

Resent Reject Regret by Aqua Summers

Chapter 556-587

Chapter 556 From Now On, I'm Your Husband

"What?"

"I'm asking you if your condition involves only a date, right?"

Brendan could not refrain from chuckling as if he was making fun of her sensitive emotion. "Or else?"

"At night... I'm not going to sleep with you."

The other end of the call was quiet momentarily as soon as she made the remark. Soon afterward, he laughed sarcastically and said, "Are you doing this so you can keep your chastity for the man?"

Deirdre shut her eyes tightly. She did not want to quarrel with Brendan on this issue.

"I just don't want to be touched by someone like you."

Brendan was stunned for a moment before he sneered and said, "Someone like me? What kind of person am I?"

Deirdre did not answer, and he did not inquire further. He said, "Don't worry about this, Miss McKinnon. I've encountered way too many women who are prettier than you with better bodies. I'm not interested. When they push themselves against me, let alone you. We're just going on a date, and that is all."

He said it in contempt, yet his remark calmed Deirdre.

"When are we going on a date?"

Brendan said, "Your call came too suddenly I'm still in Neve now. Let's do it tomorrow. I'll pick you up."

"Hmm."

Deirdre ended the call eagerly. She only regained her calmness when she could no longer hear Brendan.

She would go on a date with Brendan to get the divorce, yet she would not do anything more that betrayed Kyran. Everything would be settled when their date ended, and they would not be connected

anymore.

The next afternoon, Brendan showed up at the mansion's door just as he had promised.

Deirdre was halfway through cutting vegetables when she received the call. She wiped her hands on the apron and headed upstairs to change into a warmer outfit.

The air was slightly humid when she opened the door to go outside. She walked further ahead and smelled the man's perfume scent from the blowing wind.

She asked with a cold expression and her palm covering her cheek, "Where are we going?"

"I don't know how others go on a date, but since it's already dusk now, we'll just grab some food at the Waterfront Mall." Brendan grabbed her wrist and said, "I'll lead you to the car."

He wanted to lead her to the passenger seat, but Deirdre struggled free from his grip instinctively. By the time he came to realize the situation, he looked at her coldly.

Deirdre said with her face pale. "I can walk by myself. I don't need you to guide me."

"You can't even stand me holding you?" he said in a displeased tone.

Deirdre said, "It's not that I can't stand it. It would be better for us to keep a distance in view of our relationship."

Brendan burst out in laughter, but his laughter did not sound sincere. "Our relationship? What's our

relationship, huh? Are we not legally married husband and wife? Deirdre, don't forget that you married me willingly four years ago. In fact, you did it without naming any terms and conditions. Yet, you are in such a rush to disassociate with me?"

"You mentioned that it was in the past too." Not a change could be seen in Deirdre's gaze. "I was blinded in the past."

Brendan's expression turned icy instantly.

Deirdre stopped speaking. She was planning on feeling her way to the passenger seat. As soon as her hand touched the ice-cold car window, Brendan suddenly stretched out his hand and took it upon himself to interlace his fingers with hers.

Their fingers interlaced, and the man's hand was radiating coldness. Deirdre could not help shivering. Brendan!"

“Deirdre, I don’t have the time to play your game.” Brendan interrupted her and spoke in an extremely cold tone. “Since it is a date, you should understand my intentions and behave accordingly to my preference. From now on, I’m your husband. You will also need to treat me like you did in the past. You’re going to hold back your displeasure now, no matter how disgusted you are by me.”

“Otherwise, you’re just going to dampen my excitement when you resist even my physical touch! Why would I want to continue the date with you, and why should I fulfill your wish to get a divorce if that were the case?”

Deirdre’s eyes were bloodshot from anger.

Chapter 557 I Want a Divorce

“Treat him like he’s my husband?”

If she had a chance like this in the past, she would be so delighted that she could not sleep all night. She found it cynical now that she heard Brendan’s request and resisted the idea very much in her heart.

“What if I don’t?”

Brendan’s gaze was still. He walked one step closer to the woman and exhaled warm breath when he spoke, yet the words he spoke were cold. “I will just consider that you wish to continue this relationship willingly, and I’ll come and take you back to Neve when I’m done with my tasks.”

“That would be impossible!”

Brendan smirked mockingly. “Would you like me to remind you once again? You have a favor to seek from me, Deirdre. It’s you who wants to get a divorce and not me who is forcing you to get it.

“You can always turn around and go back. I’ll just pretend that nothing happened today.”

‘Go back?’

Deirdre’s chest felt so heavy that she was suffocating. ‘If I were to go back, all my previous efforts would be wasted, right?’

“I won’t.” Deirdre shook her head, shut her eyes, and opened them again. She then spoke in a determined tone, “I want a divorce!”

Brendan looked at her, his dark eyes filled with complicated emotions and stillness. A moment later, he held her hand tightly and said, “Perform your role properly then.”

He held her hand, guided her to cross the front of the car, and headed to the passenger seat door. It was fortunate that he loosened his grip after she got into the car. He got into the driver's seat and began to drive the car slowly.

Deirdre was expecting his provocative words and offensive body language, but nothing happened.

She felt relieved.

No one enjoyed being provoked, let alone Brendan. She figured he was probably not trying to hold her hand by force but only because he was not fond of others' disobedience.

Deirdre's mood calmed down. Meanwhile, the car stopped.

She heard Brendan's voice saying, "We're here."

"Ah..." Deirdre tried to remove the seat belt, but it was stuck, perhaps due to the wrong way she had buckled it. She could not unbuckle the seat belt after a long time.

Beads of sweat formed on her forehead. Meanwhile, the man next to her moved. Soon afterward, he leaned over and pinned her down with his upper body.

His tall, muscular figure exuded a blazing hot temperature, his masculine presence filled the air, and his thin lips were only a few millimeters away from kissing her lips. She batted her eyelashes violently and waited for Brendan to help her to remove the seat belt. Yet, he did not respond after waiting for a long.

time.

"You..."

Meanwhile, the seat belt retracted.

She quickly suppressed the surging emotions in her chest and opened the door quietly.

Just as she was about to get out of the car, she heard Brendan say, "Your heart is racing, just like how you were when we first met."

She pretended not to have heard that and got out of the car.

Brendan had a reservation at a Waterfront restaurant. The crowd grew sparser the further they walked, especially when they got close to the seaside. The feeling of the cold wind blowing on her face was unpleasant.

Very few people were around even when they were about to arrive at the restaurant.

Deirdre could not refrain from saying, "Why did you choose Waterfront Mall?"

It would be rather romantic during summer, but it was winter now. The sea wind was unpleasantly cold. There was only the seaside scenery, but she could not even see it.

Brendan did not answer her.

They let go of each other's hand when they arrived at the restaurant's entrance. The waitress approached them and led them to the window seat.

The waitress enthusiastically promoted the dishes when they were ordering by saying, "The best seller here is our cranberry dessert. Would you like to order it so you can share it with your friend?"

"Friend?" Brendan raised his head.

The waitress came to realize the situation and said, "You're a couple, huh? I'm sorry. I noticed that you haven't been interacting much, so I assumed you're only friends... So, is the girlfriend angry? Let's serve you a dessert in the house. I'll get it."

The waitress left in a panic while Brendan said in a self-mocking tone, "I've only ever seen friends being mistaken as a couple. We're obviously married, yet we've been mistaken as friends..."

Chapter 558 He Loves You Very Much

Brendan found it ridiculous as well. "This is the result of setting up two people by force."

Even if they were holding hands, the outsiders would never feel their love for each other.

Brendan kept quiet for a moment and could not refrain from asking, "How about you and that person? Will both of you be regarded as a couple as you ought to be?"

Deirdre furrowed her eyebrows. "Don't bring him up constantly."

Brendan appeared powerless and said sarcastically, "It's because you've never smiled when you're with me."

Deirdre was stunned. She took a deep breath and said, "Is it caused by my reluctance to smile?"

She had been all loving and affectionate in the past. She would not be able to hold back her smile every time she saw him in the past, which was not that different from her current situation.

All in all, they were just not suited for each other.

Their marriage was a product of reluctance, and it could not be faked nor forced.

The atmosphere turned solemn. The waitress could feel her heart racing when she came to the table and sensed the atmosphere.

Brendan got up. "I'm going to the washroom."

The waitress served the dessert and said, "Try it and let me know if the sweetness level is not to your preference, miss. We'll get you a new one."

"Thank you."

Deirdre did not have much of an appetite, but she still expressed her gratitude and took two bites.

The waitress stayed as if she was worried that her action earlier would cause displeasure to Deirdre and Brendan. She explained in a pleasant, soothing tone, "I'm sorry for earlier."

Deirdre came to realize the situation and said, "It's fine. Our quarrel is not your fault, and our relationship is conflicted. We're going to get a divorce soon."

She said that so the waitress would not overthink the situation. Still, the waitress expressed her

astonishment.

"Divorce? Why?"

Deirdre thought about it for a moment. "No other reason. We just have different ideologies and don't love each other anymore."

"But..." The waitress took a glance in the direction of Brendan's departing figure, and she could not refrain from saying, "But it's obvious that he still loves you very much."

Deirdre was stunned upon hearing that and found it ridiculous. "How can you tell?"

It was absurd.

'Brendan loves me? He loves me? Perhaps, it'd be possible if I were Charlene.'

The waitress said in all seriousness, "You can't see, so there are some details that won't catch your attention. He looks at everyone else very indifferently, but his gaze turns gentle and soft only when he looks at you."

"You're well aware that he doesn't express his emotions easily, but his love for you is almost written on his face. What does this signify? It signifies that he loves you so much that he just can't hide it anymore."

Deirdre abruptly felt her heart racing. By the time she returned to her senses, she realized that a sweet-talking waitress actually persuaded her. In fact, she even wondered whether the waitress was telling the

truth.

"Something about Brendan looking at me differently and that he loves me so much that he just can't hide it anymore..."

She found it ridiculous. Even though she knew that an outsider would never say something unpleasant to her, she still found the waitress' remark preposterous.

"Since

you claim he still loves me, why did you think we were just friends in the beginning?"

The waitress was embarrassed. "You treated him coldly like he was a stranger. I was under the assumption that you are his unrequited love."

Deirdre was rendered speechless. After a while, she said, "Stop teasing me."

The waitress' expression was solemn. "I'm not teasing you, but I'm telling the truth. Miss, you're allergic to yam and don't enjoy celery and eggplant in your food, right?"

Deirdre was stunned. "How do you know?"

"The man wrote it down on a note and passed it to me when I took your order earlier. If he didn't love you, and didn't care about you, why would he be concerned about your food allergy and eating preferences?" Deirdre's astonishment could not be concealed when she heard that.

Chapter 559 Fulfill Your Wish

Brendan would actually write down the food she did not enjoy eating and the food she was allergic to on a paper that he passed to the waitress...

"How can that be possible?"

The waitress smiled and said, "It is possible. He is precisely the kind of person who hides his little quirks and conceals his feelings but still offers trivial care in some places."

"Moreover, if he really didn't love you as you described him, it would be unnecessary for him to pay so much attention to small details like this, right?"

Deirdre's mind went blank, but she was well aware that the waitress was right.

Brendan was the type of person who was not interested in the outside world.

He had very little time, so he did not enjoy wasting his time on trivial matters. He would watch a person crying profusely on their knees in contempt if the person was someone he did not care for. However, he would be extremely meticulous in every way if he were to care for the person.

Still, why would Brendan behave this way when she was not Charlene? Was he doing this because of the so-called compensation?

Before she could figure it out, Brendan had already returned. He looked up when he noticed that the ambiance was off and asked, "What's going on?"

"Nothing. I'm only inquiring about the lady's dessert preference."

Brendan said, "She likes blueberries but don't serve that now. She will grow sick of it if she has too much

of it."

The waitress' smile grew wider, and she took one more glance at Deirdre. "Alright, I won't bother you two anymore. I'll be at the counter if you need anything."

After she left, Brendan took a seat. He had just only sat down when Deirdre suddenly asked him, "Why are we here?"

Brendan paused for a moment and answered with a question, "What's going on?"

"It's winter here, so the seaside is cold. Moreover, it's located very far away from the city center. You have better choices, so why do you choose Waterfront Mall?"

She could not see, but her determined gaze was locked in his direction. The corners of her eyes reddened ever so slightly with tears.

Brendan fell silent for a moment before he said, "We can leave if you don't like it here."

"You're changing the topic of conversation." Deirdre spoke by enunciating each word. "I want an answer."

Brendan exhaled and said, "Your wish."

“You mentioned that you’d be delighted and pleased to have an anniversary dinner meal with me in Waterfront Mall on the second anniversary of our marriage.”

Deirdre’s eyes glistened with a glint, and she suppressed her shakiness. “So, are you fulfilling my wish

now?”

“I understand that I won’t have the chance to do this anymore.” Brendan said in a very calm tone, “We don’t have much of a chance to be together anymore, and we won’t meet each other again after the winter ends. Hence, I can’t wait until the summer that you mentioned, so I must come here with you even

when it’s cold.”

Deirdre felt as if her chest would explode with overwhelming emotions of anger, agony, and others. She would rather not have compensation like this that came too late.

If Brendan had taken her to Waterfront Mall during the two years of their marriage, she would have noted it down as the happiest day of her life. She would fill the walls with photos of the day and post the photos on her social media to show off. She would also look back at it to reminisce occasionally. But now... it was all water under the bridge.

She had already forgotten it was her wish to come to Waterfront Mall. It had faded just like their feelings and love, leaving them staring at each other in coldness.

“How long ago was that?”

Brendan’s gaze was still. “Three years.”

“If it were a child, the child would have already gone through countless wishes in three years, let alone an adult with a wide horizon like me. Moreover, I can no longer see with my eyes. I can’t feel anything else here at Waterfront Mall other than cold. There’s no need for you to do touching things for me. I don’t need it.”

“Hmm.” Brendan felt as if something was stuck in his throat. He had not planned on letting Deirdre know about this. “I’m sorry that I’m being brusque.”

Chapter 560 Put an End to This From Now On

Deirdre was stunned while Brendan came to react to the situation by assuming a cold, sharp expression on his face. “However, since we’re already here, don’t try to pick faults anymore. It’s already rare that I remembered your wish in the past. Do you think I would come here to endure the cold willingly if not as your compensation?”

“Compensation?”

"Hmm, compensation." Brendan's eyes were dark as ink. "You can put an end to your mother's case from

now on."

Deirdre's pupils shook violently. She was so furious that her entire body was shaking beyond her control.

'So, I should bring everything to an end just with his carefree compensation after those acts of his. pushing things too far, and the human life that was lost!?"

Deirdre could not hold back her anger and stood up. She was afraid that she would give Brendan a slap if she were to stay any longer

She ran to the door, and before she could walk away, Brendan caught up to her and grabbed her wrist. He furrowed his eyebrows and suppressed his anger "Why are you freaking out?"

"Freaking out?" Deirdre felt her heart turn cold, and her eyes were bloodshot. "You're right! I am freaking. out. Please loosen your grip on me if you don't want me to freak out on you so I can head to the washroom to calm myself down!"

"You're only going to the washroom?" Brendan was momentarily caught in a daze.

Deirdre looked toward him in derision. "Don't worry, Mr. Brighthall. Naturally, I will fulfill what I've promised. I will ensure that the date carries on so you will agree to get a divorce, and I'll continue until you are pleased."

The words that she used were filled with irony, and her remark stabbed into his heart like a needle hidden in a cotton ball.

His face turned ghastly pale from the pain, but it did not leave behind any hideous wound on his heart. In fact, he did not even bleed a single drop of blood.

Brendan loosened his grip. "I'll get the waitress to take you there."

He called over the waitress to send Deirdre to the washroom. The waitress waited by the door while Deirdre splashed cold water on her face.

She raised her head to look at the woman in her reflection with blurry facial features. She was shaking ever so slightly and found it ridiculous that she was actually infuriated by Brendan.

She had assumed that the man's words would not affect her because she had lost all hope and was utterly disappointed. Yet, his carefree, unbothered behavior became a spike that stabbed through her body. She was in so much pain that she cried.

She could not refrain from pulling out her phone to call Kyran.

The call was picked up after a while. His voice sounded warm and comfortable like the wind on a spring's day, only that his surprise could not be concealed. "Deirdre? Why are you calling me all of a sudden? Are you alright?"

Tears welled up in Deirdre's eyes beyond her control, and she could only say smilingly, "Can't I call you for no reason? When have you become such a hotshot that your girlfriend can't even check up on you, Mr

Reed?"

Kyran chuckled and said, "No, I'm not trying to stop you from checking up on me. It's just rather unexpected. I thought that you've been mistreated, and you're calling me to vent your grievance."

Deirdre's gaze dimmed, but she forced herself to perk up by saying, "How can I be mistreated when I'm home alone? It's only that... I miss you..."

The other end of the call fell silent. It sounded like there was a commotion despite the silence.

Soon afterward, a voice inquired, "Sir, is there-"

Deirdre could not hear anything else after that. It was because the phone's speaker was covered suddenly, and the voice became distorted during the call. She could only tell that it was a woman speaking.

The voice sounded familiar for some unknown reason.

Deirdre could not refrain from asking, "Where are you? Why is there a woman speaking next to you?"

The phone was pulled closer to Kyran's mouth as he said, "I'm in the hospital, and the nurse was looking for me earlier."

"Really?"

Deirdre lowered her gaze. Meanwhile, the waitress knocked on the door to remind Deirdre it was time to go out.

Chapter 561 You're Not Gonna Be Held Responsible For This

"Kyran, I'm going to sleep." Deirdre's heart raced. What if Kyran heard the waitress? Kyran seemed to look over it. "Alright. You rest early. Good night."

"Good night."

The call ended.

Deirdre's frazzled mind calmed down considerably. She pushed open the door and left the washroom, where the waitress led her back. She barely had a second to settle on her seat when Brendan snuffed out the cigarette between his fingers. "The food's gone cold from waiting for you. I even had to order a whole new course."

Deirdre ignored him, and he somehow did not take any offense to it either. He just let the

waitress serve something new. While waiting, Brendan's interrogation began. "What took

you so long? What were you doing in the washroom?"

She glared at him coldly. "I'm having my period, happy? I had to be inside for a bit longer. Are you going to take offense to that?"

"You always have yours on the 10th day of the month."

Deirdre was taken aback and scrambled to cover her tracks. "That's Charlene's period. Not mine."

Brendan said nothing.

They ate their food in silence. It was supposed to be a candlelit dinner, but there was not

a wisp of romance in the room. It felt like two strangers being forced to eat at the same table.

As they ate, a new commotion joined them from outside. Rhythmically, drips turned into a shower. Then in a blink of an eye, the shower turned into a downpour.

Alarm shadowed Deirdre's face. "It's raining?"

Brendan frowned despite himself. Their car was parked about 100 meters away. "All storms have an end."

His prediction was off. Even after they finished their meal, the downpour showed no sign

of ending. The waitress came to their rescue the way she knew best. "The rain might go all the way to 12:00 a.m. At least the rain is getting gentler by now, but it might get worse

later. The time is now, and we have some umbrellas to lend to our customers. Do you need it?"

Deirdre nodded. "Thank you."

"How many?"

"Two."

"One."

They answered at the same time.

Brendan frowned. "Are you crazy? Is this a time for stupid hangups? You said two. Can your eyes see now? Or do you think you can hold an umbrella on your own?"

Deirdre's face paled, but she could not defend herself. In her silence, Brendan said, "One, please."

He rose to the door while Deirdre followed. He grabbed the umbrella from the waitress, opened the door, and found himself bracing an icy, wet gust.

Brendan got the umbrella up and shoved its handle into Deirdre's hand. "Take this."

She was confused. Then, suddenly, she felt a warm coat over her head. It was filled with

his warmth and his faint cologne, but most importantly, it blocked out all of the wind that

came sweeping.

She froze. Brendan took the umbrella and pulled her into his chest with his free hand, his movement so bafflingly natural one might think it was a matter of fact. "Stay close. Don't slip."

His broad, strong shoulders and his powerful arms seemed to shield every element nature could throw on them. Even as her foot sank into a rainwater puddle, Deirdre's mind was still mired in a stupor. She could not shake off the illusion that the man standing next to her was not that irredeemable devil she loathed with all her soul but the angel who showed her heaven.

The angel who would always look out for her, care for her and put all of his attention on her and her alone.

Kyran Reed...

A biting gale slapped her across her cheek. Deirdre shuddered and finally snapped out of her trance.

Had she gone mad!?

She clenched her hands into fists. She had imagined the man next to her as Kyran! God,

how could she even do such a thing? She insulted Kyran with this comparison. She insulted herself!

Deirdre pulled the coat down her head and gritted her teeth. "Find a place right now and put your coat back on. I don't want it. I don't need it."

Brendan stopped in his tracks. "Calm down. If I end up getting sick, I won't blame it on you. You're not going to be held responsible."

Chapter 562 It's Too Late for That

Deirdre was stunned. This was not what she was thinking at all! But before she could explain herself further, a new gale tore through them. Seaside towns were no strangers to strong, chilling winds. Their journey was only 100 meters long, yet it felt like they had lost half of their body warmth by the 50-meter point.

Her body shuddered on its own. Brendan felt it coursing through his arm and drew her even more closely into his chest. "About 50 meters left."

They braved the weather. It was as the waitress had predicted—the rain kept getting heavier. Had they chosen to stay inside the restaurant, they would not have been able to come out.

The umbrella did a shoddy job of keeping the elements out of them. By the time they reached the car, Deirdre was wet. The first thing Brendan did after getting inside was to turn on the heater before pulling out a towel from the backseat. He passed it to her, stating, "Wipe yourself."

She thanked him out of reflexive courtesy and reached out to the man's fingers. It felt like touching a statue made from ice.

Her fingers were already as cold as they could get, while Brendan's fingers were pretty much cryogenically frozen. It shocked her to remember—after giving her his coat, Brendan was down to a shirt and a pair of pants. An attire like that in a storm? No wonder he was in no better state than she was.

Deirdre hesitated for a moment and passed the towel back to him. "No, you wipe yourself dry. I at least had your coat. Compared to you, I wasn't that wet."

Brendan did not take it. "I don't need it. It's too late for that."

He was right. He was completely soaked.

The rain had gotten so bad that the wipers could not do anything about their visibility.

Left with no choice, the two could only sit still in his car and stare at each other in uncomfortable silence.

The heater, working as hard as it could, still did not manage to dispel Deirdre's cold.

Wet

garments stuck onto her, their chilliness seeping into her skin until her warmth was gradually replaced by its freezing temperature. She covered her mouth just in time for a sneeze and shivered.

Brendan frowned. "Take off your clothes."

Deirdre whipped her head in his direction in an instant, her cheeks turning pale.

It was the kind of reaction that clued Brendan in about his mistake. Licking his lips, he tried to explain, "I don't have any ulterior motive, okay? I'm just saying it will help stop the cold. All you have to do is to wipe your skin with a towel, and you'll be dry. If you go on like this, you'll catch a cold."

"I'd rather catch a cold."

She curled into herself defensively. It would have been easier to kill her than to make her

undress in front of him.

Brendan furrowed his eyebrows in concern, but he pretended to be sarcastic and mocking. "Really? You're pretending to be some goodie church girl at this time? You're acting like I've never seen you naked before. But I've done more than seen every orifice in your body, Deirdre. I've even touched it, rubbed it, played with it, haven't I?"

"Shut up!"

Deirdre was livid, but her protest came out as a hushed, quiet rebuff. She felt even more ashamed than usual to even talk about this, especially since they were stuck in this small, cramped car. Just the sounds of their breathing together perturbed her.

Brendan could not talk her into anything. Left with no choice, he searched for any hotel nearby with his phone and found only one within a few 100 meters. The area they were in was just that remote.

He started the engine and began to drive at a snail's pace. Once they reached the hotel, the car went silent and stopped.

Deirdre reeled out of her trance and asked, "Are we there?"

"We're at a hotel."

She gave no reply. The journey to Declan's villa from there would take two hours at a minimum-let alone on a weather as blinding as this. Given the poor road visibility, they might not be able to reach his house even if the rain stopped.

Brendan disembarked, covered Deirdre with his coat, and brought her to the main hall. As she trembled from the cold under the coat, he produced his credit card and asked for a room.

"We've got only one couple's room left, sir. Is that okay?" asked the receptionist. "If there's no objection, I'll make it available for you now."

Deirdre raised her head, an ashen grimace shadowing her features. Brendan hesitated

for a moment, too, but they were not exactly in the position to choose.

He paid for the room and took the keycard.

Deirdre's lips parted as if she had something to say, but nothing came out. She just took the elevator with him.

Chapter 563 You Started It, Deirdre!

The door opened, and Brendan stepped inside.

His feet shuffled to an abrupt stop, prompting Deirdre to ask, "What?"

He turned away. "Nothing."

The couple-friendly hotel certainly had a... design. The lighting was suggestively soft.

There was a distinct scent in the air. The ambiance was obvious to any normal adult. As

a courtesy of the hotel, clothes of a particular kind were provided on the bed.

Brendan could not imagine how Deirdre would look if she put these on...

Deirdre stepped inside after him. A thought leaped into her mind. "How many beds are there?"

It was bad enough to be stuck in a room with him. Did she have to suffer the pain of being in the same bed just as well!?

When things could get worse, they would often do. Brendan's answer was proof of that.

"One."

Deirdre gripped the garment around her chest as it tightened. She felt the compulsion to remind him, "You made a promise. You should stick to it like a real man."

Brendan was already feeling the first wave of desire taking hold of him. His throat felt tight as he desperately tried to eject every lustful thought bubbling in his mind out of his skull. Deirdre's reminder sounded like a divine reminder. As he fought against himself, he

frowned and asked, "What did I promise you?"

Deirdre's face paled. "No. No, you're not doing this. You promised me you won't..."

She faltered. She seemed to be unable to say it aloud. It was Brendan who pressed on.

"Won't what? Share a bed with you? F*ck you?"

"How about I remind you something else instead, Deirdre?" He barreled on before she could say a word edgewise. "We're legally husband and wife until our divorce is finalized.

I can share a bed with you, which wouldn't be a crime. I can f*ck you and still be seen as

doing what married couples are supposed to do."

His voice was cracking. Deirdre could feel the heat emanating from him. Terror bleached

her face white—she turned on her heels and started toward the door. "I-I'm sleeping on the couch in the lobby!"

She had barely stepped out the door when the man suddenly grabbed hold of her wrist and dragged her back inside. She felt herself thrown into the air, her feet leaving the floor.

Then she crashed onto the softness of the bed. She hardly had the chance to breathe when Brendan suddenly pressed himself against her. His weight somehow doubled from

the oppressive totality of his lust.

'Your stupid devotion to chastity is a little too late, don't you think? Have you already forgotten how you acted when you became my wife?' He sneered.

Deirdre's pupils constricted. "No, don't."

"You repulsed me at first. I didn't want to do anything with or to you, but you were a wh*re doing her best to seduce me like a succubus. You were begging to be f*cked!"

Brendan cut her off steelily.

'You did everything at your disposal, used every wile a seductress could have, all because you wanted to bear me a child. But now? Having sex with me is suddenly a grave sin now? Because of that other *sshole, isn't it? He's the only one who can pry your legs away now?'

Deirdre shook in a fury. He was serving all of her past shame. Every single mention felt like a slap across her cheek. Her face was burning, and her lips were trembling.

"So what if I did all that? What if I did everything I could to bear you a child?" she retorted, her voice shaking from the effort even as she lowered her volume. "That was all

in the past. That was three years ago! I've been punished for it for so many years! Isn't it

enough? Aren't I allowed to regret it all?"

"Regret?!" Brendan's eyes were mired with desolation. "How dare you regret any of that!?"

His voice was hoarse. 'You started it, Deirdre McKinnon! You f*cking started this in me!'

"Argh!"

Brendan pounced. His fingers gripped onto her shoulders like talons. Deirdre's petite frame was no match for Brendan's strength, and her face was white in pain. "Let me go, Brendan! Let me go!"

"What if I don't want to!?"

Deirdre' froze.

She tasted burning fire on her lips.

It went on and on and on. He knew she would retaliate, so he preemptively grabbed hold

of her arms and pinned them tight to the bed, immobilizing and forcing her to go through with his tyranny.

Deirdre's temper reached a boiling point. She bit his lips and tasted metal in her mouth. Brendan paused for a moment... and kissed her even more violently.

Chapter 564 Take a Shower

Brendan was possessed. His kisses were like a heated iron brand making its conquest downward.

Deirdre knew she could not struggle her way out of it, so she... stopped.

She turned her head away from him as a tear escaped her eye and disappeared into the sheet.

Disgust filled her eyes. "Be quick. Then, tomorrow morning, we'll file for divorce straight away. After that, don't you ever show your disgusting face in front of me again."

It was as though she had poured a bucket of freezing water all over him. Any heat he felt

was suddenly put out. He stopped, and the woman below him came into his focus. They were so close right now-just skins apart.

Enter title...

But the distance between them was so unscalable, there was nothing he could do to even cross it. Her disgust and despair were so overwhelming that Brendan could not even deceive himself into ignoring them.

'Tell me, Deirdre McKinnon.' He could not resist resting his head between her breasts, nor could he stop the mocking smile forming on his lips. "You'll hate me till the end of time if I do you tonight, won't you?"

Deirdre's eyes were as unresponsive as still water. A moment later, she answered, "I don't give a sh*t. I already hate everything about you. This? All this will add is my already

ceaseless disgust toward you."

'Just as I thought...'

A sense of self-deprecation shadowed his eyes. He pulled away and left.

Deirdre felt his weight disappearing from her. While she breathed a sigh of relief, she could not help but also be shocked. She had really thought she was not getting out of this tonight-she had known Brendan's character from inside and out. He never gave up on anything he set his sight on, and he certainly would not let pesky things like morality get in his way. Using other people as a means to fulfill his desire was just another Tuesday to him.

To him, she was not even human. She was just an object.

And yet, this time, he acquiesced?

"What the h*ll are you doing up there?" Brendan suddenly barked. "Get a shower."

Deirdre raised her head and locked her gaze on him.

Brendan could see wariness in those eyes and felt the corner of his lips sink. "Please. That was just a whim. I'm not interested in you for the rest of the night. So, are you going

to shower or sleep in your drenched, soggy getup? Doesn't it feel sticky and weird?"

Deirdre frowned, but she managed to rationalize herself out of her confusion. 'He is probably acting this way because he lost his libido,' she told herself.

Or maybe he still had some good in him after all. Either way, she was not going to be moved to tears by a man's bare minimum, especially not when she was still recovering from the despair and helplessness he put her through.

She found the bathroom as per Brendan's description, immediately locked the door, and listened closely. When it was clear that the man would not do anything, she sighed in relief and began scanning everything around her through her hands.

Her soggy clothes were drawing in her body heat. She dipped her toes in the bathtub as soon as it was filled and went inside. The water's warmth eased her tension, and she closed her eyes.

It had been an absurd day. She was thankful that once today was over, they would never

see each other again.

She lost count of time. When she opened her eyes again, the water had cooled.

Climbing out of the bathtub, she wiped herself clean and put on a bathrobe.

The room at large was eerily quiet the whole time. Stepping out, she frowned.

"Brendan?

Your turn."

Nobody answered her. She stopped walking and listened intently. She could hear the man's faint breathing somewhere from the bed's direction. Was he asleep?

She remembered he was soaking wet. If he slept in that state, he would get a fever. She would not have cared if he fell ill at all if not for the possibility of him declining to finalize their divorce over that.

She made her way to the bed and called out again, "Get up."

The man gave no response. His breathing was erratic and sounded a little rushed.

Frowning, Deirdre tried again, "Brendan?"

She reached out in an attempt to shove him awake. Her fingers grazed his wet clothes, and she shuddered.

Chapter 565 Don't Leave Me, Dee

For a moment, Deirdre even thought she was touching a block of ice. It jolted her into a realization of what might have happened. Alarmed, she tried to shake him awake.

"Brendan Brighthall, wake up! Now!"

He answered her with a painful whimper. She tried to touch his face.

It was feverish.

There was no way he did not have a fever. The man was already halfconscious—if she left him like this, the worst could very well happen.

Deirdre felt as though her mind had blanked. It took her effort to wake herself out of her panic and feel her way out of the room. She finally felt the door of her neighbor and opened it.

A stranger opened it with marked annoyance.

"E-Excuse me! I don't want to bother you, but I am blind and need your help. My friend has a nasty fever right now, so can you help me call the front desk so they can send a staff member up to our room?"

Few people could decline to help a beautiful woman in need-especially on something as urgent as this. The stranger called the front desk without further ado and comforted Deirdre. "Chill, okay? It's easy to get a fever in weather like this. Your friend will be alright."

After a crude examination, the staff came and confirmed Brendan was suffering from a fever. Unfortunately, there was little they could do given their circumstances.

"The rain is still pouring out there, miss, and the nearest hospital isn't near at all. If we drive him there right now... It might just worsen his condition. My suggestion? We'll give him some medicine to cool down his fever and turn the AC up. You'll have to watch over him until morning when the rain should stop. We'll then send your friend to the hospital first thing. Sounds good?"

Deirdre could only nod. "Thank you."

"Just doing my part, miss."

The front desk sent warm water and medicine soon enough. Deirdre received them, set them on the table, hesitated momentarily, and began to undress Brendan. She might be too blind to see anything, but she could feel, including his private bits. She could feel everything.

The entire process made her sweat, reminding her in dismay that her shower had been

for nothing. She was not in the mood to shower again, though, so she sat on the bedside and listened to the sound of rain outside.

It felt like a waking dream-she was back to those times when she was caring for Kyran. She snapped out of the illusion and pinched the center of her palm. Since Deirdre knew Brendan was still unconscious, she cast her eyes low and muttered to no one in particular, "You know, I was seriously musing about leaving you in your fever before I decided to seek help. I'm blind, you see. And the weather's bad. All I need to do is to pretend I have no idea this happened and nobody can blame me for it. Whether you live or die on the next day... it's got nothing to do with me at all.

"But I couldn't do it, Brendan. Not because I hold even a lick of feelings for you... but because I can never be as heartless as you are, no matter how hard I try."

In the end, she rested her head on the edge of the bed and slept. In her sleep, she felt the man stir and was startled awake. "Brendan?"

"Water."

His voice sounded weak and almost unreal as if he was just muttering in his sleep. Deirdre had no reason to doubt his request, though. "Oh, you're thirsty. Okay. I'll fetch you a glass."

She rose, her feet turning toward the table. Before she could make her move, Brendan suddenly grabbed hold of her wrist tightly. "Don't go, Dee! Don't leave me... Don't leave me, please..."

Deirdre's eyes widened. Something shot up from her chest to her throat, burning her entrail along the way. The feeling was indescribable.

He called her Dee. Why? How?

He always called her Miss McKinnon or McKinnon. If he ever called her Deirdre, it would

be as a snarl. God knew how much distance the man insisted on putting between them or how cold and detached he could be against her. It did not matter if they had been married for two years or had known each other for four years.

He had never called her Dee or used a tone like this! It was impossible!

But now, here he was, addressing her with this intimate nickname with this lovesick tone.

His manner was so natural it almost felt as though he had done it a thousand times. It threw Deirdre into a loop. It bamboozled her.

At that moment, Brendan opened his eyes groggily. In his fever-addled mind, he had returned to those nights when he was confined to his sickbed. Seeing Deirdre by his side

confused him further.

He thought he must be playing Kyran now

Chapter 566 Why Did You Call Me That?

Brendan's fever had kicked up brain fog. He started wrapping his arms around Deirdre's waist while an easy, mirthful smile surfaced on his face. He was free and no longer had to pretend to be a b*stard in a suit.

"I'm hungry, Deirdre." He cooed between panting. "Can you make me another veggie spaghetti, like the last time you made me? It was so good! I miss it now."

Deirdre's face turned white. What did he mean by 'the last time?' Since when had she ever made him something like that? The last time she did was two years ago! Why would

Brendan suddenly care about it now?

And the way he addressed her, the tone he was using, why did it feel so familiar?

Deirdre felt her entire frame shaking. Her eyes seemed to be trembling in their sockets. The figure of a man surfaced in her mind against her deepest wishes...

But that was impossible. That was ludicrous! Absurd!

She bit her lips to stay calm. No, whatever she was thinking was absurd, outlandish, and

preposterous. And yet, she could not stop her heart from tightening at the thought.

Staying calm was becoming a tall order to Deirdre.

She grabbed hold of Brendan. "What did you just call me!?" she demanded, her voice quivering. "What did you just say!?"

The sheer panic in her voice finally shook Brendan out of his delirium. His eyes focused slowly until his vision pooled around the young woman and her ashen horror.

A pang struck his head like a blunt force. He gripped the edge of the blanket tightly, and his voice returned to its steely default. "Why the h*ll are you here, McKinnon? What the h*ll happened to me?"

Deirdre almost wanted to laugh. "Why the h*ll are you— Did your fever wipe out your memory? We were trying to avoid the rain, so we came to stay in this hotel. And then you got a fever so serious, you blacked out."

Brendan took a deep breath and felt chills crawling under his skin. Pulling the blanket up to himself, he asked, "Where are my clothes?"

"Don't you dare change the subject!" Deirdre exclaimed hotly. She had to force herself to

take several deep breaths just to calm down. "Do you remember what you just said to me?"

Brendan's cool, stoic features suddenly stiffened. Then, as though his illness had robbed

him of his memories, he asked, "What did I say?"

Deirdre's eyebrows scrunched into a scowl. 'You called me Dee.'

'You must be hearing things.'

"Hearing things?" She closed her eyes. "As if it's easy to confuse Deirdre, a two-syllable name, with Dee! As if your tone didn't change into something completely... unlike yourself! I'm blind, Brendan, but I'm not deaf!"

She fought the deluge of emotions in her chest and asked again, "Why did you call me by that name? Why was your voice like that?"

None of it sounded like something he would say. None of it could.

Brendan's answer came after a prolonged moment of silence. Then, a few seconds later,

he answered, "It's just fever delirium. Nonsense spouted in confusion."

"Confusion?"

"Confusion," he reaffirmed flatly. "I've confused my fever dream as reality. I dreamed of the past when you married me. So when I saw you here, I slipped up."

Deirdre was not buying it. 'You never called me Dee or talked to me in that way. Not

even back then.”

‘You’re right.” Brendan endured the discomfort of his fever and raised his head slowly.

“So, do you need me to spell it out for you?”

“What’s that supposed to mean?”

“I feel guilty. Or maybe it’s more accurate to say I feel my conscience burning a hole through my soul.” He snickered. “So, when I was in the past in that dream, I felt compelled to be kinder to you. I know calling you Dee would have made you happy back

then, so I did just that. But my fever made me mess up both reality and dream, so I called you that when I saw you in the real world.”

Chapter 567 Of Course, I Thought Too Highly of Myself

The nonchalance crushed the emotional storm he himself had created in Deirdre.

Balling

her hands into fists, she willed herself to suppress the urge not to deck her hand across Brendan’s face.

“Your conscience? After all the sins you’ve committed? After all the lives you’ve ruined? And all you get is your wimpy conscience burning a hole in your non-existent soul!?

Your

conscience is worthless!”

There was something unreadable and nebulous in Brendan’s black eyes, but he managed to maintain his caustic tongue. “All that is in the past, McKinnon, so can you stop yapping about it? What do you want me to do? Scrap my knees begging you for forgiveness? Grow up.”

“Grow... up?” Deirdre could almost see black spots dancing in front of her eyes. She could not stop herself from sneering. “I guess you’re right. I need to grow up and stop being so naive. How could I possibly demand the great and mighty Mr. Brighthall to beg for my forgiveness? How could I commit the sin of making his conscience slap him on his wrist!? Oh God, of course! I thought too highly of myself!”

Brendan turned his head sideways. He could not seem to come up with even more acerbic things to one-up her. Maybe, his fever had gotten severe enough that it was impeding his thoughts.

Deirdre managed to pull herself out of her rage to ask, “And what about the spaghetti you wanted me to make? Did you dream of it?”

“Yes.” Something twinkled in his eyes.

Deirdre let the conversation die. Only after a coughing fit seized Brendan, she was reminded of his medicine. She moved her stiffened body and took it from the table.

Passing it to him, she instructed, “Eat it.”

Before Brendan could enjoy his shock, she added, “Eat it and rest early. I want you to gain enough strength to proceed with our divorce.”

Any last ounce of hope he had died in his eyes.

He should have known this was what awaited him. His head made his thoughts feel like a boiling pot of glue swirling inside his skull. Something was choking him from his throat, making simple conversation way too difficult.

He swallowed the pills, lay down, and sat up again. “Where are you sleeping?”

“I’ll sit,” Deirdre replied flatly.

"Until morning?"

She ignored him.

Brendan grabbed an unused bathrobe, put it on, and climbed out of bed.

Hearing his commotion, Deirdre frowned. "What are you doing?"

"You get into the bed. I'll take the couch."

He started toward his destination exactly as he said he would.

Deirdre paused for a minute. Then, she recovered from what she believed was another one of Brendan's elaborate games and sneered. "Get back here on the bed. I'm not the kind of *sshole who'd kick a patient out of his bed for herself."

Brendan closed his eyes, weary. "Just sleep already."

He lay on the couch. It was a considerably more limited space to be in, but he managed to fall asleep. It was only after hearing his slow, rhythmic breathing that Deirdre realized the man was being sincere. There was no trick, no twist. It was not him putting on a show.

He really wanted to let her have the bed.

Deirdre was stunned. It took her a while to snap out of her shock.

She pulled the blanket away from the bed and covered him with it, leaving only the second, thinner layer on herself. She lay on the bed and watched the night pass. She could not tell when she finally fell asleep-all she knew was that someone's phone had woken her up.

By the time she opened her eyes against a migraine, the phone was still ringing in her ear. She began to reach out with her hand, trying to feel for the offending object, until she found a phone that had accidentally slipped into the crack between the wall and the headboard. It belonged to Brendan.

She debated with herself. Should she answer it?

The ringing stopped before she could make a choice. Then, for the fourth time, it started again.

Deirdre had no choice but to retrace her memory of a smartphone's interface and slide in

the right direction to answer it. When she began to hear noise coming out of the speaker,

she placed the phone close to her ear.

She did not even have time to speak when she heard an anxious voice calling out, "Bren!"

The voice sent a sudden chill down Deirdre's spine.

Chapter 568 Gambit

It was as if Deirdre had been submerged in freezing water.

Not getting any response, the voice continued. "Bren? Are you there?"

Still as gentle and chummy as ever. The only thing that changed about his tone was a slight hint of confusion caused by Deirdre's prolonged silence.

She felt as though her chest had exploded. Her eyes were red.

It was Declan. It was Declan's voice!

She thought she had mistaken his voice for another, but the second time he spoke dispelled any of her uncertainty. Her brain blanked, and in a fit of anxiety, she accidentally slid the screen and caused the call to end.

The heater was working in full force, yet she felt her body ravaged by jolts of chill. Her teeth were chattering. Crouching low, she felt a nest of hornets being unleashed inside her skull, buzzing.

What was going on!?

Hadn't Declan said he was no longer talking to Brendan? Had he not claimed that they were now even less familiar with one another than strangers?

Then what was with that call? What was with that... tone? That address?

Had it not been for Brendan's fever, Deirdre would have never been able to accept his call and realized she had been played for a fool this whole time!

But that only brought out more questions. Why would Declan lie to her? Why would he do that? Why would he claim not to be friends with Brendan only to contact him as friends behind her back?

As confusion and panic seized her, the phone rang again. Deirdre was so startled her grip loosened, and the phone fell onto the floor, still ringing. She took a deep breath, calming herself the best she could, and answered it.

Declan sounded downright perplexed. 'Why did you hang up, man? You still hold a grudge against me?'

A grudge?

She bit her lips and answered, "Mr. King, it's me."

Declan was startled. "Miss McKinnon!?"

His surprise was impossible to disguise, but he managed to calm down from it. "But this is Brighthall's phone! Why are you the one answering?"

Deirdre closed her eyes and opened them again. "It's... complicated. I'll explain it to you,

but I need you to come clean before that. Why are you calling Brendan today, and why do you sound so friendly with him?"

She could not possibly calm down. Charlene had revealed that Brendan and Declan not only knew each other, but they were also very close, which was just the kind of knowledge that would fuel her paranoia.

Charlene's information was a directly contrasting account to the one Declan had provided, after all. It completely flipped what Deirdre knew in its head.

"If the two of you... If the two of you have been this close this whole time, then why did you lie? What's your ulterior motive!?"

"Miss McKinnon, hey," Declan replied reassuringly, trying to mollify her. "Calm down a little. I'll answer your questions because I get why you're worried, but please don't take this the wrong way. It's not what you think it is."

Deirdre gulped, swallowing the vortex of emotions Declan's call had summoned. "Oh yeah? Then what is it?"

"I know what you think. You probably think we are friends because I made a call like this to him, and so I must have lied to you about the nature of our friendship. But I didn't.

Our

friendship ended a long time ago. It's gone up in smoke."

Deirdre shook her head hard. "No, no! I can't believe you think you can just fool me again! Mr. King, I respect you because you're a good man. I've always liked you for that, but you can't just abuse that trust and respect. You can't just play me like a fool!"

"I'm not doing that at all." Declan chuckled tiredly. "Look, this is a really complicated

issue, but if I have to summarize it, then it's this: I'm in a bind."

She froze.

"This is the kind of thing only Brendan can help me with. I know we're like strangers to each other now, but I'm trying a gambit... for my sake."

Chapter 569 Troubles

"I know I called him Bren, but it was just a ploy to ingratiate myself with him. It happens when you really need someone's help. You can't sound like a belligerent *ss.

"You remember what I said just now, right? I asked him if he still holds a grudge against me. That's really the crux of our disagreement. I hated his guts, so I left. I didn't try to explain myself or resolve any conflict between us, which caused him to resent me even more. I even thought he hung up on me because he refused to help me."

Deirdre was nailed to her spot. She did remember the words Declan had used. If she was right about Brendan and Declan's relationship, then the latter would not have said something like, "are you still holding a grudge", would he?

Her expression relaxed. Pressing her lips tight, she asked, "So... you're in a bind, huh?" "Yeah."

"Is it... serious?" asked Deirdre, concerned. Anything that could make Declan ask Brendan for help must be some grim affair.

He was silent for a moment before finally answering, "A day after I returned to Eastgene,

my sister-in-law talked to me in private. She told me something bad will happen to me during the upcoming party. I was about to ask for details when my brother appeared, so I

have no idea what will happen."

"I see." Deirdre furrowed her eyebrows. She understood why Declan stopped himself from asking for more. The man shared a very complicated relationship with his sister-in-law, so both of them had a vested interest in avoiding any suspicion or rumor as much as possible.

"But if she finds it important to warn me, then whatever's gonna happen at that party has

to be big. I need someone who can help me when I'm in a bind, the sort of person my brother would rather not offend. The only person who fits the bill is Brendan Brighthall."

"What about Kyran?" Deirdre could not help but ask, "Can't he help?"

Declan chuckled softly. "Him being abroad at the moment is certainly a limitation, but even if he could make it in time for the party, he can't rear his head."

"Why not?"

"Because my brother will notice and instantly know that I'm plotting something. It's no different from tipping him off to stay alert."

Deirdre sank into silence. The Kings had an even bigger knot than she had previously envisioned.

"God, I feel like an idiot for misunderstanding you."

Declan laughed dryly. "Nah. I would have done the same if I were you, too, so I'm not offended. Honestly, I'm more interested to know why you're the one answering Brendan's phone. It's morning now, right?"

His sudden pivot to another subject made Deirdre grimace. "I... I'm not legally divorced yet, so yesterday, we met up to discuss it. Then a massive downpour happened, and we

had no choice but to rest up in a hotel for the time being."

"Huh?" He let out a chuckle, but he sounded weary. "You don't have to worry, Miss McKinnon. I believe in your character. It's a good thing you're nearby. You can pass him a message and tell him I called after he's awake.

'That's all, really. I'm heading for a rest."

"Okay."

The call ended.

Deirdre could not help but think about how the birthday party in Eastgene had cost Declan an entire night of sleep. 'The troubles that have latched onto him sound so grave... What if Brendan still refuses to help?'

She set the phone down. Suddenly, someone knocked on the door. Deirdre made her way to it, but instead of opening it immediately, she asked,"

Who's this?"

"Good morning, ma'am. I'm from last night. I was just wondering whether your friend's fever has gotten better. Does he still need an ambulance?"

Deirdre recognized her voice. "Give me a moment!"

She felt her way to the couch and placed her hand on Brendan's forehead.

It was still hot to the touch, but compared to what it was last night, it was clear he was getting much better.

Chapter 570 She's Never Gonna Forgive Me

"I don't think so," replied Deirdre. "We'll get to the hospital on our own once he's awake."

"Sure thing."

Before she left, Deirdre collected all of their wet clothes and asked the staff to machinedry them. When it was done, she changed into it in the bathroom.

She came out just in time to hear a soft commotion from the couch. The man had woken

up with a coughing fit.

"There's medicine on the table and warm water. Your dry clothes are on the bed," she said.

Brendan gave himself a moment to reorient himself before he was finally wide awake.

'Thanks."

He changed into his clothes and took some pills. Despite how bitter they were, he swallowed them without a crease on his forehead. "You're coming with me to Neve today."

Deirdre raised her head and stared into his eyes. 'Why?"

Brendan took a sip of water and met her gaze calmly. "You want your divorce, don't you?

I need to get the documents from home. There's no way I'm always bringing my marriage license and stuff with me."

She was a little surprised. The first thing this man thought of was to arrange for their divorce. Nodding, she replied, "Okay. I'll return with you."

He grabbed his car keys. "Good. Let's go now."

"No, wait." A thought sprung into her mind. "Declan King! He called you while you were still out. Said he has something important he needs to discuss with you."

The mere mention of Declan's call summoned a veil of alarm over Brendan's mien. He scanned her face carefully, but he spotted no sign of suspicion or any emotions that could spell trouble. He feigned annoyance and snarled, "What does he want?"

His impatience made Deirdre clench her fists. "I don't know. I didn't ask for details. But I know it was something urgent, so you should call him back."

Brendan shot her one last glance, took his phone, and called Declan. He stepped out of the room completely.

Declan answered him soon enough, but his voice could not disguise his grogginess or fatigue. "Hello?"

"It's me."

Brendan's voice mollified Declan's tension. Now fully up, he pulled his blanket cover away from him and got out of his bed. As he perused the garden outside his window below, he asked, "What's going on? Why are you seeing Miss McKinnon as Brendan Brighthall?"

Brendan pressed his lips together. "It's... complicated."

Declan found his answer hilarious. "Aren't you two a fated match! You two even have the

same kind of answer."

"That's not the point! She answered your call. Did she realize something was amiss?"

"What do you think, genius? Of course she noticed! She even began interrogating me!

Good thing I noticed something fishy was going on from the first call alone, so I managed

to set something up for another lie.

Things would have gone out of hand if I didn't."

"I'm sorry." Brendan held his heavy forehead and gave a deep sigh. "Thanks for lying for me."

"Lying isn't the hard part, Bren," Declan said wearily. "What I don't understand is why you

are seeing her as Brendan after deciding to start all over again. Do you know how risky this whole thing is? Nobody can act as two different men at the same time! Does it ever occur to you that something grave might happen?"

"I..." Brendan laughed self-deprecatingly. "Sure. Laugh at me. Call me stupid. But I... I want to use this one last chance to stay with Dee as Brendan. One last time."

Declan sank into silence. Then, finally, he sighed. "You haven't let go yet."

Brendan knew what he meant. His eyes became glassy for a moment until he snapped back to his senses. "But I also know, without a doubt, that she's never gonna forgive me.

She can never forgive a haughty, cold-hearted man."

Chapter 571 Come With Me

That was the end of this topic. Brendan asked, "What happened at Eastgene? Deirdre told me that you have something to ask me."

Declan told everything that had happened at Eastgene. In the end, he pleaded, "You'll

have to help me. That mother and daughter have always regarded me as a thorn in their flesh. They are afraid that I'll inherit the King family's inheritance, and they will definitely do something about it. Brendan, I can't lose that inheritance."

Declan would always speak calmly, tactfully, and professionally, but at that moment, histone was icy, proving his determination.

"Don't worry; I'll definitely help you."

When he heard Brendan's promise, Declan was relieved. "I'll get a little bit more sleep. I haven't got enough rest after chatting the whole day."

Enter title...

"Sure."

Upon ending the call, Brendan didn't look as relaxed as his tone was.

He was prepared to divorce Deirdre, but if he were to divorce Deirdre now, it would be a waste of time for Declan.

After some thought, he turned around and pushed open the door.

Deirdre was sitting on the bed while staring blankly. The moment she heard the sound of

the door opening, she immediately rose to her feet and clenched her hands tightly. "Are you done talking on the phone?"

Brendan saw how nervous Deirdre was. He nodded, "Yes."

"How was it?" While suppressing her uneasiness, Deirdre asked, "Are you willing to help him?"

"I'm not free." Brendan shifted his gaze away from Deirdre after staring at her for a while.

"Let's not talk about the difficulty of this matter. I still want to divorce you. Divorcing you will delay Declan's case for at least two days, and it is not worth it. Or..."

"Are you willing to sacrifice the chance to divorce me for the sake of Declan?" Brendan sneered.

The question stupefied Deirdre.

It was indeed difficult to get Brendan's agreement to divorce. Brendan was fickle and might regret it later. Hence, she had to grab the opportunity.

However, Declan's matter was urgent.

It must be very important for Declan to plead for Brendan's help.

Deirdre hesitated.

"That day when I saw Declan was protecting you away, I thought both of you had a good

relationship. In the end, it turns out that the relationship between you two is so fragile." Brendan sneered.

Deirdre took a deep breath. "I can."

Brendan looked at her as Deirdre added, "The divorce can be postponed, but you'll have

to help Declan."

Brendan couldn't help but ask, "Even if I wouldn't agree to divorce you later? Deirdre, do I have to remind you again that I'm not always so kind. Even though I don't care about this marriage, I don't really like you escaping from me."

Deirdre's mind was in a mess, and her face turned pale. Brendan's reminder and Declan's matter were like a knife to her neck.

She tried her best to calm herself and replied, "It's alright. Since there's an opportunity to divorce today, there'll be another in the near future."

"You're big-hearted indeed." Brendan smirked coldly. "But it's not that easy to help Declan. I have a request."

"What's it?"

"Come with me."

"What?" Deirdre's heart skipped a beat. "Why?"

"There's no reason. If you don't agree, we'll void the agreement."

Although Brendan said there wasn't any reason, he had to take Deirdre with him.

The reason was simple.

With Declan and him in Eastgene, it would be dangerous for Deirdre to be alone.

Charlene was not the person who was easy to deal with and definitely would not let go of

Deirdre just like this. If there was another abduction incident, he knew he would regret it for the rest of his life.

Chapter 572 You Weren't Like This Before

Deirdre's chest was heaving. She had to take a few deep breaths to calm herself down. Her fingertips were still trembling, but as she recalled the exhaustion and helplessness in

Declan's voice, she could only nod her head.

She believed that Kyran would do the same to help Declan.

"Okay, now come with me to get two flight tickets to Eastgene."

When Brendan turned to open the door, Deirdre stopped him. "Hold on."

Clenching her fists, she said, "I've got a condition too."

Under Brendan's cold gaze, she continued. "The condition is the same as the requirement for the date."

Enter title...

"Not to touch you?"

Deirdre didn't expect Brendan could be so direct, and her face turned white.

Following that, she heard Brendan sneering. "We went up to that point yesterday, yet I didn't even touch you. What's more, in the future. You can rest assured you are not attractive to me at all."

Deirdre blushed and lowered her eyes as she said, "I hope that you'll do as you promise."

Deirdre didn't hear anything from Brendan for a few seconds before she felt him approach her and grab her wrist. "Let's go."

Brendan brought Deirdre out into the car to catch the earliest flight they could catch.

Before boarding the plane, when Brendan went to purchase medicine from a pharmacy, Deirdre realized something. "Your health..."

"Don't worry. I won't die yet. I don't need your hypocritical concern."

It sounded like a complaint, as if Deirdre's inquiry was igniting his inner emotions.

Deirdre frowned, but she didn't rebut. She only felt that his temper was inexplicable.

After boarding the plane, Brenda lay down and fell asleep. While sleeping, he kept coughing so frequently and intensely that Deirdre called for a cup of hot water.

"Brendan, drink it before you sleep so that your throat will be better."

Brendan opened his eyes with a headache for a while and closed them before saying coldly, "I don't feel well. What does it have to do with you?"

Deirdre was taken aback for a moment. She was only subconsciously showing her care, but it turned out that she was meddlesome?

"Yes, it's not my business. Please continue sleeping," said Deirdre wryly.

Nevertheless, Brendan sat up, took that cup of water, and drank half before laying back again.

Deirdre wanted to choke him. "Didn't you say that it has nothing to do with me?"

"It has nothing to do with you, indeed, but I didn't say that I don't want to drink water."

Deirdre was rendered speechless. She ignored him and turned her head to another side.

Suddenly, she heard him whispering, "Since the beginning, you only care about Declan and the divorce. Did you ask whether I felt bad when I woke up? Deirdre, even though I'm just a limping street dog, you should look back, shouldn't you? You always put me first in the past, and you were not like this before."

Maybe people were prone to changeable emotions when they were sick. Even Brendan, who had never expressed his emotions, couldn't help but feel wronged when he complained.

Deirdre was startled. When she recovered to her senses, she subconsciously pulled the blanket on her lap as if she hadn't heard him.

Indeed she wasn't like this before.

Whenever Brendan caught a cold and got a fever, she would see it as a serious sickness. She would check his body temperature three times per hour and serve him the best she could.

When he lost his appetite, she would try to cook porridge differently with different ingredients so that he would eat a little bit more. She was very meticulous in fulfilling his needs.

However, what did she get in return at the end of the day?

She took a deep breath and felt a heartache. It was only when she remembered Kyran she felt better.

Chapter 573 Just an Insignificant Person

But now, she no longer was that petty and low Deirdre who couldn't survive without Brendan.

She now had Kyran and a new home.

And the past should be left behind.

When Brendan gradually fell asleep, Deirdre still didn't feel sleepy. Clasp her phone, she got up and found a convenient place to make a call.

Carefully, she dialed Kyran's phone number and put the phone near her ear. But nobody picked up the call.

She called twice before putting it back into her pocket with surprise.

Enter title...

Kyran barely did this. Usually, he would answer her call almost immediately. Hence, he

gave Deirdre the wrong feeling that he would be there for her whenever she needed him.

When she thought further, Kyran might have already gone to rest since it was now midnight in Germia.

Following the same path, Deirdre returned to her seat and saw a blurred figure standing there. When she was nearer, the flight attendant greeted her. "Hello, miss. Someone might be looking for him because his phone had been ringing."

"Really?" Deirdre was startled.

She was surprised that someone called Brendan while she was calling Kyran.

Soon, she stopped dwelling on it.

"Thank you. I'll let him know when he wakes up."

"You're welcome."

The flight attendant left, and Deirdre was in a daze while sitting.

When the airplane seemed to be landing, Brendan woke up. "What's the time now?"

Deirdre had heard the time report about 10 minutes ago, so she answered, "It's about eleven o'clock."

"Thanks," replied Brendan in a husky voice. Following that, he requested a glass of warm water.

"Someone called you a few hours ago," said Deirdre.

Brendan took out the phone, and his eyes turned gloomy when he saw the notifications.

"Is it from Mr. King?" asked Deirdre casually.

"No," replied Brendan instantaneously. Then, he put away the phone and said, "Just an insignificant person."

It seemed the person was insignificant because Brendan didn't call back at all.

After the plane landed, they got off the plane in an orderly manner. Brendan took a glance at the watch and said, "There's dinner tonight. Let's go to the hotel first."

"Okay."

The two boarded a car to a hotel and stayed in the presidential suite.

Deirdre sat on the sofa alone with the phone grabbed in her hand all the time.

Although she knew Kyran was still resting, she was worried she couldn't answer the call instantly when he called back.

When Brendan ended the call with Declan and saw her focusing on the phone, he frowned as he demanded, "Put down your phone."

Deirdre paused and said, "The presence of my phone doesn't seem to be affecting you, does it?"

"Yes, it won't affect me. But regardless of how much you focus on your phone, he won't call you."

Deirdre's heart skipped a beat upon hearing that. She abruptly raised her head and asked, "How do you know that I'm waiting for his call?"

Had she mentioned anything about him before?

Brendan sneered. "It's easy to guess. Who else would make you so focused other than his call? Moreover, whatever thought you have is clearly written on your face."

Deirdre felt awkward and put the phone back into her pocket.

Not long later, there was a knock on the door.

Deirdre was the closest to the door, so she subconsciously rose to her feet to open it.

She seemed to have seen a group of people gathered at the door. Because she

couldn't see clearly, she squinted subconsciously. Fortunately, the leader spoke first. "Are you Ms. McKinnon? Hello, I'm Fionn Fox, Mr. King's assistant." When Declan's name was mentioned, Deirdre relaxed and gave way. However, at least five people came in, and they seemed to bring a lot of things.

Chapter 574 What on Earth Was He Thinking

"These are..."

"Oh!" Fionn explained with a smile, "I'm sorry that I forgot to introduce them. They are stylists, and they are here to do styling for you."

Deirdre was startled and asked in confusion, "For me?"

Before Fionn could answer, Brendan came out of the bathroom while wiping his hands and said, "I forgot to tell you in advance that you will be my partner at the Kings' party."

"What!?" Deirdre was in disbelief.

Brendan looked at her. "Yes, is there a problem?"

It was not just a problem, but a big one.

Enter title...

Deirdre turned pale and said, "I can't see."

"I know." While Brendan paced forward to check through the dress, he smirked. "I am well aware, even without you reminding me."

Clenching her fist, Deirdre asked, "I'll definitely bring you only trouble at the party. Why do you still ask me to be your partner?"

She didn't understand. Even when she was asking, her mind was blank.

The Kings' party was not a simple dinner but a social gathering of the upper class. It was

a party whereby no one without status could join regardless, and those with status were akin to celebrities, just like Brendan.

Many of his actions would be magnified in the eyes of others, and even his partner would be stared at.

As a blind person, she not only needed to be taken care of but she would also be despised. Hence, she would definitely be criticized for attending the party.

'How could B-Brendan... W-What on earth is he thinking?'

"Didn't you ask me whether I dare to take you out in public before?" Brendan said casually, "Let me tell you the answer now, taking you out is not as difficult as you think. I can take you out anywhere, anytime."

Deirdre was startled.

She had no idea why she felt so numb that she fell into a daze as if she was shocked by the answer.

But very quickly, she heard Brendan smirking. "Of course, the main reason is that it's difficult to look for a more suitable partner at this moment.

Moreover, I can only have an excuse if I take my family with me, and my presence won't draw Gillian's attention inexplicably."

Cillian was Declan's elder brother. It turned out that Brendan wanted to conceal himself better.

Deirdre pressed her nails into her palms to gradually calm herself down.

She was overthinking. She thought there was someone other than Kyran, willing to appear in public with her as a couple and didn't care about gossip.

Lowering her eyes, she said, "Provided you won't regret that I'll bring you trouble."

The corners of Brendan's lips twitched, but he did not answer. Instead, he turned to Fionn, "Let's do it. It's getting late."

"Sure!" Fionn nodded. He took a glance at the two, who were in an awkward mood, and got the team to work faster.

They had selected a black suit for Brendan. After Brendan wore it, they set up his hair before devoting themselves to Deirdre's attire.

While they got a sleeveless sheath evening gown for Deirdre, Brendan, who had been observing from behind, suddenly spoke. "This dress is not good."

Not good?

The stylist almost choked. The evening gown was custom-made by a famous fashion designer. It had taken them a few months to complete it and cost tens of millions. How could it become bad to Brendan?

Nevertheless, she didn't dare to rebut. She could only ask Brendan, "Which dress do you

think is suitable?"

Brendan truly went forward to rummage and finally found a sheath evening gown with a waistcoat. "Let her wear this."

Chapter 575 Nervous?

This dress could be said to have wrapped Deirdre's entire body.

The stylist wanted to say that making Deirdre look good at the party would not be easy, and her good figure couldn't be seen.

However, she could only let Deirdre try it because Brendan insisted.

It turned out that Deirdre looked perfect in the dress.

Deirdre's exquisite figure was tightly wrapped in black cloth, making her appear hot and charming. She looked outstandingly attractive with her fair skin, beautiful and glamorous facial features, fiery red lips, and faintly visible long legs at the split end were even more eye-catching.

Enter title...

The stylist thought Brendan was a busybody, but when she saw the result, she couldn't help but compliment the choice. "Mr. Brighthall, your fashion sense is so great. Though the pattern of the sheath evening gown is simple, the effect of Ms. McKinnon wearing it is a lot better!"

However, Brendan was frowning heavily.

The stylist hesitated for a moment and asked, "Mr. Brighthall, are you having any other issues? If it's about her styling, don't worry. We will immediately put her hair up."

"No." Brendan pointed at the split end of Deirdre's dress and demanded, "This part, sew it to her lower legs."

"To her lower legs?" The stylist was baffled. "Are you sure?"

Sewing the split down to the lower leg would make it difficult for Deirdre to walk.

When the stylist was thinking hard, wondering how she could explain it to Brendan, Deirdre, who had remained silent, suddenly spoke. "Brendan, sewing it all the way down will make it difficult for me to walk."

It was only then that Brendan came to his senses. He frowned and made the biggest concession. "Then sew it to the knee."

The stylist was left with no choice but to agree.

While sewing, the stylist sighed that Brendan, a well-known man in Neve, would rather reduce the glamorous effect of the cheongsam by half than let others look at his partner's figure.

Other men would wish their partner would overwhelm the crowd so that he would feel proud of himself. On the other hand, Brendan seemed to really like Deirdre.

After Deirdre's styling ended, it was already 6:00 p.m.

They finally departed for the party by car. Upon arriving, many reporters were waiting at the entrance.

Brendan smirked when he saw the atmosphere was no less than that of a celebrity walking the red carpet.

Deirdre turned to him and asked, "What's wrong?"

Brendan didn't answer her question, but he said, "There are many reporters out there. As

my partner, I'm sure many reporters will film you. Nervous?"

Listening to Brendan's tone, Deirdre knew how big the occasion was.

It would be a lie to say she wasn't nervous. It had been too long since she had experienced such a scene, and she unconsciously tightened her fists.

Brendan's eyes were still, and his voice softened. "If you are nervous, I will let the car take you to the parking lot. You can then come in through the safe passage so that no one will take pictures of you."

Deirdre swallowed. "Will our pictures be posted online?"

"No. We aren't today's protagonists. Moreover, they know my personality, so they won't post any." Brendan paused and jeered. "So, he won't see it. No worries."

Deirdre couldn't help but blush because Brendan had seen through her thoughts.

Even so, she didn't appear to be very awkward. She nodded and said, "In that case, let's

not do something so troublesome. Let's just go in directly."

"Okay."

The car stopped, and Brendan said, "Hold my hand."

Following that, he extended his hand to hold her hand and put it in the crook of his arm.

The next second, the car door opened.

Deirdre sensed numerous flashes and heard numerous gasps.

Chapter 576 You Are Indeed Very Beautiful

While taking pictures, the reporters couldn't help but ask, "Who's that woman beside Mr. Brighthall? Why have I never seen her before?" "Is she Charli McKinsey?"

"I've seen her before, but she isn't that beautiful. She doesn't have such a good temperament either. It can't be her."

"She is his new love, right? But this time, her appearance is amazing, a lot more gorgeous when compared to celebrities. No wonder she caught Mr. Brighthall's attention.

He's notoriously picky, after all."

Under the discussion of the crowd, they quickly walked into the venue.

Deirdre's heart was pounding so fast that even her fingertips were hot.

Enter title...

In the past two years, she had lost confidence in her appearance after listening to disgusting and sarcastic words about her countless times. Not only did the people despise her as an ugly girl, but even children would cry when they saw her.

It turned out that her own face could also be called stunning.

"They are right." Brendan suddenly said in a low voice, "You are indeed very beautiful. Therefore, you don't have to lower your head and feel inferior anymore."

Deirdre was startled and subconsciously turned to Brendan, wondering whether he acknowledged her.

Before she could recover her senses, she heard footsteps coming toward them. Cillian hurriedly paced toward them and greeted them in a very happy tone. "Mr. Brighthall, I thought you rejected my invitation when I handed it out two days ago. I'm really glad that

you showed up today. But why didn't you tell me earlier so that I could go out to meet you."

Deirdre smiled so faintly that it was almost invisible. "I didn't plan to come. Because she has not been in good health recently, I wanted to accompany her to relax. She said she wanted to come to Eastgene to join in the fun, so I just came with her."

"Oh, welcome, welcome!" Cillian turned to the side of Brendan, only to find the gorgeous woman beside him. Astonishment flashed across Cillian's eyes as he asked, "How may I

address you?"

"Deirdre McKinnon," answered Deirdre.

"Oh, Miss McKinnon." Cillian embraced the woman beside him and said, "Let me also introduce Laura Smith, my wife."

When Deirdre heard the name, she raised her head subconsciously. But because she couldn't see clearly, she could only roughly see that the woman was very thin.

Under Cillian's introduction, the woman looked rather uneasy before finally saying softly,

"Mr. Brighthall, Miss McKinnon, thank you for coming to support us."

Her soft voice was not much different from Deirdre's impression. Her voice would make people pity her.

Cillian was very dissatisfied and reprimanded her, "Do you only know how to say some stupid stuff? Why don't you guide Mr. Brighthall and Miss McKinnon inside?"

Laura hurriedly invited them inside while Cillian said impatiently, "I'm sorry, Mr. Brighthall.

Unlike Miss McKinnon, who has good manners, this woman of mine is not really presentable."

Ms. Smith has a soft and elegant personality, which is different from Deirdre. Moreover, the party is not a meeting, so there is nothing wrong with it."

"Yes, yes, you are right. Let's get in!"

As Brendan paced forward, Deirdre naturally followed after. At the same time, she knew in her heart that Cillian didn't care about Laura since he would embarrass her before the guests. Since he didn't care about her, why would he specially organize a birthday party for her? It seemed deceitful.

Upon arriving at the inner hall, there were a lot more people. Cillian instructed Laura, "Don't stay idle. Go check out what's going on with dad." Laura nodded. When she was about to leave, Deirdre reached out and handed over the gift. "Ms. Smith, this is the jewelry that Brendan and I selected. I don't know what kind of jewelry you'd like, so the style may be a bit tacky. I hope you don't mind."

Chapter 577 Why Did She Marry Gillian?

"Oh, thank you." Laura felt flattered. Her presence at the banquet was so minimal that it was neglectable. As such, it was rare for someone to care about her preferences. She said with a smile, "Miss McKinnon, with you being so beautiful, your sense should be good too. I'm very honored."

Deirdre returned Laura's compliment with a smile.

What followed was business networking. Deirdre minimized her presence by just standing aside, smiling, and nodding.

Cillian seemed to have a strong intention to cooperate with Brendan. He mentioned his intention many times, but Brendan indirectly rejected them. Following that, Cillian talked about Declan.

Enter title...

"My younger brother is too ignorant. He's as naive as a child. He actually broke his relationship with you just because he didn't agree with you about one thing and kept talking about you behind your back."

As soon as Cillian said that, Brendan showed a trace of disgust and impatience on his face. "We are not suitable to be friends, but I don't bother to argue with him. It would be better without the need to have any contact with him."

"Yes." While Cillian observed Brendan's reaction, his smile grew broader. "But Mr. Brighthall, please don't think that Declan and I are the same kind of people. I still sincerely appreciate your personality and character."

Brendan took a sip of his wine. "Mr. King, of course, I am aware of your character and outstanding abilities. Otherwise, how could you manage the Kings so well?"

Cillian acted humbly. "No, Mr. Brighthall. In terms of abilities, I'm not even half as good as you are."

It was at this moment that Laura came over to remind Cillian of the arrival of other guests.

Cillian hurriedly said, "Mr. Brighthall and Miss McKinnon, please make yourself at home. I'll have to greet other guests now. Let's talk more later when I'm free."

"Sure, thank you."

After Cillian left, Deirdre stopped smiling and couldn't help but say, "Cillian doesn't seem to love Laura very much, so why did he marry Laura? Just because he wanted to be comparable to Declan? He is willing to spend his whole life with someone he doesn't love?"

Brendan took a sideways glance at Deirdre, sipped half a glass of wine, and replied, "Of course, it's not only because of Declan. Laura is also the most suitable marriage partner."

Not only is she not aggressive and troublesome, but she is also submissive, quiet, virtuous, and has a good family background. Marrying her allows Cillian to get a lot of help while continuing his unrestrained life.”

“Even if Cillian goes out for women tonight, do you think that with Laura’s personality, she will speak up?”

Deirdre fell silent and bit her lip. “In that case, why would Laura marry Cillian?”

“Firstly, she’s Gillian’s fiancée, and secondly, she is pregnant.”

“What do you mean?”

Brendan put down his glass and answered, “I’m not sure about the details. After all, how can I, as an outsider, know very well about their family’s matters? But when you think about Gillian’s character alone, you can figure out what Cillian would do. In order to marry Laura, he will naturally do whatever he can.”

From Brendan’s explanation, Deirdre was enlightened in an instant. At the same time, she felt disappointed.

To think that Cillian could be so shameful...

Did Cillian think that Laura was merely a tool?

Deirdre was somewhat shivering.

After gazing at Deirdre’s face for a while, Brendan said, “You don’t have to pity Laura too much because this is also her choice. If she wants to,

Declan will take her away. Since she accepts this identity for the sake of her family and her offspring, then we, as outsiders, have nothing to say.”

“Indeed.” Deirdre laughed at herself, “It’s just that I felt helpless when I heard the news. Laura is like this even though she comes from an affluent family, let alone...”

Chapter 578 The Daughter of The Woods

Let alone if someone like her fell into Laura’s position, Deirdre might not survive at all. At that moment, she felt fortunate to have Kyran.

“What do you want to say next?” Brendan knew her words had implicit meaning and sneered. “When you married me, at least before that incident, I never made you feel wronged for a moment.”

“Yes.” Deirdre smiled wryly.

Brendan had never let her feel wronged in front of outsiders. Not only that, but he always

looked like a good husband, and even Madame Brighthall loved her very much.

Everything was good when it came to marrying him, except that Brendan didn’t love her. Enter title...

“Is there any snack here? I’m quite hungry.” She changed the subject appropriately. Her stomach was indeed empty.

Brendan looked around and led her to a corner. At that moment, someone came up to greet her.

“Mr. Brighthall, it’s been a long while since we last met. I thought that I would be lucky enough to see you only in Neve, but I didn’t expect to see you here at the birthday party of Mr. King’s wife.”

Brendan nodded. When he looked at the middle-aged man in front of him, he got a little impression that he was from the Woods in Eastgene.

“I heard that they’ve been preparing a lot for this party. And I received the invitation, so I

just came to join in the fun.”

Mr. Wood nodded smilingly. Then, he beckoned a woman and introduced her, “This is Joan, my youngest daughter. Joan, come and greet Mr. Brighthall.”

Joan stepped forward in embarrassment, glanced at Brendan, blushed, and lowered her head. “Mr. Brighthall... good to see you.”

“This youngest daughter of mine doesn’t act this way normally. She must have been embarrassed to speak up when she saw you. I also heard from Joan that you used to help my daughter when she was 18 years old, right?”

“Help?” Brendan frowned slightly. “I don’t know. It was too long ago. And it was just a trivial matter, so I’ve already forgotten about it.”

Joan became anxious when she heard Brendan. “It was your birthday when you first became an adult. When you went out to smoke, you happened to meet me while I was being bullied. You protected me and told me that I had to learn how to say no. Have you really forgotten?”

Deirdre believed that if Brendan was to say that he had forgotten, the woman would immediately cry.

Brendan only gazed at Joan’s face for a moment and said, “My memory has never been very good. Deirdre, do you have any impression?”

When Brendan suddenly turned to her, Deirdre was momentarily stunned before realizing he would use her as a shield.

Although she was unhappy, she could only bite the bullet and answer, “I don’t remember.

You never mentioned it.”

“Oh,” replied Brendan. Following that, he said, “That’s probably not important. If it’s important, I’ll share it with Deirdre as soon as possible. Ms. Wood, you don’t have to worry too much about the past. It was just a simple task, and I believe anyone would help you if they saw you being bullied.”

Joan’s eyes reddened in an instant. Then, she turned to look at Deirdre blankly.

Mr. Wood realized it and asked hesitantly, “This lady is...”

“My wife,” replied Brendan.

Before Mr. Wood said anything, Joan became anxious. “Mr. Brighthall, it’s impossible, right? Your w-wife, isn’t she in prison? Moreover, she isn’t called Deirdre!”

The corner of Brendan’s mouth twitched. “That was two years ago. I met my current wife

later, fell for her, and we got married not long after that.”

“But! But what about your wedding?” “We’re going to have it soon. By that time, we will definitely invite the Woods. Hope that you two will come.”

Chapter 579 Not Worthy to be Brendan’s Wife

“Are you lying, Mr. Brighthall? I have not heard anyone talking about this woman before. How could she be your wife suddenly!?”

The smile in Brendan’s eyes gradually faded away, and his handsome face became calm as he rebutted, “Why would I lie to you?”

“But-”

“Joan!” Mr. Wood reprimanded Joan before he turned to Brendan and said smilingly,

"My daughter can get excited easily. It's a good thing that you've got yourself a wife. Please do invite us when you organize a wedding."

Only then did Brendan curl the corner of his lips. "That's for sure."

Enter title...

After exchanging a few pleasantries, Mr. Wood took away Joan, whose eyes were reddened. Joan's dissatisfied complaint was heard as they were leaving. "She is blind. Why..."

Deirdre remained very calm upon hearing it. She only tilted her head as she said, "Since you aren't interested in this girl, you can just refuse directly. Why did you use me as an excuse and make me an enemy?"

Brendan didn't care. "Because you're easy to be utilized."

Deirdre didn't bother to argue with him. Instead, she paced toward the table to taste some desserts while waiting patiently.

Unexpectedly, even after they had been greeted by groups of people and the party was about to end, Cillian had yet to take any action.

Deirdre couldn't help but ask, "Is it going to end just like this?"

Cillian didn't look like a man who would give up easily.

Brendan scanned through the surroundings, but he didn't see Cillian around.

"Perhaps it's difficult for him to take any action because the main character isn't here yet."

As soon as Brendan finished his sentence, he saw Deirdre's face and suddenly reached out to rub the corner of her mouth with his warm fingertips.

"What are you doing?" Deirdre was shocked, yet she didn't dare to resist.

After Brendan wiped the crumbs off Deirdre's mouth, he said sarcastically, "What else can I do? You kept eating until the crumbs ended up all over your mouth. How can I let others see my partner being so impolite when someone comes to greet us later?"

Deirdre paused, feeling embarrassed.

At the same time, she was shocked as a serious clean freak like Brendan would actually clean the crumbs off her mouth.

"Y-You can just tell me. You don't have to do it yourself."

Brendan lied without frowning, "Cillian is 50 meters ahead of you. While he's talking to others, he observes us from time to time. Of course I've got to play it well."

'Oh, I see.'

Deirdre nodded. She seemed to have drunk so much that she felt uncomfortable in her stomach. Thus, she said, "I'll go to the washroom for a while."

'TH go with you.'

As soon as Brendan was about to lead Deirdre to the washroom, she declined.

"I'm not sure how long it will take. I'll go alone just in case something happens to Mr. King. No one else can help."

Brendan frowned. "Are you sure?"

'Yes, I'm sure.'

Brendan didn't say anything else, but he gave her directions. "Go along the right corridor

to the fifth door on your left. This is the women's washroom."

Deirdre responded with an "Oka/" and went in the direction Brendan pointed. When she

was about to enter, she bumped into a person.

Joan was startled for a moment when she saw Deirdre.

“Miss McKinnon?”

Deirdre paused for a while and replied with a smile, “What a coincidence, Ms. Wood.”

Without Brendan around, Joan presumptuously sized up Deirdre. The longer she looked at Deirdre, the more jealous she became.

Joan agreed that Deirdre was beautiful, but she thought Deirdre was useless other than having her appearance that pleased men. Therefore, she thought Deirdre was not worthy of being Brendan’s wife!

Chapter 580 The Man Who Barged In

“Ms. Deirdre, are you truly Mr. Brighthall’s wife?” said Joan in a tone full of disbelief and contempt.

Deirdre’s smile froze for a second before she regained her calm expression. “Didn’t you ask this question before? I remember that Brendan answered you truthfully.”

Biting her lip, Joan insisted. “I want to hear the truth!”

‘The truth?’ Deirdre smiled. ‘The truth is what you already know. I’m indeed Brendan’s wife.’

Deirdre didn’t lie. She was indeed Brendan’s wife, even though they would file a divorce in a few days.

“How is it possible?” Joan snarled, her voice shivering, “A woman like youEnter title...

“What’s wrong with a woman like me?” asked Deirdre. The aura she was emitting at this moment was surprisingly similar to Brendan’s.

Joan was taken aback, but because of her intense unwillingness to reconcile, she said impolitely, “You have neither a good family background nor any capability. What do you have?”

Deirdre replied with a faint smile, “Ms. Wood, you’re right. I don’t have a family background as good as yours, but I’m very well educated by my mother. I know I shouldn’t belittle others, or be arrogant and self-righteous. Perhaps this is why Brendan has decided to be with me.”

In other words, Deirdre was referring to Joan as not a well-educated, arrogant, and selfrighteous person.

Joan understood the implicit meaning of Deirdre’s words, and she was enraged.

Deirdre didn’t bother to continue arguing with Joan. She went into the washroom along the wall instead.

As Joan watched Deirdre enter the washroom, she was so furious that her eyes reddened. From the corner of her eyes, she saw a middle-aged man staggering toward the washroom. She suddenly thought of something and greeted the man.

The moment Deirdre got out of the toilet stall and paced toward the sink to wash her hands, she heard footsteps.

Because Deirdre heard that the sound of someone opening the door was loud, she turned her head and saw a burly figure, which was obviously not a woman.

The man was quite drunk. When he saw Deirdre, he immediately squinted.” Where did the beauty come from? Why did you come to the men’s washroom?”

‘Men’s washroom?’

Deirdre’s heart missed a beat, but when she recalled the washroom structure, she

frowned and said, "It's you who's entered the wrong washroom. This is a women's washroom."

"Women's washroom?" As the man muttered, he staggered toward Deirdre. His ruddy face revealed his wretchedness as he said, "I did drink some alcohol, but I'm not deaf. I clearly heard that woman telling me that this is the men's washroom!"

'That woman?'

Deirdre instantly understood that Joan was the one who had set this up for her!

Looking gloomy, Deirdre explained, "In this case, I was the one who got the wrong one. I'm sorry, I'll go out now."

Just as Deirdre took two steps to the right, she was stopped by the man, who smiled.

"Why are you leaving? You must have a purpose to come into the men's washroom, right? Are you looking for something to see?"

He hinted in a foul and obscene tone.

Deirdre took a deep breath. "I've indeed got to the wrong one, and I'm very sorry for disturbing you, sir. I'll go out now and get Brendan Brighthall to apologize to you."

When she mentioned Brendan's name, the man hesitated. "Brendan Brighthall? You know Brendan Brighthall?"

"I'm his partner," replied Deirdre.

"Really?"

The man glanced through Deirdre. He liked her face and body shape so much that he was unwilling to let go of such a top-quality woman after finally encountering her.

"How can you prove that you're Brendan's partner?"

The Novel will be updated daily. Come back and continue reading tomorrow, everyone!

Chapter 581 Which Hand Touched Her?

"Whether it's Brendan or not, why don't you go out and see it for yourself?"

"Why should I listen to you?" said the man, grinning lecherously.

Emboldened by the alcohol, he said, "Brendan has never had any women around him. I admit that you're pretty, but you can't simply say something like that. Besides, what's so great about Brendan?"

"Even if you really are his woman, I'm sure you have been having a lackluster sex life. I'm better than him. Not only that, but I can give you money too. If you come with me, I assure you that you'll be very satisfied."

The more the man said, the more excited he became. He stretched his arm forward to touch Deirdre's body.

Enter title...

"Stay away from me!" Deirdre shouted in disgust as she pushed him away.

The man was stunned at first when he got pushed away. Then he flew into a rage and slapped Deirdre across her face.

"B*tch! All of you here are to serve us! How dare you look down on me!?"

Deirdre felt buzzing in her ears. She was in so much pain that her vision turned black for a second. Before she could do anything, the man threw himself on her, pinning her on the wash basin and sniffing her body scent.

"This is good. You smell so good. You look soft and smell good. Brendan really has gotten himself a fine specimen. He's just someone who relies on his father!" He scoffed

and went forward to tear Deirdre's dress. His eyes turned bloodshot when he saw her fair skin. "Be a good girl and stay still. This way, both of us will have an easier time. Now,

close your eyes. I promise you that you'll enjoy it very much later!"

Deirdre's face turned pale and was contorted with pain as her back pressed against the marbled wash basin's cold and sharp edge. The man's outrageous behavior made her sick, and she shouted, "Get away and don't touch me!"

"Don't touch you? You still want to play hard to get, huh? You're really good at pretending. I'm sure you're very happy down there the moment I set my eyes on you," the man said as he gazed fixedly at Deirdre. She had a really good physique. It made his

blood boil, and he restlessly ran his hand over her body.

However, the dress was sturdy. He could not get it off Deirdre no matter how hard he tried, so he changed his approach and stuck his hand in from the hem of the dress.

Deirdre was shaking all over. Suddenly, she mustered all her strength and pushed him away.

The man lost his balance and fell with his head landing on the floor first. He let out a pained scream, and it took him several minutes before he regained his composure. He touched the back of his head, and his face turned livid with rage when he saw the blood on his hand.

"D*mn it! You really have done it this time, b*tch!" shouted the man as he raised his hand high in the air.

Deirdre closed her eyes subconsciously as despair enveloped her whole. She waited for the slap to land on her face, but it did not come even after a long while. Suddenly, the man screamed out loud again, and this time, it sounded like he was in a lot of pain. Deirdre cracked her eyes open and was stunned when she saw the figure in front of her.

In the next second, the figure asked, "Are you all right, Miss McKinnon?"

It was Declan.

Deirdre did not know if she was feeling disappointed or happy now. She always felt that it

would be Kyran who would come to her rescue in her most desperate moments, but on second thought, there was no way Kyran would come to Eastgene.

Before Deirdre could do anything, the middle-aged man pulled his hand out of Declan's grip. His face was contorted with rage as he snorted. "I was wondering who wanted to be

the hero, so it's you. You're just an

illegitimate son given birth to by that wh*re from the Kings. I thought you were cast out of

Eastgene? The Kings don't want you to be here, so what are you doing here?"

Deirdre's face turned pale at the man's taunt. However, Declan ignored him and asked, "Which hand touched her?"

"Does it matter?" The man pointed at Declan and continued. "Are you going to beat me up? I have a business relationship with the Kings. You-"

Before he could finish speaking, Declan smashed his fist into the man's face. As the

man

screamed out in pain, he pinned him on the floor and rained down several punches on the man, causing him to scream and beg for mercy

Chapter 582 The Kings' Family Affair

Deirdre came to her senses and shouted, "Mr. King! Stop! You're going to kill him!"

She had to stop Declan. They were in a crucial moment right now, so Declan must not get into trouble.

It was just that she did not expect Declan to lose his cool. After all, he had been a very calm person.

At that moment, Joan and Gillian came over. They had been under the impression that the middle-aged man had already succeeded, but they were stunned when they entered the washroom. The middle-aged man's face was filled with bruises, Deirdre was being protected behind Declan, and the dress on her suggested that nothing had happened between her and the middle-aged man.

Enter title...

A dark glint flitted across Joan's face while Cillian's face sank. "What have you done, Declan?"

As if he had found the straw that could save his life, the man scrambled up from the floor

and said with his nose bleeding. "Mr. King! You need to help me this time! Declan has gone mad! He was planning to kill me just now!"

Cillian looked at Declan fixedly and said, "Declan, don't you think you owe me an explanation? Do you not know that Mr. Lane is our partner in this tender? How could you

beat him up like this? What the hell were you thinking?"

Deirdre hastily stepped forward and defended Declan. "No, Mr. King.

Declan was just trying to help me. This man over here wanted to violate me just now..."

"Really?" Cillian replied impassively. He could recognize Deirdre. He knew the story between her and Brendan, so he looked at Deirdre and said coldly, "Miss McKinnon, we shouldn't mix all things together. This is our family affairs. I hope you won't poke your nose into it."

Deirdre's face turned pale.

'Family affairs? He calls this their family affairs?'

Apparently, Cillian did not care if Mr. Lane violated her. He was just targeting Declan alone.

She took a deep breath and said, "Mr. King, I know you have your family affairs to take care of, but shouldn't you be dealing with my matters first? We're now at a party held by the Kings. If the news of me nearly getting violated by one of your guests gets out, I think

it'll also affect your family's reputation, right?

"Also, given Brendan's personality, if he learns that his plus-one is getting bullied and the

Kings refuse to do anything about it, he'll think that you guys don't care about him at all. He'll be disappointed and won't consider any cooperation with the Kings!" said Deirdre, her voice cold and her pretty face filled with resolution.

Declan glanced at Deirdre. He had underestimated her. He had been under the impression she was just an eye candy through and through. He did not expect her to be so aggressive at all.

"You've misunderstood me, Ms. McKinnon," said Cillian, smiling at Deirdre. "You're being

bullied, and it's a big deal. There's no way I'm going to ignore it."

After that, he turned around and threw a gaze at Ronan. "Mr. Lane, can you explain what

happened just now?"

Ronan had already come around to his senses after getting beaten up by Declan, and after Deirdre mentioned Brendan, it was only then he realized that she had been telling the truth earlier.

She really was Brendan's woman.

A chill rushed down his spine when he thought of what Brendan could do. He was going to put aside the fact that Declan had just beat him up and said, "This is just a misunderstanding, miss. I drank too much wine and thought I was in my own house.

That's why I behaved so rudely. I'm truly sorry about that. Can you forgive me?"

Before Deirdre could say anything, Cillian chimed in. "Miss McKinnon, since Mr. Lane has already apologized to you, let's leave this matter at that, okay?"

Chapter 583 Do You Know Miss McKinnon?

"What?" Deirdre could not believe what she had just heard. She was so angry that she felt pain in her chest.

A man had nearly violated her. If Declan had not shown up at the right time, Ronan would have succeeded already. Now, it seemed to her that Cillian was just going to take on Ronan's side and that he was not going to do anything about it.

"Don't you think it's unfair for me, Mr. King? If something like this can be resolved with an

apology, why do we need the police?"

Cillian squinted. "So, can I say that you... aren't forgiving him?"

"Yes. I'm going to call the cops."

Ronan was stunned. He growled, "B*tch! Know your own place!"

Enter title...

Cillian also chimed in and said in a displeased voice, "Miss McKinnon, since it didn't happen anyway, we should just turn a blind eye to it and let it go. This party is to celebrate Laura's birthday. If you really call the police, you'll be stealing her thunder, and

if it gets out, it'll damage everyone's reputation."

After that, he looked at her and said apathetically, "In my opinion, you should just let this thing slide."

Apparently, he was warning her. He did not want to make a big deal out of this matter. Deirdre slowly calmed down as her anger abated.

At the end of the day, she was nothing to Brendan. Even Declan could not bring himself to go against Cillian, let alone her. If she offended Cillian, things might not end well for her.

However, was she really going to let this thing end like this?

She clenched her fists tightly and heaved out. "Okay-"

Suddenly, Declan spoke sternly and interrupted her. "Brother, I don't think this is the right way to deal with this matter."

"Really? Then what do you think is the right way?" Cillian raised his eyebrows and reminded him, "Declan, don't forget that you've just beaten up Mr. Lane, and we're not done with the matter yet."

"I'm just doing this for our family's own good. Since you know how important today is to our family, I'm sure Mr. Lane is aware of it too. However, he took advantage of his status and did things as he pleased. Fortunately, nothing happened. If we don't punish him, there will only be more people who don't take our family seriously."

Cillian looked at Declan silently. He knew how cautious his brother was. He would never fight against him in public, but he was willing to go up against him for a woman...

"So, what do you suggest?"

"It's true that we shouldn't make a big deal out of this matter, but he needs to compensate Miss McKinnon. I suggest he gives 150,000 dollars to her. Not only that, but he needs to write an apology letter and confess his guilt. After that, we should ask Fionn to send him to the police station to make sure that he'll never commit the same mistake again."

He was asking even more than Deirdre.

Veins were bulging on Gillian's forehead, and his face sank.

Declan continued. "Or do you think we should tell Brendan about it? Although we're no longer friends, I was close to him in the past and know him pretty well.

Miss McKinnon is his wife. She's getting bullied here, but no one stands up for her. There's a probability that he'll call the police to deal with it as well."

Deirdre was stunned. However, she soon returned to her senses and went along with Declan. 'Yeah. He gets jealous easily.'

At the same time, Laura came in. When she saw Declan and Deirdre together, she froze for a moment. Then, she went closer to Cillian and said, "Let's just do as he says. You guys are making too much of a commotion. There are more and more people coming to ask about it."

She could hear their argument clearly outside and had learned the whole story from the staff.

Cillian had no other choice but to press down his anger and nod.

Ronan did not dare to say anything either. After giving a 150,000-dollar cheque to Deirdre, he went to write the apology letter.

While waiting, Cillian asked meaningfully, "Declan, do you know Miss McKinnon?"

Chapter 584 What Happened to Your Face?

Deirdre was stunned.

Declan replied calmly, "This is my first time seeing her."

"If this is your first time seeing her, then why are you so protective of her like she's your

wife? Could it be that you're in love with her?"

Laura's face paled as soon as she heard what Cillian said. She clenched her fists tightly

and looked at Declan fixedly.

Declan was not going to hide it and said, "Well, it's true that Miss McKinnon is my type, but I'm more disgusted with a jerk like Mr. Lane who takes advantage of his drunkenness to force other people to accept him."

Enter title...

The corner of Gillian's lips quivered.

Deirdre did not know why, but she sensed that things were getting a little bit heated over here.

While all of them looked at each other in silence, Ronan came over to send the apology letter, and then he was taken away by Fionn.

Meanwhile, Laura said, "Cillian, Decky, you guys should go out first. Miss McKinnon is injured. I need to help her to tend to the wound."

After Declan and Cillian left, Laura pulled the concealer out of her purse and applied it gently on Deirdre's face.

Deirdre was in a lot of pain after getting slapped by Ronan. When Laura was applying the concealer on her wound, she hissed out in pain.

"Does it hurt? I'm sorry. I'll be more gentle, then," Laura said worriedly.

"It's okay." Deirdre said, assuring Laura that she was fine, "He didn't get what he wanted anyway."

Laura was stunned for a moment, and then she laughed, "This is the first time I see Decky behave so aggressively. After all, he has been very calm and collected. He wouldn't even raise his voice at other people, let alone beat someone up. But when I saw the wound on Mr. Lane's face, I felt like I didn't know him anymore..."

The more she said, the lower her voice became. In the end, she fell into a trance.

Looking at her, Deirdre asked, "Ms. Smith, did you recall something?"

Laura snapped herself out of her trance and chuckled. Deirdre did not know why but she

felt her smile look tired. "Nothing..."

Since she did not want to talk about it, Deirdre did not press on any further. However, she agreed with Laura.

Not only did she feel Declan had become another person, but she was also shocked by his reaction.

Just like Laura had said, Declan had been a calm and collected person. She did not expect him to fly into a rage, and he looked like a different person.

"What do you think of Decky, Miss McKinnon?" Laura asked after a long while of silence.

"He's helped me a lot. He's a nice guy," replied Deirdre.

Laura smiled. "He's really a nice person. He's gentle and isn't ambitious. But it's something good for someone like him who's been abandoned by his family. I truly hope that he can live a happy life..."

Her eyes slowly became red as she talked. After that, she retracted her arm and said, "It's done, Miss McKinnon."

"Thank you," replied Deirdre. When they went out, the people surrounding the washroom were gone. As for the main proprietor, Joan, he was nowhere to be seen either. Deirdre ran her fingers over the spot where she was hit. It was slightly swollen, but no one could notice it with the naked eye. She let out a sigh of relief inwardly and headed to the main hall.

When she was on her way to the main hall, Brendan came toward her and asked in a displeased voice, "Where have you been?"

He was caught up by someone earlier, so he could not take care of Deirdre for a moment.

Deirdre replied, "I just went to the washroom."

"You went to the washroom?" Brendan frowned. "You were in the washroom for almost half a year. Are you not feeling well?"

"Yeah... I had a stomachache."

Brendan glanced across her face, and his gaze turned cold. "What happened to your face?"

Before Deirdre knew anything, he grabbed Deirdre's chin and observed her left cheek.

Deirdre became nervous. "What's the matter?"

No one would be able to see the wound on her face if they did not touch it, so how did Brendan notice it?

Chapter 585 A Good Show

Brendan frowned and said, "Did you apply a new layer of concealer?"

Deirdre heaved out a sigh of relief and explained, "I messed up my makeup, so I went to fix it."

"Where is your purse then?" Brendan was cautious. He was not someone who could be fooled easily. "If you didn't bring your cosmetics with you, how did you fix your makeup?"

"I borrowed them from someone I met in the washroom."

"Who is it?" Brendan squinted. He had the hunch that Deirdre was lying to him. He decided to follow his instinct and stretched his finger forward to pinch Deirdre's left cheek.

In the next second, the pain that erupted from her left cheek caused her to frown.

Enter title...

Brendan let go of his hand and growled, "You're hurt?"

"Yes." Deirdre knew she couldn't fool Brendan anymore, so she had no other choice but to admit it.

"If you're hurt, then why didn't you tell me about it?" Brendan could not hold his anger anymore. "Who did it? Tell me."

Deirdre was stunned for a moment when she realized how angry Brendan was.

However, in the next second, she realized that he was so angry because of his pride as a man.

Someone at the party had bullied his woman, so it went without saying that he would become angry. After all, if other people learned about it, it would also damage his reputation.

Deirdre lowered her head and replied, "No, you've misunderstood. No one hit me. I

accidentally bumped into the table and hurt myself when I walked.”

“You’re lying!”

Something flitted across Deirdre’s eyes. Suddenly, the sound of a woman crying suddenly came from the main hall.

She instantly raised her head.

‘The show has begun.’

Laura and Ci Hi an were standing at the center, holding their hands while cutting the cake. Mr. King Sr., Mrs. King, and Declan were standing at the side.

At the same time, a strange woman appeared out of nowhere and cried, ” Declan! What have I done wrong? Why must you do this to me? Didn’t you promise to marry me?

That’s why I had sex with you! But after I got pregnant, you ignored me and went off the grid! Are you running from your responsibility? Do you not want your kid anymore?”

A commotion broke out in the crowd when they heard what the woman said.

Mr. King Sr.’s face turned livid with anger. He shouted angrily, “Who are you? What the h*ll are you talking about!?”

Cillian stepped forward and chimed in sternly. “Miss, you don’t have to watch what you eat, but you have to watch what you say. My brother rarely comes back here, so how is there any possibility that he would have sex with you?”

“I’m not speaking nonsense!” As the woman bit her lower lip tightly, she said, “I have evidence with me!”

“Really?” Cillian raised his eyebrows. “Then, can you show us your evidence?”

She handed the photos she had printed out to Cillian. After he looked through the photos, he frowned and turned to Declan.

At that point, even Brendan’s face sank.

“How are you going to explain this, Declan?” asked Cillian, his voice laced thick with anger. “We don’t mind if you want to have sex with other women, but you shouldn’t bring

trouble back to our family. Today is your sister-in- law’s birthday. How can you let such a

woman come here and ruin her birthday celebration?”

Mr. King Sr. went forward and took the photo away. After looking through the photo, he became furious and gave Declan a slap across his face.

“You b*stard!” He was so angry that his voice was shaking.

Deirdre’s heart trembled when she heard the slap.

She found it hard to believe that Mr. King Sr. would actually give Declan a slap across his face in front of the public before he found out the truth.

Was he his son or a stranger?

Declan’s expression remained the same after his father slapped him. He said, “I didn’t. I don’t even know her.”

“You don’t know her?” shouted Mr. King Sr., his voice thick with anger. He flung the photo at him and continued. “Then explain to me about these photos. Are you saying that the man in this photo who did this thing with her is another person?”

Chapter 586 He’ll Do What He Needs to Do

The sharp edges of the photos cut through Declan’s skin, leaving a sharp wound on his cheek.

He frowned and looked at the stack of photos on the floor. In the next second, his pupils constricted.

Holding Brendan's arm, Deirdre asked, "What's the matter?"

Brendan looked at the photos and said, "Declan is hugging that woman in the photo."

"What? But how is that possible?" Deirdre was stunned.

"Of course, it's impossible," replied Brendan. "So something is definitely fishy here, but these photos aren't photoshopped."

Enter title...

If these photos were photoshopped, then it would be too easy to expose the lie. This was

certainly not what Cillian wanted.

Declan raised his head and said, "It's true that the person in the photo is me, but I can assure you guys that nothing happened between us. I was drunk at that time and nearly passed out. There was no way I could've done anything. Fionn can be my witness."

"Everyone knows that Fionn is your assistant," Cillian said impassively. "He'll only help you, so his testimony can't prove anything."

"Yes, he's my assistant, but I didn't do anything to her."

Mr. King Sr. gnashed his teeth and said, "You didn't do anything to her? Stop lying! Why would she come here to look for you if you didn't do anything to her? I thought you were different from your mother, but apparently, an apple doesn't fall far from the tree. You... You really have disappointed me!"

Deirdre's heart sank when she heard what Mr. King Sr. said. It was very hurtful.

Deirdre had learned that Declan was not only born out of wedlock but that his mother was also a wh*re when she was in the washroom. Apparently, this was something unacceptable in the Kings. Everyone in their family wanted to forget about this, while Gillian's plan was to expose it in front of everyone. That was why Mr. King Sr. was so furious about it.

Her expression was ugly, and she asked curiously, "Mr. King is very alert. How would he

allow himself to get drunk and let that woman get what she wanted?"

Brendan's gaze was cold. He stared toward the front and replied, "He often loses his cool when it comes to Laura. But I'm pretty sure he won't let his guard down that easily, so he must have fallen into Gillian's trap.

Otherwise, he wouldn't be so surprised when he saw those photos."

'Gillian's trap? What kind of trap?' Deirdre tried her best to figure out what kind of trap Cillian had set up for Declan.

The woman in the eye of the storm covered her face and cried. "If it hadn't been for you ignoring me, I wouldn't have exposed our relationship in front of everyone since I love you so much. I don't want to put you in hot water, either. As long as you're willing to marry me and carry out your responsibility, I'll forgive you."

"Of course." Mrs. King stood forward. She was Gillian's mother, so it went without saying

that she knew about Cillian's plan. She put on a high and mighty attitude and said, "This is all Declan's mistake. We would never allow him to treat a woman this way. Girl, don't worry. Declan will certainly carry out his responsibility."

"Yes, don't worry." Since things had come to this point, Mr. King Sr. could only suppress

his anger and said, "It's Declan's fault. We'll give him his punishment. He'll do what he needs to do."

The woman wiped her tears off her face and said pitifully, "Thank you. Then when are we

getting married? I'm worried that he might run away again."

"Don't worry." Mr. King Sr. shot daggers at Declan. "I'll arrange your marriage as soon as

possible. I assure you it'll be done in less than a month."

The woman nodded in satisfaction. Just when she was about to say something, Declan interrupted her. "No. I will not marry her."

His voice was firm. It wafted into everyone's ears without any effort, stunning them.

Chapter 587 A Woman Who Came From Nowhere

Mr. King Sr. was the first one to come around to his senses. He was overwhelmed by his

rage as he covered his chest with his hand and said, "H ... How dare you go against my words! If you refuse to do as you're told, you can get out of the Kings now. You aren't fit to be known as a King!"

Declan said, "I've never touched her before, so I don't need to bear any responsibility, and I'll not marry her!"

Cillian chuckled. "How bold of you to say that, Declan. Look at all the evidence in front of

you. There's nothing you can change, even if you don't want to admit it. As a man, you should take the consequences of your own deeds. You shouldn't make our family a laughingstock in the city."

Enter title...

Declan looked at him and clenched his fists tightly. "I can understand other people since they aren't there when things happen, but you were there too. Look at this picture. This is the private room you brought me to during a celebration. You were also present at that

time. Would I have done anything with this woman in front of you?"

Cillian smiled, but his smile did not reach his eyes. "Declan, I know what you're doing. You want me to help you, right? But if I help you, it'll be very unfair to this lady over here.

It's true that we were in the same private room at that time, but she only showed up in the private room after I left. There's no way I know what happened between you two.

"Your mother wasn't around to guide you when you were a kid, and you refused to listen to my advice. But as an adult, you should bear the consequences of your own actions,"

Mrs. King said indifferently. "How bold of you to try to run away from your responsibility in

a situation like this!"

Her words stung Deirdre's ears like a pinprick.

Mr. King Sr. waved his hand and said, "That's enough! We shouldn't discuss this matter any further. Let's end it here. You can rest assured, miss. We'll certainly give you a satisfactory explanation."

"Dad-

"Shut up!" Mr. King Sr. shouted, "I don't want to hear a single word from your mouth!" Cillian turned to the crowd and said with a smile, "I apologize for the disruption. All of you

are here today to celebrate my wife's birthday, so let's move on from this matter and continue to cut the cake."

Everyone laughed. They all just treated the things that transpired just now as a show.

"Yeah. We're here today to celebrate Laura's birthday. As for this farce, we believe that the Kings will be able to find a perfect solution for it."

"That's right. Let's continue with the celebration."

Everyone was wearing big smiles on their faces and clinking their glasses together. All of

them looked as if nothing had happened before. Even though everyone laughed it off as nothing but a farce, deep down, all of them thought that Declan was a playboy who only cared about having fun.

If Declan did not do anything, he would only become the laughingstock of the city.

With that thought in mind, Brendan cleared his throat, and Deirdre stood forward.

"Hold on for a second."

Everyone, including Cillian, was stunned. They all frowned and were displeased by Deirdre's interruption.

Deirdre ignored them and said calmly, "It seems to me that you all have come to a decision pretty fast. None of you have any photo of them sleeping on the bed, yet all of you think that he has slept with this woman."

"Who is she?"

A discussion began to break among the crowd.

"I have no idea. She just popped out of nowhere. But who does she think she is? The Kings intended to settle the dispute, yet she has the audacity to step forward."

"Could it be that she is Declan's lover too? Well, she's pretty, but unfortunately, she's brainless."

Mrs. King's face sank as she said, "Miss, this is our own family affair, and it has been resolved. Why must you bring it up again?" "Are you sure about that?" asked Deirdre.

"Why do I feel that this matter is filled with suspicion?"