

Resent Reject Regret

Chapter 2 You're Too Inferior to Bear Me A Child

Deirdre was stunned. Then, her eyes began to redden.

He had found out. He had found out even before he had given her that call. If he had known she was pregnant, why had he not called her out?! Because he had gotten a kick out of seeing that little glint of relief in her eyes twinkling before it died? Because he'd wanted to see that little shimmer of solace crumble in real time?

Deirdre bit her lip and willed herself to appear calm. She remembered how much Brendan detested seeing her cry. "B-Brendan? I swear—I swear to God—I'll be obedient and do whatever you ask me to. J-Just let me... Let me keep my child, okay? P-Please? I swear, it won't... it won't get in your hair. T-Then when Charlene wakes up, I promise I'll leave with my child. It'll vanish into thin air... as if it was never born."

It did not matter how much her voice was breaking. Brendan had a heart of stone. Instead of making him pity her, all she managed was to make a faint shade of mocking glee appear in his callous black eyes. "Oh, you must be joking. The only reason you even became Mrs. Brighthall—and have been enjoying all these f*cking luxuries and comfort that your pathetic self doesn't even deserve—is because you were fortunate enough to have that face. I may give you some leeway, but I've always made clear that the only one who would carry my child is Lena. You? You're inferior to me!"

'You're... inferior to me?'

His cruel words cut her like knives. This hurt her even more than if he had just swung his hand and slapped her across the cheeks.

Why did Brendan have to treat her this way?

It was getting harder to breathe...

Then, footsteps echoed from outside the living room. Deirdre lifted her head, feeling alert. Steven was here, just as Brendan had finally exhausted the last mote of his patience.

"I want it done quickly, Steven!" he barked out. "Take her to a private hospital where confidentiality will be assured. I don't want a word of this escaping to the general public!"

Deirdre's vision trembled as she jolted at the sheer agony of witnessing the father of her child... treat her baby like an animal meant to be slaughtered! "No! Noooooo! Please, Brendan!"

The man ignored her. He just shot Steven a look.

Deirdre's mind went blank, and her knees crashed to the floor. There was only one thing on her mind, roaring and clawing out of her throat as she shrieked, "No, Brendan! Noooooo!"

Please, please, please—let me keep this child, please! You can even give it up for adoption. Just let me... let me carry it to term!”

She knocked her head on the floor in uncontrollable histrionics, making her forehead bleed.

Brendan’s features twisted into a grimace of disgust. “God, you really don’t deserve to have her face. Lena would never bend even a single knee. You’re f*cking pathetic!”

A part of Deirdre wanted to laugh. Of course she would not—she would never need to. She was loved! Brendan loved her! The heir to the Brighthall Family himself was head-over-heels in love with her! She had been in a coma for years now, yet Brendan remained stalwart and loving.

Who was Deirdre compared to an angel like that?! She had always been Brendan’s cheap replacement. Her worth rested on the fact that she looked just like Charlene—so what else could she do other than grovel at his feet and beg?

“Let me keep the baby, please...”

“Never.”

His lips were that of an angel, but his words were as callous as an executioner’s. Brendan had gotten sick of arguing with Deirdre.

He turned to Steven. “What are you waiting for? Get her out of my sight and take her there! Stop wasting time by ogling!” he snarled.

Steven moved. He hooked his arm under Deirdre’s shoulder and began to trawl her across the floor.

“No! Nooooo! I don’t want to go!” she shrieked, fighting as ugly tears marred her face. “Brendan, pleaseeeee! How can you hate the baby? It’s your baby—you’re the father! It’s your flesh and blood!”

Brendan remained in his seat, unmoved and uncaring. He could not even spare her a brief look of pity. That thing was no child of his. It barely meant more than a stray dog to him.

Despair closed its arms around Deirdre as she fell on the floor with a crash. Jolts of pain flared across her skin from her abdomen, feeling almost like a cry from the little life inside her. The child was doing its best to prove that it was there.

Tears broke away from Deidre’s eyes and wet the floor.

Suddenly, a high-pitched ringing sound blared from the second floor and reverberated in the living room, stunning Deirdre.

Brendan shot toward the stairs before she could even break out of her trance. This alarm only rang when a change came over Charlene’s comatose body, so nothing was more important to him than this sound.

Steven tailed him immediately. Anyone who attended to the man long enough would know how much Charlene meant to Brendan—Deirdre could literally be dying on the floor, and Charlene would remain his priority.

Just like that, Deirdre suddenly found herself alone in the living room. She leaned against the door, balling herself into a fetal position to alleviate the pain in her abdomen.

“Hush, baby. Hush.” Beads of sweat ran down her ashen face, but a small, relieved smile managed to creep its way onto her lips. “You’re safe. Mommy will protect you.”

She would be brave enough to keep it safe from anything. Anything—even Brendan’s malice.