

Resent Reject Regret

Chapter 27 You're Coming Home With Me

Brendan was so infuriated that his eyes turned beet red. He had never been relegated to second place by a woman before. He had never felt this way before!

“Is that how important that son of a b*tch is to you?! You’re acting as if you’ll die if you aren’t with him!”

Deirdre clenched her hands into fists. The way the maid had spoken-combined with how inferiorly he was treated in his own family – implied that he had suffered some serious bodily harm. And yet, Brendan did not give a damn about his suffering!

He had always been like this! He’d always treated everyone else’s lives as insignificant and expendable!

His apathy infuriated Deirdre. “You’re damn right, Brendan! I’ll die if I’m not with him! There, I said it! But what’s your excuse? You promised me, but did you do what you said you would?!”

“McKinnon !” Brendan growled and tightened his hold around her arms. His blood was boiling. “You just keep

testing my patience, don’t you? Do you know how easy it would be for me to make the Fullers and that son of a b* tch vanish? One order from me is all it would take. One order!”

Deirdre’s tantrum died off when she heard his reply. Of course. The Devil wielded unchecked power in this godforsaken city. She had seen it in action before... So how could she fight him and risk even more of his wrath?

She sank into necessary silence. Necessary because it was needed to save Sterling.

Brendan knew he had to stop Deirdre from being with Sterling any longer. If this went on, Brendan would never be able to possess even an inch of her heart. Grabbing her wrist, he ordered her, “Go home.”

Home? Did she even have a home?

She did not wriggle free from his grip, and her feet remained locked in place. “I’m going to see Sterling.”

She was the reason behind everything that had happened, so she had to see that it ended. She would not leave until she had closure!

“No!” Her stubborn attitude frustrated him. He was not going to let these two see each other again! “You’re coming home with me!”

Deidre stubbornly refused to cave, so Brendan began to forcefully trawl her away. She struggled, flailing her arms. Finally, she broke down and whimpered. "Please just let me see him, Brendan . Just this once! I'll let you take me anywhere afterward, I swear..."

She was so pathetic. Even her voice had turned raspy. The only reason she was not in tears yet was because she was trying not to cry.

The desolation in her features immediately caused Brendan to frown.

"F*ck! Fine! I'll let you see that bastard if it means you will finally give up! See for yourself if that pathetic guy could really protect you!" he snarled as he pulled her into his arms. He shot a sudden glare at the maid. "Show us the way."

The maid immediately did as told.

As soon as he heard about Brendan's arrival, Mr. Richard Fuller—who was at least a decade his senior—strode forward his esteemed guest, Everything in his tone aimed to please. "Oh my God, to what do we owe the honor of receiving a guest like you! I was just about to bring my failure of a son to see you! He needs to apologize to you. This is his fault, entirely!"

"That won't be necessary." The difference between Richard's cordiality and Brendan's coldness would give anyone whiplash. "Youngsters like us get into heated confrontations all the time. It was just a silly little spat. Now that I have had a good night's rest, I don't care anymore."

He did not care anymore? He had made the Fullers lose millions!

The smile on Richard's lips froze, but he swallowed any indignance he might have felt. "R-Right. It was pretty silly, huh? I hope you can forgive my idiotic son, Mr. Brighthall!"

Brendan hummed off-handedly. "I'm here to see Sterling. I want to talk to him, but I don't know if he's up

to it."

"O-Oh!" Richard paused. Deidre could hear someone shuffling close to the older man and whisper something about him having "the living daylights knocked out of him". Then, she heard Richard say hesitantly, "Mr. Brighthall, your personal visit here means a lot to us, and we really, really want to honor your request. But Sterling, well, he's—"

"He's what?!" Deidre suddenly blurted out loudly. "What have you people done to him?!"

It was the first time Richard noticed the young woman, and her face sent a pang to his heart. Stunned, he asked, "Sorry, but who's this?"

Brendan furrowed his brows. Pulling her into his arms, he declared, "My woman."