

## Resent Reject Regret

### Chapter 28 He's All She Could Rely on

The room seemed suspended in shock. No one would even remotely react in any way, and Deirdre looked like a forest nymph who had jumped out of a masterfully crafted painting, but she... Well...

Richard was the first to compare Deirdre's height and figure to the unknown individual Sterling had shielded in the infamous video. He then reeled in realization.

No wonder that moron had attracted so much of Mr. Brighthall's ire. Richard had been mystified to see Sterling's name gone viral, but now he knew why. That idiot had stolen Mr. Brighthall's girl!

What really made Richard furious was not just the stupidity of it all. It was the girl this whole fight had been about! F\*ck, of all the girls his bastard son could have gotten into a fight for, he had to pick this freakshow and drag the entire family through the mud over... her!

He whispered something to his maid before facing Brendan with a smile. "I see. I'll have him over right this

instant. It won't take long, so help yourself to some tea while we wait."

Brendan made himself comfortable on the couch and forced Deirdre to sit as well. She clenched her fists, anxiety making her nauseous. She could not even bring herself to drink anything.

A while later, she heard footsteps and rose instantly.

When Sterling entered the living room, Deirdre was the first thing that caught his attention. His footsteps were stifled, but a moment later, he noticed Brendan looming by her side and understood.

"You piece of sh\*t!" Sterling bellowed. "What the f\*ck did you threaten Deirdre with this time, you rabid jack\* ss?! And you call yourself a man?!"

Before Deirdre could react, Richard had jumped into the fray. "You ignorant \*ss!" he cried, slapping the young man as hard as he could.

He turned to Brendan and immediately apologized. "Oh Lord, this is so embarrassing... I swear, this idiot has gotten so used to doing whatever the hell he feels like

without our supervision that he fancies himself a rebel hotshot. It's my fault for not teaching him manners, Mr. Brighthall. Please don't let his barbarism bother you."

Brendan ignored both of them. He sneered and drank his tea while Deirdre trembled. Just a few seconds ticked by, but she understood how little Sterling's family saw in him. If his

own father had no problem humiliating his son in public, what could stop him from doing something even worse to Sterling behind closed doors?

Her hands were cold, and her fingers felt as numb as if they were made of ice.

The next thing she knew, Brendan had yanked her back to her seat. He was gratified by everything that had happened so far. In fact, he was so pleased that he whispered in Deirdre's ear like a demon toying with his prey, "You can't see, dear Deirdre, so I'll be nice this time and tell you what exactly is happening. Do you know that his entire back is drenched in blood? He's still bleeding."

Deirdre felt the world spinning. Sterling was hurt! She really was a curse! Af\*cking curse who would doom anyone stupid enough to help her!

Something was stuck in her throat-was it blood?

She had to clench her hands hard to prevent herself from fainting. Her voice was thick with tears when she breathed out and said, "I don't... I don't want to see this... or hear about this... Please tell them to get him to the . hospital! He needs to be treated – god, he must be in so much pain right now. I don't want to see this..."

Brendan narrowed his eyes. The agony in Deirdre's features was like rain on his parade. He cupped her chin and lifted her up against her will. "Do you get it now, Deirdre? This is what happens to anyone who's foolish enough to help you. Remember this!"

She should remember that the only one she was allowed to rely on was Brendan.

The young woman's breath was shaking, and she closed

her eyes.

She admitted defeat.

Brendan finally released her. Turning back to the Fullers, he said placidly, "The smell of blood stings, and Mr.

Fuller is thick with it. He doesn't even look like he could enjoy a chat. Get him to a hospital and get him treated. I'll come back to talk to him some other time."

Richard nodded enthusiastically. "Yes, of course! Here, allow me to see you off."

Brendan tidied up his shirt with one hand and snaked another around Deirdre's waist. They then started toward the door.

Sterling's eyes were beet red after that painful slap. "Dee!" he cried out; gritting his teeth. "I'm fine! You don't have to shackle yourself to this madman, Dee! You don't have to let him control you through threats! We made a promise to each other to leave and live somewhere safe, didn't we? And we will! Wait for me at our clinic-I'll be there! I will!"

Deidre froze.

There was no time for her to snap out of that momentary shock. Brendan lunged, his hand a blur until it landed on Sterling's face in a fist.