

# Resent, Reject, Regret

Chapter 942

Chapter 942 Don't Blame Me For Abandoning You!

Brendan sneered.

"Well, well.Aren't you naive?"

Sam knocked on the door at just that moment, his visage grim.

Brendan extinguished his cigarette and asked, "What's wrong?"

Sam shot a resentful glance at Charlene.

"Someone's taken pictures of what happened, so now...Charlene's scandal has been leaked out to the public and became viral.Everyone has been anticipating this wedding for so long that this piece of news immediately became the most viral discussion.We couldn't censor it at all."

Brendan scowled in silence.

Charlene was aghast.

"But how? How did it get leaked! ?"

"Why wouldn't it, huh!?"

Sam snapped at her.

"Mr.Brighthall had a target painted on his back these days, so of course, they would be glad for a story that would ruin him in one fell swoop! Hell, it didn't just leak! They clearly put in money to deliberately amplify the story to all corners of the Internet! Not only does Mr.Brighthall have to suffer being seen as a cuckolded husband, but the company's tanking in the stock market too! And all those billions of dollars worth of contracts and partnerships were canceled and given to someone else!"

"Sam!"

Brendan warned.

The man was too infuriated to stop.

"Really, sir? Do you really think now is the time to defend her? A promiscuous woman like her doesn't deserve you!"

"I didn't ask for your opinion on my personal matters,"

Brendan rebutted unhappily.

Sam did quiet down, but it was clear from how he opened his mouth and closed it again that he had a lot more rage to vent than he was allowed.

Brendan turned to Charlene.

"I'll ask you one last time.Is the baby mine?"

Charlene nodded frantically and ignored her brain going blank.

"Yours! It is yours, Bren!"

"Okay," Brendan answered calmly.

"I trust you.But if we can't solve this fiasco, then you're doomed."

With that, Brendan and Sam began to convene on how to salvage their situation.

Charlene quickly changed into her clothes and used the opening to call her benefactors from the bathroom.novelebook Her fingers were trembling even as she tried to punch the numbers in.

How could they do this, spreading the news and making things worse like that? How was she going to be Mrs.Brighthall at this rate? How was she going to be his wife? Her brain was short-circuiting.

She tried to call the same number repeatedly, but no call connected.

As she panted, a chill climbed her spine.

Did they just...abandon her to the wolves? Did they abandon her because they thought Brendan no longer wanted her after all that had happened, and so decided to sink the entire ship—her included—if it meant they could destroy Brendan more? F\*ck! This was despite how much she helped them! Charlene was shaking with fury.

She wished she could just chuck her phone outside in rage, but she could not afford to make too much noise.

She gnashed her teeth, her blood boiling.

A while later, she emerged from the bathroom.

By that point, Brendan was the only one left in the lounge.

The man seemed to have become a chain-smoker since the ordeal.

He had another cigarette between his fingers near his lips while he rested his other hand on the right side of the couch.

Nicotine smog swirled and shrouded his visage from being properly seen.

Charlene gripped her fists.

After a long hard thought in the bathroom, she now knew who was the only one she could rely on.

If those people abandoned her, then excuse her for choosing the other side! "I-Is this thing...salvageable, Bren?"

Brendan extinguished the cigarette and studied her with his cold, unreadable eyes.He seemed irritated, but even if he were, he did not vent it out.

"what do you think? After everything has happened, is there even a way to resolve it?" nove.leb.ook Charlene approached him and bit her lips.

"Would it help if you...manage to sniff out the source of those against you?"

Brendan trained his eyes on her for a moment.

"God, you make it sound so easy.Why would I trip so many times if it were that easy?"