

## Resent Reject Regret

### Chapter 14 Their Child

He clenched his teeth and said, "Deirdre, I'll be back tomorrow."

In the end, Brendan left, getting into his car and driving away. Deirdre's knees buckled, and she fell on the lawn when she relaxed at last.

Sterling held her while she sobbed and said in despair, "I'm sorry, Sterling. Don't ask me anything. I just want to go home and calm down for a while. I'll tell you the truth when I'm ready."

"It's fine." Sterling wrapped his arms around her, his eyes filled with sympathy and pity. He was aware that Deirdre came with her own secrets. "What happened between you in the past is not important to me at all. It's fine with me as long as you're Deirdre."

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The next day, Deirdre did not go to the clinic, while Brendan was there as promised.

He stood at the door and looked at the clamorous children in the corridor, his gaze tainted with a tinge of affection.

If his child was amongst them, he believed that the child would be mischievous too.

At the thought of that, Brendan could not help looking inside, yet he could not see the figure that he was looking for. He furrowed his eyebrows and took the liberty to walk into Sterling's office.

Sterling was still consulting a patient, and his expression turned cold at the sight of Brendan. He suppressed his anger and explained to his patient their treatment before he scribbled a prescription.

After the patient left, Brendan asked, "Where is Deirdre? Where is she?"

"How dare you ask that!" Sterling clenched his fist tightly. "How could she have the courage to come to the clinic when you're here? Mr. Brighthall, I've looked into you and I know that you're the only successor of Brighthall Group. You can have whatever you want, right? Your relationship with Deirdre is already in the past, so why are you still bothering her?"

"I'm bothering her?" Brendan's expression turned icy abruptly. He was extremely displeased by the remark because it made him sound like he was going after Deirdre. He sneered and said, "You're overthinking. I wouldn't take an interest in a disfigured, blind woman no matter how desperate I was! I'm here to take my child!"

"What are you talking about?" Sterling furrowed his eyebrows. "Child? What child?"

Brendan caught Sterling off guard when he sniggered. "You're still trying to put on an act with Deirdre to trick me, huh? Deirdre was pregnant with my child two years ago and refused to get an abortion regardless. The child should be a little over a year old already based on my calculations."

"Two years ago?" Sterling was stunned for a moment. He furrowed his eyebrows deeply and said, "What kind of nonsense are you talking about? I encountered Deirdre a year ago in the fall. Her body was so weak that she could not even live a normal life, let alone have a baby. I spent close to a year healing her. If she was pregnant, how would I not know when I'm a doctor?"

'What?'

Brendan's pupils constricted, and he felt as if he had been stabbed in the chest.

'Was she not released from jail last fall? If Sterling is telling the truth, did Deirdre...

'No! That's absolutely impossible!'

Brendan denied the idea, as he refused to acknowledge that Deirdre had lost the child in prison. Otherwise, how could he be unaware of it?

"There was no child a year ago? Deirdre was still under my control a year ago. You're such a liar that you truly deserve to be with Deirdre!"

When Brendan was done mocking him, he turned around and walked out of the office. However, he could not help feeling shock and panic.

He clenched his teeth and looked up Deirdre's address before driving there right away.

He wanted to ask Deirdre in person!

He wanted to ask her if what that idiot Sterling had told him was the truth!

He wanted to find out if his child was really lost!

...

It was a sunny day, but the curtains were tightly shut, leaving the room pitch black.

It was autumn, so the weather was neither warm nor cold. Deirdre was curled up under the blanket, her face flushed scarlet from fever, her expression filled with agony, and her body trembling uncontrollably.

It felt as if Brendan had cursed her. She had returned home with a high fever after he had shown up yesterday.

Her head was spinning, and her body was feeling warm and cold now.

She had already lost track of time as she was curled up under the blanket.

She felt as if the world was spinning and she dreamt about her unborn child in a daze. It was a tiny child looking at her, his eyes glistening with sadness.

It felt as if the child was blaming her for not protecting him.

"I'm sorry... It's all my fault... It's my fault for not taking care of you... Please don't blame me, okay?"

Deirdre felt the urge to cry. Her eyes were tightly shut, but tears were streaming down her face.

She stretched out her arm in an attempt to touch the child's face, yet she could not feel anything.

He had died a year ago.

Deirdre, who was overwhelmed with sorrow, sobbed harder, her shoulders shaking.

Brendan could hear the woman's sorrowful sobs from the door.

He felt as if he had been stabbed in the chest.

His hand, which had been pushing the door, now began to tremble.