

# Resent, Reject, Regret

Chapter 940

Chapter 940 It's All Deirdre's Evil Plan!

Charlene regarded him as though he was her messiah.

Throwing her arms around his thigh, she launched a litany to explain why she was innocent despite the weight of evidence showing otherwise.

"Bren, you believe me, don't you? Someone set me up! I don't know who, but I know they're trying to destroy me. You know I devote my heart and soul to you, Bren! How could I possibly want to be with any other guys!?" Brendan said nothing, even as Charlene tightened her arms around his legs.

He took a cigarette out of his pocket and lit it up.

When white smoke started to swirl in the air around them, he finally looked down at her.

"How big of an idiot do you think I am, Charlene?"

Charlene considered the frigid look on his face and shivered.

"I'm willing to excuse your...orgy with the possibility that you've been drugged." He continued.

"But what about those pictures? How are you supposed to explain that away? Doctored? Deep fake?"

His inquisitor's tone bleached Charlene's visage. Her lips were quivering in fear. She tried her best to weave a convincing excuse despite herself.

"No! B-Bren— I was coerced on that one, too!"

She reeled in realization.

"Of course! That b\*stard pulled me into an alley before I could notice him and then took these pictures to threaten me! I had no choice but to sleep with him, Bren! Believe me. I'm in so much agony and pain. I'm a victim!"

"Sounds like he coerced you, huh?"

Sarcasm filled Brendan's eyes as though he was watching a clown.

Charlene's panic doubled at the sight.

Then, Brendan asked, "Why didn't you tell me when it happened?"

"I...wouldn't dare!"

Charlene sobbed. She let her tears generously stream down her cheeks.

"Bren, I was...so scared you'd reject me ...by thinking I'm unclean! M-Maybe you wouldn't want me anymore! What would happen then? I thought it'd be over if I just did what he wanted me to do that one time, but h-he showed up at our wedding and d-do this!"

Brendan sank into silence as if he believed half of it.

It was then that Sam whispered something in his ears, prompting Brendan to extinguish his cigarette before leaving after Sam.

Charlene watched his back vanishing into the farthest end of the corridor and gripped the carpet.

She thought about what had happened thus far and felt an uncontrollable, dizzy spell attacking her. She was supposed to be Brendan's bride today! She was supposed to turn from an unknown Charlene McKinney, who nobody cared about, to Charli Brighthall, the most important and treasured elite in all of Neve! So why? Why did this happen? How did she allow herself to be set up like this!? Her mind raced to the moment when a waitress told her Brendan needed help with his stomachache.

That was the reason Charlene had hurried to this room—where the trap was waiting. She felt a chill climbing up her spine.

Her ankles turned weak.

She was about to put her clothes back on when she heard sounds.

A quiet discussion outside.

To her surprise, Deirdre's voice was involved.

She yanked the sheet over herself and snuck to the corner.

Deirdre was standing akimbo with the waitress Charlene had bribed earlier.

They were talking.

"The plan worked exactly as we wanted, right, Miss McKinnon? I fooled Charli into thinking you got caught in her design, but really, we just made her the target of her own plan instead! Now that her scandals are out, Mr. Brighthall will never want to marry her ever again!"

Deirdre's face was animated with a smile.

"Atta girl! I knew my money talks!"

"Duh, obviously? I told you, Miss McKinnon. If the price is right, you can do more than just steal Mr. Brighthall's heart back. You can even ruin Charli McKinsey like it's just another Tuesday."

Charlene yanked the sheet to her beck, her chest almost bursting from rage.

Waves and waves of pain from her previous ordeal attacked her at the same time. She was tempted to lunge at Deirdre, yank her hair, and smack her against the wall. So, that was why her scheme against Deirdre had not worked. That b\*tch had managed to bribe the waitress into doing her bidding instead!