

Resent Reject Regret

Chapter 29 You Detest Me Just As Much, Don't You?

Malice poured out of Brendan's eyes. He looked less like a man and more like a monster braying for blood. "I let you off the hook, Sterling! How dare you spit on my goodwill! How f*cking dare you take my woman?!"

Pain burned Sterling's cheek, but it did nothing to hold him back. He snickered. "Your woman? Oh, I see! Being forced to do someone else's time for a crime she didn't commit is a perk of being your woman, huh? Being dehumanized as your means of entertainment is also the sort of thing your woman' should do, right? God, is it just me, or is being 'your woman' the cruelest torment anyone could ever suffer?"

Brendan's eyes turned bloodshot. He then attacked again.

Sterling was no match for him in a fight, but he did not let that stop him from putting up a fight.

Everyone else in the room, including Deirdre, was too aghast to react. She had to stop Sterling from angering Brendan even further. After all, it would be all too easy for

someone as obscenely powerful as Brendan to ruin Sterling's career as a doctor forever!

"Stop! Please, stop fighting!" she yelled powerlessly. She could not see anything-she could only hear the sounds of fists connecting with flesh. She seized one of them and lurched, then

She felt pain. Right on her face.

Her ears rang, and she felt gravity calling to her from behind and fell.

Her face swole up, and even the simple act of breathing hurt.

Sterling's eyes turned red. "Dee!"

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Brendan shoved the man away and pulled her into his arms. He shot everyone in the family an icy glare and said angrily, "All of you sicken me. I get that he's just a bastard son, but god, does this savage even have any manners?! Jesus, train your son like a dog if you have to! Give him some lessons!"

After saying that, he stormed off. Before she was

forcefully dragged out of the house, Deirdre's recovering ears vaguely heard Richard lambasting Sterling. She curled into herself and muttered, "No, Sterling's injuries ... He needs to... get them treated..."

Brendan brusquely shoved her to the passenger's seat. He loomed over her, fury burning in his chest, and grabbed her by her shoulders in a tight hold. "Are you suicidal, Deirdre? Your face is swollen, for f*ck's sake! Why do you still care about him?! Why is he so important to you?!"

He was hysterical. The only reason he had not rushed back inside the Fullers' residence to beat the living crap out of Sterling was because Deirdre's injury seemed so critical.

The young woman shivered. His voice was really loud, and her ears were beginning to ring again. She took a deep breath and slumped against the back of the seat.

A while later, her ears stopped ringing and she cast her eyes down. "He saved me, Brendan. I was left with nothing. I was abandoned. Alone. At that moment of need, he saved me. He is my hero."

"What a f*cking hero he is! If it wasn't for him, how the hell would you have ended up in this state!"

Deirdre turned her face away from him and said nothing.

Brendan pressed his lips together and stomped on the accelerator. The car whirred into life, and she panicked.

"Where are you taking me?" she cried.

He frowned. "To the goddamned hospital! You look like a goddamned bulldog right now, okay? What if you have a concussion?"

"No! I'm not going to the hospital!" She remembered how those people had demanded answers from her. The trauma was still eating away at her. "I'm fine. I don't need to see a doctor."

The car screeched to a stop.

"Why the hell not? Why the f*cking hell not?! What the hell are you going to do, huh? Go back there and nurse Sterling back to f*cking health? Let him put himself inside you again?!" Brendan erupted. "Are you blind? Didn't you see just how repulsed the Fullers were by you? They hate you. You disgust them! You really think you

could make them warm up to you by acting like a saint and being on their beck and call?"

Deirdre's lips paled. She had not seen it, yes, but she had felt the family's contempt just fine. Even so... why did Brendan have to put it so bluntly? Why could he not mince his words? He acted like she was not a fellow human being who could feel pain.

"You're right. Damn right! I couldn't see anything because I'm just a blind woman!" she retorted in a shaky voice. She took a deep breath and raised her head in defiance. "Besides, what's the difference between serving them and serving you? They detest me- and so do you!"

Chapter 30 You Brought This Upon Yourself

“Detest you? Who detests you?”

“Who?” Deirdre almost burst into laughter. “Do you have even half of Sterling’s courage? Enough courage to take me out there? Introduce me to everyone? Do you even have the guts to tell the world my name-my real name?”

Brendan froze. Of course he did not. Deirdre already knew his answer and answered herself, “No. You don’t.”

A mocking sneer surfaced on her features, pulling Brendan out of his stupor. He clutched the steering wheel tightly, his tone disbelieving. “How dare you, McKinnon?! How dare you compare me to a bastard child not recognized even by his own family?! Do you know just how-how different the two of us are?! Do you really think he would have a blind woman as his girlfriend if he were me? Pfft! He wouldn’t even have the balls to admit that you’re his woman!”

Brendan did not put much thought into his words, but they came out like a knife stabbing deep into Deirdre’s

chest.

She was a blind woman who would never be recognized as anyone’s woman in public. That was Brendan’s opinion of her.

Deirdre laughed so hard tears began to roll down her cheeks. “Oh my god, where are my manners! Having the great, esteemed Mr. Brighthall drive a blind woman like me to the Fullers must take a lot of effort and time. I shouldn’t impose!”

Brendan was furious. “Don’t use that passive-aggressive tone with me, Deirdre. Do you really lack self-awareness? I get that you’re blind, but that doesn’t mean a part of your brain died with your eyesight, right? It’s the greatest honor to have me acknowledge you as my woman! Beggars can’t be choosers. Ever heard of that?!”

The arrogance in his voice made Deirdre feel cold.

“Honestly , none of this would have happened to you if you had done what I said,” he added. “Get it through your skull, Deirdre-you brought all this upon yourself!”

Deirdre bit her lip so hard that her teeth drew blood. Pain

assaulted her so hard that she would have seen only darkness even if her sight had been back. Oh, sure! The fact that Brendan had shown up with her at the Fullers’ residence had been the biggest honor she could ever deserve!

But did she even want this “honor”?

She felt suffocated... and defeated. She resigned to leaning against the back of her chair, too tired to even object.

Since the last scandal had happened in a private hospital, Brendan elected to take Deirdre to the state hospital for treatment. According to the doctor's prognosis, her bruise was fairly minor and required only some external medication.

As Brendan listened to the doctor's explanation, he glimpsed at Deirdre's lifeless eyes.

They were so hollow.

He frowned. They used to be so alive and animated. As the saying went, the eyes are the windows to one's soul, and they had been the windows to hers. He had been the only

one who had mattered to her back then, so her eyes used to always be filled with color and light whenever she was looking at him. It did not matter how hard he had tried to push her away, the light in her eyes had never died.

"Can you check her eyes too? Is there something we can do about her sight?" he blurted out.

Deirdre's fingertips quivered.

The doctor began his examination. When he was finished, there was a deep frown on his face. "When did she start losing her sight?"

Deirdre felt a pang in her chest. Her mind blanked out before she answered, "June 27th, 2018."

She could recall it right down to the exact date, as it was a day she would never forget. She had counted down the days. She had carved the time passing on the door. She had kept time.

It was the day Brendan had slapped her face by proxy.

The man himself froze a little. It was not because he remembered that as the day he and Charlene had taken

their wedding photo. He did not remember receiving a desperate call asking for help.

He was merely surprised because the day fell neatly into the window of time when Deirdre should have been in jail.

The doctor sighed. "You've gone this long without any treatment or help? Miss, your eyes could have been salvageable back then. Why didn't you get emergency care at the time?"

Why?

Deirdre stared unseeingly ahead. Then, with downcast eyes, she whispered, "I forgot to."