

Resent Reject Regret by Aqua Summers

Chapter 907-920

Chapter 907 Hang On A Little Longer, Okay?

All Brendan cared about was the kid Deirdre bore him, right? So what would happen... if Charlene got pregnant too?

The young woman thought long and hard about it as she savored her risotto. When she was done, she got up and went for a bath as preparation.

Deirdre lay on her back alone and watched the sky turn darker and darker. Sleep came to her like a cascade, but a second after she drifted off, she heard soft noises coming from her balcony.

It sounded as if someone was opening her window. She pulled herself up with her palms, but before she could even see anything, the figure that entered her room through the balcony threw their arms around her and locked her in a suffocating embrace.

Deirdre froze. Shock gradually displaced her sleep. Then, softly, she urged, "Have you gone nuts?"

The first floor did not sound like much on paper, but it was still a considerable height to fall from. The fact that this unhinged man had decided to climb out of his window and into hers as if he would somehow be exempted from accidents was just... insane!

"But I'm starting to miss you already," Brendan replied, rubbing her hair with his cheek. "I rolled around my bed and still couldn't sleep, so I thought, huh, I should come to see you." "What happens if Charlene sees you like this?" Deirdre rebuffed nervously. "All that performance will be for nothing!" "That's not gonna happen. Don't worry." He laughed. "We sleep in separate rooms, remember? How is she going to tell?"

After all, the two lead players, had orchestrated what happened during dinner. Deirdre had agreed to it despite not knowing what Brendan's ulterior motive was, but it was fun to watch Charlene beaming smugly as if she was the winner instead of the unsuspecting fool.

"Did you miss me?" asked Brendan, his eyes blazing a little too strongly at the young woman's top half. Her loose collar from her shoulder down gave him ample window to admire, though his eyes ultimately glided down to her abdomen. He placed a hand on her abdomen. "What about our kid? Miss me yet?"

Deirdre did not even know what to answer. Amused, she replied, "Brendan, the child doesn't even kick yet."

Brendan leaned his head forward and pressed his ear against her skin. He listened for a moment and said, "Ah. The kid said it missed me and wants me to be around the two of you tonight."

Deirdre hardly had a chance to answer him. Swiftly, Brendan hooked Deirdre's body toward him. The young woman found herself lying on all fours atop his chest.

The entire room was filled with Deirdre's scent. As Brendan breathed it in, he closed his eyes. "Just hang on a little longer, Dee. I'll have Shea guarding you very soon.

That way, you'll be protected from whatever crap Charlene will throw your way." "It's okay." Deirdre perched on his chest, her eyes downcast. "I've been waiting for a

chance like this for so long. Having to wait slightly longer is not that difficult.” “Good to hear it.”

Their position was a little too awkward to Deirdre’s liking. She started to move, hoping to get down from him, when suddenly, she froze in midstruggle.

Brendan opened his eyes. “Why stop?”

Deirdre’s skin was boiling. She was frozen stiff.

Brendan gently pulled her to his side and kissed her ear. “Oh, that? Don’t worry. I’m not going to do anything to you tonight, especially since I don’t think you can handle it.”

Deirdre cast her eyes down, speechless. Her sleep was completely gone, though.

“That’s all?” she asked despite herself.

Brendan shot her a meaningful glance. “Deirdre McKinnon, do you know what that could mean when you put it that way?”

She stiffened before a wave of flustering warmth washed over her. “Wait! What I meant was-”

Brendan pressed his finger on her trembling lips and stopped her from explaining. “I know, Dee. I know,” he said, his eyes gentle. “Come on. Time to sleep.”

Deirdre took a deep breath and closed her eyes. It was initially difficult, but as she breathed in his scent, she grew drowsy and even fell asleep.

It was then that a series of soft but perceptible rapping sounds on the door startled Deirdre.

Chapter 908 Ruining Others’ Rest

Deirdre opened her eyes from the noise and froze.

Brendan, too, heard it, but neither of them moved. Someone was knocking, not on Deirdre’s room but Brendan’s. It did not take a genius to know who this notmysterious-knocker could be, given the timing at late night.

A while later, the confirmation came unprompted. “Bren? Bren! Are you asleep already?” Charlene urged.

“Now what?” Deirdre asked in an undertone. Brendan was in her room! If Charlene continued to knock, she would soon realize no one was inside.” God, you shouldn’t have come here!” “It’s going to be fine,” Brendan replied calmly before beckoning Deirdre to lean close.

Charlene went on knocking for a while despite nobody answering, and she started to grumble to herself. Brendan was famous for being a light sleeper, and he did not usually sleep this early in the night. Even if he did manage to fall asleep, all that noise she made should have woken him! Thus, why was there neither sound nor anyone answering the door?

She wanted to give up-especially when the night was this freezing. And yet, part of her was just too defiant to quit. She ended up adding even more force to her knocks.

The door opened-not Brendan’s but Deirdre’s.

Deirdre strode out and stared at Charlene with a look of smug contempt.” Gosh, Miss McKinney, what’s the urgency? People are trying to sleep at this hour! Even I had to get up to see who it was. Come on, disturbing people’s rest is something frowned upon by society, Miss McKinney. Surely you can do better than that!”

For a moment, surprise overcame Charlene’s features. Few things required as little

explanation as a woman knocking on the door of a man at an hour like this, after all. Her surprise only lasted for a moment, though, before her well-practiced smile resumed.

"Don't worry your pretty little head over it, Miss McKinnon. Of course, I have a reason to look for Brendan at this hour... though it'd be in your best interest not to know what it is." "Oh yeah?" Deirdre's expression darkened. "Now that just makes me even more curious. What is this secret thing I shouldn't know about?"

Charlene puffed up her breasts and walked past Deirdre's door, her hips swinging.

"It's obviously something you can't satisfy him," she remarked sweetly. "We're all grown-ups here, so you don't really need me to spell it out for you, right? Brendan always used you in the past because he was worried he might hurt me. But now that you're pregnant, someone has to fulfill his needs, right?"

She sniped a glance at Deirdre's room despite herself. It did not look like someone was hiding under her sheet...

But her gut instinct was telling her something was fishy. Deirdre's timing was too much of a coincidence. If her knocks managed to wake Deirdre, then how could they not put a dent in Brendan's sleep?

Deirdre leaned against the frame of her door coolly. She cast her eyes down on the floor for two seconds before suddenly looking up at her, muttering, "I see. That sounds rough, Miss McKinney. Sorry for all the trouble my pregnancy has somehow inadvertently caused you. But at least I know why you were suddenly invited to stay in my house..."

Charlene was so furious her face turned ashen. Did Deirdre just insinuate she was nothing more than a prostitute!?

Her first reaction was to fire fiery curses, but she willed herself to calm down and smile coldly. "Is hurling personal attacks all you're capable of, Miss McKinnon? I guess so. You don't even seem capable of maintaining his loyalty despite bearing him an heir! Tragic details like these make it hard for me to see you as a legitimate rival."

Suddenly, Brendan's door opened. Charlene immediately turned.

His hair was matted. He was wearing a bathrobe barring his well-defined muscles.

One could still see droplets of water glistening off his skin.

He must have just emerged from a shower.

Brendan shot an apathetic look at Deirdre before setting his attention on

Charlene's getup, causing the latter to put on her best coy pretense. She had put on the most seductive nightwear she could find-she was sure no straight male could resist it.

"I'm sorry, were you showering, Brendan?"

Chapter 909 Winning Brendan Back, Bit by Bit

Brendan pinched the bridge of his nose as if he was trying to fight back fatigue. "I accidentally took a nap during my bath. What's the matter?" "Oh, it was nothing,"

Charlene smiled. "I was just enjoying a chat with Miss McKinnon." "A chat?" snarled

Deirdre, clearly not in the mood to play along. "I'm not in the mood to engage in brainrotting chatter in the middle of the freezing night. Miss McKinney, though, spent a good few minutes knocking on your door until everyone in the house woke up!"

She turned on her heels and slammed her door shut.

Brendan turned his attention back to Charlene. His face was markedly devoid of rage, impatience, or any emotion. Still, his attention lingered on her body for a far longer time than he usually did.

"Aren't you cold?" he finally remarked.

Of course Charlene was cold-her getup was scant by design! She did not expect Brendan to take his bath this late into the night either. But since he put it that way... Charlene would not let this perfect excuse pass now, would she?

She pretended to shiver and leaned close to Brendan. "God, now that you mention it... I'm quite cold, Bren." She cooed coyly. "I'm going to need some of that warmth in your room."

To her greatest joy, Brendan did not push her away. He even looked like he was considering her proposal!

In the end, though, he shoved her away. "Deirdre's room is next door, and she's pregnant with my child."

Charlene raised her head and noticed the frown of a man who was trying to control his urge.

Yes! He was definitely feeling it! The only reason he was not acting on it was that Deirdre was next door. Damn it, that b*tch always had to get in their way...

Still, it also meant that if the two of them were somewhere Deirdre could not hear, Brendan would have her leap into his lap already!

"Oh, I get it. But I also know that people have needs. It must be so, so hard for you, right? If you're worried about Miss McKinnon overhearing us, we could always go out?" she asked tentatively.

Brendan did not reject her at all. He seemed to even quietly agree. "We'll see."

With that, he closed the door.

Charlene was overjoyed. Sure, "we'll see" sounded like a non-answer someone would give when they were disinterested, but it did still mean Brendan was not as loyal to Deirdre as Charlene had previously thought.

All she needed were openings like these. She would win him back, bit by bit. Brendan's change of attitude toward her enraptured Charlene so much she could not sleep until it was past midnight!

Then, the next day, when she descended the stairs to the living room, a new woman had joined the house. She spotted a bob cut and a very erect posture, her arms visibly bulky and her body well-trained. There was not a single saggy muscle hanging from her bone.

One look was enough. Charlene knew this must be one of the elite fighters from the organization-and the thought startled her.

Brendan had actually appointed someone from the organization to become Deirdre's security detail.

Most members of the organization were taken in as youths. Three candidates-and sometimes even fewer than that-were selected from a pool of thousands who practiced martial arts and combat skills. Those who were chosen could even work as personal bodyguards in the private sector.

Charlene's jealousy flared, but she suddenly remembered the more practical reason Brendan could have made such an appointment: he was worried about his child's safety.

Besides, once she married him, she would become the mistress of the organization. Those elites would all be hers to command!

At that thought, Charlene descended the stairs languidly, pleased. "It's hard not to be jealous of the treatment you get, Miss McKinnon! You have a bodyguard despite being homebound," she gibed. "I'm beginning to wonder if the kid in there is made out of gold to warrant protection like that.

Though I kinda wonder... who is the person the bodyguard's supposed to keep an eye on?"

Deirdre did not even look up from her breakfast. "Me, of course. Miss McKinney's too talented in pissing people off, so Brendan must be worried that you'll piss me off again and cause me to push you off the floors again. And this time, I might even make sure you come out of it disabled."

Chapter 910 A Full-Body Check Up

Charlene was strangely not irritated at all. She rebutted Deirdre with a cheery smile, "I'll just take Miss McKinnon's ornery behavior as good old venting and move on."

Her mood was blazingly sunny. She took up a seat at the side and took her fill of breakfast, spirited, when there was suddenly a series of commotion outside. 1

To Charlene's surprise, Madame Brighthall strutted inside with Brendan at her tail. She rose. "Bren, it's early! Why are you here?"

Brendan shot her a warning glance.

Madame Brighthall strode inside hurriedly straight toward Deirdre. She picked up the young woman's hand and examined it, remarking, "God, you've got bonier..."

A pang hit Madame Brighthall. "God, that detainment center is just a hotbed for inhumane practices! How could the people working there not try to help? Especially since you're pregnant!"

A wave of emotions washed over Deirdre. She knew Madame Brighthall's concern and care for her were genuine. "It's okay, Madame Brighthall. I didn't actually suffer that much since I only stayed there for a few days. In fact, the scale told me I've put on some weight." "Put on some weight!? Now you're just pulling my leg." Madame Brighthall sighed.

Charlene hated Deirdre for being the center of attention, so she butted into their conversation with a grin. "Don't worry, Aunt Brighthall! At least I'm here, right? I'll take good care of Miss McKinnon. That baby is Bren's kin, which makes it my kin, too."

Madame Brighthall's face fell. She turned around and tossed an ugly glare at her. "Why in the Lord's name are you here? Who invited you?"

Charlene feigned hurt. "It's Bren's house, right? So, of course, I'd be here."

Madame Brighthall was just about to launch a rejoinder when Brendan suddenly spoke. "Enough! If we stall any longer, there isn't gonna be enough time." "Where are we going?" Charlene asked hurriedly.

Brendan shot her a look. "Deirdre needs a full-body examination and a pregnancy check-up. After all the furor this whole thing has caused and how dirty and messy the detainment center was, what happens if the kid comes out unhealthy? What then?" He stopped, but the implication was easy to see.

Deirdre froze.

Madame Brighthall quickly came in to salvage the situation. "Don't listen to him! We're

just worried about you and want to see if you're okay after all the things you've gone through. You can also choose not to go! It's your call." "Fine." Deirdre seemed unperturbed. "It's almost time for a pregnancy check-up anyway."

Deirdre rose, and Madame Brighthall instantly held her hand and led her outside.

A thought crossed Charlene's mind, and she hooked her arm with Brendan's. "Bring me along, Bren!"

Brendan cast an aside glance. "Why?"

She laughed. "Because I care for Miss McKinnon too, of course! Besides, if the media caught the two of you going to the hospital, it might turn into another scandal again, right? All of that won't happen if I am there to salvage the narrative though..."

Brendan actually seemed convinced. He did not reject her tagging along at all.

The two of them hurried to the car. Madame Brighthall rolled down the window with a scowl on her face, but Charlene stepped forward, and preemptively declared, "I need to get a check-up too, Aunt Brighthall. See, my leg injury isn't exactly all healed yet."

Mentioning her injury only served to deepen Madame Brighthall's scowl. She sniped a glance at her son, saw the indifferent face he made, and mulled over how difficult it was to interject. Ultimately, all she could do was turn away with an icy glower and roll the window back up.

Charlene was incensed by Madame Brighthall's reaction, so she feigned hurt again.

"Is it me, or does your mom don't seem to like me very much? That's so... upsetting.

I've always been very nice to her! Someone must be driving a wedge between the two of us, and now she misunderstands me."

Brendan pulled his arm out of her lock. "If it is just a misunderstanding, just look for a chance to explain yourself."

He opened the car door and sat inside while Charlene made her way to the passenger's seat.

The journey was a stuffy, silent one.

Chapter 911 I'll Do All I Can So You Can Leave

Charlene was feeling a little smug, though. She was the one in the passenger seat!

That meant something about her status in Brendan's heart.

Being the city's elite family, they were allowed to skip the queue and go straight to the check-ups. As Deirdre lay on the examination bed, Charlene suddenly asked, "Do we know the sex of the baby yet, doctor?"

The doctor was personally against answering questions like sex and gender before the baby was born, but his client was the Brighthalls. He would not dare to defy them.

"It's a girl. You'll be seeing a sweet little princess soon," she answered as skillfully as she could.

Charlene stole a look at Brendan's reaction. His eyebrows were furrowed.

His eyes were as dark and unlit as the abyss. It was as if the answer displeased him...

She curled the corner of her lips and feigned shock. "A girl? That can't be right. Are you sure?" "As sure as ever be."

Charlene gave an implicative "Oh!" while Madame Brighthall seethed. What was the point of a question like that?

"I happen to like a granddaughter rather than a grandson. These old bones can't deal with little boys and their antics," Madame Brighthall comforted as she held Deirdre's

hand. 'Thank you, Dee. Us Brighthalls could not ask for a better new member.'

Deirdre nodded. Brendan suddenly rose. "I'm going out for a smoke."

Just like that, he left. He did not even stay until the check-up was over.

Charlene made a production of looking confused. "Huh? What's wrong with Bren? Is a baby girl not good enough for him? I mean, I can kinda see his point. He needs an heir for the family, right? And I guess he's old-schooled enough to want it to be male. But don't worry, Miss McKinnon. I'm sure he'll listen to reason, especially when I'm on it!"

For a consolation, Charlene sure sounded like she was pouring salt all over fresh wounds.

Incensed, Madame Brighthall waited until Charlene was gone and clapped the back of Deirdre's hand. "Dee, listen to me. This kid belongs to you so long as you will it. If you're thinking of leaving, I promise I'll do all I can to help you."

She just could not see Deirdre suffer injustice anymore.

Deirdre froze. She was a little shocked. 'You'd... help me?'

Madame Brighthall nodded. "Brendan has lost his marbles. He's lost all sense of judgment, but most importantly, he doesn't deserve you. I cannot, in my good conscience, watch both you or the child suffer under his insanity. So, if you want to run away, I'll help you!" 'The last time you helped me fake my death to escape, Brendan held a grudge against you for so long. If you do it again... He's going to hate you forever, Madame Brighthall. Aren't you worried about that?'

The older woman shook her head, her expression ashen. "I no longer care, Dee. I'd rather suffer the cost of being hated than live in regret for the rest of my life. God knows you deserve better than to be locked under Brendan's tyranny! Besides, I'm sure that after he learns who Charlene really is, he'll come around to understand why I did what I did."

Deirdre went silent, feeling conflicted. Madame Brighthall would let her only son hate her if it meant Deirdre would no longer suffer. She would do all that despite the fact that she could rightfully ignore Deirdre's plight.

She was so moved that she almost told the older woman the truth.

But she stopped herself. 'Thank you, Madame Brighthall. Truly,' she said instead, flashing her a bright, sincere grin. 'The lengths you'll go to for me... it warms my heart. But don't worry. Brendan said he'll let me go after the baby's birth, so I can leave without costing your relationship with your only son.'

"Is that... so?" Madame Brighthall found it hard to believe, but Deirdre's confidence made her swallow her skepticism. "Ah, well. If you've decided, then come to my house. I may be the child's grandmother, but I'll do all I can to help you escape."

Chapter 912 Girls Are Useless

After the examination was over, Deirdre and Madame Brighthall exited the consultation room, only for the latter to see Brendan leaning against the wall nearby with Charlene snaking her arm around his.

In the past, Brendan would have immediately taken his arm right out of hers. The fact that she could hold onto him for so long was a statement Madame Brighthall could not ignore-and the cue for her expression to immediately darken as she led Deirdre out of the way.

Brendan and Charlene followed them closely. When Madame Brighthall and Deirdre were about to get into the man's car, Brendan suddenly said, "You and Deirdre will be going home in Sam's car. Where I'm heading isn't in the mansion's direction."

Sam appeared and opened the backseat door.

Madame Brighthall's hand froze in mid-action. Her ire finally flared. "Dee has just finished her examination, Brendan! Where are you going if you're not going to stay at home with her?" "I have work to do," he replied flatly. "It was just a pregnancy checkup. What's the big idea?"

Madame Brighthall glowered. "Why you-" "Aunt Brighthall, a word, please!" Charlene emerged from behind Brendan with a grin plastered on her face. "See, everyone else not getting Bren's situation? Understandable. But you're his mother. You should know just how busy he is! He's sacrificed enough of his time just to accompany Miss McKinnon for her check-up. It's more than enough proof that he cares. And since there was clearly nothing biggie, he's more than allowed to go. Don't you think so, Miss McKinnon?"

The ball was deliberately passed back to her court again. Deirdre did not even blink. "Don't care."

She disappeared into the car, sulking.

Madame Brighthall quickly followed. Then, Sam drove the car away.

Charlene wrapped her hands around Brendan's arms, her eyes gleaming with glee.

"Bren, are you upset because it's going to be a baby girl?"

Brendan pulled his arm away from her and lit a cigarette. Before she got into his car, Charlene heard him muttering under his breath, "Tsk. Girls are useless."

He made no attempt to hide his disdain at all. Charlene suddenly realized why Brendan had been giving Deirdre so much preferential treatment-it was because he thought she was bearing him an heir. He wanted a future patriarch.

Her lips twisted into a smile as she yanked open the car door and got into the passenger's seat.

Brendan's mood seemed to have taken a big hit. He drove them to a bar and started drinking while Charlene kept him company.

Madame Brighthall called in at one time. Brendan answered it, and she sounded frantic. "Where on Earth are you? It's late, and you're not even home yet! Dee isn't feeling well right now, you hear me? She hasn't had any appetite at all, so do something about that, for crying out loud. Show some concern, at least!"

Brendan held the glass in the air, his black eyes reflecting the dazzles of lights overhead. The rest of his face, though, was stoic. "What, you think she's going to suddenly eat something because I 'showed some concern'? Please."

Madame Brighthall did not expect her son to defy her like that. "How could you even say such a thing!? She's... She's going through all of this because she's pregnant with your child, Brendan! If you have anything other than a heart of stone, you'll come back here and care for her! Besides, isn't it obvious why she's not eating? It's because you abandoned her midway through the check-up!"

Frustration began to weigh on Brendan's eyebrows, causing them to crease. "It's just a baby girl. You're twisting yourself into a knot over a baby girl." 1

He hung up immediately and chucked his phone to the coffee table, fed up.

He binged. Instead of trying to stop him, Charlene encouraged him by ordering

another bottle.

His head was spinning after he finished the last drop, so he closed his eyes and fell into a slumber.

Charlene sidled up close and leaned toward him. "Bren? Yoo-hoo? Are you there?" He did not stir, though his frown remained. For some reason, it only made him appear even more handsome. Charlene's heart raced as she asked once more, "Should we go home, Bren?"

No answer. Suddenly, his phone rang on the coffee table.

Chapter 913 It Happened

Charlene wanted to ignore it, but a glance at the screen made her change her mind. Deirdre's voice came as soon as she answered it, murmuring, "When are you coming home, Brendan? I... I'm having some difficulty breathing.

Please take me to a hospital." 1

Breathing difficulty?

Charlene snickered to herself. God, what a pathetic excuse this b*tch had cooked up. Deirdre acted as though she did not care, yet quietly proved that she was hoping she could win Brendan's heart through her kid anyway. What a wh*re.

"It hurts to burst your bubble. Miss McKinnon, but it's me. Bren's not in a state to answer your call, I'm afraid."

There was silence from the other side. Then, Deirdre spoke coldly. "Why isn't he answering me? What's he doing next to you?" "Well..." Charlene gave a chuckle worth more than a thousand words. "Do you really want me to spell it out, Miss McKinnon?" "Where is Brendan!?" Deirdre's voice was shaking. "I want him to talk to me! Now!" Charlene hung up the call and felt exhilarated. After all those times of being second place to Deirdre, she finally had her chance. She ogled at Brendan, who was still unconscious beside her, with a look of scheming glee.

She offered a sum of cash to a staff member at the bar. "Help me move Mr. Brighthall upstairs, please."

The bar conveniently offered lodging upstairs. As soon as the staff placed him there, Charlene began removing her clothes excitedly. When she was bare naked, she moved on to remove Brendan's.

He frowned and groggily woke up a little.

Charlene's heart stopped.

"The light's stinging me!" he grumbled. "Turn it off." "Of course! Right away!" She chirped, getting back to her feet and turning to the light switch by the door.

The dark enveloped them like a shroud. She excitedly strutted back to the bed and touched the man on the bed. There was a strange scent in the air tonight-a fragrance that somehow lit a fire all over her body.

She kissed him. Or rather, she drank him like a hungry beast.

And then everything was a blur.

Charlene woke the next morning with a headache. When she remembered what happened last night, though, she could not stop herself from smiling. She turned to her side and drank the view of the man illuminated by sunlight. His features were golden.

Even as he slept, he looked distant and aloof-a distance between him and the rest of

the mortals. It did nothing to stop Charlene, though. She was in love with that face of his.

She leaned her head on his shoulder, and the man woke. He lifted his head with his hand, his fingers covering his forehead.

“Hangover, Bren?” Charlene immediately pressed herself close to his side.

It was only then that he noticed her... and her disarrayed shirt. He froze.

Charlene was candid. “You were drunk, Bren, so yes. It happened. If it bothers you, I have no problem pretending it never happened.”

He leaped out of his bed and picked up his clothes. “Why would it bother me? We’re adults. These things are bound to happen.” “But Miss McKinnon?” “I don’t want to hear her name!” he snapped and entered the bathroom.

Charlene’s smile deepened as she caressed her belly. ‘Don’t fail me now.’

Brendan’s phone rang. Charlene glanced at the number and answered it.

It was Mrs. Engel. “Mr. Brighthall, when are you coming back? Mrs. Brighthall hasn’t been feeling well since last night. She’s now in the hospital in the city center, and if you’re nearby, please pay her a visit, okay? It will... Well, do wonders to her mood.”

Chapter 914 Will You Marry Me?

She meant Neve Hospital? Charlene pried the curtains open, revealing the building right opposite the bar they had been staying in. What a coincidence!

How could she possibly let up the chance to screw Deirdre even harder?

She hung up the call and decided to text: [I’m on the first floor of Nyx’s Pub. Had too much last night. I’m having a stomach upset. If there’s any relief medicine, please bring some for me. I think it’s time we talk.]

After ensuring the address was right, Charlene sent their location to Mrs. Engel’s number and deleted all of Brendan’s conversation history and text messages.

Then, she dropped his phone back where it was.

She looked out of the window and watched Mrs. Engel and Deirdre coming out of the hospital.

Meanwhile, the door to the bathroom was unlocked. Brendan emerged from it, his black hair matted. He was wearing his shirt from yesterday and trying to smooth the accumulated wrinkles. He took his phone and was ready to leave.

“Bren?” Charlene watched him move and got out of bed, biting her lips. “You’re leaving?” “Of course.” He shot an unfathomable glance at her. “I have a meeting to attend later this morning. What is it?”

Charlene cast her eyes down sadly. “I... I gave a long, hard thought about what happened last night, and I was thinking... It can’t be good if I get pregnant and Miss McKinnon learns about it, right? Besides, you wouldn’t want me pregnant, either. So, maybe you should tell Sam to buy me some morning-after pills, and I’ll consume them right here, right now.”

Mentioning her possible pregnancy caused Brendan to sink into temporary silence.

When he finally answered, his tone was distinctively stoic. “We’re going to get married in the end, so what’s the problem? Your pregnancy has nothing to do with her. She can’t interfere with my life.” 1

The man’s apathy pleased her. The timing was almost nigh. Stepping forward, she asked coyly, “If I did get pregnant... would you marry me?” “Didn’t I already agree to

that?" Brendan replied. He yanked the door open and saw Mrs. Engel and Deirdre standing right there. Mrs. Engel's face was white as a sheet, hinting that she had heard the entirety of their conversation. Deirdre cast her gaze to the floor, but the way she clenched her fingers was enough sign that she was trying to control her emotions from breaking out.

Brendan froze and frowned. "Why are you two here?"

Mrs. Engel could not even find her voice for a good long beat. "M-Mr.

Brighthall, wasn't it you-" "Mrs. Engel! Miss McKinnon! Why are the two of you here?"

Charlene feigned shock and interjected. "Oh, please don't misunderstand this.

Brendan had a little too much last night, so I stuck around to care for him "Shut the h*ll up!" thundered Deirdre, raising her head to reveal a pair of reddened eyes. Her lips were trembling. She had to breathe hard a couple of times to finally calm herself down enough to glare at Brendan. "I called you last night. I told you I wasn't feeling good. I asked you to please get me to the hospital. Why didn't you!?" "Last... night?" Brendan, stunned, turned to Charlene.

The young woman looked a little anxious, but Brendan replied quickly enough, "I drank too much last night, that's why. Besides, you look fine right now." "Mr.

Brighthall!" Mrs. Engel could not believe her ears. Her heart was aching. "Mrs.

Brighthall hadn't been feeling well for an entire day yesterday. She couldn't even sleep well! We went to the hospital early this morning because of it, and this... This is what you've decided to say to her!?"

Deirdre's face was ashen, but it was precisely that sort of expression that galvanized Charlene into adding more fuel to the fire. "Come on, Mrs.

Engel! That's too harsh on Brendan, don't you think? He did drink too much last night, okay? I was here taking care of him because he was that drunk! Don't you think it's a little selfish to demand he cares for Miss McKinnon in that state!?"

Chapter 915 I Won't Be So Sure About Calling Me the "Other Woman" If I Were You

"How's drinking too much supposedly comparable to a pregnant woman's health issue!?" Mrs. Engel fumed. "And this is a matter between Mr. Brighthall and Mrs.

Brighthall! It's none of your business!" "Mrs. Engel, you forgot yourself," Brendan suddenly said, his voice dangerously low. "Don't make me hear this again."

Mrs. Engel froze. She was stunned.

Deirdre clenched her fingers so hard her nails turned white. She raised her head.

"What do you think we forgot about, huh? The 'fact' that we're supposed to be nothing more than a mute or a lowly servant in your eyes?"

Brendan's eyebrows furrowed. Charlene snickered. "Deirdre, you insolent, stupid b*tch. She thinks Brendan will let her go after talking back at him like that?"

Charlene predicted Brendan's reaction to a tee. A sheen of frost overcame Brendan's face as he coldly said, "I want you to be obedient and deliver my child without accident." "Ah, so you want me to be a mute and a servant altogether. You really think you can do anything you like because you're powerful, right? What goes around comes around, Brendan! Or do you believe you're above that, too?" "McKinnon!" snarled Brendan. "If you think everyone's going to suffer your petulance because you're pregnant, you're mistaken."

As Sam emerged from the elevator, Brendan took a deep breath and forced his voice

to calm back down to apathy. "Sam, bring Miss McKinnon back to the mansion. From now on, she's not to leave the house unless I explicitly say so, until my child is born!" With that, he left with a scowl frozen on his face.

Deirdre stood rooted to the floor. What Brendan had commanded was nothing short of a quarantine!

"Miss McKinnon, I don't know about you, but you should learn to read other people's faces better," remarked Charlene.

She had not followed Brendan when he left. Instead, she stood by the door, grinning.

"What you had was nothing special. You simply f*cked him at the right f*cking time to be impregnated with his child, and that caused him to temporarily care for you...

because he cared for his kin. But if you keep exhausting his patience at a speed like that, honey, he's not gonna wanna see you ever again. H*ll, he's not even gonna wanna see the kid when she is born!"

Mrs. Engel blanched. "My God, did you forget you were the man-stealing, mistressplaying witch when you said all that?"

Charlene was not offended at all. In fact, she smiled. "Here's something to blow your mind, then. The biggest loser in love isn't the 'man-stealing, mistress-playing witch' as you called it. It's the idiot who knew he had the other woman and yet was too helpless to stop him from slipping past her fingers until he never came back. Wouldn't you agree, Miss McKinnon?"

Deirdre left her hanging, but all manner of life and brio seemed to have been drained of her visage.

Charlene flashed the hickies on her neck proudly. "Oh... right. No point showing you what he left on me since you're blind," she intoned. "But, since I'm feeling generous about information, I'll let you in on some news. Bren's gonna marry me when his scandals are blown over. This is why I wouldn't be so sure about calling me the other woman if I were you!"

Finally, she strutted away, hips swinging.

Mrs. Engel was so livid her eyes were red with tears. Her regret bit her just as hard as her rage, too. "I'm so, so sorry, Mrs. Brighthall' I didn't know that ... sk*nk wrote that text to fool me into bringing you here! I... I shouldn't have dragged you here..."

She had wanted it to be a chance for Deirdre and Brendan to nurse their relationship back to health. She did not think it would escalate their conflict!

Contrary to Mrs. Engel's anxious frustration, Deirdre seemed to relax after Charlene left. "It's okay. Charlene schemed all of this. She would do whatever it took to make me know all about her victory even if you didn't believe her text, so it's not your fault. Come on. We should go home."

Deirdre locked herself in her room after they returned. Still contrite for unwittingly playing a role in furthering their schism, Mrs. Engel made the best food she could think of for her.

Surprisingly enough, Deirdre showed an amazing improvement in appetite. She ate them all.

Charlene returned from outside just in time to see Deirdre enjoying her meal. She could not resist mocking her. "Is this like, a superpower all expecting mothers possess, where they still have the appetite of a glutton even after experiencing

excruciating sadness? Or is this an ability you sort of pick up after being the main character of too many tragedies?"

Chapter 916 Take a Shower. You Stink.

Deirdre did not even blink. "Uh, thanks for pointing out the obvious, I guess? I mean, what am I supposed to do? Mope and not eat because a b* tch f*cked a jack*ss last night?"

Charlene sneered. "You're awfully calm despite the fact that I f*cked your man, Miss McKinnon. I guess all of your love martyr behaviors in the past were all for show, after all. Welp, that's actually good news for you. Since you're so good at sharing, I guess I'll allow Bren to continue his sexual relationship with you after we're married, if only so he has a guaranteed outlet and mate to play with when I'm busy."

Mrs. Engel was hardly the only one who reacted. Deirdre grimaced in disgust, too.

"Uh, no thanks. Unlike our Miss McKinney here, I'm not in the habit of putting a piece of chewed gum from the floor into my mouth."

Charlene immediately turned her sight outside. "Did you hear that, Bren? I was trying to be accommodating to her, but she called you..."

Brendan stepped into the room, and an overcast shadowed his visage. His black eyes were trained onto Deirdre on the couch like a hawk.

Mrs. Engel quickly stepped in to defend her. "Mr. Brighthall, Mrs. Brighthall was the one who started it-" "Don't, Mrs. Engel." Deirdre wiped her lips clean of food crumbs.

"I don't think I got it wrong at all."

Brendan narrowed his eyes as fury pooled around him. Then, suddenly, he laughed.

"No. You're not wrong at all. I hope you mean what you said and never come to me for help in the future. Wouldn't want a piece of chewed gum to sully you, would you?"

"No, I wouldn't. I would never even consider it, in fact."

She rose and left.

"Mrs. Brighthall, wait!"

Mrs. Engel was about to follow her when Brendan stopped the older woman in her tracks. "That's enough for you, Mrs. Engel. I need to give you a word on your attitude," he grumbled. "I'm going to marry Charlene very soon, so I hope you learn your place as soon as possible."

Mrs. Engel hung her head, but the rest of her stood tall. "Mr. Brighthall, I understand your concern, but you hired me to serve Miss McKinnon specifically. Once the baby's born, there will no longer be a need for me to stay in this household, is there? I'll resign then, I promise."

Brendan deadpanned. "A servant and her mistress, looking after each other. How touching."

Charlene flashed a smile brimming with faux gregariousness. She could not give a damn about what an old hag thought. "It's okay, Bren. It doesn't matter what she thinks. I'm going to be your wife anyway. I'm okay with Mrs. Engel doing whatever she feels like doing, especially since I don't want Miss McKinnon to be upset about me bullying her pet. She might just throw another round of insults at me over that!" "Let's see if she dares."

Brendan's mood, visibly soured, directed him to go straight to his study. When it was time for dinner, Charlene and Brendan were the only two people who sat around the

dining table. Deirdre was notably absent.

When dinner was over, Charlene bit her lips and gave a hint. "How about spending a night in my room tonight, Bren?"

There was no guarantee that she could get pregnant just from one night. She needed more- the more windows of opportunities, the higher the chances. The moment she bore him a son was the moment comfort and luxury would forever be in her grasp.

"No. Maybe next time. I'm tired."

Brendan seemed to have considered her proposal, at least. What made him reject her advance was that one glance at the room next to his own. It reminded Charlene-it did not matter if the baby was going to be a girl or a boy. Brendan simply could not make himself do it when Deirdre was within earshot. 1

But how was Charlene supposed to get pregnant like this? i

She decided against forcing Brendan and returned to her room glumly.

Deirdre overheard the commotion outside and turned on her side, ready to sleep. A while later, she heard sounds from the balcony.

A minute later, she felt her upper half being enveloped by the man's strong, all-encompassing embrace.

Her sensitive nose could pick up the stinging perfume lingering on Brendan's body.

Disgusted, she frowned and shoved him away. "Take a shower. You stink."

Brendan sniffed himself and realized what she meant. Without question, he marched into her bathroom obediently and took a thorough shower before emerging out of it.

Chapter 917 Do I Have to Lie to You?

Feeling refreshed after using the women's bath gel, Brendan held and embraced Deirdre in his arms. Seeking compliments, he asked, "Am I still smelly this time?"

"Yes," said Deirdre bluntly and stubbornly. "Please don't come into my room at this time. I don't want to handle the trouble when Charlene comes looking for you."

Upon sensing something, Brendan lifted Deirdre's chin with his fingertips, stared at her facial expression, and pondered. "Are you angry?" "It's just an act. Why should I be angry?" replied Deirdre rather embarrassedly.

"In that case, why am I feeling that you are as jealous as a cat?" Brendan chuckled.

"You have been overthinking. I just find it bothersome-" murmured Deirdre.

But before she could finish her words, Brendan's lips met hers. Their breaths were mixed up and messy. When they were done, Brendan said, "Deirdre, if only you could somewhat harden your heart." "What do you mean?" asked Deirdre, looking pale.

"Nothing has happened between Charlene and me," Brendan said instead of replying to Deirdre's question.

A hint of confusion flashed across Deirdre's eyes. She had been under the impression she was hiding her true feelings well, yet Brendan still noticed it.

In fact, she didn't care about who Brendan slept with, but she cared whether Brendan had done it with Charlene.

She thought Brendan couldn't easily fool Charlene because of the latter's shrewdness.

Nevertheless, even if she knew what Brendan was doing was to fool Charlene, she still felt nauseous.

"Brendan, don't you lie to me. Charlene isn't a fool. I can tell whether you two did it by

just listening to her and whether she feels guilty. Since the two of you are together, is there a need to lie? Or are you treating me as a fool?"

Deirdre hated being deceived and was getting angry. She pushed herself away from Brendan's embrace and stood up.

Brendan rose to his feet as well. His eyes were smiling as he explained, "Do you think I need to lie to you? Charlene truly thinks we did it, but that's only because she thought the person was me."

Deirdre was startled and contemplated Brendan's clarification.

"How could she not recognize the man she was with when she wasn't drunk?"

"Because something was burned in the room. Smelling it for a long time would make one thirsty and confused. After I had her turn off the lights, the person hidden under the bed switched places with me. Because of that, she couldn't find any evidence." i

Chapter 918 Discovered

Deirdre was stunned for a while, feeling touched.

Other than Madame Brighthall, Mrs. Engel was the only one who treated her well. Deirdre let Mrs. Engel in before she sat on the chair. As Deirdre smelled the aroma of the stuffed vegetables, she began to feel hungry and started nibbling.

Mrs. Engel couldn't stay idle and began cleaning. Suddenly, she saw a man's shirt, which had just been taken off in the bathroom.

Startled, she picked it up and saw that it was the one Brendan had been wearing earlier.

While eating, Deirdre didn't hear any sound from Mrs. Engel's movements.

Hence, she lifted her head and asked, "Mrs. Engel, what's wrong?"

Mrs. Engel came to her senses and tossed the shirt aside.

"Nothing. I'm just tired from cleaning and need to rest against the wardrobe for a while." Mrs. Engel changed the subject and asked, "Mrs. Brighthall, how's the taste of the stuffed vegetables this time?" "They are very delicious, just like the taste of my hometown," replied Deirdre, finishing her meal.

Mrs. Engel was pleased and said, "You finished the whole bowl! I'll make it for you again next time."

Deirdre nodded and smiled in reply, while Mrs. Engel couldn't help but take a glance at the wardrobe before she picked up the empty bowl and said, "Mrs. Brighthall, since you have finished the stuffed vegetables, I'll excuse myself to continue with my work downstairs." "Sure."

When Mrs. Engel left, Brendan eagerly emerged from the wardrobe, held, and kissed Deirdre's hand.

Deirdre was shocked and shoved him. "Are you crazy? What will we do if

Mrs. Engel hasn't left and heard us?"

Recalling Mrs. Engel's glance, Brendan glanced at his shirt on the floor and assured Deirdre while rubbing her thumb. "Don't worry. She has noticed us."

Deirdre was stunned.

Because Mrs. Engel had noticed them, Brendan became bolder, often going to the kitchen and embracing Deirdre's waist intimately when Deirdre was cooking.

Mrs. Engel had to remind them to behave by greeting Charlene loudly. "Oh, Miss McKinney, you are here!"

Only then would Brendan release Deidre and go out of the kitchen alone. Charlene didn't focus on Deidre at all because she was entirely focused on getting pregnant. She waited eagerly for two weeks at the hospital to check for pregnancy. However, despite her efforts, the result was unsuccessful.

Chapter 919 Drug Administration

The man didn't say anything while his subordinate rummaged through Charlene's bag and took out a pack of medicine with rudeness.

The man took it, checked it, and suddenly threw it on Charlene's face.

"So, this is what you meant when you said you've almost ruined their relationship! Then, why did you buy medicine? Don't tell me you must take the drug yourself just to get close to Brendan!"

Charlene's face turned pale, and she explained, "No... It's not like you've said. It's because Bren, I, and Deidre are living together. Bren is unwilling to do it when Deidre is around, so I-" "Can you guarantee that Brendan will take the drug and touch you?" "Yes, I can guarantee it!" Charlene immediately nodded.

Because Deidre was pregnant, Brendan had no other choice but her.

"Okay." The man sneered. "I'll give you another chance. If you can't get pregnant, I'll figure out another way for you."

The man sounded calm when he said he would figure out another way for Charlene, but Charlene felt a chill. She knew the other way he would figure out would be difficult. After leaving the room, Charlene felt uneasy.

Therefore, she was even more determined to capture Brendan's heart. As long as Brendan would protect her, she could rest assured and never have to endure such suffering again.

Back at the mansion, Charlene saw Deidre and Mrs. Engel sitting together on the sofa while Brendan was in the study alone.

Charlene pondered how she could make Brendan drink the drug without him noticing it. The only way she could think of was to pour it into Brendan's coffee.

Thinking of this, Charlene went into the kitchen and brewed a cup of coffee. Following that, she went to knock on the door of the study.

"Bren." "Come in."

Charlene pushed the door open and entered with a gentle smile. "You must be tired working alone in the study, so I made you a cup of coffee." "Thank you," said Brendan, not even lifting his head.

"My pleasure."

Charlene put the cup of coffee on the desk and didn't leave immediately. Instead, she went to Brendan's side and massaged his shoulders, reminding him, "Bren, your coffee will get cold if you don't drink it as soon as possible."

Brendan picked up the coffee cup. Charlene looked at Brendan drinking the coffee before she left with a smile. She then returned to her room, changed into a sexy outfit, and entered Brendan's room.

Unfortunately, Mrs. Engel witnessed the scene.

Mrs. Engel reminded Deidre, "Mrs. Brightall, did Miss McKinney go to the wrong room?"

Deidre was focusing on the news broadcast and didn't get Mrs. Engel. Thus, she

asked, "What's wrong?" "I just saw Miss McKinney entering Mr. Brighthall's room while wearing a camisole dress, but Mr. Brighthall is still in study..." 'Charlene wore a camisole dress and went into Brendan's room?'

Deirdre was stunned, wondering whether Charlene was trying to seduce Brendan deliberately.

However, wasn't Charlene afraid that Brendan would get angry? After all, Brendan disliked others intruding into his private room the most.

Deirdre felt that something was off. This didn't seem like something Charlene would do without thinking unless she was sure Brendan wouldn't get angry.

Thinking of this, Deirdre got up from the sofa and walked toward the study on the second floor.

The study door was not closed. As soon as she entered, she was pressed against the wall and was kissed passionately.

Brendan's breath was ragged as if he was looking for an outlet.

Deirdre was momentarily shocked before she returned to her senses and pushed Brendan away.

"Brendan Brighthall! What are you doing!?"

Eyes reddened, Brendan felt as if his whole body had been ignited, almost losing his sanity. It wasn't until he saw Deirdre clearly that he came to his senses and realized what he was about to do. 1 Deirdre was pregnant. Had he gone nuts to do it!?

Chapter 920 Deirdre as the Unwitting Beneficiary

Even though Brendan was panting heavily, he couldn't suppress his sexual desire at all.

Deirdre noticed something was off and asked, "Brendan, what's wrong?"

Brendan recalled that cup of coffee and furiously clenched his fists so tightly that his veins popped. "Charlene has drugged me." "What?" Deirdre was taken aback, unable to believe that Charlene was bold enough to drug Brendan without fear of consequences.

"What should we do? Should I call an ambulance and take you to the hospital?" "No, if I go to the hospital, Charlene will suspect something," refused Brendan while trying to maintain his last bit of sanity.

"What should we do then?" Deirdre was panicking. "The drug is so potent. If you don't go to the hospital, it may harm your health! Are you saying..."

Deirdre choked up. She couldn't help but shiver uncontrollably when she thought of the solution.

This was not the first time such a thing had happened. She could omit her own thoughts, but because she was pregnant, she couldn't put her child's life at stake.

But seeing Brendan in so much pain, she had no other choice.

Deirdre said hesitatingly, "What about-" "No way!"

Brendan immediately rejected the idea.

Brendan was frowning heavily, feeling like a wild beast was rampaging inside him. It was not a physical pain, so it made it even more unbearable.

"I can't control myself, but I absolutely can't do it!" Brendan pushed away Deirdre, who was too close to him. He knew he certainly would regret it for a lifetime if he hurt the child or Deirdre.

"So, am I supposed to just watch you suffer like this? There's no point in enduring this drug. Since it's so potent, it will definitely harm your body." For a brief moment, Deirdre was startled out of her thoughts, then gritted her teeth and said, "If you can't endure it, you should go back to your room. Charlene is waiting for you there." Brendan was momentarily stunned upon hearing that. He then glared at Deirdre with bloodshot eyes and mocked, "Are you trying to push me to Charlene?" "I don't mean to push you to... It's not a loss for you anyway," said Deirdre, trying to avoid Brendan's glare.

"Do you know what Charlene wants? She wants to have my child and rely on me for the rest of her life. Do you think that's okay?" Brendan said with disappointment growing in his heart.

Deirdre was at a loss for words. While struggling to support himself on the desk, Brendan coldly said, "Don't say such things ever again, Deirdre. You never know how hurtful they can be" "I'm sorry." Deirdre clenched her fists and felt embarrassed. She then asked, "What should we do now?"

Brendan took a deep breath and tried to take out his phone to call the family doctor to come over as soon as possible. He then opened the window and tried to clear his mind with the cold wind while alleviating his body's pain.

Meanwhile, Charlene had been lying on Brendan's bed for a long time. She had been imagining Brendan rushing into the room to wash with cold water and how excited he would be when he saw her.

But as time passed, she couldn't hear any movement outside the room.

Unconsciously, Charlene got up.

What was going on? Didn't the person selling the drug say that it was very effective and would take effect in a few minutes? Why had it been more than ten minutes, and Brendan still hadn't come?

Or was he unable to leave the study because he was in pain?

Upon thinking of that, Charlene quickly went out. Unfortunately, Mrs. Engel stopped her before she could reach the study. "Miss McKinney, it is inconvenient for you to go into the study now."

Charlene had already gotten near the study, so she heard Deirdre's voice, and her face suddenly changed when she thought that Deirdre had become the unwitting beneficiary due to her action.

She was immediately furious and rushed forward. "Get out of my way! Who do you think you are to stop me!?"