

Resent, Reject, Regret

Chapter 941

Chapter 941 They Won't Spread The News

Charlene's mind raced to everything that had happened to her back there as fear, panic, and lividity ravaged her. But now was not the time to lose control.

She recalled how Brendan tried his best to maintain his composure and defended her despite being humiliated by the ordeal.

It meant that he still cared about her and had enough care and love for her that he could not bear to watch her suffer.

She had to secure this man! If Brendan decided to abandon her, those people she had been forced to work with...

they had even less reservation about abandoning her, too.

Someone whose reputation had gone down the sh*tter to the elite circle could not possibly rise up on their own ever again! After squaring the pros and cons of her options, Charlene turned on her heels and left quickly.

The waitress watched her darting away, and the smug grin on her face disappeared.

Solemnly, she said, "She's gone, Miss McKinnon."

Deirdre rubbed her arms, which were cold from being exposed to the AC.

"Phew! Thank you so much."

"No need to thank me! I owe Mr. Brighthall a personal debt. So, honestly, joining in a ruse to fool her is nothing. Hell, I'd gladly throw my life away for him!"

Deirdre flashed a smile while her mind retraced to the incident.

She was there when it happened—not among the crowd but hiding in the corner.

She had heard the entire exchange, too.

She had listened to the crowd directing their umbrage at Charlene, then the man who they had hired to escalate the situation, novelebook and finally, Brendan cleaning up the mess from "the goodness of his heart."

If she was allowed to be honest, Deirdre felt a little tinge of smug satisfaction.

Charlene was one of the people who had harmed her mother—she deserved what she got today.

After Brendan finished settling loose ends, he returned to the lounge.

As soon as he opened the door, though, Charlene threw her arms around his waist, shaking.

"Bren! Oh, God, Bren! You're back! I really thought you had already abandoned me!" She wept pitifully.

"I'm begging you. Please don't cast me aside! You're the only one I got!"

Nothing about his handsome but deadpanned visage changed. He simply removed his hand away from hers, his eyes shrouded in an unreadable emotion.

Charlene watched him withdraw his hand from hers, her anxiety growing.

"B-Bren?"

"What makes you think I'm interested in a woman who has betrayed me, Charlene?"

Brendan narrowed his eyes.

There was resentment in his voice.

"If you stay with me, everyone will know Brendan Brighthall simps for a woman who's gone wild with all kinds of men behind his back! Do you know what that means! ?"

Charlene froze, but she knew what he was implying.

Brendan was angry about her betrayal. But if he really was disgusted with her, he would have discarded her right there and then. He would not have given her a second chance! "Bren, I know your pain. More than anyone—more than you, even—I feel like jumping off a bridge after something like this happened!"

Charlene sobbed behind her hands.

"But I can't leave you after... After all the things you've done for me. You tried to stop this incident from leaking out to the public, which means you still... care about me, right? 'I swear, this isn't gonna happen again! I promise, I swear! Please, just forgive me for this once, okay?"

Brendan lit his cigarette impatiently.

A while later, he grumbled, "It's impossible to stop the news from leaking out, don't you get it? novel.eb.ook You should have known someone has been trying to ruin me! If this incident gets out there, it'll play right into those conspirators' hands. Do you understand me? I won't be able to save you, so don't cry about me abandoning you!"

"No! It won't spread!" Charlene sprung up.

"They won't spread the news!"

Brendan shot her a curious look.

"And why is that?"

Charlene actually had no idea—she just wanted him not to leave her, so she said whatever it was to help her get there. But now, she could only hesitantly bluff.

"Because they don't have proof that it happened? Everyone who attended our reception was one of our own, right? Of course they would keep their mouths shut."