

Resent, Reject, Regret

Chapter 939

Chapter 939 The Wedding Will Be Delayed Indefinitely

Charlene covered her face and wept bitterly.

She was so good at bursting into tears to the detriment of her dignity that it began to move some of the crowd into doubting their initial moralist instinct.

Brendan was about to say something when one of the guests burst out of the horde and slapped Charlene.

"You lying, two-timing b*tch!" the man thundered.

"What did you tell me when you slept with me? B*tch, you told me you're only in this for Brendan's money. You told me you would run away with me once you got the money, but what did you do? You threw a six- against-one orgy behind my back! Does it kill you not to have a d* ck inside you fora moment! ?"

His invective, plus that slap that came from nowhere, shocked Charlene.

When she finally recovered and looked at the man, she ignored her disheveled hair and shrieked, "Who the f*ck are you!? I don't even know you! Security! This guy just slung an untrue slander at me, and I want him out!"

As she covered her face, the man's features became twisted.

"F*ck me! This b*tch recognizes a man by his d*ck instead of his face! Fine, Charl! You asked for this!"

He produced a stack of photos from his pocket and cast it to the floor.

"Now tell me if you don't f*cking recognize me again!" he snarled.

Charlene looked at the floor and saw photos of herself and the man she had slept with.

She wanted to be pregnant so much that she would have sex with anyone to get a child.

Sometimes, when her benefactor forgot to bring her some men, she suppressed her self- hatred and looked for anyone open for a casual hookup.

She had never thought it would become a chance for extortion...or these scandalous pictures.

Charlene's face turned white. She clawed at those photos and ripped them to shreds.

"No! None of these are real! These are fake! Doctored!"

Her instinct, though, told everyone a different story.

They began to whisper among themselves.

"So, she threw an orgy party at her wedding and had sex with different people in private? And then when she got pregnant, she said it's Mr. Brighthall's? Oh my God, what a shameless skank!"

"For f*ck's sake! I never thought I'd ever get to know a woman this shameless in my life! Now I just feel bad for Mr. Brighthall. The woman he loves turned out to be promiscuous. She doesn't even possess the decency to behave during the wedding itself!"

"Uh-oh. Bet the media outside got wind of this scoop. Man, how cursed would my life be if this was the woman I ended up marrying!"

The crowd's invectives simply would not stop.

Feelings of disgust spread among them like a contagion.

Brendan had not spoken a single word since Charlene was caught red-handed.

That frigid glare never left his face—and neither did any warmth ever return to his eyes.

It was clear just how much he was suppressing his rage. His lividity was leaking out of him, and soon enough, the crowd sensed it.

The commentaries died down to whispers.

No one dared speak any louder.

Brendan tidied his collar impatiently before turning to the man.

"Who let you in? Get out of my sight! Now!"

Against his hailstorm like temperament, the man opened his mouth ineffectively before scurrying away, apprehensive.

A glint flitted through Charlene's otherwise despondent eyes.

Brendan turned to the crowd.

"Whatever happened on screen tonight was a complete accident. I'll launch an investigation to see whether Lena was drugged, and then I'll provide an explanation. Before a conclusion is made, I don't want to see any commentaries, any mass propagation, or anyone mentioning this incident at all!"

It was reasonable that Brendan hoped to cover this up.

Since the guests were all part of his social circle, they, too, knew that leaking this incident to the wider world benefitted no one.

Thus, they nodded.

"Loud and clear, Mr. Brighthall! We were never here."

"We were just here for the reception! We know nothing and saw nothing."

It was easy for them to be a little generous— especially when they were the ones who got to watch this exciting scandal unfold right in front of their eyes.

Besides, everyone knew that Brendan had the power to control the press and the media to keep this incident under wraps.

Brendan scanned the surroundings and ordered Sam, "The reception is canceled. Inform everyone, including the media, that the bride's unwell, and the wedding has to be delayed indefinitely."

"Understood!"

Sam immediately began sending the guests away.

The corridor began to clear.

Soon enough, the only people there were Brendan and Charlene, who was still cowering on the floor.