

Resent Reject Regret by Aqua Summers

Chapter 701-715

Chapter 701 He's Just Returned From that Woman's Place

The balcony window was open, so Kyran reached out and shut it before pulling Deirdre into his arms. "Why are you standing here? Aren't you cold? I wouldn't like you catching a cold."

He was so caring and attentive, though he could not help but express seriousness at the thought of her health.

Deirdre chuckled, a little guilty, and explained, "I heard it was raining out there, so I was worried the journey from Village Alnwick would get a little bumpier. Good thing you came back so soon, though!"

She pressed the side of her head against his chest until a scent caught her attention. It was the same thing she had smelled from the previous night.

Was it that woman again? Did he just come back from that woman's side?

Deirdre lowered her eyes, and Brendan caught on. "What's wrong?"

She shook her head and smiled. "Nothing! Are you hungry? I'll make you something hot."

"Nice."

A little while later, the weather worsened. The rain washed over the ground with palpable ferocity. The next morning was consequently colder.

Deirdre told Kyran to put on an extra shirt for warmth and watched him leave. Then, she put on her own coat and left the house. She waited by the gate, and a while later, a car stopped outside. The window rolled down and revealed Sam's face.

Sam opened the door to the passenger's side. "Get in, Miss McKinnon."

She got inside, closed the door, and pointed out nonchalantly, "You came here all the way from Neve, right? I didn't expect you to be here so soon." "Oh. Right." Sam was a little startled but nodded nevertheless. He was not going to admit that he had decided to stay around the area and most certainly had not driven from Neve.

"You asked me for help, so I cut back a little on my sleep to come to you as early as I could." He fibbed as he turned the engine on before changing the topic altogether.

"Have you had breakfast? Should we grab some or head straight to the hospital?"

Deirdre did not even blink. "Take me to Brendan's."

Sam almost stomped on the brake. "What!?"

"I said, take me to Brendan's place."

Sam was a little hard-pressed to get out of this pickle. "You're pulling a fast one on me, Miss McKinnon. You know how far he is from us, right?"

Besides, pardon my bluntness, but he... might not want to see you at all."

"I know he's here," Deirdre insisted brusquely while making sure her rage did not get blown over. "I don't care if he wants to see me or not. I'm seeing him today. If this is a difficult position for you to be in, then just abandon me by the front door of his house, and I'll say I have never seen you at all today."

"Miss McKinnon..."

Sam was in a difficult position. In fact, he was wailing to himself in his thoughts. "The goddamned front door of his house is your own front door! I'll just leave you back

where you were!

“Sam, how have I been to you?”

The man immediately answered her, “Very good! You’re nothing but kind and good.” Deirdre cast her sight down. “I don’t want to cajole you into anything, but I’m running out of options, Sam. I have to see Brendan today! If you can help me this once, just this once, I promise I won’t ever trouble you again from this moment on.”

“Miss McKinnon, wasn’t it an explicit wish for the both of you never to come in contact with each other after the divorce? You know, letting bygones be bygones?” Sam reminded her helplessly. “I’m not sure what you’re trying to do with this.”

‘Let bygones be bygones?’ Deirdre almost laughed. If only the male side of the equation could keep his end of the bargain!

“It’s not as simple as you think, Sam, but the point remains. I will see Brendan today. He doesn’t want to answer my calls, which leaves me no choice but to ask you for help.” She clenched her jaw a little. “I know he’s here. Both of you are here. No one knows where he is better than you do, Sam. You’re the only one who can help.”

Chapter 702 Meeting Me Isn’t Without Consequences

“Naturally, I’m very aware of whom you’re working for. I know he’s your boss. So, if you really can’t help me, then just send me back home. I won’t hold it against you,” said Deirdre despite already deciding to coerce Sam by capitalizing on his softheartness.

She was sure Brendan would never punish Sam too much, even if he disobeyed his boss a little, which meant she could stand to be more forceful and get what she wanted. And yet, in the end, she could not find it in her to do it. Sam had been nothing but kind and helpful to her—she could not let herself force this same man into a corner and use him as a means to her end.

“But you’re just going to try to see Mr. Brighthall through some other way if I send you back home, right?”

Deirdre cast her eyes down. ‘You’re not wrong.’

He sighed. “Christ. I guess... I guess I could ask Mr. Brighthall to agree, if nothing else. I’m not allowed to make my own decisions, but I can at least suggest something to him.”

He got out of the car and walked away.

Deirdre’s heart began to race erratically. She was worried Brendan would reject her even as a large part of her dreaded seeing him too. By the time she snapped out of her panic, Sam was already getting back into the car. “Miss McKinnon?”

She clenched her fists a little.

“I’ll drive you there.”

She was stunned. Then, she nodded. She had at least reached her goal.

As it turned out, Brendan was staying in a hotel nearby. Sam led Deirdre to the highest floor, gave her the directions, and said, “Mr. Brighthall wanted the meeting to be private, so you have to excuse me. You can knock on his door.”

She nodded and approached Brendan’s room.

A mixture of sentiments and emotions awakened. She had really thought she was never going to look for Brendan again, but now?

She raised her hand and retracted it. She raised it again and then put it down.

Suddenly, a simple act of knocking on the door had become a struggle. It was then that a shadow loomed over her. She turned aside and saw the man's towering figure manifesting in her view.

Did he just return from elsewhere too!?

"So... You've got enough balls to threaten Sam but not enough to knock on my door yourself?" Brendan sneered.

Deirdre was flustered. He had seen everything!

She was still trying to make an excuse when the man suddenly leaned close, his frame easily breaching into her personal space. She turned pale and stepped back. Then she heard the sound of the door being unlocked.

Brendan had come close to her only because he needed to open the door. Turning around to meet her gaze, he snorted mockingly. "Get over yourself.

You don't interest me anymore." i

A quiet blush crept into her cheeks as she clenched her hands into fists. She had to brave through Brendan's jeers and mockery as calmly as she could.

Deirdre followed his silhouette inside.

Brendan poured himself a cup of water and took a sip with his eyes set on the young woman. "I heard from Sam that you were practically begging to see me. Now, why the h*11 would you want to do that? If it's about Charlene, you can go ahead and kill that hope before wasting any more of our time. I'm not going to help you."

"I know." Deirdre gulped and maintained a facade of impassivity. She already knew that.

"Oh? Then why are you here?" he asked. His voice had an obvious tinge of curiosity. Then, before she could even answer him, a sardonic smile crept into his lips, and he gleefully made his dehumanizing accusation. "It's because he couldn't scratch your horny little itch, isn't it? So, you've got no choice but to scrape your knee to beg me."

Deirdre finally showed some reaction. She lifted her head, her eyes red.

"Oh! Someone's angry now!" he pointed out coldly. "But you should have known, McKinnon. There are consequences to insisting on meeting me."

Chapter 703 What If I Am Kyran?

Deirdre's rage dissipated in all of her weariness. He was right-she knew what she was getting when she chose to do this.

Brendan stared down at her from his nose, his gaze unreadable. "So, why are you here, exactly?"

Deirdre closed her eyes. "I want you to let Kyran live in peace."

"What!?"

She opened her eyes and swallowed the bitter lump forming in her throat. Her pretty, clear eyes were begging him. "Please, Brendan, if you're pissed about something, just vent it on me. Don't drag Kyran into it, please! He doesn't know. He doesn't deserve it."

The absurdity of this revelation crashed onto him. He gripped her chin tightly and pulled her closer in. "I wish I could crack your skull open just to see whatever the h*11 is eating your brain. You're accusing me of venting my steam on Kyran somehow!?"

"Am I wrong?" A look of confusion swept across her face momentarily before certainty replaced it. Kyran had not been acting like himself lately, and that woman had

something to do with it. The only person she knew who was capable of putting those elements together was Brendan-she could not come up with any other reason.

She lowered her eyelids. "It was my fault for trying to bring Charlene to justice, okay? If you want to punish me over it, then do so. I don't mind. I could even visit and apologize to her as long as you promise to stop harming Kyran, okay?"

Brendan's expression darkened. "You'll bend your knees and apologize to someone who'd happily destroy your life... for Kyran's sake?"

Deirdre gave a weak, self-deprecating smile. "Yes."

It was not like she had not done something like that in her life before. She had cast away her dignity for Brendan for so long. In comparison, she would be happy if all of this came in exchange for Kyran's freedom.

A strong wave of emotions flashed in Brendan's eyes. 'You-'

He swallowed his real response after a quick look flitted through his face. A sneer displaced his prior expression. "I'll admit to actually being excited for that, but unfortunately..."

Deirdre's eyes widened. "Unfortunately... what!?"

He released her. "I didn't do anything against Kyran."

"Impossible!" Deirdre breathed hard. "He's not himself lately. He comes home late, leaves too early, and always looks fatigued! He's forced to entangle himself with a woman he clearly loathes and has to do it behind my back. Who else would have the power to force anyone into a position like that other than you!?"

"Here's the question: how are you so sure Kyran was forced to do anything with anyone?" Brendan retorted sharply, his eyes unwaveringly trained on her. "Maybe he found someone better. Maybe he enjoys a new p*ssy. That would explain why he's so tired every day. Screwing two women at the same time will do that to a man. What's so impossible about any of this?"

"Because he's not you!"

Deirdre curled her fingers into tight fists. She lowered her head and repeated, "He's not you."

Brendan suddenly gripped her arms and thundered, "What if he were me, huh? What if I am Kyran!?"

His strength, combined with how abrupt his manner was, startled Deirdre. She tried to wriggle herself out as hard as she could. "Let me go! Brendan! Let me g- Mmmf!"

He suddenly lowered his head and forced his lips against hers, snuffing out any and every possible retaliation coming out of her. His kiss was so fierce that it left no room to misinterpret his possessiveness. He intended to crush all objections.

His fingers dug into Deirdre's arms like lobster claws as he pressed on with his kiss.

Deirdre shifted from surprise to panic. She summoned her strength in an attempt to shove Brendan away and run, but that kiss sapped her strength away. It was as though the bones in her legs had fallen apart. She could hardly move when she fell onto the floor.

Chapter 704 I'll Let Him Off The Hook When I'm Satisfied

"Feeling it already?" Brendan smirked, his eyes narrowing at the sight. He bent, looming over her, and gently tipped Deirdre's chin up at him.

She slapped her hand away as shame rose to take control of her. Everything about it

was so embarrassing, yet Brendan was such a professional at kissing that even her rage could not come up with any retaliation.

She asked for it the moment she came to see him. She knew this was going to happen.

She fought her shame at bay and clenched her hands. "Why? Why are you doing this? If Charlene knows... She's not going to be happy about this!"

The name seemed to have summoned dark clouds into Brendan's gaze.

Deadpanned, he replied, "Why? Because that's who we are. That's what all men are. Just because I love her doesn't mean I'm going to save myself for her or something stupid like that. I can always indulge in my old bedmate if I do it behind her back." i 'His old bedmate... Me...'

Deirdre blanched at the idea. She shot a look of disappointment at Brendan and rose to her feet. "I was never here."

She smoothed her shirt and started toward the door. Her finger was about to touch the doorknob when Brendan suddenly spoke. "So, you'd rather let Kyran suffer."

Deirdre froze.

Brendan had an unlit cigarette in his mouth, and it seemed like he was not in a hurry to light it at all. He simply stared in her direction noncommittally.

In truth, Brendan had changed his mind. He needed Deirdre to believe he pressured Kyran into a compromising position and made him come home late. It was the only way to stymie Deirdre's investigation, which would reveal an even more horrible truth. Besides, Deirdre already hated him. She could not hate him any more.

Deirdre whipped her head in his direction sharply, her eyes twitching." Didn't you say you had nothing to do with Kyran's recent activities!?"

Brendan snickered. "Christ, why are you still so naive? You believed me just because I said that? Honestly, how could Kyran be in this spot if it weren't for me, genius? He's a big man, alright. He acts like he can take it on and doesn't tell you a single thing. I actually expected him to beg me to stop when he finally couldn't take it anymore. Or, you know, send his girlfriend to do it in his stead."

"You psychopath!" Deirdre's shock and rage crashed onto her. She wished she could obey her desire and slap Brendan's obnoxious face. "Why the h*ll are you doing this!? He has never offended you!"

"Why?" Brendan lit and unlit flames from his lighter. "Maybe it's because I'm bored as f*ck. I also don't like it when other people take my stuff, even if it is garbage I've thrown away. He wants my trash? I'll make him work for it."

"You!" Deirdre's eyes were stung into tears. Her head was spinning. She had to dig her nails into herself to retain even the vaguest hint of self control. "Whatever it is between us is over, Brendan Brighthall!"

"So?"

"So let him go!" She wailed in despair. "Vent it on me."

"You asked for it," Brendan replied coldly, the way he had designed his persona to be. He lit up a cigarette. "Remove my name from your blacklist and stay in the mansion with your phone by your side at all times. Wait for my message. Come to me whenever I want you."

Deirdre's eyes were red. "And what happens if I do that? Will you let him go?"

"Only when I'm finally satisfied. Sam? Drive her home."

Deirdre returned to the car in a nigh-catatonic stupor. She was not responding to any of Sam's calls until finally, after gulping down the lump in her throat, she forced a smile. "W-Were you talking to me, Sam? What is it?"

"Um, we've arrived."

Chapter 705 Look For Him

Deirdre shook herself awake and unbuckled her seatbelt. "Oh, God. Sorry. I was lost in thoughts. Thanks for bringing me home."

"Don't mention it." Sam hesitated for a moment before asking, "Um, Miss McKinnon, you don't look so good. Are you okay? Did Mr. Brighthall say something demeaning again?"

Deirdre wished that was the extent of his humiliation back there. She wished that was all it took for this to end.

But Brendan clearly enjoyed dragging it out. Deirdre resented him for it, yet she was clearly too hapless to do anything about it.

She could not say much to Sam, so she smiled and assured him that she was fine.

Pulling out her phone, she asked, "Can you help me remove Brendan's number from my blacklist?"

Sam had never worked with an old model before this, but it didn't take him long to get used to it. It took him only a minute. Deirdre thanked him and left.

Then, for days on end, Deirdre lived in a constant state of anxiety and distress. She would jump, prepare herself mentally, and then proceed to answer any call from her phone. What she did not expect, though, was that none of the calls was Brendan's. It was either Declan or Glenna on the other end.

A week passed, and Deirdre began to wonder whether Brendan had forgotten all about her. It was a good thing, but Kyran continued coming home late and leaving early in the morning, which broke her heart.

Then, one late afternoon, she finally received a call from Brendan's number. She was almost too excited. "Brendan!"

There was a pause from the other end. When the other party spoke, the voice was that of a stranger's. "Miss McKinnon? Hello. I'm Mr. Bright hall's assistant."

"His assistant?"

She had never heard this voice before, but it was unmistakably Brendan's number.

Biting her lips, she discarded caution and asked, "Where's Brendan? Why isn't he the one talking?"

The man on the other side laughed sarcastically. "He's busy in a meeting. He doesn't have the time to talk to you."

Deirdre understood the subtext. Brendan simply found even the thought of talking to her unappealing. Her fingers curled slightly into her hand, and she asked, "Then why did he ask you to call me?"

The man was direct. "He wants you to meet him at Sigh and Sea. 8:00 p.m."

"Sigh... and Sea?" It was a place she had never heard of before. She bit her lips again. "What kind of place is that?"

The man sneered. "You'll know once you're there. Mr. Brighthall also instructed you not to be late and put on your best look. Bottom line? Don't embarrass him."

The stranger cut off their call with that.

Deirdre's face turned pale. Brendan had been quiet for so long it had put her on pins and needles for an extended time, only to deliver a punch straight to her gut. To ask her out at a time like 8:00 p.m.? If Kyran returned home early tonight, he would see her on her way out!

Even so, she had to do this to free Kyran from Brendan's bind. She needed to do this so they could move to Germia and never need to look back.

She gnashed her teeth and called Kyran. He seemed to be very busy, as it took him a while to finally answer her in his usual gentle voice. "Dee? Hey, what's up?"

His voice immediately assuaged her anxiety and distress. She found her courage returning. "What time are you coming home tonight?"

"Is... Is something going on?" He audibly hesitated. He sounded restricted as if he was in a bind. "I'm going to be home late tonight, sorry.

Something's keeping me here. If you need anything-" "No, I'm fine!" Deirdre replied and feigned a chuckle. "I just thought of asking. If you're coming home too late, I'll tune in for the night early, okay?"

Chapter 705 Look For Him

Deirdre shook herself awake and unbuckled her seatbelt. "Oh, God. Sorry. I was lost in thoughts. Thanks for bringing me home."

"Don't mention it." Sam hesitated for a moment before asking, "Um, Miss McKinnon, you don't look so good. Are you okay? Did Mr. Brighthall say something demeaning again?"

Deirdre wished that was the extent of his humiliation back there. She wished that was all it took for this to end.

But Brendan clearly enjoyed dragging it out. Deirdre resented him for it, yet she was clearly too hapless to do anything about it.

She could not say much to Sam, so she smiled and assured him that she was fine.

Pulling out her phone, she asked, "Can you help me remove Brendan's number from my blacklist?"

Sam had never worked with an old model before this, but it didn't take him long to get used to it. It took him only a minute. Deirdre thanked him and left.

Then, for days on end, Deirdre lived in a constant state of anxiety and distress. She would jump, prepare herself mentally, and then proceed to answer any call from her phone. What she did not expect, though, was that none of the calls was Brendan's. It was either Declan or Glenna on the other end.

A week passed, and Deirdre began to wonder whether Brendan had forgotten all about her. It was a good thing, but Kyran continued coming home late and leaving early in the morning, which broke her heart.

Then, one late afternoon, she finally received a call from Brendan's number. She was almost too excited. "Brendan!"

There was a pause from the other end. When the other party spoke, the voice was that of a stranger's. "Miss McKinnon? Hello. I'm Mr. Bright hall's assistant."

"His assistant?"

She had never heard this voice before, but it was unmistakably Brendan's number.

Bitting her lips, she discarded caution and asked, "Where's Brendan? Why isn't he the one talking?"

The man on the other side laughed sarcastically. "He's busy in a meeting. He doesn't have the time to talk to you."

Deirdre understood the subtext. Brendan simply found even the thought of talking to her unappealing. Her fingers curled slightly into her hand, and she asked, "Then why did he ask you to call me?"

The man was direct. "He wants you to meet him at Sigh and Sea. 8:00 p.m."

"Sigh... and Sea?" It was a place she had never heard of before. She bit her lips again. "What kind of place is that?"

The man sneered. "You'll know once you're there. Mr. Brighthall also instructed you not to be late and put on your best look. Bottom line? Don't embarrass him."

The stranger cut off their call with that.

Deirdre's face turned pale. Brendan had been quiet for so long it had put her on pins and needles for an extended time, only to deliver a punch straight to her gut. To ask her out at a time like 8:00 p.m.? If Kyran returned home early tonight, he would see her on her way out!

Even so, she had to do this to free Kyran from Brendan's bind. She needed to do this so they could move to Germia and never need to look back.

She gnashed her teeth and called Kyran. He seemed to be very busy, as it took him a while to finally answer her in his usual gentle voice. "Dee? Hey, what's up?"

His voice immediately assuaged her anxiety and distress. She found her courage returning. "What time are you coming home tonight?"

"Is... Is something going on?" He audibly hesitated. He sounded restricted as if he was in a bind. "I'm going to be home late tonight, sorry."

Something's keeping me here. If you need anything-" "No, I'm fine!" Deirdre replied and feigned a chuckle. "I just thought of asking. If you're coming home too late, I'll tune in for the night early, okay?"

Chapter 706 Brendan's Choice For a B*tch

"Well, I've been telling you to do that for a while now, haven't I?" Kyran replied softly.

"And turn off the lights too. I'll only be home in the wee hours of the morning, tops. Go ahead and get some rest before me."

'Early morning, then? Well, that's enough time.'

Deirdre clutched the edge of her skirt tightly. "Don't... work yourself too hard, okay?"

When everything's finally over, we... We'll move to Germia."

"Yes, we will." He let out a soft chuckle. "I'll marry you there."

Deirdre's ears were still red and burning when the call ended, but she did not have the luxury of time to enjoy it. She marched to her closet and took out a dress. A simple touch-up with lipstick later, she let her hair down just as her phone alarm beeped.

She took her keys and hailed a cab. It hardly took her that much time—this was the moment when the city's nightlife was starting. 'To Sigh and Sea, please.'

Deirdre had a guess on what kind of establishment it could be, and it turned out to be just as she had expected. She was about to enter when the bouncer stopped her.

"Members only. Show your card or beat it."

"Card?" Deirdre was stunned. She did not expect this part right here.

The bouncer scanned her. She was a real looker, this one. Too bad she had to pawn herself off in such an unrespectable gig. "Don't think you can get inside by looking

pretty, little bird. I've gotten used to your type. Move aside, and don't block the hallway!"

"No, there must be a mistake. I was invited here. Brendan Brighthall invited me!"

The bouncer snorted. "Funny joke, lady."

Deirdre was about to argue more when a woman—a staff judging from her uniform approached them. "Is this Miss Deirdre McKinnon?"

"That's me!"

The staff studied her as contempt tainted what should have been a professional smile.

"She's here on an invitation. I'll bring her in."

She turned to Deirdre and beckoned her. "Follow me!"

The young woman nodded. She tried her best to make out the directions but tripped a little over the bouncer's foot. The staff quickly noticed it and questioned aloud, "Are you blind?"

It was rude, but Deirdre had gotten used to it. She nodded.

"Holy sh*t! You're really blind." The staff frowned. "Well, at least you look good."

Deirdre did not understand her comment. She smoothed her sleeves and asked, "Where's Brendan?"

"Oh, he's upstairs. I'll take you there."

"Thank you."

Deirdre followed the staff, her footsteps a little unsteady. Once they reached a room, the staff announced, "This is it. Go ahead on your own."

"I've got other stuff to do."

"Right." Deirdre took a sniff at the scent of cigarettes perforating the entire area. It stung her nose—she knew immediately that this was neither safe nor respectable. Still, for Kyran's sake, she steeled herself and opened the door.

The boisterous peals of laughter inside died instantly. The room was dark, and Deirdre could not make out how crowded it was. Still, when all eyes landed on her, she clenched her fists. "W-Where is B-Brendan B-Brighthall?"

"So, you're the one he's sent in?" a middle-aged man with a cigar in his mouth asked as he ogled at Deirdre as though he was admiring wine. "Brighthall sure has taste in his b*tches. He picks only the most beautiful and nothing else."

"Yea! Look at her! She could have become a celebrity with beauty like that. Maybe we should enjoy her before everyone else out there does right now."

The crowd roared into laughter as the glares they leveled on her turned more and more lascivious. Deirdre might not be able to see, but she could sense danger in their gazes.

Her heart raced.

Chapter 707 Let's Teach This B*tch a Lesson!

"Where's Brendan?" Deirdre demanded.

"Brendan's not here, sweetheart!" The middle-aged man brought his beer mug toward her and caressed her cheeks. "You're here to serve us."

Serve? Deirdre's eyes trembled. She slapped the man's hand away. "Don't touch me!"

The crowd erupted into laughter. "Oh! Spicy!"

The middle-aged man grabbed her hand with the strength of a lobster's claw. "But what if I'm touching you, huh? What are you gonna do about it, huh? Brendan got you

here to be our entertainment for the night, sweetheart. Make us happy, and we'll make you very happy too!"

Deirdre's quivering eyes turned red. She was shaking. Brendan had sent her there to be their plaything!?

A chill ripped through her innards. Every breath felt like a stab to her lungs. No wonder Brendan had told her to come here and to put on something "nice". He never planned to let her live in peace-he wanted to humiliate her to win back Charlene's heart!

The man reached out again. "Come drink with me, babe!"

Deirdre gnashed her teeth, shoved the man away, and lurched at the handle to the door. She tugged-and felt her blood turn to ice. The door would not budge.

Someone had locked the door from the outside.

"F*ck!" The middle-aged she shoved had crashed onto the couch while everyone else was watching. Hugely embarrassed, he regained her balance and decked his heavy hand across her cheek. "You're the one wh*ring yourself out for cash, so stop acting like a princess waiting for us to please you!"

A jolt of pain stung Deirdre as her lips clashed with her teeth. Before she could recover from the slap, the man yanked her hair and slammed her down on the table, the shockwave causing beer bottles to roll and fall in a racket.

The room was silent for a moment before a cheer erupted. "Oh! Atta boy, Mr. Cruz! Teach that b*tch a lesson!"

"Yeah! Before every wh*re starts thinking they are better than us even though they're supposed to suck our d*cks for money!"

"Brighthall would be pleased to see Mr. Cruz educate his stubborn b*tch into submission, I bet. Who doesn't like a girl who knows her place and manners?"

Mr. Cruz relished in the flatteries. He held his cup and pried Deirdre's lips open before pouring beer into her mouth. It stung so badly the poor young woman shook her head as hard as she could, but her arms were grappled by someone else. Her eyes watered.

Her face was stricken with beer as the crowd jeered and gibbed.

Deirdre trembled and wished she could kill herself. She was being treated like an animal for entertainment-completely dehumanized. 1

And this was all Brendan's fault.

During her struggle, her coat slipped and exposed her ivory-fair shoulder. It must have summoned one of the men's lust as he caressed her exposed skin instantly. "No wonder Brighthall picked her. She's a f*cking million-dollar, which means she must feel like a million dollar to f*ck!" 1

Mr. Cruz narrowed his eyes and began to undo his belt excitedly. "Time to teach this b*tch some submission!"

Then, right in front of everyone, he reached out to tear Deirdre's dress apart.

Desperation was all that was left. She looked at the ceiling, tears rolling from either edge of her eyes.

At that moment, the door was suddenly kicked open. At first, the crowd was clearly incensed-someone had decided to come in at the wrong time, after all. Then, when they saw who it was, they were stunned for a moment before greeting with smiles.

“There you are, Brighthall! I was about to teach this b*tch a lesson! Give me some time to savor the moment; you can wait there. And then we can talk about our proje-“

Chapter 708 This is All Your Fault!

Mr. Cruz had hardly finished his sentence when a very stormy-faced Brendan threw a punch at Mr. Cruz’s nose.

The older man wailed and collapsed on the floor as blood sprayed from his broken nose.

That was only the beginning. Brendan’s face had twisted into a vein popping, nightmarish glower. He grabbed Mr. Cruz by his collar and dished out more punishment square on his face. Every hit was rock solid, and even as blood was spraying, there was no sign of Brendan lessening his force.

It happened so quickly that the crowd was too startled to say anything or pull him away. They just gawked at him, though one of them managed to be aware enough to cry out, “What are you doing, Brighthall? That’s Mr.

Cruz right there! You’re going to need his favors, right!?”

“Since when have I ever needed any f*cking favor from a sh*thead!?” Brendan thundered, his eyes dangerously red. His gaze was so sharp it was like the service end of a dagger, and the man promptly shut himself up, pale.

Brendan gave a few more kicks to the older man on the floor as hard as he could. He wished he could murder him already, but Deirdre’s welfare was his priority. He removed his coat and covered her with it.

His finger grazed her skin, and he felt her shaking. It felt like a knife had sunken into his chest. Taking a deep breath to suppress his roaring emotions, he said, “I’m sorry... But I’m here now. I’ll bring you out of here.”

He pulled Deirdre into his arms and made his way to the door.

Mr. Cruz, who finally regained some consciousness, rose unsteadily from the floor with his hand on his face. “F*ck you, Brighthall! F*ck you!” he shouted almost unintelligibly. “How dare you do this to me!? You f*cking piece of sh*t!”

The crowd shut up. They could not afford to offend Brendan or Mr. Cruz.

Meanwhile, Brendan turned to glare at him.

“You think being a hot sh*t in Neve makes you the king of everywhere else, punk!?”

Mr. Cruz continued. “Mark my word, d*psh*t, you’ve made a very powerful enemy today!”

Brendan snorted. “Ha! Do your worst.”

Why would he give a sh*t to hacks like Mr. Cruz? He never had and never would.

He shot a look at Sam as soon as he stepped out of the room before giving a simple command, “Don’t let even one of them escape.”

Sam nodded and led a gang of bodyguards inside. Then, he closed the door.

Brendan cradled the woman in his arms even more tightly as he cursed at his own tardiness. He had already suspected something amiss when Charlene started acting even dingier than she already was, but it took a call from Declan about Deirdre’s disappearance to clue him in about her possible scheme. Had he come any second later...

A chill swept across his eyes as belligerent lividity shadowed his face. None of the employees dared step in his way as he stormed out of Sigh and Sea.

They broke out of the entrance, where the wintry air greeted them. He gripped the young woman a little harder and said, "It's alright now, Deirdre. It's over."

There was no response—not even a stir. Brendan freed his one hand to pull the car door open. He accidentally touched her elbow, and suddenly, Deirdre drew a sharp breath and shivered even harder.

Brendan's pupils dilated. "Are you hurt?"

He pulled the coat away from her.

He froze. Her face was marred with fresh, ongoing tears. She stared at him, her face devoid of expression. The nipping wind seemed to have stung her awake a little because she gnashed her chattering teeth and said, "Unhand me!"

Brendan reeled and softened his tone as much as he could. "Deirdre, are you hurt?"

Let me take a look, okay?"

He reached out to the woman's arm. In a flash, he felt a slap across his cheek.

The burning sting quickly spread across his whole face like wildfire.

She was still shaking. Forcing back her tears, she shouted, "Stop pretending already, for f*ck's sake! This is all your fault! You really think I'd suddenly adore you and thank you just because you're the one who rescued me from the fire you started!?"

Chapter 709 You Should Have Let Me Die With My Child!

Deirdre was hysterical. She lunged and pounded her fists on him in a post-traumatic fit. "Are you happy now? Huh? Are you finally satisfied now!?"

Nothing pleases you more than seeing me humiliated and dehumanized and suffering from a nervous breakdown, doesn't it, you demon!? If you hate me so much—if you hate me this much—then why didn't you let me die and rot in prison!? Let me die with my child, and I wouldn't have to suffer all of your torment for no f*cking reason!" 1

Brendan froze. It felt like a million thorns were stabbing his chest simultaneously, stinging him so much that his teeth chattered. It hurt, yet he could not even garner the strength to voice it.

It took him a while to reel out of that pain. He threw his arms around her and squeezed her as tightly as he could, as though he was worried that she might vanish if he did not. "I'm sorry. I'm sorry... I should have protected you."

He was muttering to himself as pain ravaged him.

"You're sorry?" It was a scoff. What an absurd sentence! And the sheer cruelty of its worthlessness—it was as cheap as any sound a man could make, worthless precisely because it conferred no punishment and yet demanded unreserved forgiveness.

"Unhand me." The icy wind made her tremble a little, but her gaze was even colder.

'You disgust me! Everything about you disgusts me! You make me wretch!"

Brendan had no retort. "This place isn't safe. Just let me drive you home."

"Not safe?" Deirdre laughed scornfully. "I'm the least safe when I'm with you!"

Brendan froze.

"Stay the h*ll away from me, Brendan. I hate you enough as it is. Do you really want me to go further!?"

Brendan had lost all strength to say anything. Her words hit him like a sledgehammer, and the world suddenly seemed dark. He now knew how much he had lost. Even his strength to defend himself was gone because there was no argument in his defense, i Deirdre turned on her heels and made her way to the right, following the weak

streetlight and the vague hues it illuminated. Brendan snapped out of his stupor and followed her closely.

A young skateboarder was having the time of his life cruising through the mostly empty streets at high speed. He called out to Deirdre from a distance, warning her to move aside, but a confused Deirdre simply took a staggering step back.

She fell into Brendan's arms just as the young man made a near-brush crash in the opposite direction.

Brendan shot an icy glare at him. "Watch where you're going next time."

The young man cowered. He nodded apologetically and ran away.

Deirdre shoved Brendan away, but his gaze softened. "I know you hate me and would very much rather not see me, but you can't see at all, remember? It's hard to hail a cab, so I can't possibly let you walk on your own," he muttered gently. "At least ask a friend to pick you up."

Deirdre quietly admitted to herself that there was no better way to solve her current predicament, so she decided not to be stubborn and pulled her phone out of her pocket. She called Glenna.

Then, she sat on a stone bench by the roadside and waited.

Glenna was fast. Deirdre hardly had the time to space out when her car arrived already. Getting out of her seat, Glenna espied the look on Deirdre's face and felt a pang. "Oh my God, what happened?"

Deirdre flashed her a smile and changed the subject. "I didn't expect you to be this fast."

"Office dinner. I was just on the neighboring street."

Deirdre was a little embarrassed. "Sorry. I stole you away, didn't I?"

"Honey, you take that back!" Glenna replied, feigning anger. "Nothing's more important than you, Dee. How could I possibly leave you here, alone, late at night? You should pat yourself for calling me for help! Come on, get into the car!"

Deirdre nodded, and Glenna helped her into the passenger seat. She hurriedly started the car engine and asked, "Honestly, shouldn't you be sleeping in the mansion at this moment? Why are you waiting at the entrance of Sigh and Sea?"

Chapter 710 I'll Avenge You

Glenna noticed the coat around Deirdre's frame and asked, "Hmm. Did you go out with Kyran?"

The way she said it made Deirdre think the young woman must have missed out on Brendan. It was a good thing, too-Deirdre would not know how to explain it otherwise. It was a good fib, so she took it. "That's right. We were having dinner together today, but he had an emergency halfway through and just had to go. So, I called you."

"Emergency my *ss! He shouldn't even think about leaving someone who has difficulty seeing by the roadside, alone, in the godd*mn night!" Glenna tutted, mildly irritated.

"He should count his blessings that I was around. It'd have taken me at least half an hour to reach you if I were at home. That nerve! What if you got into trouble with some local thugs, huh?"

Deirdre smiled. "I'm a grown-up, not a kid. I'll scream if I get into trouble."

"That's not what I meant! It's Sigh and Sea itself, girl. I'm saying..." Glenna faltered. Failing to find the right words, she gave up. "Uh, never mind. Back to your home?"

“Not tonight,” Deirdre declined. There were marks and bruises on herself, and her mental state was too volatile to her own liking. The last thing she wanted was for Kyran to notice anything amiss. “Is there a guest room in your place, Glenna?”

“Oh, a sleepover? Yes, yes, yes! Do you know how bored I am living all alone? I’ve got like so many spare rooms, and they’re all so empty!” She stopped herself. “Wait a minute. Aren’t you supposed to go home and be with your man or something? The two of you were practically glued together. Unless…”

“You two had a fight, didn’t you? Lord, I swear, if he pissed you off or if he said anything that rubbed you off the wrong way, you can tell me. I’ll give him a piece of my mind. Vengeance must be served!”

“Wait, no!” Deirdre laughed. “No, Glenna. He told me he was going to be busy until tomorrow night, and being alone at home like that can be scary.”

“Oh. Okay, that sounds fair.” Glenna was relieved. “Then you’re sleeping on my bed with me tonight! I have just bought two exact sets of new nightgowns, which is perfect! For this occasion! We’ll look like sisters!”

“O-Okay.”

They chatted for about half an hour until, finally, they arrived. Glenna dropped Deirdre off at her home and told her, “I’m going to look for a spot to park my car, so you wait for me here.”

“Right.”

Glenna’s car had barely driven off when Deirdre pulled out her phone. After some mental preparation, she called Kyran. It took him a while to pick up. She could hear a faint noise in the background.

The man seemed to be walking away from the source. Then, gently, he said, “Dee?” Deirdre’s fingers tightened around her phone. “Kyran, you aren’t home yet, are you?”

“No, I’m not. I need to meet a client. I think I can only go home around 1:00 am. or something, tops. What’s wrong? If you’re tired, just go to sleep. If you’re hungry, I’ll bring something delicious for you when I get back. How’s that, hmm?”

The gentle concern in his phone formed a lump in Deirdre’s throat. She started to sniffle. “I… I’m not going to be home tonight,” she replied hesitantly. “This is why I’m calling you. I’m staying at Glenna’s place tonight. Don’t worry about me. I’ll go home tomorrow.”

Silence ensued. Then, he softly said, “I’m sorry.”

Deirdre froze.

Kyran seemingly snapped out of it and added gently, “I’m sorry for coming home late these days. If only I could come home earlier to see you… You wouldn’t feel so alone.”

“I… I don’t feel alone!” replied Deirdre, swallowing the onset of her sobs as hard as she could. “Don’t say that! You’re working hard for our future. I’m happy just to be by your side. I’m very happy.”

Kyran seemed to have something in his thoughts, but in the end, he simply said.

“Take an early rest. Good night.”

“Right. Good night.”

The call ended just in time. Glenna was walking to her after parking her car.

Holding the edge of her dress, Deirdre asked, “Where’s your bathroom, Glenna? I want to take a shower.”

Chapter 710 I'll Avenge You

Glenna noticed the coat around Deirdre's frame and asked, "Hmm. Did you go out with Kyran?"

The way she said it made Deirdre think the young woman must have missed out on Brendan. It was a good thing, too-Deirdre would not know how to explain it otherwise. It was a good fib, so she took it. "That's right. We were having dinner together today, but he had an emergency halfway through and just had to go. So, I called you."

"Emergency my *ss! He shouldn't even think about leaving someone who has difficulty seeing by the roadside, alone, in the godd*mn night!" Glenna tutted, mildly irritated.

"He should count his blessings that I was around. It'd have taken me at least half an hour to reach you if I were at home. That nerve! What if you got into trouble with some local thugs, huh?"

Deirdre smiled. "I'm a grown-up, not a kid. I'll scream if I get into trouble."

"That's not what I meant! It's Sigh and Sea itself, girl. I'm saying..." Glenna faltered.

Failing to find the right words, she gave up. "Uh, never mind. Back to your home?"

"Not tonight," Deirdre declined. There were marks and bruises on herself, and her mental state was too volatile to her own liking. The last thing she wanted was for Kyran to notice anything amiss. "Is there a guest room in your place, Glenna?"

"Oh, a sleepover? Yes, yes, yes! Do you know how bored I am living all alone? I've got like so many spare rooms, and they're all so empty!" She stopped herself. "Wait a minute. Aren't you supposed to go home and be with your man or something? The two of you were practically glued together. Unless..."

"You two had a fight, didn't you? Lord, I swear, if he pissed you off or if he said anything that rubbed you off the wrong way, you can tell me. I'll give him a piece of my mind. Vengeance must be served!"

"Wait, no!" Deirdre laughed. "No, Glenna. He told me he was going to be busy until tomorrow night, and being alone at home like that can be scary."

"Oh. Okay, that sounds fair." Glenna was relieved. "Then you're sleeping on my bed with me tonight! I have just bought two exact sets of new nightgowns, which is perfect! For this occasion! We'll look like sisters!"

"O-Okay."

They chatted for about half an hour until, finally, they arrived. Glenna dropped Deirdre off at her home and told her, "I'm going to look for a spot to park my car, so you wait for me here."

"Right."

Glenna's car had barely driven off when Deirdre pulled out her phone. After some mental preparation, she called Kyran. It took him a while to pick up. She could hear a faint noise in the background.

The man seemed to be walking away from the source. Then, gently, he said, "Dee?" Deirdre's fingers tightened around her phone. "Kyran, you aren't home yet, are you?"

"No, I'm not. I need to meet a client. I think I can only go home around 1:00 am. or something, tops. What's wrong? If you're tired, just go to sleep. If you're hungry, I'll bring something delicious for you when I get back. How's that, hmm?"

The gentle concern in his phone formed a lump in Deirdre's throat. She started to sniffle. "I... I'm not going to be home tonight," she replied hesitantly. "This is why I'm calling you. I'm staying at Glenna's place tonight. Don't worry about me. I'll go home

tomorrow.”

Silence ensued. Then, he softly said, “I’m sorry.”

Deirdre froze.

Kyran seemingly snapped out of it and added gently, “I’m sorry for coming home late these days. If only I could come home earlier to see you... You wouldn’t feel so alone.”

“I... I don’t feel alone!” replied Deirdre, swallowing the onset of her sobs as hard as she could. “Don’t say that! You’re working hard for our future. I’m happy just to be by your side. I’m very happy.”

Kyran seemed to have something in his thoughts, but in the end, he simply said.

“Take an early rest. Good night.”

“Right. Good night.”

The call ended just in time. Glenna was walking to her after parking her car.

Holding the edge of her dress, Deirdre asked, “Where’s your bathroom, Glenna? I want to take a shower.”

Chapter 711 The Person In the Photo

‘The bathroom is in the room. Let me show you where it is.

Glenna led her to the room and got her some clothes. After the door was closed, Deirdre closed her eyes and took a few deep breaths.

The things that had happened two hours ago were still playing vividly in her head. She would never forget the things that those people had done, and it would all come back to haunt her as a nightmare when she slept at night.

Her stomach churned as she turned on the shower with trembling fingers. She took off her clothes, and her shoulders were filled with wounds because she had struggled to get free just now. She walked under the shower and began washing her body.

She kept rubbing her body and did not stop until her skin had turned red. Then, she put on the clothes that Glenna had given her.

When she came out of the bathroom, Glenna was talking to someone on the phone.

She looked at Deirdre as soon as she came out of the bathroom and exclaimed, “Oh my gosh, Deirdre, these pajamas look so good on you! How can you look so good in everything? Kyran really is such a lucky b* stard.”

Deirdre felt embarrassed. Glenna got to her feet and asked, “Where are your clothes? I’ll help you wash and dry them. I think you’ll be able to wear them tomorrow morning.”

‘They’re on the floor.’

Glenna went to pick them up. When she grabbed the suit, she stuck her hand into the pocket and pulled a photo out.

“What is this?” Glenna asked.

Deirdre turned her head around. ‘What’s the matter?’

“I found a photo in Kyran’s suit pocket.”

“A photo?”

The suit belonged to Brendan, and so did the photo. Even though she was surprised that there was a photo in the pocket of Brendan’s suit, she was even more worried that there would be some kind of important information in the photo that might reveal his identity.

With that thought in mind, she hastily said, “Yeah, it’s his suit, but I’m not sure about the photo. I just put it in his pocket when I found it on the table.”

“Really?” Glenna turned the photo over, and when she observed the photo, her pupils constricted.

“Deirdre, the person in the photo...”

By the time Declan arrived, Keith had lost a few teeth and all the others had some bruises and wounds on their bodies and faces.

As for Brendan, he was standing alone in the darkness with a burnt-out cigarette between his fingers. There were mixed emotions in his eyes, and no one knew what was going on in his mind.

Declan asked Sam and the others to stop before going forward to clean up the mess. After everything was settled, he walked up to Brendan.

“What happened? What made you lose your cool?”

“I’m sorry,” Brendan said as he set his jaw tightly. “I’ll compensate you for ruining your cooperation with Mr. Cruz.”

“Don’t worry about that. It’s just a small project, I don’t really mind. I never took the Cruzs seriously either. I just want to know why you are doing this all of a sudden,”

Declan said. However, he soon realized something and found the answer as soon as he finished his sentence. “Is it because of Miss McKinnon?”

After all, only Deirdre was able to make Brendan lose his cool.

Brendan did not say anything in return, and understanding instantly dawned upon Declan. However, there was still something bugging him, so he said, “Miss McKinnon doesn’t mingle with them. How did she get involved?”

Brendan lit up another cigarette expressionlessly, and one could notice through the smoke that his eyes were filled with disgust.

“Charlene sent me away and then used my phone to call Deirdre to trick her into coming here,” Brendan said with a frown.

Even though Brendan did not tell Declan everything, he could more or less guess the rest.

After all, everyone knew that Keith was a playboy. The reason he had come here was that he had to lay low for a while because he had violated a minor in Neve.

Chapter 712 Both of You Look the Same

People always said that a leopard couldn’t change its spots. Even though Keith had decided to lay low for a while because of what he had done, he had given in to his desire. One could imagine what had happened to

Deirdre when she had fallen into his hands.

Declan’s face sank. He instantly understood what Deirdre had gone through.

Therefore, he said calmly, “Don’t worry about Keith. I know exactly what to do with him.”

Brendan did not say anything, and Declan added with a frown, “Besides, I want to know why you’re letting her order you around like a dog.”

Brendan snubbed the cigarette when he heard Declan’s question. However, it took him a long while before he parted his lips and said, “Charlene has Ophelia’s photo in her hands.”

“Ophelia?” The name rang a bell. Declan searched his memory for a while before he jerked his head up. “Isn’t that Miss McKinnon’s mother? I thought she was...”

“She’s still alive.”

Declan was stunned. If his memory served him right, the reason Deirdre hated Brendan to the bone was that she had lost everything when Ophelia had died. But now Brendan was telling him that Ophelia was still alive?

“What on earth is going on?” Declan asked in a stern voice. “Brendan, are you sure this isn’t one of Charlene’s tricks? How could a person who committed suicide by jumping off a building have come back to life?”

Brendan closed his eyes and replied, “I have no idea either. When Ophelia jumped off the third floor, her face was badly mutilated and the only thing left were her clothes, which were barely recognizable, so I naturally mistook her for Ophelia. What’s more, I didn’t want Deirdre to know that her mother was dead, so I chose to close the case hastily. Therefore, there is a chance that the corpse wasn’t Ophelia.”

“But if she’s still alive, why didn’t she come back for Deirdre? And how did Charlene discover that she isn’t dead?”

Brendan shook his head. “I just know that the person in the photo looks exactly like Ophelia. Other than that, I know nothing about her.”

“So... You’re trying to get more information so you can get to the women?”

Brendan smiled bitterly and said, “I owe Deirdre a lot. Even if the chance of this happening is slim, I don’t want to let go of it. I’m not sure if what I’m saying is wrong or right, but one thing I’m sure of is that if Deirdre knows that Ophelia is still alive, she’ll do anything she can to find her, even if it means sacrificing everything.”

Declan let out a sigh. He did not know what kind of answer he should give either. After all, he would do the same in her place.

“Where’s the photo? Show it to me. Maybe I can get more information.”

Brendan stuck his hand in his pocket, then froze as his face turned pale.

“What’s wrong?”

“Deirdre has the photo...”

Glenna frowned and looked at Deirdre. She was both surprised and confused.

“Deirdre, why does the person in the photo look like you?”

“Huh?” Deirdre was so stunned that she bit her lower lip.

She thought it was Charlene’s photo, so to avoid exposing the secret, she explained, “That’s probably me. Kyran took it some time ago.”

“No... I’m pretty sure it isn’t you,” Glenna said. “Although the woman in the photo looks very much like you, she’s old. I believe she’s about 50 years old.”

Deirdre jerked her head up. “What did you say?”

“She looks like she’s in her mid-fifties. Her eyes look rather glassy too... What’s going on, Deirdre? Do you know who she is? Could she be your mother?”

Deirdre’s pupils constricted. An idea surfaced in her head, and she forced herself to calm down.

Chapter 713 She’s Still Alive?

Ophelia was dead. There was no way Brendan would lie to her about this matter. But if it was not Ophelia, why would Brendan keep a photo of a woman who looked like her?

Deirdre’s heart began to pump faster and faster as an idea began slowly taking shape in her head.

“Glenna, can you tell me more about the photo? Can you tell where she is and who

she's with?" Deirdre asked.

Glenna looked at the photo closely for a while, but she could barely see anything because the photo was blurry. "This photo is weird. It seems to me that she's in a room or something. She's sitting on a bed, and there's no one else in the photo."

"What about her hair? And what is she wearing? Does she have long hair or short hair?"

Glenna was startled by Deirdre's string of questions. She tried to calm her down by saying, "Calm down, Deirdre. I'll tell you slowly."

"I'm sorry..." Deirdre pressed down her surging emotions and closed her eyes. If Ophelia was still alive, then she could not leave the country anymore.

"She's wearing a worn-out shirt and she has short hair."

"Short hair? Are you sure?"

"Yeah," Glenna replied firmly. "Her hair reaches the nape of her neck. Oh yeah, her hair is also completely gray."

Deirdre shuddered. If the woman in the photo was Ophelia, then it meant she was still alive.

She used to have long black hair, but her hair had become short and gray. Deirdre could not imagine how hard the past five years had been on her.

Glenna put down the photo and asked, "What happened, Deirdre? She's your mother, right?"

Deirdre shook her head and sobbed. "I'm not sure, Glenna... My mother died five years ago..."

"What?" Glenna was dumbfounded. She only understood now why Deirdre would behave so strangely. Suddenly, she remembered something and asked, "We found this photo in the pocket of Kyran's suit, so why don't you go ask him? It would be great if your mother was still alive."

The problem was that she was lying to Glenna. The suit belonged to Brendan, and judging from what she knew about him, he would not have put it off until now if he'd wanted her to know this.

"Glenna... This is kind of complicated, and I don't know how to explain it to you..." Just as Deirdre was wondering how she should explain everything to Glenna, her phone rang.

She answered the call and a deep, stern, magnetic voice wafted into her ear. "It's me, Deirdre."

Deirdre clenched her teeth tightly. She did not know why Brendan was calling her at this late hour, so she went into the bathroom and asked, "Why are you calling me at this late hour, Mr. Brighthall?"

Brendan fell silent for a moment before saying, "I remember that you still have my suit. Is that right? When are you going to give it back to me?"

"Give it back to you?" Deirdre's heart skipped a beat, and she said, "I thought you weren't going to ask for it back, Mr. Brighthall."

"That suit means a lot to me. Can you give it back to me tomorrow? I'll send you the address later." Brendan commanded her coldly. It seemed to Deirdre that he was not going to tell her anything, and her heart sank.

She felt that he was hiding something from her, and it made her wonder who the woman in that photo was.

‘When are you going to get your suit back?’

‘As soon as possible. Oh yeah, don’t touch my suit. I don’t like other people touching my stuff.’

After he finished talking, he hung up the call.

Deirdre clutched her phone tightly. She knew Brendan very well, so she was confident that something was not right with him.

He had sounded rather anxious and nervous. Could he be worried that she might find the photo?

Chapter 714 Tobey Has Returned

Deirdre bit her lip tightly. When she came back to her senses, she made another call, typing the phone number in her memory.

After a short while, the call was connected and a sleepy voice rang out. ‘Who is it?’

Embarrassed, Deirdre parted her lips and said, ‘Madame Russell, it’s me...’

‘I’m sorry for calling you at this late hour. Were you sleeping?’

‘Deirdre?’ Eilis woke up and sat up straight. ‘Of course not. I’m still watching TV on the couch. What’s the matter? Why did you call me all of a sudden? I thought you said you were going to Germia soon. Did you have a fight with Mr. Reed?’

‘No...’ Deirdre felt a gush of warmth surging in her heart. Eilis had always cared about her. ‘Nothing happened between us. It’s just that we were held back by something, so we haven’t departed for Germia yet.’

‘I see...’ Eilis sighed. ‘Well, on the bright side, it’s good to stay home as well. After all, international calls are expensive. It costs a lot for you to call me like this, and I don’t want you to spend so much money.’

Deirdre chuckled. ‘Don’t you worry about that. Kyran is rich.’

‘Well, you’re right. I feel more comfortable since Mr. Reed is by your side. If it were someone else, I would have said no and sent them away,’ Eilis said. ‘Anyway, what made you call me at this late hour? Do you need my help?’

Deirdre lowered her head and said in embarrassment, ‘Madame Russell, do you still have my mother’s photo?’

‘Ophelia’s photo?’

‘Yeah, well, I remember you having one. Do you still have it?’

A susurrantion came from the other side of the line. It appeared to Deirdre that Eilis was getting out of bed. After a short while, Eilis shouted happily, ‘Found it! I knew I was right. Ophelia didn’t like to take pictures, and she only asked the four of us to take a few photos together on a whim that day.’

‘I put one in Toby’s room, and the rest were under my box.’

Deirdre forced herself to calm down and asked, ‘Do... Do you mind sending one to me?’ 1

‘Of course not,’ Eilis said. ‘I really don’t mind. I should’ve given you these photos, but I didn’t get the chance to give them to you because you left in such a hurry. If you want them, I’ll bring them to you.’

‘It’s okay. You don’t have to bring them to me since you’re so far away. You can just have someone send them over to me.’

Eilis suddenly remembered something and said, ‘Oh yeah, Toby is coming back tomorrow. He said he was going to look for you, but I told him that vaii minht’Vo

alroadw donartod far Hormia Qinr'o \inu w/ant thoco nhntnc I'll mixed emotions surging inside of her. After she calmed herself down, she opened the door and went out.

"Deirdre..." Glenna was waiting for her outside. When she saw Deirdre, she asked worriedly, "Are you alright? You look really pale."

Deirdre offered her a smile and said, "I'm fine. I was just reminiscing about my mother. Anyway, I can't explain everything to you, Glenna, but can you do me a favor?"

"Yeah, sure."

"Can you make a copy of the photo for me and get it back to me before morning?"

Since Brendan did not want her to know about the photo, she would pretend that she did not know about it. As for whether or not the woman in the photo was her mother, everything would come to light when Tobey came.

mixed emotions surging inside of her. After she calmed herself down, she opened the door and went out.

"Deirdre..." Glenna was waiting for her outside. When she saw Deirdre, she asked worriedly, "Are you alright? You look really pale."

Deirdre offered her a smile and said, "I'm fine. I was just reminiscing about my mother. Anyway, I can't explain everything to you, Glenna, but can you do me a favor?"

"Yeah, sure."

"Can you make a copy of the photo for me and get it back to me before morning?"

Since Brendan did not want her to know about the photo, she would pretend that she did not know about it. As for whether or not the woman in the photo was her mother, everything would come to light when Tobey came.

Chapter 715 Kyran's Phone Is In His Car

"That's simple. My friend knows how to copy a photo. I'll get in contact with him now."

"I'm sorry, Glenna," Deirdre said apologetically. "You've helped me so much, yet I still need you to help me do something at this late hour."

Glenna smiled and said, "You don't have to apologize to me. You've helped me a lot, right? Besides, we're friends, and as friends, we should be helping each other."

Deirdre, who was touched by Glenna's words, nodded.

She did not sleep well throughout the entire night. However, she still woke up very early the next day.

She had not forgotten her promise to Brendan. Brendan was rather impatient as well, as he called her and asked where she was as soon as the clock struck eight.

Deirdre told him the address of the neighborhood. Glenna had already gone to work, so she walked to the entrance of the neighborhood alone. As soon as she went out, she captured the figure of a man through her blurred vision.

"Where is my suit?" he asked, getting down to business at once.

Deirdre handed the bag to him. When Brendan took the bag, he realized that his suit was wet.

"I took a bath last night. I thought you didn't want this suit anymore, so I threw it on the floor. If you're not happy with it, I can help you clean it."

"That's not necessary," Brendan said calmly. He turned around to open the car door and said, "Get in. I'll take you back."

Deirdre frowned and declined. "I can go back by myself."

“Get in the car if you don’t want anything dangerous to happen to you again. Don’t make me repeat myself,” Brendan said sternly.

‘I will never be safe with you by my side.’ Deirdre chided him inwardly. However, she could not say no to Brendan since he insisted on making her get in his car.

As soon as she got in his car, Brendan started the engine. The two of them did not talk to each other throughout the entire journey.

Deirdre’s head was filled with the photo. She did not even realize that they had already arrived at their destination.

“Are we here?”

Just as she began unbuckling her seatbelt, Brendan grabbed her hand.

A second later, Deirdre pulled her hand out of his grip and looked at him warily. ‘What are you doing?’

The light in Brendan’s eyes dimmed as he said in a cold voice, “Don’t worry. I’ve already told you many times. I’m not interested in you. I just wanted to tell you that we haven’t arrived yet.”

‘We haven’t arrived yet?’ Deirdre frowned. She took a few deep breaths to calm herself down and said, ‘Then why did you stop your car?’

Brendan said, “You haven’t had breakfast yet, have you? There are a lot of restaurants here. Do you want to grab something to eat?”

Deirdre was stunned.

‘He is... He’s worried about me not having breakfast?’

Was he showing kindness to her, or was he putting on another show for her?

Deirdre closed her eyes and opened them again in a second. ‘I’m not hungry. Please take me back now, or I’ll get out of the car.’

Brendan fell silent. After a while, he unbuckled his seatbelt and said, ‘Wait for me in the car.’

Without waiting for her to say anything, he got out of the car. To prevent her from running away, he locked the door as well.

Deirdre clenched the hem of her clothes tightly. Sometimes, she just could not see through Brendan.

He had a volatile temper. One second, he might be the gentlest man in the world, but the next second, he might become the monster that everyone feared.

She decided to call Kyran since Brendan was not around. She typed his phone number and placed her phone near her ear.

A second later, Kyran’s phone rang in the car and Deirdre’s face turned as pale as a sheet. She looked toward the source of the ringtone and her brain went blank.

At that moment, Brendan opened the door. When he saw the shocked expression on Deirdre’s face and heard the ringtone that belonged to Kyran’s phone, his pupils constricted.