

Resent, Reject, Regret

Chapter 943

Chapter 943 Who Do You Think Is Behind All of This?

"Bren, I know someone who holds a grudge against you, but I can't ...tell if he's the real mastermind behind the conspiracy against you."

"Oh?" Brendan's interest was piqued.He focused his attention on Charlene's face as though reading her.

"Who is it?" She bit her lips.

"I don't know his name, but I know he's not someone from Neve."

"Not from Neve?"

Brendan's eyebrows were furrowed together.

"If he's not someone who lives in Neve, then why would he hold a grudge against me?"

"I don't know.I only learned this much when they asked me to work with them."

"Work with them?"

"Yes.They wanted to ruin you through my relationship with me and even resorted to compensating me financially."

Her eyes shifted for a moment, and she decided she needed to express her loyalty.

"But they were never as important to me as you are, so I said no to working with them.But given how much they wanted to destroy you, I bet they didn't let up just because I refused to help.So, all of this is probably...their doing."

Brendan was silent.

Grim.

Charlene felt as though she was sitting on pines and needles.

Gingerly, she looked at him and asked, "You don't believe me, do you, Bren?"

"I believe you," he replied.

"I was just...surprised that I somehow joined a man's hit list without even remembering such a thing had happened." Charlene breathed a sigh of relief.

"Lightning strikes the tallest tree. Maybe you made enemies when competing for some lucrative projects, and now, they want you down." novelebook Brendan nodded, seemingly agreeing with her rationalization.

His tone even became gentler.

"Hey...Sorry for what happened to you today.I know you were set up, but now, you just helped me solve a big mystery.Once this is over, I'll clear your name, and we'll have our wedding again."

"B-Bren!" Charlene was overjoyed.

She buried her head in his chest and began to sob.

"I...I'm okay...I really am okay...I don't mind these things happening to me so long as you believe in me.""What do you mean we can't contact Charlene?"

A man was cracking his knuckles in a dark room in an unknown villa.

He peeled open a little of the curtains and gazed at the world previously guarded against him.

A man—his underling—shook his trembling head.

"W-We can't contact her.A- And even with our people being there in the venue, no one saw her.N-Nobody knows where Brendan has brought her to..."

The air in the room suddenly turned heavier by the second.

Then, with one firm crack of his knuckles, he suddenly decked a backhanded slap across his underling.

"F*cking useless!"

The underling dared not make a peep.He did not even dare soothe the searing pain flaring on the side of his cheek.

With his rage expressed, the man's eyes turned cold.

"I knew that b *tch would be too stupid to get anything done, but I underestimated how inept she really is.To be set up right when she was about to marry him and have all of her reputation in tatters! ?"

The underling hesitated for a moment before saying, "All of her pictures have been leaked to the public.She's as good as done for."

The man turned to the window.

"Who do you think masterminded this?"

"Who?"

The underling was nonplussed.

He observed the man's face, saw only placidity instead of rage, and felt a little emboldened to answer,nove.le.book "Anyone is possible.Anyone but Brendan Brighthall, of course.It's probably someone who's against him, too.Someone who decided to seize the chance to destroy him."

The man raised his eyebrow.

"What makes you think it's not Brendan himself?"

"Huh?"

The underling cried out.

Confused as he was, he managed to answer as sincerely as he could, "Well, nothing good will come to Brendan if he leaks it out to the press.Nothing good at all."