

Resent, Reject, Regret

Chapter 944

Chapter 944 Leaked Photos

"Nothing makes a man wanna protect more than his ego, right? Especially someone like Brendan. We can see that from what happened a few years ago. How could someone like that even allow news of himself being cucked to be leaked to the world? It just doesn't make sense."

The man sank into a pensive silence.

The underling was not wrong, yet he could not help but think something was amiss about this entire event—even if he could not connect Brendan to the mastermind.

A long beat later, the man finally broke his silence.

"Charlene McKinney is not salvageable by this point. Time to use this. Add fuel into Brendan's chaos."

Three days later, another story related to Charlene made the rounds.

This time, intimate photos between herself and other men were under the spotlight.

The leaker had stories, too.

While Charlene was "a sl*t", Brendan was described as someone whose apparent chastity and self-control were completely faked.

He had predatory relationships with many minors, the leaker claimed, so his instinct was to protect Charlene after her promiscuity was revealed and delay their wedding.

The pictures' existence added some believability to the leaker's claim.

Suddenly, Brendan became the center of the internet's discussion.

"Yo, y'all think this is true or nah? Do you think Brendan and Charli are both very problematic players this whole time? I didn't even expect him to be like that. He looks so serious and upstanding, at least???"

"simps, always remember: looks can be deceiving. You expect fidelity from people like them? You're asking pigs to fly. Honestly, this whole thing only came to light by accident, and now we now. If Brendan was as innocent as people hope, bro would have immediately explained himself before sh*t's turned eleven."

"Judging from the pictures, I think this leaker has got to be their friend or someone in their circle.

That just makes things more believable, right? It's gotta be real!"

"Okay, so my friend knows a call girl who's close to Brendan. He would give her thousands of dollars for a night, but this guy is terrible at sex. novelebook Worse, he's kinky asf and hurts them for his pleasure instead of theirs! So that call girl ran away after that one time. Now, the cat's out of the bag!"

"For f*ck's sake! The Brighthall Group needs someone other than this piece of sh*t to lead them already. What's the use of being a business genius if you're a problematic, predatory sh*tbag!?"

The online discourse easily turned malicious.

When Mrs. Engel—who caught up to the commentaries while doing her grocery shopping—returned, she needed time just to calm down.

"I swear, people nowadays will jump to conclusions before anything's even certain yet!" she ranted.

"They will apologize to him for misunderstanding him and then point their fingers at him again just because of some unproven accusations!"

Deirdre propped her head with her palm and flashed her a dry smile.

"The worst has yet to come, Mrs. Engel. I think you should do your groceries online for the time being... We don't want people in the supermarket to recognize you."

As Mrs. Engel chose her cooking ingredients, she continued venting.

"That Charlene is a succubus! I saw the pictures online, and I know it ain't fake. She can be loose all she wants, but dragging Mr. Brighthall through the mud like that!? God, he should have never taken her into this mansion!" Deirdre shushed and pointed at the stairs.

"She might be listening." She was right.

Charlene had been listening to their conversation from the first floor.

It chilled her blood.

When she saw those pictures online through her laptop, she felt her heart plunging into the coldest abyss.

Only those people had these pictures.

She did not even have the courage to see what was being said about her online.

Putting on a mask, she bolted out of the door and got into acab.

"Brighthall Group HQ." The driver turned to her questioningly. She looked down, avoiding his gaze. no. vele. book He finally started the engine.

They arrived at the building.

Reporters had already flooded the entrance, though the security managed to stop them by the steps leading to the door.

It did not stop them from throwing out questions that stung, though.