

## Resent Reject Regret

### Chapter 21 You'll Beg Me

Charlene dug her nails deep into her palm, her face going pale. "Bren!" she called out as she stepped forward. "The media is here! We have to go-now-before someone notices you here in the hospital and we have no idea how to explain it!

A storm of impatience and frustration pooled in Brendan's eyes. Why were the media here?

He turned to Deirdre sharply. "Come back to me. There's still time."

"No, thanks, Mr. Brighthall," Sterling parried pointedly. His back-his entire body, in fact-still hurt from the impact, but he would not compromise when it came to protecting Deirdre. He hugged her even more tightly.

He shot Brendan a steely glare, his eyes sharp as daggers. "You have no reason to trouble yourself, Mr. Brighthall. I'll take care of Dee just fine."

"Sterling Fuller! You son of a b\*tch! You think you're worth jacksh\*t to be able to defy me?!" Brendan

bellowed. He was livid.

Then, the media broke inside, getting stuck on the backdoor in a stampede. They wielded their camera sticks like javelins; and right here, right now, was the spiciest drama du jour: Brendan Brighthall and his ex-wife!

Charlene tugged at Brendan, holding the cuff of his sleeve as the man roared, "One last chance, Deirdre McKinnon! You leave with me now and I'll let you go back to the life you used to have!"

Despite his volume, he spoke with understated difficulty, as though he had made the biggest concession he ever had in his entire life. And yet, it only sounded like an insult to Deirdre's face. He was essentially saying, 'This is it, right? The only thing you could have possibly wanted?'

She shot him an empty glance before revulsion filled her eyes. She tugged on Sterling's shirt and looked away.

Brendan's pupils dilated. She... She would not even look

at him!

"B – Bren, we have to go!" Charlene pleaded again as she tugged on his shirt as hard as she could. "Maybe you

could afford to do this at Brighthall Group's expense, but what about me? The media ... They are all over us! What about my face?!"

She'd just had another plastic surgery!

Her plea finally snapped Brendan out of his single minded rage. He cast one last glare at Deirdre, despite the latter's blindness, and declared ominously, "You'll come begging for me, McKinnon."

He then left with Charlene in tow.

Despite being blind, Deirdre could feel the death-like chill in his eyes. She could hear his callousness. Cold sweat broke out on her spine, and she had more than enough first-hand experiences dealing with the depth of Brendan's deplorable schemes.

Her legs wobbled a little. What was he going to do this time? Hire another gang of thugs to torment her? Descend upon her even more vulnerable mother-the easier picking-like last time?!

Sterling could sense Deirdre's panic, so he hugged her even more closely. "It's alright, Dee. I'm with you."

Deirdre tugged on his sleeve hard until the worst of her dread ebbed away. She then took a deep breath. "He's not a man, Sterry. He's a monster."

"I know."

"But worst of all..." she added, her eyelashes quivering." He's my ex-husband."

She closed her eyes and opened her heart. The truth then poured out of her.

"...So he forced you to go to prison in Charlene's place!" Sterling growled through gritted teeth. He was shaking from fury. "That son of a-God knows calling him a . monster would be an understatement. He doesn't even deserve to live!"

He willed himself back into control. "Your face? Your eyes? What about them?"

Deirdre took a deep breath. "It was him too. He hired

people to do it... because he hates my guts. He hates me so much that he even made them remove my kid."

Sterling was stunned. Brendan's knowledge of Deirdre's

miscarriage had been the biggest mystery to him yet. The man's reaction back in the clinic, as well as Sterling's subsequent interaction with Brendan, painted the picture of a man who was none the wiser. But if he really was the one who had wanted Deirdre to lose her baby...

Then why had he been so genuinely surprised to hear that the baby had never made it?

Still, Sterling kept his doubts to himself. Patting her on the back, he replied reassuringly, “This adversity won’t last forever, Dee. And since the seat of his unchecked power is here, in Neve, we’ll just go somewhere else, away from his control.”

“Okay.”

Deirdre had made up her mind. She was going to run as far away as she could- to some place Brendan would never be able to find.

The next morning, Deirdre waited by the gate in the airport with her suitcase all packed. Sterling had promised her that they would leave together by 7 in the morning. She waited and waited, and yet even though it was almost 9-two hours from when they’d originally planned to depart—there was no sign of Sterling.

She was starting to get anxious. Nervously, she grazed the screen of her phone, her finger drawing closer and closer to her number pad. She was just about to call him when she heard a string of loud, high-heeled clicks approaching her.

Then, before she could even make sense of what was going on, she felt a sharp slap across her face. The wind it produced was chilling compared to the fiery sting.

Stunned, she balled up her hand before she heard the stranger snarl, “So you’re Deirdre McKinnon?”