

## Resent Reject Regret by Aqua Summers

### Chapter 746-778

Chapter 746 Two-Timing B\*stard!

Despite being visually impaired, Deirdre could still make out who the figure could be.

‘Tobey? Is that you?’

“Dee!”

Deirdre was startled. She scanned around cautiously before continuing. “I thought you said we’d contact each other over the phone! Why are you suddenly here, in person? What if Brendan’s moles-”

“Don’t sweat it, Dee,” he replied, smiling. “I would only come here in person after being 100% sure both he and his people were gone. It’s just you and me here.”

Deirdre breathed a sigh of relief, though some of her anxiety and paranoia refused to go. She unlocked the door hurriedly and stepped inside. Turning around, she called out to him, ‘We’ll talk inside.’

“I’ll pass.” The young man looked at the mud caking around his soles. “I’ll talk here.”

Deirdre stopped by the door as Tobey scowled. “Brendan left for Neve, didn’t he? I saw the news. He’s engaged to some woman named Charli McKinsey!”

A beat later, Deirdre answered him placidly. “You’re right.”

‘That crazy b\*stard!’ snarled Tobey. “I thought... I really thought he’s gone through all these crazy schemes to be near you because he at least genuinely likes you, but you’re telling me he’s got another girl this whole time? What the h\*ll!?”

Deirdre stayed quiet. Nothing Brendan did could ever surprise her anymore -Brendan did what Brendan did.

At the thought of him liking her, though?

Deirdre laughed quietly. “I was never the one he loved. I wouldn’t end up like this if I were.”

“But that doesn’t make any sense! Why shackle you to himself if he doesn’t even like you?!”

Deirdre froze. She could not come up with an answer either. “Maybe... he hates me so much he can’t bear to see me happy and free elsewhere?”

Tobey clenched his fists in rage. “When should we start our move?”

‘Tomorrow. We can’t go now.’

‘Why not?’

Deirdre’s expression darkened. “We haven’t prepared enough. Have you ever thought of where we should go when we run? If I fail to find a place before we go, we’ll be stuck here, and it’s only a matter of time before Brendan finds us. Then we’ll lose that one chance of escape.”

Tobey’s expression turned grave.

Meanwhile, Deirdre assuaged him with a smile. “But... I have a destination in mind. Sorry for the trouble, Tobey, but please look up Surstate. See if it’s a good place to hide for us and how we can get there. My ID and everything are under Brendan’s control, so I can’t buy plane tickets without alerting him. The only way to get there for me is through boats and ships... and not the formal way where we buy tickets.”

“I got it,” Tobey replied reassuringly. “Surstate, huh? I’ll look it up today and start

asking for help from my network. Don't worry. I've lived long enough to know how to pull some strings. We can get there without tickets."

'Thank you, Tobey. I'm sorry to trouble you again.'

'That's not true. Well, I got to go.'

"See you."

Deirdre closed the door and felt her heart sinking. It felt like a weight was pressing against her chest.

Way back on the other side of the city, Brendan watched the entire exchange unfold through his surveillance camera. He narrowed his eyes and studied Deirdre's expression as she chatted with an unknown figure outside the door.

She looked calm, then serious, and then relieved. There were so many emotions in between, too-emotions he had never seen her display.

He pulled the video forward and tried to make out who that mysterious figure might be through whatever little clues he could find. To his frustration, the figure was too far away from the camera's optimal angle, and the door frame blocked much of his upper body. He could not make out who she could possibly be talking to.

Was it Glenna?

No. Brendan rejected that conjecture almost immediately.

It could not be. If it were Glenna, Deirdre would have already invited her into the house.

#### Chapter 747 Let's Add One More Stake to This, Shall We?

For some unknown reason, the uncertain, almost unsettled look on Deirdre's face summoned a swirl of anxiety. He frowned, and his eyebrows locked together into a knot. He could not tell why or where this anxiety was coming from, but his gut was telling him that something big was about to happen...

"Bren!"

The door to the lounge opened. Charlene sashayed into the room in tailor-made sartorial finery, decked in jewelry amounting to more than a million dollars in total. She seemed to have made it her mission to become the epitome of a wealthy exhibitionistone could see it on her face.

And her face! The surgery was clearly a success, judging from her recovery. After leaving the detainment center, Charlene had some of her "imperfections" adjusted, and with the right application of cosmetics, she was genuinely beautiful in her own way.

Brendan tossed a glance in her direction and felt a surge of disgust shooting into his mouth. His mien was frigid, but Charlene dismissed it altogether with a practiced smile. She stepped forward. "What are you watching in this room? It's our engagement party, dear Bren. Our esteemed guests are dying to toast to us outside!" She extended her hand to him. He roundly ignored it. "When are you going to give me the video?"

Charlene's smile froze for a perceptible second.

Then the faux grace returned. Only her voice contained whatever remained from her second-long ire. "Do you really have to suck the joy out of our special occasion like that, Bren?"

"Look who's complaining!" Brendan smirked icily. "As if you've already forgotten that

it's the only reason you're standing here today, showing off everything you don't own to people who could not have known better. It's the only reason you can look the way you look and sate your lust to be Mrs. Brighthall. Did you honestly think I would waste my time on you without this thing?"

He did not mince his words-the cruelty was the point. Anyone would have found it stinging, but Charlene was utterly unfazed. She was well aware of her status, desired object, and objectives. She was not going to crumble and throw a fit just because Brendan was being deliberately caustic.

"Hmm... Maybe tonight? I'll send Ophelia's video to you when this is over. She's alive and doing well! You can see it for yourself."

Her compliance was rewarded with Brendan's silence. He started out of the lounge while Charlene followed.

"Hmm, something's not fair about this deal, don't you think? I hand you what you want so easily and unreservedly, but you don't seem to return the favor, Bren," she complained wryly. "Where's my mother-in-law? When is she going to show up? Her absence on a day as important as this one is wrong, don't you agree?"

Madame Brighthall was not present despite the gravity of the engagement. Brendan had called her and, to his mother's surprise, asked for her attendance.

Madame Brighthall had repeatedly tried to pry an answer, and when she could not, she sighed in resignation. "You know what? Fine. You're a grownup, and I'm no longer in the business of making you follow whatever I find best. You have your own way of cleaning up your mess, and only you know your own mess the best. With that said, I reserve my right not to join this. I won't accept her as my daughter-in-law. Never."

It was not enough to dissuade Charlene at all. After her time in the detainment center, her gluttony had grown into something downright monstrous-that brief moment of denial from comfort and status had done

a number on her appetite. Nobody in Neve should question her identity. Nobody could say she was not who she said she was.

Everyone must acknowledge her the way she wanted. And Madame Brighthall had to come-and be on the front-row seat, with the limelight on.

Brendan turned away from her, his expression even more frigid than before. Charlene broke out a smile. "It's the last of my requests today, Bren dear. Oh! How about... if I add to the stakes?"

"Would you like an audio track of Ophelia's voice?"

Madame Brighthall's appearance at the engagement party was the flame that ignited the nation's imagination. Even neighboring cities indulged in the entertainment.

By the time Deirdre caught the news, every channel and their shows were already talking about it.

The importance of engagement parties paled against the gravitas of the wedding itself, so Madame Brighthall's absence would hardly seem inappropriate. She was an aging woman with a frail constitution who spent much of her time in her garden, after all. It was entirely reasonable for the older woman not to show up at a party for health reasons.

Chapter 748 Who's There By the Door That Day?

This time, however, the elusive Madame Brighthall made her appearance. Anyone

who could read between the lines knew what that meant. And so everyone began to treat Charlene as the confirmed Mrs. Brighthall.

Charlene had achieved her objective.

Deirdre switched off the TV, hung a coat on herself, and went upstairs to her bed. She placed her hand on her abdomen and lay on her back for a while before finally falling asleep. As her dream slowly coalesced, her phone suddenly rang from beside her head.

She was startled awake. Feeling for her phone, she pressed the answer button and asked raspily, "Who's this?"

"Dee."

Hearing Kyran's voice drew Deirdre out of her sleep, though not necessarily out of her dream. It felt as though she was back in those days again when Kyran was just Kyran. But if it were a dream, then why did she feel a chill crawling up her spine?

She steeled herself as best she could. "Kyran? Are you finally finished with your work?"

"Mm... Hmm..." He sounded drunk. His usual control was not there. "Did I just... wake you up?"

Deirdre sat up straight. Enveloped in darkness, she felt her heart racing." No. I was just taking a cat nap. But what about you? Did you drink?"

"I did. I'm sorry. I know I said I wouldn't drink too much, but... Oh. I failed."

Deirdre gave a shallow chuckle. She expected this. It was his engagement party-why would he not drink? Poor Brendan. He had to spend a few precious minutes calling her at midnight just to keep up his act as Kyran! "Dee? I'm starting to miss you. I want to see you. So, so much," he mumbled. "I've only left this morning. This morning! Why am I missing you so much already?"

Deirdre realized he really was that drunk. She even wondered if she should give him credit for his dedication-he called her even when he was intoxicated. She should probably mock him for being so good at playing games with other people's hearts, too. She remained silent.

Brendan seemed to sober up a little. "Dee?"

"Yeah?"

"Who was that?"

Blood rushed into her head. Her fingernails were trembling so much they became numb. She bit her lips to try to stay calm. "What do you mean who?"

"This afternoon. Someone stood by the door and talked to you."

Deirdre felt as though her body was a husk not under her control. If the lights were on, one would have noticed how quickly her face was drained of colors and how ashen she looked.

She took a deep breath and questioned, "How did you know? Did you appoint someone to stalk me or something?"

A cold breeze blew across Brendan's face, waking him a little. Whatever was left of his senses stopped him from admitting to putting her under surveillance, so he said, "The neighbor next door told me. They saw you and were worried a scammer might have targeted you."

"Our neighbor?" Deirdre finally regained control over her numbing body. If it was the neighbor who saw them, then there was no way they could tell it was Tobey. She

exhaled a breath and replied, "It was a salesman."

"A salesman?"

"Yeah. He came to our door and made me a little uncomfortable. But really, he was your regular salesman."

"What was he selling? The neighbor said you didn't look so good," muttered Brendan. Deirdre pinched the inside of her thigh and spun a lie. "He... He... was selling sex toys, okay? Of course I was flustered."

"Sex toys?" Brendan echoed aloud and, seemingly understanding her, chuckled quietly. "And did you buy anything? We could give it a try when we're free."

He was trying to seduce her, so Deirdre feigned anger. "Excuse you, Kyran! I'm pregnant! Don't try any funny business."

"Oh, oh right." Brendan's voice was airy and cheerful. "I have to stop myself for the sake of our child! I will be a good father and husband. I swear."

#### Chapter 749 You Love Being the Third Wheel, Don't You?

"That's more like it," Deirdre said quickly, relieved. He believed her now, did he not?

Dread refused to leave her alone. She had thought that with everyone leaving the compound, Tobey could come right at her door and still be relatively safe. She was wrong-Brendan had somehow made her neighbor his mole, too. The only small solace was that the neighbor did not recognize Tobey.

Deirdre bit her lips tightly. She should insist on bringing Tobey inside the next time.

"Dee."

She snapped out of her thoughts. "Oh? What's the matter?"

"I want to go home. To see you."

Deirdre was stunned. She chuckled. "Alright, it's a little too late for jokes now, Kyran. There's no flight coming home right now, and you're not driving in this state. What you should do is rest. Go to sleep."

"I could always ask someone to drive me home."

"Nope, that's still dangerous to my liking. I won't be able to sleep knowing that!" she said, doing her best to assure him.

Brendan finally relented. "Okay. But only if you tell me you love me," he said softly... almost wistfully. "I haven't heard you say that for a while now."

Deirdre took a deep breath. "Kyran, I... I love you."

Silence.

"Kyran? Kyran!"

She thought he had left his phone until Charlene's voice rang, "Oh, soooo sorry, Miss McKinnon. Bren's fallen asleep, so I guess he's never gonna answer your declaration of love now."

Deirdre's face paled. Emotions overcame her like a deluge-she felt both a chill and a fever coursing through her bloodstream. It was like being in two different kinds of hell simultaneously.

"Oh? He fell asleep?"

"He did." Charlene chuckled softly as she studied Brendan's sleeping face." He looked so relaxed in his sleep... and so adorable too, just like before. He's gotten himself drunk because he was drinking in my place, you know. Gosh, I feel so bad!"

Deirdre was not angered by her showing off her status-she simply felt pity. "Seems



like there's nothing important here. Goodbye."

"Not so fast," Charlene drawled. "I gotta ask: do you relish being the third wheel, Miss McKinnon? Or is being his sex partner what makes you happy? See, I'm not as nasty and selfish as you think. If you want it hard enough, I guess I can allow you to share a bit of him with me. All you have to do is acknowledge that I'm his actual true love while you're just a side wh\*re, and we'll get along just fine, wouldn't you agree?"

Get along fine, her \*ss. Charlene was pushing her head into a pile of manure -that was what this was about! What she said was demeaning and disparaging-there was no other way to read it!

Deirdre began to shake despite herself as Charlene continued. "Go ahead and give my offer a thought. Now, please excuse me... He has reserved a spot for me on our bed."

She deliberately emphasized "our bed".

Charlene hung up the call and left Deirdre sitting on her bed and staring blankly into space.

'Do you relish being the third wheel?'

'Or is being his sex partner what makes you happy?'

'All you have to do is acknowledge that I'm his actual true love while you're just a side wh\*re, and we'll get along just fine?'

Those words stung. Deirdre shut her eyes tightly, but she could not even summon the strength for a rebuttal. All of this humiliation was Brendan's fault. He had forced her into this.

She would remember all the sins he had committed against her with all her might. Ultimately, she lost her sleep for the rest of the night. It was hardly a good thing for a pregnant woman. In the morning, she had a head-splitting migraine.

She gave a low sigh and decided to get up to pack up. A suitcase would be too big and heavy for her, so she chose to pack light with a bag. She stuffed some clothes inside, mulled over her decision for a while, and took the medicines her doctor gave her as well.

Deirdre then made breakfast and ate while waiting for Tobey's news. Her phone rang, and her joy skyrocketed.

## Chapter 750 Brendan's Coming Back!

"Hello!"

"Someone's very chipper today."

It was prudent of Deirdre to have stopped shy of calling out Tobey's name, or Brendan would have immediately caught wind.

"Did you guess it was going to be me?"

Deirdre gripped her fork tightly. "Who else could have called me?"

He laughed. Deirdre heard the sound of the airport announcing boarding time for a specific plane and froze. "Where are you?"

"Aww... You heard that?" Brendan sounded a little disappointed. "It was supposed to be a surprise, but I guess the announcement had to come at the worst possible timing, huh? I'm coming back from Neve."

Deirdre jumped to her feet, her chair falling behind her. "Why are you suddenly coming back? You said your trip would take three days. It's only the second day today!"

"You're the reason, Dee. What else could it be?" He chuckled and lowered his voice. "I hate every second of being here. I just couldn't stop myself from thinking about you and our child. Besides, I don't feel safe leaving you alone there."

Deirdre felt her entire body freezing as Brendan continued reassuringly. "I know it's hard, but you got to be patient. Just wait for me at home. I'm boarding the plane, and it's not going to take me a long time before I get there."

He ended the call.

Deirdre felt an explosion in her chest. She bit her lips hard, her body trembling. How!? How could this have happened!? She had thought she had the whole day to prepare before escaping by night. Then, when Brendan returned the next morning, he would find the room empty and could not find her even if he tried.

But now... he was coming home!

Deirdre rubbed her cheeks. She was shocked, but honestly, she did not even have the time to be shocked. She called Tobey, her fingers quivering.

A while later, the call finally connected. "Dee? What's up? Are you awake?"

"Tobey!" she cried out, closing her eyes as her eyelashes fluttered. "Are you prepared?"

"Why?" Tobey detected something amiss. "What happened?"

Maybe it was fate being cruel again. Deirdre laughed bitterly and gave him the bad news, "He's on his way home now!"

"He what!?"

"He just boarded the plane. I think it's going to take him less than two hours to come home."

Panic shadowed Tobey's face. He had been lying on his couch, hoping to catch a bit more shut-eye, but the sudden change of plans galvanized him into putting on his jacket. "Okay, calm down. Are you at home? I'm coming to get you!"

"Where are we going?"

Tobey gnashed his teeth. "I've talked to my friend, and the plan was to leave tonight by ship, but I guess we don't have the luxury of waiting now, do we? There was a cargo ship set to sail to Surstate around now, though. But there's no room for us to sleep in, and the environment could be a little

W

"Never mind that!" Deirdre snapped. "I just want to run! I just want to run..." "I'm coming."

Tobey ended the call. Deirdre did not waste any more time panicking, either. Gritting her teeth to calm herself down, she went up the stairs and stuffed a mat into her bag. There was no room on the cargo ship, and the sea was cold and wet. Her frail body would not endure it as well as she hoped, but this was her only chance.

She brought her bag downstairs and waited. Seconds ticked by, then minutes.

Finally, there was a sound on the door. "Dee, it's me! Open the door!"

Deirdre yanked it open, her face pale with anxiety and dread. "T-Tobey!"

He grazed her cheeks. "It's okay, Dee. It's okay. We go, right now. I've checked the flight. Brendan's plane's only going to land in ten minutes."

Deirdre nodded hard. With her bag in her hand, the two of them bolted toward Tobey's car without even closing the door.

## Chapter 751 Please Stay

Because they were to leave by cargo ship, they couldn't take their car with them. Therefore, Tobey had to park the car at the roadside, which was quite far away from the pier.

To avoid letting the cat out of the bag, they ran immediately after getting out of the car and tried to board the cargo ship before 11:00 a.m.

In addition to the strenuous exercise, Deirdre had not slept for a night already. Hence, she felt her lower abdomen aching.

Covering her lower abdomen, she felt a stream of heat under her body, along with a sharp pain.

"What's wrong, Deirdre? Are you tired?"

Deirdre shook her head with her face white as a sheet.

"Endure a bit. The cargo ship won't wait for us. We'll be fine as long as we get there," comforted Tobey.

"Okay."

Deirdre nodded. She didn't tell Tobey about her body's condition. As time waited for no man, she stretched herself to the extreme and paced forward until she finally got to the pier.

She heaved a sigh of relief when she felt that her lower abdomen wasn't as painful as it was. Following that, she heard her phone ring.

Tobey took a look while Deirdre answered the call after she hesitated slightly.

Brendan should have just gotten off the plane. Therefore, she planned to comfort him to earn them a higher chance of escaping.

When she pressed the button to accept the call, she heard Brendan's pleading voice amidst a noisy environment. "Deirdre, don't leave..."

Deirdre was startled.

Brendan sounded as though he was crying, and his voice was weak. But when Deirdre tried to listen carefully, she couldn't hear it clearly.

"Deirdre, I'm sorry, don't go! Please, I beg you! Please stay!"

Gnashing her teeth, Deirdre determinedly cut off the call and threw the phone into the water.

"What's wrong?"

Deirdre's lips were discolored, and she shook her head as she replied, "Quickly, Brendan has realized it."

She didn't know how Brendan had realized it. It sounded like he was near the airport, but she was running out of time to find out.

After greeting the cargo ship's crew, they entered the cargo hold. It seemed to contain some smelly stuff, which led to the cargo hold becoming very smelly.

Tobey took off his jacket and put it on a box so that Deirdre could sit on it.

Deirdre felt that the cargo ship had begun to move, signaling that it had already departed. She looked up and asked, "How long will it take to get to Surstate?"

"Shortest is a day and a half, and the longest is three days."

Seeing Deirdre holding her lower abdomen tightly, Tobey asked, "Are you alright? You don't look good since you got out of the car. Are you sick?"

"I'm alright..." Deirdre shook her head and got herself a good reason. "I think I look bad because I didn't have enough sleep. I'll be fine after taking a nap."



“Hold on.”

Tobey made a small bed with a couple of boxes and spread a mat he took out of Deirdre’s bag on it. “Sleep on it first while I go to ask around for a suitable blanket.” Deirdre went to sit on the makeshift bed. Tobey got his jacket and saw the blood on her when he was about to cover Deirdre with it.

“What’s this?” Tobey’s eyes constricted with shock. “Why is there blood? Deirdre! Are you injured?”

Deirdre’s mind went blank, and she didn’t know what to say about the blood.

“I have my period.”

From her face, however, Tobey saw she was at a loss.

He grabbed Deirdre’s shoulder. “Tell me the truth! What’s wrong with you?”

Deirdre’s eyes were red as she replied somewhat forlornly, “I’m sorry, Tobey. I’m pregnant.”

“You are pregnant!?” Tobey was furious. “Are you nuts!? You’re pregnant, yet you were running with me and boarded this ship! Do you know that no one can save you if anything happens to you!?”

## Chapter 752 You Are The Unforgivable

“Well, let’s just submit to fate.”

She had no other choice because this was her only chance to escape. She was willing to die instead of returning to Brendan.

“But! But-”

“Tobey, there is no but.” With downcast eyes, Deirdre said, “I know you well. Once I told you I’m pregnant, you’d have scruples and may not even have let me on the ship for the fear that I may have accidents on the ship. However, you don’t know Brendan. This is the only chance I can escape!”

“Oh, dear...” Feeling distressed, Tobey said, “But what if something happens to you?”

“No, it won’t.” Deirdre smiled. “I felt pain just now when I bled, but I’m a lot better now.”

Tobey took a deep breath. “Hold on, let me talk to them. Since you’re pregnant, you must not be harsh to yourself. Even if we have to pay extra, you’ll have a room to stay.”

At that moment, Brendan rushed to the mansion. The door was opened, and he could smell Deirdre’s scent, but none of her clothes and belongings could be seen.

Deirdre’s belongings had all been taken.

Brendan stood at the door, frozen. His eyes were bloodshot, covered by his sloppy hair.

Sam paced toward Brendan. “Mr. Brighthall, I checked with the airport and verified that Tobey and Miss McKinnon didn’t board any plane.”

“What about the car?”

“Found it at the roadside, but no one was found. There’s no CCTV, so we can’t identify whether they have boarded another car or a ship nearby.” Brendan was on the verge of falling, and Sam had to hurry forward to hold him. However, Brendan pushed him away and rushed out as if he had just recalled something.

He went all the way to Glenna’s house.

When Glenna opened the door and saw Brendan looking like this, surprise appeared

on her face. Brendan said in a husky voice, "You know where Deirdre has gone, right? You know it, right!?"

"Deirdre?" Glenna was startled. "Where has Deirdre gone?"

Brendan was rooted to his spot as he closed his eyes, and desperation spread throughout him.

She was truly gone. She was so determined that she left not even any hints behind. How could she be so cruel to take away their child?

Glenna became worried. "Where did you say Deirdre went?"

"Deirdre and Tobey have run away."

Upon hearing the answer, Glenna suddenly recalled the day Deirdre had asked her where was the best place to travel without being found, and she immediately calmed down.

It turned out that Deirdre had been planning to leave since that day.

This was Deirdre, who would try her best to survive on her own instead of relying on Brendan.

"It's good that she's gone. She should have left a devil like you long ago."

Since Deirdre was safe, Glenna didn't need to act any longer. While looking at Brendan with disgust, she said, "Since you forced Deirdre into the prison, you should have thought about this day. She sees you as a monster and would escape from you regardless!"

"What are you talking about?"

"Don't you know clearly what I am talking about?" Glenna smirked. "You ruined all that she has. Yet, you thought that all those grievances would disappear after a makeover? When she was asking me whether Kyran was Brendan, did you know how depressed she was?"

Brendan turned pale. When he thought of the scene Glenna described, his heart seemed to be cut open by a blunt knife and felt so painful that his eyes were bloodshot.

"She cried for a long time at the gate of the community, and I didn't dare to see her because I knew that she is strong by nature and didn't want others to see her cry. She's such a great woman, yet you are the one who ruined everything in her life. Not only have you ruined her first marriage, but you also ruined all her affection. Brendan! You are simply unforgivably guilty! You should be the one who should hide and wish to die, not her!"

#### Chapter 753 Price to Pay for Hurting Her

Brendan gnashed his teeth as he felt wave after wave of dizziness, leaving his internal organs riddled with blood and throes.

Glenna retaliated with a smile. "That's right. You should be suffering more than her. This is the price you need to pay for hurting her."

Tobey might have paid a great price, but Deirdre finally managed to rest in a room.

There was a woman, the wife of a crew member, who was responsible as a chef for taking care of the crew's meals. When she learned Deirdre was pregnant and bleeding, she purposely came and knocked on Deirdre's door. Because Deirdre couldn't see, the woman helped Deirdre to change, put a sanitary pad on her lingerie,

and took out her bloody clothes to wash them.

Deirdre truly appreciated the woman's help, but the woman replied, "It's not a big deal at all. I'm just doing what I can. When I was pregnant, I didn't suffer as much as you are. I didn't have to board a cargo ship, traveling in the cold wind."

She sat near Deirdre and asked curiously, "Miss, I'm really curious why you would go to Surstate through this method. Could the parents did not agree, and you eloped?" It wasn't surprising for the woman to think they had eloped. After all, it was weird for Deirdre and Tobey to select this means of transportation. Nevertheless, Deirdre didn't explain herself.

She only replied with a smile, "I got it. But you are the one who has to suffer. You'll suffer a lot later with your body being so weak."

In the beginning, Deirdre didn't understand what the woman meant but understood it only later.

Leaning on the railing, she was throwing up so much she felt awfully sick. The combination of motion sickness and hyperemesis gravidarum made her feel bad almost every second.

When she was done and squatted down, Tobey handed her pieces of tissues. "Wipe your face."

"Thanks."

Deirdre wiped away the tears which covered her face.

Heaving a sigh, Tobey asked, "When did you first realize you were pregnant?"

"After I learned that Kyran is Brendan." Deirdre smiled wryly.

If the child were to come earlier, she might sincerely feel happy about its arrival, but now, she couldn't tell what she felt.

Frowning heavily, Tobey asked, "What do you plan to do?"

"What to do?" Deirdre looked up in confusion.

Tobey was startled. It took him a while before he said, "Deirdre, don't tell me that you want to keep this child!"

Deirdre was dumbfounded and rooted to the spot. She could barely find her voice to say, "No..."

She was woken up by the sea breeze and pursed her soft lips. "I just haven't thought about it yet."

"How can you not think about it? It's Brendan's child. You should know that it must not live when you find out!"

Tobey took a deep breath and said, "Deirdre, I know it's also your child, and you will be reluctant to let it go. But since you have chosen to leave, you should start it all fresh!

"Do you know how difficult it is for a single mother to survive? Moreover, you're blind! You can't even take care of yourself, let alone the child! Having it will just be a burden to you!" 1

"I understand."

Deirdre knew that Tobey was pointing out the reality.

It was just that she couldn't be cruel to do it. She somewhat felt that the child was that embryo she used to bear in prison. It was all coming to her. The last time she couldn't protect it even after trying her best. But what about this time? She was, at least, a free woman.

Looking at the confusing face of Deirdre, Tobey looked rather conflicted." Deirdre, tell me the truth. Even though you know that Kyran is Brendan, you still love him, right?"

#### Chapter 754 I Won't Keep It

As soon as Deirdre heard Tobey, her pupils constricted with surprise.

"Impossible!" she retorted.

"In this case, why are you so reluctant to let go of his child?"

Deirdre looked heartbroken. She didn't know whether she should explain herself, but she eventually did. "Tobey, I was pregnant in the past."

"What?" Tobey was astounded.

While smiling wryly, Deirdre told everything she had experienced in the past few years. Perhaps she was too tired to hide all the grievances to herself and felt rather relieved after she finished speaking.

Meanwhile, Tobey was shivering. He was so furious that his eyes reddened and he punched hard at the railing. "That lunatic! Why doesn't he die!?" <sup>1</sup>

Moving her messy hair aside, she said, "I'm sorry for that child. I always feel that I owe him. If I could protect him back then, he wouldn't leave in that way with despair..."

"Deirdre..." Tobey hugged her. "It is just an embryo, yet to become a fetus."

"Yes," said Deirdre, her eyes downcast. "But I'm still scared. Therefore, the presence of this child has made me feel that this is another opportunity that God has given me to redeem myself."

Before Tobey said anything, Deirdre added calmly, "Don't worry, Tobey. I understand what you mean. I won't keep it. I just want to wait until I regain my composure before terminating it. Meanwhile, I also feel I have a chance to get along with it and make up for my failures."

Caressing her hair, Tobey said, "I don't want to force you."

"How could you say that you are forcing me? I know you said it for my sake. You're right that I should let go of the past since I've decided to let go. If I were to keep Brendan's child, I'd regret it in the future."

Tobey didn't say a thing but tightened his hug.

At that moment, there wasn't any romantic relationship between the two parties but incomparable friendship and kinship in life, just to comfort each other's souls.

After a while, Deirdre recalled and asked, "Did you tell Madame Russell about me?"

"I haven't managed to tell her. Once she learns about your situation, she'll definitely be so worried that she can't sleep. She'll also dwell on it, and this is not good for her health," replied Tobey after a moment of silence.

"Understood." Feeling guilty, Deirdre apologized, "It's me who's been dragging you and Madame Russell into this ordeal. However, is it really good for her to stay there alone? If Brendan finds her, he'll definitely play some tricks on her."

"I don't think so." Tobey comforted her. "I've changed my mom's phone number and asked her not to return to Village Alnwick. She won't be found if she doesn't leave the place she is in now."

In the next few days, Brendan investigated endlessly. After checking all the surveillance cameras, which could probably detect Tobey and Deirdre when they got out of the car, he finally came to only one possibility.

Tobey and Deirdre should have boarded a ship.

After glancing at Brendan, Sam said softly, "But I checked the ferry schedule that day, and the earliest available ferry would have to be at night. How could Miss McKinnon and that man disappear out of thin air?"

Brendan closed his eyes. The dark circles under his eyes showed he hadn't gotten any news about Deirdre for a few days already. When he heard Sam's question, he just sat on the sofa and asked only after a moment, "Are there any other boats?"

"Yes, but... it doesn't seem to be possible," replied Sam.

Brendan opened his eyes to look at Sam and urged him to continue. "Those are cargo ships. The rooms on those ships are all small bedrooms where a group of men sleeps on the floor. The space is extremely narrow because the ships are full of cargo, and guests are not allowed to board the ship. Moreover, Miss McKinnon is pregnant, so it is impossible="

Chapter 755 She Won't Come Back Again

"What do you mean by impossible?" Brendan's handsome face was indifferent. The corners of his lips curled up into a mocking smile when he said, "You've underestimated her too much. What can't she do to stay away from me? Let alone to board a cargo ship, even if she was asked to dive into the water, she would never hesitate..."

His eyelids were so heavy again that he closed his eyes and took a deep breath.

Following that, he asked soberly, "Where are those ships going?"

Sam belatedly realized that Brendan was asking him a question and replied, "It's not clear because those ships can go anywhere with the waterway extended toward all directions. Special cargo ships are heading for almost all reachable cities."

Brendan didn't say anything else. He merely bent to pour himself a glass of wine and continued pouring it down his throat.

Sam felt heartache and advised, "Mr. Brighthall, stop drinking. You got well not long ago. What if your health relapses?"

With a sardonic smile, Brendan poured another glass of wine down his throat. "She, as a pregnant lady, doesn't even care about her health. So why should I care?"

Gulp after gulp of wine, he had drunk half of the bottle in a short while. Although he could hold his liquor, his stomach was burning because he hadn't eaten any food. He felt his stomach hurt so much that he frowned, and his eyes reddened.

Still, he firmly believed that the pain was caused by alcohol, not by Deirdre. "Mr. Brighthall..."

Sam didn't dare to advise again. The fact that Brendan could stay so calm since Deirdre's fleeing event was already out of his expectations.

However, Brendan was so calm and composed that he didn't look like a human being but a corpse, a soulless walking dead.

This was the scene Declan saw when he rushed over.

He threw all the alcohol bottles and berated, "Are you crazy to drink so desperately?"

Even though Deirdre ran away, you can just get her back! I don't believe that she can run away for a lifetime! If something happens to you, at least someone will be there to take care of you!"

Lying on the sofa, Brendan lifted his hand to cover his forehead, shook his head, and

replied, "No..."

"What?"

"She won't come back again."

"Why are you so sure?" Declan was startled.

Brendan smirked. "Maybe because I understand how much she hates me."

How could Deirdre come back? She wished to stay away from him so much she was even willing to go to Germia-a place she was not familiar with and incapable of speaking even a word of German-just to avoid him.

"But why is she so cruel to herself?" Slightly trembling, Brendan took a deep breath and controlled his voice. "Will she be able to bear the tough conditions on that ship?" Eyes filled with helplessness and pity, Declan couldn't persuade Brendan to cheer up. "Therefore, all you have to do is to find her and do everything you can to beg her to forgive you."

"How am I supposed to find her?" Brendan laughed at himself. "If Deirdre is determined to hide, she'll do it very cautiously so that I can't find her."

Declan said, "She'll indeed be very cautious when she hides because she doesn't really have her own social circle. She has no friends and relatives, but what about Tobey?"

Brendan turned his face sideways, and Declan said earnestly, "Tobey's mother is in his hometown. Hurry up, and you may find her mother. Or else, it'll be too late when they manage to leave completely."

On the first day upon arrival at Surstate, Deirdre and Tobey didn't dare to stay in a hotel, which required them to register with their real names. Thus, they could only find a motel to stay at. But because the environment was not good and the sound insulation was poor, Deirdre couldn't sleep well.

In the next two days, Tobey finally found and rented a house in a residential area.

#### Chapter 756 Are You Injured?

There was no need to sign a contract, and the house had two rooms and one living room, making it very convenient to live in.

After settling down, Tobey took Deirdre to a clinic to check on her pregnancy.

After the consultation and tests, the doctor said there were signs of miscarriage. The embryo would have been lost if it weren't for good luck.

Deirdre was reminded of the day they were on the run-she had been bleeding and almost had had a miscarriage.

Fortunately, she had managed to pull it through. Otherwise, she might not have been able to survive the miscarriage on the ship.

Following that, the doctor prescribed some medicine for Deirdre. The total cost for the consultation fee and medicine was about 300 dollars.

When they had to pay, Deirdre couldn't help but feel pain.

"Tobey, what about we don't take the medicine..." Deirdre's face turned pale because she knew it was the time when they needed money the most. "The child... will be aborted sooner or later. Hence, it's a pity to waste money on medicine."

Tobey paid the bill without saying a word. Then, he said, "I'm not doing it for Brendan's child but for you. Currently, you and the child are connected to each other. Hence, you'll also have to suffer if anything happens to it."



However, Tobey didn't have much money left after paying the bill. They couldn't withdraw any money from the bank because doing so would immediately expose their whereabouts to Brendan. Tobey got a job and informed Deirdre when he returned in the evening. Upon hearing it, Deirdre couldn't help but be surprised. "What type of job is it?" "Although it's not a proper job, the pay is not bad. Hence, it's enough for us to buy food."

Although Tobey didn't answer directly, Deirdre knew they couldn't survive without spending a single cent. Thus, her face turned pale.

"Is it tiring?"

While smiling, Tobey stood up to wash dishes. "I'm not sure about that. After all, I must go to work to know whether it is tiring."

Deirdre rushed to take the bowls first. "In this case, you should go to rest first. I'll take care of the dishes so that you can rest well. Don't make it look like I'm too useless."

Tobey didn't refuse. He only said, "Don't use cold water but hot water." "Sure."

Tobey yawned and went into the room to rest first. Thanks to his constant care these days, Deirdre's health had improved a lot. Although the living condition was worse than before, it gradually improved.

Listening to the cicadas singing outside, Deirdre thought while in a daze that her life might go on like this forever.

The next day, Tobey went out very early in the morning. Because Deirdre no longer had her cell phone, she could only judge from the light that it was still dark. After a long time she had been doing housework at home, Tobey came back late in the evening. He was carrying something.

When Deirdre heard the noise of the bag, she instantly asked, "What did you bring back?" "You heard it? I bought some fruits downstairs so that you can have some when you are free," replied Tobey, amused.

"Really?" Deirdre reached out to take the bag. "I'll wash one for you."

The moment she grabbed Tobey's fingertips, Tobey gasped and unconsciously withdrew his hand.

Deirdre was startled and looked up at Tobey.

"I accidentally knocked on it while walking. Isn't it a coincidence that you grabbed it with your hand?" explained Tobey.

Deirdre wasn't convinced. With her eyes open, she asked, "What job did you do?"

Tobey stretched his shoulders and patted her. "I went to the construction site. I applied for other positions at first, but because I'm new there, I was asked to be a porter for a while to prove that I'm capable of enduring the hardship."

A while?

Deirdre was not convinced. She thought it should be longer.

Perhaps Tobey had moved things from the morning to late evening.

She couldn't bear it, and her eyes turned red. Tobey smiled while caressing her hair.

## Chapter 757 Forget Everything and Restart

'Well, there's nothing to cry about. We're just hiding temporarily, not forever. When Brendan gives up, I've enough experience to work in a big company. This job that I found pays daily, and it's an opportunity for me to gain experience. Hence, I think it's

quite good.”

Although Tobey said it was quite good, Deirdre didn't think so. She knew how tough it was to work at a construction site. She thought the job might be suitable only for a middle-aged man without a degree who had never enjoyed a good life.

However, Tobey was still young. He used to be a manager with an annual salary of more than 100,000 dollars in a national company, yet he had to lower his status to work under someone else.

She thought it was ridiculous.

However, she had no right to say no because Tobey was the one who had to support their daily lives.

Swallowing back her tears, she washed the apples in the bag. When she handed Tobey one, he said, “Don't pressure yourself, Deirdre. In fact, I do enjoy my current life.”

Deirdre nodded and took a small bite.

Tobey finished eating the apple quickly and went to take a shower. It was during this moment that his phone rang.

“Tobey, your phone is ringing!”

Due to the noise of water in the bathroom, Tobey didn't seem to have heard Deirdre. Deirdre thought of taking the phone to Tobey, but she accidentally pressed on accepting the call.

‘Tobey! You better tell me frankly what's wrong with you! I received a call from your company's superior that you've abruptly resigned and couldn't be contacted. And you changed a new phone number! Did you offend anyone?’

Deirdre was startled, and Tobey came out of the bathroom the next moment. “Deirdre, what did you say?”

Before Deirdre could reply, Madame Russell shrieked, “Deidre? You're with Deirdre!”

Deirdre was at a loss. “I didn't pick it up on purpose.” “No worries.” Tobey got the phone, lowered his voice volume, and talked on the balcony.

Deirdre's mind was in a complete mess.

Tobey explained after ending the call, “Deirdre, don't think too much. I didn't tell my mother because she's been living in Village Alnwick throughout her life. Thus, she has no idea about how powerful some people can be. She would only report to the police if I were to tell her.

“Moreover, I need to hide the truth from her because she can't accept that I'm taking you away with me.” “Understood.”

Deirdre was merely surprised that Madame Russell knew nothing, and at the same time, she felt guilty for troubling Tobey. “If you hadn't come with me, you'd have a better life,” said Deirdre, smiling.

Upon hearing Deirdre, Tobey merely pointed at her forehead. “Don't mention it. I'd only regret it if I let you stay by Brendan's side. I admit that I'm quite tired, but I'm happy. I'm your brother, so you can just see me as your family member. As for my mother, she'll understand it gradually. But let me first settle down before I get her here.”

Deirdre nodded. What was done couldn't be undone. Hence, she didn't want to say anything depressing.

‘Then go and rest first.’ “What about you?”

Deirdre stood up. "I'll take a shower."

Tobey didn't say anything else other than urging her to rest early and went into his room.

After Deirdre took a shower and lay on the bed, she couldn't help but hear Brendan's voice ringing in her ears.

His pleading voice begging her to stay.

His apologies.

In fact, when Deirdre had just gotten to Surstate, she often dreamed of Brendan. He first pleaded humbly so that she wouldn't leave, but he later rushed into her room, grabbed her neck, and interrogated her for running away.

With a heavy feeling, she felt an intermittent pain in her lower abdomen.

While gently rubbing her abdomen, she wondered how long it would take to forget everything and start a new life.

#### Chapter 758 Found Madame Russell

Tobey still went out early and came back late. With the thought that she couldn't be decadent, Deirdre went to the supermarket downstairs and asked the proprietress, "Is there anyone looking for a piano teacher in this neighborhood?" "I'm afraid that you're asking in the wrong place. After all, only the rich enjoy playing this thing. In this neighborhood, we can even quarrel just for the sake of daily necessities. Who would care about this hobby?" replied the proprietress while snacking.

Before Deirdre could say anything, the proprietress recalled, "By the way, I remembered two days ago, a filming crew came looking for a substitute who could play the piano. I'm not sure if they've found any, but I think you may go to have a try. Moreover, with your beautiful appearance, you may have an opportunity to become an actress if the director likes you." "Becoming an actress?" Deirdre smiled as she shook her head.

She couldn't afford to do it regardless of the pay.

She didn't know when Brendan would give up looking for her. If it just happened that he saw her in the film, her life would be ruined.

"It's my first time to have met a person who's not interested in becoming an actress.

Look at those stars on the screen. They can earn millions of dollars just for a movie.

You aren't a fugitive, so what are you afraid of?" grumbled the proprietress.

Deirdre understood that the proprietress wanted to earn tens of dollars in referral fees.

Thus, she smiled while discussing with the proprietress about posting a job advertisement at the entrance of her supermarket.

The advertisement was about Deirdre looking for a pianist-related job, and if she got good pay, she would give the proprietress 70 dollars.

The proprietress gladly did it as it was just about writing a few words.

Following that, she told Deirdre not to get too hopeful. "In my supermarket, I don't have many rich customers."

"No worries, I'm fine even with just becoming a kid's pianist teacher."

"Mr. Brighthall! Mr. Brighthall!"

Sam rushed into the house. He was still freezing from the cold outside, but he looked excited.

Brendan was lying on the sofa, and cigarette butts were scattered on the floor. He

almost gave up when he couldn't even find Madame Russell and only moved a bit when Sam came over.

"What's it?" "Mr. King has contacted you so that you go to Village Alnwick immediately," replied Sam, who couldn't help but be excited.

"Village Alnwick?" Brendan frowned.

Village Alnwick was a place filled with memories of Deirdre. Hence, he didn't dare to go because he was afraid that he couldn't pull himself out of it. Thus, he asked hoarsely, "Why must I go there?" "Tobey's mother...Tobey's mother has gotten back there! She purposely contacted us through the village head!"

Brendan instantly rose to his feet. "What did you say!?"

When Brendan got to Village Alnwick by car, Madame Russell was already waiting at the village entrance. When she saw only Kyran alone, she wiped her tears and approached him together with Declan.

"Mr. Reed, what's the problem? Did Tobey and Deirdre offend anyone, or has anything happened to them? When he asked me to change to a new number and go to another place, I felt like something was going to happen. When I called him a few days ago, he was even more hesitant, as if he had gotten something to hide from me! What exactly is happening!?"

A middle-aged lady was crying for her own son.

Brendan's icy-cold face gradually turned warm, and his black eyes gradually became radiant again. He had found hope.

Recovering to his senses, Brendan comforted softly, "No worries, Madame Russell. He'll be fine."

Upon hearing Brendan, Madame Russell was startled and looked at him with disbelief.

"You can speak already?"

Declan helped to explain. "He has recovered his voice. He was not born mute, just some issues."

#### Chapter 759 Notice for Missing Person

"Oh, I see," said Madame Russell while wiping her tears. "Previously, Tobey told me that he just wanted to meet Deirdre, but why did he disappear along with her? What's happening actually?"

While looking at the panic-stricken Madame Russell, a ray of hope grew within Brendan's heart.

He was glad that God had given him a chance, and he became clearer about Deirdre's character.

She was indeed cruel, but she couldn't ignore Madame Russell and the people around her. i

Provided Madame Russell was with him, he would not be afraid that Deirdre would run further away, i "Well, it's a long story. I had a conflict with Deirdre." "What?"

No one knew whether Brendan was sincere or acting when he looked haggard with compassion in his eyes. "She's pregnant, and perhaps that's the reason she was emotional. She wanted to go out, but I was worried about her health and stopped her. Perhaps it was for this reason that Mr. Russell thought that I was controlling her freedom and took her to escape privately while I was away."

Madame Russell almost fainted. "How could Tobey do that?! He..." "Madame Russell,

you should know clearly that Mr. Russell likes Deirdre. Hence, it's not surprising that he would do so. But because Deirdre is bearing my child, I can't let her suffer outside. So, you have to cooperate with me. As for Mr. Russell's mistakes, I will let bygones be bygones for your sake."

Following that, Sam took the initiative to show Madame Russell the pregnancy report. This made Madame Russell even more convinced.

"Do you have Mr. Russell's current phone number?" asked Brendan.

Madame Russell timidly took out her phone and said, "I have been in contact with Tobey alone in the past few days."

Brendan checked the call history, and his eyes revealed his somewhat complicated feelings when he saw the phone number from Surstate.

Following that, he returned the phone to Madame Russell, pulled the car's door open, and invited her, "Please, get into the car. I'll arrange a place for you to stay. As for Mr. Russell, if you cooperate with me, I'll find him safe and sound."

After a few days, Deirdre returned to the supermarket to meet the proprietress.

She hoped to get a job so that she could help reduce Tobey's burden. However, she was disappointed at the answer she got.

"Many came asking, but most of them were only curious. I think you should search for clients at another place." "Really?" Deirdre only smiled, but she looked conflicted.

Someone came to deliver newspapers to the proprietress. Upon receiving them, the proprietress glanced at them and turned to look at Deirdre. "Huh?

'What's wrong?' "A dignified, blind female outsider in her 20s and likes to play piano... Isn't this you?" asked the proprietress while looking at the notice.

Deirdre's heart skipped a beat, and her expression changed. She asked in reply, "What about me?" "There's a notice of a missing person in the newspaper," replied the proprietress.

"It seems that it's from someone in Neve. Isn't Neve a big city? Why would they search for a person here? Are you sure that it's not you?" "How can it possibly be me?" While suppressing her panic, Deirdre smiled.

"Not to mention that I'm from Eastgene, the person who is capable of publishing the notice of a missing person here should be someone of high status, aren't they? How can such a person even know me?" "It's written at the bottom of the notice that it's from Brendan Brighthall, the CEO of the Brighthall Group in Neve..." The proprietress whooped. "I've heard of the Brighthall Group! What's the brand that they have? It's so popular that one of my friends has been showing off for three years after purchasing a watch of that brand!"

## Chapter 760 He Had Come Searching!

The people in the surroundings also joined in the fun. "Why would the person from Neve publish a notice of a missing person here?" "I saw it at the door too. It's everywhere." "Probably she's his kin? Aww, it's so fortunate for her to have such a man with status to spend a lot of money searching for her. In fact, I saw the notice too on TV!"

Deirdre's expression stiffened. She almost couldn't control her expression, yet she couldn't run away. Hence, clenching her fists, she asked, "What's stated in the notice? Is it just a simple notice of a missing person?"

The proprietress took a detailed look at it and replied, "It doesn't seem to go into



detail.”

Deirdre nodded her head. When she was leaving the supermarket, she could barely control her expression.

‘Brendan has come searching for me here! He has come here!’

Deirdre walked back to the house feeling weak and shaky. She couldn’t regain her calmness and composure even after a long time she sat on the sofa. When she heard the knocking sound of the door, she was frightened. Her face turned pale as she stared at the door.

She remained scared until she heard the door being unlocked and the voice of Tobey, who came in from the outside with hints of worry on his face. “Deirdre, it’s me.”

She heaved a sigh of relief but couldn’t help but tremble. Biting her lip, she said, “Tobey, Brendan has come searching for me here! He’s found me here! What does he want to do? Does he want me to go back?” “Calm down, Deirdre.” Tobey comforted her.

“It’s not as bad as you’ve thought. Can you not panic whenever you face anything related to Brendan?”

Deirdre was tense. When she heard Tobey, she gasped and trembled as she closed her eyes. ‘Tobey, he’ll not let us go once he finds us here.’

‘You also know that he’ll do it only once he finds us. Doesn’t this just mean that he doesn’t know? He uses the notice of a missing person to pressure us!’ “In that case…”

With her face pale, Deirdre opened her eyes and asked, “Why would the notice reach here? This is already the most crowded place!” “He should have cast a net all over the place and spent a lot of money to fill up the entire Surstate. Otherwise, how could I see it at the construction site and rush back?”

Deirdre gradually regained her calmness and composure. ‘What’s his purpose?’ “Of course, he wants to force us to leave.”

Deirdre suddenly understood. “Shouldn’t he…” ‘Yes. If I didn’t guess it wrong, he should have blocked all the places one can leave Surstate,’ assumed Tobey while frowning heavily. “Although it’s quite difficult to find someone in Surstate because it’s surrounded by water, it isn’t a big place.

“Moreover, he is rich and powerful, so it is not difficult to send someone to monitor. If we go out of Surstate because of this, we will fall into his trap.”

Deirdre finally managed to calm down even though her heart was still beating fast. She began to feel her abdomen was somewhat aching because of the excessive nervousness. She closed her eyes in despair.

“Why? It’s almost been a week, yet he is still unwilling to let me go?”

Didn’t he already have a life of his own?

He was already engaged to Charlene and had a booming career. What else did he want to take away from her?

While patting her back, Tobey said, “Deirdre, don’t worry. It’s actually good news for us today because he only knows that you’re in Surstate, but he doesn’t know where exactly you are. I think you better be careful in these few days and try not to go out.

The way he describes you is, in fact, quite detailed. Fortunately, there are many outsiders here, so no one will suspect you in the meantime.” “Okay.” Deirdre seemed to have exhausted all her strength. “I don’t plan to go out anymore.”



## Chapter 761 Real Man

"I shall take over the grocery shopping task as well. I'll do it on my way home from work. You will only need to set your mind at ease and stay home. You don't need to bother yourself with anything else. Don't open the door to anyone other than me."

"Sure." Deirdre's face was ghastly pale.

It was her only option now.

Deirdre spent the next few days constantly in deep distress. Every time she heard footsteps outside, she would be scared out of her wits. However, it was fortunate that nothing bad happened.

"You don't need to worry too much. How can Brendan possibly be able to locate us when we're in a huge place like Surstate? He's not the director with the script of our life stories. You don't need to be too worried."

Tobey took two bites of the meal and comforted Deirdre by saying, "You can go out for a walk to relax your mind once the dust settles. You don't need to stay in the room all day long because that won't be good for the baby."

Deirdre's grip over her cutlery tightened. "It's alright. I think staying here is pretty good, and I like not having to worry and think about anything else."

Tobey looked at her and said, "Are you still afraid, Deirdre?"

Deirdre felt lingering fear in her heart after that day's incident. She acknowledged she was being oversensitive, but there was nothing she could do to convince herself otherwise.

"Tobey, don't you find it strange that Brendan is convinced that I'm in Surstate for sure? Even if he did figure out that we traveled here by sea, there were so many ships heading to different places that day. How could he be so sure that we're in Surstate?"

Tobey fell quiet as soon as she made the remark.

Not only Deirdre but he was puzzled on this issue as well. In fact, he was worried that the cargo ship's crew might have revealed information about them to Brendan.

He went to sound out the situation on purpose and found out that the ship had yet to return to Eastgene at all.

"I..." He was about to make up an excuse when his phone suddenly rang. Tobey saw the caller ID and picked up the call at once.

"Morn."

Madame Russell spoke in a cautious yet slightly anxious voice. "What's going on with both of you, Tobey? Why didn't you pick up my calls for the past few days?" "Don't worry, mom. I'm fine. Haven't I told you before that I'll be busy in the next few days? The phone signal here isn't that strong, and I've just managed to find time today to pick up your call."

Madame Russell was choked up in tears. "Tell me, why do you have to put yourself in your current position!?"

Tobey said patiently, "Don't worry, mom. I'm a real man, and it's very normal for me to travel to another city to work. When I have settled down here on my side, I'll reach out to you again."

Madame Russell wiped her tears and said, "You can give me an address anyhow, right? This will allow me to set my mind at ease so I can know where to look for you if I can't reach you at the very least."

Tobey figured that she was right, so he agreed. "You won't remember the address if I

send it to you now, so I will send a text message to you. I'm in Surstate, and the only way here is by ship. Don't take the trouble to come here because I'll come to get you when I've settled down."

Madame Russell said, 'Why do you insist on enduring this hardship, boy? Moreover, you took Deirdre with you!'

Deirdre was amused. She was worried that Tobey would be regarded as a kidnapper by Madame Russell if she did not speak out anymore.

"Madame Russell, the situation is quite complicated. When we have settled down over here, we'll bring you over and explain to you properly. However, Tobey has been very helpful to me."

"Deirdre..." Madame Russell was sympathetic. "Silly girl, why are you still running about when you're pregnant? Your body is weak. What if something bad were to happen?"

All of a sudden, Madame Russell's voice halted to a stop as if she had noticed something. She hastily changed the topic of conversation by saying, "Is it cold there? Shall I send someone to bring you a warm blanket?"

## Chapter 762 Determined to Find You

Madame Russell was still speaking, yet blood drained from Deirdre's face.

Somewhere in a room, Sam took away Madame Russell's phone and said to the man on the sofa, 'The call has been hung up, sir.'

Brendan sat on the sofa in the corner, and his chiseled jawline was perfectly separated into dark and light under the dim lighting. His dark pupils were hidden in the shadows and glistening like obsidian. His well-fitted suit complemented his tall, lanky figure, yet his entire person exuded a threatening yet cold presence.

He tapped on the sofa's leather with his finger.

It was his first time hearing Deirdre's voice in the past two weeks.

She seemed to be living very well, judging by her voice, much better than when she was with him.

At the thought of that, he could not help tightening his fist so strongly until his knuckles turned white.

Yet, why would she live so well when she was away from him?

She had no money and no lavish lifestyle, but she sounded like she lived every day fully and joyously, i

Did she even care in the slightest... about his feelings? 1

Did she dream about her blurry yet clear face every night and left with only the company of lonely nights like him?

"What should we do, sir?" Sam reminded him once again.

Brendan lowered his eyes and asked the professional seated on the other side in a cold tone, "Did you trace the call?"

The person raised his head away from his laptop. He had acquired an answer from the call and said, "I can only retrieve a rough address. They are in the Four Seasons residential area located in the east zone of

Surstate. However, I can't confirm which tower they are at." "That's enough. That's already enough." Brendan narrowed his eyes and stood up. "Prepare the car."

Tobey hung up the call quickly while Deirdre was still caught in a daze, her mind

blank.

After a long while, she found her voice and said, "Is Madame Russell with Brendan?" She came to a conclusion because Tobey had yet to inform Madame Russell about her pregnancy. On the other hand, only a handful of people were aware of her pregnancy other than Tobey.

If Madame Russell knew, it signified that Brendan had already found her.

Deirdre's lips trembled beyond her control. Brendan had manipulated many people without their notice, and he had actually figured out a way to deceive Madame Russell and use her to entrap them.

Had Tobey not been cautious by not exposing their address, Deirdre would not be surprised if someone were to kick down the door in the next moment and force her to await Brendan.

'Yes.' Tobey was having trouble calming himself. "It seems that... Brendan is determined to find you."

Deirdre could not refrain from feeling chills all over her body. "I don't know what I've done so wrong that he just won't let me off." 1

Tobey remembered Brendan's possessive gaze when he first met him.

Perhaps it would not be unusual for someone to behave this way, but why would a man of Brendan's net worth be treasuring a woman if he had no love for her... 1

In the end, Tobey did not comment further. He patted her shoulder and said, "He's not doing it out of kind intentions, regardless. Moreover, I believe he was fully prepared before making the call. We need to pack up and leave as soon as possible." i

He had a lease on the house but had no choice but to move overnight, no matter how unwilling he was.

Deirdre and Tobey had just gotten into a car when Brendan entered the residential area with his people.

Sam led the people to search around while Brendan smoked a cigarette.

The sky was already turning bright by now. He saw an employment advertisement flier posted on the wall of the supermarket opposite.

He walked over and pulled out the flier. It read, "Visually-impaired female pianist searching for suitable employment. Please reach out with a job offer."

Chapter 763 Seeking High School Friend's Help 'How does one reach out to her when no number is displayed on the flier but only a symbol?'

Brendan looked up and landed his gaze on the tightly-shut door of the supermarket.

The proprietress drowsily opened the supermarket door and muttered, "Are you trying to get yourself killed? Why are you knocking on the door so early in the morning? If it's nothing important, I swear I'm going to f\*ck\*ng-"

In the next moment, her voice halted to a stop.

The proprietress looked at the man standing at the door with a cold, tired face and a cigarette between his fingers. She was so startled that she did not feel drowsy anymore.

It was mainly due to her lack of interaction with such a handsome, imposing man. She instantly assumed that the man was some celebrity and hastily tidied up her hair before she said with a flattering smile, "Hey, handsome. You were here on a shoot previously, right? What brings you to the supermarket so early in the morning?"

Brendan raised his hand and showed the employment flier that he had pulled off earlier. His dark eyes were glistening with indistinct emotions. "Where is she?"

Due to the urgency, Tobey and Deirdre could only check into a motel.

It was fortunate that there were plenty of motels there, and no identification card was needed to get a room. As long as a customer paid, the room key would be tossed on the counter for the customer.

Tobey removed his jacket from the room and placed it on the blanket. "It's filthy here. You can sleep on my jacket first. Please put up with this. We're only going to be here for a night." "How about you then?"

Deirdre was confused because there was only one bed.

"I'll sleep on the couch. Don't worry. I brought a jacket with me so I won't catch a cold."

Tobey shut the window and moved to the sofa. "Sorry for troubling you today. We'll head to the west zone first thing in the morning." "West zone?"

Deirdre was stunned. If she remembered correctly, the west zone was the area for the wealthy. It was the best location in Surstate, and the prices of items and houses were 10 to 20 times higher than in the east zone.

Tobey could tell what Deirdre's concern was, so he chuckled. "I've already accumulated some money during this period. Moreover, I have a friend from high school living there. I've already reached out to him, and he has agreed to employ me without offering a work contract. If everything goes smoothly, I'll be able to make 900 dollars per month without much of an issue." "900 dollars per month?" Deirdre's voice was shaky. It was a good number for an ordinary person indeed, but it was simply degrading for Tobey in view of his capability.

Tobey had to yield to others in a field that he was most familiar with and a profession that he was most proud of. He had to make the lowest wage despite his effort, and Deirdre felt hopeless about that.

She loathed Brendan even more, and she even hated the baby in her womb a little. Perhaps, this was what Brendan wanted too.

He wanted to get rid of the child so that he could prevent his bloodline from escaping his control.

Deirdre curled up her body and made up her mind to get an abortion when the dust settled.

She would do anything she could just to get Brendan to set her free.

The next morning, Tobey took her to a company in the west zone. Tobey's high school friend, who did not perform as well as Tobey in the past, walked out and passed a cigarette to Tobey.

Tobey did not smoke, but he accepted it. Then, he lit the friend's cigarette with a lighter.

The high school friend said with a spurious smile, "You were the most outstanding student of our year. The teachers would praise you every day and claim that you're the best student in our elite school. I didn't expect that you'd be reduced to your current state today. It's truly a pity."

He claimed that it was a pity, yet he sounded like he was taunting Tobey.

Tobey feigned his cluelessness and said humbly, "I was only a nerd, and our school was not considered an elite school. I'm only trying to make some money and keep my family afloat. I'm here seeking your help, aren't I?"

## Chapter 764 Be Careful Around Henry

Henry Walker sized him up and said, "I'm just going to put this out there first. I will allow you to join my company but only because of our past friendship. You won't be getting the paycheck like other ordinary employees, for sure. Moreover... If you were to commit any crime..." "Don't worry. I won't." Tobey said, "I'm very grateful you're willing to help me, Mr. Walker. Why would I implicate you? I understand that the medical scene in Substate is quite impressive, so I brought my girlfriend here to seek medical attention. I won't do anything that is against the law."

At the mention of a girlfriend, Henry looked toward Deirdre and discovered that she had a gentle, beautiful face. Even though she had a blank stare and was dressed plainly, her mannerisms and facial features were extraordinary.

His jaw dropped, and he almost dropped the cigarette in his mouth to his pants.

"Deirdre? You're Deirdre? We used to go to the same middle school too! Have you forgotten already?"

Deirdre nodded politely. In truth, she had already forgotten most of it.

Henry's eyes were tainted with envy. "You're awesome, Tobey. You managed to date the prettiest girl in our high school. I tried to date you for three whole years, but you wouldn't even take a glance at me back in those years." "It's all in the past."

Henry thought about something and nodded. "You're right! It's all in the past!"

He called over his assistant. "We have a two-bedroom employee hostel, right? Vacate one for my good friend here and Miss McKinnon! I only want the best for them. We can treat anyone poorly, but not these two high school friends of mine!"

The assistant made arrangements immediately while Henry got closer to express his care for Deirdre. "Do you have a suitable job, Miss McKinnon? I'm in need of a secretary..."

Tobey shielded Deirdre behind him and assumed a gentle expression on his handsome face. He sounded casual when he said, "Deirdre is facing some issues these days and has lost her sight, Mr. Walker. I came here because of this reason, and I'm afraid she won't be able to work." "Lost her sight?"

Henry was rendered speechless and felt pity for Deirdre. Meanwhile, the assistant came and informed him that the residence was ready, so he did not continue to pester them anymore. He then sent Tobey to clean up the place.

Later on, the assistant took them to the employee hostel and turned around to leave.

A moment later, Tobey said with a deep frown, "Deirdre, you should be careful around Henry." "Why?" "I'm not too sure about him going after you in the past, but I saw his expression earlier..." Tobey did not continue to elaborate, but he said, "He bears ill intentions, so you should stay at home to the best of your abilities, so he won't have the opportunity to interact with you. As for the door in the hostel, I'll change the lock secretly in the afternoon. This way, you'll be safe by yourself in the hostel when I'm out for work."

Tobey's thinking was very mature, and he had his own considerations, so Deirdre did not inquire further. She was more worried that Brendan might come looking for them by tracing their steps.

It was fortunate that Brendan's side quieted down after she was panic-stricken for a few days.

Perhaps Brendan assumed that Deirdre and Tobey did not have the capability to live



in the western Surstate. Thus, he could not be bothered to put up more than a few missing-person posters. No one there could recognize Deirdre, and her life calmed down gradually.

Someone knocked on the door when Deirdre was getting some ingredients from the fridge to cook one night. She heard Henry's voice saying, "Open the door quickly, Miss McKinnon!"

Deirdre pretended not to hear, but Tobey's voice was heard coming from the outside. He could not articulate his words clearly, perhaps due to his drunken state. "Mr. Walker... Just send me to the door... will be fine..." "How could I do that? You're the pillar of our company, so I can only set my mind at ease after seeing you enter the house with my own eyes!" Henry knocked on the door in an appreciative employer's manner. "Miss McKinnon, are you aware? Tobey had one too many drinks. Come and help him to his room quickly."

#### Chapter 765 What Good Is Liking Someone?

Tobey was actually drunk. Deirdre could not help furrowing her eyebrows tightly and draped a scarf over herself before opening the door.

Henry fixed his eyes upon the sight of Deirdre, who still looked exquisite despite not having any makeup on, and he felt that he had sobered up substantially.

"You're still awake, Miss McKinnon?"

Deirdre let out a forced chuckle and extended her arms to receive Tobey." Leave Tobey with me. Thank you for sending him home, Mr. Walker. It's late, so I won't invite you in for a night cup."

Her act of rejecting Henry as a guest was obvious, but Henry appeared to be oblivious. He shoved the door and squeezed himself into the residence. "Tobey is drunk. How can you care for him when you can't see? I'm here to offer myself as a high-school friend."

He entered the house and sized up the environment of the house first. He was surprised to discover something and said, "You're boyfriend and girlfriend, but you're still living in separate rooms?"

Deirdre brought Tobey to the sofa with great effort, inhaled a deep breath, and said, "Hmm. He leaves for work early and comes home late, so he's worried that he will disturb my sleep."

She turned around to get some water from the kitchen. Henry followed right behind her to stare at her charming figure and her long legs that were showing vaguely under her nightgown when she walked, i "You used to be very arrogant and demanding in the past, and you couldn't be bothered to pay attention to a man of my status. I used to think that you'd marry a millionaire in the future, so I didn't expect that you'd actually choose to be with Tobey. Is it because he's good-looking?"

Deirdre's expression changed drastically, but she answered briefly, "I just like him."

"Alright then." Henry sniggered and said, "Like? What good is liking someone? He can only wander from place to place with you and make you live in an old house like this, no matter how much you like him. He can't even afford to get you a luxury bag."

Deirdre smiled and said, "I'm not interested in owning luxury bags. I'm blind, so I seldom go to places. Why would I need that?" "It's a sign of lavishness," Henry said without blinking. "If a person of your beauty level were with any man from my social



circle, you'd be able to enjoy all sorts of luxurious cars and live in a villa located in an elite residential area-" "Mr. Walker." Deirdre interrupted him with a soft voice. Deirdre wished that she could pull a long face and get rid of him, but Tobey still needed the job.

"It's getting late, so you should head home soon."

Naturally, Henry did not wish to leave yet. He looked around and said, "I had one too many drinks, and my secretary has gone home. I'm just going to spend a night on the sofa tonight. Will it be alright?"

Deirdre lowered her head and furrowed her eyebrows for a moment. "It would be inappropriate for you to sleep on the sofa when you're a business owner, right? Can you call up your secretary so she can come and pick you up?" "Why is it inappropriate? It's appropriate. It's decided, this is my company's employee hostel anyway. Regardless, I wouldn't go as far as to despise my employee hostel."

Deirdre considered for a moment and figured she could lock the door of her room from her side, so she nodded and said, 'You can rest in Tobey's room. Tobey has had too many drinks, so I shall let him stay in my room. It will be convenient for me to take care of him too.'

She indirectly told Henry that Tobey was in her room, so he should not act rashly.

Henry agreed and helped Deirdre to get Tobey on the bed. Then, he said, "I shall head outside. Take care of Tobey." "Sure."

The first thing Deirdre did after Henry's voice vanished was to lock the door. She made sure that the door was bolted tight before she relaxed and wiped Tobey's face with a towel. Then, she pulled a blanket from the closet and covered Tobey.

She lay on the other side of the bed and felt cold for no apparent reason. She felt anxious in Henry's presence because of his perverted demeanor. It was no wonder Tobey would advise her to be cautious of him.

## Chapter 766 You're Going to Kill Him

Deirdre felt drowsy the more she thought about it and shut her eyes as she drifted to sleep. All of a sudden, she felt her calf being touched by someone's hands.

She was jolted awake and opened her eyes to pitch blackness. She heard Tobey's even breathing sound next to her.

Could it be that Tobey touched her in his drunken state?

She relaxed her racing heart and was preparing to shut her eyes again when the pair of hands touched her once again and crept upward to her thighs in a chaotic manner.

"Who's there!?" Deirdre was scared out of her wits and struggled in an attempt to get up.

In the next moment, a man lay directly on top of her and breathed heavily. Deirdre became fully awake when she smelled the alcoholic stench on the man's breath.

"What are you doing!? Mr. Walker!"

She was deeply terrified. 'How did Henry get into the room? I didn't hear the sound of the door being unlocked at all!'

Henry caressed Deirdre with his hands eagerly and greedily smelled the scent of her body. "I've wanted to do this to you since high school. You looked like you were asking to be touched at all times, and you would always wear skirts that would draw the attention of the male students in your class."

"I wanted to date you, yet you tried to play cat and mouse by feigning your unwillingness. I bet you regret your choice now, right? What's good about Tobey? No matter how good-looking he is, he will still need to drink when I tell him to!" 'So it turns out that Henry got Tobey drunk on purpose!'

Deirdre's entire body was shaking, and she felt waves of dizziness washing over her. The man's breath stank and smelled disgusting. She blocked her chest with her hands and said, "Go away! Go away!" "Why are you still pretending? You can have anything you want when I'm done with you. H\*ck, I'll even promote Tobey and give him a raise! Be obedient!" Henry's expression was evil as he stretched out his hands to remove Deirdre's nightgown as if he was eager to taste her.

Deirdre was on the brink of an emotional breakdown. Tobey was lying next to her now, but she was powerless...

"F\*ck, look at your seductive figure..." Henry's eyes were bloodshot as he removed his belt so he could lean over to kiss Deirdre.

Before Deirdre lost all hope, Henry was suddenly kicked off the bed.

Tobey woke up next to her without her notice and pulled Henry away from the bed so they could grapple with each other. They rolled to the floor.

Henry was chubby and untrained, so he was no match for Tobey, who was trained in martial arts. Henry was pinned on the ground and beaten up until he was howling in pain.

The event took place in just a few seconds. By the time Deirdre recovered from her surprise, Henry was no longer screaming. She smelled the stench of blood, so she hastily called out to Tobey.

'Tobey! Stop fighting! You're going to kill him!'

Her eyes were reddened with tears, and her body was still shaking. It would definitely not be a good thing for them to make a huge scene out of this incident.

Tobey could not calm down at all. "Deirdre, let me kill him! He's a moron! How dare he do this to you!? He deserves to die!"

Deirdre grabbed his arm to stop him from punching Henry again.

"Don't... Tobey! If he were to report to the police, we would..."

Tobey calmed down quickly—his drunkenness and anger diminished substantially.

Yes, how did he forget that Brendan was still pursuing them? If they were to cause a scene and involve the police, Brendan would likely find out about the situation quickly.

It would be no different from him helping Deirdre to break free from a dangerous situation only to put her in danger again.

He clenched his fists tightly and stood up, at last, to deliver a violent kick to Henry's belly.

Henry was trembling ferociously and curled up his body in fear.

Tobey went to wash his face and returned to turn on the light. He found Deirdre sitting on the bed, her eyes still reddened with tears. She was calm, but the sight of her made one pity her because she had just experienced the most agonizing and traumatic event for a woman.

He pitied her very much and took out a coat to drape it over her body.

Deirdre did not comment further. She put on the coat and said, "Let's pack up and leave."

## Chapter 767 Why Are You Saying Sorry?

They could not stay here anymore. After tonight, perhaps Henry would send someone to punish Tobey, so they had to seize the opportunity to leave quickly when Henry was still alone.

"Hold on." Tobey pulled his phone out of his pocket and said to Deirdre, "You should go outside first. I shall come to see you when I'm done packing."

Deirdre kept quiet for a moment before she turned around and left. At the very moment the door was shut, Henry's terrified voice was heard coming from the room.

"Tobey... Tobey... I won't do it again! Please spare me this time and consider that nothing has happened today. I promise that I won't tell others ... What are you doing!? Tobey Russell!"

Afterward, Tobey got out of the house with his packed clothes. He held Deirdre's wrist and said, "Let's go."

Deirdre walked after him and asked, "Will Henry report us to the police?" "He won't."

Tobey spoke through his gritted teeth. "What he did isn't anything glamorous. In addition, I took some photos of him. If he wants to continue to live honorably in Surstate, he won't be reporting to the police. As long as we avoid him and not interact with him, he won't be doing anything funny."

Deirdre calmed down. They headed downstairs to hail a cab and checked into a random hotel. The cheapest hotel room cost 45 dollars a night.

Tobey prepared a hot bath for Deirdre while she stood outside by herself for a while to calm herself. She lowered her eyes and said, "I'm sorry, Tobey."

Tobey's back turned stiff when he heard the remark. He stood up and asked, "Why are you saying sorry?"

Deirdre smiled bitterly, raised her head, and said, "You wouldn't be reduced to your current state if not because of me. Henry wouldn't have harassed me and provoked your anger until you beat him up if not because of me."

You were supposed to have a very stable career, and it's all my fault."

She despised and hated herself.

Tobey was astonished. He clutched Deirdre's shoulder and said, "Why do you have to do this to yourself, Deirdre?"

Deirdre was stunned.

Tobey said, "Was it your fault that Brendan forced you to go to prison? Is it your fault that he won't let you off? Was it your fault that Henry sexually harassed you?"

"I am a normal person, capable of distinguishing right and wrong. I know that you feel helpless and are in agony. It's already arduous enough you're living like this, so you shouldn't discriminate against yourself when you're the victim."

"I'm the victim?"

Tobey was extremely resolute. "Yes."

Deirdre's eyes reddened with tears.

She loathed and doubted herself way too much, but Tobey was always willing to help her out of her self-loathing without any hesitation.

"Thank you..." Deirdre said softly and wiped her tears with her sleeve. "Thank you."

The stress of living in the west zone increased in an obvious manner. Deirdre began to consider making a steady income for their daily expenses after Tobey found a job. She could work as a waitress if she were a normal person. She could work in the

kitchen of a restaurant too. Yet, there were very few job opportunities for visually impaired people.

It was fortunate that there was a recruitment agency downstairs. When she inquired about a job opening, the manager humored her until Deirdre told the manager that she was skilled in playing the piano. Only then did the person assume a decent expression.

“Do you have a certificate?” “No.”

The manager pursed her lips. “In other words, you come to seek employment with just your self-taught piano skills? You’re really naive. Who’s going to hire you when you don’t have any accomplishments?”

Deirdre was embarrassed. “I’m very good at playing the piano, and I can teach piano lessons. Moreover, you can pay me less by taking half of my payment as a commission. That will be fine too.”

#### Chapter 768 Professor From Neve

The manager’s interest was piqued upon hearing Deirdre’s final sentence.

“Leave your number, and I’ll see if there’s anything up your alley.”

Deirdre did not have a phone, so she left Tobey’s phone number.

A few days passed, but there was no response.

Just as Deirdre thought that she would not be able to land a job, Tobey returned from work at night and told Deirdre, “A woman called me today wanting to talk to you. Her name is Ms. Reed, and she is a manager somewhere.” 1

Deirdre perked up. “What did she say?”

Tobey said, “She did not explain in detail after learning that I’m not you. She told me to let you call her back when I’m home.”

Deirdre hastily instructed Tobey to call the manager.

The manager picked up the call after a while and said before Deirdre could speak, “Is this Miss McKinnon?”

The manager chuckled and said, “You hit the jackpot. I chatted with a highly – respectable professor with whom I have a rather close relationship, and he wanted to commission a piano teacher for his grandchild. Thus, I recommended you.” “Really?”

Deirdre was delighted and thanked the manager repeatedly.

‘Could this be the sun that comes after the rain?’ “I can see that you’re a rather honest person, while the professor is always ready to help someone in need. He knows you’re visually impaired, so he set a date for you to go to work immediately. It’s the day after tomorrow, so please work hard and don’t embarrass me.”

The manager added, “As for the pay, you’ll be making 70 dollars per day. You’ll work Saturdays and Sundays. I can see that you have a hard time making a living, so I’m just going to take 15 dollars as a commission.

That’s not too much, right?” ‘That’s not too much at all!’ “Alright. You can come to my place the day after tomorrow, and I’ll take you there. Oh, right, remember to get yourself a phone tomorrow so you can be reached more easily. Don’t be using your boyfriend as your middle person.” “Sure, sure!”

After ending the call, Tobey approached her and asked, “What’s going on?

Were you looking for a job?”

Deirdre’s cheeks blushed in joy. “Hmm! I wasn’t counting on landing a job, so I didn’t

expect that someone would actually be looking to hire a piano teacher coincidentally.” Tobey felt heartfelt joy when he saw how delighted she was. He rubbed her hair and said, “You deserve the best. I shall get you a phone tomorrow so you can be reached easily.” “Sure!”

Deirdre headed downstairs to meet the manager carrying her newly- purchased phone the day after tomorrow.

Shauna drove her to the destination and constantly guided her there. ‘The man who hired you to be their piano teacher used to be a professor who taught at an elite university in Neve. He is venerable and highly respected, but his health isn’t doing so well, so he moved to Substate to recuperate from his illness. You must know your place when you talk and act around him. He may be easygoing, but it doesn’t mean that you can behave extravagantly either.”

Deirdre repeatedly nodded while Shauna said, ‘The child you’ll be teaching is a 17-year-old girl who is rather defiant. She has no sense of propriety in her speech and has infuriated multiple teachers into quitting. If you’re displeased at work, think of the money and put up with it anyhow. I won’t take extra commission from you when you get a raise.”

Deirdre memorized everything that she was told, and Shauna was pleased. The car stopped in the meantime, and she sent Deirdre to the villa’s door.

After knocking on the door, a girl with a ponytail opened the door and shut the door heavily after seeing the two strangers at the door.

Deirdre could not help feeling anxious in her heart when she felt the wind from the shutting door.

It seemed that the girl was not to be trifled with.

Shauna rang the doorbell once again.

The girl opened the door, her expression impatient. “You’re really annoying! You can go somewhere else if you’re looking to beg from door to door. Do you think I’ll give money just because you’re blind?”

Shaun could not help smiling apologetically. “Ms. Ward, we’re not here to beg for money. I’m the manager of a recruitment agency, Shauna Reed, and this is the piano teacher hired by Prof. Ward.”

## Chapter 769 Tough Girl

“Piano teacher?” Julia Ward was dumbfounded. She pointed at Deirdre and only found her voice after a while to say, “My grandfather is so old that he became demented, right? He’s pretty desperate, isn’t he? It’s fine if he’s hiring a piano teacher, but he has actually hired a blind one!?”

The girl spoke in an uncourteous tone, but Deirdre did not pay attention to that at all.

Shauna said, ‘You may call Prof. Ward to verify.”

Julia refused to believe these people, so she walked inside to make a call in her slippers. After a while, her voice was heard coming from the room.” What the h\*ck, grandfather!?” “She can’t even see! Am I going to learn from the teacher or learn to trouble myself?

‘Yes! You’re kind, magnanimous, and ready to help others, but don’t you try to implicate your granddaughter!

“I really... Forget it!”



After a while, Julia walked out, slamming the door in a rage, and said to Deirdre, "Come in. I'm just going to put this out there. I won't be bothered to care for you even if you're blind. Figure out a way to get water for yourself if you're thirsty. Also, if you can't teach, you're still going to be fired!"

Deirdre nodded repeatedly.

Shauna said softly, "Even though this girl is absolutely lawless, she still obeys Prof. Ward's order to a certain extent. As such, you can set your mind at ease and teach your lessons here."

Deirdre replied with a smile while Shauna patted her shoulder. "I shall make a move first. Call me if you need anything."

After Shauna left, Deirdre removed her shoes and entered the house.

Julia heaved a sigh upon seeing that. "Why are you taking off your shoes?

Where are your manners? Are you trying to get me to smell if your feet stink?"

Deirdre was embarrassed. "My shoes are dirty." "You can't just walk around barefoot, right? The floor here is not made of wood but tiles. If you stay barefoot in such cold weather, my grandfather will think I'm bullying you when he's home!" Julia was impatient, but she still brought a pair of house slippers to Deirdre. "Wear these."

Deirdre was caught by surprise. She smiled after putting on the slippers.

She did not realize that the cold tiles would be bad for her, yet Julia was much more considerate than her. It was apparent that Julia was not as cynical and disrespectful as she portrayed herself.

"Why are you smiling? It's kind of scary..." asked Julian, but Deirdre shook her head.

Deirdre figured that Julian would be infuriated from embarrassment if she were to speak her mind.

"Where is the piano? We shall begin the lesson now." "Why are you in such a rush?"

Julia sat on the sofa. "I'll order some takeout, and we'll see after I eat." "Eat? Is it time for dinner?"

Julia rolled her eyes. You don't have the concept of time because you can't see, huh? It's time for lunch, of course." "Lunch?" Deirdre was astounded. "Isn't it three in the afternoon now?"

Julia furrowed her eyebrows. "Is it wrong that I didn't feel like eating earlier? Why do you have to be such a busybody?"

Deirdre took a seat on a stool upon hearing that.

20 minutes passed, and Julia received her food delivery. She tossed away the food after removing the package and ate two bites.

Deirdre said, "Are you done?" "Hmm." "I believe that... you haven't finished your food, right?"

Julia glared at her. "Are you a piano teacher or a nanny? Is it wrong that I don't enjoy the takeout?" "You don't enjoy the takeout, but you ordered it."

Deirdre kept quiet for a moment before she said, "Where's the personal chef at home?"

Julia was still a child, after all. She said in a slightly proud tone, "She quitted after I infuriated her. Don't worry. You're no exception, either. When my grandfather can't be bothered with me anymore, it will be time for you to leave too."

She assumed that Deirdre would express her disdain or be troubled upon hearing her remark. Unexpectedly, Deirdre only smiled.



## Chapter 770 Is She Making Things Difficult for You?

Julia was especially displeased. "Why are you smiling?" "Nothing. There's something that I need you to know. Professor Ward hired me, so it ought to be Professor Ward who speaks to me in person if he wants to fire me. Only then I'll leave. Even if you have the courage to infuriate me, I will not leave here either."

Julia narrowed her eyes. "Why? Do you love this job so much that you will put up with a person like me?"

Deirdre said honestly, "It's because I need money and need to make a living to support myself. If you were to pay me a full 40,000 dollars, perhaps I might consider not working as your piano teacher and tender my resignation on my own accord."

Julia was stunned for a moment before she said angrily, "You wish!"

Then, the lesson lasted until night.

Deirdre could tell that Julia was rather interested in playing the piano because she stopped being so cynical when she was engrossed in the lesson.

Deirdre met Professor Ward at night, and he sounded like a kind, easygoing person. He was also earnest in his conduct and ordered his assistant to send Deirdre home. 1 She was so hungry that her head felt dizzy. She had just cooked some pasta when Tobey entered the house and said, after smelling the food scent, "Why are you working so hard today? You're still cooking after you come home from work?" Deirdre told him to wash his hands with a smile.

Tobey looked at her expression and propped himself up against the marble countertop as he asked, "How's work today?" "Pretty good." Deirdre removed her apron and felt amused at the thought of Julia. "The girl in the professor's house is a rather interesting person." "How so?" Tobey could not help becoming serious. "Is she making things difficult for you?" "Not really." Deirdre was having a hard time describing Julia. "She has a unique personality. She feels like a thorny... rose? There are thorns on her, but very few. She is not particularly unreasonable but is lofty with a tinge of childishness. She does engage in childish acts frequently, possibly because she is still a child."

Tobey served the two plates of pasta. "Is that so? As long as she isn't too troublesome. After all, you can't see. If you were to encounter a misbehaving child who bumps and hits everything, it would not be good for you." "That's not the case." Deirdre lowered her head and ate two bites of pasta quickly. She remembered something and said, "I'll be home late tomorrow." "What's going on?" "Professor Ward told me in private that he is away from home frequently, leaving Julia alone, which results in the child's defiant personality. He hopes that I can keep Julia company more." Deirdre weighed her choice of words before she said, "It's sort of like being half a guardian, I suppose. I will only need to keep her company until Professor Ward is home." "What time would that be?" "8:00 or 9:00 p.m."

Tobey wiped his hands and said, "That's late. However, I can pick you up on my way back from the construction site. I'll call you tomorrow." "Sure."

The next day, Deirdre prepared dinner early.

Deirdre was not counting on Julia to order takeout for her, and she refused to eat the takeout as well. She was pregnant now, so she tried to eat healthier meals to the best of her abilities.

She packed the food in a container, wrapped it in cloth before she went downstairs to

hail a taxi, and headed to the destination.

Julia opened the door just as before, and her expression changed drastically at once when she saw the greasy bag Deirdre was holding. She waved her hand dismissively and said, 'What is that? Get that thing out of my face! Don't just bring anything to this house! Do you think that we're a dumpsite or something?'

Deirdre was confused. "What's going on?" "I'm a neat freak. Will that be alright? Get that thing out of my face. It's covered in grease. Go and wash your hands in the kitchen quickly! Don't get that grease on my piano!"

Julia disliked that very much, and Deirdre found it amusing. "The bag is very clean because I washed it a few times."

## Chapter 771

I Think We're Getting Along "Uh, what did you use to wash it? Seriously, can you stop bringing all sorts of weird sh\*t from your place to our house? My grandfather's health is at stake here! Even a single germ on that thing you called a bag might hurt him, and you bet your \*as you're not gonna be able to foot his hospital bill!"

Helplessly, Deirdre took the food out of the bag while Julia-not so much holding it but pinching it between her fingers-dropped the bag into the garbage bin.

"What's that supposed to be?" she asked, her eyes set on Deirdre's hands.

"My dinner," she answered.

Julia snorted. "Well, guess I can't fault you for thinking ahead. Your food isn't included in our agreement," she remarked. "You can put your food inside our fridge and then microwave it in the evening. Go." "But my food's still steaming. It's not good to store it in the fridge when it's still hot." Deirdre hesitated for a moment and pulled the lid open. "I should cool it first."

It should take the food only half an hour to cool. She was about to set her lunchbox on the table when she heard someone's stomach growling.

It was Julia's. She caught the smell.

Deirdre froze while the girl felt her cheeks burn a little. "Urgh, did you do this on purpose!? You knew I haven't had my lunch yet, so you decided to embarrass me by showing off your food!" "You... haven't had your lunch?" Deirdre was genuinely surprised. It was almost 3:00 p.m. She mulled over a thought for a while before offering, "Hey, eat it. It's still steaming!" "Eew! Who says anything about wanting to eat what you made? Like, who knows what kind of place you live in or where you made it. Maybe it's got bugs or germs or something!" Julia protested with her chin held high and put on her firmest, most unyielding expression. It was also a good chance for her to very quietly swallow her saliva...

"Okay then." Deirdre shrugged. "Actually, I suspected the food I made isn't suitable for you. I'm really good at cooking, so it would be a pretty big problem if you tasted my dinner this one time and fell in love with it. Then I'll have cooking duty added to my workload, and I'm not ready for that!"

Julia was so annoyed she laughed. "Wow, did your parents forget to teach you not to toot your own horn?" "Even if I'm exaggerating, you won't know. You're not going to eat it anyway." "Oh yeah!?" Julia widened her eyes and snatched the lunchbox away from Deirdre. "You're on, lady! What kind of 5-star delicacy can a visually-impaired person make, anyway? If I reach for the salt bottle even once, lady, you lose!"

She grabbed a fork and, uncharacteristically, picked up a small scoop of salad. She put it in her mouth-and the gate to her stomach seemed to just swing open. She started wolfing down the whole thing until all it was left was the empty lunchbox, and still, she looked a little unsated.

Deirdre poured a glass of water for her. "Was it too bland? I don't like food that is too flavorful, so I didn't use a lot of spices."

Julia dabbed a kitchen towel over her lips, burped, and drank half of the glass while looking flustered. Even she knew better than putting on airs when the empty lunchbox was staring right at her face. "Uh-hem. It was pretty good," she muttered.

Deirdre smiled. "Anything else you want to try next week? I'll make an extra portion for you." "For real!?" cried Julia, her eyes twinkling for a moment before they dimmed.

"But why next week?"

Deirdre was amused. "Have you forgotten it already? I'm only here on the weekends. You're at school during the weekdays." "Ugh, touche," said the girl, clearly dissatisfied.

"How about... risotto for next week? Or, and a bowl of chowder!" "Alright."

The piano class went on until the night. Tobey's call came just in time as Professor Ward returned from work, and so it was time to go.

Deirdre bade the professor goodbye as Tobey approached her. "How was today?"

"Not bad. Not bad at all," said Deirdre. She thought about the girl's change from being almost too deliberately bitchy to lowering her guard and revealing her softer side and giggled to herself. "I lost my dinner, but it was worth it. I think we are getting along."

## Chapter 772 Any News About Her?

"Huh? What's that about your dinner?"

Deirdre told Tobey how everything had gone down, and the young man chuckled. "Ha, I knew you've got the magic, Dee," he remarked.

A cool evening wind billowed, and he smoothed her hair. "Too bad that cost you your dinner, though. But you're in luck. There is a pretty good grill stall in town, and according to rumors, they have less oily and flavorful options. Wanna give that a try?"

"Sounds great! I happen to think today's progress calls for a celebration."

Tobey clapped the cushion of a share-bike. "Get into my sweet ride for the evening, miss. I am but your humble chauffeur."

Deirdre got onto the backseat and tightly held the edge of Tobey's shirt. He started to pedal, and the two set sail into the wind.

During a few seemingly trivial seconds, an Audi brushed past them.

"Sir, Professor Ward's residence is right ahead," Sam reported as he scanned the neighborhood. "Do you want to visit him now that you're in Surstate?"

The man he was addressing remained silent in the backseat. Compared to the dazzling neon lights outside, the crisscrossing shadows haunting the car interior only added more to the somber, lonesome air within. Half of the man's face was shrouded only his pale violet lips and his sharp, angular jaw were illuminated.

He rolled the window down. The light from outside sprayed all over his face, forcing Brendan to shut his eyes against it. He was garbed in his expensive suit, his hair as slick and tidy as ever, but none of that belied the fatigue in his face nor the eyebags accumulated under his baggy eyes. It seemed life had not been particularly kind to him lately.

He had not been able to sleep well. He would never be able to—at least not before he found Deirdre.

“No. It’s getting late. We’ll be disturbing an old man’s rest more than anything. Maybe some other time.” Brendan shut his window. “Any news?”

Sam suddenly felt the need to sit up straight. “Sir, Surstate is a... pretty chaotic place. It’s not as organized or developed as Neve is, and surveillance of its citizens is near non-existent here,” he explained slowly. “That’s not counting the constant flow of tourists and people from other cities, so any search for a missing person is bound to—” “The answer is simple. Yes or no.”

Sam sounded almost defeated. “Not yet.” He straightened up a little. “It’s not like we don’t have a single clue, though. I managed to track down the hotel Miss McKinnon stayed in a few days ago. According to the staff, they arrived at the western part of the city via a car—they overheard it from their conversation as the two were paying for their room.” “The western area...” Brendan closed his eyes and snickered. “She would run all the way there just to escape me.”

Sam held his breath.

“And the hospitals?” “We’ve run through all of them. Any clinic or institution that is large enough to provide abortion procedures is being watched by one of our own. If she visits any one of them, we’ll be notified immediately.” “Hmph.” Brendan was certain that Deirdre would do it to their child—she could not bear one that was fathered by him, after all. “The search must continue. I don’t care where she escaped, but she must be found.” “Yes, sir.”

When Deirdre went to collect her payment, she received way more than she had expected—250 dollars, in fact. Surprised, she asked, “Did you count this right, Miss Reed? Shouldn’t it be 120 dollars?”

The manager smiled. “Oh, it’s the right amount. Professor Ward insisted. He said his granddaughter is very happy with her lessons and hopes you’ll continue to teach her for the coming weeks.”

Deirdre held the money in her hand and felt a burst of joy despite herself.

When Saturday arrived, she made an extra portion of food and brought it to Julia’s house.

The girl yanked the door open way too excitedly and asked, “Did you make one for me?”

Deirdre handed the lunchbox over, and the girl instantly opened it and sat down. She began to indulge in her lunch as she commented on the food she had made. Maybe the chowder needed more spices. Maybe the risotto was not flavorful enough.

Deirdre made a mental note about it all. When Julia was finally finished and was lying on the couch, satisfied, Deirdre giggled. “Why are you acting like you haven’t eaten for a week?”

#### Chapter 774 The Piano Teacher

Professor Ward sighed. “There’s a little... complication with her hand. It’s largely healed, but she still can’t pick up a brush anymore. So, she turned to learning the piano instead.”

Brendan was as unperturbed as ever. “I see.”

Inside, Julia was taken aback by the abrupt mismatched melody. “What the heck?”

"It's nothing," replied Deirdre, laughing dryly as she tried her best to calm herself down. "It was an accident." "It was pretty chaotic!" She rose. "We'll resume our lesson later. I should go outside and greet Brendan. Will be back in a jiffy!"

Julia went outside, and Deirdre clenched her hands into fists. She still could not stop herself from trembling. What if Brendan suddenly opened the door and came in? She pressed her ear at the door and listened. She could hear him complimenting Julia rather decorously, "You're all grown up now, aren't you? And all glowed up, too."

Brendan never liked saying these things, so the fact that he even did showed how much he respected Professor Ward.

Julia was happy to hear such tall praises from a sterling young man like himself. "I can say the same for you, Brendan! You just keep getting hotter!" "Would you listen to that? Where's that annoying defiance you've always got in abundance, huh?"

Professor Ward joked.

"Excuse you, gramps!"

Brendan smiled politely and sipped on his tea. "If I recall correctly, you were quite the painting genius. Even your teachers had nothing but praises for you. What happened? Why the change to piano?"

Julia stiffened for a moment and feigned nonchalance. "Painting is way more tiring than it looks, Brendan. But piano? Now that's way more fun. Besides, it transforms people. My friend always said that pianists are gentle and patient and don't get mad easily and all that good stuff, so I want to be someone like that!" "Gentle, patient, and doesn't get mad easily, huh?"

Brendan's smile remained, but his thoughts began to cloud. He could not stop himself from thinking about a certain someone.

And the familiar pang stabbed him in his chest like a thorn. He could not remove it on his own. It hurt so much, and yet in its cruel mercy, it refused to kill him. Thus, Brendan could only let it stay lodged in his heart, his mind colonized by the everexpanding, ever-growing pain.

"I happen to agree with your friend," Professor Ward said, grinning. "Your teacher is the proof! She's gentle, kind, and has the patience of a saint. She manages to endure my bratty granddaughter's prickly attitude! And now, Julia's much kinder and more sociable thanks to her influence." "Oh my God, can you at least admit that some of it is my own doing?" Julia protested. "I matured too, you know! I'm not as grouchy as I used to be!" "You're telling me you've matured within a week? Bah. It's the teacher who helped. She's just that kind."

Brendan's hand stopped knocking at the couch. He paused for a moment and asked, "Is she new?" "Quite so! We've only hired her for a week by this point. She didn't seem to come from a well-off family, from the looks of it. She was looking for a job, and the job manager introduced her to US. I guess it's fate/ She ended up being quite a good pair with my Julia." "Really?" Brendan drawled pensively, though his eyes remained as unperturbed as ever. He cast an aside glance before asking, "How old is she?"

Deirdre felt her heart skid.

"I don't really know, but maybe in her... 20s? You know, the time to be a successful career woman or start a family. She has a very handsome boyfriend too." "In her



20s?" Brendan's eyes widened sharply. He dug his nails into the couch, though he betrayed no emotion on his face. "That's very young for a music teacher."

#### Chapter 775 I Would Love to Meet This Teacher of Yours

Julia was in a rare mood to compliment others. "I know she sounds a little too young to be giving lessons, but I think she's a good teacher. I actually get way more about piano from her than those teachers and their endless lectures about theories and all that junk!"

A kind smile broke out on Professor Ward's lips. "Few people could elicit such high praises from my Julia. I really think we've struck gold this time."

The girl's cheeks went a little pink. "I mean, to be fair... I've been chowing down on the food she makes, too, so it's not like I'm gonna bite the hand that feeds me, right?"

"Eating her food? Young lady! And here I thought you'd rather buy takeout than eat home-cooked meals!"

Her grandfather's comment reminded Julia of the offer she had made.

Deirdre might have rejected her when she asked the former to be her new cook, but maybe... if her grandfather was the one talking, Deirdre might relent after all!

Her eyes twinkled. She snuck up to Professor Ward and threw her arms around his shoulders. "Oh, you haven't seen anything yet, grandpa. She's an amazing cook, and I mean seriously amazing. Her stuffed eggplants managed to be even better than great-granny's, okay?"

Professor Ward was about to reply when a voice suddenly rang from beside them.

"Stuffed eggplants?"

Brendan clenched his fists. A young woman in her 20s who was skilled with piano and cooking? Everything described Deirdre all too well. He just could not see anyone else fitting the description.

Julia espied the severe expression on his face and froze. Hesitantly, she nodded. "Uh, yeah? What about it?"

Brendan curled his lips and gave her a bright, chipper smile as though he had not just heard some world-shattering news. He ground his nails against each other. "Nothing. I myself am a fan of stuffed eggplants. Since she's good at the piano and is such a great cook, I thought maybe I should make new acquaintances today."

Laughing, Julia teased, "Oh no. You're not trying to vie for her heart, are you?"

Brendan! She's taken! Okay, so he doesn't look as hot as you are, but they are really sweet together, okay? He is always there in the evening when she clocks out to escort her home!" "Julia!" Professor Ward chided. "That's inappropriate! Brendan's engaged."

Julia stuck her tongue out.

Brendan smiled. "No offense taken, sir. But I'm pretty curious about your teacher. Can we meet?"

His eyes fell onto the door to the piano room, his gaze darkening. The rest of his face kept up with his friendly facade, however, as he asked, "Is it alright with you?"

Julia blinked. "Well, I could help you ask!"

She hopped onto her feet and realized Brendan immediately rose and advanced before she did. His seeming eagerness threw her off a little, but she said nothing and simply followed.

Brendan did not even wait for her before pushing the door open. Narrowing his eyes,

he scanned the room.

His searching expression froze.

Julia, who was right behind him, was surprised to see his face and asked, "What's the matter, Brendan?"

She perked under his arm and let out a questioning "Hey!" "Where's she? She was inside the last time we talked!" Julia cried out in surprise.

Brendan's expression darkened as he scanned his surroundings. The piano room did not lead anywhere. The only hiding place available was...

His eyes rested on a closet in the corner of the room. He stepped inside and began walking toward it, his hand outreached.

His phone suddenly vibrated. Frowning, he answered it before replying,

"Alright, I'm coming!" 1

"Brendan?" Julia asked questioningly.

The man clapped her on her shoulder, went outside to bid Professor Ward goodbye, and strode out of the door in a hurry.

As soon as the front door closed, Deirdre fell out of the closet. She was bathed in a cold sweat. Shocked, Julia cried out, "What the h\*ll!? Why were you inside? He-"

She stopped. Deirdre was tugging on Julia's skirt as she willed-and failed – to stop herself from shaking. Her face was ashen and devoid of color... like a moribund patient near asphyxiated.

#### Chapter 776 The Lead on Deirdre-Where Is It?

Julia felt both shock and worry roll into one. She lurched and helped her up, demanding, "What's wrong, Deirdre? Why were you hiding in the closet? And God, why are you shaking so much!?"

Deirdre's lashes were quivering. She desperately sought her voice, and when it finally came out like a leaky whisper, she exhaled, "I'm... fine..." "Miss me with that bullshit! You look like you've seen a ghost!"

Deirdre sputtered out a dry laugh. It was as if she had a brush with Death itself-and for now, she lived. "I'm fine, really. I... I just need a favor. Please, Julia." "W-What kind of favor?"

Deirdre closed her eyes. "Don't ever tell anyone my name." "Your name?" Something larger than confusion and questioning loomed over Julia. "Why?"

Unpacking the entire complexities of her life was too grueling, so Deirdre simply replied under her breath, "I know you're a good kid at heart, Julia, but there are some things I can't tell you. What I can say is that I'm not a bad guy and haven't committed any crime. I just can't let other people know my name or my identity, especially the man who came in." "You're talking about... Brendan?"

Deirdre knew she had to bet on a believable lie to save herself. "It's... It's my boyfriend. He did something by accident and incurred Brendan's wrath. It was a business issue."

Julia was shocked. "How!?" "You know what it's like with business. Someone set my boyfriend up and threw a wrench into his deal with Brendan. Things got so heated up it left us no choice but to run to Surstate. But Brendan... he came after us! If he finds out about me... he will find out about my boyfriend, and he... My boyfriend will be dead!"

"I am blind, Julia. I can't live alone. If something happens to my boyfriend, I ... I won't be able to live anymore!"

Deirdre had never wanted to try gaining sympathy from others through her disability, but right now, she did not have a choice.

Sympathy and hesitation surfaced on Julia's face. As a few had noted, she was never truly a bad person at her core-and now her innate kindness, combined with her personal affection for Deirdre, compelled her to help. She could not bear to leave Deirdre alone and helpless, so she nodded.

"Okay. I won't tell him your name even if he asks," she promised. Then, as her mind raced back to the strange, almost obsessive attitude Brendan displayed, she lowered her voice and added a warning, "But I won't be able to stop him from searching for you on his own." "It's okay. You've done a lot with just that." Deirdre took a deep breath. "Can I leave early today? I... I need to talk to my boyfriend about this."

"Alright."

She bade the Wards farewell. Even as she walked out of the house, her knees wobbled. A fog of some kind was shrouding her brain-she almost suspected all of this to be a dream. The word "coincidence" just did not cut it! She had just gotten employed as a piano teacher only to be revealed that, in a twist of fate, the professor was Brendan's teacher!

And they almost met!

Deirdre pulled out her phone shakily. It was still too new to her, so she fumbled with the buttons for a bit before finally hearing the dial tone. When the call connected, she could hear construction sounds from Tobey's end.

He found a place quiet enough and asked, "Dee? What's wrong?" "Tobey!" she cried out, shutting her eyes and opening them again. Her voice sounded like it was fleeing from her throat. "Can you come to the Wards' place? I... I almost met Brendan!"

Brendan hurried toward the company Sam had told him about while Henry gushingly greeted him with the force of an elephant's stampede. "Mr.

Brighthall, welcome! Welcome! I've heard so much about you! I'm the COO of Woody Inc., Henry Walker."

Brendan sniped a snide glance at Henry's outreached hand and ignored him. He looked at Sam instead. "Where's the lead to Deirdre McKinnon?"

Henry retracted his hand as Sam stared at him expectantly. "According to Mr. Walker, he's seen Russell and Miss McKinnon both. Russell had even spent a few days working for him, and in that period, Deirdre stayed with him in one of the hostels for the employees."

## Chapter 777 They're No Good!

Brendan furrowed his eyebrows. "When did they leave?" "Not long ago!" Henry's answer sprung at the tail-end of his question. "About three or four days ago."

Three or four days ago? Meaning they had left the eastern Surstate and came straight to the west side. It was also the one blindspot of their manhunt.

Brendan wished he could kick himself for this mistake. A part of him was mocking himself-oh, what lengths his darling Deirdre would not go to if it meant escaping him! How were they supposed to survive in the wealthier western Surstate now that Tobey's bank account had been frozen?

He shook himself out of his thoughts and finally turned to look Henry in the eyes for the first time. Part of him could not help but notice how much the man's skin seemed to be glistening under the light. "Do you know where they went?"

His display of patience made Henry feel honored and special. Brendan was the kind of elite, legendary figure everyone would scrape their knees to lick his shoes clean for-he was so important, Henry would pretend to know where Deirdre and Tobey. He nodded effusively. "Of course I do! They are still in western Surstate, I can assure you!" Henry added, "I've actually started a manhunt of my own, so you can leave this case to me, Mr. Brighthall. We haven't dug out the actual address, but my network of acquaintances covered the entirety of Surstate. I'll be able to locate them within a week!" "A week?" Brendan snapped, displeased. A week felt like a year to him! Henry gulped. "Uh, six days?"

Brendan flashed him his teeth, his gaze biting. "Your attitude tells me you're not interested in working with the Brighthall Group." "Five days?"

"Make it three," Brendan ordered before shooting Sam a look. The latter immediately produced a pen and a piece of paper before writing down their contact details and stuffing it into Henry's bag under his arm.

Henry felt beads of sweat pouring out of his skin. Brendan was more demanding than he had expected. Three days? How was he supposed to find them in three days?

"Hey, can I ask? Why do you want to look for those two?" he asked gingerly. He remembered Tobey's shifty behavior akin to a fugitive and thought, 'Could it be that those two have managed to offend Mr. Brighthall!?'

His thought then went to the picture of being beaten up, and his spleen rose. "I knew it! Those no-good dispsh\*ts! The only reason why I even tried to help him was that he used to be my schoolmate! I received him and his stupid girlfriend, but that piece of sh\*t-" "Girlfriend?" Brendan narrowed his eyes.

Henry cocked his head and nodded. "Yes! They even admitted to it!"

A storm immediately shadowed Brendan's mien. The way Henry saw it, the source of that offense... must have come from Deirdre!

He was already nursing a big, fat grudge against the woman, and now his sycophantic desire to kiss up Brendan galvanized him into continuing the thread. He began to raise his voice. 'That girlfriend of his, that Deirdre McKinnon, is a wh\*re. Sh\*tty HI' b\*tch, stinking pick-me sl\*t who loves feeling us men up all the f\*cking time! She had the galls to try seducing me when she was staying in the compound, and then played victim and accused me of being a harassed Ptooley!"

Brendan's eyes suddenly looked up. He trained them at Henry's beaming face, and a smile crept into his lips.

Henry thought it meant he was gaining traction. "When I found her, Mr. Brighthall, I promise you... You don't even need to dirty your hands. I'll lock that b\*tch in a cellar and let her suffer in the cold darkness myself-"

A punch hit him on his nose like a train, i

It was Sam.

Then, with a crash, Henry's rotund body answered gravity's call as his teeth kissed the floor.

## Chapter 778 Miss McKinnon is Mr. Brighthall's Lover

Sam lifted him high-a feat easy enough for his well-trained muscles. He chucked him at a chair, and the force with Henry's weight combined smashed the poor thing into pieces.

Sam picked up one of its legs like a baton.

Henry almost wetted himself from the sudden change of events. Still lying on the floor, he begged, "Stop, Mr. Brighthall! Sir! Oh Lord, stop! I'll give you everything you need! Don't hit me! Please! Stop!"

The blood from his nose and lips seemed to have mixed together before rolling down his face and splattering onto the floor. He was shaking.

Sam turned to look at Brendan, who simply lit up a cigarette. The rage in his eyes hardly dissipated.

The bodyguard understood. He stomped on Henry a few more times until the man was too beaten to even shout, and finally, Sam asked, "Do you know what was your mistake?"

Henry shook his head like his life depended on it. Judging from his badly bruised face, he would not be wrong.

Sam pulled him by the collar and said in a low voice, "Miss McKinnon's Mr. Brighthall's lover."

Henry widened his eyes. His face turned pale.

Deirdre was Brendan Brighthall's lover!? The same woman he had just Henry's legs were shaking. His bladder was going to fail him anytime now. How was he supposed to know that a blind woman was Brendan's... love!? Sure, she was beautiful-but he was Brendan Brighthall!

He looked at the young man, still shaking. Brendan's cigarette had been burnt to its half, and with his back against Henry, the fat man could not even make out his expression. All he knew was that just the air around Brendan alone made his spine crawl.

Then finally, Brendan turned. His handsome features bore no emotions, but his eyes were as still and unreadable as the bottom of a lake at night.

Henry scraped his knees and begged for forgiveness, slapping himself across his cheeks as hard as he could despite his injuries. "I'm sorry, Mr. Brighthall! I made a grave mistake! I'm a barbarian, an uncultured swine! How could I say something like that!? I didn't know she was your..."

Brendan smiled. "It's okay. You were just being ignorant."

Henry froze. "It's... okay?" "Yes."

Henry was overjoyed. "I swear to you, Mr. Brighthall, I'll turn the entire western Surstate over to find Miss McKinnon for you! I'll escort her to your hands personally!"

"Good." Brendan cast the cigarette to the floor and rose. "I await your results in two days." "You have my-" Henry's smile faltered. His eyes almost seemed to shrink. "Two days!?" "You heard me right. Two days." Brendan snickered. "Fail me, and your company and its subsidiaries should get ready to change its name and its boss."

With that, Brendan strode away as Henry let out an unintelligible wail of despair.

Sam spat as soon as he got out of the door. "Who the f\*ck did he think he was? That b\*stard actually thought he could vilify Miss McKinnon!"

Brendan stopped on his track and turned to look to the right. Sam turned, too, but the



sun was stinging his eyes too much for him to make out whatever Brendan was looking at. Narrowing his eyes, he asked, "What are you looking at?" "A place I think Deirdre might be..."

Brendan's eyes suddenly widened. He yanked the car door open and went inside. Sam could not waste a moment. He got into the passenger's seat, and Brendan stomped onto the accelerator until they found themselves back at Professor Ward's house.

Brendan spammed the doorbell incessantly. A while later, a groggy Julia opened the door, yawning. When she saw him, surprise shadowed her face. "Brendan? Why are you here? My grandfather's-"