

## Resent Reject Regret

### Chapter 19 I'm Going to Make You Regret It

Deirdre wanted to hurt him even more. "I found it disgusting! I kept feeling disgusted about being pregnant with your child! I regretted being with you in the past, and if I could turn back time, I'd wish I'd never met you in my life!"

Brendan felt as if he had been stabbed in his heart. Soon, he was struck by rage and astonishment.

Deirdre adored me deeply, and that is an indisputable truth.

'However, she is actually claiming that she was disgusted and that she regretted being with me because of Sterling?'

"Good, very well! Deirdre, you're trying to challenge me, right? Do you think that I'm a good-natured person just because I haven't punished you?"

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Brendan pinched Deirdre's chin. "I don't care if you really mean what you said. I'm going to make you regret saying those words to me!"

Brendan left after slamming the door on her.

Deirdre held her chest with her hands tightly. She was in so much pain that she felt suffocated, yet she remembered Brendan's remark before he left.

'What is he going to do?

'Is he going to take it out on Sterling?

'Brendan has no qualms about implicating the innocent when he is blinded by anger.'

Deirdre removed the blanket, walked barefoot, and felt her way around the room. She wanted to get out of the room so she could borrow a phone to call Sterling.

She did not expect to hear a series of chaotic footsteps as soon as she walked out of the room. People were running toward her and shouting, "That's her! She's Charlene McKinney! She's the beast who crashed her car and killed someone!"

car

"Wasn't she sentenced to 10 years in prison? How did she get out after a year? I can see that she disfigured herself on purpose. Does she think that she will escape by doing

that? How did she find the nerve to come to the hospital after killing someone? She's disgusting!"

"According to a saying, the face is a window to the mind. Look at her now, she's hideous! Take a photo of her and post her hideous face online. I would like to find out how a person like her was released from prison halfway through her sentence!"

The group of people ran toward Deirdre in a crowd and shoved their way to her. Deirdre did not even have the chance to respond and, in combination with her blindness, she fell to the ground after being kicked by

someone.

The people around her not only refused to help her, but they even mocked her recklessly. "You deserve that! You deserve to suffer for being a murderer!"

"I'm not..." Deirdre's eyes reddened with tears. She was scared out of her wits upon sensing the hostility around her and she was panicking due to her inability to see. "I'm not a murderer!"

"You're not a murderer? How could you have the nerve to say that!" Someone tugged at her outfit. "If you're not a

murderer, how did you get sentenced to prison in a court of law and why did you confess to your crime? Now that you're out, you're going to pretend that nothing happened? You should die!"

"Damn you!"

Deirdre's head was spinning from the voices in the surroundings.

"That's a good question. If I was not a murderer, why would I confess to my crime?"

"I did it because I was the scapegoat for Brendan's lover. I committed the most heinous crime when I fell for Brendan.

"Let me go..."

She pleaded and wanted to run, yet those people refused to walk away and continued to hold her down.

"Let go of her!"

All of a sudden, a deeply concerned, anxious voice was heard. Soon, Deirdre was cradled in Sterling's arms.

"It's alright, Deirdre. It's alright!"

The man's wide, warm chest shielded her from the meanness of the outside world. Deirdre clutched Sterling's shirt tightly and could not help sobbing. "You shouldn't have come, Sterling!"

She shoved him away strenuously and said, "You should leave! They're recording a video, and you're going to be filmed!"

Deirdre understood the terror of public opinion better than anyone else. She knew that Sterling could not get involved if he wanted to practice medicine and help

others.

Sterling refused to leave and protected her with all his might. "It's alright, Deirdre. I'm leaving with you."

Leaving was more complicated than expected. Both of them were surrounded by this crowd of people. Some people were criticizing them by saying, "Why is this good – looking chap protecting the murderer? Where is your morality, chap? Or maybe he's just like her. Birds of a feather flock together, right?"

"How much did Charlene pay you to risk your life for her? Do you even know what she did?"