

## Resent Reject Regret by Aqua Summers

### Chapter 601-619

#### Chapter 601 Who Did This!?

Brendan calmed down a little and took the phone. 'Til get it fixed.

A change finally shadowed Deirdre's frozen, mortified face. A flash of surprise briefly lit up in her glassy, unseeing eyes before she hung her head and whispered, 'Thank you.' It came from the bottom of her heart. The phone meant way too much to her.

Brendan could only laugh at himself. He was pushing her to be closer to his own alter ego! Even if... he had always been like this.

The waiter quickly brought a dry towel and coat. Brendan took them and wrapped the coat around Deirdre's head, making sure that the bitter cold would not get to her.

And that was the last of any softness in his expression. Almost immediately, he scanned the surroundings with a piercing, vindictive glare. "Who was it? Who did it?"

Someone among the crowd said, "She probably fell inside the pool by herself, right? I mean, she can't see. I wouldn't think it's that surprising."

"Yea. It's a given for someone like her, right?"

Brendan knew better than that. He knew the kind of person Deirdre was. She was always careful with where she stepped-her eyes might still be in poor sight, but they were still better than complete blindness and allowed her to see large objects. She would

have never fallen into the water by herself.

Someone did it to her.

"I'm giving the culprit one last chance to confess. On a count of three, if nobody's going to stand up and admit to their fault by the count of three, I'll immediately ask for records from the surveillance camera above. Let me be very clear. I'll show no mercy to the culprit the moment I find you."

The air in the room seemed to have gelled in the chill. The frigid vindictiveness caused everyone's skin to crawl.

He began counting down. 'Three.

'Two.'

"I-It was me."

Zinerva Cole stepped out of the crowd. She was worried that the camera would easily show her to be the one who got close to Deirdre, but it was really primarily motivated by a desire to be noticed.

Sure, the fact that Brendan threw himself into the water without hesitance made it seem like he loved her a lot, but that b\*tch was all wet and pathetic now, okay? Compared to Zinerva's impeccable exterior and bearing, Deirdre was like a rock placed side-by-side with a gemstone.

What if Brendan became smitten with her? What if her beauty implored him to reduce her sentence? It was not like none of that had ever happened before. She had cashed in

her beauty and gotten forgiveness and mercy way too many times in the past.

And this time, it was not going to be any different.

"I didn't mean it," she explained coyly. "Miss McKinnon was in a hurry, so she brushed

past me. She could not see me, so she got tangled with my heels and fell into the pool. I would have saved her if I knew how to swim, but since I don't, all I could do was wait for the waiter to help."

Deirdre had been in mind-numbing shock since she was rescued, but the young woman's words stirred her into reaction. Her eyes shifted.

'Liar.'

Deirdre clenched her hands into fists. If she had tripped over someone's shoe, she would have admitted that it was all an accident. But she knew what she felt—someone pushing her on her waist.

Brendan noticed the change in Deirdre's face and shot daggers at Zinerva as though she

was his assassination target. "An accident, you say?"

"Exactly!" The young woman did not even notice the danger looming in front of her. In fact, Brendan's stare only made her feel even more bashful. Lowering her head, she added, "Miss McKinnon wasn't watching where she was going, but it made me look like I'm the bad guy now. Sigh. I'm kinda the victim here."

A dangerous sheet of glacier crystallized in Brendan's eyes. "Will you look at that? Someone that is all dry and unharmed has the galls to call herself the victim! She tripped

another person into the water, but somehow, she's the victim of the person literally drowning a few minutes ago! If that isn't shameless, then I don't know what is."

'S-Shameless?'

Zinerva looked up in horror. Meeting Brendan's glare and the disgust in his eyes made her panic. "Wait, that's not what I meant, Mr. Brighthall —"

"Can you stop yapping? This place is freezing, and your bullsh\*t isn't making it any better!" Brendan snarled, his every word punctuated with force. His eyes shifted briefly to

the biting surface of the pool. "Jump." Zinerva's face was drained of all colors.

"WWhat!?"

Chapter 602 Why Is He So Important?

"Either you jump, or your family business is wiped out of the face of this city. Your call," Brendan sneered. He pulled Deirdre even closer in his arms and smirked. "I bet someone who knows I'm a Brighthall would also know who I am, right? I can destroy a small-fry company with a snap of my finger, so maybe don't try my patience."

"N-No, Mr. Brighthall! No!" Zinerva pleaded, alarmed.

Deirdre had almost died just now because nobody helped. Judging by Brendan's tone, nobody would dare to even rescue Zinerva unless he allowed them to! "I can't swim, Mr. Brighthall- I'll die if I go down there! Please, show some mercy! It was just an accident!" Brendan's tone was as frigid as permafrost. "Three. Two."

Zinerva's lips trembled. Everything she had worked hard for—her image, her reputation, everything—was going to ruins. If news of this got out... she would become the joke of the

circle. She could kiss her dream of becoming a socialite goodbye!

But Brendan would punish her family's company if she refused to jump!

Zinerva had never been so devastated by regret in her life. Then, before Brendan

counted to one—she took the leap, nerves frazzled.

The splash she made caused laughter to erupt from the bystanders. She flailed, struggling to keep herself afloat, and screamed at the top of her lungs, “Help me! Help me, Joan! Joan Wood!”

Malice colored Joan’s eyes. This idiot tried to rat her out at this hour!?

“Joan Wood, huh?” Brendan narrowed his eyes. What a familiar name. It suddenly occurred to him that this was the name Declan had mentioned in their call earlier. While Ronan’s drunken intrusion into the women’s washroom was made to look like an accident, Brendan later learned that someone had told him where the washroom was in the first place.

That someone? Joan Wood.

One could call it a coincidence if it happened once. But the fact that she was here when the second incident was happening?

Brendan’s expression darkened.

Deirdre should not be outside any minute longer. Drawing her into his arms, they left under the commotion Zinerva’s shrieks made. The staff only dared to rescue her after Brendan vanished from sight. By that point, the young woman had lost at least five years

out of her life to trauma. All she could do was sob.

Joan disappeared into the crowd, quietly shaken by the look on Brendan’s face.

The first thing Brendan did after they returned to the hotel was to kick the bathroom door

open and fill the tub with hot water. He then quickly moved to undress Deirdre, who snapped back to her senses as soon as he removed the first button. “I can do it myself!” She pressed her clothes against her chest as hard as she could, obviously not letting the

man sneak even an inch of a peek.

He could only look away and murmur, “Be careful not to slip. There’s a clean towel on the rack... Excuse me.”

Deirdre waited until he was gone to remove her wet clothes and submerge herself into the welcoming embrace of a warm bath. When she was finally feeling better, she climbed

out, put on a bathrobe, and stepped out of the bathroom.

Brendan was checking on phone models on the balcony to no avail. He heard the bathroom door opening and strode in from the balcony. “Any sign of discomfort?”

She shook her head. “I’m feeling better.”

Worry was practically scrawling all over Brendan’s features, yet he had to harden his tone to suit his role. “Speak up if you feel under the weather, so we can at least get you a doctor as soon as possible. The last thing I want is for you to be in anything less than perfect health when we visit the Kings tomorrow. Don’t embarrass me.”

“I won’t.” The corner of Deirdre’s lips twitched. “About my phone...”

“I’ll have someone repair it. Don’t worry.”

She felt her heart finally at ease.

A pang of glum shot into Brendan’s chest. The only thing she seemed to have cared about ever since she had returned to her room was that phone. It was as if her entire

heart and soul were in there. She could not live without it. Kyran was important to her, but... why was he this important?

#### Chapter 603 You Invited Someone Over, Didn't You?

"Thank you." Deirdre pulled her collar taut around her neck and cast her eyes to the floor. Her voice was soft. "For both helping to repair my phone and saving me from drowning."

Brendan was far from a good, decent man and was no stranger to all kinds of unforgivable transgressions. But at the very least, Deirdre's gratitude was sincere at this moment. He had saved her life.

"It's nothing." Brendan considered the young woman's pale, halftraumatized mien and fought the urge to just pull her into a comforting cuddle. "Don't worry about it. Anyone who dares to touch a single hair on your head will all get it. If everything goes exactly as I thought, Zinerva Cole's life in Eastgene is finished."

Deirdre couldn't care less. Neither did she try to talk Brendan out of it. She simply nodded and said, "Okay."

"Get some rest," he said as she started toward the door. "I'll see you tomorrow."

Deirdre was taken aback. Raising her head, she blurted out, "Wait, did you

"My room is next door. If you need anything, you're welcome to ask for help."

'Brendan... actually decided to move into a room of his own?'

This was completely out of Deirdre's expectations. She clenched her hands into fists.

Soon after Brendan left, she sat on the edge of her bed for a moment before searching for the hotel phone. The front desk receptionist answered her call. "How can I help you?"

"I..." Deirdre took a deep breath. "C-Can I borrow your phone to make a call?"

The receptionist was clearly not anticipating that. She had heard of customers asking them to purchase something of a certain brand or demanding they provide them with things that were out of season. But asking for their phone to make a call?

"W-What!?"

"My phone fell into the water and was busted. So I need a phone to call a friend, to... tell

him I'm alright. May I?"

The receptionist reeled out of her shock and replied courteously, "No problem, ma'am! Wait a moment, okay? I'll have one of my staff members bring one to you."

"Thank you so much."

She returned to her seat and waited with all the patience she could summon. It was hard-anxiety and anticipation were gnawing on her mind.

A few minutes later, she heard the doorbell. She leaped to her feet and lurched at the doorknob, but as soon as she opened it, Brendan's unmistakable scent greeted her, and

she froze.

"Sorry. I left a document here."

"Document?"

'Yes.' He suddenly frowned. "What's with that face? You look disappointed to see me behind the door. Who were you waiting for?"

Deirdre shook her head hard. "No one."

“No one?” Brendan parroted as his face turned stormy. He took a step closer, looming.

“I

think I’ve told you before, McKinnon. You always have your heart on your sleeves.

Always. I can read everything from your face, and that face you had just now showed that you were waiting for something. So, let me get this straight. As soon as I left you to rest in your room, you invited someone to meet you here?”

Deirdre parted her lips wide and still could not gather any convincing defense. Her face turned as white as a sheet.

Just then, the hotel staff appeared. “Hey, good-”

Brendan turned, his eyes falling upon the man. A storm shadowed his gaze until he noticed the man’s uniform.

‘Oh, a bellboy.’ His expression relaxed a little. “Why are you here?”

The bellboy had felt a jolt of shiver traveling through his spine when Brendan looked at him. Frantically, he explained, “I, uh, was told that one of our guests needed a phone.”

“Phone?”

“That’s right. A woman who’s staying here called the hotel line and requested a phone to

call her friend, right?”

It was all Brendan needed to understand what was going on. He turned his eyes back to Deirdre with new but unfathomable sentiments in those black pupils. ‘You asked for a phone?’

Deirdre clenched her hands. ‘Yes.’”

Chapter 604 I Just Want to Tell Kyran I’m Doing Fine

“What is it for? To call that man?”

Deirdre did not try to deny it. “I haven’t been in contact with him for a while by now, and with my phone going awry... I worry that he might try to call me and get no answer. So, I thought I had to call him first. Tell him I’m doing fine.”

Brendan’s thoughts began to clash with one another. The phone he used to roleplay Kyran was damaged as well when he dove into the pool. If Deirdre called it now, Brendan could not answer it. And Deirdre would definitely begin to imagine paranoia-fueling scenarios.

He turned to the bellboy. “It’s alright. You can go now.”

The bellboy stiffened a little. “Uh, what about the phone?”

“Take it away.”

Deirdre’s eyes trembled. Grabbing Brendan’s robe by his collar, she protested. “No, don’t

do this. Just this one call, Brendan. One call. I just need to tell him my phone is busted. Please...”

He frowned. “Have I ever stopped you from talking to that man, McKinnon? I’m not trying

to drive a wedge between the two of you. I’m just asking, is this really the right time to call? He’s probably resting at this hour... as you should. Instead, just wait. I’ll give you your repaired phone tomorrow and let you talk to him then.”

“You mean it?”

“I mean it,” reaffirmed Brendan. His piercing eyes showed resolve. “There isn’t a reason

for me to bluff about something like this.”

“Okay.”

“Good night.”

He took his document, closed the door, and went into his room, not to take a breather but to get changed. When the receptionist saw him up and about, she was startled. “Mr. Brighthall! Is something keeping you up? How can we help?”

“Where’s the nearest cell phone store around here?”

“Cell phone store?” She thought for a moment. “Well, there are everywhere, aren’t they? But it’s pretty late now, sir. I don’t know if any of them are open

W

‘Tell me the location of every single one, and I’ll try all of them. I just need one to still be open at this hour.”

The receptionist was dumbfounded. What the heck was up with Mr.

Brighthall’s impatience? It was close to the middle of the night now, and the weather outside was downright windy and chilly.

Still, she obliged and wrote some addresses for him.

‘Thank you.” Brendan took it and began his journey.

Most cell phone stores in the area were closed around 6:00 p.m. At a time like 10:30 p.m., most of the addresses simply led Brendan to locked doors after locked doors. It was only by the fifth location that he bumped into the owner, who had just gotten ready to shutter his store. Seeing a customer at this hour surprised him.

“So, your phone’s damaged? Is anything important inside? Got to be, right? Or a man wouldn’t put up with this wind at this late hour looking for us.”

“It’s very important,” replied Brendan. He pulled out Kyran’s phone. “Can this thing still be fixed?”

The owner took out his tools and did a cursory examination. “Yeah. It isn’t dead, that’s for sure. But I can’t fix it right now. You can collect it after three days.”

Three days? That was too long!

Brendan’s eyebrows furrowed. ‘Then get me a new phone and check my SIM card. See if it’s still operational.”

“Okey-dokey.”

The owner inserted Kyran’s SIM card into the new phone and made a call. When it worked, he passed it back to Brendan. “Your baby’s alright.”

Brendan produced Deirdre’s soaked phone. “What about this? Can you repair it?”

Deirdre’s phone model was antiquated-it was the type that would malfunction the moment it was dropped into the water. It was also made from parts that were of less-than-stellar quality, which was made apparent the moment the owner opened the phone

up. His eyebrows were practically knitted together on his forehead.

“I think you should just buy a new one instead of trying to resurrect this old one. It isn’t worth much money, and the cost of repairing it? You’ll get more out of your money if you buy a new one instead.”

Chapter 605 He Went Out Last Night

“Say if I choose to replace this phone with a new one... Do you sell the same model?”

The owner shook his head and gave a helpless smile. “You’re asking me for an antique

of a bygone era. The type that's only good for calling and texting and... nothing else. We

don't sell them anymore-nobody will buy them."

Disappointment clouded Brendan's eyes. To a blind woman like Deirdre, a phone with fewer functionalities might be more helpful than the newfangled stuff on the market.

Besides, if he replaced her phone right now, she would have to relearn how to use it. She would not even know which button to press.

"Fix it. I don't care how much it costs. I just want it fixed."

"Whoa. Are you serious?" The owner was taken aback. This was an answer he did not expect at all. Still, he recovered from his shock quickly. "Okay, then. I'll do my best. Leave it here with me. I'll call your number when it's done."

"Thank you so much."

Even a full night's sleep did not manage to repel Deirdre's headache completely.

Instinctively, she reached out to feel for her phone. Without it announcing the time, she had no idea what time it was.

She quickly remembered that her phone had fallen into the water and was now in Brendan's hands. Sitting up, she climbed out of bed and changed into her dry clothes. She was sure Brendan should already be up by this hour. Yet, no one answered her after

she knocked on his door. Was no one inside?

She frowned. She made her way to the elevator and the front desk.

"Mr. Brighthall? He should be in his room. I didn't catch him leaving."

"Still in his room?" Deirdre parroted incredulously. "But no one answered me when I knocked on his door multiple times."

The receptionist flashed her a smile. "I guess he's just too exhausted. He came back late."

Deirdre was confused. "Excuse me?"

"You didn't know? Mr. Brighthall went out into the street last night and came back by 1:00

a.m. There was a drizzle, too, around that time, so by the time he was back, his hands were red and sore from the cold."

"He really went outside?" Deirdre was stunned. "At that hour? For what?"

"He was looking for cell phone stores, but at that hour? Most of them were already closed, I bet. He probably scouted for a long time before he finally found one. I mean, he

went out at 10:00 p.m. and came back at 1:00 a.m. That's probably self-explanatory, right?"

"Cell phone store?" Deirdre was befuddled. Why did he even need a cell phone store for? Was he looking for someone to repair phones? But they had all the time in the world. He could have done it in the morning. Where was the need to rush?

"Miss McKinnon? Would you like to get a room card for Mr. Brighthall's room? That way, you can check on him straight away."

She thinned her lips. "No. I'll wait."

"Sure thing."

Deirdre took the elevator and made herself comfortable on her bed. A while later, she heard the bell.

She rose and answered the door. It was Brendan. He was fatigued out of his mind and had to hold himself up with one hand on the wall while massaging his temples with his other.

Deirdre could see his dark bags peering from under his eyes.

Brendan's head felt heavy. He had not had an ideal rest at all. Nonetheless, he said, "Sorry for waking up late. Are you ready?"

Deirdre could hear the weariness in his voice and frowned. She nodded. "Yes."

"Good. I'll call my people. They should send your clothes over soon."

"Okay."

Brendan made his way to the balcony to make his call. Even as it ended, he could feel his head throbbing without any sign of recovery, so he made his way to the couch and gave a long, hushed exhale.

"I need a massage, Deirdre," he commanded.

Just like old times.

Deirdre felt a little dazed. She reeled herself out of her stupor, but instead of making her way toward him, she simply replied pointedly, "Didn't get enough sleep?"

#### Chapter 606 Just Like Old Times

Brendan shot her a sideways glance. Deadpanned, he asked, "And how did you guess that?" "I knocked on your door a while ago, and no one answered, so I went to ask the front desk," answered Deirdre candidly. "She was the one who told me you went out last night."

Brendan shut his eyes tiredly. "That's true," he said flatly. "I went out."

Deirdre sank into silence. She looked at him, her confusion growing as seconds crawled.

Was he not going to explain himself? Explain why he went out?

She took a deep breath and asked, "The receptionist said you were looking for phone stores. Now, why would you do that?"

He rested for a bit before twitching his lips into a smirk. "What answer are you hoping to gain, McKinnon?"

Deirdre was stunned.

"Do you want me to say, 'Oh, I went to look for a phone store late at night for your sake? Because I don't want you to be sad anymore?' Or do you expect me to say, 'Because I really care for you!', hmm?"

Deirdre was hard-pressed to answer him. If anything, she began to feel a small, but not insignificant, fire lighting up in her chest. She had not expected any of those answers at all!

"Please, Mr. Brighthall. I know how little worth I hold in your heart, so don't fret about me somehow misunderstanding you. It's practically impossible for me to harbor any hope for

decency in you! So rest easy. I didn't think of any of those things," she retorted firmly, her

shots fired.

It was Brendan's turn to fall silent. As he rested his fingers on the edge of the couch, he could see them trembling a little.

"I just don't understand the urgency." She continued. "Why did you have to go that extra

length at all?"

"Because my phone was busted too."

Deirdre's frown finally relaxed. "Oh, so that's why. Sorry about that."

Brendan's lips parted slightly. "There's nothing to be sorry about. It was a willing rescue on my part. I have no regrets," he explained. "But I can't live without my phone. I need to

contact people, so I went out late at night. It was that urgent."

Deirdre nodded.

"I asked about your phone," he added. "The repairman said it can be fixed, but he will need time."

"Thank you," she said. It came from the heart.

"If you are grateful, then give me a head massage. My temples are hurting like crazy, but

I remember you were good at it."

Deirdre had gone out of her way to learn some massaging techniques in the past just so she could spend some alone time with Brendan for as long as she could squeeze. The utility bought her a place by his side when he needed it, and it bought her precious time. He rarely talked to her during the massage, but it was enough to satisfy her.

But that was back then. Now?

Deirdre clenched her hands. "Sorry, but I've lost both my sight and the techniques. I'll probably just worsen your headache, so no."

Brendan cast an aside glance at her for a long time. Then, suddenly, he said, "I'm not asking you to massage my head for free. Do it, and I'll let you call Kyran Reed."

Deirdre raised her head immediately. After some intense debate in her head, she bit her lips. "Promise?"

"Promise."

Any hesitation she had was lost. She made her way to Brendan and placed her fingers on his temples. Then, she began to press slowly, gently, and skillfully.

Brendan closed his eyes as comfort settled in. His migraine was dissipating. His furrowed brows relaxed. He had gotten so comfortable and relaxed that his guard was lowered, and he said, "You know, I always wish we could just stay like this for the rest of our life, Deirdre. Just like old times."

Deirdre's fingers suddenly froze.

Brendan's eyes snapped open. He had realized, belatedly, that he had said something that was best left unspoken. His features tightened. "I mean-"

"Just like old times? How exactly were 'old times' like?" Deirdre remarked so unamusingly that she sounded almost like an unfeeling robot.

"Oh, right. When I was just a b\*tch at your beck and call, who would come wagging her tail at you when you needed her and then kicked away when she wasn't. When I was a worthless, glorified housekeeper. When my purpose was comparable to a piece of chewing gum, a thing to be chewed at and then spat out when I got stale. When I was an

irritating, ingratiating nuisance who's surprisingly good at sex, and so was reluctantly allowed to sleep by your side. Yes. Your good old days."

## Chapter 607 She Remembers How Much He Hurt Her

Deirdre remembered. She remembered all of them, and now she returned every single insult he had hurled at her back at him.

Brendan had never, in his life, felt more stung by karma. All of the sh\*tty things he had said in the past came back to stab him in his chest, drawing blood.

He opened his mouth. "I..."

Nothing remotely good came out. In the end, he clenched his hands and ended pathetically, "If that's what you think, so be it."

Explaining himself ceased to be meaningful. He could sense an unprecedented deluge of disgust and hatred from Deirdre. It was like a vortex sucking in any remnant of his strength, and suddenly, he found himself too feeble to say anything more.

"So be it?" Deirdre lowered her head. Something seemed to flicker in her eyes. She exhaled a long breath. "Good."

The room was drowned in frosty silence.

After some time, Brendan spoke. "I talked to the receptionist. Just give her the number, and someone will call him for you."

"Thank you."

Deirdre marched out of his room without sparing him one more glance. She reached the lobby, but before she could say anything, one staff member called, "Miss McKinnon? Are

you here to make a call?"

"That's right." She nodded. "Is now a good time?"

"Go right ahead and break a leg. Tell me the number, and I'll make the call for you."

She was about to recite Kyran's numbers when she stopped herself for a minute. "Hey. If

I tell you... will you report the number to Brendan?"

There was no reason to ask such a thing. She would not be able to stop them if they decided to toss Brendan a clue anyway.

To her relief, the staff replied, "No, don't worry about it. I'll even clear the call history."

"Ah. Thanks."

She recited a string of numbers while the staff punched them in before passing it to her. She placed it near her ear and listened to the dialing tone pumping rhythmically in her ears.

She was on pins and needles.

Then, the call connected. Deirdre could not stop her emotions from pouring out of her lungs as she cried, "Kyran!"

"Dee, is that you?"

His voice was unexpectedly low and growly. In fact, she almost could not make out his words. She paused and asked, "God, what's wrong with your voice?"

Brendan pressed the ember of his cigarette against the ashtray. He had been forcing himself through several puffs of strong cigarettes to change his voice since he had forgotten to bring his voice-changing device. The absence of his handy tool was also why he had not been calling Deirdre over these few days.

"I'm a bit under the weather. I didn't get enough rest, so I sound kind of tired. You can tell, right?"

Deirdre felt relieved. And then worry crept in again. "Are you alright? Your health, I

mean.”

“I’m fine, relax. I’m more interested in you calling me with a new number. What happened?”

“I... I accidentally dropped my phone into a pool, and it’s busted. For the time being, anyway. I haven’t been talking to you these few days, so I was worried you might be worried, so... Here I am, borrowing someone’s phone to tell you I’m fine.”

She heard the man laugh. “Huh? So that’s what happened. You alright?”

“I’m right as rain!” Deirdre chirped, her mien shining in pure joy. “I’m very safe.”

“Glad to hear it. So, what should we do about the phone? I should get you a new one when I get back.”

Deirdre remembered what Brendan had said. “No. It’s being repaired as we speak.”

“Okay then.” He paused. “Deirdre... I miss you. Being here in Germia, alone, I miss you. I’ve said this way too many times by now, but I think it begs a repeat. There isn’t a moment here when I’m not missing you.”

Deirdre laughed as tears rolled out of her eyes. “Me too! Me too... Take care of yourself, okay? I’m waiting for you.”

The call ended. Deirdre wiped the tears away from her cheeks and felt the overcast in her chest clear.

Kyran was the only remedy for her heart.

She returned the phone to the staff and turned back to the elevator. When she stepped inside her room, though, she was greeted with a thick stench of cigarettes.

#### Chapter 608 You Were Smoking?

The room was unusually cold, too. Someone had opened the window, or the stench would have been even starker. Deirdre was silent for a bit before she asked, “You were smoking?”

“Mm.” Brendan coughed and cleared his throat. Once his voice regained clarity, he ordered, “The clothes are on your bed. Change into them. We should get going.”

There was no stylist with them. After changing into her getup, Deirdre let her hair free, where it dangled around her shoulders. Before stepping outside, she put on some lipstick on her lips to look a little more alive.

Brendan stared at her. “Did you put on lipstick?”

“Yes.” She brushed a strand of her hair behind her ear and dodged his gaze. “I can’t possibly see them without makeup, but I don’t know what else to do. Why? Something wrong?”

“Everything’s wrong,” he replied brusquely. Stepping forward, he pressed his finger on her supple lips and wiped her effort away. “You did a crappy job.”

Deirdre was not at all offended. “Sorry. I was literally doing it blindly.”

Brendan cast his eyes to the floor. “Give me your lipstick.”

She passed it to him, and the man began to work. He cupped her chin and tipped it higher before grazing her lips with its rouge tip. Steadily, he worked with the precision of a surgeon until a gradient of red materialized.

The intensity in his gaze was starting to send shivers down Deirdre’s spine. It was only when his phone rang that she had the opening to move, opting to cast her unseeing eyes down to the floor frantically. “Are you done?”

Brendan stopped. 'Yes. Let's go.'

The call came from Wynne, who had been waiting for them downstairs. Seeing Brendan and Deirdre, he eagerly stepped forward and greeted them. "Mr. Brighthall! Miss McKinnon! I'm Mr. Cillian King's assistant, Wynne. The weather's too cold to stay out here for long. Please come inside."

Brendan helped Deirdre into the car and took his seat. Wynne started the engine and added, "Sorry for keeping the two of you waiting. Traffic is terrible today."

"We've only just gotten ready," Brendan replied nonchalantly. After watching the road the

car took for a while, he asked, "Aren't we heading to Southmont?"

"The family doesn't stay there anymore, sir. Mrs. King said the family should stay somewhere new and fresh, so they bought a new place in the city."

"I'm sorry?"

Wynne forwent details. "She believed a house that old would only be haunted sooner or later."

Brendan nodded, but he knew it ran much deeper than that. An old mansion was the pride of many long-standing elite families, a symbol of their longevity and history. The real reason Mrs. King insisted it must be haunted was that the death of Declan's mother haunted her. She needed this change of location.

The house was not too far from the hotel Brendan and Deirdre were staying at. Half an hour later, they arrived at their destination. Even before Brendan got out of the car, Laura

was already waiting by the door with a face brimming with smiles.

"Welcome, welcome! Gillian's upstairs, choosing our wine for the day. Welcome to our home, Mr. Brighthall, Miss McKinnon!"

Her hands were sore from the nipping air. When Deirdre got out of the car, the young woman reached out to hold her, and the former immediately shuddered at the temperature.

"Oh, I'm so sorry!" Laura apologized and pulled her hand back.

Deirdre shook her head. 'You've been waiting out here for a while now, haven't you? Aren't you cold?'

Laura smiled. "Oh, it wasn't that long!"

It had to be at least ten minutes, and Cillian had left his wife in the cold while he himself enjoyed the warmth of his abode. The callousness of it all pressed against Deirdre's chest and stoked a small fire in her. Brendan would not have done something like that, even in the past.

The three of them walked side-by-side as they made their way to the entrance. Brendan could not help but notice a barren patch at the right side of the fountain, which clashed with the surrounding area. "Was something planted there?"

Laura froze. She turned to see if Wynne followed them. When she saw he was not, she answered, "It used to be a bed of roses."

Brendan fell silent. It was Deirdre who continued the conversation out of curiosity, "What happened to the roses?"

Chapter 609 You'll Be A Great Mother

"My mother-in-law hated it. She was very livid and told the gardener to uproot the entire

bed. She didn't instruct them to replace the flowers, though, so no one dared to do anything about it," explained Laura. "After that, it just... stays barren."

No sooner after she finished, the trio heard the sound of a baby crying. Laura quickly rushed ahead of them into the living room.

"Rose was Declan's mother's name. It was also her favorite flower, so she used to plant rows and rows of rose beds in the garden. So, the first thing anyone would think about when they look at the roses would be her," said Brendan, picking up the explanation Laura left off.

Deirdre was stunned. "So that's why," she muttered. "I still can't believe the matron of a powerful, elite family could not even stomach the sight of some harmless roses, though."

Brendan snickered. "If she had a bigger heart, Declan's mother wouldn't have died." "Excuse me?"

"Nothing. We're here."

Brendan held Deirdre's hand and led her to the living room, where Laura was still trying to pacify a crying toddler. Seeing the two of them, she flashed them an apologetic smile.

"God, I'm sorry! Joy's so young and, well, we don't have anyone to help us care for her today, so I have to bring her with me so that she won't hurt herself when she's alone.

Really sorry for the inconvenience."

"It's nothing at all," replied Deirdre. "Is Joy your daughter?"

"Yes." Laura's expression darkened. "My father-in-law named her. He said... her birth would bring the family joy."

Deirdre stiffened for a moment and changed the subject. "How old is she?"

"Half a year old."

She crouched and held the baby's gaze. "Hello, sweetie! Why the pouty-pout face, hmm?"

Joy stared at her and suddenly broke out a smile, showing her uneven teeth and a drop of drool at the corner of her lips.

Laura was amazed. "Wow! Joy doesn't usually get near any strangers, but she seems to

really like you, Miss McKinnon!"

"Really?" Deirdre's eyes softened. What a regret, not to be able to see Joy's smile. She reached out to her and asked, "May I carry her?"

"Sure thing!" Laura handed the baby over. Widening her eyes, Joy made herself comfortable in Deirdre's arms and began to chuckle.

"This is amazing, Miss McKinnon. You'll make an incredible mother!"

Deirdre's expression froze.

Brendan felt a sting in his heart, and his face darkened.

Laura acutely sensed the strange change in the air, but she could not understand why.

Before she could dwell on it, Deirdre smiled and replied, "I guess I could, but unfortunately, I doubt my baby will be half as adorable as little Joy over here."

"Nonsense! Both you and Mr. Brighthall have those appearance genes down pat. Your baby will have the best of both worlds."

Deirdre flashed a smile.

"Is Cillian still busy?" asked Brendan.

Laura recoiled as though she had just remembered why they were there."

Oh my God! I'll get him."

She hurried upstairs.

Deirdre enjoyed the baby's small, soft frame squirming in her arms. She could not stop playing with it, but the smile in her eyes faded quickly. "If my kid lived... they would have called me mom by now."

Brendan's fingers trembled. As imposing and towering as he was, an air of loneliness and anguish dwarfed him at the thought. He opened his lips, closed them, and opened them again, but every word he could conjure stopped dead in his throat.

His eyes were red.

"I'm sorry."

Deirdre chuckled. "Sorry is the most useless word in the world, do you know that? Its only use is to give the victimizer a false sense of closure while the victims themselves languish in pain. And here I thought a word so meaningless would have never escaped your lips."

Brendan said nothing.

"Of course, I don't really blame you for everything. I was at fault, too." She continued. "If only I didn't insist on keeping it... the kid would have never died a stillborn. And really, this was for the best. If we had the child, it would have become a burden to us both."

#### Chapter 610 Everything Okay?

Joy probably sensed the enmity between these two adults. She suddenly balled her fists and bawled loudly, causing Deirdre to panic a little. "Hush, hush. Don't cry, Little Joy.

Joy

is happy, isn't she? Aunt Deirdre is here with you."

Laura led Cillian down the stairs just in time and stepped forward, her arms outstretched.

"Don't worry, Miss McKinnon. She's throwing another tantrum again, really."

The child's crying seemed to have spoiled Gillian's good mood. Irritated, he snarled,

"Can you put a cork to it already? This thing doesn't stop crying, whether it's day or night! And now she's throwing a stupid fit in front of my guests? Christ! Take her upstairs!

You two embarrassed me enough!"

Laura's face turned pale. She hurriedly apologized and brought the kid with her upstairs.

Incensed, Deirdre spoke out. "Mr. King, if I may... Every child cries. It's a very common, natural thing to do."

"Natural?" Cillian snorted. "A boy would have been less of an emotional nuisance."

Deirdre narrowed her eyes in rage.

Brendan, though, simply smiled. "I take it as you don't like your daughter, Mr. King?"

Cillian waved. "I really much prefer a boy, but that woman couldn't even get that done."

Brendan snickered. "Spoken like a b\*stard who doesn't know how lucky he is. If I had a daughter, I'd have treated her as if she was the world, but then again, that's just me. I get

where you're coming from, Mr. King. After all, how are you supposed to feel good whenever you look at the baby and remember exactly how she was conceived? Am I right?

"Nevertheless, a child needs her father, so don't take it out on her, okay? She's

innocent.”

Cillian was no fool. Brendan’s not-at-all subtle hint was not lost on him at all. He was irate-nobody had ever dared bring this up, but now... Brendan just had to be the one to open that can of worms.

This little piece of sh\*t did not even bother to hide his contempt.

His mind drifted to what would come next, and he relaxed. Smiling, he nodded, “Huh? You’re right, Mr. Brighthall! It’s always embarrassing when you get schooled by someone

younger than you, but I guess that’s on me!”

Brendan’s smile did not reach his eyes. “As long as you understood me.”

“Of course I do. Of course, of course!” replied Cillian. “Now, where were we? Ah, yes.

Take a seat and have some appetizers. Laura had our meal prepared already. Now, all we need is to wait for my parents to come back, and we can begin.”

Brendan and Deirdre sat as the man asked, “The weather’s a little too cold for an excursion. Where did Mr. King Sr. and Mrs. King go?”

“The church.”

“The... church?”

“Yea.” Cillian shrugged. “People of their generation see worth in all that stuff. Always asking God to look after our business or family or... Ugh, you know the drill. I guess that’s the only thing you can do when you’re retired from being a board member. You suddenly have way too much time on your hands.”

Brendan curled his lips. Cillian prattled on, not letting the conversation die at all.

Deirdre rose to her feet and announced, “I’m gonna check on Ms. Smith.”

She climbed up the stairs and let the housekeeper lead her to the children’s room.

Knocking, the woman asked, “Mrs. King? Miss McKinnon is here to see you.”

They heard an “okay” instantly, and yet it was only several minutes later when Laura

finally pulled the door open. She looked pretty rattled. “I’m so sorry, Miss McKinnon!

Joy’s being difficult today, so I had to care for her a little longer. I hope I didn’t keep you waiting for too long.”

Deirdre had good ears, so she could hear Laura’s voice being thick with tears-as if the woman had been weeping to herself. She wanted to point it out as tactfully as she could,

so she replied, “No, no. It’s nothing. I was just worried about Joy. I think I accidentally made her cry. So I came to see her.”

“Don’t worry about it. Joy has her own version of mood swings,” said Laura. “She knows I’ll coddle her, so she just... let her emotions out whenever she wants, however she likes.

It’s not because of you. See? She’s okay now!”

Joy looked up at Deirdre and giggled.

Deirdre closed the door behind her and flashed a smile. “Everything okay?”

Chapter 611 We Can’t Go Back to How We Were Anymore

“You’re talking about Joy? She’s fine...” “I’m talking about you,” Deirdre said sternly as she looked at her. “Are you all right?”

Laura was stunned for a moment, and understanding soon dawned on her. While she was surprised, she gulped hard and said, “Thank you for your concern, Miss McKinnon,

but I... I'm fine. He just has a short temper. But he's actually very nice to me."

"He's nice to you?" Deirdre fell silent for a moment and asked, "Is this the answer from your heart, Ms. Smith?"

Laura was stumped. Seizing the chance while she was tongue-tied, Deirdre said, "Ms. Smith, I don't know what made you give up on Declan and choose Cillian. But I really want to tell you that if you're willing to wait for Declan, he still loves you and will accept you. However, the premise is that you have to come to your senses and help him."

A surge of emotions flitted across Laura's eyes as she couldn't help herself and asked, "What's your relationship to Decky, Miss McKinnon?"

"I'm just his friend."

"Just friend?"

Deirdre smiled. "Of course. Don't worry. We're just friends and nothing else. I just came here this time to help him solve his problem at the party."

"I see..." Laura let out a sigh of relief. After that, she smiled mockingly and said, "But I'm sorry, Miss McKinnon. There's no way for Decky and me to go back to how we were anymore."

"Why?"

Just when Laura was about to say something, Gillian's voice erupted outside of the door.

"Are you done, Laura? We shouldn't make Mr.

Brighthall and Miss McKinnon wait for us for too long. You still need to decorate the kitchen too."

"Right away!" replied Laura.

Then, she turned to Deirdre and said, "Miss McKinnon, I have to go now."

Deirdre made way for her and asked, "So what about Joy?"

"The maid will take care of her."

Deirdre did not say anything anymore. She followed Laura, and both of them went downstairs. After a while, Mr. King Sr. and his wife arrived.

Laura hastily went forward to greet them, and Mr. King Sr. laughed happily, "It has been some time since we last met, right, Brendan? I was too busy during the party last time, so I didn't have time to talk to you. Luckily, you haven't returned to Neve yet."

Brendan smiled lightly and replied, "Yeah. Since Mr. King made the call and invited me here, I figured that I should come. After all, it has been a long time since the last time I came here."

"Yeah. You need to come more often in the future. We used to be very close in the past. If Declan hadn't fallen out with-" Mr. King Sr. thought of something and frowned.

"Anyway, let's not talk about him. It'll only be a waste of time. You're Miss McKinnon, right?"

Mr. King Sr. turned around and looked at Deirdre.

Deirdre smiled at him and nodded. "Yes."

He nodded in satisfaction and commented, "As expected of the woman Brendan loves. I still can't forget what happened back then. Not only were you able to see the situation clearly, but you were able to expose that woman's lie and helped us to maintain our reputation. You've done us a great favor."

"That's right." Mrs. King came over. She had lost the impatience that she had during the party. She looked as if she liked Deirdre very much and said, "If it hadn't been for you,

we would've become the laughingstock of the city. I bought this several years ago, and I couldn't bring myself to put it on.

And today, I finally found the most suitable person to wear it."

She was holding a bracelet in her hand as she handed it to Deirdre.

Deirdre said, "Madam, I can't take it. This is too much." "It's fine. Just take it."

#### Chapter 612 A Trap

Deirdre knew how expensive this bracelet was by touching it, so she figured she could not accept it. As if he could see through her worries, Brendan wrapped his arm around her waist and collected her hair behind her ear, saying, "This is a gift from Mrs. King.

You

should just take it."

Deirdre had no other choice but to accept it. "Alright. Thank you very much, Mrs. King."

Mrs. King complimented Deirdre for her understanding and appearance as she guided them to the table. After all of them had taken their seats, Mr. King Sr. asked in a displeased voice, "Where is Declan?"

Mrs. King sighed and said, "He probably is staying in his room."

"Nonsense!" Mr. King Sr. smacked the table and continued. "Hurry up and get him down here! We have guests today. How could he hide in his room and not show his face?"

Cillian wrapped his arm around Laura and said, "Dad, you should just leave him alone. Declan prefers to stay alone. He might spoil the mood if he comes down to join us."

Laura's face was pale as she kept darting glances at Cillian. After a while, she nodded and said, "Declan said he's tired. He's not joining us as he said he wants to take some rest."

Mr. King Sr. harrumphed, indignant at Declan's action.

Deirdre frowned. She had a hunch that something must have happened to Declan. After all, judging from what she knew about him, he was not someone who would want to take

some rest at an important moment like this.

It was just that there was nothing she could do since the Kings refused to continue the conversation. After they finished their meal, Cillian brought Brendan to his office to discuss their new project.

"We should leave Miss McKinnon here. It isn't convenient to bring her here and there. Besides, she has Laura to keep her company."

Brendan nodded. After he left with Cillian, Laura went up to Deirdre. "Miss McKinnon..." Her voice was shaking, and she looked restless.

Deirdre noticed her strange behavior and became stern. "What's the matter?"

Taking a deep breath, she said, "Something happened to Decky. Can you go help him?"

"What do you mean?" Deirdre was confused. "What happened to Declan?"

"I'm not sure of the situation either. But I'm sure that Cillian has done something to him. That's why he couldn't show up at the table this afternoon. I'd really appreciate it if you could go to his room and check on him."

Deirdre fell silent for a moment. Brendan was not here right now, so she felt rather uneasy about going to Declan's room alone. As such, she asked, "Why can't you go? Don't you think it's a bit inappropriate for me to go since I'm just an outsider."

Laura let out a bitter smile and said, "I can't go. All of the maids are watching me right

now. If Cillian learns that I go to his room to help him, he'll punish me.”

She continued. “I cooked something for Decky two days ago, and he slapped me across the face twice.”

‘What? Has he gone mad?’ Deirdre’s face was livid with rage. She patted her shoulder and said, “Don’t worry. I’ll go and check on Declan.”

‘Til walk you to his room then.’

“Okay.”

Laura and Deirdre went upstairs and came to Declan’s room.

Just when Deirdre was about to knock on the door, she realized that the door was left ajar, and she did not know if she was having an illusion or not, but she somehow heard Declan’s painful moan wafting out of the room.

“Mr. King?”

She pushed the door open, and as soon as she stepped into the room, she noticed something wrong. The temperature in the room was exceedingly high. Before she could come around to her senses, Laura acted swiftly and shut the door.

“Ms. Smith!” She tried to open the door but to no avail. Beads of cold sweat oozed out of

her forehead as she realized that she had fallen into their trap.

Declan had been drugged. That’s why he could not show up on the table this afternoon, and Gillian’s plan was to get them to...

‘He’s so vicious!’

Deirdre felt a chill down her spine when the realization hit her. She did not know why, but

she felt hot all over. Perhaps, it was due to the strange smell in the room, or she had consumed something she shouldn’t have.

‘Bathroom! Where is the bathroom!?’

Chapter 613 Miss McKinnon Is in Declan’s Room

Deirdre needed cold water to keep herself awake.

She went around groping the wall frantically. Suddenly, she bumped into the cabinet and

gasped in pain. Cold beads of sweat were streaming down her forehead, and she felt her head spinning as the sensation of cold and hot assaulted her.

It took her a great effort to reach the bathroom. Meanwhile, Declan’s mind was a chaotic mess under the drug’s effect. When he saw Deirdre, he had an illusion and stretched his

arms to drag her into his embrace.

“Laura... Is that you?”

Meanwhile, Gillian was introducing the upcoming projects of his office while extending an

olive branch to Brendan.

“What do you think, Brendan? These projects are unique to me, even in the whole country. If the two of us cooperate, our companies will be at their peak in the next ten years!”

Brendan looked over the projects and memorized them in his heart. He did not answer his question directly and asked, “What time is it now?”

"It's three now."

It had been nearly an hour since they came out. Brendan frowned and said, "I need to go back."

Gillian was stunned for a moment and asked, "Why do you want to go back so early? If you aren't interested in this project, I can show you another \_ A if one."

"No, that's not the issue." Brendan smiled, "Deirdre is still at the house."

She's pretty clingy, so I need to go back to her soon. As for the project, I'll consider it thoroughly and give you an answer soon."

Cillian looked at the clock and felt that it was almost time. He nodded and said, "Okay. Let's go back."

He was confident that Brendan would snap into a rage when he saw Declan and Deirdre

doing that kind of thing on the bed. Then, he just needed to exaggerate the story, telling him that Deirdre and Declan had fallen for each other at the party. Considering Brendan's personality, he would certainly get his revenge on Declan, just like what he did

to Ronan.

That way, not only could he get Declan out of his way, but he could also punish Deirdre for ruining his plan.

It was a plan to hit two birds with one stone!

Cillian smiled at the thought of the success of his plan. They got into the car and arrived at Kings Manse very soon.

They entered the living room, and just as Cillian had planned, Deirdre was nowhere to be found.

A smile appeared at the corner of Gillian's lips, but Brendan's face sank. "Where is Deirdre?"

"Yeah, where is Miss McKinnon?" shouted Cillian, summoning his maids.

"Miss McKinnon? She's upstairs."

Cillian raised his eyebrows. "What is Miss McKinnon doing upstairs?"

"Well..." The maid stammered.

Cillian frowned. "Stop hemming and hawing. What happened?"

The maid bit her lips and said, "I saw that... Miss McKinnon went into Mr. Declan's room but didn't come out after that."

"What?" Cillian growled angrily, "How bold of you to make something up about Declan and Miss McKinnon! You've got a lot of nerves!"

The maid hastily said, "No! I didn't, Mr. King! I saw it with my own eyes."

Miss McKinnon went into Mr. Declan's room secretly. I saw it, but I didn't dare to stop her. If you don't believe me, you can go upstairs and have a look at it yourself."

Gillian's heart was filled with delight. Just when he was about to go to the second floor, Brendan made his move first and rushed upstairs.

"Mr. Brighthall!" Cillian chased after Brendan. He looked like he was trying to dissuade Brendan, but he was delighted inwardly.

"Please calm down, Mr. Brighthall. I'm sure that this is a misunderstanding. It isn't like what you think it is. Maybe Miss McKinnon was just talking to Declan during the party last time. She might be expressing her gratitude to him for helping her. I'm sure the

maid

is just speaking nonsense!”

Brendan set his jaw tightly. The commotion had alarmed Mr. King Sr. He came out of the room and asked, “What is going on?”

Chapter 614 You’ll Regret It

Cillian hesitated for a moment before answering, “Miss McKinnon is missing. The maid said she entered Declan’s room and hasn’t come out yet.”

“What!?” Mr. King Sr.’s expression changed. Anger began to rise from the bottom of his heart, but he did not dare to make any assumptions. “Maybe the maid misidentified that woman as Miss McKinnon?”

Brendan ignored him and rushed toward Declan’s room. He twisted the doorknob, but unfortunately, it did not budge. His face sank, and he growled, “Where is the key!?” They had already prepared the key in advance, and the maid handed it to Brendan. Before Brendan opened the door, Cillian spoke. “Mr. Brighthall, make sure you can keep

your calm when you’re in the room. Even if you don’t trust Declan, you need to have faith in Miss McKinnon-”

Before he could finish speaking, he looked at the bed and was stunned.

Only one person was on the massive bed, and that person was none other than Deirdre.

Her eyes were misted over with desire. Apparently, the drug’s effect hadn’t worn off yet, but her clothes were perfectly intact.

However, according to his plan, Deirdre and Declan should be in the same bed now! Where was Declan now? Why had nothing happened between them?

Suddenly, they noticed that the room was filled with the smell of blood. Brendan switched

on the light, and it was only then they saw Declan.

He was sitting in the corner of the room right now, holding a fruit knife in his hands. The wounds on his arm were horrendous and fresh. Apparently, he had cut himself with the knife to take advantage of the pain to suppress his desire.

Since he had lost a lot of blood, his lips were bloodless.

Cillian did not expect such a move from Declan at all, and he was stunned. After he came around to his senses, he admonished Declan harshly. “How dare you, Declan!? How could you stoop so low and drug Miss McKinnon in order to get her? There is no way you can do this by yourself. Tell us who helped you!”

As soon as he finished speaking, the maid standing next to Cillian dropped to her knees and pleaded, “Mr. King, please forgive me! I didn’t want to help Mr. Declan, but he threatened me with my job! I had no other choice!”

Brendan ignored their show and marched toward Declan coldly.

“Don’t care about me.” Declan said, “Go take care of Miss McKinnon.”

Brendan turned around and walked toward Deirdre. Her clothes were wet from her sweat, and she could barely keep herself awake. Her face was red as she moaned painfully.

Unlike Declan, she did not suppress her desire with pain. She resisted it with her pure willpower.

Brendan secured her in his arms. He felt sorry for her as he slowly tightened his arms. 'I'm sorry. I didn't do my duty properly to protect you.'

Deirdre's body was steaming hot. She was very weak right now, so she just leaned her head on his shoulder as she gasped for breath.

Brendan pushed everyone away and rushed into the car. As soon as they were in the car, Deirdre coiled her limbs around him desperately.

"Help me..."

Veins were bulging on Brendan's head. His breathing was becoming labored as he tried his best to hold back his desire.

"Deirdre, who am I?"

Deirdre's entire body was shaking. "Kyran, help me..."

Brendan's face sank. It turned out that she thought he was Kyran. That was why she was so inviting.

"Are you sure you want me to help you? When you wake up later, you'll regret the choice

you made today."

Deirdre's brain was a muddled mess. Just like people would go to drink water when they

were thirsty, she was only acting on her basic instinct.

'You'll regret it.'

After he had finished speaking, he leaned on top of her.

It was cramped inside the car. Deirdre woke up, and her consciousness returned to her for a moment. She seemed to have realized who the man was as tears began to drop from the corner of her eyes. However, there was nothing she could do other than sink deeper and deeper into the spiral abyss of pain and guilt.

#### Chapter 615 You Owe Us an Explanation

No one knew how long it had passed. When everything ended, Brendan draped his clothes over Deirdre.

Deirdre curled herself up silently like a frozen shrimp, trying her very best to keep herself

as far away as possible from Brendan.

Brendan lit a cigarette, but he snubbed it out the next second. "I told you. You're going to

regret it."

Deirdre remained silent, her body shaking.

Brendan heaved out a sigh and opened the door. "I need to go do something."

He got out of the car and turned around. Deirdre still remained motionless. After he closed the door, she bit her lips tightly, and tears streamed down her face.

Deirdre had done something terribly wrong. She felt she was the most loathful person in the world. When she thought of Kyran, she felt so much pain that it felt like someone was

pulling her heart out of her chest.

However, she could not blame anyone, not even Brendan, for what had happened. After

all, she was the one who had asked for it.

Her head was swimming. While wiping the tears off her face, she heard someone screaming loudly and cracking noises outside.

She got up and groped around with her hands until she found the car door handle.

When

she opened the door and came out, someone walked up to her and said, "Miss McKinnon, Mr. Brighthall said that you can't get out of the car."

It was Fionn.

She subconsciously wrapped her arms around her body while Fionn turned his head away. Her neck was now mottled with red welts.

"I heard some noises. Did something happen inside the house?"

Their car was stopped in front of Kings Manse, so the noise could only come from the house.

Fionn looked toward Kings Manse and said, "I don't know, but..."

He set his jaw tightly and continued. "I assume that Mr. Brighthall is asking them for an explanation."

"Explanation?" Deirdre was stunned. She was worried that Brendan would go beat Declan up, so she wanted to stop him. However, a surge of heartwrenching pain struck her just as she took a step forward. She took a few deep breaths to suppress the pain and grabbed Brendan's shirt even tighter around her.

"Miss McKinnon?" Fionn called out to her, "You can't get out of the car!"

"Get out of my way, Fionn," said Deirdre. "I'm sure Brendan will make things difficult for Declan. I can't just sit by and do nothing."

She couldn't let Brendan beat up Declan. She mustn't let those people get things their way.

Just as Fionn was about to explain anything, Deirdre got out of the car and headed straight into the mansion. Using her memory to guide her, she soon found her way to the

living room. However, the living room was a mess.

The first thing that welcomed Deirdre when she stepped into the mansion was the cries of pain of a man and the thick stench of blood in the air. As if he was going to kill the man, Brendan raised his fist and smashed it into the face of the man under him again and again.

Just when she was about to shout to ask him to stop, Mr. King Sr. snarled, "Brendan! Have you gone out of your mind!? How could you beat up Cillian? Do you want to make the Kings your enemies? This isn't Neve. You can't do whatever you want here!"

'Cillian?'

Deirdre was stunned.

'Brendan is beating up Cillian?'

It was only then Fionn caught up to Deirdre. "Miss McKinnon, we've already sent Mr. Declan to the hospital!"

Brendan's gaze was bloodshot. He grabbed Cillian by the collar of his shirt and looked just like a predator glaring at its prey. Cillian's face was filled with bruises and blood.

Gone was the dashing young man.

When Brendan heard Mr. King Sr.'s warning, he was stunned for a moment, then landed

another punch on Cillian.

“Quick,y! Pull him away!” shouted Mr. King Sr.

He was not only beating up Cillian, but he was also looking down on the Kings.

“Mr. King Sr.!”

At that moment, Deirdre’s voice rang out from the door and wafted into everyone’s ears.

Even though she looked fragile in Brendan’s trench coat, there was a calm expression on her pretty face as if she was not the victim.

“It’s true that Brendan shouldn’t beat up your son, but don’t you think you owe us an explanation too?”

#### Chapter 616 Apologize to My Son

Brendan jerked his head up, and his pupils constricted. “Why did you come out of the car?”

Deirdre ignored him and continued to press on. “If someone from the outside learns that I was drugged today, it won’t do any good to any of us here. So, can you tell me what you will do about it?”

Mr. King Sr. set his jaw tightly. After a short while, he took a deep breath and said, “Of course, I’ll give you a satisfactory answer and bring the proprietor to justice. After

Declan

returns, I’ll ask him to go to your side and kneel to apologize to you. If you’re still unhappy about it, you can just send him to prison.”

Deirdre chuckled. “Things have come to this point, and you still want to protect Cillian?”

“I don’t know what you are talking about, Miss McKinnon,” replied Mr. King Sr.

“No, you are well aware,” Deirdre said without hesitation. “You are well aware that the one who drugged me wasn’t Declan.”

Perhaps Cillian had too much confidence in the drug because his plan was full of flaws. If Declan was the one who had drugged her, why would he let himself get drugged as well? Besides, he was just an illegitimate son whom his family did not respect. There was no way he could threaten a maid with her job.

Mr. King Sr. looked at Deirdre squarely and said, “If it isn’t Declan’s doing, then it must be that maid!”

Deirdre was truly disappointed in Mr. King Sr.

“So, you’re not going to hand your son over to us?”

“Why should I hand him over to you?” Mr. King Sr. said, “If you think Cillian is the one who set you up, then show me the proof. If you can bring me the proof, I won’t stop you from taking him away. However, you guys don’t have any evidence now, and you pin the

blame on him? There’s no way I will let you do that. Do you think all of us from the Kings are a bunch of pushovers?”

He knocked his cane on the floor a few times. As the former patriarch of the Kings, he was definitely not weak when it came to intimidating others.

Deirdre closed her eyes and opened them up again after a short while. “We indeed don’t

have any evidence to prove that Mr. King is the mastermind behind this.”

Mr. King Sr. squinted and let out a cold smirk.

Deirdre continued. “But similarly, you don’t have the evidence to prove that he isn’t the

one who did it either.”

Mrs. King had just returned from her call when she heard what Deirdre said. She was shaking with anger as she said, “That’s pure slander!”

She rushed over to Cillian, and it was only then Brendan let Cillian go.

Cillian was on the verge of losing consciousness. Blood was foaming from his mouth, and his nose was broken.

Mrs. King’s eyes turned bloodshot as she roared, “I want you all to apologize to my son!”

Brendan wiped the blood off his hand and walked up to Deirdre. He offered them a cold smirk and said, “Yes, he needs to apologize. After he has recovered, I hope he’ll come and apologize to Deirdre.”

“Brendan, it seems like we can’t reach an agreement today,” said Mr. King Sr.

“You’re right.”

He clenched tightly at his cane and said, “Don’t you forget that you’re in Eastgene now. Do you think you can get out of here safely after offending so many people?”

“Well, we won’t know if we don’t try,” Brendan replied confidently. Ever since he was forced to inherit his family business after his father passed away, he had never been afraid of anyone before.

After all, people always forced him not to look back. Therefore, he could only keep moving forward. Even if he was walking toward a cliff, he had a way of forging a tall building under his feet.

Mr. King Sr. laughed coldly. “Alright. Let’s see then.”

Deirdre’s knees went weak, and she fell down after she came out of the mansion.

Brendan acted rapidly and grabbed her into his arms. With a frown on his forehead, he asked, “Are you alright?”

#### Chapter 617 Tricked by Laura

Deirdre waved her hand in reply to Brendan’s question. However, she still felt weak all over her body. A second earlier, she felt cold, and one more second later, she felt hot. Her head was swimming as well, and she felt like she was walking on a cloud.

Brendan placed his hand on her forehead and a hint of surprise crossed his eyes.

“You’re sick?”

“Maybe.” She had not been feeling well from the moment she had confronted Mr. King Sr. She had just been enduring it. After all, she could not be a drag to Brendan in a situation like that.

She mustered all her strength and stood up. Then, she asked, “What are you going to do

about the Kings? Are you really going to fight them?”

“It isn’t something you should be worried about. Let’s get in the car. We need to take you

to the hospital right away,” Brendan said as he ordered Fionn to take them to the hospital.

She did not say anything. She just went along with Brendan. As soon as she entered the

car, she fell unconscious.

By the time she woke up, she was already lying on a bed. As for Brendan, he was

talking

to the doctor on the side. The reason she had fainted was that she had caught a cold yesterday. Not only that, but she had a weak immune system, so she felt dizzy and she suddenly had a fever after taking the drug.

"Make sure she doesn't catch a cold in the next few days. Her immunity system is vulnerable, so she needs a lot of rest," the doctor said.

"Okay," Brendan replied sternly. After saying that, he asked, "Is there anything she can't eat?"

"For now, she should not have any spicy food or any sort of food with a strong flavor.

You

can give her a light diet. Besides, she also needs to exercise more. Soon, she'll be fine."

"Thank you," Brendan said seriously. Deirdre was stunned.

She thought she was hallucinating when she heard Brendan say thank you to the doctor.

Not only that, but he had also asked the doctor if there was anything she could not eat.

It

seemed to her that Brendan had changed. He no longer looked like himself.

Just as Deirdre lowered her head and immersed herself in her thoughts, Brendan turned his head to look at her. When he realized that she had woken up, the worry on his face melted away and he asked, "Are you thirsty?"

Deirdre nodded. She was indeed thirsty.

Brendan handed a cup of water to her. She held it in her hand and finished it off in one go.

When she gave the cup back to Brendan, he asked, "Why did you go to Declan's room?"

His voice was calm. He was not scolding her or complaining. He was just asking what had happened back then.

Deirdre's face sank when she thought of Laura.

Regardless of whether Laura had a reason for doing that to her, from the moment she had chosen to trick her into entering the room, she had become Gillian's accomplice.

She did not feel too disappointed. She was just feeling sad for Declan.

Surprisingly, it was the woman he loved the most who had personally sent him to his death.

"It's not convenient for you to tell me about it?" Brendan asked again.

Deirdre snapped out of her thoughts and said, "I was just thinking about something else. Well, it was Laura who tricked me into going there."

Brendan was not surprised. He said, "Alright. You get some rest first. When Fionn comes

here, he'll bring you dinner. I need to go out to deal with something. I'll come back after dark."

"Okay," Deirdre replied. Then, she jerked her head up again and asked, "Isn't Fionn Declan's assistant? Shouldn't he be taking care of him right now after what happened to him? Why would he be willing to be at your beck and call?"

"That's because Declan is in this hospital too," Brendan said. There was a hint of sarcasm in his voice. "After all, he's the main reason behind all this, so it's normal for his assistant to come and take care of you."

Deirdre fell silent for a moment. "Are you still angry with Declan?"

"I don't know him."

After Brendan finished speaking, he told Deirdre to get some rest and headed out.

After a short while, Fionn arrived in the ward.

"Miss McKinnon, is there anything you want to eat? I'll go get it for you."

Chapter 618 Are You Going to Tell Decky?

Deirdre did not have any appetite, so she asked, "How is Declan right now?"

Fionn let out a sigh and said, "Fortunately, his tendons aren't injured, but he can't use his

right hand to touch anything for the time being."

Deirdre pressed her lips tightly. "Is his ward far from here? I want to see him, and... there's something I'd like to talk to him about."

"Yes, you can do that, but can you walk that far?"

"Don't worry," Deirdre said, offering him a smile. "I just lost consciousness. I didn't hurt myself, so you don't have to worry too much about me.

Besides, the doctor said that I should exercise more because it's good for my health."

Since Deirdre had said so, Fionn saw no reason to say no. He found a trench coat and draped it over her shoulders. After doing that, he led her to Declan's ward.

Just as they arrived at Declan's ward, they heard a familiar voice from inside.

"Decky... How can you be so stupid? Can you promise me that you won't fight with your elder brother again? I don't want to see you get hurt again. Luckily, you're fine this time, but if you couldn't use your hand anymore, what would you do?"

Declan fell silent. After a short while, he said, "Laura, I have my own things to take into consideration."

"Then what about me? Do you not care about me anymore? Do you know that I have to worry about you every day?"

"You have my brother," Declan said.

"Hah..." Laura sneered. "There's no one here now, and you still want to cut ties with me..."

Do you think I'm filthy?"

"Please don't say that about yourself."

After a long silence, Laura said, "You get some rest first. I'll come to visit you tomorrow."

Deirdre stood firmly in front of the door. When Laura opened the door and saw Deirdre, the sadness on her face disappeared and she turned as pale as a sheet of paper.

However, she soon regained her composure and closed the door. "Miss McKinnon."

Deirdre looked at her coldly without saying anything. Seeing that neither of them was going to say anything, Fionn chimed in and broke the silence. "Ms. Smith, do you have any means of transportation? Do you need me to take you back?"

"It's okay," Laura said softly. "I can go back on my own."

"Alright then."

Laura paused for a moment and then said, "Miss McKinnon, can I have a second with you?"

Deirdre smiled at her faintly and said, "I don't think so. I was able to get out safely last time because I was lucky. I don't think I'll be that lucky this time."

Laura's face sank. She grabbed her purse so tightly that her knuckles started turning

white. Even though Deirdre had rejected her, she refused to back down and said, "It won't take too long. We just need to go over there for a while, okay?" Deirdre took a deep breath. Honestly, she wanted to know why Laura had done that to her as well.

"TH give you five minutes."

The two of them walked to a corner, and Laura said, "Miss McKinnon, you're going to tell

Decky what happened today, right?"

"Of course." Deirdre looked at her coldly. "He's the victim, so he has the right to know what happened."

Laura got anxious. She clenched her fists and said, "Can... Can you not tell her about it?"

"Why?"

Laura's face was pale as she continued. "If you tell him what happened, everything will be over. So you can't tell him anything about it. If he's disappointed in me, there's no way

we will get back together!"

After she heard what Laura said, Deirdre scoffed. "Ms. Smith, do you think I'll let you near Declan after what happened today? It'd be best if he's disappointed in you. After all,

you were willing to set him up for your own husband. You don't deserve to stand next to him, and you don't deserve his love at all!"

#### Chapter 619 Pathetic People Always Had an Insufferable Side

Laura was stunned for a moment. After a while, she shouted, "I had my own reason for doing that! I didn't have any choice!" "You didn't have any choice?" A hint of disgust crossed Deirdre's eyes. "I really don't understand. Why do you always make it look like you're the victim? Is it because you've pretended to be one for so long that you've already gotten used to it? You take advantage of other people's trust and make everything go your way. And now you act like you're forced to do it? Are you saying that you didn't have a choice, so we could only blame our own bad luck for believing in you and walking into your trap?"

Perhaps she had gotten too agitated, as she could feel a throbbing pain in her temples again.

She could not stop thinking about the things that had happened inside the car. Even now, she did not know how she should face Kyran.

As a victim, she had to act as if she had not been hurt by the incident, while Laura, the accomplice who had started it all, had adopted a sweet, suffering look.

She found it really ridiculous and laughable at the same time.

"I'm not asking you to forgive me!" Laura shouted agitatedly, her gentle lips trembling. "I just don't want Decky to be disappointed in me. After all, he's all I have left!"

"He's all you have left? Then why did you..." Deirdre frowned. "Hah, what a crooked way

to love someone."

Laura clenched her fists tightly. "Really? Is that what you think of me? Do you know that Decky has been giving me the cold shoulder ever since I slept with Cillian? I'm sure that

he thinks I'm filthy, so he doesn't want to be with me anymore. But... But I haven't done anything wrong. So as long as... as long as he slept with you, he wouldn't have any right

to say I'm filthy!"

Deirdre was stunned. She had not expected this to be what Laura had been thinking the whole time.

'Are you mad? The reason Declan has been staying away from you isn't that he thinks you're filthy. He's been giving you the cold shoulder because if he continues to stay close to you, you'll only get hurt even more by Cillian! He's just trying to protect you!"

Laura was dumbfounded. "No... No... You're lying! That's not possible!"

Deirdre took a deep breath. Perhaps this was why people always said pathetic individuals had an insufferable side.

"Ms. Smith, I was wrong about you. I won't blame you for what happened today, but from

now on, I won't trust anything you say. As for Declan, I'll tell him everything and let him decide what he wants to do with you."

After saying that, Deirdre went away by supporting herself on the wall.

Laura kept shouting at her, but she just ignored her.

Fionn walked over and looked at her worriedly. "Miss McKinnon, are you alright?"

"Yeah," Deirdre said. She pressed her lips firmly and asked, "Is Declan still awake?"

'Yes."

"Okay." Deirdre took a deep breath and pushed the door open.

Declan was still sitting on the bed. The sunlight that filtered in through the window made him look even paler. Not surprised to see Deirdre, he instructed Fionn, "Go get Miss McKinnon a chair."

Fionn did as he was told. Deirdre thanked Fionn and sat down next to the bed. "How do you feel now?"

Declan smiled and replied, "Not bad. Well, I was the one who did it, so I knew where to hit so that I wouldn't get injured that seriously."

'That's great." Deirdre lowered her head. She did not know how to tell Declan.

"Is there anything you want to tell me, Miss McKinnon?" Declan asked.

Taking a deep breath, Deirdre said, 'Yes. Do you know why I went into your room when Brendan was away?"

Declan looked toward the corner of the room and said, "I've thought about it since I came

here. You're a smart woman, Miss McKinnon. It isn't that easy to set you up, so by right, my brother's plan wouldn't succeed easily..."