

Resent Reject Regret

Chapter 23 Please Me

The man sounded impassioned, and yet Deirdre shivered. How could she not? She was terrified.

She took a deep breath and pushed the door open.

Brendan had been waiting, his legs perfectly overlapping atop one another, his eyes settling on Deirdre's suitcase before they turned stormy. His hands around the armrests tightened. "You even packed all your things !" He mocked her. "Lemme guess. Had nothing ruined your plan-say, had Sterling not gotten into the biggest trouble of his life — the two of you would have been on your way, merrily eloping!"

Deirdre instinctively stepped between him and her suitcase. She cast her eyes low and ignored his remark altogether. "Leave Sterry alone, okay?"

"Sterry?" The intimacy of that nickname made Brendan's ears bleed. He grazed the black diamond hooped over his ring finger and fidgeted with it slowly, almost as though to let out some of the fury burning in his eyes. "Why

should I? He challenged me, didn't he? Strutting around like some big damn white knight, wasn't he? I really thought he was a big deal, but oops! Turns out he's been just an unwanted bastard son all along. To think that is your idea of a reputable man! Ha!"

Insults rolled off his tongue with abandon. Deirdre bit her lip and fell on her knees, causing Brendan to narrow his eyes suddenly

"I know what you're after, Mr. Brighthall. I'll graze my knees and grovel if it means you'll leave him alone."

She did what she said she would.

Brendan clenched his hands. "Human dignity is wasted

on you."

"You're right. It is. I shouldn't have offended you. I'll do anything if it means you'll leave Sterry alone."

Had Deirdre not lost her sight, she would have borne witness to the inferno blazing out of Brendan right about now.

"Oh, anything? Anything at all, now?" He suddenly

laughed, spreading his legs wide as if he was ready for a good time, and sized her up mockingly. "Strip."

Deirdre froze. Brendan lit a cigarette, letting the smog surround them without caring if it suffocated her. He taunted her. "You said anything, didn't you? You would do f*cking anything for that Fuller bastard, so what's with this phony coyness about stripping, hmm?"

Humiliation. That was his purpose.

Deirdre's grip around her collar tightened. She had already known hell would await her in Brendan's office, but she had still underestimated the level of depravity he was willing to sink to just to humiliate her.

"What's the matter? Unwilling, are we?" He scoffed and leaned against the back of his chair nonchalantly. "Once upon a time, Deirdre, we were husband and wife. Do you remember that?"

"You have two options. Leave Sterling and return to me. Or... Strip for my amusement."

Return to him? Return to him for what? So she could be his b*tch and be at his beck and call again?

She might be undignified, but she still had a shred of self respect left in her!

Shaking, Deirdre closed her eyes and moved her hand to the first of her buttons.

One button after another, her dress began to unfurl.

Brendan's mocking smile froze before it began to waver. He looked like he was about to murder someone as he watched Deirdre remove her clothes and stomp them under her shoe.

"Deirdre McKinnon!" he bellowed. "How dare you?! Have you no f*cking shame?! You're no different from a cheap f*cking whore!"

She wanted to laugh at the absurdity of his fury. Of course she had no shame. She had nothing by this point.

"You happy?" she replied instead.

"Fantastic! Just f*cking fantastic!" Brendan was at the onset of his own hysterics. He crushed his cigarette with his palm, and even as the glowing ember seared his fingernail, his rage prevented him from feeling it at all.

No, I'm not satisfied yet. You're a whore, right? You managed to seduce him while looking like this, right? Then try and see if you can do the same now!"

He looked at her with the arrogance of a king ordering his concubine. "Please me!" he sneered.

Deirdre froze and raised her head in shock. She could not believe it. He would go to any lengths to humiliate her... even as far as to do this.