

## Resent Reject Regret

### Chapter 24 Has He Touched You?

“Sh\*t, you don’t want this?” Brendan growled. His hands had turned into fists, and his eyes were nailed on Deirdre.

This woman had scraped her knees for Sterling. Stripped for Sterling. She had no f\*cking concept of shame if it meant he would leave that bastard alone. And yet, the moment he wanted her to please him sexually-she balked!

She balked at the thought of pleasing him, Brendan Brighthall! She balked as though she was refusing to court the Devil himself! Did she know just how many women would throw themselves at him and see the invitation as a privilege? So many women would wish they were in Deirdre’s place right now, stripping and teasing and pleasing him!

He laughed mockingly. “God, you’re so pretentious. Fancy yourself a chaste, devoted maiden dying to preserve her purity now?”

Deirdre’s face suddenly paled. A long beat later, she

finally said, “Don’t you feel disgusted by the way I look, Mr. Brighthall? It’s... It’s one thing to make me grovel, but... this? Why must you...?”

Why?

Brendan was a little stunned by her reply. Why? Because he wanted to see if Sterling had carved his mark on any part of her body, that was why! Because he wanted to see if Deirdre was really this shameless! And because...

Because he did not think Deirdre was ugly at all. In fact, looking at her now reminded him of those nights back then... She was a succubus, a temptress-seduction incarnate!

Brendan would never admit to any of these. Instead, he remained sardonic. “Because you hate every second of this. Every pang of pain you feel brings me joy!”

So, her pain was his joy.

Deirdre closed her eyes in desolation. It felt like her heart had lost the ability to feel pain.

“Come here!” he ordered.

Deirdre dug her nails into her hands and shuffled her feet toward Brendan

The man pulled her arms and pinned them on his lap, forcing her hand to feel his chest. Even through his suit, Deirdre could feel the feverish warmth of his skin. His familiar scent began to fill her senses, and her heart raced. She bit her lip hard and said, “You have to promise me that you’ll let Sterling go.”

Mentioning a lowly specimen like Sterling at a time like this was a test for Brendan's unremarkable patience. He snapped, swiping every document from the table away, pushing her toward the surface, and pinning her below him.

Nobody knew how long it took.

When he was finally done, he left her with a smirk and another dig. "Pfft. You're so sh\*t at this. Didn't know Sterling liked banging a lifeless doll."

Deirdre willed herself to stop shaking and picked up her dress on her own. Suddenly, the man grabbed her by the wrist, his grip tightening. "Has he touched you yet?!"

She swung his hand away and continued to get dressed in pain. "Does it matter? You already think it happened."

Jealousy burned in Brendan's kerosene – fueled heart. He was about to interrogate her further when his phone suddenly rang. He answered it, his eyes widening. "Charlene fainted again?! I'm coming right now!"

Any bad news about Charlene's well-being automatically sent the man into a panic. Like a man possessed, he put on his suit and barged out of the office.

Deirdre lunged and grabbed him by the hand. "Wait!" she cried, her breath shaky. "You have to tell everyone to leave Sterling alone! This is what you promised!"

Brendan thought she was trying to stop him from seeing Charlene – he thought it was an act of jealousy. And yet, as it turned out, Sterling f\*cking Fuller was still what was on her mind!

He was infuriated, and yet he did not know why. He coldly wriggled away from her grip and snarled, "Of course, you whore. You sold your body for this, right? I gotta grant you your wish since you made such a huuuge sacrifice,

right?!"

He strutted away.

Hearing him agree to the promise made her sigh in relief. She fell to the floor, biting her lip as her eyes reddened.

She waited until she calmed down. When she pushed the door open, the same receptionist rose to meet her. "Hello, miss. Mr. Brighthall told me to escort you."

Deirdre nodded. "Thank you," she replied raspily.

"It's nothing." The receptionist let out a well – practiced chuckle to hide her shock. Deirdre had done everything she could to look presentable and tidy, but the receptionist could tell from her swollen lips and the hickeys on her neck just what had happened between them.

Who would have known that Mr. Brighthall, with his penchant to reject all advances, would be interested in sex, after all? And not just any kind of kink either, it seemed...

