

# Resent Reject Regret by Aqua Summers

## Chapter 653-685

### Chapter 653 Divorce

Brendan slightly moved his fingertips when Deirdre took a deep breath and said, "About the abduction-

"Mr. Brighthall, Miss McKinnon."

Sam came out of the mansion at some point, opened the car's door, and said, "I've got them all."

"Alright." Brendan threw the cigarette butt and said, "Let's go."

Sam slightly hesitated, but not for long. He restarted the car's engine.

When they got to the courthouse, it was just noon.

Deirdre recovered her senses and got out of the car together with Sam. She felt surprised and dazed when she stepped on the ground.

She was finally about to get a divorce.

Even though they had just been married for two years, it seemed that it had taken most of her life. Perhaps she might need a lot of time to get through it in the future, but it ended so simply now.

Deirdre closed and opened her eyes while Brendan got out of the car behind her.

Following that, the two entered the courthouse together.

"Are you two here to register? Please go to the counter in front," said the staff.

"No." Brendan's eyes looked empty when he said, "We're here for a divorce."

"Divorce?" The staff was surprised and explained, "Seeing how well- matched you two are, I thought- The counter for divorce is there."

"Thank you."

Brendan went first, and Deirdre followed after him.

Just like registering for a marriage, it wasn't difficult to get a divorce. Deirdre was only aware that the bumpy road of marriage had ended when she got the divorce certificate. Her heart sank the moment she got in the car.

"Miss McKinnon, where would you like to go? The return flight is not available today.

The

earliest would be tomorrow. What about I send you to the mansion first?"

Deirdre nodded, and the car started.

At that moment, she recovered her senses and asked, "Which mansion are you referring to?"

"Of course, it's Mr. Brighthall's mansion," replied Sam.

Deirdre frowned because there were many incidents that had happened there.

Before she could speak, Brendan said, "Take her to a hotel."

"No." Deirdre rejected it quickly. She thought she needed a chance to clarify things with Brendan after some consideration. She had to sort things out since they weren't owing each other anymore now that they were divorced.

"To the mansion then."

Brendan's black eyes were full of emotions. But he fell silent without saying anything.

As they got to the mansion's living room, Brendan immediately went upstairs to rest.

Sam said, "Miss McKinnon, I don't think I should introduce you to things here again, right? All these things here remain the same since you left.

There is food in the fridge as well. Just call me whenever you need anything."

He told Deirdre his phone number, and she memorized it while nodding. Then, she said, "Thank you."

"Miss McKinnon, you are welcome." Sam only wished Deirdre would get better, and it was kind of like a wish came true. "I'm already very grateful that I can still see you coming back safely."

Deirdre smiled in response. She then recalled something. "Sam, I'll need your help. Can you help me?"

When the car arrived at the graveyard, Deirdre went to the tomb under Sam's guidance and put the bouquet of lilies on it.

The lilies were lovely with dew on them. Deirdre smiled but sadly. "Mom, I'm sorry I came

here to see you only after so many years. How are you doing? Is it cold there?"

Deirdre caressed the picture on the tomb even though she couldn't clearly see the woman's smile.

It was only in the evening that Sam sent Deirdre back.

The moment she entered the living room, she heard Brendan's intense coughing fit from upstairs.

#### **Chapter 654 I Have Given You What You Wanted**

"The door is not locked."

Deirdre pushed the door in and heard the sound of Brendan coughing more clearly.

Brendan didn't know it was Deirdre who knocked on the door, so he demanded after a moment, "Sam, go get me a glass of water."

Deirdre turned and went downstairs without much thought.

There wasn't any hot water, so Deirdre got a kettle to boil some hot water. When she went back to Brendan, she brought along a first-aid box.

When Brendan stood up to take the glass of water, he saw a woman's slender and fair fingers and looked up to the owner.

"Why is it you?" Brendan took a deep breath before realizing that because Deirdre was sleeping in the mansion today, Sam should have left by now.

Deirdre didn't reply to Brendan but asked as she put the first-aid box on the bedside table, "Where's the coughing medicine?"

Brendan didn't want to answer. He merely drank half a glass of water and lay back on the bed. "Get out."

Deirdre pursed her lips. "Brendan Brighthall, it's not like you to lose your temper. If you cough so intensely like this and refuse to take medicine, you'll have to go to the hospital."

Following that, she kept silent for two seconds and suggested, "Would you like me to call

Madame Brighthall?"

Madame Brighthall was very sensitive about Brendan's health-just a call, and Brendan would be forced to go to the hospital.

Upon hearing it, Brendan finally responded. He opened his eyes and stared at Deirdre

for a while as if trying to see her through before he said, “What are you thinking about?” Deirdre repeated with downcast eyes, “Where is the coughing medicine?”

“Stop looking. They have all expired.”

“Expired?” Deirdre was startled. “How could they expire?”

“How could they not have expired?” Brendan smirked. “You were the one who has been managing this first-aid box and bought all those medicines. Since you have left, no one else is taking care of it anymore. Hence, those medicines would definitely expire.”

Deirdre’s eyes darkened for a moment, and she said, “Then I’ll call Sam to get some medicines.”

“Deirdre McKinnon, what are you thinking, actually?” Brendan had completely lost his patience. After a low-pitched wheezing sound, he said, “We’re divorced, aren’t we? I have given you what you wanted. What else is there to pretend? Now treat me like a stranger and don’t give me—”

Deirdre couldn’t hear what Brendan was trying to say toward the end because his voice was getting weaker and vague.

Because she didn’t know what was happening, she frowned tightly and bent down.

“What are you saying?”

The man no longer said anything. Deirdre only heard the sounds of muffled cough and shortness of breath.

Deirdre sensed something was wrong with Brendan when she got close to him. He was like a steady stream of hot fireballs. Trembling, she put her hand on Brendan’s forehead.

She withdrew her hand the next second because she was shocked.

It was very hot.

No wonder the first thing he did when he returned was to go upstairs to rest. No wonder he was in a bad mood. With such a high fever, it was difficult for him to maintain his sanity.

He hadn’t gotten better at all. Thus, he forcibly requested to be discharged from the hospital just to try his best to distance himself from her?

Deirdre thought she should be glad because they were no longer related. However, she couldn’t lift the corners of her mouth at all. Instead, her heart was beating rapidly, feeling

nervous that something would happen to Brendan.

She took out her phone. She was so panicked that she couldn’t dial the number steadily.

When she finally managed to calm herself, she dialed Sam’s number.

Sam accepted the call very quickly. “Miss McKinnon?”

Deirdre took a deep breath. “It’s me Sam. Do c-come back quickly. Brendan has a high fever. It’s very serious.”

### **Chapter 656 Don’t Be So Cruel in My Dream**

“I won’t take your words seriously, so it’s fine. However, please don’t let Brendan hear it, or you’ll enrage him.”

Sam choked, but Deirdre didn’t wish to continue with the topic.

“It’s very late now. You may just go back to rest. Just leave Brendan to me. I’ve slept enough to stay awake, so I can stay here to take care of him.”

Sam frowned. "But you'll have to take care of him throughout the night. What about calling my colleagues here so you can have a good night's sleep?"

"No, thanks." Deirdre rejected his offer. Looking at the ward, she said calmly, "This is what I owe him."

She didn't want to be involved in the relationship that had ended. However, Brendan had

come to rescue her when she was abducted, so it became a thorn in her heart. Hence, she wanted to try her best to pull it out.

She wanted the wound to be completely healed so she wouldn't feel any scab when touched.

After Sam left, Deirdre felt around to sit on the bedside.

Brendan was short of breath. When Deirdre heard his muffled breathing, she seemed to feel his pain suffering from a high fever.

A nurse came in to remove the needle and was surprised to see Deirdre. "You are blind?"

How can they let a blind person look after the patient?"

"It's me who took the initiative."

"It's not easy to look after a patient. You'll have to observe his body condition, whether he's still suffering from fever or not. Moreover, because the patient is still unconscious, you'll have to discover his condition yourself. Hence, it'll be very troublesome when you can't see," said the nurse.

Deirdre had not expected that it'd be so serious and clenched her fists. The nurse added, "Well, I'll come to check once every half an hour then. I'm on duty anyway."

"Thank you."

After the nurse left, Deirdre managed to calm herself down, but she didn't dare to relax.

She tensed up and tried her best to take care of Brendan by feeling his forehead with her hands from time to time.

It was in the second half of the night that Brendan's fever finally subsided.

When Deirdre was about to withdraw her hand, her fingertips accidentally touched Brendan's nose. As she went on touching all the way down his face, she somewhat felt that she was familiar with his face's outline. It was as if she had just touched it not long ago on another person's face.

Deirdre's arm froze in an instant. She couldn't help touching it more carefully. But as soon as she touched his face, Brendan suddenly moved.

Deirdre instantaneously regained her senses and asked, "Brendan, have you woken up?"

Deirdre didn't receive a reply and frowned with uneasiness. "Brendan?"

She stretched out her hand, and the next second, her hand was held by Brendan's hot palm. While gasping for breath, he opened his eyes. With his vision still rather blurred, he could barely see the outline of the woman in front of him. He froze for a moment before he smiled wryly and closed his eyes again.

"Am I dreaming?" His head was still heavy, and his voice sounded very weak. He muttered, "How could she be here?"

Deirdre was stupefied when she heard that. Following that, she realized that Brendan should be referring to Charlene.

'So, he is unable to let go, right?'

But as a man, the only thing he did right was to let Charlene be brought to justice.  
“Brendan, are you thirsty? Shall I get you a glass of water?”  
Brendan remained silent and frowned heavily while holding Deirdre’s hand, unwilling to let go.  
Deirdre had no alternative, so she bent down and said, “Brendan, let me go so I can get you a glass of water.”  
Following that, she tried to withdraw her hand.  
Brendan again opened his eyes and held he tightly. “Don’t go. “Deirdre, d-don’t go.  
PPlease don’t be so cruel in my dream.”

### **Chapter 657 Do You Hate Me?**

Deirdre was utterly stunned, not only because she had heard her name but also Brendan’s words.  
“Although he is never willing to show it, I’m clearly assured that he cares a lot about you.  
Since  
he cares, how could he be annoyed by your order? I’m afraid that he’d be happy about that.”  
At that moment, Sam’s voice seemed to be ringing in her ears.  
In a daze, she sat back in her seat. Brendan tightly held her hand until he completely fell asleep.  
After some time, Brendan was finally awake. He wasn’t surprised when he saw the familiar ceiling because he clearly knew his body’s health.  
Feeling his mouth dry, he tried to wake up. The next moment, he heard a voice from beside, asking, “Woke up? Would you like to drink some water?”  
‘This voice...’  
Brendan was shocked and turned to the source of the sound.  
He saw Deirdre was still wearing the same clothes as yesterday, her hair was coiled up, and she was sitting near the window.  
Brendan was astonished. ‘Why are you here?’  
“Isn’t it normal for me to be here? Before you passed out yesterday, I was the last person you saw. Naturally, I had to find someone to take you to the hospital and take care of you here.” Deirdre replied without taking it to her heart and asked Brendan again,  
“Thirsty?”  
Brendan’s mind was blank, and it took him a while to answer, “Yes.”  
“Let me get you a glass of water.”  
Brendan was only aware that the woman was Deirdre when the glass of water was handed to him. She was really here, and it wasn’t a hallucination that he saw Deirdre last  
night.  
But why would she stay back?  
“Isn’t your flight supposed to be this morning?”  
“I had Sam change it,” replied Deirdre in a calm manner.  
Brendan’s fingertips trembled, “Why?”  
“To pay back your kindness.”

“Kindness?”

Brendan held back his breath, wondering what kind of kindness he could have shown Deirdre.

Deirdre seemed to be aware of Brendan’s change and said as she clenched her fists, “Thank you for coming to rescue me when I was abducted.

“I only learned the truth from Declan. I thought you used me as a bargaining chip, but it turned out you didn’t.” She paused. “Sorry, I’ve misunderstood you.”

Disappointment and some other emotions flashed across Brendan’s black eyes.

“Is that all?”

Deirdre was startled for a moment, thinking of what else she could say.

“Not really. I also would like to thank you for your willingness to divorce me.”

Brendan chuckled weakly. No one knew how happy he was the moment he saw Deirdre in the room.

When he was happy, he was afraid that he would think too much and give himself false hope. It turned out that the answer was as expected.

“You don’t have to thank me.” He put down his glass and said with a downcast expression, “If you count it seriously, it’s me who owes you. It’s my atonement since I used to treat you badly.”

Deirdre moved a bit, but she didn’t say a thing.

‘What time is your flight?’ asked Brendan again.

“It’s four in the evening.”

“Four...” Brendan took a glance at the view outside. ‘We won’t be meeting again after you leave, will we?’

Deirdre fell into silence.

Anyway, Brendan might not want to hear the answer from her directly when he was asking the question.

Brendan chuckled again, “Do you hate me?”

Deirdre lowered her head and then her eyes. She couldn’t lie and said, “Yes.”

Brendan had ruined her for half of her life. Hence, she couldn’t say that she didn’t hate him.

“But no matter how much I hate you, I still have to repay your kindness. I’m different from

you. I don’t want to spend the rest of my life thinking about my guilt for you. I think we should end it now. From now on, I don’t owe you anything, and you shouldn’t come to me either.”

## **Chapter 658 Why Are You Crying**

‘I don’t owe you anything, and you shouldn’t come to me either...’

Brendan never thought that a sentence from him like that would deal such a blow to him.

His eyes reddened as he said, “What if I say... What if I say that I didn’t know anything about what happened to you in prison?”

“What?” Deirdre frowned blankly, and it took a long time before she could speak.

“Brendan, I don’t know why you are asking such a question. But even if you didn’t know, you can’t change the fact. You were the one who forced me to prison and be the

scapegoat. You also failed to protect my mother and made me an orphan in my early 20s.”

Deirdre counted his faults and mistakes and said calmly, “So, even if you didn’t know about it, you can never be innocent.”

“Yes.” Brendan felt his heart was about to be torn apart. He smiled and nodded. “I am sorry.”

Deirdre didn’t say anything else but took a deep breath. “Since you have woken up, and it’s late now, I should get going.”

“Okay.”

Deirdre walked out. The moment she stepped out of the door, Brendan suddenly called her name.

“Deirdre McKinnon!”

Her body stiffened.

“I love you.”

The door closed with a click. There was a crowd of people outside, and their voices as they talked were ringing in Deirdre’s ears as she walked in the direction of the elevator, according to her memory.

Halfway through, Sam came over. “Miss McKinnon!”

Deirdre stopped, and Sam got before her.

When Sam saw her face, he was startled. “Miss McKinnon, why are you crying?”

Crying?

Did she?

Deirdre only felt a warm stream running down the corners of her eyes before it cooled down extremely quickly. She stretched out her hand to rub it, and her fingertips were really wet.

She didn’t feel reluctant or excited. She was just feeling sad.

It was six years ago—no, to be exact, it was 12 years ago. Deirdre had been anticipating hearing the three words so much that she always looked forward to this relationship.

However, what did she get in exchange for her love? 2

Now that Brendan had told her he loved her, she no longer had feelings for him. In fact, she had to rely on Kyran so that she could love again.

Therefore, she could no longer respond and was unable to reciprocate Brendan’s love anymore.

“The wind was so strong that some sand got into my eyes.”

“The wind was strong?”

Sam was confused as he looked at the corridor surrounded by walls.

Deirdre didn’t want to dwell on it and asked, “Did you drive here?”

“Yes, let me send you.”

Deirdre followed Sam’s figure to the car.

When they got to the airport, Sam couldn’t help but ask, “Is this our last meeting?”

While suppressing his reluctance, Sam said happily before Deirdre could reply, “We men

don’t say anything hypocritical. Since you are determined to let go of the past, you should start well and live a new life! If you have any difficulties, just call me anytime. I’ll offer you any help, including your finances!”

Deirdre smiled even though she knew it was impossible to call Sam again.

Since she was determined to let go of the past, she would forget everything about Brendan, including the memories. If she was to go to Germia, she would have no chance

to meet Sam again.

But she would remember Sam's kindness in her heart regardless.

'Yes, you too.' Deirdre smiled, 'At this age, don't focus only on your career. You should also go and get yourself a partner.'

Sam scratched his head smilingly but didn't say anything. He might need a long time before he could consider falling in love again.

### **Chapter 660 Feeling That You Are Getting Further Away**

'Thinking this means you aren't treating me as a friend anymore. No matter how busy I am, I will rush over to pick you up as soon as you call me.'

Deirdre was touched. 'Thanks.'

'You're welcome! C'mon, let's go. Let's go to the car first!'

Upon sitting on the passenger seat, Glenna asked inadvertently, 'Have you dealt with everything over there?'

'Yes,' Deirdre replied in a calm manner as if nothing had happened. 'Everything has been resolved.'

'That's great. Hmm? Shall we get some nice food to celebrate?'

'No.' Looking tired, Deirdre smiled. 'I'm quite tired from not sleeping for one whole day. Let's talk about it later after I've gotten enough rest.'

Glenna was quite surprised but didn't insist. She hurriedly sent Deirdre to the door.

'Do rest early!'

'Sure.'

Deirdre closed the door and stopped smiling only after Glenna had gotten into her car. Following that, she sat on the ground with her head in her arms.

She had rested for almost two whole days.

During this period, she hadn't switched on her phone. She merely lay on the bed, eating and drinking.

Perhaps she needed another day, just one day, to comfort herself.

When Deirdre rolled over on the bed, she heard the doorbell downstairs. She struggled to get up, thinking that it might be Glenna again.

She couldn't be contacted for two days, so Glenna should be anxious about her safety.

After simply getting a set of plain clothes, she went downstairs to open the door.

'Coming.'

When she opened the door and looked up, she saw a tall and strong silhouette, which obviously didn't belong to a woman.

Deirdre's pupils contracted violently. As if hit by something, she felt numb.

'K-Kyran?' Deirdre's lips were trembling as she asked, 'Is that you?'

Kyran didn't answer. She rushed forward and hugged him hard with all her strength. Her face was wet with tears.

'Why have you been away for so long!? Do you know how much I miss you? Don't leave

me alone the next time something happens, and I won't leave you anymore!'

She cried heartfully.

Trembling, Kyran held her in his arms tightly and lowered his head to smell her scent.  
“Deirdre, I missed you.”

He sounded husky as if he was seriously ill.

Deirdre sniffed. “Are you sick?”

“No. My throat is just tired because I didn’t have time to rest after catching the plane.”

Kyran wiped the tears from the corners of her eyes. “Crybaby, stop crying. I won’t leave you in the future either.”

Deirdre was delighted and embarrassed at the same time. Realizing that her action was abnormal, she wiped her tears. “Okay, I’ll stop crying. Have you eaten, by the way?”

“No.”

“Then go upstairs and change into your pajamas while I’ll make something for you to eat in the kitchen.”

Deirdre rummaged through the refrigerator for ingredients and set up a pot to heat oil. After Kyran changed his clothes, he stayed by her side, never leaving her. Whenever she had some free time, he would come up to her and hug her from the back.

“What’s wrong?”

Deirdre was surprised that Kyran was extraordinarily clingy.

“Nothing,” said Kyran gently. “It’s just I haven’t been doing it for a long time.

I missed you so much that I want to be closer to you now.”

‘To be closer to me?’

“I always feel that I’m far away from you, so far that I can’t see you,” said Kyran.

Deirdre turned around and hugged Kyran. “Why do you say that?”

With the last trace of emotion in his black eyes, Kyran replied, “Just treat me as being too sensitive and worrying too much about gains and losses.”

Deirdre held his exceptionally cold hands and said sincerely, “Kyran, do I not give you enough sense of security? The only possibility is you dump me because I will never leave you.”

Deirdre remembered something, and her expression changed for a moment. She said swiftly, “Unless you don’t want me anymore.”

“Why would I not want you anymore?” Kyran chuckled casually as if he had just heard a joke.

Deirdre could not bring herself to smile all along. She knew that the warm, affectionate time would pass anyhow. She knew that she would have to tell Kyran about the situation

in the end, no matter how long she could drag this on.

‘How can a man allow his girlfriend to be with another man when they are still dating...’

Deirdre’s lips trembled at that thought. She turned around and pretended as if nothing had happened.

“You should go to the living room. The kitchen’s fumes are not good for you. I’ll serve the

food when I’m done cooking.”

“I’ll keep you company here.”

Deirdre was extremely vexed. “Be good. How about you go out and get us some drinks?”

“Drinks?” Kyran furrowed his eyebrows. “What do you need that for?”

"I feel like drinking all of a sudden. Will you have a drink with me?"

Deirdre smiled mischievously.

Kyran tucked a strand of hair behind her ear and said with an affectionate gaze, "I'll get some drinks, but it would be best for you not to drink too much."

"Hmm..."

Kyran got dressed and headed out.

Deirdre's smile faded, and she breathed deeply over and over again to warn herself to be calm. Yet, her eyes reddened with tears at the thought of how Kyran would leave her.

What else could she do, and where else could she go without Kyran?

Yet, she would feel guilty for the rest of her life if she were to hide it from Kyran. She refused to let Kyran live in deceit either.

Deirdre was only jolted back to reality when the water in the pot boiled over.

The door was opened, and Kyran entered the house, saying, "It's much colder this year than before. I didn't expect that it was already springtime when I was out."

Deirdre walked out of the kitchen and approached him with a smile. "Thank you for doing this."

"Would you like me to uncork the bottle now?"

"Yes, please."

Deirdre took a seat and gulped down one glass first.

She choked and teared up on the burning sensation of the liquor.

Kyran cupped her face anxiously and asked, "Why are you in such a rush? This is a high-alcohol content drink."

"It's fine. I'm happy."

Kyran's dark eyes lit up and dimmed. "Why are you happy?"

Deirdre leaned on him and said, "I'm happy that you're back and that I get to see you again. I feel that it is alright for me to die now..."

"Deirdre?" Kyran was displeased. His flawlessly handsome face still appeared solemn under the warm lighting. "You're not going to die. My return is only the beginning, and we're going to have a great future together."

'Great future together...'

Deirdre leaned her head on his shoulder and said, "We should break up, Kyran."

As soon as she made the remark, Kyran's body shook once. Soon afterward, he was overwhelmed with anxiety and restlessness. He grabbed her arms tightly and asked, "Are you joking, Deirdre?"

Deirdre's lips were trembling, and she looked at Kyran with glistening eyes. "Do you think that I'm joking?"

Kyran wrapped his arms around her so tightly as if he was afraid that she would vanish right there and then when her voice died away.

He could not keep his cool. "Why? Give me a reason."

Deirdre shut her eyes. "If we end this now, will I still have a place in your heart and leave

a favorable impression on you?"

Noticing the dejection in her tone, Kyran tucked a strand of hair behind her ear and said, "What is happening? What's going on?"

Deirdre clutched the hem of her top tightly. "I slept with someone else, Kyran."  
Kyran fell silent.

Deirdre felt her heart wrench in pain during the monetary silence. She respected Kyran's reaction and wiped away her tears calmly.

"I think that I should return to Village Alnwick. I still haven't finished fixing my mother's yard... Madame Russell is waiting for me too..."

Before Deirdre's voice died away, Kyran's lips kissed hers. Deirdre wrapped an arm around his neck and sobbed for the last time with her trembling lips.

When the kiss ended, she said calmly, "I'm leaving tomorrow."

Kyran took a deep breath, and his astounded, dark eyes turned bleak. "Stop joking with me."

"I'm not joking with you." Deirdre was solemn. "I'm telling the truth."

"I shall believe you didn't take it upon yourself and do it on purpose." Kyran wiped away the tear streaks on her face affectionately. "Deirdre, I won't let you go. I'll never do that again."

Deirdre was stunned. Soon afterward, tears streamed down her face uncontrollably, and her shoulders were bouncing from how novelx0 profusely she cried.

Kyran wrapped his arms around her while Deirdre asked in a muffled voice, "Why? Why do you trust me so much?"

Kyran said, "It's because you're Deirdre, and that is all the reason I need."

He loosened his embrace and asked when she grew tired from crying, "So, are you going to tell me what is going on now?"

Deirdre explained everything that had occurred recently in detail to him without hiding anything. Kyran listened quietly without expressing any surprise as if he was also a part of the events.

When Deirdre was done, Kyran chuckled and said, "Silly girl, you wanted to get a divorce so you could be with me. You did it for me. As for being drugged, you didn't take it upon yourself or did it on purpose. You're also a victim, so why would I blame you for that? It has passed and won't change anything. The same goes for me."

Deirdre still had tear streaks on her face and sounded astounded as she said, "You really don't mind it!?"

"I don't mind at all." 1

Deirdre's voice sounded shaky. "Why are you so good to me?"

Kyran paused for a moment, his dark eyes filled with self-mockery. "If you knew the truth,

you'd understand that I've never been a good person."

"What?"

Kyran's mood recovered quickly. "Nothing. I said that it's my fault that you had to suffer hardships because I couldn't keep you company at all times when I was busy with Germia all this time."

Deirdre felt warm and fuzzy in her chest. She mustered the courage to grab the hem of Kyran's shirt despite feeling anxious.

"So, Kyran, will you still... touch me?"

Deirdre had a scarlet blush. She was already so embarrassed that she could not raise

her head upon saying that. "I would like to give everything of myself to you from now on. My body and my heart are all yours from today onward."

Kyran was surprised. His gaze dimmed as he looked at Deirdre's shy behavior. "Are you sure?"

"Hmm." Deirdre nodded and clutched her fists tightly in anxiety, yet she answered without the slightest hesitation, "I'm very sure."

Kyran took a sip of the drink and leaned over her. A moment before he kissed her, he said, 'You'll regret it.'

A night of passion passed.

Deirdre opened her eyes and figured that it should be noon after estimating the time.

She moved her body shyly and discovered that Kyran was not by her side.

She felt slightly disappointed.

On the other hand, Deirdre found Kyran's 'You'll regret it' very familiar and felt as if she had heard it somewhere before.

Everything that had happened last night felt as if it had been repeated countless times.

She and Kyran were so compatible she did not feel any awkwardness at their first consummation. It felt as if they had known each other for many years, and they were one...

Deirdre patted her head to stop herself from indulging in wild conjectures.

Kyran trusted Deirdre, so she should trust Kyran wholeheartedly just the same.

Her knees buckled when she turned around and got out of bed, so she sat again on the bed.

Kyran opened the door just in time to witness that. He let out a muffled peal of laughter and said, "Do you need some help?"

"It's fine!" Deirdre said quickly. She wished she could bury herself in embarrassment and

said softly, "I can walk... I haven't touched the ground for a long time, so my legs are slightly weak..."

"Is that so?" Kyran held back his laughter when he spoke. "It must be because I was too hard on you last night. I didn't know that you were so fragile. Should I be more gentle next time?"

Deirdre was extremely embarrassed. "What do you mean next time? I don't understand."

She wanted to run into the bathroom, but Kyran wrapped his arm around her waist and pulled her into his embrace first.

"Why are you running away?" He kissed her forehead smilingly.

Deirdre bit her lower lip. "You're mean. You tease me when you know I'm shy."

"What's there to be shy of when you're going to be my wife in the future, and it's only perfectly justified for us to do this?" Kyran bit her lip once and said, "Or are you telling me that I didn't please you enough?"

Deirdre had a hard time speaking.

She had no idea what the definition of 'pleasing' was, but she found that yesterday was indeed... enjoyable.

She buried her head in Kyran's chest because she was too embarrassed.

Kyran caressed her hair and suddenly said, "I'm scared, Deirdre."

“Scared?” Deirdre was jolted back to reality and raised her head to ask, “What’s going on? Why are you scared?”

Kyran looked at Deirdre’s face with lust and said after a long time, “I’m scared that everything of mine will disappear eventually. I feel like I’m a bad man who receives something that isn’t supposed to be mine.”

“Isn’t it supposed to be yours?” Deirdre blinked and stretched out her hand to touch Kyran’s face. “Are you referring to me?”

“Hmm.”

Deirdre felt astonished upon receiving the answer. She felt rather and said with puffedup cheeks, “Why do you feel that way? Kyran, I naturally belong to you. If not, why would

I...”

She bit her lower lips.

Kyran regained his smile, and the dimness in his dark eyes vanished. He bit her lip.

“I’m joking with you.”

Deirdre felt relieved and punched him. “You’ve gone too far.”

Kyran held her hands and kissed her on the side of her lips.

Meanwhile, the doorbell downstairs suddenly rang.

“Someone’s here?”

Kyran loosened his grip novelxo. “It’s possibly Declan. However, didn’t he mention that he’s going to Village Alnwick today?”

Deirdre was confused. Both of them went downstairs, with Kyran holding Deirdre’s hand.

He had just opened the door when Glenna’s voice was heard saying, “Deirdre, are you home? You almost scared me to death. I left you to rest for two days, yet you turned off your phone. You can’t be—”

Glenna’s voice halted to a stop instantly.

The smile on her face was frozen as she looked at the man before her.

Then, she was astounded and confused. “Why are you here? Deirdre?

You’re not... Why are you still with him?”

“What?” Deirdre was stunned for a moment. She was extremely confused by Glenna’s reaction.

“Do you know Kyran?”

“Who’s Kyran? He’s not-”

“Glenna.”

All of a sudden, Declan’s voice came from behind her. He came in a rush and breathed heavily before saying, “Didn’t I tell you to wait for me? Why did you come rushing over by

yourself?”

Glenna looked at Kyran with wide eyes and then looked at Deirdre before answering,

“I...”

I wanted to call Deirdre before coming and notify her, but I discovered her phone was turned off. She didn’t pick up my call, and I was worried. Thus, I came first.”

Deirdre smiled and said, “I turned off my phone before the flight took off yesterday, and I forgot to turn it back on.”

“Why are you so careless?” Glenna heaved a sigh and could not refrain from asking, “Have both of you reconciled?”

“Us?” Deirdre was confused. “Who? Kyran and I? Haven’t we always been very good with each other?”

“But-”

“Glenna, come with me outside. I have something that I would like to talk to you about.” Declan caught Glenna by surprise by interrupting her such that her words were stuck in her throat.

Deirdre was utterly confused. She could only feel Kyran’s grip on her hand growing stronger without his notice.

“Kyran, my hand hurts.”

Kyran loosened his grip abruptly after he was reminded by Deirdre and said gently, “I’m sorry.”

Deirdre shook her head smilingly and said to Declan and Glenna, “Why do you have to talk outside? It’s so cold outside. You should come inside and talk. It’s almost time for lunch anyway. Stay so you can have a taste of my cooking together.”

Declan said smilingly, “It seems that I came at the right time today. I’m in luck for a feast.”

“Yes.” Deirdre said, “We bought some drinks too yesterday. It’s a good time to celebrate now that we have all finally gathered after more than a month.”

Deirdre went to work by rolling up her sleeves and giving instructions to Kyran so he could help her to grab her apron. She tied up her apron and began bustling about in the kitchen. She suddenly remembered that she had a flour bag stored in the second floor’s utility room.

She clapped to turn off the stove and walked upstairs.

She walked past a room and heard the ferocious quarrel coming from inside.

Deirdre halted to a stop and heard Glenna say, “Why are you doing this? What you’re doing will make her live in deceit for the rest of her life. Do you think this is fair for her?”

It was Deirdre’s first time hearing Glenna lose her temper. She remembered that Glenna

was a well-tempered person and was always positive and bubbly, as if she would never experience any frustration in her life.

Deirdre could not help feeling alarmed by Glenna’s sudden change.

She walked closer and heard Declan’s gentle voice saying, “What do you think is fair? What is unfair? I think that it would be unfair to reveal the truth to her. It will be cruel to her. You should continue to get on with her for some time. You will then discover that this

is the best life for her.”

“The best?” Glenna was so furious that she laughed. “You’ve disappointed me too much,

Mr. King. I never imagined that you’d say something like this ... Do you think she will be happy because you fabricated a novelxo happy environment filled with countless lies? Do you have the courage to let her find out the truth? Do you?”

Declan said in a slightly indifferent tone, “Glenna, you’re being too emotional.”

“Emotional?” Glenna was crestfallen. ‘You will never understand how cruel this is for a woman.”

Deirdre was utterly perplexed. 'What do they mean by fair and unfair? What does she mean by fabricating a happy environment? What does he mean by having the courage to let her find out the truth?

'Who is the "her" that they are referring to?\*

Deirdre clenched her fists tightly without her notice and wanted to listen closer.

"Deirdre!"

All of a sudden, Kyran walked out of another room and grabbed her arm in agitation after

seeing her. "Why are you here?"

"Me?" Deirdre furrowed her eyebrows. She was in pain from Kyran's grip. "I'm here to get some flour. I'm out of flour in the kitchen."

Kyran asked in an exploratory manner, "So did you... overhear anything?"

"I'd almost forget if you didn't bring it up." Deirdre said softly, "I overheard Glenna and Mr. King quarreling. Do you know what's going on between them?"

"Is that all?" Kyran stared at Deirdre closely with his dark eyes and felt relieved when he noticed there was nothing strange about her expression. He hugged her tightly.

Deirdre wrapped her arms around his back and felt the man's wide, muscular back shaking ever so slightly.

She asked, "Are you shaking, Kyran?"

Kyran did not answer, but the door of the room opened up.

Glenna and Declan did not express any surprise after seeing them, as if they had already heard the commotion outside the room.

Deirdre explained shyly, "I wasn't eavesdropping on purpose, but I came for some flour. novelxo However... Since I've already overheard your conversation, I won't beat around the bush anymore. Are you... quarreling? Are you okay?"

Glenna's expression was ghastly pale and very unpleasant. Her red lips were tightly pursed, and she took a glance at Kyran before she asked with her fists clenched,

"Deirdre, you and him... Him being Mr. Reed, are you happy being with him?"

Deirdre had no idea why Glenna would ask this question out of nowhere. Soon afterward, she cracked a happy smile and said, "Yes, of course."

Glenna took a deep breath. "It's great that you're happy... It's great that you're happy..."

Deirdre furrowed her eyebrows and asked, "What's going on with you, Glenna?"

"I'm fine." Glenna could not bear to stay there even for a moment longer. "I suddenly remembered I still have some affairs to attend to at the company. I'm going back to work."

"Aren't you going to stay for lunch? What's so urgent?"

"It's fine." Glenna declined the invitation. She was afraid she would be saddened by one more sight of Deirdre and felt she was one of the accomplices.

Glenna was worried she was behaving differently and would stir Deirdre's suspicion, so she regained her usual smile and said, "You know about work. In a capitalist world, when

work calls for you at 6:00, you'll be doomed if you're there at 6:15! I'll come and taste your cooking next time, alright?"

"Alright." Deirdre said, "Mr. King will send you there then."

"It's fine!" Glenna had a huge reaction and refused to take a glance at Declan. "I'll just

get a cab. I shall make a move now.”

Upon saying that, she left in a rush without giving Declan a chance to go after her. A momentary silence ensued.

Declan chuckled and attempted to mediate the situation. “Glenna is such a lively person that she can walk so quickly, even in high heels. If she were to change into running shoes, I’m afraid that I wouldn’t be able to catch up to her anymore.”

Deirdre chuckled. “Why would she need to change into running shoes? You still can’t catch up to her now, right?”

“What did you say? Brendan and Deirdre are divorced?” Charlene got up in astonishment, her handcuffs rattling while she struggled to get up. Her skinny face made

her huge eyes pop, and she appeared terrifying under the white light.

“Have you misheard? How can that be possible?”

Mitch said nonchalantly, “It can’t be a mistake. My subordinates witnessed them entering

the courthouse, and they were still legally married at that time. Could it be they were there for something else? I checked Brendan’s personal information and found that his status has already returned to being single.”

“It can’t be!” Charlene sat on the chair once again, bit her nails, and muttered to herself, “It can’t be... They’ve already fooled around with each other for a long time, and that is why they shut me in this terrifying place! Why would they get a divorce when they’re already together?”

She had been recalling her last encounter with Brendan non-stop to figure out if something was strange about the meeting.

She had been too emotional at the time, in fear that Brendan would leave her. After calming down, she realized that Brendan was stunned by Deirdre’s presence and seemed restless, as if he was scared of something.

‘Kyran... Brendan...’

Charlene’s pupils shook violently. “Get someone to keep watch on Deirdre, quickly! Look

into the man named Kyran, who is always with her while you’re at it!”

“Uh...” Mitch leaned against the chair and expressed his amusement. “Charlene, you must be joking with me, right? Do you know that someone is protecting Deirdre? Let alone keeping watch on her. I don’t even f\*ck\*ng know where she is.”

“I know you have your ways of doing it!” Charlene was extremely agitated and struck the table while she shouted, “Mitch! We’re in the same boat. Don’t you dare be unappreciative after helping you frequently in Brendan’s name!”

Mitch had his legs crossed and said in a cynical tone, “It seems that you’re of no use to me now. Brendan has left you, so why should I stay? Besides, do you think that you can still seduce me with your beauty like you did in the past? Eight out of ten of the hostesses at the club have a plasticsurgery face like yours.” i

“You!”

Charlene was furious that Mitch would compare her to the hostesses at the club because

he used to try to please her so badly.

In her current abject state, she lost everything after losing Brendan. She put up with it and softened her voice when she said, "I still have my use. Don't worry. Just do as I said, and I promise that Brendan will come back to me obediently." In the next few days, Glenna did not call Deirdre even once, nor did she pay a visit. Deirdre could not stand it anymore and called up Glenna, but the latter was hesitant while speaking to her. She made up a bunch of excuses and lied about being busy to hide her recent, unusual behavior.

Deirdre did not believe the excuses, but Glenna would always end the calls in a rush. She could not manage to get an answer, so she reached out to Declan.

Declan spoke in his usual, gentle tone. "Glenna? She's been very busy with work recently, I guess. It's the start of the year, after all. The company is receiving a lot of orders, so she will need to work extra hours for some time. She will be fine when the busy period is over."

Deirdre said in a soft voice, "Don't lie to me, Mr. King. Tell me the truth. Are you two... in

some sort of a conflict?"

Declan kept quiet.

Deirdre asked, "Both of you were constantly debating about fairness on that day. What does that mean?"

Declan hesitated for a short while before telling her, "We did get into a small conflict, and

it was mostly my fault. You don't need to be bothered by this, Miss McKinnon. As for Glenna... I'll clarify the situation with her by paying a visit to her personally."

Declan called over Fionn after ending the call.

"What is Glenna's food preference?"

Fionn raised his head abruptly, and his body trembled. "Sir, what... What's going on?"

Declan was amused by how Fionn was sensitive to Glenna's name. "Why are you so anxious? Are you worried that I'll go after your Glenna?"

"Why would I!" Fionn muttered, "I know how you conduct yourself very well, sir..."

He was worried that Glenna had done something inappropriate because he knew Glenna too well, after all.

"She likes prunes."

"Prunes?" Declan was troubled. Glenna did not play by the rules, just as he had expected. "How am I going to get prunes when it's spring?"

"Prune-flavored dessert works too." Fionn said, "You can get it downstairs."

"Sure."

Declan had always been a doer. He packed up the documents and headed downstairs to

get some prune-flavored dessert before driving to Glenna's company.

"Glenna!"

Glenna was sitting absentmindedly in front of the computer when her colleague approached her in excitement. "A handsome man is looking for you at the door!"

"Handsome man?" Glenna was stunned for a moment. She thought about her recent suitors and figured that it could only be that unshakable rich kid and said shyly, 'You're kidding me. How is that a handsome man... I shall buy you dinner tonight if you can get

rid of him for me. Thanks!"

'You can't be getting rid of a fine, handsome man like that, right?' The colleague covered

her mouth, chuckled to herself, and said, "Can I have him if you don't want him?"

"Hold on..." Glenna called over the colleague because she knew her colleague's beauty standard for men. "It's not Joshua West?"

The colleague said in contempt, "What? How can you compare that man to my Adonis? Ms. Glaser, I highly advise you to apologize to my Adonis at once. Otherwise, I'm going to punish you for slandering my Adonis!"

It was possible that Glenna would become a harmonious whole in the past, but she was not in the mood to do so recently. However, she had come to realize immediately that the

incoming person was not Joshua, all thanks to her colleague.

Yet, who else could it be if not Joshua?

It was a man who was addressed as 'Adonis' by her colleague...

That person's figure emerged in Glenna's mind almost instantaneously. Soon afterward, her expression turned unpleasant, and she shook her head to get rid of the thoughts.

He could not possibly have come here, and he would not have come either.

"I shall take a look."

She got up from her chair and grabbed her jacket to head out. She got into an elevator and headed downstairs. She could not help feeling stunned when she saw the figure standing at the lobby's entrance.

Declan turned his head as well.

The moment their eyes met, Glenna immediately recovered from her surprise and turned

around in preparation to get into the elevator.

Declan said, "Glenna, I feel that constantly hiding is not going to work. What do you think? I brought you your favorite dessert. Let's go out and talk. It will only take you ten minutes."

Glenna stood in the same spot, her palms sweaty. She was overwhelmed with inner struggles and torment when she said, "My superior doesn't allow me to leave my position

during working hours, so-

"When do you get off work? I'll wait for you so we can grab dinner together while we're at it."

"In two hours. You should go back first. I'll reach out to you myself."

Declan smiled and said, "It might take years for you to reach out to me. I shall wait for you instead."

Glenna was vexed. "As you wish. I shall go back to work now."

She pressed the elevator button desperately and walked straight into it in anger. She felt

mentally exhausted the moment the elevator door was shut.

She returned to her cubicle on the fourth floor, and her colleague approached her swiftly.

“How was it?”

“How was what?”

The colleague winked at her. ‘You’re still going to put on airs with me, huh? It’s your boyfriend, right? Is that fine, handsome man here to see you so he can ask you out on a date?’

“No.” Glenna’s head was throbbing, and she made up an excuse. “My childhood friend is

his subordinate. He is free today and helping my friend deliver some stuff.”

“I see.” The colleague sympathized with Glenna, but she was rather excited as well.

“So,

does that mean that I stand a chance again?”

“Yes.” Glenna smirked. “Hence, your chance to get his number is upon you now.”

The colleague looked at Glenna and checked herself in the mirror before returning to her

cubicle.

“Forget it! I should know my place. Aside from my qualities, I’m not lucky enough to strike

gold. Even if I do manage to strike gold, I will be constantly panic-stricken about some cunning woman trying to seduce my handsome man. I will die from a heart attack in less than half a month, and it’s not a worthy cause!”

The staff members in the office began to engage in a discussion after one colleague stopped chattering.

Glenna had just realized that Declan was really waiting for her downstairs.

She could not bear to go through the reports anymore because she could not figure out Declan’s goal in coming here.

‘He’s not going to choose to let Deirdre find out the truth, nor is he going to change anything. Is he here to convince me, then? Am I really that important?’

At that thought, Glenna patted her face and suppressed the ineffable feeling in her chest.

She headed to the restroom to wash her face.

It was already time to get off work by the time she returned to the office. A group of colleagues were discussing the dinner location and asked for Glenna’s opinion.

She shook her head and said, “Count me out. I still didn’t get around to amending the project, so I’m going to put in the extra hours for a while. You guys can go ahead”

‘You shouldn’t trouble yourself too much either. If you really can’t finish it, you can do it tomorrow morning. We will only need to hand it in next week anyway, so there is no rush.’

“Hmm.” Glenna smiled. She just wanted to hide from Declan.

When everyone else had left, she amended and saved the documents that she had managed to go through, and by the time she got up, it was already dark outside.

Glenna put on her coat and got into the elevator head downstairs. She got out of the elevator and saw the man at the lobby’s entrance at one glance. He was dressed in a suit and had a tall, slender figure. His fingers were frozen pink, and the cold-toned complexion of his delicate facial features was stained red from the cold. She could see it clearly.

Declan stood upright when he saw Glenna. "You're here, just in time. We can head to dinner right away. It's just that the dessert that I got you has already gotten cold."

Glenna's lips were trembling, and she was having a hard time speaking.

Declan said smilingly, "You're not going to go back on your word after promising me, right?"

In the end, Glenna did not decline his dinner invitation. They headed to a restaurant nearby, and as soon as they sat down, Declan unboxed the dessert and asked, "Would you like to try this? I heard this is their most recommended dessert, and it was already the last piece left when I arrived."

Declan pushed the dessert to Glenna, but she did not accept it. On the contrary, she raised her head and asked, "Can you tell me now that there's no one else here, Mr. King?"

"Tell you what?" Declan lay back on the seat, his interest piqued. He continued to smile and said, "I've never shared a meal with you with just the two of us, even after being acquainted with you for so long. I want to seize the opportunity when I'm free to ask you out for a meal. That should not be something that is especially hard to understand, right?"

Glenna found it cynical.

If this incident had never happened, she would have been so delighted that her hands would shake if Declan were to wait for her and ask her out to have a meal with just the two of them.

"Mr. King, I'm a person who is very fond of good-looking people. I will always form the first impression of someone based on their looks. Hence, I was under the assumption that you were always a gentle, considerate, and kind gentleman.

Declan raised his gaze in surprise. "So, you're saying that I'm not anymore?"

You still are."

Declan cracked a smile. "It sounds rather self-contradictory."

He did not put the topic novelxo of conversation to rest for a long time, but he announced his goal, "Glenna, I know that you are greatly displeased with me because of

that incident. I would like to explain to you the relationship between Brendan and Deirdre. It's definitely not as simple as you may have imagined. We, as outsiders, can't get involved and even less intervene in their relationship. I hope that you can understand that."

"I can't understand..." Glenna shook her head. "I know that I'd never be able to accept being deceived like this if it were me."

"However, you're still choosing to keep quiet, just like us." Declan enunciated his words clearly when he said, "Hence, you must know that it's cruel to reveal the truth to Deirdre."

"That is only because you've already weaved a web of lies and, in turn, forced me to have no choice but to keep it hidden with you!" Glenna came to realize something in the midst of chaos, her eyes glistening. "So, your goal of waiting for me is so I can accept the truth?"

Declan came up with a rather standard answer.

"Miss McKinnon needs you still." He said, "She called me today and told me about how you've been acting off recently. She's very worried about you as a friend. I feel that we shouldn't affect her usually calm life anyhow, don't you think so?"

Glenna felt her heart sink.

She had naively assumed that Declan perhaps cared about her at the very least, which was why he would try to explain the painful topic to her willingly.

"So..." Glenna's voice was shaky when she said, "So, you're only here to see me to solve this issue. You've never found yourself to be at fault, right?"

"A deceit will always be wrong. However, as I've said, we don't have a right to intervene as outsiders."

Declan looked at the tears she held back in her eyes calmly. "Glenna, you're an adult and a childhood friend of Fionn. I hope you won't ruin your friendship with Miss McKinnon because you're doing it out of momentary spite."

Glenna clenched her fist tightly and looked at Declan's extremely calm face. She finally understood what Fionn had been implying in the past.

Declan was too heartless. Or, he could be described as a man who had seen it all such that he was so infuriatingly calm when he dealt with everything. He was so calm that he had lost the reactions and emotions that a person should have, i

Glenna smirked and said, "I understand. It seems I shouldn't have come to have a meal with you. We're not the same kind of people from the start."

She grabbed her jacket in preparation to leave, while Declan caught her off guard by saying, "Glenna, you have a crush on me, right?"

When Glenna heard the remark, she felt her emotions boiling in her chest, i

Declan said nonchalantly, "Since you have a crush on me, you may continue to have a crush on me then. We can go back exactly as we were and maintain our previous relationship. As long as you're willing to pretend as if nothing has happened, I will even agree to give you a chance at dating me." i

Glenna breathed deeply and came to realize what the term 'overwhelming coldness' meant.

In Declan's eyes, her feelings for him were akin to a transaction.

Glenna glared at Declan in rage, with tears streaming down her face. "You have utterly no idea what love is... Mr. King!"

Declan was momentarily stunned upon seeing her tears. He then cracked a smile and said, "If I don't know what love is, no one else will know then. I know what love is even more after experiencing some events. Love is of no great importance and can be used to

trade for happiness. Isn't love good for keeping everyone happy?

"If one insists on mutual loving at all times, the loss will outweigh the gain, and love will lose its meaning."

He sought the advantages and avoided the disadvantages of love like a businessman by

giving a well-reasoned statement.

Glenna shook her head with all her might. She discovered that there was nothing else for her to say to Declan, so she left in strides with her jacket in her arm.

Declan said when she walked outside, "Don't let Miss McKinnon wait for too long until

she grows anxious. She's still worried about you."

The door was slammed.

Declan poured himself a drink and finished it in one gulp. Glenna's remark was still playing in his head constantly.

"You have utterly no idea what love is... Mr. King!"

Declan pondered for a moment. "Don't I?"

He sneered and thought about Laura's doings. He thought about how she chose to be on the opposing side quickly when she had a choice between him and Ci Lian. He poured another drink.

'If I don't know what love is, so be it. This is just what I want now, at the very least.'

A few days passed, and Deirdre finally received a call from Glenna on her own initiative. Deirdre's anxious mind was finally set at ease when she heard Glenna's voice.

"Glenna, how are you?"

Glenna chuckled dryly and said, "I'm fine. I feel bad for making you worried. I was too busy with work... a while back."

Deirdre accepted the excuse and said smilingly, "It's fine that you're busy with work for a

short while, as long as you're still willing to call me."

"Why would I not be willing to call you? I treat you like a friend from the bottom of my heart." Glenna felt choked up upon saying that.

Deirdre said, "Are you free today? Would you like to come over for dinner at my place tonight?"

"Will Kyran be there as well?"

"Of course. He's living with me." Deirdre paused for a moment. "Or would you like to meet me with just the two of us?"

"No, I'm only asking casually." Glenna chuckled forcefully. "I'll be there tonight.

Remember to cook me my favorite stuffed eggplant. It's been a long time since I last had

it, and I miss having it."

Deirdre could not help laughing. "Sure."

After ending the call, Kyran came upstairs. He tilted her chin and kissed her before saying, "I overheard you talking on the phone with someone when I came out of the study. Who was it? You sounded happy."

"It was Glenna. She has finally come around after so many days." Deirdre had a faint smile on her face and felt an ineffable joy in her.

Kyran's dark eyes dimmed for a moment, and he asked in a seemingly casual manner, "What did you talk about on the phone?"

Deirdre did not notice the difference in Kyran's tone because she was distracted with joy.

She turned on the tap and washed her hands. "Oh, nothing much. She was busy with work and didn't have much time to talk. I invited her to come over for dinner tonight. We should invite Declan while we're at it so they can bury the hatchet and resolve all their previous grievances."

"Sure." Kyran was relieved. "I shall call up Declan now."

"Hmm."

He headed to the balcony to make the call. When he returned, Deirdre had already begun to put on her coat, and he could tell that she was heading out judging by her action.

“Where are you going?”

Deirdre said, “Grocery shopping. We need to get some ingredients since both of them are coming. Moreover, Glenna has requested stuffed eggplants, and we have run out of eggplants in our fridge.”

“I’ll come with you,” Kyran said without hesitation. He grabbed his jacket upstairs, got Deirdre a scarf while he was at it, and wrapped it around her neck.

The couple headed out together. The sun was very warm, and Deirdre squinted comfortably. Many people turned around and looked at them frequently along the way because they made a beautiful couple.

After entering the supermarket, Kyran pushed the shopping cart while Deirdre was right by his side. They headed to the daily necessities section when they were done with the cooking ingredients.

“Kyran, I was wondering if we should get another bag of flour as a backup. I feel that it will still be some time before we move to Germia.”

Deirdre walked ahead and suddenly felt the man’s footsteps halt.

“Kyran?”

Kyran furrowed his eyebrows and looked around him. When he was jolted back to reality,

he regained his usual expression. “Yes.”

“What’s going on with you? Why did you stop suddenly? Is it because you saw something that you wanted to get?”

“No.” Kyran made up an novelxo excuse. “I thought my shoelace was loose.”

“I see.” Deirdre paid no attention to that and instructed Kyran to grab some toothbrushes and towels.

Kyran placed the items in the shopping cart after retrieving them, yet his gaze was constantly drifting elsewhere. “Wait for me here. I’m going out for a short while.”

“Where are you going?”

“I’m going to the restroom because I don’t feel so well.”

Deirdre was stunned for a moment. She nodded despite feeling strange.

Kyran walked in the direction that stirred his suspicion, and his speculation was right.

Someone was taking photos of them in secret.

Who was their mystery photographer?

Kyran had no idea. He knew that if the pictures were to be leaked to the public, it would spell trouble.

Deirdre stood still and waited for Kyran’s return patiently. It was a great moment to immerse herself in-she liked being a part of the bustling scene. It made her feel alive.

She heard footsteps drawing near and thought it was Kyran. Unexpectedly, it was a middle-aged woman. “Fine day, young lady. The man who was with you... Is his name ‘Kyran Reed’?”

She was gregarious enough, but her choice of words triggered Deirdre’s defense. She frowned warily and asked, “Can I help you?”

“Oh, no! It’s nothing big! I don’t mean to scare you,” explained the middle-aged woman. “Kyran Reed simply wanted me to inform you that he’s caught up with something and can’t really come to you, so you should wait for him at the entrance.”

“Caught up with... what?”

The middle-aged woman chuckled dryly. “Beats me. I’m just a messenger. I wouldn’t know. That’s all, really.”

As Deirdre hesitated, the middle-aged woman left. Still suspicious, she carefully pushed the cart forward and wondered if anything had happened to make Kyran leave her alone.

In fact, she didn’t even know where the entrance was. She had never been to this particular supermarket.

Then, suddenly, she heard Kyran calling out to her from her side, “Dee? I thought I told you to wait for me where you stood. Where are you heading?”

Deirdre was stunned. “Didn’t you say you’re caught up in something? So I have to wait for you by the entrance?”

“I said that?”

Deirdre bit her lips immediately. “D-Did I just get d-duped?”

Kyran quickly caressed her cheeks, his brows locked into a frown. “What happened?”

“I was waiting for you right where we were until someone who sounded like a middle-aged woman approached me and asked if you were Kyran. Then, she told me you’re

caught up in something and informed her to tell me to wait for you by the entrance.”

Kyran’s expression darkened as Deirdre added, “Who is she? Do you know her?”

He espied the anxiety bubbling in her face and decided to comfort her. “It’s nothing. We should head back first. That middle-aged woman was just someone I instructed to check

on you, but I didn’t tell her to make you wait by the entrance. She probably misunderstood my message.”

“Huh? So that’s all?” Deirdre’s anxiety broke away to reveal her relief. Smiling, she remarked, “God, so she really was just doing what you told her to! You should be a bit clearer next time. That gave me a fright!”

Kyran held her hand, but any reflective surface would have easily shown a new shadow of stoic severity over his face. He knew very well that he had never asked any middle-aged woman to talk to Deirdre. That led him to the question: who was that? What was

her motive? Was she affiliated with their mystery photographer?

Either way, Kyran knew better than to stay there any longer. Soon, they paid for their groceries, left the supermarket, and took a long detour. It was so long that even Deirdre noticed. “Is it me, or have we been walking for a long time? I thought the supermarket was close to our place.”

“Sorry, are you tired? I guess I didn’t think things through. It’s just that... I heard from someone that the neighborhood we’re staying in has this really scenic place with cool, fresh air, so I thought... I thought of bringing you there.”

He looked over his shoulder. No one had been following them.

Deirdre’s eyes twinkled. Wrapping her arm around his, she asked, “Oh! What’s it like?”

“A man-made lake with a lot of koi fish.”

Deirdre imagined it in her head and decided it must be a picturesque place. She agreed to his sudden change of plan wholeheartedly.

The couple sat by the lake's edge and enjoyed that quiet peace. It was only when it was time to prepare for their dinner that Deirdre returned home.

Kyran became Deirdre's kitchen helper. Around 5:00 p.m., they heard a knock on the door, prompting Deirdre to clap the flour out of her hands in joy. "Sweet! That has to be Glenna! Let her in, Kyran!"

A subtle change shadowed Kyran's expression, though he ultimately obliged and answered the door.

The young woman had a few bags on her fingers when the door opened. When she saw

Kyran, her eyes dodged him for a second.

Steeling herself, she called out, "Hi, Mr... Reed."

Kyran nodded and stepped aside to let Glenna in.

Deirdre strode out of the kitchen and greeted cheerfully, "You came just in time, Glenna. A new change of kitchen helper is sorely needed! Kyran's just no good at these things... He could not even peel and slice those potatoes right. If we want our dinner to happen soon, I'm gonna need your help."

"Well, well, well! You're in luck! This is exactly what I'm born to do!" Glenna placed the fruits down and rolled her sleeves. "Let me at 'em!"

Her usual preppiness had returned to her mannerism, making Deirdre assume she had finally let go of whatever misgivings she had. The thought relieved her. She brought out a large plate and said, "Slice them thin and place them here. We're making chips later!" Glenna started working. "These are a lot of potatoes for a three-person meal, don't you think?" she remarked offhandedly. "Can we finish them at all?"

"Four people. Mr. King's joining us too."

Deirdre felt her friend's movement freeze. Glenna had turned quiet.

Deirdre nervously leaned closer and asked quietly, "You don't mind him coming, right? I honestly thought you guys made up."

"We... did." It took a while before Glenna resumed peeling a potato. She looked beguilingly normal. "It was never anything serious, to begin with. Even people who've known each other for years get into fights every once in a while, right? I guess it's not weird for acquaintances like us to do that too."

For some reason, Deirdre felt something was still amiss. Hushed, she asked, "What started it?"

Glenna raised her head and gazed at Deirdre's face. A wave of sympathy, conflict, and something else in between crashed onto her chest, and suddenly, Glenna found her hands shaking a little.

"Hey, what's wrong?" Deirdre rubbed her cheeks a little self-consciously and smiled.

"Are

you staring at me? Something on my face?"

Glenna snapped out of her trance. "No, I'm fine." Her tone reverted to its casual gracefulness. "It's between him and me, so you don't have to overthink it. Who do you think we are? Schoolchildren? No, madam, we are adults and don't need our teacher to play mediator!"

Deirdre's gaze softened. "Okay, then. I'm with you on this. But if you need help with anything, you have to tell me."

"Yes, mom," Glenna intoned jokingly.

The bell rang. Declan had arrived. He removed his thick, heavy coat and hung it on the rack as soon as he got in before Kyran asked, "Been to Alnwick?"

"Sure did. Crazy weather there today. Good thing you didn't come with me, or your body would have shut down." He chuckled. "Where's Miss McKinnon?"

The young woman in question chimed in. "Over here!"

Declan strode into the kitchen and linked gazes with Glenna. Nothing changed his expression. He simply looked as he always did. "Been a while, Glenna."

An unreadable glint flashed in her eyes. Her lips were trembling. She still could not calm down from the entire revelation, yet he acted as if nothing had ever happened. He was so calm that he was downright inhuman.

And that made her own heart feel cold.

Lowering her head to avert his gaze, she replied flatly, "Same here."

Deirdre noticed the slight change in the air and stepped in. "You came just in time, Mr. King!" She smiled. "Come help with the potatoes?"

Declan found the activity intriguing, so he answered her by stepping forward. "Sure, but I'm a clumsy b\*stard. You sure I'm not going to be a deadweight?"

Deirdre tossed an implicative glance outside the kitchen. "Believe me, I've seen the worst, and now nobody else's skill could ever faze me again.

Seriously, try to surprise me."

"Heh." Declan excitedly washed his hands and grabbed a spare knife. He made a few nicks and began to unpeel it. "How's this?"

Deirdre's poor sight would not be able to help her tell, but she also thought this was the best opportunity to get Glenna and Declan talking again. "What do you think, Glenna?"

Quietly exasperated, Glenna turned in the direction of Declan's hand and noticed how beautiful his fingers really were. It was as if a man with good genes simply could not have anything remotely out of place in any part of their physical appearance. Glenna never fancied herself as someone who gave a dime about hands, and yet even her heart

throbbed.

When she finally broke out of her trance, she realized she had been silent too long. Declan tried to dispel the awkwardness in the air with a chuckle. "I must have done a really crappy job if my panelist can't review my handiwork."

He made another nick. "How about now?"

"I'm not feeling well. Excuse me," Glenna suddenly declared. She set her knife and potato down and hurried out of the kitchen altogether.

Embarrassed, Declan could only remark to himself, "Okay. I'll take that as a yes."

Deirdre turned to the direction Glenna disappeared into and felt her heart sink. She could not stop thinking about the conversation she had overheard. What happened? What was it that made Glenna hold that big of a grudge? She obviously had a crush on Declan, so why was she avoiding him?

A moment later, she asked, "I know the two of you had made up, Mr. King, but why does

it seem like she's still holding a grudge?"

"I guess so, huh?" Declan remembered how Glenna had burst into tears at that time despite himself and asked, "Say, what sort of thing would make Glenna cry, you think?"

"Make her cry!?" Deirdre was shocked. "What sort of question is that? Did ... Did you make her cry!?"

"Of course I didn't!" Declan quickly replied, forcing himself out of his memories before finding an excuse. "I just thought she looked like the tough type who would never shed a tear over anything, so I wondered."

Deirdre returned to her work as she exhaled a breath. "Glenna's a tough cookie. I've never seen or heard her cry before, which means... if she did cry, then it must have been

over something that really broke her heart."

Glenna only returned after the potato slices were almost done. She explained that she was having a stomachache. Not willing to expose her, Deirdre played along. "Had something shady lately?"

"Yeah, that's gotta be it. It must be that super-spicy taco from the other day. D\*mnit, I should have known!" she replied as she finished slicing the last potato.

They poured oil into a frying pan and let it heat.

Soon enough, a plate of fresh, crispy potato chips was ready. Deirdre moved on to their other dishes-including Glenna's stuffed eggplants- until, finally, the dinner was served on

the table.

Glenna had always been a lively chatterbox, yet today, she was uncharacteristically quiet

and seemed almost too focused on her meal.

Declan ended up breaking the ice, asking, "Charlene McKinney should be going to trial soon, right?"

Mentioning Charlene made Deirdre remember just how fast time flew. She squared the numbers quickly with her fingers and answered, "I think it's next Monday."

Now that Charlene's case was right around the corner, Deirdre suddenly found her confidence a little wavering. "I really hope that she gets her just dessert right there and then. Please don't let anything unexpected happen!"

"I don't think that's going to happen," Declan said with a nonchalant smile. "We've got a credible eyewitness and some evidence from the police. It's only a matter of time before Charlene is sentenced for her crimes. Then, even after she has served her time and returns, you and Kyran will have long settled down. She can't hurt you anymore."

"You're right." Deirdre smiled, hoping that things would go exactly as he said.

She was just about to ask more about Charlene when a series of buzzes interrupted her.

Kyran glanced at his screen, saw it was from an unknown number, and hung it up.

A few seconds later, his phone buzzed again.

It was as if the caller was determined to have their call answered, or else...

Kyran's brows began to furrow as Deirdre asked gently, "Hmm? Who was it?"

"I don't know. Must be one of those telemarketers. I'm gonna answer it for a bit."

He rose and started toward the balcony. Unfazed, Deirdre resumed talking with Declan

for the rest of the dinner. When Kyran's food was starting to grow cold, she noticed he had not returned.

Declan, perceptive as ever, could read Deirdre's face. "It's probably something from work. Since he hasn't been in his office these days, he probably has a mountain of affairs to which he has to nod off."

"Yeah. You're probably right," Deirdre replied with a quick smile as a heavy sense of dread and foreboding unfurled in her chest. The incident with the middle-aged woman earlier today seemed to foretell something bad to come.

A low rumble groaned from overhead. Glenna looked up from her meal and muttered to herself, "Is it gonna rain?"

"I think it is," answered Declan. "The weather hasn't been playing nice lately."

Glenna looked alarmed. She snatched her bag and coat and made her way to the door.

"Oh no. Oh no! I got to go before it rains! Who knows how long this rain's going to last? I still need to be at work by 7:00 a.m. tomorrow!"

Deirdre rose to her feet. "You know, you can always just stay the night here. We've got a

guest room and clean bedsheets. You don't have to rush."

"Uh, no. My laptop's waiting at home, and there's still a document in there that I need to amend before tomorrow." Glenna declined quickly.

As she moved, Declan followed and swiped his coat from the rack. "My car's right outside. I'll drive you home."

That was completely out of Glenna's expectations. "No, thanks!" she answered instantly.

Eyeing the man's unfinished plate of chips, she shifted her eyes and added, "You should

just continue your dinner. I don't need anyone to drive me home."

"Getting an Uber now is not a good idea, Glenna. Get into my car."

Declan's usual affability seemed to have vanished suddenly at the tail-end of his sentence. In fact, he sounded so commanding it was as if he would not accept any contrary opinions. Glenna had to swallow her decline.

She quietly walked toward Declan's car and took the backseat.

The man smiled, but it did not reach his eyes at all. "Am I supposed to be your driver for the evening?"

Glenna turned, shot a glance at Deirdre by the door, and gnashed her teeth. She took the passenger seat.

Deirdre waited until the sound of his car vanished into the distance before moving to close the door. It was then that a pair of hands suddenly wrapped themselves around her waist.

The man's broad, sturdy chest pressed against her back. His chin rested on her shoulder, close to her neck. His breathing was a little off.

Deirdre quickly caressed his cheek before tilting her face toward him. "That was a long call. What happened? You okay?"

After a brief silence, Kyran replied, "It's nothing. It's just work stuff."

It was exactly as Declan had said. Curious, Deirdre replied, "Didn't you say it was an unknown caller's number?"

"That call ended quickly. Then the work call came. Been on it since then." "Really?"

Deirdre sensed something was amiss about Kyran today. His mood seemed a little gloomy ever since they returned from the supermarket, but now, it seemed like his dark mood had reached a crescendo. He could hardly disguise the fatigue in his voice. But then again, there was no real reason Kyran should hide anything from her, right?

His

fatigue was probably out of something mundane, like sheer weariness over his affairs. Ever since Kyran returned from Germia, he had been busy. He even got sick these few days.

No wonder he was in a bad mood.

Deirdre turned on her heels. 'The food's gone cold, so I'll make you a simple bowl of spaghetti instead. You can take an early rest after that. How's that sound?'

"Sounds good."

Deirdre had no idea how long her sleep had lasted. All she knew was that she woke from

her sleep and sat up straight at the clasp of thunder. Breathing hard, she could not stop herself from shaking.

Deirdre started to hate storms and their thunderclaps ever since she was incarcerated. Her sight had only been robbed back then. Aside from how hard it was to acclimate to that darkness she could no longer escape, she had to avoid being tormented by other prisoners who were all too happy to capitalize on her blindness.

A single clap of thunder used to frighten her so much that she would shake despite herself. But since her life had gone back to normal, she had rarely been this panicked. Shutting her eyes, Deirdre wiped away beads of cold sweat from her face and turned on her side to face where the man was.

She reached her fingernails out to the comforter wrapped around him and opened her eyes suddenly. "Kyran?"

Deirdre ran her hands through his side of the bed. It was empty and cold.

He was gone.

When did he leave? Where did he go?

Deirdre lost her sleep. She swiped her shirt hanging from the side of her pillow, put it on,

slipped into her shoes, and went outside.

The living room was deadly silent. She mused for a moment and decided to visit his study. Maybe there was something urgent from work and he needed to burn the midnight

oil. She knocked on the door, asking, "Kyran, are you inside?"

There was no answer. Just more silence. She pushed the door open, expecting illumination to flare in her vague, blurry world, and got nothing. He was not there.

Neither on his bed or his study on this stormy night? Where could he be?

For some reason, Deirdre began to feel anxious. He had not been himself today, as if he

was hiding something from her. Putting those two together...

The sound of a car steering into a stop stopped her train of thought. When the door to his study opened, Deirdre was mulling over whether she should go downstairs to meet him.

“Kyran, is that you?” she called out.

Kyran’s face had a scowl, but seeing Deirdre made his eyes shudder a little. Alarmed, he

stepped forward and asked, “Why are you here? You’re not even wearing your clothes properly! You must be freezing, aren’t you?”

Deirdre shook her head. “No, it was just the storm waking me up. I couldn’t find you in our room, though. Where have you been?”

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There was a look of weariness on his face. He considered her face, caressed her cheek,

and decided to leave the question hanging. “Let’s get back to our room first.”

The abnormality in his reaction was not lost on Deirdre, whose heart sank a little.

Nevertheless, she nodded and dropped her question. They returned to their room, and Kyran switched the heater on.

“Something came up on my side, so I had to go out to fix it.”

“God, that sounded very urgent. It’s raining cats and dogs out there, but still, you had to go.” She bit her lips and tried again, even more gingerly. “Does it... have something to do

with that middle-aged woman in the supermarket? You didn’t know who she was, did you? You only said what you said to relieve me?”

Kyran sank into silence. A while later, even that was supplanted by their increasingly frantic breaths.

After their climax passed, he suddenly said slowly, “I’m sorry.”

Deirdre’s heart skipped a beat. “Why are you apologizing, Kyran? No matter what happens, it’s never your fault.”

He gazed into her crystal-clear eyes and took in the full spread of her unwavering, unconditional trust. It was so innocent it tore open a hole in his heart. Fingertips quivering, he could not even say anything and instead chose to pull her into his arms.

Deirdre let herself be wrapped in his warmth despite her puzzlement. As he nuzzled between her neck and shoulder, she could sense a kind of feeble tiredness even despite his force.

She raised her hand and gently set it on his back. She gingerly clapped it and said, “I’m not a fragile flower in need of protection, Kyran. I’m not delicate. You can tell me all kinds

of things, no matter how many of them. I’m your lover and soon, your wife. We’re going to spend the rest of our lives together till the end, remember? So, you don’t have to shoulder the world alone. You shouldn’t.”

### **Chapter 676 Always Home Late**

“Naturally, I’ll respect your eventual decision too.

Kyran allowed the woman’s scent to calm him down. When he felt like he had finally gained a semblance of control, he studied the hazy, silvery moonlight from outside, illuminating each strand of her hair, and ran his fingers through them. “It’s not as grave as you’ve imagined, but it’s... It’s not good for you. Those people are after me and me alone, yet you get dragged into my problems. I’m sorry. I’m a sorry excuse of a man-”

Deirdre clasped her hand over his lips. She shook her head, her expression sincere. "Please, don't ever say something like that to me, Kyran. I know how good you are, better than anyone else in the world. If you've somehow brought harm to me, then God knows how much trouble I must have brought you! But here's the thing... I never feel bad for any of it, so you shouldn't be."

Kyran's eyes seemed to be trembling. In the end, he nodded. He lowered his head and began searching for her lips.

Deirdre was flustered. "Wait! You haven't told me who those people are and why they are... after... you..."

Kyran could see her rouge blush in full and felt his throat burning with desire. It was more than lust, though-this was the prime distraction for the conversation to move beyond.

He buried his head into the woman's breasts, his words muffled and a little unintelligible. "I'll solve this myself, so you don't worry about it, okay? Take care of yourself and... continue to believe in me."

Since then, Kyran began to work long hours. He almost only came back during the wee hours. Deirdre would always wait for him with the lights on, and he would always tell her not to.

"Don't wait for me, okay? Go to sleep early. Whenever I start becoming busy, it could take me all the way till the next morning to come back, and I'm adamant that you don't burn the midnight oil the way I do."

"No, it's not a problem. I'm used to having the lights on. Besides, it's not like I can see that much anyway. I'll fall asleep whenever I'm tired enough."

Kyran could only look at her with a pained expression, but he had nothing to say after all.

As the day for Charlene's court trial drew near, Kyran came home later and later. There was a day when he did not come home at all.

In the past, Kyran would call and tell her in advance about it, but Deirdre could not get to him when she tried his number. Panic began to seize her, so she frantically called Declan.

Half a minute later, the call connected. She wasted no time asking, "Mr. King! Do you know where Kyran is? It's going to be morning soon, and he's still not here. I can't reach him through his phone, and I'm just so... So...!"

"He's with me, Miss McKinnon," Declan replied reassuringly. "Don't worry. He's right here with me."

"With you?" Deirdre was startled. "Working at your place?"

"No. He's drunk out of his wits," Declan answered helplessly. "I told him I'll drive him home, but the man said, 'No! What if I woke her up by accident? What if I scared her for looking so damn hammered?' Thus, I let him rest in my guest room.

"You don't have to be worried. If he's with me, he's definitely safe and unharmed. Once he has woken and sobered up, I'll drive him home."

Deirdre would not wait until he was sober. Just the idea that Kyran could be this hammered made her think of how uncomfortable and sick he must feel-and that only intensified her anxiety. "Mr. King, where's your villa? Can you send me the address? I'll hail a ride."

"You're coming? I mean, I don't think it's a good idea. You haven't had a good sleep,

right?” Declan said, just a little cautiously. “If Kyran learns you came to see him despite having not slept a wink the whole night, he is not going to be terribly happy. But then again...”

He laughed knowingly. “Nothing I say is going to make any difference to you, is it? You’re not going to change your mind just because Silver Tongue Declan tried. You’re still coming, aren’t you?”

Deirdre bit her lips, but his words relieved some of her worries. “Well, then. Please tell me your house address.”

### **Chapter 677 It’s Like He’s Changed ‘The sky isn’t bright yet, so I’m not going to bet on**

any cabs. Besides, letting a young lady take a cab alone at this time is dangerous, so I’ll just have Fionn drive you. He’s with me, after all.”

Deirdre appreciated it immensely. ‘Thank you.’

“Don’t be, Miss McKinnon. I’m doing this not just because you’re my friend’s girl but because I admire you for your character and charm. I think we’re more than just someone who knows each other because of Kyran, right? We are friends, period. So we help each other out and skip saying thanks all the time. It’s what friends do,” he replied, laughing.

Deirdre felt warmth in her heart. What he said relieved her from feeling like a burden and allowed her the peace of mind to accept his help. “If you say so, Declan. I’ll take full advantage, then!”

“Ha! Now that’s the spirit!” Declan joked. “Fionn’s on his way. It should take him about half an hour. Just wait for him.”

Deirdre immediately changed into her casual wear and gathered fresh clothing for Kyran. She was worried that the man would be so sick that he vomited all over himself and had no new clothes to change into.

About half an hour later, Fionn knocked on her door. She opened it, greeted him, and still felt a tinge of guilt. “I’m so sorry, Mr. Fox. You have to drive in the dead of night to escort me like this.”

The young man was surprised. “No, Miss McKinnon. There really isn’t anything to be sorry about! Mr. King and I have both decided to forego sleep for tonight, so driving you there neatly slots into the agenda.”

She nodded and got into his car. ‘The business in Alnwick... It must be pretty hectic, huh?’

Fionn obviously paused for a few seconds. “It’s... manageable. It’s not a whole pile of work, but someone has to supervise the construction and be there on-site. A lot of its minor things are being settled, though.”

Deirdre thinned her lips. “Has Kyran been... busy with you guys too?”

Fionn had expected her to ask something like this, so he supplied her with a nonanswer, “You’re not wrong.”

‘Why did he have to drink? Was it a social event related to work?’

He flashed her a smile. “I wouldn’t know about that since I just returned from Alnwick when Mr. Reed was already drunk. Still, I don’t think you need to fret too much about it, Miss McKinnon. Mr. Reed is a grown-up who knows what he’s doing, so I bet he has some good reasons to drink too. Once he sobers up and wakes, you can ask

him.”

Deirdre could read between the lines, so she let the questions drop. Her fingers tightened around Kyran's fresh new clothes.

She got out of the car as soon as it stopped. Fionn led her to the guest room's door just in time when Declan came out of it. He quickly noticed the eyebags under her eyes and chuckled in helpless amusement, “Oh God, you came with eyebags like that, Miss McKinnon? Kyran's going to kill me for bringing you here without giving you the time for a proper rest!”

Deirdre smiled. “Well, I'll just tell him I came of my own volition. I couldn't sleep while I was at home, anyway. How's he doing?”

Declan cast an aside glance at the man on the bed, who had covered half his face with one hand. His skin was ruddy from his indulgence, and judging from the man's furrowed eyebrows, Kyran obviously did not enjoy his current state at all.

“Drank hard enough to turn off his brain. Pretty unconscious,” he concluded and stepped aside for Deirdre to enter.

She felt her way to the bed and tried to look through the perpetual fog that hung over her eyes. She felt her chest tightening before her heart sank as though a boulder was tied to it. She breathed a little harder.

Why had he drunk himself into such a stupor? The Kyran she knew had always been disciplined, sensible, and rational. He rarely had moments when he lost himself to abandon, let alone trouble anyone else with his own lack of control. But he just had not been like himself today, had he?

### **Chapter 678 Charlene, Released Without Charge**

Deirdre listened to Kyran panting under his breath and laced her fingers with his to comfort him. Casting her eyes to the floor, she asked, “Mr. King, do you know why he drank that much?”

Declan stiffened for a second and flashed her a smile. “I could answer you on other days, but this time, believe me... I have not the slightest clue.

Maybe it was work. Maybe he had a bad day. I actually thought you would know better since you're his significant other.”

Deirdre was hard-pressed for a reply because he was right. She was Kyran's closest partner-she should have been his confidante. Yet, Kyran seemed to be hiding things from her. Even if she knew it was for her good or for her sake, it pained her to remember just how much Kyran stomached on his own.

And now, after shouldering the burden alone for so long, this happened.

Deirdre exhaled a long sigh and turned to Declan. “It's getting late, Mr.

King. You should take some rest. I'll take care of him.”

He was already nearing fatigue-she could hear it leaking into his voice even as he joked.

Declan rubbed against his temple. “Well, then. I'm not going to pass up that offer, that's for sure. I'll still be around, though. Just holler if you're tired and need to rest for a bit.”

“Will do.”

He walked out of the room as Deirdre released her grip. She drew a basin of hot water in the bathroom and requested a clean towel from Fionn.

After that, she dipped the towel into the bath and began cleaning Kyran's arms and neck.

She was meticulous and gingerly, her movement featherlight. She was careful not to wake Kyran up, but he still seemed rather agitated. Then, in a state of groggy delirium, he suddenly locked his fingers with Deirdre's. "Dee 1»

Deirdre leaned close to him as soon as she heard him. "I'm here. Kyran."  
"Dee!"

He seemed oblivious to her answer and doggedly repeated her name, cluing the young woman that he had not woken up yet. He was just sleeptalking through what was likely an unpleasant dream.

Nonetheless, Deirdre chose to answer him. "I'm here."

"Dee... I'm so sorry." 1

When Deirdre was up, she realized it was morning already. Opening her eyes, she realized she was already lying on the bed and changed into comfortable sleepwear.

"Kyran? Are you there?" she asked.

No one answered. She could not help but feel dismayed at the silence. Still, she steeled herself and climbed out of bed.

She opened the door and met Kyran face-to-face, who threw his arms around her before pulling her tightly into his chest.

"You're up already? If you're still tired, you should go back to bed!"

"Kyran!" she cried out instead, tightening her arms around him and gripping a fistful of his shirt with all her might.

The young man in question gingerly ran his fingers through her hair. "I'm sorry for worrying you," he replied, his voice raspy.

She shook her head and allowed herself to calm down. "Are you having a hangover? You must feel like cr\*p even more than I do!"

Kyran chuckled. 'That's a twist. I thought you'd ask me what happened first thing in the morning.'

"I know you've got your reasons, so I'll wait," Deirdre replied after a brief moment of silence. "Because I know you'll tell me when you're ready."

Shock flitted through Kyran's eyes-her unreserved faith in him was completely unexpected. Fingers trembling, he pulled her back into his arms and breathed hard.

"I'll tell you. I'll tell you everything, all of it, when things...

When things are finally settled down. I promise."

Deirdre had assumed she would have found out about things from Kyran, but it turned out she had forgotten about other means to know.

The world-flipping news broke to her after all.

"What the h\*ll did you just say!?"

"Miss McKinnon, please calm down. We can't continue this conversation like this, ma'am."

Deirdre's eyes were trembling. The police were telling her to calm down but ... How was she supposed to calm down!?

Especially when Charlene was released without charge one day before her trial!

## **Chapter 679 Maeve Changed Her Tune**

"But she's the mastermind behind my abduction! She's a murderer and a criminal

suspect! Why did you people let her go!?”

Deirdre clenched her fists tightly and felt a dizzy spell overcoming her. She had hoped that everything was finally coming to an end!

The police officers exchanged glances. “We’ve found no evidence of a crime after investigating Charli McKinsey.”

“No, that’s impossible!” Deirdre shouted hotly. “I heard her voice! She was talking to me! We talked! She abducted me!”

“Miss McKinnon, your sight is compromised. We can’t just say who did it based on what you, and you alone, heard.”

“But Maeve O’Keefe was a witness too! She can corroborate with my testimony and prove that Charli is not innocent!”

“And this is what we’re here to inform you, Miss McKinnon. Maeve O’Keefe came to the police yesterday and admitted to fabricating her account. She had admitted to harboring some hatred toward Charli McKinsey and so created wrongful accusations against the latter. She was duly punished for her misdemeanor and was only released this morning.”

Deirdre felt a deafening buzz in her brain. It knocked her off her feet, and she fell on her back. How did this happen? How could Maeve change her tune just like that?

Why!?

Glenna, who had accompanied her, was frowning in sheer concern. “Dee, hey! Are you okay?”

Deirdre tried her best to maintain composure and shook her head. Shock and rage animated her shout, “I must see her! I need to talk to Maeve now!

Where does she live!?”

“Our apologies, Miss McKinnon, but since Mrs. O’Keefe’s charged with slander, and you’re the one who will benefit the most from her fabrication, we need to practice caution and isolate the two of you. We can’t give you her address.”

Deirdre clambered out of the police station, her mind as staggered as her footsteps. She breathed as hard as she could but found the air so frigid and hostile that it stung her lungs and bones.

Things had changed beyond recognition—and over such a drastic, unnatural length of time! It was as if someone was behind it, and if there was something she had to know, it was the truth!

“Glenna!”

“I’m here!” the young woman answered immediately as she studied Deirdre with frantic concern.

“Lend me your phone for a call, please?”

Maeve must have blacklisted her number by this point, right? Besides, even if she did not, Deirdre doubted the older woman would answer her number.

“Right! H-Here you go!” Glenna handed her phone over to Deirdre before a thought hit her. “Ah, damn! My brain’s all fried... Mine is a touchscreen smartphone, so you can’t type the number yourself! Let me do it for you.”

Deirdre recited the number from memory, and Glenna called it. A few moments later, the call connected.

Maeve’s voice was fraught with weariness. “Hello. Who’s this?”

Deirdre took a deep breath. “It’s me, Mrs. O’Keefe.”

A telling silence weighed on her from the other end.

"I know you'd rather not hear my voice now, but don't hang up just yet. I promise I'm not trying to force you into doing anything." Deirdre continued.

"I just want to know why. Why would you rather be accused of slander instead of just... telling the truth?"

The silence persisted for some time before Maeve exhaled a breath. "God, Miss McKinnon... I'm not in a position to tell you anything you'd like to hear. The only thing I can tell you is this. I have had very little choice in this. So, please, don't call me again. Move on."

She did not wait for Deirdre before hanging up the call. Then, when Glenna tried to call her again, she found her number blacklisted as well. Irritated, the young woman snarled, "What the h\*ll!!!? Can't she at least put in some actual explanation before ghosting us like that!? Urgh! Talk about weaponizing the blacklist function!"

Deirdre thinned her lips as she mulled over Maeve's answer. The latter claimed she had little choice, did she not? But why? Who forced her hand? Charlene had lost the support of her backer, right?

While Glenna was still ranting, Deirdre calmly cut her short. "Glenna? I need your help."

### **Chapter 680 An Alternative Explanation**

"I'm all ears, sister! Just say the word!"

Deirdre leveled a grateful gaze at her. "I need you to Investigate something."

"This is it. The address points to this unit," Glenna said as she checked the note in her hand, comparing it to the placard reading '604' on its door. "Should we knock?"

Deirdre nodded. "Let's go."

Glenna knocked. A while later, they heard footsteps and a woman's answer. "Coming!"

The door was pulled open the next second. Maeve was still remarking to herself, "I didn't expect you to be home so soon! Is it the semester br-"

She faltered.

Even without consulting her sight, Deirdre could tell that Maeve must look startled and taken aback. Maintaining her composure, Deirdre asked, "Can we come in?"

Maeve stepped aside.

Deirdre strode inside. Her foggy sight managed to make out a crowded, small interior, hinting at her the older woman's lackluster economic status. She had not received a lot of money lately, then.

Or... she had, but it was so recent she had not had the time to rent a bigger, comfier room with it.

Maeve seemed to have expected them and was even relieved to have her intuition confirmed. "Want something to drink? I've got only water."

"No need." Deirdre turned her attention back to the older woman. She was not there to drink and had no mood for pointless detours. "I think me being here makes it clear that we should just go straight to the point, so let me cut to the chase. How much money did Charlene give you?"

"Money?" Maeve echoed before chuckling mirthlessly to herself. "I guess that does sound like something I'd do."

Deirdre could hear self-deprecation in her reply and felt a sting in her chest. She

closed her eyes.

At this point, there was no point in a race to gain sympathy.

“Okay, so what did she threaten you with?”

Maeve sank into momentary silence. “She... didn’t.”

Deirdre was startled.

“Miss McKinnon, regardless of what you think, I’ve never met Charlene or talked to her on any of the days leading up to her trial. She wasn’t the one who convinced me.”

Deirdre’s eyes trembled. “Then why!?” she snarled. “You promised me! It was the only way to get her punished for her crime! If you never wanted to help, then just don’t be present on the day of the trial! Why did you have to go to the police and say it was all just ‘slander’!?”

Glenna held Deirdre’s quivering fingers. “Dee...”

Deirdre tried her best to calm down. “I’ve been waiting for tomorrow.

Waiting to hear her get her just dessert. I’ve been waiting for more than just a few months! I’ve been waiting for three goddamn years! This is what she duly deserves from the moment she made me go to prison in her stead! She belongs to prison! But now... all of my patience and hopes have gone to nothing! You lied about fabricating your side of the story, and that stupid lie is all it took to completely free her from the punishment she deserved for years!

“So why!? Why did you even agree to help me? Why did you give me hope!?”

Maeve’s eyes reddened. “I really wanted to help you, dear...”

Deirdre felt the onset of despair. She had to pick the cruelest of all the things she could have said.

“So, you stabbed me in the back and twisted the knife!? If I didn’t visit the police station for an update, I would have still been fooled! Is this it? This is how you want to help me!?”

Maeve felt a lump in her throat. She sobbed.

Deirdre cast her eyes down. “Why? I need a reason! Why did you do this to me?”

“Miss McKinnon, maybe you... You should consider an alternative explanation.”

Maeve wiped the tears away from her face. “Someone else had bailed her before I went to the police station. A figure of power, status, and influence that I don’t think... I don’t think I need to say more.”

## Chapter 681 His Lies

It felt as if thunder had erupted in her head. Deirdre’s eyes widened, and they slowly turned red. She felt like an invisible blade was stabbing her and her soul was being stripped away.

She gasped heavily and grabbed Maeve’s hand. “What did you say!?”

“Deirdre!” Glenna shouted as she hugged Deirdre nervously. She had never seen Deirdre lose her composure before.

“We’re in a residential area right now. You need to calm down.”

It was only then Deirdre came around to her senses. However, her lips were still trembling as she mumbled, “What did you say?”

Maeve looked at her in compassion and said helplessly, “It’s getting late. My daughter is coming back from school...”

Deirdre walked out of the residential area in an animatronic stiffness. She felt as if she was not in command of her own body. Her brain was repeating the things that Maeve had said, and she realized how ridiculous she was. She could not believe that she was so naive as to think that Maeve was the only reason Charlene had been acquitted.

There was no way Charlene could be absolved of her crime with Maeve's testimony alone. Therefore, it could only be that man.

A surge of pain burst out in her chest, and she had a strong urge to vomit whenever she thought of Brendan. She just wanted to rush up to the man and punch him for not keeping his word.

He was the one who had said Charlene had to pay the price for all the things she had done. However, in the end, he was also the one who got her out of jail. It was only now she saw the light as to why he had agreed to get a divorce. It turned out that he was in a rush to get Charlene out of jail.

As for her, she was just a tool for Brendan to kill his boredom. He claimed he loved her, but it was nothing but a lie.

"Deirdre? Are you alright? What happened?" Glenna asked worriedly as she looked at Deirdre and wondered why she was so agitated.

"You can let me know if something happened. We can work out a solution together."

Solution? There was no solution whenever it was related to that man. She was filled with

grievances, but there was nothing she could do other than swallow all the bitterness into the bottom of her stomach pit.

Deirdre clenched her fists tightly. She did not want Glenna to worry about her, so she willed herself to calm down and forced a smile on her face. 'I'm fine. I was just thinking about something.'

"Really?" Glenna asked doubtfully.

Deirdre nodded. "Let's get back to the car. I want to go back and get some rest."

Glenna did not press on the matter since it seemed to her that Deirdre did not want to talk about it. After helping Deirdre get into the car, she started the engine.

None of them talked to each other throughout the entire journey, unlike the happy and joyful atmosphere when they came here this morning.

After Glenna stopped in front of the mansion, Deirdre got out of the car. She looked at her and said, "Deirdre, things are different now. You have me, Mr. King, and Mr. Reed. You're no longer alone, so you don't have to keep everything to yourself. You can share your problems with us, and we'll try to help."

Tears were forming in Deirdre's eyes, but she forced the tears back. She nodded with a smile and replied, 'Thank you, but I'm fine. I just need a little time to calm myself down.

Don't worry. I won't do anything stupid. I just need to get some rest, and I'll be fine.'

"Okay, then," replied Glenna.

Deirdre went into the mansion alone and closed the door. She did not cry and just leaned on the door for a long time. Suddenly, she remembered something and rummaged through her purse.

She was so emotionally distracted that she couldn't hold the phone steady. It fell straight

to the floor, and she hurriedly knelt to get it.  
When she got her phone, she bit her lips tightly and called someone.

Chapter 682 Kyran, I Hate Him!

Soon, the call was connected, and a voice wafted from the other side of the line. It was Sam. It was pretty noisy on his side, so he found a quieter corner and asked, "Who's on the line?"

Deirdre pinched her thigh tightly. After calming herself down, she said, "Sam, it's me."

Sam fell silent for a long while when he heard Deirdre's voice. "Miss McKinnon?"

He was both surprised and confused. He did not know why Deirdre would suddenly call him.

"What... What can I do for you?"

If it were normal times, Deirdre would be teasing him, but her mind was full of Charlene's

acquittal right now. She felt like an invisible hand had clutched at her heart, and she

could barely breathe. She took a deep breath, and her eyes turned red as she asked,

"Where is Brendan?"

"Mr. Brighthall?" Sam was stunned for a moment. "He's inside."

Deirdre covered her face and continued in a stern voice. "Get him on the phone."

"What?" Sam hesitated. "Miss McKinnon, I-"

"Please get him on the phone, Sam. I beg you," Deirdre growled deeply. She could barely contain her emotions now. "I don't know what I did wrong, but I need to know why he has to do this to me."

Sam fell silent again. After a while, he said, "I'm sorry, Miss McKinnon. Mr. Brighthall has

given us an order. All of us, including me, are forbidden from talking to you. I'm already breaking the rules by taking your call in private, so I can't go up to him and ask him to take your call."

A chill rushed down her spine, but her face was bereft of emotions. After coming to her senses, she wiped her face and said, "I'm sorry for not thinking about your situation. I apologize for bothering you."

"Please don't say that, Miss McKinnon." Sam felt embarrassed. He did not want to make Deirdre feel bad, but he had no other choice since he was not in the right position to say anything. As such, he bit the bullet and said, "Miss McKinnon, since it's something that can't be changed anymore, why don't you learn to accept it?"

"Thank you," replied Deirdre. She hung up the call, and her phone slipped past her fingers and fell to the floor.

'Learn to accept it?'

She knew Sam was saying no one could stop Brendan if he wanted to save Charlene.

Rather than clinging to the matter, she should let it go and start a new life.

It seemed to her that this was her only option. However, everything that happened in the past-the scene where Brendan had firmly told her he would make Charlene pay the price

for everything she had done, the scene where he had saved her from the pool, and the scene where he had gotten down to his knees to beg Cillian for letting her go-was

playing in her head.

Everything seemed to be changing for the better. She had assumed Brendan was changing, but reality gave her a big slap on her face.

It was only now she realized how stupid and naive she was. Everything was fake, and Brendan was just toying with her.

Perhaps he was laughing at her for her pretentiousness and that he finally could get rid of her to be with Charlene when she was crying.

Deirdre's breathing was ragged. She curled up on her knees as she could not contain the pain anymore.

Even though she was prepared for it, still...

The door was unlocked with a click.

Deirdre turned her head around. It was Kyran. Just when she was about to stand up, Kyran took a step forward and grabbed her into his arms.

He did not ask anything. It seemed like he knew what had happened.

Tears began to stream down her cheeks profusely.

"I hate him... Kyran, I hate him!"

Kyran tightened his arms around her silently.

After a short while, Deirdre finally calmed down with her face filled with tears.

#### Chapter 683 Take Me Away

This was something that Deirdre had expected. After all, Brendan was a heartless man who could push his wife, whom he had married for two years, into the abyss without batting an eyelid.

"Charlene has been released from jail without charge. It's Brendan who saved her. He promised that he would bring Charlene to justice, and after getting bored of playing with me, he went back on his word and took Charlene out."

Kyran clenched his hand on her back slightly and replied, "I know."

"You know?" Deirdre suddenly raised her head and looked at Kyran when she heard what he said.

Her eyes seemed to have become clearer after being washed by her tears.

She looked at Kyran fixedly and pressed on. "How do you know?"

A hint of nervousness crossed Kyran's eyes. Before he could say anything, Deirdre's eyes widened in shock.

"That day... was Brendan?" Deirdre asked as she grabbed his shirt, her voice thick with agitation. "That middle-aged woman and everything that happened recently... It's Brendan, right? It's him, isn't it?"

Kyran looked at Deirdre's face and parted his lips open. After a short while, he closed his

eyes and said, "Yes, it's him."

Despair instantly filled Deirdre whole when she heard Kyran's answer.

She finally understood why Kyran would behave like that. After all, if it was Brendan, there was no way Kyran could fight back since he was powerless in a foreign land.

"So why did you apologize to me? I should be the one to apologize. If it weren't for me...

If I hadn't messed with that monster, none of this would have happened!" Deirdre shouted hysterically.

She had been under the impression everything would come to an end after getting a divorce from Brendan. Little did she expect that she was just giving Brendan chances to harm her repeatedly.

“Kyran, I hate him. Why must I come across Brendan? I loved him. I chose to trust him. That’s why this happened to me-” 1

In the next second, Kyran pressed his lips on hers as if trying his best to stop her from breaking down and stopping her from saying anything else.

His lips were trembling.

Deirdre curled herself up as tears began streaming out of her eyes. “Take me away from

here, Kyran... Please, I beg you...”

She swore to herself that from today onward, she would kick Brendan out of her life.

‘What!? You’re going to Germia next month? Why is it so sudden?’ Glenna sat on the bed as she looked at Deirdre, who was packing her stuff. She did not want to part with Deirdre.

‘We didn’t decide it on the spot. If it weren’t for Charlene, we would’ve departed to Germia this month.’ Deirdre chuckled. As she folded her shirt, she continued. “Since the matter has already ended, we have no reason to stay here anymore.”

“But...” Glenna threw herself on the bed. “What about me? What if I miss you?”

Deirdre froze when she heard what Glenna said.

That’s right. What about Glenna? Even though they had known each other for less than a month, she felt they had known each other for a long time. If she went to Germia, it would be difficult to meet her again.

However, if she did not go to Germia...

A pang shot through Deirdre’s chest as that man’s figure surfaced in her mind. She lowered her head to unscrew her furrowed brows and said, “It’s not like I’m not coming back anymore. What if your company sends you on a business trip to Germia? Wouldn’t we be able to see each other again at that time? I promise I’ll come to see you first if I return for the holidays.”

‘You promise?’

“I promise.”

Glenna chuckled. She knew that they would be seeing each other very soon.

She looked around the room. In the past, Kyran would have shown up by now. It seemed

to her that he did not want them to be alone, or he was afraid she would say something to Deirdre.

#### Chapter 684 The Wife Who Prioritizes Her Husband

“By the way, where is Kyran? Is he not home today?” ‘Yeah,’ replied Deirdre. “He went back to Alwick today. After all, the resort project belongs to him and Mr. King. He can’t let Mr. King handle everything by himself, so he decided to get everything done before returning to Germia.”

‘That’s great!’

‘That’s great?’ Deirdre was stunned.

Glenna grabbed her hand and said excitedly, “Since he’s not home now, we can go out

and have some fun!”

“What do you want to do then?”

Glenna lifted her fingers and started counting. “There is a lot I want to do. We can watch a movie or go to the amusement park. We can even go to an internet cafe, or a bar, or participate in a music festival! There are a lot of things we can do together! Oh yeah, my colleague told me that there is a new restaurant in town. All of their dishes are delicious, and the chef comes from Italin. I heard that he’s very young and handsome!”

“It sounds like the last sentence is your main point.” Deirdre chuckled. “I thought you were going to invite me to some new and exciting activity, but you were just asking me to

go for something like a movie. Even if Kyran is around, we can still go out and have fun.”

“Oh, please,” Glenna said as she pouted. “Everyone knows that Kyran is your priority. Once he hugs you and says something nice, you’ll do everything he tells you to do. That’s not good, do you know that?”

“Really? I think it’s pretty good for me to put the man I love first,” Deirdre replied matter-of-factly.

“Jeez, stop it. I’m having goosebumps all over.”

Deirdre laughed. ‘You’ll understand it when you find the man you’re in love with. No woman in this world can resist it when a man acts like a kid and begs you to stay.’

“Alright, alright,” Glenna said as she felt a chill down her spine. She just could not imagine it when Kyran acted like a kid in front of Deirdre with his face.

Deirdre looked at her with a grin on her face and said, “What if it’s Mr. King who does that to you?”

Glenna was stunned for a moment. Her voice became low as she replied, “Why did you suddenly bring him up?”

‘You guys haven’t reconciled yet?’

Glenna refused to answer the question. She changed to another topic and said, ‘You should change your clothes first since it’s getting late. After having fun, we’re going to the

restaurant for dinner. Let me tell you, that restaurant is popular. I won’t forgive you if we miss this opportunity to taste it.’

Since Glenna was so excited, Deirdre did not want to spoil the fun and went to change her clothes. She should go out and have a walk. After all, she would start imagining things and having nightmares if she kept herself at home.

Every time she woke up from her nightmares, Kyran had to hug her for a long while before she could finally calm down.

Glenna was afraid that the two of them might not be able to have enough fun, so she asked two of her friends to meet up with them in the amusement park.

Since Glenna had told Deirdre that two of her friends were joining them, she smiled and nodded at them when they arrived.

“Oh my! What do you mean by this, Glenna? I can forgive you for making yourself so pretty, but how could you not tell me that a gorgeous woman would join us? I would have

put on more makeup if I had known it earlier. Now all of the hot hunks are going to

ignore

me,” Elyne ranted in an exaggerated manner.

“No, they’re not going to ignore you. After all, you’re just like the moon among the stars, and you’re the most beautiful woman in this world,” Glenna said, smiling gleefully.

Elyne harrumphed and replied, “Hmph! Seeing how honest you are, I’m going to forgive you this time.”

After that, she stretched her arm at Deirdre and said, “Hi, pretty. I’m Elyne Lowe. You can just call me Eli.”

It seemed to Deirdre that the woman was extending her hand at her, so she also stretched her hand forward. However, it took her a few attempts before she grabbed Elyne’s hand.

#### Chapter 685 A Familiar Woman’s Voice

“Hi, I’m Deirdre McKinnon.”

Elyne was stunned for a moment, but she did not say anything. She chuckled and turned

to look at Whelan, who was standing next to her.

When she realized that Whelan was staring at Deirdre, she nudged him with her elbow and said, “Stop looking at her like that. Hurry up and introduce yourself.”

It was only then Whelan snapped himself out of his trance. He scratched his head and said, “Hi, Miss McKinnon. I’m Whelan McKinnon.”

Elyne knew that Whelan had a thing for Deirdre, so she decided to help him. She pretended to be surprised and exclaimed, “Wow! Both of you have the same surname. What a coincidence!”

“That’s nothing,” Glenna chimed in and said, “All of us came from the same family a thousand years ago.”

“Do you have to be such a joy killer?” shouted Elyne.

Deirdre was affected by the lively atmosphere and felt a lot better now.

The three of them took great care of her when they arrived at the amusement park.

However, most of the time, it was Whelan who attended to her needs since Glenna and Elyne were having fun.

Deirdre felt a bit embarrassed and said, “It’s okay. You can go and have fun with them. I can see a little bit, so I won’t get lost. I’ll feel very bad if you don’t have enough fun because of me.”

Whelan was sweating profusely. However, it was not because it was hot. It was because

he was feeling very nervous right now. He pitched his voice low and replied, “It’s okay.

The reason they called me here is so they can have someone to help them carry their bags when they go shopping. I’m just an errand boy. I know my own place very well.”

Deirdre was tickled pink by his comment and laughed. Whelan looked at her with some fascination and said after a few moments, “Miss McKinnon ... You look really beautiful when you smile.”

Deirdre felt embarrassed to be praised by someone she had known for less than half a day. Just when she lowered her head, Elyne came over. There was a big smile on her face as she said, “I wonder if we came back at a bad time. It seems like you guys are

making a lot of progress. You even started to praise each other for your good looks.”

“Who are you talking about? Whelan?” Glenna said as she peeled her eyes away from the claw crane. She gave Whelan a thumbs up and said, “As expected of my friend. You have the same taste as me. I was amazed as well when I first saw Deirdre.”

“Stop that, Glenna...” said Deirdre.

Glenna chuckled and said, “You don’t have to feel embarrassed about it.”

Elyne patted her stomach and said, “I’m hungry. What are we going to have for dinner tonight?”

Glenna’s eyes glowed up. “We’re going to the new restaurant downstairs. There are four

of us, so we can get a private room. Let’s go.”

“Why didn’t you tell me earlier? Let’s go! Chop chop!”

The sky had already become dark by the time they came out of the amusement park.

Deirdre pulled her phone out of her pocket. From the light on the screen, she deduced that her phone hadn’t been turned off. Since Kyran hadn’t called her, it meant he hadn’t returned home yet.

She figured she should not disturb him since he was busy with his work. She went to the

restaurant with the other three.

“How many of you are there?”

“Four. Is there any private room available on the second floor?”

The waiter checked for a moment and replied, “Yes. We have one table available now, but it still needs to be cleaned up. Can you wait for a moment here?”

“Where is it? Can we go upstairs and wait?”

“It’s called the Begonia Room. It’s at the innermost position on the right side of the second floor.”

Glenna held Deirdre’s hand, and they went upstairs. As they were chatting outside of the

private room, the door to the private room next door opened up. Then, a woman’s voice wafted into Deirdre’s ears. “Remember to order a bottle of red wine and add some more dishes. Just pick the expensive ones.”

The person who opened the door replied respectfully before going down the stairs.

Deirdre’s blood turned cold, and she froze in horror.

#### Chapter 686 Brendan Is in That Private Room

“Deirdre? What’s wrong? They’ve finished cleaning the room. Let’s go in,” said Glenna.

Deirdre came back to her senses, but her pupils were slightly constricted.

She would rather believe that her ears were playing a trick on her. After all, there were many people here, so there was a high chance that she might have misheard. Besides, there was also a possibility that she was being paranoid and sensitive.

Other than these two reasons, she could not find any other excuses to explain why she would hear Charlene’s voice here.

“Deirdre?”

“I’m sorry.” Deirdre forced herself to smile. She did not want to spoil their fun, so she said, “I was thinking about something just now. Let’s go in.”

Glenna frowned worriedly and patted her shoulder, "You're thinking about that thing again? It's all in the past. You should stop thinking about it."

"Okay."

After that, Deirdre followed Glenna into the private room.

Glenna was surprised by the decoration in the private room and exclaimed, "New restaurants are really different. It seems to me that they've put a lot of effort into the decoration. All of the decorations are inspired by Begonia. I heard that the room next door is called the Peach Blossom Room. Could it be that the entire room is designed with peach blossom-inspired decorations?"

"You didn't see it just now? I took a peek when someone opened the door to the private room next door. I saw that even the wallpapers are peach blossoms."

"Wow, I'm sure that must be very beautiful. If the food here is good, we should come again and get another private room next time."

While both of them chatted, Deirdre memorized the name of the private room next door. Just when she was thinking about how she should find out who was inside the private room, she suddenly came back to her senses in the next second.

'What am I doing? Didn't I already make up my mind? Didn't I already decide to move on? We'll be leaving this place once Kyran finishes his work, so why... Could it be that I still can't forget about Brendan? That's why I want to know if he's inside the private room

or not?'

"Deirdre, is there anything you want to eat? Here's the menu. I can read it for you if you want."

"It's not necessary," Deirdre smiled after calming herself down. "I'm good with anything. You guys can go ahead and order anything you want."

'What about the flavor? Do you like spicy food?'

"I'll be very happy if it can be less spicy."

"Alright!"

Glenna circled a few dishes for Deirdre before turning around to discuss with Elyne and Whelan. After making up their minds, they found that the waiter hadn't returned yet.

'What's wrong? Is the waiter not going to take our order?'

Elyne supported her face with her hands and said, "Maybe there are too many customers and they're too busy?"

Suddenly, Deirdre stood up. "I'll go look for the waiter and pass him our order."

Elyne was dumbfounded for a moment. She stood up as well and said, "We can't let you do that for us. Let me do it. I'll pass our order to the waiter."

This was Deirdre's chance to get close to the reception desk, so she said with a smile, "I'm going to the restroom anyway, so I'll drop by the reception desk and pass our order to the waiter. You don't have to worry about me. I can see a bit with my eyes, so I'll be alright."

Glenna chimed in and said, "You should let her go, Elyne. Although she's blind, she's more capable than all of us. I can guarantee that you can't cook half as well as she does."

"Seriously?" Elyne was amazed, "Not only are you beautiful, but you're so hardworking too? What a shame for us company slaves!"

Deirdre chuckled. After she left the private room, she took a deep breath to calm herself

down and walked down the stairs.

She handed their order to the receptionist and said, "Hi, I'm from the Begonia Room. We're ready to order, but the waiter is probably too busy to come and get our order, so I brought it over myself."

The receptionist apologized to her and said, "I'm so sorry about that! The guests in the other private room ordered a lot of food all of a sudden, and there are too many customers in the restaurant. I guess that's why the waiter forgot to come and take your order."

"That's okay," said Deirdre. She did not leave after handing the menu back to the receptionist. Instead, she continued and asked, "Is that private room called the Peach Blossom Room?"