

Resent Reject Regret by Aqua Summers

Chapter 921-930

Chapter 921 She Would Do Anything

Charlene shoved Mrs. Engel with all her might, only for Mrs. Engel to block her arm steadily.

Even though Mrs. Engel was a middle-aged woman, she spent her days performing heavy labor, so her body was strong. Charlene was a woman who refused to perform any chores, so she was no match for Mrs. Engel.

Charlene's expression turned unpleasant at once. She was glaring at Mrs. Engel with a malicious gaze.

Mrs. Engel was expressionless and repeated herself, "Miss McKinney, you can't enter the study room in view of the situation. It would be best for you to return to your room and rest."

Charlene gnashed her teeth and said threateningly, "Mrs. Engel, you should be well aware of Brendan's attitude toward me. When he marries me, I will be the family's matriarch. Do you think Brendan will mind if I do something to you by then?"

Mrs. Engel smiled and said, "I don't know if Mr. Brighthall will mind it, but I'm aware that I'll be safe for one more day as long as Miss McKinnon is here. I will leave when Miss McKinnon leaves, and no one will have any control over me."

Mrs. Engel was impervious, and that infuriated Charlene so much that she clenched her fists until her nails dug into her flesh. She knew she would not be entering the room, so she maliciously said, "Do you know what is going on with Brendan since you won't let me in?"

Charlene leaned closer and said, "He has consumed a strong libidoenhancing medicine that renders him incapable of controlling himself. Deirdre is in there, and she is pregnant. Do you think that Brendan is capable of controlling himself around her?"

She said proudly, "Rather than being blocked there, I should call an ambulance so we can send Miss McKinnon to the hospital at once if she is experiencing heavy bleeding."

Mrs. Engel was stunned and looked at Charlene incredulously. "You've actually drugged Mr. Brighthall, you sinister woman!?"

Charlene smiled, turned around, and left while she waited for Deirdre's tragic state. She would have the ability to ensure Deirdre and her baby's deaths if Deirdre was admitted to the hospital.

Charlene returned to the room leisurely, yet Mrs. Engel nervously paced around the door.

At the thought of what would happen, Mrs. Engel braced herself to enter the room with her head lowered. "Don't, Mr. Brighthall!"

She opened the door and raised her head abruptly. Then, she was stunned.

Brendan sat on the balcony and passed the time with great effort by basking in the cold wind flooding into the room while Deirdre was curled up in the corner, waiting with mixed feelings.

'What is going on?'

Mrs. Engel predicted all sorts of situations, but she came to understand after

witnessing the scene.

She hastily covered Deirdre with a blanket when she recovered from her surprise.

"Mrs. Brighthall... How is Mr. Brighthall?"

Deirdre comforted her, saying, "He is drugged, but he is fine. The doctor is coming soon."

In a few minutes, the doctor arrived with medicine. Brendan was in less agony at last upon receiving an injection. He lay on the sofa and fell unconscious with a chaotic expression.

Deirdre caressed Brendan's sweat-soaked hair and heard the doctor's question. "Are you pregnant, Miss McKinnon?" "Yes, almost four months."

The doctor took a surprised glance at Brendan. "It's fortunate that Mr. Brighthall is strong enough to refrain from doing anything forceful. Otherwise, not only would you lose the child, you would..."

He did not finish his sentence, but everyone knew what it was.

Mrs. Engel sent away the doctor quietly and said in a hateful tone, "How can that woman be so vicious that she would spike Mr. Brighthall's drink and almost put you in harm's way?"

Deirdre's expression was calm. "A woman like her is capable of doing anything."

Deirdre knew that Charlene would spare no effort to achieve her goals when she found out that Charlene would undergo plastic surgery to replace her, risk everything to hit someone to death with her car afterward, and ruin Deirdre's life.

Chapter 922 Get the Coffee Tested

Hence, Deirdre was not surprised that Charlene would spike Brendan's drink, but she was surprised by Brendan's determination.

Frankly, she did not trust Brendan very much. After all, Deirdre had become extremely passive because of the things Brendan did in the past. Yet, Brendan would actually choose to forcefully brace the medicine effect and lose consciousness so he would not hurt her.

Mrs. Engel's gaze landed on Brendan's flawlessly handsome face. His eyebrows were still tightly furrowed in his unconscious state. One could imagine how unpleasant the experience was for him earlier.

"Mrs. Brighthall." Mrs. Engel could not refrain from saying, "Mr. Brighthall loves you very much, really."

Brendan woke up feeling sore all over his body. Half of his body was numb from being squeezed into a small sofa in view of his tall and muscular physique.

He was preparing to get up when he felt the weight pinning down his waist. He lowered his head and found Deirdre lying on him. She had a blanket covering her body, and she was sound asleep.

It was such a wonderful scene that he could not bear to disturb her, but he figured that Deirdre would not feel comfortable in such a position. Thus, he scooped up the woman carefully and placed her on the sofa where he was earlier. He looked at the woman's calm, sleeping face, and his dark eyes were filled with intense affection.

Still, Brendan's gaze turned cold bit by bit when he remembered yesterday's incident.

He left the room and found Charlene sitting absentmindedly on the sofa with a frown.

Brendan walked downstairs, and his heavy footsteps awakened Charlene.

Charlene suppressed her panic. She figured that Deirdre's body would not be able to withstand the process if Brendan were to sleep with Deirdre instead of her. Nonetheless, she did not expect the night to pass so peacefully. Apart from her action failing to bring any change, Brendan would never let her off after what she did.

At the thought of this, Charlene took it upon herself to cry first. "Brendan, what happened between you and Miss McKinnon in the study room last night? I felt that something was off and wanted to check up on you, but Mrs. Engel wouldn't let me go. She claimed she didn't want me to ruin your good time with Deirdre..."

Brendan watched her put on an act coldly. "Don't you know yet?"

Charlene bit her lower lip and sobbed. "Don't I know what? Brendan, I really don't understand what you're talking about..." "I was drugged." "What?" Charlene appeared especially shocked. "For real?" "I was ill in the study room for the whole night. It's possible that I would be admitted to the hospital today if not for Deirdre."

Chapter 923 Sir, He's Going to Kill Me!

Brendan did not speak but looked at her with his icy cold eyes. There was no telling what was on his mind.

Charlene could not help feeling guilty. "Brendan..." "Charlene, don't think that I'm a fool," said Brendan. The coldness exuded from his body, and his eyes that could see through her were all meant to warn her. "I don't want what happened last night to happen again, do you understand?" "Brendan..." Charlene was scared out of her wits, and tears streamed down her face instantly. She had no choice but to acknowledge her guilt at this point. "I didn't do that on purpose. I love you too much, and I fell for a doctor's advice. I thought that doing this would reconcile our relationship, I "It seems that you don't understand my words." Brendan interrupted her coldly. "I want you to answer that you won't let this happen again."

He leaned over with narrowed eyes and a cold demeanor. "I despise being a pawn in someone's plan. Ophelia's survival is of lesser importance to me than being manipulated. I won't offer you another chance, so remember that."

Upon saying that, Brendan walked away.

Charlene slumped down to the floor instantly.

He looked like he was about to kill her earlier, and she felt suffocated.

Brendan no longer cared about Deirdre, so Ophelia's survival was nothing to him. He could send her to hell at any moment if he wanted.

At the thought of this, Charlene could not help trembling in fear.

She realized that she could not keep using this method anymore. Her life was at risk whenever she offended Brendan, yet how would she get pregnant with Brendan's child without using this method?

Afterward, it was apparent that Brendan had deserted her. In addition, he was busy with work, so Charlene could not find the opportunity to be in the same room as him. However, it was around this time that Charlene received the call to check on her condition.

Charlene did not have the courage to lie, so she said, "I drugged him but didn't expect that Deirdre would get in the way. Moreover, that b*tch... is pregnant and is totally fine!" "I don't want to listen to your nonsensical talk." The person interrupted her

impatiently, saying, "I just want to know when you will be pregnant with Brendan's child."

Charlene was rendered speechless and was drenched in a cold sweat. "As soon as possible... Brendan is on guard when he's with me because I tried to drug him. He won't trust me any more within a short period. However, it's fine. He still has some feelings for me. I—" "Find a chance to come out and meet me today."

Charlene felt her heart racing.

The person chuckled and said, "Relax. We're in the same boat, after all. I came up with a better idea to get you pregnant without offending Brendan."

Charlene's eyes lit up. In addition, the man had never been so gentle before, and that set Charlene's mind at ease. She waited eagerly until it was noon and made an excuse to leave. She headed to the designated location by herself.

Yet, she did not expect that she would find more than just that man in the room after the door was opened. There were five burly men as well.

Deirdre was dumbfounded. "Sir..."

The man ignored her and lit a cigarette while the men next to him stepped forward and picked up Charlene like she was a chick before tossing her on the bed.

Soon, Charlene realized the situation and begged for mercy with all her might. "Sir! If Brendan finds out that the child isn't his, he's going to kill me!"

Chapter 924 Was She With You?

Charlene bent over and got on her knees as she crawled her way to the man's legs eagerly like a dog, with tears streaming down her face. "Sir!

Please give me one more chance! I promise you! I promise you that I'll get pregnant with Brendan's child this time!"

The man was unmoved. Soon, Charlene was captured by those men again.

Her agonizing scream was blood-curdling.

The man furrowed his eyebrows in contempt. He thought of something and sniggered coldly. "Isn't it even better to get Brendan to raise a b*stard?"

Charlene lost count of time until she regained consciousness. 'This is all Deirdre's fault!'

The taxi driver looked at her with a mocking gaze after seeing the messy marks on her body. Charlene gnashed her teeth and scolded him until she arrived at the mansion.

The grief and anger in her heart overwhelmed her quickly as soon as she saw the woman sitting peacefully on the sofa enjoying her dessert.

"Deirdre, why are you so proud of yourself, huh? You're lucky that Brendan didn't torment you last night, but you're not going to be so lucky next time! You will die a tragic death sooner or later!"

Deirdre did not speak, but Mrs. Engel spoke first. "You must be sick in the head or something. Why are you losing your temper for no reason?"

Charlene was furious. She made her way step by step to Deirdre and flaunted her prowess. "Deirdre, do you know why Brendan left the hospital the other day? It is because you're pregnant with a girl. He wants a son to succeed in his family business while you're carrying a girl in your womb. He just couldn't care less about the baby!

"Even if you go through the pregnancy and give birth to the child, she will only be

married off for the advantage of the family! She will only be a tool that is used by men, just like you!"

Mrs. Engel was incensed, but Deirdre stopped her and got up slowly. "Don't be venting your anger that is caused by someone else on me. If I didn't know, I might think you have some mental illness."

Charlene's expression was distorted in anger. She remembered something and clenched her fists tightly. She said with a sneer, 'Your good days will come to an end, Deirdre!"

She turned around and headed upstairs. Before she left, Deirdre could smell the stench of man's sweat mixed with a little...

Deirdre fell silent while Mrs. Engel made a casual remark that reminded her of something. "Mrs. Brighthall, what's going on with that woman today? Not only is she ill-mannered, but she is also walking abnormally with her thighs squeezed together. Did she get bitten by a dog or something?" 'Walking abnormally?'

Deirdre did not comment further but said, "Do you find that Charlene is behaving abnormally today too?" 'Yes, of course. Even though the woman has always been frantic in the past, she has never lost her temper out of nowhere and vented her anger like today."

Deirdre smiled, but her smile was very faint. She fell into deep thought.

Charlene would speak out of turn in the past, but those were mostly sarcastic remarks. She would regard herself as an achiever but would never behave frantically for no reason as she did today.

Unless...

An idea occurred to Deirdre beyond her control, and she said to Mrs. Engel, "Please help me to make a call to Brendan."

Mrs. Engel did not inquire further. She nodded and made the call.

The call was picked up, and Deirdre asked, "Where are you now?"

Brendan was surprised to receive the call because it was Deirdre's first time taking it upon herself to call. He pondered and said, "Are you checking up on me?"

Deirdre could not be bothered to flirt with him. "Charlene came home behaving abnormally earlier, so I wonder whether she was with you."

Chapter 925 Five Men

'Behaving abnormally?'

Brendan kept quiet for a moment before he answered calmly, "No. I've been in company meetings all day, and I haven't left yet." 'Haven't left yet?'

Deirdre was convinced, and Brendan asked, "Why? Is she stirring up trouble with you again?" "I'm used to her stirring up trouble because she is all talk and no action at most. I will just ignore her, but today, she..." Deirdre was having trouble putting it into words.

Was she supposed to tell Brendan personally that Charlene was cheating on him because she could possibly be sleeping with other men?

If she were to say that, she would hurt the man's sense of pride easily.

"Forget it, it's fine." "It's not like you to stop yourself from saying something you want to say." Brendan took a glance at Sam standing at the door and said, 'TH just consider it as you keeping me in suspense, and I'll be back tonight to recover it."

He ended the call, and Deirdre's ears blushed with shyness. She came to understand what the man meant by 'be back tonight to recover it' instantly and scolded him under her breath for being shameless.

'No one is asking for you to recover it tonight.'

On the top floor office of the Brighthall Group...

Sam entered the office after he was beckoned. "Sir, Charlene has made a move."

Brendan knew that she would not be able to stop herself. "What's the situation?"

"Charlene headed to a hotel room this afternoon. I'm not sure what transpired there specifically, but..." Sam looked up to glance at Brendan as he said hesitantly,

"Charlene left the hotel dressed shabbily and walked abnormally. More than an hour later, people walked out of the room in succession, and there were five men with muscular physiques ..."

"Five men with muscular physiques?"

Brendan smiled coldly. "Charlene has a huge appetite, I see."

Could it be that Deirdre stopped herself from speaking in fear that his sense of pride would be hurt?

However, Brendan couldn't care less about Charlene for a long time, and he would not mind who Charlene was sleeping with. However, he felt warm and fuzzy in his heart at the thought of how Deirdre was hesitant to speak because of him.

'Why is he sneering until his sneer turns into a smile? His expression and gaze are growing more and more terrifying...'

Sam was scared out of his wits.

Brendan was jolted back to reality, and his smile vanished. "Are you acquainted with those men?" "No, but I looked into them on purpose and found their identities very easily. They are some thugs from the streets."

Brendan furrowed his eyebrows in disgust.

"Continue to follow her and report back to me if there's anything new." "Yes, sir!"

Charlene did not come downstairs when Brendan got home in the evening, which was unprecedented.

Brendan knocked on Charlene's door to check on her personally. She opened the door and came out of the room, looking tired. She wrapped her body with a jacket without showing any inch of skin that was marked.

"What's going on? Are you ill?" Brendan's gaze landed on the woman, his cold tone tainted with a tinge of concern.

Charlene was delighted that Brendan was showing concern for her, but she was terrified that he would notice something. "I'm fine."

She attempted to stall him by saying, "It's possible that I'm not used to the dropping temperature in the past few days, and I caught a cold." "A cold?" Brendan furrowed his eyebrows. "It's a big deal. I'm taking you to the hospital." "No! It's fine!" Charlene's face was ghastly pale. She knew that she would certainly need to remove the jacket in the hospital. Those disgusting men had left marks all over her body, and those would certainly be noticed!

"I'm fine, Brendan. It's just a cold. I'll be fine after resting for a night."

Chapter 926 Prying for Answers

"Are you sure? Even if you're ill, it's my duty as your fiance to be very concerned."

Brendan narrowed his eyes. "Or are you sulking because I've been neglecting you?"

As he spoke, he quietly drew his distance closer and closer to Charlene until his face was only several inches away from her. "I mulled about it for a moment and decided that, yes, I've been unfair to you. We are to be married, after all. I'll be staying here for the night."

That offer would have sent Charlene straight to rapture if it had happened at literally any other time. At that moment, though? It just made her so panicked she was on the verge of breaking down.

"No!"

She rejected him so immediately and urgently that Brendan stared at her.

"I-I mean, what about Miss McKinnon? She's still here in the mansion! I thought about this and, you know, it's inappropriate to do this to her when she's pregnant with your kid. We still have a lot of time together, but hers is running out. We should, you know, be the bigger people, right?"

Something lit up in Brendan's eyes. "Your kindness might be wasted on her." "I don't mind," Charlene smiled weakly and did all she could to put on a convincing act of compassion. "Miss McKinnon's small-hearted because she knows she can never be your wife. But I'm different. I'm your significant other and the future mistress of the Brighthall family. I need to embody grace and graciousness."

Brendan's gaze turned profound. "You're doing so much. Thank you."

Charlene gnashed her teeth through the agony. "No, not at all. Go! Keep Miss McKinnon c-company..."

Brendan shot her one last look and left. Charlene trembled in rage as soon as the door clicked into the frame. Worried that throwing a tantrum in her room would attract attention, she could only hide in her bathroom and sweep every item unfortunate enough to be in her line of sight to the floor.

She looked in the mirror and saw a worn-out woman staring back at her. Her eyes turned red. She had sacrificed so much-so she needed a win! She could not afford to lose!

As Brendan came out of her room, Deirdre was nibbling at the food behind the dining table. He joined her, and neither of them spoke.

It was only after she returned to the first floor that Brendan did his usual routine of breaking into her room through the window.

"What are you doing!?" she cried, bewildered. The thought of barricading her windows just kept getting more and more seductive.

Brendan lowered his head and kissed her before rubbing his lips against the edge of her supple lips. "Prying for answers, of course. Wasn't that what you were hinting at?" Deirdre was livid. "Hinting at what? I didn't hint at anything at all!"

He ignored her flimsy denial. He carried her fragile body in his arms and gently set her on the bed. "Oh, really? Then what's with the hesitation during our call this afternoon?" "Well, it's about-" Deirdre almost said it aloud before forcing the words back into her throat at the last minute. She had no hard proof that Charlene had sex with other men.

"About what?" Brendan's eyes were twinkling with a mischievous smile that eluded even himself. As he studied the young woman lying below him, he could not help but tease her.

Deirdre was hard-pressed to answer him and made her frustration obvious by shoving

him away. "Can't you just pretend it was a whim? Like, maybe I knocked myself in the head and said something stupid in that momentary concussion? Just get out already. Have you already forgotten all about that time Mrs. Engel found you hiding in my bedroom, huh?"

Brendan hugged her even more tightly. "Ah, but it's Charlene who told me to keep your company today." "Say what? Charlene!?" Deirdre was aghast. "Are you messing with me!?"

What could make Charlene, obsessed with the goal of pulling Brendan away from Deirdre by any means necessary, agree to let him into her room!?

"No, it's true," he replied. "I actually offered to stay with her for a bit as reparations for ignoring her these few days. But she was surprisingly very against it. She was even adamant that I stay with you instead, saying that we have ample time to be together while your time with me is finite."

Brendan pressed his cheek close to the young woman's ear and exhaled quietly, letting his breath roll into her ear and neck. It felt like the grazing of a featherlight touch or the act of being covered by a wispy shroud. Every tickle his breath elicited was pulsing with sensuality.

Chapter 927 I've Only Ever Loved You

"What do you think Charlene is thinking, Deirdre?"

Deirdre's heart sank. There was no way around it-Charlene had been screwing another man.

She raised her head and met his gaze with pity.

"Oh-kay. Why are you looking at me like that?"

Deirdre churned her thoughts a while longer before deciding to tell it as it was. "This is going to come off as painful to you, but I think you deserve to know at least something. I think... Charlene has another man." "What gave you that idea?" Brendan replied. The emotion in his tone was unreadable.

"I called you this afternoon, right? A few minutes before that, I smelled... well, a man's sweat. And then Mrs. Engel told me the way Charlene walked was off. When you square all of those together, the conclusion, well, wrote itself... you know?"

It took her a lot of courage just to hesitantly express her suspicion. She even mentally steeled herself to watch Brendan break down in shock. And yet, to her surprise, the man simply chuckled.

"I see, I see!" Brendan tightened his grip around her waist. "Detective Dee Dee has closed a case."

Deirdre looked at him in shock. "What the- Is that all of your reaction?" "Hmm, what else am I supposed to feel? Hurt? Dejected? Lose my damn mind? Dee, I've told you already. I don't feel anything for her. I wouldn't even feel bad if she got pregnant with some other guy's child!" "But you're supposed to be at least a little wounded, right?"

Deirdre rebutted frantically. "You used to like her so deeply!" "Huh? Did I?" Brendan murmured to himself as he rubbed his chin against the young woman's hair.

Solemnness replaced the playfulness in his eyes. "I used to think like you too, confusing a debt and responsibility I owed her as love. It's only after I fell in love with you... I finally realized they are not the same, i "I've only ever loved a woman in my life." He cupped her face in his hands, his eyes overflowing with profound tenderness.

“You.” 1

His tone and his gaze—they somehow pierced through the blurry veil her damaged sight had perpetually bestowed on her, like a ray of light shining straight into her chest.

Deirdre’s eyes betrayed her panic. She suddenly did not know how to react. Nothing he said could be handwaved as a joke. The love and sentiment that pulsated under his every word—it was flooding toward her like an uncontrollable deluge.

“B-Brendan...”

She did not know what to say even after staying silent for a while.

Brendan, however, seemed to understand her. He planted a kiss on her lips, but it was featherlight, and without his usual aggression, as though he was handling the most priceless treasure the world could ever offer him.

“It’s okay. You don’t have to answer me so soon. You’re free to choose. The last thing I want is to know that any of your choices were made under pressure.” He breathed.

“After Ophelia’s safe and sound and our child is born... HI let you go if you’re still unwilling to be with me.”

Brendan wrapped his arm around her waist and closed his eyes, his breath steady. A while later, it became rhythmic. He had fallen asleep.

Chapter 928 I’m Pregnant

Charlene was overjoyed. She called Brendan post-haste, her voice taking a coquettish tone, “Can you come home earlier today, Bren? I’ve got some really important announcements to make.”

There was a brief beat of silence from the other side. ‘Til be home as soon as the meeting’s over.” “Terrific!”

She straightened her back and began ordering Mrs. Engel to buy a list of cooking ingredients before personally preparing dinner. Relieved from kitchen duty, Mrs. Engel mused in the living room. “What’s with that Charlene? She’s as happy as a chimp with a banana. Is it her birthday today?”

Deirdre shook her head. “It’s not this month.” “What else could possibly make her this happy, then?” “Good news upon her, I bet.”

Before Mrs. Engel could understand what it meant, Brendan strode in from outside before hanging his suit on the rack.

Charlene practically sprung out of the kitchen excitedly to greet him.” You’re home already, Bren?” “You called me about some important announcement, didn’t you? As such, I came home early,” he replied, eyeing the kitchen before remarking, “Why are you cooking today?”

Charlene feigned timidity. “To celebrate.”

Brendan studied her expression. “Celebrate what?”

Charlene dragged her bashful pretense a little longer. She finished preparing the meal in the kitchen and waited for Brendan to take a seat. Then, she presented the medical report and declared, “I’m pregnant, Bren.”

There was a loud clank as Deirdre’s fork slipped out of her finger and hit the plate. Mrs. Engel’s gasp of disbelief came soon after. “How’s that possible? You haven’t been doing the deed with Mr. Brighthall these days! How could you possibly be pregnant?!”

Charlene laughed. "It's obvious, right? The night Bren drank too much, he slept with me. I didn't expect myself to be so luckily fertile. Honestly, it was just one night, but I guess Bren is destined to be the father of this child."

Charlene looked at her stomach with a soft, loving gaze.

Brendan followed her eyes and studied it. "Pregnant after one night sounds so rare that I guess I'm destined, after all."

Deirdre set her utensils down. "I'm done eating."

With a glare, she rose and started toward the stairs.

Charlene cried after her, "Hey, c'mon, don't be like that! It was an accident on our part, Miss McKinnon! If you hate what happened, I'm happy never to speak of it!" "And why should we do that?" Brendan interjected with a frown. "You're the one who wants to leave as soon as the child's born, remember? Charlene, though, is my fiancée. What's her pregnancy got to piss your off?" "I'm not pissed. I'm just disgusted."

She climbed the stairs and disappeared.

A glare overcame Brendan's visage while a smile shadowed Charlene's lips. All of the trials and tribulation she had weathered was suddenly rewarded. Finally!

"Bren, Miss McKinnon probably still wants to be with you. It's why she's upset by the news, but that's expected, right? So don't be mad at her." "Who is she to override what I want? Is her opinion the only thing that matters?" Brendan grunted.

Mrs. Engel had already escaped into the kitchen as Brendan vented a little of his rage.

Finally, his attention fell back to Charlene's stomach. "Are you sure about this? That you're pregnant?" "Yes! It can't be a false alarm because our baby is already half a month old," Charlene explained. "If you don't believe me, come with me to the hospital tomorrow. You can verify it personally."

Brendan fell silent for a moment. "I'm one half of the reason you're pregnant, so of course, I'll do what's within my responsibilities. Still, I need to confirm it before we move on, so I'll accompany you to the hospital tomorrow."

Charlene nodded. She had already arranged everything according to her script. She would not be exposed-she was sure of it.

The next morning, Brendan did as he said he would and went to the hospital with Charlene. The doctor announced after the examination, "The child is more than half a month old. They are very healthy, too. Congratulations!"

Chapter 929 Somebody Took Pictures of Them Visiting the OB-GYN

The timescale matched.

Brendan's handsome features remained apathetic throughout the process. As they entered the car, Charlene asked sheepishly, "You... don't want this kid, do you?"

Her eyes turned misty. "If you don't want them, just say it. I'm not going to force you into taking care of a child you don't want. The last thing I want is to bring a fatherless kid to the world."

Brendan snapped out of his trance. "What are you saying? I said I was going to marry you, didn't I?"

As he turned the car engine on, Charlene laughed self-deprecatingly. "Yes, you did, but only because you needed news about Ophelia McKinnon's whereabouts. It wasn't out of real love. If it wasn't for Ophelia, you wouldn't even spare me a glance, would you?"

Mentioning Ophelia brought a mocking sneer to Brendan's face. 'You really think I'd marry a woman I don't love for Ophelia's sake?'

Charlene froze. Then, her eyes gleamed in anticipation. "What did you say, Bren?" Brendan was reluctant to repeat himself, so he did not answer her at all. Still, Charlene's heart raced. His relationship with Deirdre had deteriorated, and now here he was, agreeing to marry Charlene. That could only mean one thing-he was giving her a chance.

In the end, Brendan did not want their relationship to end just like that!

A smile shadowed Charlene's lips. She knew it! Their relationship was one built for years and years. There was no way Deirdre alone was enough to demolish such a solid foundation! Brendan still loved her!

"Bren, are you saying... you're doing all of this for my sake?" Charlene drawled excitedly, her joy impossible to hide. She placed her fingers on the man's hand on the wheel, her voice soft and coy. 'You agreed to my deal because you still cared about me, didn't you?'

Brendan did not answer her. He simply cast his eyes down. 'You disappointed me when you abducted Deirdre back then. You shouldn't have been that jealous.'

Charlene's acting mode was triggered. "I know, I know. Believe me. I regret what I did ever since then," she murmured, biting her lips. "I love you so much that I lost control of myself and acted without reason, but now?

Now, I'm actually coming along well with Miss McKinnon! I'm not going to harm her again."

Brendan withheld her gaze with a gentle one. "I believe you."

A brilliant smile blossomed on Charlene's face. Had it not been for the fact that Brendan was driving, she would have kissed him right there and then.

The mood was going so well that Charlene could not help but want to give a bit more into her kindly, compassionate facade. "Bren, you really don't have to worry. Miss McKinnon's mom is actually living pretty well in a little town. She doesn't have to worry about her life because someone always provides her monthly allowance. In fact, I think her life is a step up from before!"

Charlene knew better than just exposing her card and giving him the address to Ophelia's whereabouts. She was just going to tell him everything was fine-and that should be all there was to it.

Brendan did not seem to mind the lack of additional details, nor did he try to pry from her lips. He seemed to pay most of his attention to driving.

Then, on the very next day, news of the couple visiting the hospital became headlines. Someone on the internet had uploaded pictures of Brendan and Charlene standing outside the OB-GYN consultation door.

It was a bombshell reveal.

"Why were Charli and Brendan visiting OB-GYN, guys? Unless!? Expecting!?" "Y'all, it's gotta be it! Damn, they were planning to get married, and they have kids already? Those wedding bells are gonna toll for them really soon!" "Finally! After all these years!"

"I eagerly await the event of the year!"

Comments and congratulations among themselves were insufficient to some of these people, too, because they even showed up on the Brighthall Group's official Twitter

account to leave their wishes.

Then, to most people's shock, someone even managed to uncover Charlene's personal Twitter account. A tweet from a few days ago read: 'Life is full of surprises, but my little angel is just the start of even more pleasant ones. I can't wait!!!' It was the final nail in the speculation coffin.

Chapter 930 Wedding at the End of the Month

Brendan and Charlene's marriage soon became a viral search term.

Sam showed the comments to a silent, unreactive Brendan. Instead, he simply answered Charlene's call as soon as it rang.

The young woman made a production of being innocently confused, "Bren, what's going on? Why were our pictures taken at the OB-GYN? What are we gonna do now?"

Brendan thumbed through his documents. "You really didn't know about it?"

Charlene froze for a moment before chuckling dryly. "About what? This looks like a picture some bystander took in secret instead of traditional media journalists! We can't control random people taking pictures of us. Or ... do you want me to tweet out an explanation to throw them off?" "Everyone already knows you're pregnant. No one's going to believe otherwise."

Charlene sighed. "I'm so sorry. I shouldn't have brought you with me to the hospital... Now you've got another problem to handle." "It's okay." Brendan rested his fingertip on his document. "The news is bound to be announced."

Charlene audibly fell silent. Then, gingerly, she asked, "Brendan, are you saying..."

"With your pregnancy comes my responsibility. I'll announce our wedding through the Brighthall Group's official Twitter account," he answered, his tone implicative. "This is what you want, right?"

Charlene had already foreseen things to go this way, but no amount of expectation could stop her from being overjoyed. "Oh, Bren! I await the day you marry me!"

The call ended. Still high from the turn of the event, Charlene made her way to the yard where Deirdre was chatting with Shea. With a grin, she intruded on their conversation. "Miss McKinnon, I didn't know you'd be interested in scenic views! I thought you wouldn't be able to enjoy them because of your, ah, impaired sight. This must be a sign of good mood, then! Surely you won't reject my wedding invitation this time?"

Deirdre's grin faded. Determined not to give her time to react, Charlene coyly added, "Oh, the context! Bren and I are getting married at the end of the month."

The end of the month... already!?

Deirdre's shock was genuine-this was not part of the plan.

Taking in Deirdre's shock was simply satisfying to Charlene, who could not resist prodding, 'You see, Miss McKinnon? So what if you're pregnant with Bren's kid? It didn't win you any favors from him anyway. But me? As soon as I got pregnant, Brendan started releasing official statements through the Brighthall Group's official Twitter account about our upcoming wedding!"

Deirdre snapped out of her surprise, and her eyes grew cold. "Well, congratulations then, Miss McKinney," she said flatly. "But, as someone who's been through a lot more than you'd remember, I should probably advise you not to count your chickens

before they're hatched, especially when we don't know who's the father of your chick, right? If Brendan finds out..."

Charlene's features twisted into a grimace. "What the f*ck are you accusing!?"

Deirdre flashed a smile and raised her head, barring a glance of scornful contempt.

"Oh, it's nothing. I was just wondering aloud, Miss McKinney. How lucky are you to be immediately pregnant from a single night?"

Brendan might believe you, but I don't. You should do your best to hide your receipts, I think. Wouldn't want me to uncover something big, would you?"

Deirdre left her question hanging as panic overcame Charlene. Fear seized her, so she raised her hand and swung, shouting, "Shut the f*ck up, b*tch!"

It did not land. Shea held Charlene's wrist almost immediately.

Charlene froze and tried to wriggle her hand free, but someone as trained as Shea could not possibly be shrugged off like that. She hardly moved even as Charlene's face was turning a little blue from the struggle.

Then, they all heard a series of footsteps coming from the side.