

Resent Reject Regret

Chapter 8 He's Not Granting Her Clemency

Deirdre froze for a second. She had hardly recovered from the shock when someone stepped forward, grabbed her ankle, and began to drag her on the floor.

"What are you doing?! Stop! Noooo!"

Her screams fell on deaf ears. The leader responded with her own irate yell. "That demon-spawn inside you sure doesn't know when to quit! Does it know it's been two months already? Should have come flushing out a long time ago, you stubborn pain in the *ss. At this rate, we'll have to become abortion providers ourselves, and that's just sh*t!"

Deirdre's eyes widened. She wriggled out of the woman's hold and fell on her knees, her hands clasped. "I'm begging you, please spare my child! It's innocent!"

"But you're not, are you?" came the chilling retort. "Your sin, b*tch, is being an unrepentant simp to Mr. Brighthall. That's it! The sh*ttiest, most terrible sin. Honestly, we're just delivering your punishment! God, you have no idea how much he wants you dead already. And he emphatically wants that unwanted spawn in you gone!"

"Sorry, but not sorry, sweetie. Time for your operation!"

The rest of the posse each swung a kick. Then they closed in and pinned each of her limbs in place.

Deirdre was so shocked by the revelation that her mind went blank. She collapsed into tears, sobbing. "That's not what he promised! That's not what he said! He said I could keep the kid! He s-s-said he would make sure I survived!"

Now all this torment and tribulations, as well as the guards' grotesque negligence, made sense. Who else had the money and status to override the legal rights of an individual? Who else but Brendan Brighthall?!

But... why?

Why?!

She had taken her place! She was doing Charlene's time in her stead! Why had he not granted her clemency yet? Did he really hate her that much?!

"God, whyyyyyy?!" she shrieked at the top of her lungs. She felt like she was exploding into tears and pain—so much pain, flaring and burning and clawing at her innards, making her body implode against the sudden eruption.

Even her hardened aggressors were taken aback. "F*ck, put her down, you idiots! Pry her mouth open! We're getting this sh*t done right now, before she goes batsh*t crazy!"

They overpowered Deirdre's breakdown—hands over hands, fingers over fingers—and reached into the inner wall of her mouth, yanking hard. One of them dug a white pill out of her pocket and put it into Deirdre's mouth.

She fought, gagging to stop it from going down her throat. The inmate had difficulty carrying out her given order, which exasperated the leader. She jabbed her leg into Deirdre's stomach, paralyzing her with pain and pushing the pill down her throat.

"Hey! Do you remember what else Mr. Brighthall said?" a short-haired woman whose role was to hold Deirdre's arm in place chirped. She winked at the leader. "He said she doesn't deserve to have a face like that, 'member? If she's gonna live, she should live with something that fits... her level of hideousness! So, what do you say we make that happen right now too?"

The leader reeled in realization. She reached under her pillow and produced a large glass shard. "Damn straight," she agreed, her lips twisting into a lopsided smile. "This is a f*cking murderer we have here, ladies! A murderer shouldn't look remotely like—this!"

A new shot of pain erupted in Deirdre's stomach. It ate so deeply into her that she arched her back instinctively—

Then, new, sharper pain came, tearing through Deirdre's face. The women were drawing—the shard was their pen; her face their bloody easel. Warm, red liquid poured out of their artwork like a macabre spring before backflowing into Deirdre's nostrils.

Deirdre sputtered and spat out blood at them.

The leader cursed angrily, "You dirty f*cking c*nt!"

Her words were followed by another kick.

Deirdre had no idea where her strength came from, but it somehow rose to her unconscious calling. She grabbed the woman by her thigh and bit the arm of another captor so hard that she drew blood and took a little bit of flesh.

"F*ck! F*cking hurts!"

"The—nerve!"

Her retaliation fanned their already monstrous rage. It turned into a beating, many against one, and not a single aggressor was sober enough to withhold her strength. Streams of blood oozed out of Deirdre until finally...

She was no longer moving.

"G-Girls? Is she... dead?"

The mob froze. Panic slowly trickled into them until it was the only expression on their faces.

Their goal had been to ruin Deirdre's face—not, well, kill her!

“Oh my God! She’s still breathing! God, she’s still breathing!” one of them finally cried out in a trembling voice. “Call the damn guards!”

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‘It hurts.’

The thought materialized as soon as she was conscious. Pain was spreading across her body.

Deirdre was compelled to look for any kind of painkiller. She opened her eyes, feeling lost, and felt a blanket over her body. She then touched her abdomen.

Her fingers froze. It was flat.

“God, are you awake?” a gentle voice came from a distance. It was female. “You’ve been out for four days! You must be thirsty. Stay there. I’ll pour you a glass!”

Deirdre heard the sound of a cup being filled. “T-Thank you,” she breathed.

“Here you go.”

She reached out—and paused. Raising her head, she said, “It’s kinda dark in here. C-Can you please turn on the lights? I can’t tell where the cup is.”

The doctor froze too. She considered Deirdre before waving her hand in front of the latter’s eyes gingerly.