

# Resent, Reject, Regret

Chapter 938

Chapter 938 They Forced Themselves on Me!

The man did not answer her.

In fact, Charlene quickly felt another pair of hands coming for her.

This time, she shrieked and slapped it away.

Someone pulled the curtains away, and the light revealed six men in the room with her—all of them obviously drugged.

Most of them were sitting on the floor, tripping out of their wits, but two of them were staring at Charlene with lust in their eyes.

Blood was drained out of Charlene's face.

"Why are you here!? I told you to wait at the guests' lounge!"

Unfortunately, these people were too far gone to listen to any instruction.

One of them slapped their hand on Charlene's lips while the other began to remove her clothes against her will. She struggled but could not break free at all.

And yet, toward the end, Charlene stopped resisting and...danced with them.

Someone hammered at the door from outside, waking Charlene out of her trance. She quickly shoved the men away, horror overwhelming her visage.

Something was not right! There was something seriously wrong with the odor in the room! Panic and fear sprung out of the depth of her heart. It was then that the door was kicked open, revealing a horde of wedding guests packed outside.

Standing in the middle of it all was Brendan, whose face was shrouded in an icy glare.

Still dressed in his groom's tuxedo, his visage looked as if the most bitter winter had a face. He was as furious as any groom who found his bride having an affair on the day of their wedding...and then was found out immediately.

He looked so terrifying that the men were shocked out of their stupor and began to get dressed.

Charlene's heart stopped momentarily before she forced herself to squeeze some tears out into a sob.

"B- Bren! They forced me! They forced me into...into...I'm so terrified, Brendan!"

She feigned victimhood at the drop of a hat, sure nobody saw what happened here.

Unfortunately, other than the rage on Brendan's face, the rest of the guests simply regarded her with disgust and disdain.

One of them could not stop himself.

"Drop the act, Charli! Your performance was shown on the big screen right there in the hall! You didn't look forced at all!"

What! ? Charlene froze on the bed.

The entire thing...

had been broadcast on the screen? But that was supposed to be for Deirdre! "I can't believe that whole self-respecting, demure attitude you put on was a disguise to your true, disgusting \*ss! And that appetite, oh my God! Six men! So, one man isn't enough for you! ? And to do it on your wedding day...

How low can you go? If it weren't for the surveillance camera, the groom might have never known his wife's true character!"

"I didn't even know she was this shameless. And then to lie about being forced after everyone saw her! If she was being raped or coerced, she would have looked afraid, alarmed, and in pain! But she just looked like she enjoyed it!"

"Which means this has happened more than once! Eeewww! Oh, I really pity Mr. Brighthall. He went through so much to prepare this wedding for her, but she just..."

Charlene's brain was buzzing.

The crowd's moral umbrage and invectives were making her grimace, but above it all, she was seized by hapless panic.

How had it come to this! ? The woman lying on the bed and becoming the target of their vilification should have been Deirdre! Why was Charlene the one ensnared now!? And why were these men in the room where she did her makeup? And all of them were obviously drugged.

Even she was, too! Charlene's face was as white as a sheet. She could not bear to continue her train of thought. She turned to Brendan and explained frantically, "None of what they say is true! It's not what you think! Someone...Someone drugged me! I'd never betray you like this! My heart belongs to you! This is a conspiracy!"

She wrapped herself in a sheet and lurched toward him, who deadpanned.

Still, she could see a flicker of doubt in his eyes.

Charlene seized onto it and threw herself at his foot.

"Something's wrong with this room! There's an odor, Bren! You got to investigate it! There is something wrong, and you need to investigate it! It made me lose my senses and reason, I swear! It made me see you in them! That was why I did it!"