

## Resent Reject Regret by Aqua Summers

### Chapter 876-900

Chapter 876 I'll Settle Our Scores... One. By. One.

"Those people were planted there by whoever masterminded this whole thing. They were meant to stay there for only a few days." "Okay then," Declan remarked.

"Honestly, this turns out to be a backhanded blessing for Miss McKinnon. Since she's pregnant, after suffering from this incident, the police's forced to let her stay here, sending only one of their people to watch her. She no longer had to suffer in that sh\*t-hole detainment center now."

Brendan nodded in agreement. This was probably the only silver lining there was.

Declan leaned his back against the wall. "Who do you think ordered this attack?"

Brendan shot a glance at him and answered, "Charlene." "I thought the same." Declan flashed him a smile. "The mastermind behind her is someone meticulous, cautious, and sharp. They couldn't have possibly done something so stupid that it could frustrate their own plans. So, this is all Charlene for sure."

Brendan's eyes seemed to be shrouded by a cold, inky mire. "One day, I'll settle our scores. One. By. One."

Soon enough, the Brighthall Group's board of directors quickly came out with a statement 'debunking' the claims Mr. Jensen made. According to their joint press release, Mr. Jensen had made things up out of malice and vengeance since he had been kicked out of the board.

The revelation did not make that much of a splash. Mr. Jensen had a history of fabrication, after all.

Deirdre's affair managed to get a lot less focus after a new celebrity scandal came to light. Meanwhile, Charlene's bold lie about losing her ability to dance in that interview managed to turn quite a sizable crowd against her.

Throughout the ordeal, Deirdre remained in the hospital. Her injuries had long since recovered, and yet Brendan never came to proceed with the discharge procedure.

Thanks to that, she found herself unexpectedly owning a personal space to breathe and relax.

"Miss McKinnon? Sorry, but I came to Sylvain's too late. The food's all sold," a shorthaired woman said as she entered her ward. "So, I bought a replacement from next

door. Is that okay?"

Deirdre nodded. Her new companion was a caretaker Brendan had hired for her, yet she struck Deirdre as little... on the young side. Her youth just stuck out to Deirdre.

"Thanks," she said.

"Oh, it's no biggie. Serving you is our job, Miss McKinnon. If you need anything, just say the word," replied Shea Ross, smiling. She placed the food on a cabinet and began setting up the bedtable.

Deirdre reached out for water, but her fingers accidentally knocked a glass out of the edge of the table.

To her bewilderment, Shea immediately caught it before it even reached the floor-the young woman's reaction speed was lightning-fast!

"Did some of the water get to you?"

Deirdre shook her head. She could not contain her awe and added, "Shea, that was... so fast! You were so fast!"

The young woman laughed. "Of course I have to be! The glass was about to be smashed!" "But you were, like, two meters away from it when it happened, right? That's nothing short of impressive!" "Well..." Shea looked a little flustered. "I was trained to be like that, you know?" "T-Trained?" "Yea, as in training. We're trained to act fast. That way, we can stop our clients from hurting themselves from a fall immediately," she replied before changing the subject. "Here you go, Miss McKinnon. Time to eat."

She was obviously against dwelling on her background, so Deirdre decided not to ask any more. She sat on her bed and started sipping her porridge.

Suddenly, the door opened. Shea's entire demeanor turned solemn and deferential.

"Sir." "Shea." Brendan turned to Deirdre. She had only been staying in the hospital for two days and was already recovering much of her brio.

He composed himself and ordered, "Leave us be for a while."

Shea did not even ask why. She left immediately and closed the door behind her.

The room was instantly filled with the man and the unmistakable, unforgettable air he always brought with him. It was stifling enough that Deirdre began to feel a throes of discomfort. At least her feelings for him in the past were simple and uncomplicated she hated him to his bones.

But now? Now, even she was no longer sure.

By this point, he had stopped hiding his passionate feelings and ardor for her. But more importantly, he had been doing so much to atone for all the sins he had committed.

"How are your injuries?" he asked.

#### Chapter 877 I've Seen It All Already-Including Some Pretty Private Places

Deirdre shook herself out of her trance and nodded. "They have recovered nicely."

"But that's not what you'll say if the police come and ask the same question, okay?

Tell them you're hurting everywhere and remain in the hospital."

Deirdre froze. "Is that even allowed?" "Of course, it is," Brendan replied matter-of-factly.

"You're at your safest when you're staying here. Nobody can ruffle you while I get to be close to you till my heart's content." 'Close to me?'

Ever since Brendan came clean about his true feelings, he had been acting way too candidly. Deirdre could not even tell what it was making her feel, so she pretended she did not hear that.

"Are the bruises still there?" he asked.

Deirdre snapped out of her thoughts and shook her head. Hesitantly, she admitted, "I mean... at least I think they're gone." "Let me have a look."

Pink hues tinted her cheeks. "What?" "The police's going to send someone to examine your injuries, right? They'll only let you stay here if those blue-black bruises remain obvious enough," he explained matter-of-factly. "Since you don't know, then I'll have to be the one to examine them."

She heard no stray emotion from his voice and bit her lips in uncertainty. Maybe she was overthinking things...

She put her spoon down. Steeling herself against her growing embarrassment, she showed him her arm. "A-Anything?"

Her skin was as gorgeous as porcelain. After a few days of rest, he could not catch a single flaw. His breath hitched.

Deirdre heard no answer and asked again, "A-Are they still there?"

Brendan finally snapped out of his trance. "Uh, no."

That made Deirdre anxious. "Oh no! What now?" "Well, the injuries on your arms were the least serious ones. But the ones on your waist and around your ribcage were pretty bad if I remember correctly."

The tip of Deirdre's ears seemed to be burning. She wished a hole would crack open from the ground and swallow her whole. Why did they have to be there? She was not wearing her bra at the moment!

"I, uh, see. Then we should, uh, ask Shea to check-" "She's busy with errands right now," Brendan answered immediately, his eyes fixed on her. "She's not here."

Shea was standing by the door, ready to enter. She heard Brendan's claim and wisely withdrew her hand from the doorknob. Maybe she should return after running three laps in the hospital's massive backyard...

"She's busy? Sounds unlikely. You told her to leave us alone and nothing else,"

Deirdre replied skeptically. No matter how often she tried to call out for her, Shea simply did not respond.

Brendan raised an eyebrow. "Told you. She left."

Deirdre bit her lips. "Then we should ask a nurse to do it instead."

Brendan suddenly leaned close, his finger tipping her chin upward. He studied the blushes on her cheeks and murmured under his breath, "Don't be shy, Deirdre. The nature of our relationship is such that I've seen everything already, including your more... private places. It's passed the time to be coy and awkward. Besides, I'm only worried about your injuries."

Deirdre wanted to refute him but found no counterargument. Brendan was right. He was only worried about the state of her injuries. Acting shyly at a moment like this was just... so inappropriate.

She steeled herself against her panic, mentally calmed herself, and pushed the bedtable away. Then, she lay down. Awkwardly, she tugged the edge of her shirt and slowly peeled it upward, exposing her slim waist. The almost alabaster-like color of her skin practically shone, and one could easily see it undulating from her breath.

She bit her lips and pulled it away from her ribcage.

"So... Is this o-okay?"

At first, there was silence. And then the sound of a man's breathing grew heavier and heavier.

Perplexed, Deirdre thought of pulling her shirt down again.

The man's lips practically meshed into hers, robbing her of her breath. In fact, it felt as though he wanted to rob her of her soul.

## Chapter 878 It Hurts So Much

Deirdre was bewildered. His kiss came in so strongly, passionately, and hungrily that it felt like he had swallowed the air around and between them. All she could smell was pheromones-his. They were all over her, and yet... she did not necessarily hate it.

His fingers were usually cold, but they were set alight the moment they grazed her skin. Flames spread across her body.

"M-Mm..." She let out a moan.

Brendan stiffened for a moment. Then suddenly, he amplified his strength, putting so much force into his arms as if hoping to merge the woman into himself.

Suddenly, the young woman curled into a ball and hissed.

Alarmed, Brendan let go. His features were overcome with worry. "What happened?"

Deirdre's face turned pale. She was still curling into herself.

Brendan looked and found stark bruises on her back. Anger pooled in his eyes, and as he reached out to touch it, his fingers were nothing but featherlight. "Does it hurt?"

Deirdre let the worst pass for a moment and shook her head. "It's better now."

He bent and landed a kiss on her bruise, stunning her. She felt her skin burning again.

"B-Brendan..." "I'm sorry." His black eyes were quiet, sad, and filled with guilt. "If only I knew it sooner... You wouldn't have to suffer."

Deirdre fell silent. Then, she replied, "It's okay. It's not your fault. You can't possibly know what the police are up to at all times."

She sounded so untroubled by her injuries. Brendan looked into her lifeless, glassy eyes and thought of all of the things she had gone through back when she was incarcerated. The knowledge tasted bitter.

Brendan realized he could never clear the astronomical debt he owed her.

Enfeebled by his own thoughts, he drew the young woman into his arms. It was a little awkward, but she did not resist him. Leaning against his arms, she even began to feel sleepy.

The sunlight sprayed all over her face. She was quiet, unperturbed. It was the kind of peace nobody would want to disturb. As Brendan watched, the frigidity in his eyes-that always seemed perennial-thawed.

"Sir!"

Shea pushed the door open... and found herself coming face to face with this. She froze, unsure if she was coming at the right time.

Luckily, she did not wake up Deirdre. Brendan raised his head, and suddenly, the patina of ice in his eyes had returned.

Shea lowered her head. "It's Sam. He passed a message. The police have released the aggressors." "Tell him to round every last one of them. Let none escape!" "Yes, sir!" Shea nodded. "What do we do with them?" "Send them to the organization."

Shea was taken aback. She had believed Brendan's intent, at most, was teaching the offenders a lesson, but sending them to the organization? That meant a whole other level of gravity-and a clear indication that Deirdre was the one line Brendan would not let anyone cross.

"Alright."

Sam, as usual, got to work quickly. Half an hour later, Brendan received the news he had been waiting for. He was careful not to rouse the young woman in his arms and slowly eased Deirdre away from him. He then told Shea, "Watch her closely. Nothing happens to her, or else."

He drove to the organization's headquarters. There, on the floor, the offenders were cowering, their entire bodies brutalized. It seemed that whatever Deirdre had suffered had been returned to them in several folds.

Seeing Brendan immediately spurred them into begging, "Please, Mr. Brighthall! We're sorry! We won't do it again! Please, please, please... Just let us live! It hurts too much!" "Oh, does it now?" Brendan sneered. He walked closer and stared at the leader of the pack from above, his visage cold. "Did any of you wonder if Deirdre might feel the same pain when you gleefully beat her up?" A

## Chapter 879 Cornered

The leader let out a shaky breath and suddenly thought of the wincing and pained grimaces their victim had made. These women had always been the ones throwing punches-they had never wondered about the feelings of those at the receiving end of their abuse.

They knew it now-just as they now learned fear and regret.

"I... I won't do it anymore..."

Sparing her even a seconds-long glance made Brendan retch. "Sounds to me like you girls aren't getting enough of it yet."

Finally, the women lost even the strength to cry. Brendan wrapped his fingers with a handkerchief before tipping one of their chins to face him. "So, who gave you girls the order?"

Deirdre stirred, opening her eyes. She instinctively rubbed her hand over her bedside, but there was no one.

"Miss McKinnon? Are you awake?"

She reeled in realization. Had Brendan left? She nodded nonetheless.

"Are you hungry? Do you need me to get you something to eat?" "What time is it now?" "Three in the afternoon."

Deirdre was quite shocked. That was how long she had slept? And it was such a peaceful, dreamless one, too...

"Where's Brendan?" "Oh, he's out on his business. Do you want to see him? I can call him right away and tell him you're up and-" "No!" Deirdre's refusal sprung out of her almost instantly. Her cheeks were burning. "He's busy, right? So, let's not trouble him or anything. Besides, it's not like I want to see him. I was just... asking. For no reason."

Shea nodded in a way Deirdre could not tell if she understood her or not. Her mind drifted to what happened in the morning, so she asked, "Shea, where were you?"

"What's the matter, Miss McKinnon?"

Deirdre thought about the event that had transpired and found herself still too embarrassed to even put things to word. "I... I mean, I needed your help this morning and thought you were outside, so I called out to you. But you didn't seem to hear me... or come back!"

Shea finally understood her. She was referring to that specific interval, huh? Well, how was she supposed to answer Deirdre's call after hearing what Brendan said? "Oh, well I was... I was getting some medicine for you, Miss McKinnon. What happened? Did something happen?"

Deirdre shook her head. Nothing she said was going to help her now- especially not when whatever happened had happened. "No. I guess... not..."

Shea could tell from Deirdre's behavior alone that Brendan had a pretty fun time with her. To think her employer was some kind of celibate! Now she knew he simply had



his hidden beast all chained up. Judging from that, Shea could even guess just how hard Brendan must have gone with Deirdre behind closed doors...

"Shea?" The young woman in question asked sheepishly, "I'm a little hungry. Can you get me some fresh porridge?" "Okay!"

Shea bolted out of the door. Deirdre flexed her shoulder a little and winced. She bit her lips hard and took a sharp breath. That b\*stard had bit her!

She stared at her sheet, musing. A moment later, her door suddenly swung open.

"Miss McKinnon!"

Something was wrong with Shea's tone. "You have to come with me... now!"

Deirdre froze. "But why?"

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Shea lunged forward and began helping her out of her bed. "I don't know who did it, but someone let out the news that you're here, and now journalists are crowding outside the hospital! The security isn't going to be able to stop them from flooding in! Any sooner, and they'll even breach your room!"

Deirdre's mind was abuzz. "How? Why? How did this happen!?"

Unfortunately, there was no time for her to think. With Shea's help, she hurried to the corridor outside. The emergency exit ahead was their salvation.

That was until a crowd of journalists broke into the corridor and blocked their path.

"McKinnon is here!" someone yelled above the ding. And just like that, Deirdre and Shea found themselves surrounded by a blockade of people. The blinding light of camera shutters seemed to set the air aflame. A few of them pulled out their microphones.

"Why isn't a homicide suspect like you being detained? Why are you in the hospital? Is this proof of Brendan Brighthall abusing his connection and wealth as a billionaire so that his people can evade justice?"

Chapter 880 Let Me Be The One To Protect You "You should be detained in a cell awaiting your sentence for suspicion of murder, right? So, why are you here in the hospital? And who is that young woman with you?" "Deirdre McKinnon, why are you panicking? You're not thinking about running away, right?!" "How dare you hide in the comforts of a hospital instead of facing your trials? What kind of world have we come to when a snake-hearted woman like you can evade justice? Not admitting to your guilt is bad, but trying to run away from tough questions? Honestly, McKinnon, did you really think having your billionaire lover shielding you makes you above accountability!?" "Go to h\*ll, murderer!" "F\*cking wh\*re, stealing another woman's man and trying to murder her to get her out of the way! H\*ll has a special place for you, b\*tch!"

Their commentaries started becoming more and more inflammatory. At one point, someone even started getting physical and shoved Deirdre as hard as they could. The force knocked her footing awry, and she careened toward the wall.

"Miss McKinnon!" cried Shea. She reached out, caught her in her arm as quickly as she could, and held her steady. "Are you okay?"

Deirdre's face was as white as a sheet. She shook her head.

"Get out of the way, godd\*mnit!" Shea roared at the stampede. "Get the h\*ll out!"

Unfortunately, a new influx of bystanders joined in on the chaos-all of them were

feeling righteous fury. They formed a wall around Deirdre, determined to stop her from fleeing, and two of them even breached the ring.

'You're telling us to let the murderer leave!? Ha, f\*ck you, the cops are coming to detain you both!'

The jostling crowd corroded her space and took away her air. She began to feel suffocated just as a sharp sting flared on her abdomen. The world was beginning to spin, and she felt a dizzy spell. Her knees turned weak and began to bend-she was about to fall.

"Miss McKinnon!" cried Shea, panicking so hard that she was sweating. Jostled and sandwiched between unrelenting people, none of her bodyguarding skills had a chance. "Miss McKinnon, are you okay? Please, hold on for now! Don't keel over! You'll be injured if you fall, and they rush toward us!"

Deirdre yanked on her collar, her face ashen. She could not breathe.

It was then that she heard an elevator ding. The door opened, and a new group of people poured out, this time herding the mob to carve a way out straight to Deirdre. Before the young woman could raise her head to see who her savior was, the man had enveloped her with his arms.

She was in so much pain that she could hardly react. But then she smelled him and, in shock, shoved him away. "No, Brendan! Don't come near me. You mustn't be here!"

Deirdre knew what was building up against her. Before any of this was settled, she would always be a murderer detested by the entire society. How could the leader of the Brighthall Group come to her aid? Just the thought of how much talk and commentaries it would generate online scared her!

Brendan, however, simply hugged her even more tightly. He covered every inch of her body with his large, strong arms, shielding her from any attack the world could throw at her.

"It's okay, Dee. It's all okay." He breathed in her ear, firm yet gentle.

This was what it should have been. He should have stood beside her and shielded her from every trial and tribulation two years ago-or even before then. He remembered something similar that had happened before: in the hospital where Sterling Fuller had protected Deirdre from the media without a care about his safety.

Brendan was stunned. More importantly, though, he was jealous.

That should have been him. He should be the only man Deirdre would ever rely on. Well... better late than never, right?

He smiled. "Finally, I've been waiting for this, a chance to be the one to protect you."

Deirdre froze. She tried to summon strength into her limp, weak arm to push him away. "Are you insane? Do you know what that will do to you? The Brighthall Group is already trapped in a crisis of public opinion! What you're doing is like adding fuel to the fire! If something happens to you, who else is there to help me!?"

## Chapter 881 There Won't Be A Next Time

Brendan held Deirdre even more tightly. "Dee... You're worried about me." "You... idiot!" Deirdre's eyes felt warm. God, she had to admit-being in his arms, by his side, made her feel so, so safe. But if the price of this safety was an armageddon of a media firestorm, then she would rather not have any of it.

"I.. I am not worried about you! I'm just concerned about myself!"

He caressed her hair. "It's okay. Don't be scared."

There was no sign of him letting go. He simply held her tightly against his chest.

His action ignited a stack of kerosene. The mob rioted.

"What the f\*ck is this!? Mr. Brighthall, are you protecting a criminal in public!?" "So, the things people said on the Internet about you were right! Deirdre McKinnon is your lover, so you're protecting her! How could you do this to Miss McKinsey!? This b\*tch pushed her down the stairs to kill her, and you, the f\*cking fiance, chose to side with the criminal and protect her instead of helping your own fiancée!" "Oh, I get it! She's here in the hospital instead of appearing in the detainment center because of you! F\*cking billionaire spitting on the law and order the rest of us had to abide by just because he has some money and influence! What the f\*ck do we need laws for if the Brighthall Group over here is gonna sh\*t all over it whenever it wants, huh!?" "F\*ck you, Bright hall! Get out, Brighthal I!" "F\*ck you, Brighthall! Get out, Brighthall!" "Get the f\*ck out of Neve!"

The mob's rage had risen to a fever pitch. The only reason they had not surrounded Brendan and Deirdre and beaten them up was that Brendan had brought his security detail for crowd control.

Either way, the man himself said nothing as the mob continued to jeer and shout.

They entered the elevator with Deirdre in his arms and got to his car.

As soon as they got in, Shea began. "I'm sorry for what happened, sir. The tip came too late, and I failed to recognize the imminent threat at the first golden minute.

Because of my failure, Miss McKinnon almost got hurt."

Brendan did not even spare her a glance. "You'll get your punishment back in the organization." "Yes, sir."

Deirdre was cupping her abdomen and trying to grit through her agony.

After hearing their exchange, though, her eyes snapped open, and she said, "No! This has nothing to do with Shea! It's not her fault at all!"

She took a few breaths in. "They came so suddenly... Nobody would have been able to know it was going to happen! Then, when we realized something bad was going on, she immediately tried to help me, but my condition dragged us both down. You can't punish her..."

Shea froze. "No, Miss McKinnon, it's all my fault. If I could just be a little faster— No, I deserve it." "That's enough!" Brendan suddenly spoke up. "I get it. The two of you have become chums who are just gonna keep covering each other while I'm the bad guy, right? Fine. Dee wants you to be forgiven this time, so I'll grant her wish. But next time... it won't be that easy." "Yes, sir!"

Brendan considered Deirdre's visage. Her lips were bloodless. She might not have made any sound, but her trembling body made it clear that she was going through excruciating pain. He caressed the woman by her cheek and said, "You okay? Hold steady... I'm bringing you home, and we'll have the doctor examine you." "O-Okay..." She hardly had the strength to talk.

They reached the villa. There, after an examination, the doctor pronounced, "Don't worry, it's psychosomatic. She was too distressed, but it would be fine with some medicines. It's nothing serious, but... Miss McKinnon has never had robust health, so I'll suggest giving her a calming space that is as free from stress as possible." "Thank you very much."



The doctor stared at Brendan, bewildered. "No need to thank me. I'll send someone to purchase the required medicine."

As soon as the doctor left, Mrs. Engel came in with a glass of warm water. She wiped tears from her eyes as she passed the glass. "God, these people have gone too far! How could they treat a pregnant woman like this!? I'm just glad that Mr. Brighthall managed to get to you in time before something happened..."

## Chapter 882 You're Fired

"I'm fine, Mrs. Engel. Really," replied Deirdre, smiling, as she felt warmth enveloping her heart. She took a sip of water and turned to Brendan. "Are you going to be okay after, urn, today?" "Why? It was nothing."

Deirdre was skeptical of his claim, but she simply could not pry more out of him and decided to get information straight from the horse's mouth. She waited until Brendan went to his study and asked Mrs. Engel instead.

"But Miss McKinnon!"

Deirdre flashed a smile. "Don't worry about how I'm gonna take it, Mrs. Engel. I've always been resilient. I'm just curious, that's all. Just wondering how this whole thing will unravel."

Mrs. Engel searched the Internet for a while and immediately closed the browser.

"Those people are acting the same as ever," she said vaguely. "Uh, Mr. Brighthall's being dragged into it, but I don't know if it's going to affect him that much."

Deirdre's mind turned blank. Of course, it was going to affect him!

She shook out of her trance and changed the subject. "What are we having today?"

"Chicken soup, Miss McKinnon. With extra herb cloves, too, because I know you haven't had a good meal or sleep while you were locked up there. I can tell, or you wouldn't have come down with that bellyache just now." "Thank you, Mrs. Engel. Sorry for the trouble." "Not as much trouble as the demons haunting you, child." Mrs. Engel sighed broodingly. Remembering what more to add to her pot, she hurried to the kitchen.

Deirdre left the living room and instinctively looked up to where the first floor was.

Brendan had been staying inside for so long.

She balked for a second and decided to ascend the stairs. She made her way to his study, but before she could knock, she heard some sounds.

'You've really done it again this time, Brighthall! You destroyed the company! We told you to send that woman to prison, but no, you said, and now the entire company is crashing down because of your childish, stubborn \*ss! Sure, you're young and always have the chance to get back to the top, but we're on our way to retirement, okay? How are we supposed to bounce back!?' "When we told you to resign and let others take your position as CEO, you and Madame Brighthall vetoed it with a flimsy bid for patience. And look what they had brought us!? Even if this whole sh\*tstorm passes, Brighthall's reputation will never recover!" 'You need to give a press release right now! Tell the world that you protected Deirdre McKinnon because you think whatever punishment she deserved is the one mandated by law, and so you're thinking of personally sending her to prison. Or else... The entire board of directors will unite in protest, and your position as CEO isn't going to mean any real power within this company!'

Despite the rage, Brendan did not frown even once. "Sure. If this is what the board wants to do, go ahead. But sending Deirdre to prison? Not gonna happen." The rest of his callers were so apoplectic that they could not even respond for a long time. 'You maddening jack\*ss! Are you that besotted with a criminal? Godd\*mnit! There are so many other women in the world, and you're going to die on this specific hill!? Fine! We won't stop you, but you're not going to return to Brighthall Group after this!' "Fine by me. I don't have any strong opinions either way," Brendan said placidly. "But I should remind you that if you people kick me out and make me lose my power as a CEO, the company's done for. Because none of you among the board has the skills or power to turn this around, anyway." He sounded so flat it could hardly be registered as a threat, yet the board stayed silent for a while. Then, as if reeling out of shock, the reply came, "No. Enough is enough. We thought you'd be able to solve this crisis, but oh, look where we are now. Fool me once, shame on you. Fool me twice, shame on me!" "Let me burst your bubble, Brighthall. The Brighthall Group's reputation and support have tanked! People are throwing sh\*t at us, insulting us, and making fun of us! You still think you're that untouchable, uber-elite, everyone's-favorite-billionaire-icon, huh? If we let you handle Brighthall Group any longer, it won't matter how established this company is. The entire empire... is going to fall!"

#### Chapter 883 I'd Whisk You Away Instantly

The call was cut short on that hostile note.

The finality of the man's voice made Deirdre's heart leap. She had expected things to evolve beyond the point of no return, but it did not mean she predicted how far past that point. The deluge of negative public opinion? The civil war within his company? She was the one who had triggered it all.

Deirdre's lips turned pale. She pressed her fingers so hard her nails almost looked transparent.

Then, the door was opened. Brendan found her standing right outside, his eyes expressing shock. "Why are you here?" "Because you were inside for so long, I thought I should come to check on you..." she explained.

"So, you heard everything?"

She nodded with difficulty.

Brendan fondled her hair comfortingly. "Don't overthink it. It has nothing to do with you. The problem lies in me. I should have protected you better."

He lowered his head and leaned his lips close to her hair. "I'm just glad you're okay."

His sincerity was so overwhelming it got around into becoming almost suggestive.

Deirdre felt as though her entire body had burst into flames.

By the time she snapped out of it, a contrite look had shadowed her features. 'You shouldn't have come to help me personally,' she rebuked, frowning. 'You brought your people with you, right? So, you could have asked one of them to play the role you played instead of showing up in person. You knew how much drama and news your personal appearance would generate, right? You're the leader of the Brighthall Group, for crying out loud!' "I know," Brendan replied candidly. His eyes never once left her face. "But I know something else even better. I'm not going to pass up this moment again."

Deirdre was perplexed. "Again?"

Brendan leaned close to her ear. "While I was looking for you after your release, I saw you at the hospital. There, I had to watch Sterling Fuller take you away." He sounded a little envious. "If I could turn back time and return to that moment, I'd definitely step in and whisk you away as soon as I was able... before he could, anyway."

Deirdre was tongue-tied. Luckily, Mrs. Engel became an unwitting hero by coming out of the kitchen, declaring, "Dinner's ready!"

She jostled his hand away. "We should eat." "Mm-hmm."

Deirdre kept mulling over her decision after dinner until, finally, she made up her mind. "I'm going to return to the police station tomorrow," she told Brendan. "They're probably looking for me, too. Then, you can tell the board of directors that there's no secret relationship between the two of us and ask them to give you one more chance. It's important for you to wield actual power, you know? It's the only way to ensure your help. I don't mind any inconvenience that serves that end."

Brendan seemed to forgo responding to her idea. Instead, he asked, "You haven't had your injuries addressed yet today, right?"

Deirdre reeled in realization and looked away anxiously. "I, uh, haven't had the time, but-" "The doctor has sent over your medicines," he interjected, cutting Deirdre's excuse short.

She clenched her fists nervously and murmured, "But they're practically on their way to complete recovery! It's going to be fine even without rubbing medicines on them. Besides... it doesn't hurt anymore." "Then why were you breathing hard when I touched you this morning?" Brendan questioned as he stepped forward. He drew closer and closer to her, their faces almost touching, his gaze nailed unblinkingly at her thinned, supple lips.

"I... It was..." Deirdre gulped and tried to protest. "It wasn't because you accidentally touched my wound! It's because you were crushing me with your weight!" "But your injuries were still blue and black all over." "Okay, so we'll have Mrs. Engel-"

Brendan suddenly scooped her off her feet in his arms.

## Chapter 884 I Won't Let You Down

The sudden weightlessness bewildered Deirdre. She instinctively grabbed his collar as she grimaced in panic. She could feel him opening a door, and then, silently-she found herself gently plopping on the softness of her bed.

Her surroundings were too quiet, and she could hear her heart racing.

Helplessly, she cried out, "B-Brendan? B-Brendan!"

The man in question planted a gentle kiss on her forehead. "I'm here."

She withdrew her fingers into fists. "Please, don't..."

The nervous dread on her face annoyed him enough that he snorted.

Please don't? Really?"

Deirdre parted her lips, but Brendan continued before she could explain herself further. "I'm not an animal, Dee. I'm not going to take advantage of you when you're still injured. I'm only worried about you. Once I finish administering medicine on your injuries. I'll leave."

His movement was so gentle that Deirdre blanked and tacitly allowed him to do whatever he wanted to do.

As it turned out, Brendan did exactly what he said he would. He gently poured some ointment on her injuries and rubbed them carefully, his erstwhile cool hand strangely warm this time.

Deirdre gnashed her teeth and braved through the process, though she would occasionally frown when it hurt. Brendan always caught it the moment her brows furrowed slightly and tweaked his motion to become even more featherlight. When it was over, Brendan told her gravely, 'The people who did this to you have all been punished... severely. From now on, nobody's going to harm you ever again.' He was serious. It was no lie. Deirdre's mind blanked, and she said, "The most important thing at the moment, Brendan, is finding out whether my mother's alive. "It doesn't really matter if one of the prices I have to pay is this. I'm used to a life like that," she said under her breath. "What I want in the end is news of my mother, so don't throw yourself in danger for my sake. If you're in a bind, then it frustrates what I want."

Silence befell Brendan gradually. After a while, he asked, 'You're still worried about the company, aren't you?'

She nodded. "Exactly. I don't want you to act like an idiot for the sake of atoning for this or that because the best reparation you can ever give me is telling me, with certainty, if my mother's still alive. I don't want you to lose everything you have or become some image everyone out there spits on for some grandiose reasons like 'protecting me.' You're not some lowlife the board can just look down on. You're Brendan Brighthall! The man who's above us all!"

She had tried to frame her words to signal only tepid camaraderie at most, but Brendan could still detect genuine care and concern from her. His lips curled upward, and he pulled her into his arms.

"God, I'm so happy," he murmured. Deirdre was no longer the same woman who would detest him as though he was the plague.

Deirdre stiffened. Then, she frowned. "I wasn't joking, Brendan." "I know. You are worried about me and are hoping that this whole affair doesn't affect me," he replied. He cupped her chin and gazed into her with devotion reserved for a deity. "So, I won't let you down, either. Every move I made was carefully calculated."

There was a layer of subtext in his quiet boast.

Deirdre's mind blanked at the possibility. She raised her head and asked,

Calculated? What do you mean?"

Brendan said nothing. After gazing into her eyes for a moment, he let go of her. "You should rest. Good night."

Deirdre fell onto her back, but all she could think about was what he had said. He seemed prepared-even as the board was going to unanimously fire him, he did not seem worried at all. Could it be that he had already made his next move, or could it be...

Deirdre woke in the early morning. She hastily put on a coat and got downstairs. Mrs. Engel was busy in the kitchen.

Chapter 885 How Can You Tell It's Going to Be a Girl?

Deirdre took a seat on the couch and automatically turned on the TV. She surfed

several channels, and as expected, all of them were talking about the incident where Brendan took her from the hospital.

It was less of a splash and more of a tidal wave. Several members of the board of the Brighthall Group had released statements clarifying the distance between themselves and the man at the center of infamy. The Internet was even more heated.

Deirdre was certain she would be subjected to the full tapestry of Internet mob commentaries if she could see.

Brendan seemed to have become public enemy number one-and that fact sucked the light out of Deirdre's eyes.

Mrs. Engel hurried out of the kitchen. "Good morning, Miss McKinnon! I've made some herbal soup, so come on and give it a try. If you don't like it, I'll change the recipe-"

She faltered, freezing in her steps. Then, hesitantly, she said, "Uh, I suggest not listening to all of this nonsense, Miss McKinnon..."

Deirdre cast her eyes low. "Is it bad out there?"

Mrs. Engel sighed. For a moment, she was debating if she should tell the truth or lie.

"Well... While I was out on the market, I found people crowding at the gate of this neighborhood. Good thing security here is tight enough that not a single reporter can come in."

Deirdre felt a headache coming. She knew this was going to be very, very bad.

It was then that she heard a noise from above.

Brendan strode out of his bedroom in his sleeping robe and descended the stairs. He showed no reaction to the news as he sipped his coffee and sat next to her. "How are your injuries?"

Deirdre could not believe it. This was not the time to be concerned about her! His own company was going to kick him out!

"Did you even read the news, Brendan? Those board members are all trying to distance themselves from you even though it's your company! If this keeps up, the leader is going to be someone else!"

Brendan turned his eyes to her, happy. "What's this? Concern?"

Deirdre felt choked in her throat. How was he still in the mood for a tease!?

"I'm not concerned! I just don't want you to get dragged into the mud and... and ruin the investigation into my mother's whereabouts!"

Brendan flashed her a smile and swept a lock of her hair out of her face. "Don't worry. I know what I'm doing."

His devil-may-care placidity was confusing her.

Then, during their meal, Brendan kept receiving calls.

One of them came from a board member who tried to be tactful and gentle. "Brendan, as your senior, I'm telling you: don't destroy your future over a woman. There are plenty of mermaids in the sea, okay? Even if you're that obsessed with this one, you could at least wait until this whole thing fades away from public consciousness, right? We'll even help you bail her out of prison time, then! You don't have to be with her now!"

Brendan replied calmly, "If you're calling me just to give me advice I didn't solicit, Mr. Jensen, then maybe you should put all that extra effort into brainstorming ways to

clear our company from its soured reputation." "You brat!" Mr. Jensen thundered. "You



think you're some hot sh\*t who's going to get away with everything? You doomed yourself the moment you decided to cr\*p on your elders' advice, punk! Nobody's going to trust your brand even if you manage to get this company through this trial! Nobody! I've given you one last chance, and you blew even your future for a broad! If that's how myopic you are, then I'm not going to waste any more time with you!"

Mr. Jensen hung up at the height of his rage while Brendan set his phone down. Deirdre had heard the entire exchange. She frowned in consternation, but Brendan simply lifted her side profile with his fingertip and said, "Don't put on a long face. You got to smile more when you're pregnant. That way, our princess is going to look adorable!"

Deirdre wanted to rebuke him, but all she could manage to say was, "How do you know it's a girl? Did you check?"

#### Chapter 886 We'll Join The Event

"No, I did not. My only evidence is what I heard from my mom. She said when a woman's pregnant with a girl, their skin starts to glow and become smoother than ever. It's happening to you."

Deirdre instinctively rubbed her face and felt none of that. "You're making it up. I feel no difference!" "That's because you can't see it." Brendan teased her, smiling. "Or... maybe my eyes have the lover filter on."

Deirdre turned her attention back to her soup as the rest of her body erupted into flustered flame.

It was then that Sam rushed inside. Seeing the couple having their meal, he looked down and greeted them. "Good morning, Mr. Brighthall. Miss McKinnon."

Brendan took a sip of the soup. "What?" "Those old farts in the company are hosting an event tonight. They're going to promote Desmond Griffin as the acting CEO!" Sam answered, gritting his teeth.

"Oh, is that so?" Brendan's eyes darkened. "They're moving fast." "H\*ll, I bet they planned this to happen! I'm sure they would have with or without the hospital incident!"

"Alright, then." Brendan rubbed his hand with a napkin slowly. "Dee? Suit up."

Deirdre was perplexed. "Uh, what?" "You're coming with me to the event."

Her mind blanked. She snapped out of her trance and rejected him immediately. "Are you out of your mind!?"

He was going to bring a murder suspect to the event!

"No. I'm not," Brendan answered placidly. "Everything that is happening is because of us, right? We're the main characters. We deserve to show up in an event we helped make." "But the police!"

He rose and clapped her on the shoulder. "They won't be bothering you anymore."

It was 3:00 p.m. when the stylists came. Their arrival showed Deirdre that Brendan was being serious.

They brought a lot of gowns with them, too. In the end, Deirdre chose a turquoise gown with hem draping across the carpet. Putting it on made her look elegant and graceful, and her skin as radiant and soft as fresh snow.

The cosmetic artist used only a little makeup to make Deirdre look sprier, yet the effect shocked all of them. She was so impossibly gorgeous that the artist had to praise her. "You are so insanely beautiful, Miss McKinnon! No wonder Mr. Brighthall's

head-over-heels with you. Even I'm going to have a crush on you with beauty like that!"

Deirdre's eyebrows were perfectly arched. Her features were delicate. Her widow's peaks made her elegance and mystique shine. Her damaged eyes were milky, yet all it did was imbue her with the vulnerable air of a mysterious but beautiful waif.

Everyone would look at her and feel the compulsion to protect her!

Deirdre simply reacted with a simple smile. Stylists were notorious for heaping compliments aimed at their clients' hearts, after all. But most of her attention was elsewhere.

She could not understand Brendan. She could see why he would want to crash the event-they were throwing one in his absence, and so he attended it out of bitter wrath. But why bring her along?

Could it be because he was just that proud of a man? He hated it when someone defied him, so he deliberately brought a murder suspect with him so he could wreck their event as hard as he could? Maximizing their humiliation? i

Deirdre felt as if she was onto something.

Brendan changed into a suit tailored for his frame. When he got out, the stylists cooed and crooned, yet all he was seeing was the woman in front of the mirror. He could not move his eyes away from her.

Deirdre could feel his burning gaze and thinned her lips.

He stepped forward, lowered his head, and kissed the back of her hand. It was an act of submission.

## Chapter 887 Call It More

Brendan was willingly humbling himself to appreciate the gorgeously aesthetic woman.

"Beautiful, very beautiful."

The stylist behind them covered her mouth in shock. Although it wasn't her first time seeing such an act, she couldn't believe that Brendan was doing it. After all, Brendan was the ruler of Neve. Even though he was somewhat restricted because of scandals, he was supposed to be superior, but he was so loving toward this lady.

If it wasn't for the privacy of her guests, she would have taken photos and sent them to the group chat.

Feeling uneasy, Deirdre withdrew her hand. "Are you sure? I'm not only a nobody. I'm also a suspect. Those board members will be rude if you take me to the banquet." "It'll be good for me if they show rude behavior."

As expected, Brendan wanted her to enrage those people.

Though feeling helpless, Deirdre didn't say a word and got in the car along with Brendan.

Upon arriving at the company's parking lot, Brendan warned Deirdre while they were getting out of the car, "Follow me closely so that you won't get lost because you can't see well."

Deirdre nodded gently. Following that, she felt Brendan's approaching arm, which grabbed her hand.

When they were passing through the main entrance, they were stopped by a security guard. "Hold on. You'll have to show me the invitation letter to enter."

The next moment when the security guard managed to identify Brendan and Deirdre, who was currently in the middle of a controversy, he was so stunned that his mouth was wide open.

"M-Mr. Brighthall? What brings you here?" He broke out in a cold sweat.

"Huh? Can't I come when my company is holding a banquet?" replied Brendan calmly and composedly.

"No, Mr. Brighthall, I didn't mean that. But today..." Troubled, the security guard suggested, "Can you please wait here for a moment while I go in and report-"

Before the security guard could even finish saying the word "report", Deirdre chimed in. "Report? Who are you reporting to? Isn't the company still under Bren's power? Do you think that letting us enter today can lead to any changes like a change of the owner?"

"As a security guard, you should be capable of discerning right from wrong and know the company's real owner. For you to stop us from entering today, you will be the first to be dismissed when Bren regains his position later.

"On the other hand, if you let us in today, the board members will be displeased, but they won't investigate anyone. Do make sure you think this through."

Deirdre explained the pros and cons of the situation and waited for the security guard to weigh his options.

As expected, the security guard stepped aside and respectfully said, "Mr. Brighthall, please proceed..."

Surprised, Brendan turned to Deirdre, who looked gentle under the soft light. He could barely imagine that she had such a silver tongue.

After they had entered, Brendan couldn't help but ask, "Bren?"

He was referring to the name Deirdre had just called him.

Deirdre was embarrassed and explained, "Don't get the wrong idea. We're in the same boat, so I want to make our relationship appear a bit more intimate." "What idea am I getting wrong?" Pleased, Brendan added, "I'm so happy I can hardly contain it that you call me Bren."

Brendan whispered, leaning close to Deirdre's ear, "Deirdre, call me that more in the future."

Following that, Brendan led Deirdre toward the hall while Deirdre felt her heart was inexplicably pounding fast, and her ears were burning hot.

The moment they stepped into the hall, all the conversations stopped abruptly.

If Deirdre could see their faces, she believed everyone's smiles should have faded instantaneously.

Some must be looking surprised, while others were shocked.

Desmond, who many company executives surrounded, suddenly looked very ugly.

Brendan's grand appearance was like the arrival of the master as if he was shaming Desmond.

## Chapter 888 The Infamous Criminal

Many people were surprised because Brendan had not been invited to the banquet! Striding over, Desmond asked, "Brendan B right hall! Don't you care about a woman, even if it means sacrificing the company's future? Why are you here today?"

After Brendan took the champagne from the waiter, he replied, "I just heard that the

company is holding an internal banquet, yet I was not informed. I thought you were too happy that you forgot to invite me. So, I'm here just to congratulate you."

"Congratulate?" Desmond's shrewd eyes were full of distrust. "Given your reputation in public, not shaming the company is already the biggest congratulation you can offer. You are not welcome at this banquet! We gave you a chance, but you didn't know when to back off!" "Shaming?" Smiling, Brendan raised his glass. "Speaking of shaming, it seems that your acts were no better than mine in the past." "Bren, I heard five years ago about a man named Desmond Griffin, who called two women into his room, and his wife caught him in the act. Is he the same person?" asked Deirdre with hesitation.

Brendan took Deirdre in his arms. "You have a good memory indeed. I didn't expect you to remember something from five years ago. You're right. At that time, Desmond was still very perky, but it's a pity..."

The crowd sighed at what Brendan had stated. The infidelity scandal had become so severe that Desmond had had to leave the Brighthall Group immediately and return only after the effects of the case had subsided. But he also acted very low-profile as a result.

If not for many board members supporting Desmond's rise, many employees in the company probably wouldn't have much impression of him.

Desmond looked ugly. A board member paced toward Brendan and said, "Brendan, don't twist the facts. How can you compare Griffin's affair with what you did? Don't forget that protecting a suspect is equivalent to you committing a crime!" "Yes!" others echoed. "The mistake Mr. Griffin made didn't put the company in jeopardy. Whoever cares only about women is not qualified to lead the Brighthall Group!"

Desmond's face gradually turned normal. Following that, he took another glance at Deirdre, frowned abruptly, and reprimanded coldly, "Brendan Brighthall! What's your intention in bringing a criminal to the company's banquet?" "What? A criminal?" "Is that woman a criminal?"

The reprimand led to a commotion, and those people finally looked at Deirdre's face, which was so beautiful that it was difficult for them to associate her with the one who pushed someone down the balcony.

They began discussing among themselves. "What does Mr. Brighthall want to do by bringing a criminal here with him? If the police were to find out, would the company be affected?" "What an immature man to treat the company as a toy just for the sake of a woman..."

Desmond sneered. "Brendan, I don't know your intention in bringing this woman. I don't mind you joining in as a shareholder, but this criminal must leave!"

Even though Brendan's eyes were icy cold, he kept smiling. "I think you should be more careful with your words. Who is the criminal?" "Do you mean you refuse to admit it?" said Desmond furiously.

"Why should I admit that when it is not the fact? You said Deirdre is a criminal, but why can she be here and not in prison? What do you think of the police?"

Desmond snorted. "Don't apply your tricks on me. Everyone knows that she is a criminal. You just resorted to tricks to bring her out."

Chapter 889 Brendan was Hopeless

Brendan remained silent.

Deirdre smiled and replied, "Mr. Griffin, I didn't know that you knew so much. Do you think power can override the law? It seems like you've done this kind of thing a lot before, using your power to settle certain matters?"

Feeling a pang, Desmond shouted, "Shut up!" "Who are you telling to shut up?" retorted Brendan as his smile faded.

Desmond was at a loss for words.

At that moment, Deirdre hooked her arm around Brendan's and said, "Let it go, Bren. It's understandable that Mr. Griffin is upset when his thoughts have been exposed.

Don't forget that we're only here to congratulate Mr. Griffin today. I believe he's openminded enough not to care about the two of us talking, right?"

Deirdre's words put Desmond in a position whereby he would be seen as a petty man if he were to be enraged.

Clenching his fists, Desmond recalled something and held back. "Do as you please! I don't have time to cater to you!"

Desmond turned and walked away, followed by several board members.

The rest also scattered. It was as if Desmond had already established himself as the new CEO while Brendan was merely a failed shareholder.

Deirdre frowned and asked, "Isn't the Brighthall Group part of the Brighthalls? Why is Desmond daring to provoke you like this?" "The Brighthalls indeed found the Brighthall Group, but my mother doesn't have much real power in the group. Moreover, my father gave the shares my mother had given him to outsiders." "Outsiders?"

Brendan's gaze grew cold, and he didn't intend to dwell further on the question. "Are you hungry?"

Deirdre knew he didn't want to continue with the topic, so she nodded. "A little." "I'll take you to get something to eat."

Brendan naturally took Deirdre's hand and led her to another side.

Meanwhile, Desmond secretly called over one of the board members and demanded, "Call the police and tell them there's a suspect here. Have them come and arrest her!"

The board member was taken aback. "Mr. Griffin, isn't that too much?" "What's wrong with that? Do you want this matter to be known to the public?" "It's an internal banquet today, and everyone here is smart enough not to let the news leak out. If we call the police, we won't be able to proceed with the banquet..." replied the board member with hesitation.

"Since Brendan is here, he doesn't want me to proceed with the banquet!" Desmond sneered. "If you are unwilling, you can't be the one in charge of this year's project with the Smiths..." "Alright, I got it." The board member nodded immediately.

Following that, the board member hurried out.

Desmond stared at Deirdre and Brendan in the corner, his eyes burning with ambition. The only outcome for those who stood in his way was defeat!

Initially, the company's top management and employees were somewhat wary of Brendan, who was still the CEO of the Brighthall Group a few days ago.

But after Desmond took the stage and spoke like the true person in power, and the former CEO was head over heels for a woman, many people instantly understood the situation-Brendan was truly hopeless.



A person who was completely enticed by women and didn't even consider fighting for his position was not qualified to lead the Brighthall Group toward a more glorious future.

When the group of people became clearer about the situation, their attitude toward Brendan became much more indifferent. The top management no longer came to talk to him, just passing by without even looking at him.

Deirdre felt inexplicably uncomfortable.

She couldn't believe that Brendan could become like this.

She was wondering what he thought about the condition.

Deirdre looked up as Brendan fed her another bite of dessert. Upon sensing something was amiss, Brendan asked, "What's wrong?" "I was just thinking... Are you feeling rather unbalanced inside? After all, they're all your employees, but in the end, they're all fawning over Desmond."

#### Chapter 890 Don't Give Up the Future for Woman

"Are you thinking about it on my behalf?" said Brendan with surprise.

Deirdre blushed at Brendan's words and replied only after a moment, "Apart from you thinking about something on my behalf and vice versa, is there nothing else? I just hope that you will be in a better situation. If you continue to act this way, Charlene may not want you anymore." "What about you? Do you want me?" asked Brendan.

Stunned, Deirdre shifted her focus away from Brendan and replied, "If even Charlene doesn't want you, how can you expect me to want you?" "But I'm capable, handsome, loyal, and ambitious. I've got lots of advantages as long as you are careful to discover them," said Brendan.

Deirdre ignored Brendan's bragging and continued to eat the snacks. She tasted some tasty ones and couldn't help but want more.

Subconsciously, she reached out to take more snacks from the plate, but it was empty.

Seeing it, Brendan said, "Do you like them? Wait a minute. I'll ask if there are more in the kitchen. Usually, they just put some on the plate, and the kitchen will have more stock."

Just then, a waiter passed by, and Brendan asked, "Do you have more of these snacks in the kitchen?"

The waiter glanced at the plate and couldn't say for sure, so he offered to check. He then turned to serve Desmond drinks because he saw Desmond's demand as his priority.

Perhaps he was just a waiter and was unaware that even if Brendan had stepped down from his position, Brendan still held 30% of the company's shares.

As soon as the waiter left, he disappeared.

In the meantime, Deirdre looked for other snacks to taste.

Brendan went to ask again after waiting a while, "Are there any more in the kitchen?"

The waiter was surprised and replied, "Oh, please wait a minute. I still have to serve other board members' drinks. I'm very busy."

Brendan had never been neglected before. Now, he could be served only after all the other board members.

Many executives nearby heard the waiter and looked at them with meaningful stares.

Besides, they felt somewhat satisfied even though the waiter was shortsighted. After all, Brendan had risked his reputation for a criminal and had plunged the company into a dangerous situation.

Deirdre was also stunned, not only because of the atmosphere but also because of the waiter's words.

Deirdre frowned, and before she could speak, Mr. Zimmer, who had just arrived, heard the waiter. He pointed at the waiter and asked, 'Who hired you? Who allowed you to speak to Mr. Brighthall like that? Even if he steps down from his position, he is still the company's decision-making shareholder. Who are you, just a waiter?'

Deirdre could remember Mr. Zimmer's voice. He was the one who had called Brendan and persuaded him to come back during the dinner.

Mr. Zimmer was straightforward, but he wouldn't say anything offensive.

Since Mr. Zimmer had voiced his opinion, many senior executives didn't dare to argue and made the waiter leave with his pay.

After the waiter left, Mr. Zimmer said with anger, 'I thought they were kidding when they told me that Mr. Brighthall is coming over today. It turns out to be true, and to see that you would end up like this... Yet, you are still able to enjoy the banquet supporting Mr. Griffin.' 'Mr. Zimmer, thank you for your concern,' replied Brendan calmly.

'Concern? Who is concerned about you? I just feel sorry for the talent. Madame Brighthall raised you not for you to give up a bright future because of a woman who made a mistake. If she knew-' 'If she knew, she would still support me.' Brendan chimed in.

Mr. Zimmer's mouth twitched.

Deirdre quickly grabbed Brendan's arm, who went on to say, 'In fact, it's my mother who told me to do this. She cares about Deirdre more than I do.'

#### Chapter 891 Police Swoop

Mr. Zimmer watched them for a long time. He wanted to say something but refrained from speaking forcefully.

'If you think your choice is right, you may go on, but it will be difficult for you to remove Desmond from his position when he holds it steadily. I'm with you.'

Upon saying that, he turned around and left.

Deirdre said, 'Mr. Zimmer has a good attitude but is exasperated by you.' 'I know.'

Brendan was calm and composed.

Deirdre asked, 'Do you regret helping me in the hospital? If you were to send someone to help, you would still be safe and sound and would be the Brighthall Group's ruler now.'

Brendan's gaze landed on Deirdre's face with a meaningful look on his face. 'My only regret is not helping you when I passed by the room the first time.'

He spoke in a sincere tone, and his gaze was deep.

Deirdre was at a loss for words, so she could only answer, 'You will regret it.' Then, she lowered her head to take a sip of her juice.

The party was peaceful. In fact, Deirdre was feeling tired when it was nearing the end.

Brendan told her, 'Just bear with it for a little more. There's going to be a grand show later, and you'll be a part of it.' 'What do you mean?'

Deirdre blurted, and before she could respond, the hall door was opened abruptly.

The security guard hastily said, 'The police are here!'

The crowd was clamorous upon hearing that.

"What?" "The police are here? We're having a party here and haven't done anything wrong. What are they doing here?" "Are you dumb or something? They're here to capture the criminal, of course!" "Miss McKinnon?"

In an instant, everyone's gazes were fixed on Deirdre and Brendan. Some were surprised, some were angry, and some were disgusted.

"This is a harboring crime! If word of a criminal found in the Brighthall Group's party spreads, who's going to trust our company anymore from now on?" "Mr. Brighthall has gone too far. He is dismissed from the board of directors due to his own fault, yet he is actually engaging in such a disgraceful act to seek revenge on the company!"

Desmond walked over in strides. "Brendan Brighthall! Look what you've done! You're doing this on purpose, right? You know that the party is held because I'll be taking over the company, so you brought Miss McKinnon to the party and got the police to storm the Brighthall Group!"

The crowd was furious. Someone said from the side, "Mr. Brighthall, is it worth doing this for a woman? You've actually implicated the company's future, and that is truly abominable!"

Brendan tasted the liquor in a calm and composed manner. "What's with the nerves, everyone? I didn't do anything to the party. If they really are here to capture someone, it doesn't seem to be related to me, right?" "Not related to you?" Desmond gnashed his teeth in rage and was inconsolable. "How dare you say that! Aren't the police here for your female companion? Everyone is well aware of her identity as a criminal!"

Brendan twirled the glass, and his gaze was ghastly and cold. "Mr. Griffin, my advice to you is to speak with evidence. Who is the criminal? Not even the law can convict Deirdre for her crime, yet you sound like you're superior to the law."

Desmond regarded Brendan as feigning his calmness. He grunted and said, "Speak with evidence? The police have surrounded the area outside the company, which is evidence! They're here for Miss McKinnon today so they can capture her, and that is the evidence!"

"Mr. Brighthall, I was planning on holding the CEO position temporarily out of respect for you earlier, but you've just assured me not to hand over the Brighthall Group to you ever after seeing your trick!"

"You have no consideration for the company's future when you bring Miss McKinnon to make trouble. In fact, you're trying to implicate the company as well. You don't deserve to be the future ruler of the Brighthall Group!"

## Chapter 892 Plead Guilty

"Don't deserve it, you say?"

Brendan clutched the glass and burst out in laughter upon hearing that, but his eyes had no joy. "It seems that you're not the one to determine if I deserve it, Mr. Griffin."

"Brendan! You're still unrepentant at this point!" One board member angrily pointed at Brendan and berated him, "How will the Brighthall Group be in a crisis if not because of you? Everyone is discussing how to handle the situation with great effort so we can support the Brighthall Group through the crisis, yet you've actually brought a criminal with you! You brought in the police as well! You're creating trouble for the Brighthall

Group and bringing dishonor to your family!" "He's right, Mr. Brighthall. You used to be outstanding and capable in the past. Even though you were young and reckless, the board of directors chose to tolerate you because we wanted the Brighthall Group to grow and expand. Yet, you disregarded the company because of a woman, and you've created such a big mess now!" said Mr. Church with a solemn expression. "You're such a disappointment."

Desmond sneered and said, "Mr. Brighthall, you still have a chance to bring your woman to plead guilty now. You still have time to get the woman to plead guilty to all the crimes and serve a sentence in prison. If that is the case, you will be returned to your position in the company sooner or later."

Mr. Church refuted, "Don't be so merciful, Mr. Griffin. Brendan can't be bothered about anything because of this woman. If he is fooling around with the company for this woman today, he will do it again in the future. You're the only person who can ensure the growth of the Brighthall Group." "That's right, that's right. Mr. Griffin, you can never yield the ruling position of the Brighthall Group. Brendan has already lost his right to compete with you."

The top-level personnel who were promoted and valued by Brendan were looking at him in disappointment at this very moment.

Everyone would seize the opportunity to attack a person when they lost their influence, let alone Brendan, whose demotion was witnessed by everyone. Those people immediately gathered around Desmond's side and confronted Brendan.

"Mr. Brighthall, you were at fault in this matter from the start, so there is still time for you to plead guilty to the police personally. It's your fault for bringing this woman here. Let alone ruining the party, the company will be in trouble if news of this incident spreads." "Quite a number of people are stirring up trouble at the company because of the incident, and we have already lost quite a few old associates... If this continues, it will not be beneficial for you. You should plead guilty to the police first and just bail Miss McKinnon out of jail with your capability when the situation has calmed down."

"He's right, Mr. Brighthall. Go and plead guilty first for everyone and the company."

The revolting voices echoed one after another. Even though they spoke softly, their tone was rigid. It was as if Brendan would commit a heinous crime if he chose not to follow their order.

Deirdre felt a shiver down her spine upon hearing that.

These people used to work under Brendan. His demeanor may be cold, but he would never treat them shabbily. In the end, they chose to oppose Brendan.

Was Brendan such an immature man in their perception?

Brendan's expression was cold, as usual. He only furrowed his eyebrows ever so slightly when he heard one of those people's remarks.

Soon afterward, he smoothed the crease of his sleeve and said, "Reagen, it was me who promoted you singlehandedly when you were just a storekeeper. I stood my ground at the time against the majority to stabilize your position, but you're treating me this way now?"

Reagan's expression changed while Desmond took a step forward and chuckled softly. "What do you mean by you promoting him singlehandedly? You're overcompensating, Mr. Brighthall. Frankly, Reagan is outstanding in his performance,

and you noticed his capability. What Reagan has now is the result of his hard work. If he isn't outstanding enough, what is the point of you promoting him?"

#### Chapter 893 Why Are You Capturing Mr. Griffin?

"Not to mention he puts his heart and soul into his work over the years, while you've only guided the people around you without bothering to provide him with a basic salary increment."

Desmond raised his chin high and laughed proudly while he was speaking." However, the first thing I'll do is to guide and support Reagan when I assume my new role, so he will be promoted to the position that he deserves!"

Reagan felt slightly guilty initially, but his gaze was tainted with determination and coldness when he looked at Brendan upon hearing the remark. He said to Desmond flatteringly, "Thank you, Mr. Griffin."

Desmond cracked a smile in pride. "It is what you deserve from the start, and I won't treat you poorly, of course."

Brendan's expression was indifferent, and his dark eyes were deep. He asked Reagan, "Is this the condition he offered you?"

Reagan's expression changed, and he cleared his throat. "I don't understand what you're implying, Mr. Brighthall. I understand Mr. Griffin's intention to consider the company. Is there an employee who doesn't wish to work for a capable and sagacious leader?"

"I feel that Mr. Griffin is definitely going to lead the company to become better and not be affected by a woman..."

Reagan did not finish his sentence, but the people around him could not help sniggering.

Deirdre clenched her fists tightly when she heard the mockery. 'Won't be affected by a woman in what way? You're not going to say that Mr. Griffin won't abandon the company for a woman, aren't you? If that is the case, I believe that you're right. After all, Mr. Griffin would abandon his loyal, abiding wife to fool around with a bunch of women. Women are nothing to Mr. Griffin.'

Desmond was furious upon hearing that and pointed at Deirdre while he said, "Miss McKinnon, you have no place to speak here!"

The next moment, his fingers were clenched tightly and forcefully bent backward. Brendan exerted strength to tighten his palm, and Desmond's face flushed and turned pale in pain.

"It will be best if you can mind your own hand and not point at people recklessly, Mr. Griffin. Otherwise, I won't show mercy when I teach you a lesson." 'You have lost your mind, Brendan!' "Mr. Brighthall, what are you doing? For a woman..."

Desmond pulled back his hand with all his might in pain and only managed to pull back after a few attempts. Yet, his expression was already unpleasant from the sharp pain, and he had no choice but to scrutinize the man before him.

"Brendan! How dare you attack me!? You're done! The police are here, and I'm going to make sure that they punish you for being an accomplice with multiple harboring crimes!"

Desmond felt humiliated. Meanwhile, the door of the hall was kicked open. A group of men in uniform entered the hall from the outside, and the spacious hall was filled with



an oppressive presence instantly.

"The police are here."

Desmond became proud and glared at Brendan. "You're doomed!"

Deirdre could not help feeling anxious. Even though she had no idea why the police did not attempt to capture her again, it was indisputable the police were there.

Brendan would most certainly be implicated if Deirdre was captured.

A police officer said, "Who called the police?"

Mr. Church immediately stepped forward and said, "I did!"

He pointed at Deirdre and said, "The criminal showed up at the company's internal event ostentatiously and caused panic. Capture her quickly! Also, there is Brendan Brighthall. He is guilty of harboring a criminal and has also injured someone!"

The police officer immediately walked over. Desmond was feeling extremely proud. Unexpectedly, in the next moment, his hands were in handcuffs.

A clamor broke out instantly.

Mr. Church was astounded. "Hold on! Sir! Are you capturing the wrong person? These two people are the guilty ones! One of them is a criminal, while the other is harboring a criminal. Why are you capturing Mr. Griffin!?"

#### Chapter 894 Charlene Dropped the Charge

"That's right!" Everyone assumed that the police officer was mistaken." These two people here are the offenders! One of them is Deirdre McKinnon, who pushed someone down the stairs, while the other... is the criminal's accomplice who harbors said criminal! It would be best to capture both of them! They have no affiliation with the people in the hall!"

The police officer furrowed his eyebrows and asked, while looking at Desmond in handcuffs, "Are you Desmond Griffin?"

Desmond hastily nodded. "Yes! I am!" "There's no mistake then. We're taking you precisely. Someone reported you for tax evasion. Not only that, but our other team found poison in your mistress' home. You're coming with us at once!"

The police took Desmond forcefully, and Mr. Church hastily stopped them. He pointed at Deirdre and asked, "How about her then? She is a criminal! Why aren't you taking her first?" "Criminal?" The police officer frowned. "Firstly, even if she is guilty, she will be charged with intentional assault at most because Charli McKinsey is still alive.

Secondly, Miss McKinsey has already dropped the charges. So, Miss McKinnon is no longer a criminal suspect, and she is not guilty."

The entire scene broke out in a clamor at the very moment the police officer's voice died away.

"What!? Charli has dropped the charges? Why? Didn't she report to the police that Miss McKinnon pushed her down the stairs?" "You're right. How is Miss McKinnon not guilty when there is a clear video clip as evidence?" "There must be a mistake!"

Deirdre was just as surprised as them. However, she hid her emotions in her heart soon enough but still felt astonished inside.

"Charlene has actually dropped the charges? Isn't she determined to get me sent to prison? In fact, she didn't mind infuriating Brendan by reporting the incident to the media in advance. However, why would she suddenly drop the charges out of nowhere now?" "No wonder... No wonder the police did nothing when Brendan took

me out of the hospital.'

She was no longer a criminal suspect, so the police had no jurisdiction over her anymore.

'Your information is too slow. We published all the information online this afternoon, so you may look it up yourself. Take him.'

The police took Desmond and turned around to leave. The hall felt empty instantly. On the other hand, everyone felt surprised in their hearts, but they were also panicstricken. Some people pulled out their phones eagerly to bring up their search pages and read the proceedings of the incident and Charlene's apology video.

## Chapter 895 The Arrest

Since it was a misunderstanding, the wind of change was blowing through the online community. The website was packed with users who were not only deleting their hateful comments but also posting their apologies.

The entry 'Brendan is a good man\*' received a high upvote.

At the same time, another entry was upvoted as well.

"What is the meaning of this entry 'Let's talk about the dirty deeds of the Brighthall Group's Desmond Griffin and his accomplices'?"

Mr. Church's expression changed drastically. He hastily clicked on the hashtag and discovered that the dirty deeds that Desmond, he, and a few others had committed had been exposed.

His knees buckled all at once, and he sat on the floor weakly. He glared at Brendan in despair.

"You madman! You took a bet on the Brighthall Group's future on purpose!"

Brendan loosened his tie and said coldly, "I learned that there were quite a few sneaky rats in the Brighthall Group when I was caught in a series of events, but I didn't expect that you used the company's resources without my knowledge when you used to keep a low profile. You diverted the company's resources to your own company and committed numerous filthy acts.

"I was planning on handling Desmond alone initially by using him to set an example. Yet, since you insist on being a part of this, I don't mind taking you out as well."

Mr. Church aged a few years instantly. His eyes were bloodshot, and he struggled to stand up. "Brendan... You won't get to be proud of yourself all the time!" "I won't get to be proud of myself all the time, but it's enough so long as you will never get to be proud of yourself."

Afterward, Mr. Church received a call that ordered him to leave, and the hall fell deathly silent.

"Reagan," Brendan said and looked at the man who was preparing to sneak away by his side. His gaze was ghastly cold when he said, "You're fired."

He would never allow himself to act sloppily.

Reagan's pupils constricted in fear, and he hastily bowed down to beg for mercy. "Mr. Brighthall! Mr. Brighthall! Don't fire me. I know I was wrong, and I promise I will not be disloyal anymore from now on! I have nowhere else to go if you fire me!"

He did not come from an influential family or have any impressive educational background. He would not hold a high position in any company if he sought employment elsewhere. Moreover, even if he were to hold a high position in some

company, he would not receive the current treatment.

Reagan was well aware of that, so he would lower himself at this very moment in the hope that Brendan would relent for the slightest bit and he could keep his job.

He did not expect that Brendan would just look at him calmly. Brendan was arrogant and cold, without any ounce of anger.

"Reagan, do you know why I refused to give you a salary increment all this time? I claimed that you are working hard for the company, but I know better than anyone else that your performance has been deteriorating.

You're far worse than you were three years ago, but I was still giving you chances to improve."

Afterward, Brendan did not comment further.

Deirdre understood that Brendan's silence was already the best treatment for Reagan. He had always been a perfectionist. If Brendan did not feel that Reagan was talented, he would have already punished Reagan mercilessly from the very moment Reagan's performance deteriorated.

On the other hand, Reagan was obstinate after receiving such preferential treatment, so he now had to face the consequences.

Reagan's eyes dimmed upon hearing that, and he dropped to his knees in despair.

Brendan glanced around him and asked, "Is there any more objection? If there's none, all the top-level personnel and board members are invited to a meeting in the boardroom at 8:00 a.m. tomorrow. Don't be late."

His remark insinuated that there would be a bloodbath in the Brighthall Group. No one dared to speak, while Brendan left holding Deirdre by her waist. Before they walked out of the hall, he saw Mr. Zimmer standing by himself as if he was observing from afar.

## Chapter 896 Why Is Charlene Helping Us?

Brendan smiled and approached him. "Uncle Zimmer."

Mr. Zimmer was stunned for a moment. He walked over and said, "Well done." "I was hoping that you wouldn't mind it, Uncle Zimmer. I had to hide from everyone before the situation came to an end." "Why would I mind?" Mr. Zimmer appeared to be in a daze for a moment. Soon afterward, he smiled and patted Brendan's shoulder. "You saw through Desmond and the others before me. I'm delighted you have a keen sense of people and can implement solid measures. It seems it is totally fine to hand over the company to you so I can set my mind at ease and retire..."

As he was speaking, he took a glance at Deirdre. "I'm sorry, Miss McKinnon."

Deirdre was surprised that a senior like him would lower himself to apologize to her.

She lowered her eyes and said, "You don't need to apologize, Mr. Zimmer. I remembered you helping me previously too." "No, that is not the same thing. At the time, I thought that you were... I treated you in a very poor manner indeed, and I've never regarded you as a decent, proper girl. I was too shallow-minded." Mr. Zimmer was ashamed of himself. "However, I can set my mind at ease with the current situation. Your mother's situation is justified as well... If there's nothing else, I shall make a move first."

Mr. Zimmer left in a rush.

Deirdre and Brendan walked outside together. She went from feeling weighed down

initially to surprisingly relaxed at this very moment.

She was having a hard time accepting that the situation would end in this manner. After taking a seat in the passenger seat, she asked, "Charlene... why is she helping us? It doesn't seem like her..."

Brendan helped to fasten her seatbelt, and his lips curled up beyond his notice. "I knew you couldn't stand it anymore, and you'd ask me."

In the ward, Charlene was caught by surprise when someone slapped her. The room was pitch black, and her eyes were reddened. She could not care about her leg injury when she repeatedly bowed to apologize. "I'm sorry, I'm sorry..."

The person could not be bothered by her piteous demeanor, kicking her until she toppled to the floor.

"You piece of sh\*t!"

Charlene bit her lower lip tightly while the man pulled her up by her hair." This is supposed to be a grand opportunity to take control of the Brighthall Group and get rid of Brendan. Yet, you just can't do anything right. You actually commissioned those people to attack Deirdre and create the opportunity for Brendan!" "It wasn't intentional! I didn't do that on purpose!" Charlene was crying from fear. "I thought that Brendan would be so distracted by the hectic situation that he wouldn't be paying attention to Deirdre!"

"I hate her too much, which is why I figured I'd use that method to seek revenge on her. But, I did not expect those people to be so bad at keeping a tight lid and confessing that I'm the culprit under torture!"

Tears streamed down Charlene's face. "If I didn't do as Brendan's order, he would expose the voice clip... I'm scared-"

The man gave her a tight slap with a ghastly expression.

He bent his fingers and pulled out long scratch marks on Charlene's face, her body shivering from the pain.

"Those are all dumb excuses!" The man calmed down with great effort and narrowed his eyes. "Now the problem is that Desmond is involved as well. From today onward, I will call the shots, and if you dare to defy me, I will decapitate you even before Brendan can do it himself!" "Don't ever forget who gave you a new life such that you can be with

Brendan safely. If I can give you a new life, I can give you death too!"

Charlene begged for mercy with all her might. "I... I understand! I won't do it again!"

Charlene clutched the collar of her top tightly with a sharp glint glistening in her eyes when she heard the sound of a door slamming echo in the room.

## Chapter 897 Trust That I Love You

Charlene was no fool because she knew how the rest of her life would be if Brendan was ruined.

Those people wanted to tarnish Brendan's reputation until his future was almost bleak. How could she marry Brendan if that were the case? Could she make peace with being a deadbeat's wife?

No, Charlene knew that she would have to rise up higher! She wanted to show everyone that she married an influential man with high authority and wanted everyone to submit to her.

"So, you're saying that you forced Charlene to work with you by putting on an act by using the voice recording as a threat?" Deirdre paused for a moment upon saying that. Then, she said softly, "So, I didn't get injured in vain. Charlene is so foolish she let someone have a hold upon her in this situation." "She isn't foolish. On the contrary, she is too smart. She is so smart that she is always leaving leeway for herself at all times."

Deirdre turned her head to the side even though she could not see the man's face clearly.

Soon afterward, she came to understand the situation and said, "You're saying that she did that on purpose?" "Smart girl." In fact, Brendan wanted to kiss Deirdre but refrained from doing so because he was driving. "Do you think Charlene wants to marry me just because she loves me? Perhaps, she does a little, yet she won't choose me without my identity."

"She is well aware that my reputation will worsen over time if the situation progresses further such that it will not be beneficial for her. As such, she chose to rush to our side. She is an egoist who will never put her route of retreat at too much risk."

Deirdre found Charlene's scheme to be surprising and was astonished by Brendan's foresight. He had already laid out a plan from the start, which was why he could stay calm and composed without caring about the situation's progress.

At that moment, Deirdre discovered she would constantly fall into Brendan's trap because he was truly intelligent... She would never willingly allow herself to walk into Charlene's trap if not because of Ophelia.

"Do you trust me now?" "What?" Deirdre recovered from her surprise, and in the next moment, her left hand was grabbed. A hand that was cold as usual yet slightly warm in the palm wrapped around her hand.

She was startled and wanted to pull away, but Brendan held her hand tighter.

"Brendan... drive carefully."

Brendan loosened his grip over her in the end, but he still asked again, "Do you trust me now?" "Trust you... how?" "Trust that I really do love you and that I like you very much. I don't have any feelings for Charlene. My body and heart are all yours."

He spoke in a serious tone and did not feel the slightest embarrassment when he said that. On the contrary, Deirdre was stunned for a moment. She recovered from her surprise and clenched her fists anxiously.

"I..."

How was she supposed to answer? Should she answer, "I know that you love me sincerely"?

It was fortunate that the car stopped. Deirdre raised her head and changed the topic of conversation by saying, "Have we arrived?" "Hmm, we're home."

There was a guest waiting in the house. The person approached smilingly and said, "It's been a long time, Miss McKinnon."

Deirdre's mind went blank upon hearing the voice. "Mr. King?" "Good to know that you still remember me, Miss McKinnon. My long trip from Eastgene to rush here is not in vain."

Brendan explained, "Declan had been manipulating the entry posts on the website when we were at the party. He helped us to put on a good show." "It turns out that Mr.



King helped. No wonder the plan was carried out so flawlessly.”  
Brendan was displeased. “I put in more than half of the work, though.”

#### Chapter 898 Jealous of Your Best Friend

Declan was amused. “Why are you being so childish? I’m not going to fight you on this. You can have all the credit. How have you been feeling recently, Miss McKinnon? Are you doing alright after enduring hardships in the detention center during your pregnancy?” “No. I have already fully recovered after resting in the hospital for a few days.”

Deirdre had mixed feelings toward Declan because he was an accomplice who had deceived her, but Declan had put his heart and soul into doing things for her other than this particular situation.

“Great then.” Declan smiled and said, “My trip is worth it.”

Deirdre could tell that Declan was leaving, judging from his tone. “Will you still be returning to Eastgene, Mr. King? Are you not going to stay for a few more days?” “I would like to stay for a few more days too because I’ve been thinking about your cooking constantly these days. However, I’m needed there. I’ll be back to gather with everyone when I’m done dealing with everything.”

Declan did not linger further. He took his luggage and left right away in the same manner he came.

Brendan sent him off while Deirdre got out of the shower and heard the door opening. Brendan walked over and hugged her, breathing heavily.

Deirdre shoved him once in embarrassment. “Go and take a shower first. You reek of alcohol.”

Brendan sniffed at himself and let go of Deirdre. He spoke in a tone tainted with grief. “You seem to care a lot about Declan, huh?” “What?” “He said that he is leaving today, but I could tell from the way you spoke that you wanted him to stay. You sounded like you couldn’t bear to part with him.”

Deirdre was stunned. She came to realize that Brendan was jealous and found it amusing all at once.

“Why is he jealous of Declan?” “He’s Declan King, and you’re overthinking.” “Yet, he is handsome, gentle, and caring.” Brendan insisted.

“That is true indeed,” Deirdre said softly.

Noticing that the ambiance was off, she immediately corrected herself by saying, “Even if he is handsome, I can’t see because I’m blind. As for gentleness and caring, he treats everyone in the same manner. Moreover, his caring personality is only on the surface because we’re friends. It’s not as real as your sincerity.”

Deirdre wished that she could hide upon saying that.

“It’s truly... absurd...” “Really?”

Brendan actually believed her. His eyebrows were raised in joy, but he refrained from smiling. However, his tone was filled with delight when he said, “You’re right that his caring personality is only on the surface.”

He spoke with feigned depth but was so emotional that he could not refrain from kissing Deirdre’s lips.

“You have a good eye, as usual.”

Deirdre discovered it was unusually easy to appease Brendan. He might have

regarded her words as sincere words from her heart.

"Hmm..." Deirdre felt uneasy, so she changed the topic of conversation and said, "Wasn't Declan very free when you were still Kyran? Why is he so busy now that he has to catch a red-eye flight? Can't he stay here for a night?"

Brendan's gaze dimmed substantially at the mention of this matter.

"He was waiting for the right time earlier. Now that the time is here, it's only natural for him to be busy. After all, he has been waiting for the time to come no less than ten years." "The right time?" Deirdre's heart was racing. "Are you talking about... the Kings?"

"Hmm." Brendan removed his tie slowly. "Big changes are coming to Eastgene. Perhaps we might visit Eastgene when we're done handling our affairs. A new ruler will lead the Kings."

Deirdre's mind went blank. "How about Glenna then?" "Glenna?"

Brendan furrowed his eyebrows. He could not remember within a short period of time when this person was suddenly mentioned.

#### Chapter 899 Are You Doing This Willingly

Afterward, he remembered the talkative woman who kept Deirdre company when he was still Kyran.

"Her? I believe she is still working at the same company. Why?"

Deirdre recovered from her surprise and said, "Nothing."

She was aware of Glenna's feelings for Declan. 'So, they didn't end up dating each other in the end, huh?'

However, it was also a good thing because they may not necessarily be good for each other.

After figuring things out, Deirdre sat on the bed and listened to the sound of water from the bathroom. She suddenly realized Brendan might want to sleep in the same room tonight.

Her fists tightened in anxiety. Deirdre felt nervous for no apparent reason, and the sound of water sounded louder.

She was not prepared to be with Brendan even if he loved her now... Her badlywounded heart could not withstand intense love anymore.

Yet, what would happen to her mother if she were to reject Brendan and displease him?

At the thought of this, Deirdre lowered her eyes and inhaled a deep breath as if she was mustering courage. She placed her hands on the buttons of her top and unbuttoned them one by one.

Brendan got out of the shower to find Deirdre lying on the bed and the messy pile of clothes on the floor. He was breathing heavily.

'Is she naked?'

At the thought of this, his mind went blank for a moment. Only Deirdre's face was exposed, and her face was blushing scarlet. He could not refrain from approaching her as if he was ignited by desires.

"You... The clothes..." Brendan's throat was parched. He almost lost control of himself as he smelled Deirdre's faint scent in the air.

Deirdre was jolted back to reality. She pursed her lips and changed the topic of

conversation by saying, "Are you done showering?" "Hmm." "Come and rest then." Brendan swallowed a gulp of saliva. When he went under the blanket, his breathing was ragged upon coming into contact with the woman, just as he had imagined. No man could exercise self-control at this very moment.

Meanwhile, Deirdre hugged him and said, "I know you have... urges. Please just be gentle."

All of a sudden, Brendan's surging emotions turned into coldness.

'She didn't say "I have urges" but said "you have urges".'

Brendan's body was warm, but his heart was turning cold quickly.

He looked at Deirdre's indifferent expression as if she was performing a mission.

"Deirdre, are you doing this willingly?" asked Brendan.

Deirdre was stunned for a moment. 'Willingly?'

She appeared to be caught in a daze and avoidant. Soon afterward, she clenched her fists tightly. "You don't need to mind how I feel about this. I'm supposed to do it for you, anyway."

Brendan did not move. He kept quiet for a moment before getting up and leaving.

There was no unwillingness to part from him. In fact, Deirdre could even hear Mrs. Engel's query. "Mr. Brighthall? Where are you going this late?"

Then, everything was calm.

Deirdre was expressionless. She sat up with great effort and got dressed subconsciously after feeling cold. She came to realize that Brendan was angry, yet she had no idea why he felt that way.

'Isn't this what he wants? I'm taking it upon myself to offer him. Why doesn't he want it? Does he think that this is cheap because it is offered to him?'

Deirdre could not figure it out. She lay back on the bed, shut her eyes, and fell asleep, perhaps due to being exhausted.

Deirdre went downstairs the next morning.

Mrs. Engel asked, "Mrs. Brighthall, did Mr. Brighthall receive an urgent call yesterday? Why did he leave so suddenly and not return for the whole night? It's the first time he is behaving this way."

## Chapter 900 Yield

'Out all night, huh?'

Deirdre was under the assumption that he was back but sleeping in the next room.

She said in frustration, "It's possible... that I slightly pissed him off..." "Angry with you, Mrs. Brighthall? That can't be possible." Mrs. Engel was astonished. "How can Mr. Brighthall possibly be angry with you when he loves you so much? Or... did something happen last night?"

Deirdre had a hard time finding the right words. She could not tell Mrs.

Engel that she had failed to seduce Brendan and that he found her cheap, right?

It would be humiliating.

"Nothing much... We got into a small quarrel, and Brendan was angry, so he left."

Mrs. Engel was curious. "Small quarrel? For real? Mr. Brighthall would actually be angry with you..."

She muttered to herself while she headed to the kitchen to serve breakfast.

Deirdre nibbled on the fork and thought, Til just apologize if nothing else works. I can't

just let this situation continue until more conflicts are triggered. If he isn't fond of me being spontaneous, I won't be spontaneous anymore from now on.'

Brendan returned from work at last in the afternoon. She stood up straight on the sofa upon hearing the commotion. She sensed the man walking into the living room and stopped momentarily before heading upstairs and shutting the study room's door soon afterward.

Mrs. Engel stuck out her head while she was dusting the vase and said softly to Deirdre, "Mr. Brighthall looks to be in a much better mood but still seems pretty awkward."

Deirdre nodded. She could tell.

Brendan would have already approached and sat with her if this was the past. Apparently, he still had pent-up anger because he headed to the study room without even greeting her.

Deirdre hesitated momentarily before getting up and asking, "Where is the coffee machine, Mrs. Engel?"

Mrs. Engel's eyes lit up. "Are you planning to make coffee for Mr. Brighthall, Mrs. Brighthall?" "Hmm..." She could not figure out any other way apart from that.

Mrs. Engel was overjoyed. 'This is how lovers should behave. A relationship will only last if the other lover appeases the angry lover.'

She immediately headed to the kitchen and set up the items.

Deirdre made a cup of coffee. She knew Brendan's preference because she frequently made coffee for him.

Mrs. Engel helped to carry the cup upstairs before passing it to Deirdre.

Deirdre stood at the study room's door to brace herself and knocked on the door.

"Come in."

Deirdre entered the room.

Brendan was rifling through the document in his hands and looked at the woman who showed up in the room for a brief moment before looking away quickly. However, he could not pay attention to reading the document anymore.

"I got you coffee."