

Resent Reject Regret

Chapter 17 He's Dead, Just as You Wished

"Don't move! Do you want the entire back of your hand to swell up?" Brendan furrowed his eyebrows, took a step forward, and clutched her wrist.

Deirdre wanted to struggle free, but Brendan immediately said, "Don't blame me for doing something to you if you insist on moving!"

She was confused, as she had already lost everything she had.

'What else does he want from me when I already lost my face, the one that looked similar to Charlene's?'

Brendan clenched his fists tightly and said in a cold, mocking tone, "Deirdre, you should check your reflection in the mirror. Did you really think that I'd still want to bother you? I'm only doing this to find my child. I would like to meet him and introduce him to my family. I promise that I won't lay eyes on you even once from now on if you hand him over to me!"

"Find your child?" Deirdre felt her entire body shivering.

She remembered the countless days and nights that she had heard the child crying despite knowing that he had already turned into mush. He had died in prison, just like the past Deirdre!

'On the other hand, the culprit, the cause of everything, is shamelessly boasting about finding his child to introduce him to his family?'

'What a... joke!'

Deirdre burst into laughter frantically until her eyes teared up. Brendan furrowed his eyebrows tightly and pinched her chin. "Why are you laughing? Is it funny to you that I want to take back my child?"

Tears streamed down Deirdre's face. She felt grateful that her eyes were blind, as she would have been deeply disgusted had she been able to see his pretentious face.

"Brendan, you can just be frank if you want to torment me. There's no need to play tricks on me. Could you still have no idea where the child is?"

Brendan was stunned for a moment upon hearing Deirdre's question. He remembered Sterling's remark

earlier and felt his heart skip a beat. He said through clenched teeth, "What do you mean?"

"What do I mean?" Deirdre clutched the blanket and roared softly while she sobbed. "He's dead! He's dead, just as you wished! I didn't even manage to see what he looked like before he was gone! Are you pleased to know that, Brendan?"

Brendan was stunned so hard that he felt as if someone had thrown a wet blanket on him. He now understood the situation but he forced himself to sneer. "Dead? Deirdre, do you really think that I'll fall for your lowly lies? How can he possibly be dead! I will find him by myself even if you won't tell me where he is!"

After slamming the door on her, Brendan left faster than someone running for his life. He breathed heavily while he looked up Deirdre's information.

He attempted to trace back any information related to his child, yet there was none. The child had not shown up since Deirdre and Sterling had opened up the clinic in the slums close to a year ago.

He called up Steven and questioned him about Deirdre's

condition after she was released from prison. Steven paused for a moment before he said, "Sir, I'm certain that Ms. McKinnon's child was safe and sound when she left prison."

Steven kept quiet for a moment before he said boldly, "Sir, have you considered that the child might have been aborted by Ms. McKinnon afterward?"

"Nonsense!" Brendan's veins bulged behind his temples. "She would rather bow to me for the child. How could she possibly have terminated the pregnancy!"

"But Ms. McKinnon had already met Sterling at the time. The child was a burden to their relationship because no man would accept a child that is not his. Perhaps Ms. McKinnon was not counting on spending her life with you, so she..."

Brendan smashed his phone out of rage. "What? She killed my child to continue her relationship with Sterling? 'If that is the case, I will never let you off, Deirdre!"