

Resent Reject Regret by Aqua Summers

Chapter 811-843

Chapter 811 Be a Good Girl and Stop Moving

'That's not necessary.' Brendan took a deep breath and frowned. "It's too troublesome. Besides, I've gotten a lot better after changing the bandages. I guess the wound opened when I moved around just now." "But-" "Don't worry about me," Brendan said firmly, cutting her short. "Mrs. Engel, you're free to go now." Mrs. Engel had no other choice but to go ahead and clean up the mess. Deirdre was standing frozen stiff on the spot. She seemed rather lost. Just when she turned around, Brendan held her hand.

'You have anything to ask me?' Brendan asked as he watched Deirdre fixedly. He could see that she had something to say to him. He brought her closer to him and continued. "If there's anything you want to tell me, just say it out loud. Don't keep it inside your heart. It's not good for your health. You can ask me whatever you want." The man's fingers were cold, and Deirdre did not know to put her feelings into words now.

Perhaps she felt sorry for him since he had gotten injured because of Tobey. From the moment she heard his wound was bleeding, she was worried about him.

But he already found Mrs. Engel annoying, so why must she bring trouble to herself? "It's nothing," Deirdre said as she pulled her hand back. "I just have some questions, but they aren't important. I'm going back to rest."

Brendan massaged the center of his forehead as he felt tired. He propped himself up from the bed and followed after her. "Let me walk you to your room." 'You don't have to do that,' said Deirdre, rejecting him. She fell silent for a moment and added, 'You should eat chicken soup and return to your bed.' "Chicken soup?" Brendan's eyes lit up. "Did you make it for me?" "Mrs. Engel made it."

The light in Brendan's eyes dimmed.

"Alright. I'll take it. You should go back and get some rest early."

Deirdre nodded and went back into her room. She lay on the bed, and her head was still replaying Brendan's words.

'Chicken soup? Did you make it for me?'

She could sense the joy in his voice. However, his voice was filled with disappointment when she said she had not made the soup.

'Would he really take the chicken soup if I was the one that made it?'

With the thought in her head, she slowly closed her eyes. As she was about to slip into sleep, a well-toned body pressed against her back, and a pair of arms wrapped around her carefully.

Brendan's body scent entered Deirdre's nostrils, and her eyelashes trembled.

"What are you doing here? Mrs. Engel hasn't finished cleaning your room?" "Not yet."

The reality was that Mrs. Engel had already finished cleaning his room. It was just that it was rare for Deirdre not to give him the cold shoulder because of her guilt.

Therefore, he did not want to give up such a good opportunity.

Deirdre frowned. "But I heard this afternoon that Mrs. Engel has dried your bed sheet." "My body is weak. I want my bed sheet to get dry for at least two or three

days.”

Deirdre was rendered speechless.

‘Then you can take my bed sheet, or I can go to sleep in your room instead.’

She tried to get up after she finished speaking, but Brendan did not give her a chance.

He felt a fiery pain from his wound after exerting some of his strength. His breathing became flustered as he said, “Be a good girl and stop moving. I’m tired.”

Deirdre could sense that he was tired from his voice, so she stopped moving and could not sleep well throughout the night.

Brendan’s wound would hurt from time to time, causing him to yelp in pain when he could not hold the pain back.

After Dr. Lang changed Brendan’s bandages the next day, Deirdre could not help herself and asked Dr. Lang about it.

Dr. Lang pushed his glasses to hide the glint in his eyes. “You can rest assured, Miss McKinnon. This is something inevitable. After all, Mr. Brighthall rushed back here in his car one hour after his operation. His wound opened up again along the way, so it’s going to take some time for the wound to be fully healed.”

Chapter 812 Are You Going to Cook for Him, Ms. Mckinnon?

‘Then why would his wound hurt at night?’

Brendan looked at Deirdre in surprise. He could not hold himself back and held her hand with their fingers interlaced.

Dr. Lang sighed. ‘This is normal when inflammation happens. But as long as Mr. Brighthall takes medicine accordingly and avoids some food, his wound will heal eventually.’ “Alright, then,” said Deirdre.

After Dr. Lang left, Brendan grabbed Deirdre carefully in his arms. There was a hint of joy in his pair of eyes as he said, “Are you worried about me, Deirdre?”

Before waiting for Deirdre to say anything, he continued. “I’m really happy about it.”

She was worried about his wound. This was something he did not dare to imagine before today.

Deirdre gave him the cold shoulder and pushed his arm again.

“Please, don’t get it wrong. You made too much noise last night. I don’t want to get disturbed by you anymore.”

After that, she turned around and went into the kitchen.

Mrs. Engel was doing her chores inside the kitchen when Deirdre came in sipping on a glass of milk. When Mrs. Engel saw Deirdre, she sighed. “Mr. Brighthall didn’t eat anything today and yesterday.” “He didn’t eat the chicken soup yesterday?” “He did... But he put it down and stared at it after taking a few sips. I wonder if it’s because he doesn’t like it,” Mrs. Engel said worriedly.

Deirdre fell silent for a moment. When she came to her senses, she said, “Don’t worry about that, Mrs. Engel. Your soup tastes good. I think he’s not in the mood for anything because his wound hurts too much.” “Well, I hope so. But if Mr. Brighthall refuses to eat or drink anything, his wound might not heal.”

Deirdre fell silent again after what Mrs. Engel said. After she finished her milk, she asked her when she was going to the grocery store.

“Around 10:00 a.m. What’s the matter?” “I’ll go with you. I want to cook something today. It’s just that I wonder if I can find the ingredients I want at this hour.” “I’m sure

you can find them,” said Mrs. Engel. She had a lot of faith in Deirdre’s cooking skills and was grinning from ear to ear, “Mrs. Brighthall, I hope you don’t mind me asking, but are you going to cook for Mr. Brighthall so that his wound will heal faster? That’s great! Don’t worry. I’ll make sure you can find all the ingredients you need! Mr. Brighthall will be very happy when he finds you’re going to cook for him.” “Mrs. Engel, please calm down,” Deirdre said helplessly. “I’m not cooking for him because I’m worried about him. It’s just... Anyway, forget about it.”

She felt there was no need for her to explain anything. She just did not want Tobey to owe Brendan anything.

She would not care about it if Brendan had just helped her alone. After all, Brendan had hurt her a lot, but since he had saved Tobey, she figured she should help Tobey to pay Brendan back.

“I know, I know,” Mrs. Engel said happily.

Deirdre had never shown any intention of cooking for Brendan before, and this was the first time. Mrs. Engel dried her hand on her apron and asked, “Should we go earlier?” “Sure. Oh yeah, don’t tell Brendan that I’m going to cook for him. Just tell him that I’m just bored.”

If not, Brendan might misunderstand something.

“Sure! Sure!”

Mrs. Engel cleaned up the kitchen and brought Deirdre a jacket.

Brendan was having a meeting on his laptop. When he saw Deirdre was wearing a jacket, he closed his laptop and asked, “Where are you going?” “What’s the matter? Are you going to restrict my freedom now? Can’t I even go out?” Deirdre replied without turning her head.

“No...” Brendan was stumped. “That’s not what I mean...” “Mr. Brighthall, Mrs. Brighthall just feels bored, so she wants to go to the grocery store with me to get something as well as to get some fresh air.”

Chapter 813 The Bullet Didn’t Hit You “Really?”

Brendan’s eyes lit up.

Deirdre had never once smiled ever since she stepped foot into this mansion, and this was the first time she said she wanted to go out to get some fresh air.

“I’ll come with you,” he said, his voice thick with exhilaration.

Deirdre frowned. “Why do you want to come with us?” “I can help you to carry stuff. I can be the driver too.”

Even Mrs. Engel could sense the submissiveness in Brendan’s voice. He used to be a very powerful person in Neve. There was no way he would willingly become other people’s driver.

Deirdre turned her head sideways and said, “That’s not necessary. Look at the wound on your shoulder. I doubt you’ll be able to hold anything right now, let alone carry some heavy stuff. We can walk there ourselves. We don’t need you to drive us there.”

Brendan’s face sank. “I just don’t want you to leave my side, Deirdre.”

Deirdre remained silent. She opened the door and bumped into Sam.

Sam greeted her, and when he saw Brendan, he said, “Sir, you can’t go out with your injury.” “I’ll be back very soon.”

Sam frowned. He knew he could not stop Brendan, so he turned his head around to

Deirdre and said, "Miss McKinnon, please help me. Mr. Brighthall can't go out today." Deirdre was stunned. She turned to Brendan and commanded plainly, "You stay at home."

Seeing how firm she was, Brendan did not follow after her in the end. He just looked at her and said in a raspy voice, "I'll wait for you then."

After leaving the mansion, Mrs. Engel said with a smile, "Mr. Brighthall loves you very much, Mrs. Brighthall. He doesn't seem like someone who'll give up so easily. I thought he was going to come with us to the grocery store today, but you managed to talk him out of it."

Deirdre did not know what to say. She placed her hand on the stomach and said, "Maybe he doesn't want me to get angry as it's bad for the baby in my womb."

In the mansion...

Brendan's face sank instantly after Deirdre disappeared from his vision. He turned his head around and glared daggers at Sam, causing the latter to feel like he was the bad person who broke up the affectionate couple.

He looked at Brendan back and said, "Sir, it's not that I don't allow you to go out with Miss McKinnon, but you're in no shape to go out right now.

Besides, it's time for you to change your bandages. Your wound might get infected if you don't change your bandages on time. At that time, you might even collapse before you can step out of the door, let alone go out with Miss McKinnon."

It was only then Brendan calmed down. He lowered his head and tore off the bandage that Dr. Lang had put on him, revealing the dark bullet hole and the swollen, inflamed wound.

Sam's face was livid with rage when he saw the wound. "That son of a b* tch..."

He hurriedly took out a box and washed the wound with disinfectant. The entire process was so painful that the veins on Brendan's forehead bulged, and cold beads of sweat were breaking out, but he didn't utter a single sound.

After Sam finished reapplying the bandage, he said, "Sir, the bullet didn't clearly miss you at that time. I don't understand why you had to shoot yourself in your shoulder. Don't you know how painful it is? You should have shot me instead..."

Brendan's face was pale, but his gaze was filled with emotions.

"I'm their target, not you. It'll be pointless for you to get hurt." "But-" "Alright, let's not talk about it. Just do as I told you."

Sam nodded. Brendan put his clothes back on. The pain was unbearable after the wound was flushed several times. He took a painkiller and went out.

Meanwhile, Sam received a text message and rushed out of the door.

Meanwhile, Deirdre and Mrs. Engel arrived at the grocery store. She bought chicken and some ingredients for the soup. Suddenly, she heard the conversations of the passersby beside her.

"Hey, have you seen the news on the Internet?"

Chapter 814 Exposed Photo

"You're talking about the Brighthall Group?" "Yeah, when I first saw him, I thought he was a good man since he is so good-looking and has a successful career. I didn't expect him to do something like that. Just like people always say, you can't judge a book by its cover." "Yeah, but I don't think this is something strange at all. After all, he's

so powerful that he can do whatever he wants, and that's not something we common people can do anything about. I just feel a little bit disgusted. He can make the law bend to his will just because he has some power." "That's right. Now that everyone in the city knows about it, he can't run away anymore. Well, he deserves it. If it weren't for the whistleblower, all of us would still be in the dark..."

Deirdre stopped in her tracks.

Mrs. Engel also heard their conversation, and she asked, "Mrs. Brighthall, are they talking about Mr. Brighthall?" "I have no idea either..." Deirdre's head was a muddled mess.

Those people's words were filled with disgust and stung her ears. By right, Brendan had a rather good reputation, so she did not know what had happened and had a bad feeling about it.

'Did something happen? What is the news that they're talking about?' "Mrs. Engel, do you have any apps on your phone that can read the news?" "Does a browser count?" 'Yeah, can you try to search for Brendan's name?'

Mrs. Engel lowered her head and fumbled through her phone. After she typed Brendan's name into the search bar, her face turned pale. "What the h *ll is this!?" Deirdre's face sank. "What happened?" "Mrs. Brighthall, your photo... It's on the Internet!" said Mrs. Engel, her voice filled with disbelief.

Deirdre's head buzzed. She felt as if something had exploded in her head, but she soon calmed herself down.

"What does the news say?"

Mrs. Engel was becoming angrier and angrier as she read the news.

However, fear soon replaced her anger as she said, "How... How can this be happening?"

Deirdre grabbed Mrs. Engel's hand and realized that she was shaking. Her heart sank, and she asked, "Tell me what happened, Mrs. Engel." "Mrs. Brighthall... It's about your release from prison!" Mrs. Engel said anxiously, "These people say that Mr. Brighthall abused his power by bribing the police department to get you out of prison. They even spread your photo all over the Internet! These people... How could they say something like that? They know nothing at all. Some of them even formed a protest group and want to send you back to prison..."

Mrs. Engel continued to say something, but Deirdre could not hear anything anymore.

'My photos are all over the Internet? Everyone is protesting and wanting to send me back to prison?'

Deirdre took a deep breath. She had been worried about something like this in the past, but she did not expect it to come so soon and suddenly.

Before she could figure out who had the guts to go against Brendan and spread the thing out, she lowered her head and grabbed Mrs. Engel.

"Quickly, bring me back."

Mrs. Engel knew that something big was about to happen. She grabbed Deirdre's hands, and they hurriedly walked toward the grocery store's entrance. However, someone with a sharp eye stopped them before they could make it out of the grocery store.

"Hold on for a moment. You look familiar. Aren't you Mr. Brighthall's ex- wife?"

Everyone in the grocery store turned their heads around and looked at them. They all

stopped Deirdre and Mrs. Engel from leaving and began comparing her look with a photo.

“It’s really her! She ran someone over with her car and could still be released from prison? What the h*ll are those people in the police department doing?” “She ran over someone’s daughter and can still come out to shop!? Shameless!”

Chapter 815 Mauled by the Angry Crowd

“Shameless! Get back to prison! No, you should be executed! You need to pay with your life!” “Get back to prison! Get back to prison!”

Everyone shouted in chorus and started throwing stuff at Deirdre to vent their anger in the victim’s place.

Mrs. Engel hastily protected Deirdre under her arms and shouted, “Stop! Stop it! She’s pregnant!” “Pregnant? A killer like her shouldn’t even be allowed to have a baby!” “An apple won’t fall far from its tree! An evil criminal like her will only give birth to another murderer! She should get an abortion!”

The passersby were indignant, throwing eggs and vegetables at her relentlessly. Some of them even grabbed her hair and started beating her.

This was the scene that Brendan saw when he arrived at the grocery store. His eyes became bloodshot as he charged into the grocery store.

“Get off her!”

Brendan pushed away those people who were beating Deirdre and protected her under his body. He ignored the pain on his shoulder and looked at Deirdre. After ascertaining that she was not injured, he let out a sigh of relief.

However, his expression was still dark.

He blamed himself for not protecting Deirdre properly. If he hadn’t come sooner, these people would have beaten Deirdre, and it might have even hurt their baby.

“Let’s get out of here!” Brendan shielded Deirdre under his body as he moved forward. However, there was a group of people surrounding them, and someone exclaimed, “He’s Brendan Brighthall!” “It’s real! This woman is really a murderer! What a pair of lawless b*stards!” “Don’t let them get out of here! We need an explanation from Brighthall! We need to know why he is protecting a murderer!”

Everyone gathered around them and started to push Brendan.

Brendan bit his lips tightly, and his face was pale. When Mrs. Engel saw the blood on his shoulder, she shouted, “Mr. Brighthall!”

Deirdre’s finger trembled. When the smell of blood entered her nose, she knew that Brendan’s wound had opened up again.

At that moment, Sam arrived with the security guards and controlled those people.

Seizing his chance, Brendan and Deirdre entered the car with the people scolding them.

Brendan’s face was livid as he placed his hand on his shoulder wound.

Blood was trickling down his arm to his fingertips. The first thing he did was not to get someone to reapply the bandage. Instead, he turned around and asked Deirdre, “Are you alright?”

Even though they were in the car right now, Deirdre could still hear people calling her murderer from outside. She sat blankly, and it took her a while to come around to her senses. She turned her head and asked, “Do you think I’m alright?”

She did not really care about those people scolding and beating her. The thing that made her feel sad and powerless the most was the trumped-up charges they had pinned on her.

What's more, the one who had caused all of this was asking her if she was alright? She had never felt so ridiculous in her life before.

"I'm sorry..." Brendan said with remorse. He forced down the unbearable stabbing pain that was skewering him and said, "Sam, let's go to the hospital."

None of them spoke throughout the entire journey. When they arrived at the hospital, the doctor brought Deirdre for a check-up. While Brendan was reapplying his bandage, he asked, "What happened?"

Sam's face sank. "I was about to tell you about the things on the Internet, but you took the shortcut. I couldn't drive through and didn't make it."

"Anyway, someone exposed that Miss McKinnon has been in prison. They uploaded her photo on Facebook, hoping more people could know about it. They also told the world that Miss McKinnon was released from prison after running over someone."

Brendan frowned. "Who did it?" "We're still investigating it, but I have a feeling that they're not coming after Miss McKinnon."

Chapter 816 Can You Let Me Go?

The fact that Brendan had been ambushed and Deirdre's past had been exposed on the Internet meant she was not their primary target.

Brendan knew it very well. It was just that he felt sorry for bringing Deirdre into this. The derision in the woman's eyes was still vividly clear in his mind.

Deirdre would not have suffered such humiliation if it were not for him.

"I want the photo off the Internet. Don't forget to delete all the posts and news about her as well." "Then what about the person who uploaded the photo?"

Deirdre narrowed his eyes dangerously and said, "I'm sure they are with the group of people who ambushed me. Just speed up your action." "Yes, sir."

After Sam left, Brendan stitched his wound and reapplied the bandage. He went to Deirdre's ward, and Mrs. Engel was waiting outside.

"How is she?" asked Brendan.

"There are scratches here and there on Mrs. Brighthall's body, but they aren't serious," Mrs. Engel said, her eyes red around the rims. "However, she seems under the weather and doesn't allow me to go in. Mr. Brighthall, will she be alright?"

Brendan did not know how to answer Mrs. Engel's question either. He wanted to tell her that Deirdre would be alright, but he suddenly found he was in no position to say that.

He lowered his head. The chicken and the vegetables in the basket caught his attention. "What are these?" "Mrs. Brighthall bought these. Haven't you had little appetite for the past two days? She wanted to cook some chicken soup for you. That's why she followed me to the grocery store today. It's just that none of us expected we would run into something like that..."

Mrs. Engel's voice was getting smaller and smaller toward the end of her sentence. Brendan suddenly had difficulty breathing, as if a heavy stone was on his chest.

Even though Deirdre claimed she did not care about him, she still went to the grocery store to get some ingredients to make chicken soup for him. But what about him?

Not only had he destroyed her life, but he was also going to take away her right to walk under the sun.

Brendan felt that the stabbing pain in his shoulder was nothing compared to the pain in his heart.

He clenched his fists and willed himself to calm down.

“Mrs. Engel, you should go to a doctor and get your wound tended. Thank you for protecting Deirdre today. I’ll try to talk to her later.”

Mrs. Engel nodded, her eyes red.

Brendan took a deep breath and entered the ward.

To his surprise, Deirdre did not chase him out of the ward. She just stood blankly next to the window. The wind tousled her hair and petted her cheek. When the sun’s rays rained down in sparkling cascades of light, they created shadows underneath her eyelashes. Everything seemed so peaceful.

Brendan tightened his grip. He did not dare to take a step forward as he was worried the harmonious scene before his eyes would disappear.

Deirdre was not deaf. She opened her eyes as wide as possible and looked skyward, but everything seemed blurry in her vision.

“You know what, Brendan? I hate this face of mine more than ever now,” said Deirdre.

“It’s because of my face that I married you and became your wife. It’s because of this face that I was subjected to two years of emotional abuse. It’s because of it that I became someone else’s scapegoat and got sent to prison. And now, it’s because of my face that I’ve become a criminal that everyone hates.”

Deirdre turned her head around, and there was a mocking smile playing on her lips.

At that moment, Brendan felt as if someone was stabbing his heart with a knife. He gave in to his desire and went forward to hug the woman tightly in his arms.

“I’m sorry...” He had never felt so regretful in his life before. He regretted his stupidity and his own actions.

“Deirdre... I’m sorry...”

Deirdre laughed. “Brendan, if I say sorry to you, will you let me go?”

Suddenly, Brendan’s face turned pale.

That morning, Deirdre had been worried about his injuries and wanted to make soup for him, but everything was gone right now. There was nothing but coldness on her face.

Chapter 817 Will You Let Charlene Confess to the Crime?

Brendan’s heart was torn apart as he buried his head in the woman’s shoulder.

He already had the answer in his heart.

He could not do it.

He could not afford to lose Deirdre again, even if it was only for a day. Only when Deirdre was around him did he feel he was alive as a living person, not as a walking corpse.

“I’m sorry...” “Stop saying sorry to me. I’ve heard enough of it.”

Deirdre pushed him away as she felt disgusted.

Brendan grabbed her fingers. His eyes were red and filled with determination. “Don’t worry. I’ll bring an end to all of this. I promise you that what happened today won’t happen again.” “Bring an end to all of this?” Deirdre looked at him. “How are you

going to end it? Are you going to tell everyone in Neve that Charlene was the one who ran that person over? Will you tell everyone that she's the murderer and bring her to justice?"

Brendan was stumped, and a mocking smile hopped onto the corner of Deirdre's lips. She had expected his reaction.

Brendan took a deep breath and replied, "It isn't the right time yet, but I promise you that after I get everything I want, I'll clean your name for you. I'll compensate you for the pain you once suffered, little by little."

Deirdre was stunned at the seriousness of his voice. However, she soon laughed at herself since she nearly fell into Brendan's trap again.

Did he not want to spend the rest of his life with Charlene? If that were the case, then how would he compensate her? She was confident it was nothing but another one of his empty promises.

"I'm tired." Deirdre pulled her hand back and lowered her head.

Brendan suppressed the urge to hold the woman in front of him in his arms and said gently, "Okay. Let's go home then."

After the doctor tended to Mrs. Engel's wound, Sam brought them home.

However, Brendan did not go inside. He just watched Deirdre affectionately until she was gone from his vision. Then, he withdrew his gaze and said, "I'm not going in yet. I'll be back later." "Where are you going, Mr. Brighthall?" Mrs. Engel asked nervously, "You're also affected by this incident. Besides, you're injured, so you shouldn't stay outside so often. You might—" "Don't worry. Since such a big thing happens, as the CEO of my company, I need to step forward and say something. I'll be back soon."

"But..." Mrs. Engel had a feeling that things were not as easy as Brendan said it was. "I'll leave Deirdre in your care."

Brendan rolled the window up after he finished speaking. Sam started the car and slowly drove the car out of the neighborhood.

Mrs. Engel sighed. She held Deirdre's arm and said, "Mrs. Brighthall, let me bring you inside."

Deirdre nodded. Mrs. Engel brought Deirdre to the couch. Her eyes went red around the rims when she saw the scratches and wounds on her arms.

"Those people are the worst! How could they simply beat somebody up for something that they don't know? Can't they see that you're pregnant? What if something happened to you?"

Deirdre chuckled. "Well, I can understand them. After all, for them, I'm an evil murderer." "You're such a good person. There's no way you can be a murderer."

Deirdre continued to smile, but the light in her eyes was gone. It was exactly because she was a good person and her stupidity and naivety that she would become other people's scapegoat.

Mrs. Engel could see that Deirdre was not in the mood right now, so she changed the topic. "You didn't eat anything this afternoon, right? Let me go into the kitchen and whip up something real quick for you."

When she was going through the stuff they bought, she took the chicken out and asked, "Mrs. Brighthall, this chicken..." "Just throw it away," Deirdre said without batting an eye. "It doesn't have any use anymore."

Mrs. Engel hesitated for a moment, but she still threw the chicken into the trash in the

end and sighed inwardly. 'Their relationship improved slightly after Mr. Brighthall got injured, but everything went back to where it started because of this incident... Destiny really likes to make a fool of people...'

Chapter 818 Press Conference

Mrs. Engel was busy in the kitchen while Deirdre sat on the couch alone. After a while, she worried that Deirdre might get bored, so she dried her hand and switched on the TV.

"Mrs. Brighthall, would you like some movie?" "Sure."

Deirdre felt her surroundings were too quiet as well. When it became too quiet, people would start to imagine things. In her case, when everything became quiet, she would hear the things those people said about her, and it stung her ears.

Mrs. Engel was fumbling through the remote control. She accidentally switched to the news channel, and just when she was about to change to another channel, she was stunned as she looked at the TV.

"Mr. Brighthall? Isn't that Mr. Brighthall? What is he doing there?"

Deirdre raised her head and listened to the news.

"Brendan Brighthall from the Brighthall Group convened a press conference to respond to the news that has been spreading on the Internet. Whether the truth is as rumored, that Brendan paid for his ex-wife to be released on parole for her crime, or if it's just a misunderstanding, let's listen to Brighthall's explanation."

As soon as the voice died away, Brendan appeared in front of the camera. He was wearing a black suit that greatly accentuated his tall stature. His kingly and noble presence made him look different from the rest just by standing there. His facial features were so flawless that he still looked handsome despite his dark, frigid expression. It made him look even more mysterious as well.

It was an open press conference, so the crowd's voices could also be heard.

"Is Mr. Brighthall this handsome? I thought someone like him, who singlehandedly turned the Brighthall Group into a business empire in Neve, would at least be 40 or 50 years old. I didn't expect him to be so young and handsome." "Hey! Wake up! He's a demon who condones his ex-wife's murder and has no regard for the law! He might have a good look, but you might die before you know anything if you accidentally offend someone powerful like him who has no regard for the law." "That's right. Beauty is only skin deep. What matters the most is his character. He's someone who's willing to go against the law and get his wife out of prison despite her crime. From that alone, I can see that the Brighthall Group isn't a good company either. He should step down from his position!" "Yeah! That's right!"

Anger began to spread among the crowd. Some of them even rushed up to Brendan and splashed him with a basket of dirty water. The situation started to get out of hand as the crowd rushed towards Brendan.

Mrs. Engel's face was pale. 'They're mad!'

Listening to the commotion, Deirdre could more or less guess what was going on in the press conference right now. She froze for a moment, but she soon lowered her head.

People always said that one should reap what they sowed, so Brendan could not blame other people for what was happening.

It was just that there was one thing she did not understand. Brendan did not have to show himself in front of the public at all. After all, there was a group of people in his company who would deal with this kind of situation, so why must he step forward? Did he not know that he would incite outrage from the crowd?

As his men shielded him from the enraged crowd, Brendan suddenly grabbed his left shoulder, and his face became bloodless.

“Mr. Brighthall must have hurt his wound again,” said Mrs. Engel.

On the other side, Brendan started to calm down. The bodyguards on the scene soon brought everything under control. They separated the crowd and the reporters from each other using some iron railings.

Brendan took a while to regain his composure and walked to the center to take his seat. He brought the microphone closer to himself and said, “I believe all of you are here because of the news on the Internet. That’s exactly the main objective of this press conference. I’ll explain everything, so all of you should calm down first.” “Explain everything? We don’t need your explanation! We want you to send that murderer back to prison!” someone from the crowd shouted indignantly.

Brendan’s gaze turned cold. “This incident is nothing but pure slander, so why can’t I explain it? Are you all going to pin the blame on me based on just a few words and a photo? Or do you think I should keep quiet, cancel this press conference, and allow the incident to continue brewing?”

Chapter 819 Questioning the Police

Everyone fell silent as Brendan scanned around the crowd with an oppressive gaze. The man who shouted just now did not make any noise anymore. Brendan glanced at Sam, and the latter nodded before leaving the crowd.

Seizing the chance, a reporter asked, “Mr. Brighthall, you said the whole incident is pure slander, but why did we all see you leaving the grocery store with Charlene this morning? Could it be fake? There is no way that someone would fake a picture like that, right?” “If it isn’t real, then who has the guts to defame the CEO of the Brighthall Group? Are they not worried about being sent to prison?” “Charlene had hit and killed someone. She should be serving her sentence in prison, but now she has appeared in front of everyone as if nothing has happened. All of us saw it with our own eyes. Do you think it’s still fake?” “Mr. Brighthall, is it because the Brighthall Group is so powerful in Neven that you think you can disregard the law or abuse the law to get your ex- wife out of prison? Have you ever thought about the feelings of the victim’s family? If your ex-wife does the same thing and continues to hurt other people, will she be exempted from her crime as well without having to pay any price?” “Never twice without three times. The fact that your ex-wife can injure a pedestrian today means that she may injure one of us here in the future when she goes crazy again. When that happens, are we supposed to watch our loved ones die and not be able to do anything about it, or even punish the person who started it all like the family of that victim?”

The last reporter was clearly inciting rage among the crowd. Soon, the crowd was agitated again as they all shouted, demanding Charlene to come forward and explain everything.

The scene began to get out of hand again.

Brendan looked at them calmly as if he was watching a farce. After that, he glanced at the smug reporter and asked, "If you say I disregard or abuse the law, does it not mean that you're questioning the police as well?" "That's not..." The reporter was stunned. He did not expect a retaliation like this from Brendan, and his face turned pale. "That's not what I meant. I was just saying that you might have taken advantage of some loopholes in the law and-" "Okay, I get it now. So, you're questioning the capability of the police in Neve. You think that they didn't do a good job protecting Neve and released a murderer back to the public, right?"

The reporter was stumped.

Brendan let out a cold smirk, adjusted the microphone, and looked straight toward the camera. "About whether I colluded with the police to release a criminal back to the public, I can tell you that I didn't do it. The woman in the photo photographed this morning is actually my ex-wife's cousin, and her name is Deirdre McKinnon. They look alike, but they're different people. You all can look at the information on the screen."

Brendan turned his face sideways, and Deirdre's information appeared on the big screen behind him. This proved that she and Charlene were two different people. "This is something the police have verified. As for whether I have compensated the victim's parents, I think it's better for them to say it themselves."

Soon, a middle-aged couple appeared on the stage, took over the microphone nervously, and said, "We didn't want to talk about my daughter's passing, but we felt that we should come forward and help Mr. Brighthall clear the misunderstanding.

"Over the years, Mr. Brighthall has taken great care of us both in our careers and in our daily lives, and he has helped us in any way he could whenever we asked. Not only that, but he'll pay us a visit during the festive seasons. He has compensated us a lot. We didn't expect him to care so much about us, but he did. He's a good man, and Miss McKinnon isn't the one who killed my daughter. I hope all of you can stop blaming Mr. Brighthall and Miss McKinnon."

Chapter 820 He Can't Wait Any Longer

Everyone was stunned.

"What? That woman isn't Charlene but her cousin? He isn't kidding, right?" "I doubt so. Look at the screen. Miss McKinnon's information is on the screen. Even if he wants to forge a fake identity, it can't be this detailed. Besides, the victim's family has already come forward and explained everything personally, so I don't think it's fake. That woman isn't Charlene."

"Oh my gosh... Does this not mean that we've misunderstood Mr. Brighthall? I threw stuff at him just now..." "Me too! I pushed him!"

"Mr. Brighthall is such a good man. He didn't get angry at us when we scolded him. If he really is that kind of person who bends the law for personal gain, he would have sent the bodyguard to seize or warn me!" "That's right. It's Charlene who made a mistake, but he's the one compensating the victim's family. Not only that, but the victim's parents also talk well about him, and this means that he's a good person." "I need to delete my comments on the Internet. Argh, this is so embarrassing!"

Everyone began to change sides, and the reporter who had questioned Brendan earlier was sweating profusely.

He turned his head around, trying to look for his comrades, but to his surprise, they were already gone.

Brendan looked at him coldly, his gaze filled with oppression as he said, "I don't know why all of you would believe a rumor, but I think you're all victims. You just got used by someone and became their tool.

'The stock of the Brighthall Group has been affected by this incident, but I'm not going to hold anyone to account. This is because I want to give Miss McKinnon, who's watching this press conference on the TV, a peaceful life.

"I hope all of you will forget about this and let her go back to her normal life. I hope she won't get beaten up again when she goes to the grocery store like a normal person. Thank you."

His voice entered Deirdre's ears through the speaker.

Mrs. Engel closed her mouth with her hand, and her eyes were filled with tears. "Mrs. Brighthall, Mr. Brighthall held this press conference for you. I've been wondering why he wanted to go out despite his wound. He went to explain everything and clear your name in public."

Deirdre was stunned. When she came to her senses, she clenched her fists.

She did not know what to do now.

Given Brendan's identity, he did not have to show himself in front of the public as a group of people in his company would handle a situation like this. However, the fact that he willingly showed himself in a press conference meant that he could not wait any longer. He just wanted to end all of this as soon as possible.

He had told her that he would put an end to all of this, and he did it.

However...

Deirdre remembered Brendan's silence when she asked if he would bring Charlene to justice.

In the end, he was just protecting Charlene, not her. i "Switch off the TV." "Mrs. Brighthall..." Mrs. Engel was anxious. She thought Deirdre would change her view on Brendan after what he did, but apparently, Deirdre remained impassive.

After Deirdre finished speaking, she went upstairs and locked herself up in her room. Meanwhile, the press conference came to an end.

As everyone watched on, Brendan went into his car, and Cormac said happily, "Mr. Brighthall, the press conference is a success. Everyone is praising you right now, and the crisis is also lifted."

Chapter 821 He Owed It to Her

"Hmm." Brendan could not be bothered by this. "How's the situation with Sam?"

On the hotel's top level, Sam and the group of people from the organization kicked down a door without concern for the astounded man seated in front of the sofa watching the press conference.

The man was the person left in the room. Sam closed the curtain, sized up the room, and looked at the man being pinned on the ground with a distorted expression. He stamped on the man's face until the man was bleeding from his mouth, i "Where's your boss?"

Sam would exert strength in his leg with every word he uttered. The man's expression grew ferocious in pain. "I don't understand what you're talking about... I'm the only person here..." "You don't smoke, so why are you using such an expensive lighter?"

The man was astonished.

Sam waved his hand and said, "Take him to the organization." When the crew was done cleaning up the scene, Sam called up Brendan. "We've only managed to capture a subordinate, sir."

Brendan looked out the window and thought about how the situation was within his expectations. "The subordinate is important personnel as well. Don't let him die. I'll be there later." "Yes, sir!"

After ending the call, the car drove all the way to the organization. The captured man had already been sent to the basement. Brendan headed to the basement and found the man's mouth stuffed with a sock.

A member of the crew explained, "He was trying to bite off his tongue." Brendan's dark eyes glistened with contempt. "You won't die from biting off your tongue, but you will suffer."

The man widened his eyes. Someone pulled the sock out of the man's mouth, and he said through gritted teeth, "Brendan, kill me if you have the guts!"

Brendan looked at the man going frantic calmly, his cold face expressionless. "Don't worry. You won't die."

The man was stunned for a moment while Brendan's dark eyes dimmed. "You will never know what you've ruined. Death is too mild a punishment for you." His dark eyes were still emotionless, yet his flawlessly handsome face was tainted with a tinge of barely discernible hatred. His domineering presence was suffocating the man, and the man could not help trembling in fear. He felt as if he could only see darkness in his future for a brief moment.

Before Brendan left, his gaze landed on the lining of the man's suit casually. Soon afterward, his dark eyes dimmed, and he headed outside to give an order. "The lining material of his suit is not from Neve or the surrounding cities. Look into that." Ordinary people would not be carrying anything symbolic with them, but they would not pay too much attention to their garments. Brendan could tell at one glance that the lining was made of a rare material.

Cormac nodded and memorized the order.

After Brendan got into the car, his expression was filled with fatigue. He caught a breath and felt his wound begin throbbing again.

He turned his head to check if he was bleeding again. Cormac noticed Brendan's action from the rearview mirror and inquired, "Mr. Brighthall, why don't I ...send you to the hospital first?" "It's fine. I would like to go home."

His urge to see Deirdre grew stronger as he was done handling the matters. It was as if he could only set his mind at ease and relieve his fatigue by seeing her.

Cormac did not comment further and sent Brendan to the mansion.

Brendan arrived at the living room to find Mrs. Engel cleaning the place by herself. Mrs. Engel approached Brendan as soon as she saw him. "You're home, Mr. Brighthall. Is your shoulder injury alright?" "How did you know?" "I saw it during the press conference. It was a successful press conference that turned the tide. Everyone is praising you online, Mr. Brighthall! Oh, right, Mrs. Brighthall watched it with me." "Deirdre saw it?"

Brendan was surprised. He was planning on keeping it under her radar because he owed it to her from the start.

Chapter 822 I Should Be Grateful to You, Right?

However, Brendan figured that it was good she had watched it as he would not need to put in a lot of effort to explain it to her.

“Where is she? Did she comment anything?”

Mrs. Engel’s expression changed slightly as she said, “No. After watching the press conference, she grew too tired, so she returned to her room to rest.”

Brendan knew something in his heart. He headed upstairs and opened the bedroom door.

Deirdre lay on the bed with her back facing the door, and half of her body was covered by the blanket.

Brendan walked over to find Deirdre awake. Her eyes were opened, and she was staring out the window absentmindedly.

She did not respond to his presence.

Brendan expected that and took a seat in front of her.

‘You watched the press conference, huh?’

Deirdre looked up briefly. “Hmm, I watched it.”

She cracked a mocking smile. ‘You truly deserve your reputation as the Brighthall Group’s CEO. You’re always capable of dealing with the information with the quickest method. Charlene must be deeply touched when she learns about this.’

Brendan furrowed his eyebrows. “How is this related to Charlene?”

Deirdre looked up the man’s outline and said, “Isn’t this what you want? You would expose yourself in public to protect Charlene willingly, and you tried to settle the situation as soon as possible using this method.”

Brendan was stunned. Soon afterward, he felt rage and helplessness in his chest.

“Are you saying that I held the press conference in an attempt to protect Charlene?” “Or else?” Deirdre lowered her eyes. ‘You wanted to prevent Charlene from pleading guilty, yet you wanted to deal with the situation quickly. Your act of exposing yourself in public yielded the best result for both.’

Her lashes cast a shadow on the area below her eyes. She was about to turn to her other side when Brendan clutched her hands abruptly and pinned her arms up above her head. He looked at her from above.

“Do you know that I’m still capable of dealing with this situation even if I don’t expose myself in public? I’m totally capable of letting the public opinion brew for a few days before I make an explanation later. If that were the case, the citizens of Neve would feel ashamed of what they did to the Brighthall Group, which would only benefit the company’s growth from then on.”

Deirdre was forced to confront Brendan’s presence in her current position. Her eyes widened. Even though she could not see clearly, she could still sense the man’s anger in an obvious manner.” “Let go of me, Brendan.”

Brendan did not answer, but he asked, “Do you know why I made a public appearance then?”

“Deirdre, I wouldn’t be bothered to utter a word to those people if not because of you!”

1

Deirdre held her breath ever so slightly upon sensing Brendan’s rage. A moment later, she smiled and said in a teasing tone, “So, you’re saying that I should thank you?” 1

Brendan was stunned.

Deirdre continued to smile, but there was no smile in her eyes. "Thank you for your willingness to step forward and hold a press conference to clarify the situation for me. I shouldn't turn the cold shoulder on you, but on the contrary, I should be grateful and cry tears of joy from receiving your favor. That is the way, right?"

Brendan was choked up.

"No..."

Brendan was suddenly at a loss for words to explain.

He hoped that Deirdre would understand that everything he did was unrelated to Charlene. It was all for her.

Yet, it turned into something else completely different now.

"I don't think that you're receiving my favor. I just-" "Loosen your grip over me. It hurts."

Deirdre interrupted him and exerted strength in her arms to struggle.

Brendan loosened his grip while Deirdre turned over to wrap herself tightly in the blanket with her back facing him.

"I don't care if you did or for who. What happened has already happened. You can't just pretend that it didn't happen because you tried to make up for it. Brendan, you owed the press conference to me, and it is just a trivial compensation."

The woman's cold remark rendered Brendan speechless from continuing his explanation. He instantly felt a stinging sensation in his throat and could not even muster the strength to utter a word.

Chapter 824 Send Charlene to Prison

Deirdre did not understand why Brendan would disguise as Kyran to deceive her and wondered whether Brendan had feelings for her at some point as well. Yet, she denied those thoughts when he reconnected with Charlene once again. 1

It was just another one of Brendan's tricks.

On the other hand, Deirdre felt her chest tighten and ache when she heard Brendan use the word 'love' repeatedly.

Nonetheless, she calmed down instantly and cracked a smile in contempt. 'What trick do you have up your sleeve again?'

Brendan's gaze dimmed as he looked at her changing expression. "Don't you believe what I just said?"

Deirdre's mind was a chaotic mess. "I don't know if I should believe you because you've deceived me way too many times. You have such a close relationship with Charlene and also..."

She tried to clear her head with great effort. "If you really want to make Charlene plead guilty to her crime, why did you reject me in the hospital? You could have totally straightened the situation by now and sent Charlene to prison." 'That was because-'

Brendan was eager to speak, but he fell silent after he blurted his reply.

He stared at Deirdre deeply but could not bring himself to say it.

'That was because of what?' Deirdre inquired sarcastically. "Because you love her too much? Because you want the baby in my womb? Thus, you make up an absurd lie in an attempt to appease me so I can stay calm?"

Brendan felt his heart wrench in pain. "No."

He hugged her tightly and kissed her forehead as if he cherished her very much. "No,

it is because... there's something that I just can't tell you yet."

Deirdre looked up while Brendan said with great difficulty, "Even if you don't believe me, don't you know me well enough to understand me? I'm not lying to you, and I really want to bring Charlene to justice, but I need time to gather the evidence. If you don't believe..."

Brendan dialed Sam's phone. Sam was still busy when he answered in a tired but respectful voice, "Sir." "Have you gathered the evidence that will bring Charlene to justice?"

Sam answered quickly, "Almost done. It's enough for Charlene to get a life sentence."

Deirdre's mind was still blank when Brendan ended the call. He said softly, "If you don't believe me, will you believe Sam at the very least?"

They were close to each other, and Deirdre felt an ineffable feeling surging in her chest.

'Brendan is going to put Charlene in prison... He claimed that he loves me...

'Would I believe him?'

Deirdre expressed her hesitation.

Meanwhile, Brendan held and kissed her hand softly as if he wanted to be more intimate with her.

Their lips touched, and their passion was ignited. The man was so emotional that Deirdre felt suffocated. She rejected his kiss shakily, and her hand shoved Brendan's shoulder subconsciously.

"Hiss..."

Brendan inhaled sharply from the pain while Deirdre immediately pulled back her hand upon realizing what she had done. Brendan seized the opportunity to kiss her. Even though he did not manage to go all the way, he went most of the way.

The next day, Deirdre's head was still spinning. She hoped that Brendan was not lying to her about intending to send Charlene, the murderer, to prison so the real victim would be consoled.

Deirdre headed downstairs to find Brendan having a much better appetite than before. He ate an extra bowl of oatmeal.

Deirdre discovered that the previous Dr. Lang was not around anymore when Brendan was getting his wound dressed. A doctor she was not acquainted with was in his stead.

She asked the doctor out of curiosity when Brendan headed upstairs to get changed,

"Why is Dr. Lang not here today?"

The doctor answered, "Dr. Lang has been feeling under the weather recently, so he is taking a leave of absence."

Deirdre nodded and said shyly, "Oh right, I would like to ask you something. My belly has been hurting a little for the past two days, and I don't feel like eating much. Why is that so?"

Chapter 825 Practice Moderation

Brendan headed downstairs and walked over quickly upon hearing that. His dark eyes were locked on Deirdre's face, and he was relieved to see she did not look too ill.

"Belly hurts? Since when? Why haven't you told me that?"

Deidre shoved at him.

How could she tell him that? Apart from constantly ignoring each other, she did not feel the pain so obviously in the past two days, but the pain grew stronger yesterday when the man indulged in...

Deirdre found it embarrassing just by thinking about it, and she did not wish to speak to him more.

The doctor said, "I shall examine you briefly, Miss McKinnon." "Sure."

Deirdre sat on the sofa while the doctor auscultated her. He noticed the marks on her neck during the process and let out a cough.

"Uh... Frankly, it doesn't seem like there's anything unusual with your body based on the auscultation, Miss McKinnon. I think that it is possible..."

The doctor wanted to speak but stopped himself.

Brendan grew anxious. "What is it?" "It's..." The doctor braced himself to answer, "Miss McKinnon has been too intimate with Mr. Brighthall. I believe that both of you should practice moderation. The pregnancy is still early, so it is inappropriate for you to practice marital relationship during this period." 1

Brendan's expression grew solemn.

"What do you mean, doctor? Are you telling me that I shouldn't be intimate with Deirdre?"

Deirdre's ears blushed in embarrassment. She would rather die from the pain than to inquire if she were to know that this would happen.

Brendan came to understand the situation, and his expression was still unpleasant.

"Could it be that you've misunderstood? I've only kissed her and touched her for a short while at most, and we didn't do anything else. How is it inappropriate? Could it be that it badly influences the baby in her womb?"

Deirdre could not bear to listen anymore, so she got up and headed to the kitchen.

The doctor behaved as if he had misunderstood. "So, it's just a short makeout session?"

Brendan stared at him. "Or else? I have a sense of propriety, of course. Do you think she will still want to be intimate with me after your remark?"

He looked at the doctor as if he was blaming him as if his relationship with Deirdre was utterly irreconcilable.

The doctor felt a shiver down his spine, and he hastily explained, "That is fine for sure!"

He added, "Moreover, an appropriate level of intimacy will help to improve the married couple's relationship, and it will be good for Miss McKinnon's mood. You will just need to control the timing properly as well as the level of strength exerted."

Brendan's attention was diverted just as he had expected. "When is good timing and... how much strength are we talking about?"

Mrs. Engel was walking out of the kitchen to grab something when she overheard the conversation. She hastily walked back, and her old face was blushing beyond her control.

'Mrs. Brighthall is already in her current state, yet Mr. Brighthall is still trying to figure out the most appropriate way to take advantage of her. What an animal!' 2

Deirdre was unaware of the situation, but she could not refrain from staying in the kitchen.

When she saw Mrs. Engel returning in a rush, she asked, "What happened?"

Do we have a guest visiting?" "No." Mrs. Engel was too embarrassed to tell Deirdre that Brendan and the doctor were discussing how to take advantage of her out there. She said shyly, "I sprained my ankle accidentally." 1 "Are you alright?" "I'm fine, thank you. Don't worry, Mrs. Brighthall. However, the kitchen is filled with oily fumes. Are you sure you're alright with the smell? Would you like to go outside and rest for a while?" Deirdre was about to nod when Brendan walked near to the kitchen from the living room in his suit. "Please come here, Mrs. Engel."

Mrs. Engel expressed her anxiety. "They're not going to get me involved too, right? Should I reject them or... Would Mrs. Brighthall be angry if she were to find out?" Mrs. Engel was restless with anxiety.

Brendan said after she walked outside, "Take Deirdre grocery shopping with you today."

Mrs. Engel was stunned. "Is that all?"

Brendan furrowed his eyebrows in confusion. "Or else? What else will I need you to do?"

Chapter 826 Are You the Woman From Yesterday?

Mrs. Engel let out a few dry laughs, "Nothing. I'm worried we will run into those people again when we go to the grocery store."

Brendan gave her an assuring gaze and said, "Don't worry. Just bring her with you."

Mrs. Engel knew that Brendan must have something prepared. She nodded, and just when she was about to turn around, Brendan said, "Oh yeah, don't forget to buy a chicken."

He did not like the feeling when he saw the chicken in the trash.

"Mr. Brighthall... Don't tell me that you still want Mrs. Brighthall to cook chicken soup for you in her current state?" Mrs. Engel asked, her voice thick with disbelief.

If that was really what Brendan wanted, she was perturbed by his low level of emotional intelligence.

Brendan's face sank slightly, and he replied, "It's none of your business. Just listen to what I told you to do. Besides, don't tell Deirdre that I'm the one who asked her to go out."

Mrs. Engel nodded.

When she returned, Deirdre was already standing in the living room.

Deirdre saw Mrs. Engel walking in from outside and asked, "What's the matter? What's so important that you two had to go out and talk?" "Well... it isn't particularly important..." said Mrs. Engel.

Even though she did not know what Brendan was up to this time, she was going to follow his instructions. "Mr. Brighthall just asked me to update him on your activity since you've been under the weather for the past two days."

Deirdre was suspicious, but she did not press the matter on.

Mrs. Engel hesitated for a while and asked, "Miss McKinnon, do you want to go to the grocery store with me today?" "Today?1"

Deirdre's expression changed when she remembered the thing that happened in the grocery store.

Mrs. Engel started to sweat inwardly. "Yeah. I heard that the security of that place has been tightened up, so what happened yesterday won't happen again." "But why are

you asking me to come with you?" asked Deirdre.

She wanted to go to the grocery store previously because she wanted to make some chicken soup for Brendan, but she was not in the mood to do something like that right now.

"Well..." Mrs. Engel stammered. "Why don't you just come with me? You can grab something to eat on the way too."

Deirdre said as she looked at her, "Mrs. Engel, did Brendan tell you something? If not, you wouldn't have asked me to go to the grocery store with you all of a sudden."

"Umm..." Mrs. Engel was tongue-tied. She hemmed and hawed for a long while before sighing. "I don't know what Mr. Brighthall wants either. He just wants you to go to the grocery store. Why don't you just come with me today? Mr. Brighthall promised me the same thing won't happen again today."

Deirdre was confused.

She did not know what Brendan was up to again this time.

At the same time, Brendan came in.

He thought Mrs. Engel had not sold him out yet, so he asked calmly, "What are you two doing here? Are you going out?"

Deirdre put on a fake smile and said, "You're right. How did you know what I want to do? Could it be that you're a mind reader?"

Brendan cleared his throat embarrassingly and said, "Don't make it too long."

After that, he went upstairs.

Mrs. Engel looked at Deirdre, and the latter said, "Well, let's go then."

She was going to find out what Brendan was trying to do this time.

They went to the grocery store through the same alley. After roughly ten minutes, they arrived at their destination. Deirdre still felt apprehensive as she listened to the loud noise from the grocery store.

Those things that the people had said about her and the things that had happened yesterday rushed into her mind at that moment. Initially, she thought she might need some time before she could step into this grocery store again.

Feeling Deirdre's anxiety, Mrs. Engel stood in front of Deirdre in a protective gesture.

As they entered the grocery store, some people turned their heads and looked at them, stopping Deirdre in her tracks.

They all surrounded her and asked hesitantly, "Aren't you the woman from yesterday?"

Deirdre could feel the change in the atmosphere, and Mrs. Engel stood before her, "What do you guys want?"

Chapter 827 Fulfilling Promise

"Are you going to beat us up like what you did yesterday?" snarled Mrs. Engel, shielding Deirdre behind her.

Deirdre placed her hand on Mrs. Engel's arm and calmed her down.

"It's okay. I can handle this." "Mrs. Brighthall..."

Deirdre took a step forward. She lowered her head to mask the complicated emotions in her eyes.

She did not know what Brendan was trying to do at all. Did he want her to remember these people's anger so that she would be grateful to him for saving her from her

misery?

'Well... It does seem like something he would do,' Deirdre thought sarcastically.

"After that, she raised her head and said, "Yes, it's me. What do you guys want? If you want to know more about the news, I can explain about it."

The person standing at the front said, "Explain? No, we don't need that. You don't have to explain to us at all. It's just a misunderstanding. I'm really sorry for doing that to you yesterday, Miss McKinnon. We felt bad when we watched the press conference. It's a good thing that you came here today." 'That's right! I've been waiting here today so that I can apologize to you.' 'There's no way you can be a murderer since you're so pretty. We just got blinded by our rage and did that to you without finding out the truth first...'

Everyone was apologizing to Deirdre, and she was stunned. When she came to her senses, she realized that there were a lot of things in her arms.

"I know this is nothing compared to what I did, but I hope you can forgive me, Miss McKinnon." 'That's right. Just come often, Miss McKinnon. I'm the owner of this shop. I can give you a discount or a gift when you come next time.'

Deirdre was confused at their enthusiasm.

Mrs. Engel was equally confused as well. By the time they came out of the grocery store, they were holding so much stuff they could barely carry them.

Mrs. Engel said, "Mrs. Brighthall, what happened to them? How come they became so different today? Even if they watched the press conference from yesterday, it's just too... I'm so surprised that I don't know what to say."

Deirdre was surprised as well, but she figured that this was Brendan's doing too. It was just that she did not know what he had done.

When she was in a trance, Mrs. Engel raised her head and saw a man getting out of a car on the side of the road. It seemed like he had been waiting for a long time. He looked rather impatient and walked toward Deirdre when he saw her.

"Mrs. Brighthall, look! It's Mr. Brighthall!"

Brendan walked up to Deirdre and took over the stuff in her hands, just like a responsible husband waiting for his wife to return from shopping.

"So, do you feel better now?"

Deirdre raised her head as she tried to discern Brendan's face. She opened her lips but closed them up in the next second. After a while, she smirked coldly and said, "How much did you give them this time to make them come over and apologize like that?" "What are you talking about?" Brendan frowned. "Deirdre, do you think I have that much money to spend? They apologized to you out of their own volition."

He had just asked Sam to knock on their doors and confront them about what they had done in an attempt to make them feel bad.

"Really? It was such a chaotic scene yesterday. Even if someone had done something wrong, they would have run away. There's no way they would come back here the next morning just to wait to apologize to me." 'You've underestimated human nature, Deirdre. They did something wrong, so they naturally have to apologize,' said Brendan.

After that, he leaned closer and whispered into her ear, "Besides, this is what I promised you, so it goes without saying that I have to keep my word."

Deirdre hastily lowered her head, and the thing that happened last night surfaced in

her head.

It seemed to her that Brendan was trying to prove bit by bit that he was not lying. Did this mean that he would bring Charlene to justice?

Chapter 828 It's About Time for Her to Make a Move

Deirdre did not know if she should trust Brendan or not.

After they went back into the car, Brendan looked into the bag and asked, "Mrs. Engel, where is the thing I asked you to buy?"

Mrs. Engel smacked her forehead and said, "Oh gosh, I was so confused by them that I forgot to buy it." "Go buy it now."

Mrs. Engel got out of the car, and Deirdre looked at Brendan in confusion.

"What did you ask Mrs. Engel to buy?" "You'll know about it later."

Deirdre was stumped. There were only vegetables and groceries in the grocery store. She did not know why Brendan had to make it so mysterious.

In a villa, the man narrowed his eyes dangerously as he watched the whole process of Sam going into the hotel room and capturing the people in it.

One of his men standing beside him gnashed his teeth and said, "I can't believe Brendan could still foil our plan despite his injuries. I should have killed him when we were on the mountain!"

The man tapped his finger on the table and asked, "So, are you implying that I was wrong to tell you to stop?"

Connor's face turned pale, and he had a hard time breathing when he heard what the man said. "No, sir, that's not what I mean-" "Brendan wasn't shot that time," the man said with a smile tugging at the corner of his lips. A glint crossed his eyes as he continued. "He just exposed his weak spot to you on purpose. Once you went after him, you would have ended up like Ash."

Connor was stunned. "Then what do we do now, sir? They have Ash, and he knows so much of our secret. What if..."

After a while of contemplation, the man played with his fingers and said, "I'm sure Ash won't betray me since he grew up with me, but..."

"To prevent Brendan from getting any useful information, inform the people in the organization to get rid of him secretly."

Connor was stunned for a moment as a chill rushed down his spine. After a while, he nodded with determination and said, "Yes, sir." "Also... I've underestimated Brendan. He nearly got rid of two of my most useful men. If we don't take action, he might learn about that incident. It's time for her to make her move too." 2

After they reached home, Brendan took the chicken into the kitchen and locked himself in it.

Mrs. Engel was rendered speechless.

Deirdre did not know what Brendan was up to either. She stood in front of the door for a while and asked, "What did he ask you to buy, Mrs. Engel?" "A chicken," replied Mrs. Engel.

"A chicken?" Deirdre was dumbfounded as an idea appeared in her head.

She had taught Brendan how to make chicken soup in the past. Could it be that he was going to make chicken soup now?

He had never done any house chores before. Since when did he learn how to make

soup?

Deirdre found it unbelievable. However, on second thought, he had done many unbelievable things before. For example, faking to be Kyran and promising her to send Charlene to prison.

“Mrs. Brighthall... Mr. Brighthall isn't going to cook, is he? He doesn't know how to cook at all, not to mention that his shoulder is injured. He can't use much strength now and would only make things worse if he got hurt by knives again. Why don't you talk to him and ask him to come out of the kitchen?”

Deirdre felt Mrs. Engel was right. Brendan's wound had not fully healed yet.

If he got injured again, he might pin the blame on Tobey.

She walked over, and before she could knock on the door, she heard some noise from the kitchen and knives falling to the floor.

She sighed helplessly and asked, “What are you doing inside, Brendan?”

Brendan picked the knife up. He held the chicken in his hand but did not know what to do about it. He did not know how to process a chicken and what kind of ingredients he should use. The water in the pot was boiling, and this was the first time he felt so helpless. Only now did he understand how tough Deirdre's life was in the past.

Chapter 829 Are You Worried About Me?

At that time, the only person he cared about was Deirdre. When he was hungry, he would order her to serve him the food regardless of how tired she was. At that time, he felt as if he was doing her a big favor by just talking to her.

‘So, this is how her life was... So, this is how she felt..’

He had been in there for less than ten minutes, and he was already this tired. One could imagine how tired Deirdre was in the past.

“Brendan?” Deirdre knocked on the door again when Brendan did not respond. “Come out now. This isn't something you can do. If you want some chicken soup, I can give the recipe to Mrs. Engel and ask her to make it for you.”

Brendan never expected that he would be defeated by something so trivial as cooking, while he was the alpha in the business circle.

It took him a lot of effort to cut the chicken into pieces. After that, he said, “It's okay. I'm almost done.” ‘He's almost done?’ Deirdre was skeptical.

“Open the door now.”

Brendan hastily cleaned up the kitchen and opened the door.

Deirdre listened to the noise from the stove before turning her head to Brendan and sighing. “What are you up to again?” ‘You don't want to make chicken soup for me, so I'll make one for you. From now onward, I'll cook whatever you want to eat for you.’

Deirdre was stunned for a moment. However, she soon came to her senses and said, ‘You should stop and go back to rest right now. Your wound hasn't healed yet. If it gets any serious, you'll need to stay at home even longer.’

A smile appeared on Brendan's lips when he heard what Deirdre said. “Are you worried about me, Deirdre?”

Deirdre was stumped.

She realized that it was impossible for her to communicate with the man in front of her.

It was very clear that she did not want him to stay at home, but it seemed to her that

he failed to read between the lines.

“You were injured because of Tobey, so of course, I’m concerned about your injury.”
Brendan’s face sank.

No one knew better than him that his injury had nothing to do with Tobey. However, Tobey had gone to Eastgene, so Deirdre shouldn’t be able to know about it.

That was the thought Brendan had in mind. He did not care what kind of price he was going to pay in the future. He gently wrapped his arms around the woman, and his towering height dwarfed her petite stature. He buried his nose in her shoulder and said, “That means you’re worried about me too.”

Deirdre did not want to argue with him in this matter. “Well, suit yourself.”

It was rare for Deirdre to be so submissive to him, and Brendan was a little bit reluctant to let go of her. He moved his head, and when Deirdre noticed his intention to kiss her, she hastily turned her head sideways to avoid him.

“Mrs. Engel left as soon as we hugged. There are no people in the living room now,” said Brendan, his voice thick with joy.

Deirdre’s face turned red.

Brendan scooped her up from the floor and deepened the kiss. The soup boiled over when he was about to progress to the next step. Smoke began to rise from the stove, snapping Deirdre out of her trance. She hastily pushed Brendan’s hands away.

Brendan’s face was livid with rage as he turned off the heat. “I thought we need to let it simmer for more than an hour? How did it boil over so soon?”

Deirdre bit her lips and sighed. “Did you use high heat?” ‘Yeah.”

Deirdre placed her hand on her forehead. “That’s why it boiled over. You should just keep it in medium heat.”

Brendan adjusted the heat, and when he turned around, Deirdre had already left. He chided the stove inwardly for ruining everything. At the same time, he began to reminisce about Deirdre’s gentle lips.

It occurred to him that it was worth it for him to get injured, and he was certain that their relationship would become even better after he confirmed that Ophelia was still alive.

The corner of Brendan’s lips curled upward, but the smile did not stay long on his face. The first thing he needed to do right now was to find out Ophelia’s whereabouts. He would not allow himself to fail.

After about one hour, the soup was done.

Mrs. Engel brought the soup over to the table, and Brendan looked at Deirdre with an expectant gaze.

“Come, have a taste.”

Deirdre was skeptical about the taste. After blowing it a few times, she took a sip.

Chapter 830 Does He Love Me?

Deirdre did not know what Brendan had put into the soup, but it tasted just as she expected. It was bitter and salty.

“How is it?”

Just as Deirdre was about to spit it out, the man sitting next to her asked, his voice filled with expectation, and he looked just like a kid asking for a compliment.

In the end, she swallowed it and said, “It’s not bad.” ‘That means it’s tasty.”

Getting a compliment from someone like Deirdre, with superb cooking skills, meant that the soup tasted really good. With that thought in mind, Brendan said, 'You should eat more since you're pregnant. If you like it, I'll cook for you every day.'

Deirdre lowered her head and munched on the meat.

Brendan looked at her for a while and got himself a bowl of soup as well. He frowned and spat it out as soon as he put it into his mouth. 'What the h*ll is this!?' 'Chicken soup,' replied Deirdre.

'No, this isn't chicken soup. The soup you made for me doesn't taste like this,'

Brendan said as he took Deirdre's bowl away. 'Stop eating. It tastes awful.'

Deirdre wiped her mouth and said calmly, 'Brendan, you're not cut out for this, so you should stop torturing yourself. If you really want some soup, you can ask Mrs. Engel to make one for you. Her cooking skills are as good as mine. You don't have to waste your time this way.' 'How can you call it a waste of time when I make soup for the

mother of my children?' Brendan complained. He took a deep breath and continued. 'This is just the first time. I just need more practice. Mrs. Engel, throw the soup away.'

While Mrs. Engel was cleaning the table, she asked, 'Should I go make more soup for

you two, sir? Mrs. Brighthall hasn't taken anything since afternoon.'

It was only then Brendan realized Deirdre hadn't eaten anything yet. He rose to his feet and said, 'No need. We'll go out to have our lunch.'

Before Deirdre could come around to her senses, Brendan held her hand and led her out of their house. After they came out of their house, Deirdre asked, 'We two just hit the headlines yesterday, and we're going to show ourselves in public today? Are you not worried that other people might get suspicious?'

Just when Brendan was about to tell her that they were going to a secretive place, he thought of something. He took a cap out of the car and put it on Deirdre.

'When can I hold your hand and appear in front of the public?' he asked.

Deirdre was stunned when she heard what Brendan said. She raised her head up, and Brendan leaned closer to help her adjust her cap. 'I think probably after Charlene has been sent to prison.'

This was the first time Brendan treated Deirdre so affectionately outside.

She stiffened as she was not used to such affection. She did not say anything back to Brendan and went back into the car.

There were several times Brendan grabbed Deirdre's hand whenever they came across a traffic light. He would kiss her hand several times before letting her go and driving the car away.

Ever since he said he loved her, he did not hesitate to express his love, and that was something Deirdre could not get used to.

She felt her blood boil as an idea popped up in her head, 'Does he really love me?'

Just because he loved her, he liked to stay around her and became more and more unlike his sensible self.

'No!'

Charlene closed the door in one of Brendan's mansions, and her face slowly became bloodless when she saw the man in the room.

'No way! Everything else is fine, but I'll never agree with what you just said. What should I do if Brendan gets pulled down from his throne? I can't bet the rest of my life on it!' 'If you don't want to bet the rest of your life on it, then you should listen to me,'

Connor said as he looked at Charlene as if he was looking at an idiot.
“Brendan doesn’t love you at all. Otherwise, he wouldn’t have held a press conference for Deirdre. Look, did he come to visit you after he returned from Surstate?”

Chapter 831 Execute the Plan

Blood drained off Charlene’s face entirely when she heard the remark, and she clutched the table with her hands.

Yes, Brendan had not come to see her even once since his return from Surstate. Not only that, but he also refused to take her call unless it was something related to Ophelia. Otherwise, he would not be bothered to pay her the slightest attention. She put up with it and ignored his coldness constantly, yet she was extremely embarrassed to be exposed by Connor.

“It will be fine when I marry Brendan, and the people of Neve know I’m Mrs. Brighthall.” Charlene caught a breath and said in an arrogant tone, “Deirdre is still a mistress no matter how much Brendan cherishes her. She won’t be able to marry Brendan, and for that, she will cut her losses and run.” “Are you certain you won’t be the one that is gotten rid of first by then?” Connor glanced at the information received on his phone and showed the screen to Charlene. ‘You’re still dreaming about marrying Brendan, and you still don’t know that Brendan has already taken Deirdre on a restaurant date as a couple. It won’t be long before you are completely replaced.’ Charlene’s pupils constricted abruptly when she saw the photo of a woman walking into the restaurant holding Brendan’s hand. She snatched the phone and caught Brendan’s affectionate gaze, akin to a knife stabbing her heart.

“How is this happening?”

She had invited Brendan to dine at this restaurant on multiple occasions, but Brendan rejected her invitation. Yet, he had actually taken Deirdre there now!

‘Moreover, Deirdre is supposed to loathe Brendan to death. Why is she having a good time with Brendan now? Have they reconciled their relationship?’

At the thought of the possibility, Charlene exuded coldness and was frantic with anger. She threw the phone and began smashing things frantically.

“B*tch! B*tch! You shameless b*tch! You’re supposed to be gone already and hiding obediently in Surstate and continue to hate Brendan. Why did you have to be back?”

Charlene’s eyes were burning with intense hatred, and she vented it on the room.

When she was done smashing things, she breathed heavily, and her expression was distorted in rage. Her eyes were filled with the wildness of a person who would sacrifice herself to take someone on.

“Sure! I accept your offer!”

After the meal, Brendan took Deirdre to a musical.

Deirdre was not interested but took a seat anyway because Brendan was the decision-maker for this date.

When the musical ended, Brendan turned his head to look toward Deirdre to find that she was already asleep. Her lashes rested on her face and cast a layer of gentle shadows. Her facial features were small and delicate. She looked so beautiful like a princess under the illumination of the light, and it was hard to take one’s eyes off her. Brendan had always found Deirdre’s beauty to be very natural and far better than Charlene’s. He had a hard time forgetting Deirdre’s beauty after taking one glance,

and he felt a sense of affinity with her.

It was only that he had been too obsessed with Charlene at the time, so he dismissed his perception of Deirdre. In fact, his mind had been so twisted that he ignored Deirdre and treated her with coldness.

He felt very uneasy at the thought of how he had made Deirdre suffer in the past.

He scooped up Deirdre in his arms and placed her on the passenger seat cautiously before driving back to the mansion.

After placing Deirdre on the bed, he lay next to the woman, his gaze filled with gentle affection.

He was looking at his woman.

She was pregnant with his child in her womb.

They would be an inseparable part of each other from now on.

Deirdre lost count of how long she had slept, but when she woke up, she found the man's arm wrapped around her waist. She struggled for a moment but did not manage to push away the man's arm. She was preparing to move again when the man leaned close to her, breathing heavily. He pulled her so close to him that she could feel his bodily changes.

'You're seducing me, Deirdre.'

Brendan spoke in a resolute tone, and Deirdre blushed instantly.

She knew that Brendan would lose his self-control at any moment.

Chapter 832 I Assure You That You'll Be Pleased

'You pervert,' she said under her breath and endured the burning heat of her face.

'Pervert?' Brendan hugged the woman tighter, and his blazing hot breath was blown on her ear. 'This is a man's normal reaction, Deirdre.'

He said meaningfully, 'You have to get used to it.'

Deirdre could not bear to listen anymore and wanted to get out of bed, but Brendan's hold on her had only tightened. She could feel the burning temperature of his skin on hers.

Deirdre stopped Brendan by saying, 'Don't act rashly, Brendan. I'm pregnant.'

She attempted to calm down Brendan with the child.

Brendan was prepared. He bit her ear lobe softly and said, 'I've consulted the doctor.'

'The doctor said that only the first three months of pregnancy are riskier, but we can engage in appropriate activities after the first trimester. As long as I'm careful, the baby will be fine. Moreover...'' Brendan said softly, 'Appropriate interaction between us will help to improve our relationship and provide pleasure to you.'

He spoke in a serious tone and emphasized the last sentence as if he was only proposing the idea for Deirdre's happiness.

Deirdre replied nonchalantly, 'Which doctor have you consulted? Is it the one from yesterday?' 'Hmm.'

Deirdre remembered how embarrassed she felt in the kitchen when Brendan and the doctor were discussing the more appropriate ways.

'How will I be able to face the doctor anymore from now on?' 'Have you lost your mind? How can that be-'

'It's doable.' Brendan knew she was a shy person, so he explained softly, 'He is a doctor, and it is only normal for him to engage in discussion of this topic.'

Deirdre could not stand it anymore, her ears flushing scarlet.

Brendan could not refrain from saying, "Shall we give it a try?" "No..." Deirdre's head was dizzy. She was well aware that she should resist the man, yet she almost lost her self-control as well.

She wanted to play along with Brendan and act from inside in coordination with someone from the outside to leave with the child when Brendan's guard was down. She could not allow herself to get stuck in the relationship as well.

'You've forgotten that I'm only 10 weeks into this pregnancy. The first trimester is not over yet.'

Brendan's movements became frozen when he heard the remark. Soon afterward, he appeared to be dejected.

In the end, Deirdre got dressed while Brendan left the room after a long time, his expression solemn.

Mrs. Engel inquired softly, "Mrs. Brighthall, what's going on with Mr.

Brighthall today? He doesn't look so good." 'Didn't Brendan come out of the room feeling fully energized after sleeping on the same bed with Deirdre previously?'

Deirdre figured that Brendan must be feeling very tortured after the event that took place in the room. She wanted to laugh but fought the urge. "It's fine. He has been staying up late for a few days and is feeling tired."

Deirdre suddenly remembered something and beckoned Mrs. Engel." Come, Mrs. Engel."

When Deirdre was done speaking to Mrs. Engel, she looked at Brendan in an unusual way. "Mrs. Brighthall, are you sure what you said is true? Is Mr. Brighthall really..."

"Hmm." Deirdre nodded. "So, you should get food that is good for his health on your trip to the market today, Mrs. Engel."

Mrs. Engel looked at Brendan with pity and left the house holding a basket.

Brendan raised his head and noticed Mrs. Engel's gaze. He felt an ineffable, uneasy feeling for no apparent reason.

At the same time, he turned on the television and pulled Deirdre, who was snuggling on the sofa, into his arms. "What were you and Mrs. Engel whispering to each other earlier?" "Nothing much." Deirdre let out a cough. Naturally, she would not tell Brendan the truth. "Mrs. Engel asked me about your food preferences."

Brendan's gaze softened upon hearing that. "Do you still remember that?" "Hmm. I've already told Mrs. Engel about it. I assure you that you'll be pleased with today's meals."

Chapter 833 That Man Is Dead

Upon thinking that Deirdre cooked very well and would frequently change her recipes to encourage his appetite in the past, Brendan could not help looking forward to lunch of the day.

However, Brendan came to understand what Deirdre meant in her remark later.

He looked at the spinach soup served on the table, and Mrs. Engel explained to him enthusiastically, "Mr. Brighthall, I prepared the soup with spinach, carrots, and other libido-boosting ingredients that will promote recovery for your bodily functions."

Brendan was rendered speechless, and his face turned green with rage.

Mrs. Engel assumed Brendan was not fond of others learning about his health

concerns, so she hastily explained smilingly, "Don't be shy, Mr. Brighthall. Your condition is very common in my place. Moreover, you're almost 30 years old, so it is very normal that your bodily functions are deteriorating. You will only need to recuperate for a while."

Deirdre almost choked on her broccoli soup upon hearing the remark.

It would be fine if Mrs. Engel did not speak, but when she spoke, her remark about Brendan's deteriorating bodily functions with age and that his condition was common was shocking. Her remark was hurtful to Brendan.

Brendan was furious in his heart, yet he felt his anger fading when he saw Deirdre's lively expression trying to hold back her laughter.

She was willing to tease him and look him in the eyes, at the very least. He would not have the courage to imagine what would have happened in the past.

"Understood, I'll drink the soup."

Brendan accepted the favor calmly.

Deirdre was stunned while Brendan said apologetically, "I feel bad for Deirdre during this period. I'm sorry for disappointing you in the morning. I will do my best to recuperate as soon as possible."

Deirdre was rendered speechless.

Mrs. Engel took a glance at Deirdre. 'No wonder Deirdre is so concerned that she tasked me to buy libido-increasing ingredients, so it turns out that...'

Deirdre could not see but could feel the ambiance. She held back her emotions with great difficulty and could not refrain from explaining, "Don't you dare spout nonsense. I didn't-"

Brendan pushed his finger against her lips and rubbed affectionately." Alright, you don't need to explain yourself. I understand why you ordered Mrs. Engel to prepare the special soup for me during lunch today. Don't worry. I'll make sure that my bodily function has recovered in half a month."

Deirdre suddenly felt a shiver down her spine. She felt as if she had just entrapped herself.

Afterward, Brendan worked on his laptop but kept Deirdre company in the living room while he worked.

The doctor came to dress Brendan's wound and smiled after examining the wound.

"Your wound is healing nicely. You will need to monitor your diet and don't get water on your wound. I believe that you'll be able to move freely very soon."

Brendan nodded.

Then the doctor asked Deirdre, "Miss McKinnon, how are you feeling today? Are you still in pain?"

If this was the past, Deirdre would have chatted more with the doctor, but she could no longer speak boldly to him after learning about the conversation between Brendan and him this morning.

"I'm feeling much better already, and I'm no longer in pain today. Thank you for your concern, doctor."

She nodded shyly. The doctor smiled and reminded Brendan about some precautionary steps before he left.

Brendan could see Deirdre's strange behavior, so he leaned close and said, "Are you shy?"

Deirdre raised her head and glared at him. "No thanks to you."
Brendan held back his smile.

Meanwhile, he received a call. He picked up the call and heard Sam saying with heavy breathing, 'This is bad, sir! The man we captured on the hotel's top floor is dead.' "Dead?" Brendan's dark eyes dimmed instantly.
Deirdre looked at him.

Chapter 834 You Don't Want Me to Leave?

It was her first time hearing Brendan's anxious tone.

'Who's dead?'

Brendan did not wish to disturb Deirdre, so he got up and headed to the balcony.

"Haven't I ordered you to watch him closely? What happened?"

Sam was extremely troubled. 'We had been monitoring him closely all this time, and his door was guarded at all times. However, he was found dead in the morning when we checked on him. He was suffocated, yet a single struggling wound could not be found on him. It appears as if he suffocated himself to death.' "Suffocated himself to death?" Brendan found that ridiculous, and his gaze turned colder. "Do you think that is possible?" 'That would be impossible.'

When he was on the brink of death, a man's breathing was not controlled by his brain. Even if he wanted to suffocate himself to death, the survival instinct of his body would not allow that.

"I really didn't expect there to be a mole in the organization."

Sam felt his heart racing. "Sir, so you're saying that..." 'Their people are trying to infiltrate the organization. There's no other way for them to do that other than this. On the other hand, not every member of the organization is trustworthy either.'

Brendan furrowed his eyebrows. Those people were his father's subordinates in the past, so they were supposed to be loyal to him too. Brendan racked his brain and still could not figure out why there would be a mole.

'Could it be that the person has planted a mole into the organization from the start? Or was that person affiliated with my father when he was still alive?'

At the thought of this, Brendan's gaze dimmed bit by bit. He ordered Sam, "Transport the corpse away in secret. Don't alert the mole and monitor the situation in the organization to find out who is leaving to reach out to outsiders." 'Yes, sir.'

After ending the call, Brendan knew that he needed to pay a visit to his family mansion.

He changed into his suit, and Deirdre asked, after noticing the commotion, "What's going on? Did something bad happen?"

Brendan tied his necktie and said, "Sam's subordinate met a mishap when he was involved in a turf war." "Are you going to handle it?" "No." Brendan stared at her face before he finished his sentence. "Why?"

"You don't want me to leave?"

Noticing that she was teased, Deirdre was embarrassed briefly. "I'm just curious."

Upon saying that, she sat back on the sofa.

Brendan walked over and planted a kiss on the woman's cheek with his thin lips. "I'm going back to the family mansion."

Deirdre looked up while Brendan said, "My mother is staying there all by herself. I

haven't had time to call her recently because I've been busy, so I'm heading there today to spend time with her."

For a moment, Deirdre was stunned by Brendan's act of reporting his whereabouts. She nodded and said, "Alright."

Brendan tilted the woman's chin and planted a soft kiss. "I'll bring home food for you later."

He sounded like he was coaxing a child, and Deirdre felt shy, so she lowered her head.

Brendan caressed her hair before walking out of the house.

He drove all the way to the family mansion.

The servant was very surprised to see him but still greeted him, "Sir." "Where's my mother?" "Madame Brighthall is in the meditation room."

Brendan understood and walked to the meditation room.

He could see Madame Brighthall sitting cross-legged and chanting from afar. He stopped when he was at the door, and Madame Brighthall did not react despite hearing the commotion. She chanted the mantra for a while until the meditation ended, and she was helped to get on her feet by a servant.

"What a rare occasion. What brought you here today? I was under the assumption you would never step into the family mansion anymore for the rest of your life," Madame Brighthall said in a half-mocking and halfgrumbling tone.

Brendan's dark eyes were calm. "You've misunderstood, mother. I've been busy, and I've just only returned to Neve recently. Too many things happened, so I've only managed to find time to visit you today." "That's enough." Madame Brighthall smoothed the crease on her outfit. "You're my son, and I know everything that is on your mind. It's fine. It was my fault for sending Deirdre away and putting you in misery. I'll take this as my punishment."

Chapter 835 Mr. Brighthall Sr.'s Real Identity

As Madame Brighthall was speaking, she raised her head and said, "Did you manage to get Deirdre back?"

Brendan was surprised.

Madame Brighthall said, "Your situation caused such a huge commotion that everyone knew about it. Even if I stay idle at home, I'm bound to find out."

At the mention of Deirdre, Brendan's expression was tainted with a gentleness that was barely discernible.

"Hmm, she is back," said Brendan. "I suppose you can consider my visit today to be for this matter as well."

Madame Brighthall looked up while Brendan smirked. "You're going to be a grandmother."

Madame Brighthall's usually calm expression was filled with astonishment upon hearing that. Soon afterward, there was joy but also a tinge of mockery. "You're going around in circles, but here you are back in the same spot. I remember that Deirdre used to be pregnant in the past, but you weren't planning to let her keep the baby at the time, right? Thus, she came running to me and used the excuse of keeping me company to hide from you."

Brendan felt his heart wrench in pain at the thought of the lost child. "This child won't

follow in its footsteps.”

He would never allow anyone to take their child.

‘You can do things your way as long as you don’t hurt Deirdre anymore.’ Madame Brighthall heaved a sigh. “I wonder if she will ever regard me as her mother-in-law willingly.” ‘There are still many days yet to come.’ “Hmm, there are still many days yet to come.”

Brendan suppressed the affection in his gaze and said, after clearing his head,

“Mother, there’s something else that brought me here today.”

Madame Brighthall assumed a look of enlightenment. ‘Your visit to tell me about the good news is not your main purpose, but this is, right? What is it?’ “It’s about father.”

Madame Brighthall’s gaze dimmed at the mention of Brendan’s father. “Did he send you on this visit? What is his purpose?”

Brendan observed Madame Brighthall’s expression and asked, “Mother, is my father really just an ordinary person?”

Madame Brighthall said, “Why do you ask?” “Out of curiosity,” said Brendan. “If he really is just a man of normal identity, how can he recruit so many elite members into the organization and build the company to its glory?” “I’m not very sure about that.”

Madame Brighthall lowered her gaze. Your father had a memory loss when I first became acquainted with him. Afterward, we dated, and we had you. However…”

“However, what?” “He met someone one day when he was out and returned as a changed man. He recruited many people that he employed in the organization…” 1

“Who is that person?” asked Brendan eagerly.

Madame Brighthall took a glance at Brendan, her gaze still. Then, she said, “I don’t know.”

She spoke in a calm tone. “Apart from my inability to see that person clearly because they were standing far away, I have already forgotten the person’s name because it was long ago.”

Brendan’s expression was serious when he walked out of the meditation room.

He did not manage to acquire any useful information in the end, but there was one thing he could be sure of. Brendan was certain that his father had certainly recovered his memory and knew he would be in danger, so he handed over the organization to Brendan.

‘On the other hand, who are those people? Are those the people who oppose my father?’

Brendan walked out of the house and was preparing to get into the car when a car suddenly stopped by the side of the road.

Soon afterward, Charlene got out of the car. “Brendan, I’ve finally found you.”

Deirdre waited in the mansion until dusk, yet the door was all quiet.

She yawned but did not feel like resting for no apparent reason.

Mrs. Engel suggested, “Mrs. Brighthall, would you like to take a stroll outside today?

There’s a new park built in the residential area, and I heard it’s quite beautiful. You’ve been at home all day. It’s good for you to get some fresh air too.”

Deirdre considered and figured she needed some exercise since she could not sleep. As such, she nodded in agreement.

Chapter 836 Mr. Brighthall's Lover

Both of them walked to the park, and the sky was stained red in the meantime. It was still not dark, so Deirdre and Mrs. Engel strolled leisurely in the park and heard the soft discussion from their side.

"Is that her?" "I suppose. Her figure looks exactly the same. That should be her."

Soon afterward, those two people braced themselves to approach Deirdre.

"Hello, may I inquire if you're Miss Deirdre McKinnon?"

Deirdre did not expect that she would encounter people who knew her, so she paused for a moment before she nodded.

The person was overjoyed instantly. "It's truly a waste that I didn't see you in the grocery store today. I was planning on going over to apologize to you. I'm really sorry for what transpired that day..."

Deirdre was about to say, "It's alright," when the person asked, "Where's Mr. Brighthall? Why isn't he here with you? Aren't you two lovers?" "What do you mean by lovers?" The person's companion interrupted by saying in astonishment, "Don't be spouting nonsense in Miss McKinnon's presence. Miss McKinnon and Mr. Brighthall are just friends. Mr. Brighthall's lover is someone else. Don't make things awkward for her." "Mr. Brighthall has a lover already? Who told you that?" "Why would I need someone to tell me about that, huh? He has always been engaged to his fiancée, Charli McKinsey. I saw them on the news today too." The person tried to prove herself right immediately by pulling out her phone and pulling up a search screen. "See this? Brendan Brighthall and Charli McKinsey visiting a family member in the family mansion, their relationship intimate as ever."

Deirdre's expression turned stiff instantly.

The woman snatched the phone and saw a photo. "You are right... I'm so sorry, Miss McKinnon. Mr. Brighthall risked his life to protect you the other day, so I thought that you and he were lovers. So, it turns out that I've been mistaken."

In the end, both of them left.

Mrs. Engel hastily consoled by saying, "Mrs. Brighthall, it's not true. Don't listen to them!" "What's not true?" Deirdre asked nonchalantly, "Is it the part where Charlene joined him to visit Madame Brighthall in the family mansion, or the part where Brendan's lover is Charlene is not true?"

Mrs. Engel was rendered speechless.

She had no idea what was going on either.

She did not understand Brendan was still involved with Charlene after being with Deirdre already, but she could see Brendan's deep love for Deirdre.

"I... All in all, it must be a misunderstanding. Mr. Brighthall loves you so much he can't possibly still be involved with Charlene, Mrs. Brighthall."

Deirdre smiled. "You don't know Brendan, Mrs. Engel."

He was capable of appeasing while maintaining a good relationship with Charlene simultaneously. After all, he had done it before more than once.

What caught her slightly by surprise was that Brendan was still being intimate with her, appeasing her, and behaving as if she was his only love in the mansion a moment ago, yet he made up an excuse about attending some important affair in the next moment so he could continue to get involved with Charlene.

Mrs. Engel was at a loss for words while Deirdre held her hand in a comforting

manner.

“No worries. I don’t take it to heart.”

She was only playing along as well.

Afterward, she strolled the park for a while and encountered a group of people gossiping about Brendan and Charlene again. Those people were wondering when Brendan and Charlene would be married.

It was rare for Deirdre to be a part of people’s gossip. She was asked if she would stand a chance at being promoted in a competition with another woman who looked like Brendan’s ex-wife.

‘Promoted?’

The word was unpleasant to the ears.

Mrs. Engel was having trouble keeping calm upon hearing that, but there was nothing she could do. Meanwhile, Deirdre was calm and composed, but she did not continue to stroll anymore.

It was getting dark.

They returned just in time for dinner. Deirdre had her dinner bite by bite when she heard the heavy footsteps coming from the outside.

Chapter 837 Do You Really Love Miss McKinnon?

Brendan showed up at the door, appearing rather tired. His sharp eyebrows were tightly furrowed and only relaxed ever so slightly at the sight of Deirdre having dinner quietly in the dining room. He walked over and placed the box in his hand on the table.

“Why are you having dinner so late?”

Deirdre ignored the man’s concerning inquiry and kept her head lowered to eat her meal.

Brendan paid no attention to her reaction and opened the box. “It’s a good time, though. Have a taste of the cake I bought you. I remember that you used to like this pastry shop’s cake in the past.”

He had waited in line for two hours. Otherwise, he would have returned earlier.

He picked up one of the cake slices and placed it on Deirdre’s plate.

She did not respond to that and got up after finishing her meal and headed upstairs.

“Deirdre?” Brendan furrowed his eyebrows and stretched out his hand to clutch the woman’s wrist. Before he could say, “What’s going on with you?” Deirdre caught him off guard by freeing herself. Her eyes were calm but filled with faint hatred and disgust.

“Don’t touch me.”

Brendan was stunned when Deirdre flung away his hand. He had no idea why Deirdre would suddenly behave so differently when they were still sitting together intimately this afternoon.

He calmed himself and thought about it. It seemed that there was no better explanation other than his late arrival.

“I’m home late today because the pastry shop you like was packed with customers. I waited in a very long queue for two hours.”

Deirdre wanted to applaud him because he had come up with a good explanation.

It was a parade of his love, but at the same time, it explained his lateness. Had she

not taken the stroll today out of a sudden inspiration, perhaps she would not have been able to see through the man's lie and would have accepted the man's explanation as the truth.

"Did you wait in line for two hours, or did you engage in two hours of intimacy with someone else?"

Deirdre found him filthy at the thought of him touching Charlene earlier.

She would play along with Brendan but could not stand filthiness either.

'You're the CEO of the Brighthall Group. Aren't you most skilled in utilizing my privilege? Even if you have to wait in line for two hours, someone would be willing to get you what you want out of respect if you just said so, right?'

Brendan furrowed his eyebrows and found Deirdre's sarcastic remark unpleasant to his ears.

"I don't utilize my privilege in all circumstances. You used to wait in line to get me my favorite bagel for five hours, and I would like to experience what you went through."

Brendan took a deep breath. "I acknowledge that I'm home late tonight, and I won't do it again. Don't be angry."

Deirdre's gaze dimmed.

His remark sounded sincere. Perhaps she would have fallen for it had she not encountered the incident during dusk.

'Your time of arriving home is none of my business. You and I are not bound by anything, so I cannot restrict your freedom. I hope that you can respect me and set me free after the child is born.'

Upon saying that, Deirdre headed upstairs, holding the handrail with great determination. She left Brendan to look at her departing silhouette.

Brendan turned his head to look at the half-opened box and the untouched cake. He felt overwhelmed with complicated feelings in his heart.

He was well aware of the barrier in his relationship with Deirdre that existed from the start but did not expect the relationship to be on the brink of a collapse when they were still deeply lovey-dovey a moment ago.

He believed that something must have happened.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Engel, who had been feeling anxious in the kitchen all this time, walked out with hesitation in her expression.

"Sir, there's something that I wonder if I should let you know despite being a subordinate..." She said in a troubled manner, "Do you really love Miss McKinnon?"

Brendan frowned. 'Why do you ask?'

Mrs. Engel said, "If you really love Miss McKinnon, why did you still get involved with Charlene? You even accompanied Charlene to visit your mother this afternoon. Let alone Miss McKinnon, even I would feel displeased if I were in her place."

Chapter 838 Jealous Because of Him

'Visiting my mother with Charlene?'

Brendan's pupils constricted abruptly. "Who told you that?" "It's on the news. They reported that Charlene joined you to visit Madame Brighthall, and some photos have been posted online. Many people were discussing it when Mrs. Brighthall and I were strolling in the park this evening."

Brendan's breathing was ragged. He immediately pulled out his phone to run a search

and found the photos of him and Charlene at the door of the family mansion on the top search page, just as expected.

It was apparent that the person was highly skilled in taking photos because Brendan was standing about one meter away from Charlene. Yet, he appeared to be hugging and chatting intimately with her in the photos.

His icy cold expression was blurred on the photos on purpose, leaving only Charlene's joy and affectionate expression. Brendan clutched his phone tightly.

"Charlene..." 'No wonder she showed up there! No wonder...'

Mrs. Engel cowered at the sight of Brendan's sudden, unpleasant expression. "Mr. Brighthall..."

Brendan was jolted back to reality and informed Mrs. Engel, "Don't take Mrs. Brighthall outside in the coming days and try to lessen her televisionbased multimedia as well."

Mrs. Engel nodded and thought, 'Even if I don't take Mrs. Brighthall out, I think she won't be bothered to go out anymore. After all, no one wants to be criticized by others if one is going to be demoted to a mistress when going out.'

Upon saying that, Brendan turned off his phone. He could not be bothered about his news being the top search article online because his current focus was to gain Deirdre's trust.

He headed upstairs and stood before Deirdre's room. He was preparing to open the door and enter the room when he discovered that the door was already locked from the inside.

Brendan found it rather ridiculous.

'The woman has quite a temper.' At the same time, he felt a tinge of sweetness.

It signified that she cared about him interacting with Charlene, at the very least. She was jealous because of him.

Brendan found that adorable but did not want her to be angry for a long time for fear that her health would be affected. Thus, he opened the door soon enough.

Deirdre lay on the bed and turned her head to the side when she heard the door opening. Anger emerged on her beautiful face. "How did you get in?"

Brendan placed down the key and said, "I have a spare key to every room, just in case."

Deirdre was stunned for a moment. Soon afterward, she sneered. "I've forgotten that this is your home while I don't deserve any privacy because I'm under house arrest."

"Don't say that." Brendan furrowed his eyebrows and walked toward the woman step by step. "This is not just my home but yours too. This is our home."

Deirdre found Brendan's remark unusually amusing.

'You really spare no effort in ensuring that the child is born safely. You used to act as if you would die if you had to show your concern, yet you're so capable of lying without remorse now.' "How can you tell I must be lying and not speaking out of sincerity?"

Deirdre's gaze was filled with mockery. "How can I not?"

Brendan was well aware of what Deirdre meant. He made his way to the side of the bed and sat down so he could see the woman at eye level. "Deirdre, believe me when I say that I didn't do anything that is unfaithful to you."

"Charlene intentionally commissioned someone to take the photos and bump the article to Google Trends today to fulfill her goal. We just bumped into each other

briefly at the entrance and spoke to each other during that period...”

Brendan’s gaze dimmed instantly, and he said, “It was less than three minutes.” “Less than three minutes?” Deirdre sneered. “Brendan, do you think that I can be so easily deceived? You two were at the entrance of the family mansion, yet only chatted for three minutes? Do you think I’ve forgotten everything you did to me in the past for Charlene?”

Chapter 839 Meet the Parents

Brendan’s gaze dimmed when he remembered his past actions.

“I was too foolish in the past, and I won’t do it again from now on.”

Deirdre appeared to be caught in a daze for a moment. Brendan spoke in such a serious tone she had almost mistaken him for someone else.

He would actually acknowledge his past foolishness. ‘Doesn’t Brendan always act like he’s high above others and no one can compare to him? Is he pocketing his pride willingly to appease me because of the child?’

Deirdre was in disbelief.

Brendan held her hand tightly in his palm. “I know it will be very hard for you to trust me within a short period, but I’m telling the truth. Charlene and I only bumped into each other at the entrance, and we didn’t even enter the family mansion together. After all, it would have been inappropriate for her to be there when I discussed today’s topic of conversation with my mother.” ‘Topic of conversation?’

Deirdre looked up.

Brendan knew that her interest would be piqued. He looked at her for a long time before focusing on her abdomen. “I talked to my mother about your pregnancy.”

Deirdre was astounded.

Brendan inquired closely, “If Charlene and I were visiting the family mansion together as you imagined, I must have feelings for her, so would I still talk to my mother about your pregnancy in her witness?”

As soon as those words were uttered, Deirdre was at a loss. She was under the assumption that Brendan wanted it all, that he wanted to be with Charlene, yet he wanted to stabilize her.

But if Brendan was telling the truth, why would he bring up the topic of her pregnancy?

“Are you telling the truth?” “The whole truth.” Brendan held her head and let her feel his extended fingers in the oath hand gesture. “Deirdre, I will die a tragic death if I lie to you and won’t be able to gain your love for the rest of my life-” “That’s enough.”

Deirdre stretched out her hand to block the man’s thin lips. Her gaze was still.

He would never gain her love.

Brendan was joyous on a rare occasion. He parted his thin lips and nibbled on the woman’s fingertip. “You feel for me.”

Deirdre’s ears flushed from embarrassment. She had no idea why Brendan was behaving this way.

He was cunning and hard to resist. She felt as if the temperature of his eyes would melt her if she were to come closer.

Brendan seized the opportunity to wrap his arms around her. Their breathing intertwined, and his gaze dimmed. “I know the situation is unfair to you, and that is why I’m going to give you the outcome you deserve.”

Deirdre did not understand what Brendan was referring to when he mentioned the outcome initially. However, the next day arrived soon, and Brendan arranged for a ride and told her to get changed.

“Where are we going?” “The family mansion,” Brendan said calmly despite Deirdre’s surprised expression. “You’re pregnant with a Brighthall, and my mother is the child’s grandmother. You’re bound to meet my mother sooner or later. I was afraid you couldn’t take it earlier, so I didn’t bring this up. The top search post yesterday came at a good time to create a proper opportunity.” “Have you lost your mind!?” Deirdre calmed down after feeling shocked. “Do you know the significance of your action?” “Yes.” Brendan’s gaze never left Deirdre for even a moment. “My real intention is exactly as you think it is.” “Are you telling the truth?” “The whole truth.” Brendan held her head and let her feel his extended fingers in the oath hand gesture. “Deirdre, I will die a tragic death if I lie to you and won’t be able to gain your love for the rest of my life-” “That’s enough.”

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Deirdre furrowed her eyebrows and felt like she was under immense pressure. She wanted to speak, but Brendan seemed to sense that she was about to say something, so he stopped her before she could speak.

“You don’t need to tell me that you’ll be leaving after the child is born. I’m well aware that you’ll be leaving for real after the child is born, and I respect your decision.

However, I have the freedom to give you what I want you to have before that.” “Give me what you want me to have?”

Deirdre was stunned.

“A proper identity for me?” “Get changed. The car is already waiting at the door, and I’ve also notified my mother.”

Chapter 840 Everyone Is Here, Even the One Who Shouldn't Come Is Here as Well
'You're finally here, Miss McKinnon! It's very windy today, so Madame Brighthall can't come. As such, she sent us in place to welcome you.'

As soon as the servant finished the sentence, the person next to her elbowed her and said, "Miss McKinnon?" "Ah, alright." The servant was enlightened and said smilingly, "Welcome home, Mrs. Brighthall."

Deirdre appeared to be caught in a daze. Her breathing quickened when she heard the term of address, and she had no idea how she felt about that. It was possible she did not expect the servants in the family mansion would still address her as they did in the past after so many years.

There was a praiseful look in Brendan's dark eyes. He wrapped his arm around Deirdre's shoulder and said, "It's very windy today. We should go inside."

Deirdre nodded and was led into the backyard. Before she reached the living room, she heard the servant in the house saying, "Don't worry, madame. Mr. Brighthall is with Mrs. Brighthall, and they're coming soon. Just wait at the door for a short moment. It's very windy outside. We don't want you to catch a cold on a joyful day like this, right?" 1 'You're right...' Madame Brighthall said in a slightly shaky voice, "I'm just overjoyed. How do I look today? Do I look like a competent mother-in-law?"

The servant chuckled and said, "Madame, don't forget that Mrs. Brighthall is blind. However, I'm sure that Mrs. Brighthall can feel your sincerity." 'You're a sweet talker.'

Deirdre stood in the same spot and felt as if she had traveled back in time.

Meanwhile, the servant leading them walked into the house and informed Madame Brighthall.

"Mrs. Brighthall is here!"

Madame Brighthall immediately stood up and made her way to the door.

She looked at Deirdre, who stood a few meters away from the door, and felt a wave of emotions washing over her.

The wounds on the woman's face had healed, and her face was restored to how she looked previously. She had actually mistaken someone else for Deirdre after spending close to two years with Deirdre and felt bad.

"Deirdre..." Madame Brighthall was feeling uneasy, so she hastily called out to Brendan. "What are you doing there? Bring Deirdre inside, quick. She's pregnant, and it's very windy out there. What if she catches a cold?"

Brendan took Deirdre inside while Madame Brighthall said hastily, "Where is the soup I made? Serve it to Deirdre so she can have a taste."

She bustled around the house just like she did in the past, only that she was ridden with guilt and reservation.

Brendan leaned close to Deirdre and nibbled on her ear. "This is the first time I'm seeing my mother so nervous yet trying to please you. It seems that she has learned her lesson. Will you show your magnanimity and forgive her?"

Deirdre was amused.

She did not care about what Madame Brighthall had done to her at all and had already forgiven her. However, she could not forgive him.

She did not comment much in the end but said, "Apart from this being a trivial matter from the start, I shouldn't make a fuss with a senior member of the family anyway."

Brendan's dark eyes were filled with gentleness. He lowered his head and caressed

her hair.

The servants blushed upon seeing their intimate interaction and were overjoyed.

'This is how the real Mr. and Mrs. Brighthall should act, and not...' 'Yikes, have I come at a bad time today?'

All of a sudden, a woman's smiling voice was heard coming from the door.

Everyone looked over and found Charlene at the door-she was meticulously dressed.

The servants' expressions changed drastically.

Who let Charlene in?

Brendan's expression turned solemn as well. Deirdre was the only person who was calm as usual, as if Charlene was a stranger to her.

She knew that Charlene would not tolerate this in view of her personality.

This would happen sooner or later.

"Miss McKinney... Today-" "I know." Charlene interrupted the servant smilingly and said, "It's not very appropriate for me to come today. I didn't expect the family mansion to be so crowded. Everyone is here. Even the one who shouldn't come is here as well."

Chapter 841 A Visitor Should Be Treated With Courtesy 'Everyone is here. Even the one who shouldn't come is here...'

There was a profound meaning behind her remark: 'Who should be here and who shouldn't?'

Brendan's expression turned solemn. He was about to speak when

Charlene said smilingly, "Look at all of you. I'm saying that I shouldn't have come today. I didn't know, and it is such a coincidence. However, since I'm already here, we should have a meal together, right?"

Charlene behaved shamelessly as if she was oblivious to the fact that no one in the house welcomed her presence.

Meanwhile, Madame Brighthall walked out in a haste with the chicken soup she had made. "Deirdre, this is the soup I had when I was pregnant with Brendan. My body was weak at the time, so I drank this every day-"

Her voice stopped abruptly.

Madame Brighthall's expression changed drastically upon seeing Charlene at the door.

Charlene moved closer with a gentle expression. "Madame Brighthall, look at you.

Why are you carrying something so heavy when your health is so poor?"

Madame Brighthall looked at Brendan and then at Charlene. She did not make any remark to get rid of the uninvited guest due to her cultured mannerism, but she spoke in a colder tone. "What brings you here?"

Charlene took over the soup Madame Brighthall made and said, "I realized that I hadn't paid you a visit in a long time now that I'm free these days. I commissioned a renowned doctor on purpose, and I brought the doctor's prescription with me. Let's see if it's good to treat your condition." "It's fine." Madame Brighthall expressed her uneasiness. "I know my health well and that no medicine is effective on me." "Don't say that, Madame Brighthall. You're going to live a long life. Brendan and I are going to take care of you properly for a long time in the future."

The house's atmosphere turned icy cold abruptly when she made the remark.

Deirdre was pregnant, so everyone had set their minds on her being Mrs. Brighthall. They put on the show today to welcome her into the party, yet Charlene suddenly showed up and made such a remark.

Quite a number of servants expressed their awkwardness.

Deirdre was calm and composed when she broke the silence. "Madame, is the soup ready?" "Yes, it's ready!" Madame Brighthall took back the soup and found a spoon for Deirdre to have a taste. During that time, she took a brief glance at Brendan.

Brendan's dark eyes were solemn and still. Yet, he did not take any action but indulged Charlene on purpose.

Charlene smirked and circled past the servants to make her way to the sofa.

"What a jolly scene. Did you prepare the soup by yourself, Madame Brighthall?"

Madame Brighthall did not hate Charlene, but she was not fond of her.

However, Charlene had always treated her rather well. There was a saying that a visitor should be treated courteously, so Madame Brighthall could not turn a blind eye to Charlene.

"I made it myself."

Charlene took a seat without showing any courtesy. "Really? Can I get a taste too? I've never tasted your cooking before, Madame Brighthall."

Before Madame Brighthall consented, Charlene ordered the servant, "Get me a bowl." The servant accepted the task hesitantly.

Charlene retrieved the prescription and said, "Oh right, Madame Brighthall. I commissioned someone to get this prescription. The doctor is highly skilled in managing heart conditions and gave a prescription very soon after learning about your condition. He claimed you'll see the effect in less than a month."

Madame Brighthall extended her hand to take it. "Ah... Thank you?" "Why are you being so courteous with me, Madame Brighthall? Are you going to keep a distance just because Miss McKinnon is pregnant?"

Charlene blinked innocently. "I understand, but you don't need to be such a stranger either, Madame Brighthall. Since Miss McKinnon has chosen to return to Brendan, I believe that something must have happened and that she is mentally prepared for what's to come. Is that right, Miss McKinnon?"

Madame Brighthall's expression turned unpleasant.

Deirdre had consumed half a bowl of soup and turned a deaf ear to the provocative remark. She said, "The soup tastes great, but there's just too much scum in there. It will most certainly taste better without the excessive scum."

Chapter 842 Two-Timer

Deirdre's words also had a hidden meaning, and Charlene's expression changed. Meanwhile, Madame Brighthall could not refrain from speaking after noticing Brendan's lack of action.

"Charlene, thank you so much for getting the prescription. How much money did you spend? I'll get the butler to wire the money to your account. We shall not keep you for the gathering today any longer."

She was keeping her distance from Charlene through her remark.

Charlene clenched her fists so tightly that her nails dug into her flesh and loathed the woman on the sofa deep into her bones. She smiled and said, "Alright then, I

understand that I'm not welcome here, so I won't stay any longer. I'll leave after I finish the soup."

She savored the taste of the soup slowly as if she was attempting to stay longer on purpose. The servants went ahead with their chores while Madame Brighthall seized the opportunity to speak in private with Brendan. Her meticulously-cared face was filled with confusion and anger.

'What is going on with you, Brendan!? Why are you still involved with Charlene now that you've reconciled with Deirdre? Don't tell me that you're still going to be a twotimer as you did in the past!"

Brendan's dark eyes were filled with emotions that one could not distinguish. His expression was nonchalant, but his gaze turned dimmer when he looked at the two women seated on the sofa.

"Mother, I have my own reasons. Please, don't inquire anymore."

Madame Brighthall furrowed her eyebrows and said, "I understand that you have your own considerations as well. I wasn't planning on concerning myself with your affairs ever since that incident, but I'm warning you not to disappoint Deirdre again."

Her breathing was irregular. 'You made so many mistakes in the past that it's already beyond magnanimous that Deirdre is willing to forgive you. She's also pregnant with your child now. If you hurt her again, I won't forgive you even if I'm your mother.'" "I won't." Brendan gazed after the back of Deirdre's figure and said in a soft yet determined voice, "I will eradicate all her obstacles so she won't have any apprehensions from now on."

Meanwhile, on the sofa...

After taking a sip, Charlene placed down the bowl of soup and stared at Deirdre with a mocking expression. "I didn't expect you to be so tolerant that you're willing to be a mistress just so you can be with Brendan, Miss McKinnon."

Deirdre was calm and nonchalant. "I'm only learning from the past you, Miss McKinney. Moreover, haven't you noticed how the people here are treating you? They behave as if you're the mistress who's ruining someone's family while I am Brendan's ex-wife who has reconciled our relationship." 'You..." Charlene's expression turned solemn quickly.

Everyone here treated her in a manner as if she was an outsider.

She had spent four years appeasing them, yet her effort was not enough to compare to Deirdre's pregnancy announcement.

Charlene gnashed her teeth, feeling extremely recalcitrant in her heart.

Then, she behaved as if she had remembered something and smiled. "I'm truly envious of your confidence, Miss McKinnon. Do you really think that you have a firm hold over Brendan just because you're pregnant? It seems that Brendan has yet to tell you about the situation." 'The situation?*

Deirdre furrowed her eyebrows at Charlene's remark with a hidden meaning. She looked up but could only see the outline of the woman.

"What do you mean?"

Charlene smiled. "Don't worry, Miss McKinnon. You'll know soon enough. I just hope that you can still be as calm, cool, and confident about your identity and values by then."

She stood up. "Oh right, I forgot to mention something to you, Miss

McKinnon. I don't know if you saw the article taking the top of Google Trends, the one about Brendan and me, yesterday. I just want to let you know that my name and Brendan's are still on the top search page. If he really cares about you, will he still ignore public opinion without any concern for your feelings?"

Deirdre's smile faded while Charlene smirked proudly.

Chapter 843 Everything She Said Is Fake

Meanwhile, Madame Brighthall and Brendan returned from their conversation in private.

Charlene was not planning to stay longer since her goal had been achieved. She tucked a strand of hair behind her ear and said, "Since I came at the wrong time, I shall make a move first. I'll come and visit you again another day, Madame Brighthall." Madame Brighthall nodded uneasily.

Charlene walked away for two steps before she turned around and stared at Brendan with gentle eyes. "I'll wait for you, Brendan."

Brendan stared at Charlene without any expression on his face. Charlene smiled and left. The house's atmosphere turned awkward all at once.

It was Madame Brighthall who broke the silence first. "How do you find the soup, Deirdre? It has been a few years since I cooked personally, so I don't know if my cooking skill has deteriorated."

Deirdre restrained the emotions in her eyes.

"The soup you cook tastes scrumptious. I enjoy it very much, Madame Brighthall."

She felt alienated by Deirdre's address of 'Madame Brighthall' so she could not refrain from holding Deirdre's hands. "If you don't mind, you may address me as 'Aunt Brighthall'. After you've given birth to the child, you can have your wedding with Brendan, and then you may call me something else."

Deirdre forced a smile and nodded in agreement, but she did not attempt to flatter Madame Brighthall.

Brendan walked over and wrapped his arms around the woman when Madame Brighthall headed to the kitchen. "What did Charlene say to you?"

Before Deirdre could answer, Brendan said, "Don't believe anything she said. It's all fake."

Deirdre smiled, pulled back her hands without changing her expression, and said, "How can you be so sure that what she said is all fake when you don't even know what we talked about?"

Brendan furrowed his eyebrows. "Nothing good ever comes from a woman like her."

Deirdre found it ridiculous and raised her head to look at him. "Charlene said that your names are still displayed on the top of Google Trends for others to envy until now. Is that real or fake?" "I-" "Stop flirting around there, both of you. The meals are already served.

Come and eat quickly."

Madame Brighthall walked out of the kitchen and urged them in a gentle voice.

Deirdre walked over in advance, and she was helped to her seat by the servant.

Madame Brighthall constantly reminded Deirdre to take care of herself and her child throughout the meal. She parted unwillingly with Deirdre in the evening and gazed after the departing Brendan and Deirdre as they got into the car.

During the journey, Brendan struck up a conversation on purpose while Deirdre was calm. She did not refuse to engage in conversations but was not enthusiastic either. In reality, her mind was filled with what Charleen had said before she left. She wondered what was all about the matter Charlene had brought up. It did not sound like she had made it up, judging by the arrogance in her tone. Could it be that Brendan was hiding something from her? She was caught in a daze, so Brendan assumed she was still thinking about the top search article. He explained, "Don't be angry. My act of not dismissing the article is not because of her."

Deirdre recovered from her surprise and cast him a look. "If you didn't do it for her, why didn't you get rid of her today?" Deirdre smiled nonchalantly.

She did not mind, but it did not mean she was a fool. If Brendan was telling the truth about him not having feelings for Charlene, why would he turn a deaf ear to her provocative remarks in the family mansion earlier? Brendan figured out from her expression it was something else. He pulled Deirdre into his arms and over his thighs, studied the woman's slightly astonished expression, and his gaze was tainted with a tinge of affection. "Are you jealous?"

Deirdre was expressionless when she said, "Is that possible?"

Brendan's dark eyes turned solemn. Deirdre shoved him away and said calmly, "Brendan Brighthall, you should understand very well the reason we're together. It is you who forced it on me, and you are the one that wants the child. On the other hand, it is already magnanimous of me to give my consent. I don't know if you really have feelings for me or if you just find me intriguing, but I don't care."