

Resent Reject Regret

Chapter 16 She's Trying to Run Away

Brendan punched a wall when Deirdre was sent to the hospital. He punched it so hard that he began bleeding from his knuckles, yet the anger in his heart was not vented.

'Run away? Why is she still trying to run away?

She wanted to entrap me with the child two years ago. She was so loving and unwilling to part with me at the time, so what changed?

'What the heck happened!'

"Brendan! Are you alright?" Charlene came rushing over and held his hand when she saw the blood on his knuckles. She instructed a nurse to bring over a bandaid. "You're not even concerned that your hand is bleeding. What's the matter?"

"I'm fine." Brendan pulled back his hand. "Why are you here?"

Charlene would never reveal that Steven had called to

notify her, of course. She made up an excuse and said, "My friend, who was having a checkup at the hospital, saw you and notified me."

She took a glance at Deirdre, who was receiving a transfusion in the ward. "Is that Ms. McKinnon ? What happened?"

Brendan was growing impatient because his anger was still not vented. Therefore, he said, "Something happened to her and I brought her here."

"How did you find Ms. McKinnon to bring her to the hospital?" Charlene did her best not to seem overly concerned but she was having trouble maintaining the smile on her face. "Did you two meet up in private?"

'Given Deidre's current state, any ordinary man would find the sight of her disgusting. Why is Brendan still paying attention to her?'

Brendan answered with a 'hmm' impatiently.

Charlene's eyes reddened and filled with tears ever so slightly. "Brendan, you've been spending less time with me since you met Ms. McKinnon, and now you're telling

me that you're meeting her in private. You don't even care that your hand is injured... Tell me, do you still have feelings for her?"

'Have feelings for her?'

Those four words made Brendan furrow his eyebrows abruptly, his dark pupils full of hatred. "How can that be possible!"

'I have multiple female suitors. Why would I have feelings for Deirdre? What a joke!'

"So you..."

"I'm only trying to discover the child's whereabouts," Brendan said. "He's mine, after all. I can't allow him to be out there, especially when Deirdre is in this state. I can't let the child endure hardships out in the world."

The child?'

Charlene pursed her lips. She knew very well that Deirdre had miscarried a long time ago.

"Also, Sterling actually told me that he encountered Deirdre last fall and that Deirdre was already disfigured

and blinded at the time." Brendan narrowed his eyes. "As I recall, that was when Deirdre was released from jail. Besides, she was released from jail completely unscathed, so how can she possibly be disfigured and blinded now? I would like an explanation!"

Charlene felt her heart sink and let out a forced chuckle.

Brendan , perhaps Sterling lied to you? Why would you take it so seriously?"

Brendan was convinced that it was a lie as well. 'Yet, how am I going to explain Deirdre's unusual behavior if Sterling is really lying to me?'

Meanwhile , Deirdre, who was receiving a transfusion in the ward, suddenly moved as if she had regained consciousness.

Brendan immediately stepped forward in preparation to open the door, while Charlene gasped in surprise, " Brendan, your hand is not dressed yet!"

"It's fine, I won't die," Brendan said. "It's getting late, you should go home. I'll go home too when this gets clarified."

Upon saying that, he took it upon himself to open and shut the door behind him, isolating Charlene.

Charlene was furious yet she remembered something and pulled out her phone to send a text message in a rush.

Brendan entered the room. Despite just regaining consciousness, Deirdre assumed a vigilant demeanor, backing away with all her might and failing to notice the backflow of blood in her intravenous tube.

Brendan was furious to see that Deirdre was scared of him.

Besides, it was not a fear born of admiration and affection. but the kind of fear that was ingrained deep into her . bones.