shouldn’t be sad at all. Instead, he should be envious. But even if he’s envious about it, there’s nothing he can do either,” Kyran typed matter-of-factly.

Deirdre’s face burned red with embarrassment after she heard what Kyran said. She lowered her head and went to make the bed.

Deirdre slept soundly throughout the entire night. She did not even realize it when Declan came the next morning.

When she finally woke up, Kyran was asking the nurse to help him warm up the porridge.

“What time is it?” she asked, her voice raspy.

“It’s nine in the morning now.”

Deirdre was jaw struck.

“Why didn’t you wake me up? I can’t believe I’ve slept for so long.”

“You hadn’t been sleeping well the past two days. You were sleeping very soundly yesterday, so I decided to let you sleep a little longer.”

Deirdre raised her arm up in the air and yawned. Even though she had slept for ten hours, she felt her head swimming and surmised that she was sick.

She put on her shoes and went to clean herself up. By the time she returned, the porridge was ready.

Kyran was looking at her from the side while she ate the porridge. After she finished it, he took the tissue paper and helped her wipe her mouth clean..

Deirdre took over the tissue paper and said embarrassingly, “I... I can do it myself.”

“You don’t have to feel embarrassed at all.”

Deirdre just wanted to find a hole and bury herself in it. She kept her head low and said, “I’ll go wash our clothes now.”

Without waiting for Kyran to say anything, she took the basket and ran away from the ward. Her

embarrassment ebbed away only after she came out of the ward. She felt that Kyran had changed. He liked to tease her and relish in her embarrassment now.

She walked for another two steps and stuck her hand into her pocket. She hesitated for a moment when she touched the item in her pocket. After a short while, she made a decision in her heart and turned around.

She could only recognize the way to Dr. Engle’s office. She knocked on the door, and a voice erupted from inside. “Come in.”

Deirdre pushed the door open, and Dr. Engle was surprised to see her.

“Miss McKinnon? What’s the matter? Did the medicine not work well? Or do you feel uncomfortable somewhere?”

“Yes, Dr. Engle. I keep having this stinging sensation on my cheek.” Deirdre put the basket down and took her seat.

“Let me take a look.”

Dr. Engle took off the bandage and observed her face. After that, he said, “Well, I don’t see any swelling, and the stinging sensation is because the medication is working. You’ll definitely feel uncomfortable as the new flesh is growing. You’ll even feel itchy later. If you really can’t stand it, come over here, and I’ll help you change the dressing regularly. I also have some special medication that will stop the itchiness.”

“Okay.” Deirdre nodded but did not leave. She bit the bullet and asked, “Dr. Engle, can you help me with something?”

“Of course!” Dr. Engle placed his hands on the table. “Fire it away, Miss McKinnon.”

Deirdre pulled the tissue paper out of her pocket and opened it up gently, revealing the cigarette inside. “You’re more knowledgeable, so can you tell me which brand this cigarette is?”

#### Chapter 425 There Is a Flower On the Cigarette

Dr. Engle was surprised. He had assumed Deirdre wanted to relieve her discomfort or ask about the condition of her face. It was never in his wildest imagination that she was asking him the brand of a

cigarette

As if she could read his mind, Deirdre explained, “I smelled it occasionally and thought its scent was good, so I wanted to buy it and give it to Kyran as a gift.”

“Ah, I see” Dr. Engle chuckled. “It seems like you guys are ready to announce your relationship. Does this mean that I can expect your marriage news soon?”

Deirdre was stunned, and her face turned red with embarrassment. “How did you know about that, Dr. Engle?”

“I’m not dumb. You two were holding hands so tightly when you came to me yesterday. I can’t think of any other explanations if you two aren’t a couple.”

It was only now that Deirdre realized they had been holding hands the whole time yesterday.

Her face turned even redder, and Dr. Engle laughed. "There's no need to feel embarrassed. I can see that both of you like each other, and it's only a matter of time before you're together. Now that you've finally! made it, I'm truly happy for you two."

After that, Dr. Engle picked up the cigarette and looked at it.

He said, "This cigarette..."

"Do you know what brand it is?" asked Deirdre.

"I've never seen this brand before," replied Dr. Engle.

Winston was a famous local brand in Neve. It hadn't been introduced here yet, and Deirdre's heart leaped into her throat. "Is there any logo in it?"

"Yes, there is a logo." Dr. Engle observed the logo with a magnifying glass. "There is a flower on it and some tiny words. Let me read it first."

"Flower?"

Deirdre felt a buzz in her head. She kept looking for the logo of Winston in her memories. She remembered that she had seen a flower near the tip of the cigarette when Brendan was smoking.

For a moment, Deirdre felt her blood run cold, and she had the urge to run away from here.

What if it was really Winston?

There was no way Kyran would know about this brand since he had only returned from Germia. Once it was confirmed that it was Winston, then Kyran would certainly be Brendan. When that happened, what should she do?

Deirdre's face turned as pale as a sheet of paper, and beads of sweat began to ooze out of her palm profusely.

Meanwhile, Dr. Engle's eyes glowed, and he said, "Aha! I think I know it!"

Then, he looked at Deirdre, stunning her.

Frowning, he asked, "What happened, Miss McKinnon? You look pale. I already know the brand of the cigarette. Do you want to know about it?"

Deirdre bit her lower lip. She did not know whether she wanted to know the answer. Her heart was filled with fear right now. She was worried that the answer might not be the answer she wanted.

However, on second thought, was she really going to keep running away from the truth like this?

Deirdre clenched her fist tightly and mustered up her courage. "Please... Please tell me, Dr. Engle."

"This is Mr. Reed's cigarette, isn't it? He gave me a packet before. From its logo and words, it's a brand for Germia, so you can't find it anywhere in our country. Where did you smell it before?"

Deirdre froze for a few seconds. Her eyes were wide open, and she felt like the stone weighing on her chest was gone.

"I... I smelled it in the corridor," she said. "Dr. Engle, are you sure it's a brand from Germia?"

"Yes, I'm sure of it. We won't be able to find this type of cigarette in our country. It's made differently. Besides, the words on it are German."

"Then what about the flower?"

"The flower? I guess it's a part of the logo. It has seven petals and a strange shape. I've never seen this kind of flower before."

#### Chapter 426 You Don't Trust Me Anymore?

Deirdre felt as if all her strength had left her body. She remembered that the flower on Winston had four petals. All of the petals were closed. It was in the budding stage while signifying undying wills.

'It isn't Winston, is it?'

When tears streamed down from her eyes, Dr. Engle was stunned.

"What happened, Miss McKinnon? Why are you crying?"

Deirdre clenched her fists. Her body was still shaking profusely, and she explained, "Nothing. I am just sad that I can't buy this brand of cigarettes for Kyran."

"You want to get this as a gift for Mr. Reed, right? But he already has it, so there's no point for you to buy it for him anymore. Besides, judging from how much Mr. Reed loves you, I think he'll be very happy even if you give him a flower you picked from the roadside

Deirdre wiped the tears off and smiled. "You're right I'll go figure something else out then"

“Alright.”

Deirdre felt as if a weight had been lifted off her chest after coming out of the office. However, the feeling did not stay long. Soon, she thought of something, and her heart sank again.

Even if the brand was not Winston, it couldn't prove that Kyran was not Brendan. It could only prove that he was not Brendan at this moment.

Holding the basket in her hands, she walked along the wall. Suddenly, she heard a series of hurried footsteps, and then Kyran appeared in front of her. He grabbed her hand, and she could feel his anxiety even though there was no emotion in the mechanical voice.

“Where have you been?”

Deirdre was stunned. Before she could say anything, Kyran continued. “I went to look for you in the laundry room, but I didn't see you there. Why did you come to Dr. Engle's room? Are you sick? Or are you feeling unwell?”

Deirdre felt a gush of warmth spread inside of her listening to this mechanical voice. She forced a smile on her face and said, “Nothing. I just feel some stinging pain on my cheek, so I came to ask Dr. Engle

about it.”

“Stinging pain? Then what did he say?”

“He said this is normal. There will be a stinging pain accompanied by the new growing flesh.”

Kyran let out a sigh of relief. Still, there was a hint of tiredness and helplessness in his eyes. “So, you came out not to wash the clothes, right? You purposely found an excuse just to come to look for Dr. Engle? Do you not trust me anymore, Deirdre? Even if you're feeling pain in your face right now, you'd rather put up with it than tell me?”

His words were filled with disappointment.

It took Deirdre a long while to come around to her senses. “No, it isn't like that, Kyran. I didn't tell you because...”

“Because what?” Kyran asked, “Because you didn't want me to worry about you?”

Deirdre was stumped and nodded.

After a long silence, Kyran grabbed her into his arms and sighed. Then, he typed, "Deirdre, I hope you can

open your heart and be honest with me. If this continues, not only will I feel exhausted, but you will too."

Apparently, Kyran did not believe her. It was just that he was not going to press the matter further.

Deirdre bit her lower lip and sniffed. She had the urge to ask him the question in her heart, but a second voice in her mind told her she wouldn't get any answer from him and to forgo the attempt.

"Do you want to go out and grab something to eat?" asked Deirdre. "I'm sure you must be tired of the food here, right? Let's go out and eat."

Kyran asked, "What about your face?"

Her face was bandaged. Not only did she have difficulty eating things, but there was a lot of food she

could not eat as well.

"I'll be fine. Dr. Engle said it's fine for me to eat something light."

Kyran's gaze turned gentle as he typed, "Alright then. Let's go out."

He returned to his ward and changed into new clothes. Deirdre put on a new mask, and Kyran was waiting

for her outside. When she came out, he gazed at her hand for a while before reaching out to her.

"Come, let's go."