

Resent Reject Regret

Chapter 26 You Liar!

The call was connected. Brendan gnashed his teeth as he said, "Where the hell are you, McKinnon?!"

Deirdre said nothing. At the end of her silence came a click

-and the call was hung up.

She stuck the phone back into her pocket, feeling disappointed. That had not been Sterling, as she had hoped. How was he? Was he okay? She had no idea how he was.

The only silver lining right now was how well-known the Fuller family really was in the city. Even a run-of-the mill cab driver knew exactly where to take Deirdre when she asked him to take her to their house.

She paid the driver, who told her where the doorbell was, and pressed it. There was a series of quick footsteps, accompanied by a voice thick with annoyance . "Which nutcase is it this time? It's like they all think they can just ring whenever they feel like it!"

"I'm sorry," Deirdre huffed, feeling anxious . "I... I just

wanted... to know where Sterling is? He's not picking up his phone"

"Sterling ?" The maid scoffed. It was palpable just how little she respected the young man-even though he was supposedly one of her employers. "Just a bastard child, that one, but oh-so-many troubles! I guess being the bastard child of a big wealthy family still counts for something 'cause he still needs to be taken care of... He's probably in some mortuary or something. Maybe you should come back to look for him at his funeral?"

Funeral?!

Deirdre's face paled. Had Brendan not said he was going to leave Sterling alone?!

She lunged at the iron gate, animated by her fear and alarm. "Please! Please let me come inside to see him! Brendan – Mr. Brighthall -promised me that everything would be over now! Please!"

The maid did not catch the Brighthall name since all she noticed was Deirdre's grotesque face suddenly zooming in on her. Startled and taken aback, she cursed. "What the f*ck! Oh my god, get this out of my face! Who the f*

ck let you prowl in the streets?"

She heard the gate open. Finally!

She was about to enter when she felt a force striking her right on the chest. The hit knocked her out, and she ended up falling

The maid was not done yet. "You want in, do you? Do you?! Who do you think you are, ya lil' freakshow?! An ugly, blind a*s who's also somehow super-entitled! God, why am I the one who has to deal with this disgusting thing?!"

She stopped only when she felt better. Before the maid could leave, though, Deirdre gritted her teeth through her pain and threw her hands around the maid's leg. "Don't go! I'm begging you, let me in! I just want to tell them that it's over... Tell them to stop hurting Sterling... Please, just let me do this one thing!"

This was the sight that greeted Brendan.

He had pinpointed where she was through the GPS... only to find her like this. A woman devoid of any dignity or shame. A woman who ignored her own pain. A woman

who was begging someone by throwing herself around their leg-all so she could help Sterling.

She was just a blind woman! She was the one who should be protected-not the other way around!

Rage once again filled Brendan, but something else fueled it: jealousy. This devotion was his right-his right alone! How could a lowly bastard like Sterling take it away from him?!

"Please, let me go in there and talk! Please, please! Just a word and I'll go! I swear!"

The maid kicked her away, looking exasperated.

That was when Brendan strode forward and joined the fray. He helped Deirdre up and fixed his icy glare on the maid.

The color was drained from the maid's face. "M-Mr. B-B Brighthall!"

Everyone in Neve recognized Brendan — including her. But why was someone like that protecting this hideous freakshow?

Deirdre immediately knew he was there, but if any emotion was aroused in her, she did not show it. She shoved him away and reached out, clawing and trying to beg the maid by grabbing her foot again.

Brendan's expression darkened. He hindered her effort by hooking an arm around her waist before pulling her back to him. "I know you delight in being a pathetic, undignified piece of sh*t, but are you done? You scraped your knees in front of me; and you just scraped your knees in front of someone's servant-god! Maybe I should hire you to grovel before anyone who enters my building!"

Deirdre's lips were trembling. She reeled out of her single-minded mission and snarled back at him, baring her teeth. "You said you'd leave him alone! You promised! But now, he can't even answer my calls-you're a liar!"

Brendan finally understood what had happened. No wonder she had hung up on him that quickly. She had been waiting for Sterling to call-she had thought Brendan's call was from Sterling!

This b*tch! She had wasted no time taking the morning –

after pill and looking for Sterling almost as soon as she had gotten dressed!