

Resent Reject Regret

Chapter 25 Who Dares Deny Me a Child?

The receptionist kindly escorted Deirdre to the front door. She thanked the former before adding , “Can you tell me where the closest pharmacy is?”

The receptionist was not sure why she needed one, but she gave her the required directions either way. With help from her walking stick, Deirdre made her way to the pharmacy and asked for some morning-after pills.

Despite how soft her voice was, it managed to attract some attention. A gang of teenage hoodlums made no attempt to hide their laughter , gibing, “Why would an ugly b*tch need morning-after pills?”

Deirdre ignored them and went out of the store. She wasted no time, downing the pill without even asking for a glass of water. Yes, her tormented body was hardly fertile anymore, but she would not take even a one-in-a thousand chance of bearing the Devil’s spawn.

The receptionist had not actually left. She stood at a distance and watched Deirdre discard the pill package,

feeling bewildered. After the woman left in a cab, she went to that exact garbage bin and perused its contents, making sure that was what she thought she had seen.

Oh my god. It really was a morning-after pill!

She was aghast. There was a long, long list of women who would do anything they could to bear Brendan a child – and yet this weirdo would rather abort that chance altogether!

The revelation was so wild to her that the receptionist could not help mentioning it to a close colleague when they met in the pantry. “That woman’s all scarred and ruined, right? But turns out she’s been riding a high horse this whole time! If I were the one having sex with Mr. Brighthall, you bet your *ss I’d be holding on to the baby 100%! Do you know what that scarred -face woman did instead? She went to the pharmacy and bought birth control pills! She’s really, really against bearing Mr. Brighthall’s seed, girl —”

“Who?! Who’s against bearing my seed?!”

The receptionist froze. Too late, the man in question was already standing by the door, bringing the room’s

temperature down to subzero. Lowering her head deferentially, she muttered, “Oh, hello, Mr. Brighthall...”

His eyes reflected his irritation. “I asked, who’s against bearing my seed?!”

He had been in the hospital a while ago. After making sure Charlene was okay, he had rushed right back to his office and passed by the pantry. That was when he had overheard their conversation.

The receptionist and her colleague locked eyes. At first, fear stopped them from saying anything, but after some thought, they realized Deirdre was probably just aware of how undeserving she was. Surely Brendan would be happy to know that, right?

“It’s Miss McKinnon, Mr. Brighthall. After you left, she bought some morning-after pills and took them. She must have known she is way below your status since she took such a measure, you know, to prevent carrying your child accidentally. That’s actually very thou—”

Clank!

There was a sudden ruckus. Brendan had swiped every

single item on the table to the floor, but his eyes betrayed even more unappeased violence. Startled, the crowd began to stare, but he ignored them all. “Where the hell is she now?!”

The receptionist froze. But should he not be glad that Deirdre was self-aware?! Why was he so... apoplectic?

Did he actually ... really want that woman to bear him a child?

No way. No f*cking way-this was insane! B-But...

The receptionist took a sharp breath. “S-She left a while ago...”

“Left? Left?!” Brendan stormed forward. The fury and violence in his eyes were almost tangible; the receptionist found herself struggling to face him. “I told you to take care of her!”

She felt stuck. When he had told her to take care of her a woman who looked like a freakshow-had he not meant “send her off”? What else could he have meant? Book a luxurious suite in a six-star hotel for her to stay in?

“I..” Her voice was quivering. “I-I- I wanted to, b-but Miss McKinnon was adamant that she I-leave... I c couldn’t stop her!”

Adamant to leave? Adamant to leave so she could buy pills from the pharmacy to make sure that no baby would come out of that?!

Brendan’s chest was set aflame. “Just perfect, Deirdre McKinnon! You’re a f*cking star! I thought your last abortion was because of some terrible reason you wouldn’t let others know about, but it’s really just you! You didn’t want our kid! You’re the kind of b*tch who would kill her child!”

His rage was so explosive that it was starting to suffocate him. He stormed out of the pantry and began to punch Deirdre's number into his phone.