

## Resent Reject Regret

### Resent Reject Regret by Aqua Summers chapter 129

#### Chapter 129 Use Your Brain to Think When You Attempt to Vilify Someone

Deirdre put on the clothes indifferently and followed Brendan downstairs. As soon as she reached the first floor, she heard the sound of high heels clicking coming from the entrance. Soon, Charlene walked over and said smilingly, "It's a pity that you left so early. You missed the climax of the musical.

"The main character's dog died after being dismembered. It was truly exhilarating to watch." She enunciated her words clearly and emphasized her remark on purpose.

Deirdre's eyes turned bloodshot instantly as she ran toward Charlene and clutched her throat, roaring hysterically, "You're heartless! It was just a dog!"

"Deirdre!"

"Ms. McKinnon!"

It all happened so unexpectedly that Charlene was thrown into the coffee table. Deirdre's eyes were bloodshot, and she used all the strength in her ten fingers to choke Charlene.

Brendan pulled her away from Charlene and threw her to the floor coldly. He showed concern for Charlene instead, asking, "Are you alright, Charlene?"

Deirdre knocked her head on the staircase handrail during the fall, and a loud thud was heard. However, Brendan did not feel sorry for her.

'Charlene is actually provoking me on purpose. Isn't seeing me have an emotional breakdown exactly what Charlene wants to achieve? She has gotten what she wished for.'

"Brendan..." Charlene wept and covered her throat with her hands. She then looked at Deirdre in fear. "What happened? Did I offend Ms. McKinnon? Why would she suddenly do this..."

Brendan's face turned green from anger, and he glared at Deirdre. "Apologize, Deirdre!"

Deirdre's head was filled with all sorts of voices. There was Charlene's intentional provocation, Bliss' whining, and Brendan's raging roar.

She said with red eyes, "Why would I apologize to someone who would even kill a dog!"

"Kill a dog?" Charlene's beautiful face turned ghastly pale. "What are you talking about, Ms. McKinnon? I don't understand. What's going on?"

Brendan's expression turned cold. "Stop acting like a madman, Deirdre. Sam has already investigated the situation. You are the one who didn't shut the door properly and caused

the dog to get out of the room. A homeless man got into the backyard through a hole in the fence and killed the dog. The surveillance footage shows everything clearly. This incident is completely unrelated to Charlene!”

‘Completely unrelated?’

Deirdre’s mind went blank. ‘A homeless man entered the backyard through a hole and killed Bliss by coincidence? How could it be such a coincidence that Charlene made me go out to get some clothes right when Bliss died a tragic death...’

“That’s impossible! It must be here!”

Other than Charlene, who else would want her to have an emotional breakdown so badly?

Brendan looked down at Charlene in contempt. “Charlene was watching the musical with me the whole night. How could she have walked away to kill the dog in the backyard on my watch? Deirdre, you ought to use your brain to think when you attempt to vilify someone!”

Deirdre breathed heavily. She wondered if the weather was cold, as her entire body was freezing.

“So it turns out that something bad happened to Ms. McKinnon’s pet dog, huh. It’s my fault for making a triggering remark earlier.”

“You’re too kind, Charlene. You don’t need to speak on her behalf.” Brendan took a glance at Deirdre impatiently. “Someone like her will never remember your kindness, and she will always try to figure out a way to frame you. You were so concerned about her being cold that you made Sam take her to get some clothes.”

“Ms. McKinnon doesn’t like me, I guess... That’s very normal too. However, we shall not make a fuss since she’s so pitiful.”

Charlene’s soothing words and her deep affection when she interacted with Brendan flawlessly showed that she was the winner at that very moment.

Brendan loathed Deirdre even more. “Don’t bother paying attention to her. Let’s go upstairs.”

Before Brendan left, he took a cold glance at Deirdre and said, “Exercise control over your hands. I’m going to dismember you like that dog if you lay a hand on Charlene again!”

Chapter 130 I’ll Give Myself to You Today

Deirdre’s entire body was trembling, and she wrapped her arms around herself tightly.

“Ms. McKinnon...” Sam said hesitantly. He could not help feeling sorry for Deirdre’s situation after witnessing the whole incident. “Are you alright?”

Deirdre’s eyes were red with tears. Sam was the only person she could trust now. He was the only one.

She hastily said, "Sam, tell me if it's true. Was Bliss killed by a homeless man?"

"Yes." Sam heaved a sigh. Even though he suspected Charlene, there was nothing he could do without adequate proof, and the mastermind had executed the scheme very well. "The surveillance footage shows that the homeless man tormented and killed Bliss because he was mentally unstable. That is not unexpected, and there's no way we can pursue this incident legally. After all, it's not a human life, but a dog's life..."

'Yes, it was just a dog. An outsider wouldn't even raise an eyebrow because it died in the backyard.'

"Understood." Deirdre's voice was shaking.

"Ms. McKinnon, don't think about it anymore. It was just a coincidence, and there's no one to blame. Bliss' death was an accident. Don't take it to heart and don't blame yourself anymore."

'How can I not blame myself? It's my fault that Bliss got out of the room, so I killed it indirectly.'

"Sure... Thank you."

Deirdre slept terribly that night. She would think about Bliss' tragic death every time she closed her eyes. She had heard the description of its dismemberment and she had felt the intestines being squeezed out of its tiny body when she had felt it with her hands.

While she had been trying on beautiful clothes, Bliss had been howling in agony in the backyard, yet no one had come to its rescue.

She fell asleep with great effort, only to dream of her child and Bliss coming to see her. They claimed that they loathed her and regretted being associated with her. They asked her why she was alive when they were dead.

"I'm sorry... I'm sorry... It's all because of me. Just wait for me. I'll die and atone for my crimes soon..."

She cried in agony. The man seated by the bed furrowed his eyebrows and wiped away her tears.

After he left Deirdre's room, he found Charlene, who had already changed into a sexy nightgown. She approached him with a pungent perfume scent on her body.

"Brendan, why did you just come out of Ms. McKinnon's room?" Charlene was slightly displeased. She had assumed that Brendan had been in the study all this time. "Did Ms. McKinnon ask to see you so she could complain about her grievances to you?"

"No." Brendan did not fancy the smell of that perfume. He turned his face to the side and said, "I went to her room to get something."

"Is that so?" Charlene bit her lower lip. Then, she smiled, as she did not want to keep talking about Deirdre when they were together. She just found it too ominous. She wrapped her arm around Brendan's arm and leaned her voluptuous body against him. "Brendan, don't you want to sleep in my room tonight? We've been together for such a long time, and I really want to give myself to you..."

The woman's face was charming, and her eyes were filled with amorous feelings. However, Brendan did not feel any sexual desire when he looked at her face.

Charlene had undergone plastic surgery to look like someone else, which made him feel estranged. Besides, he would always think about Deirdre for no apparent reason and the way she bit her lower lip with an expression that was telling something else...

He shoved away Charlene. "Charlene, you know that Deirdre and I are still married. We cannot begin our relationship properly under the circumstances. This is unfair to you."

"I don't care." Charlene wrapped her arms around Brendan's strong waist and leaned her face on his chest. "You know that you're all I've cared about right from the start. I would like to give myself to you today. I can't wait a moment longer."

The woman's soft bosom did not make Brendan's expression change in the slightest. On the contrary, the pungent perfume smell made him want to escape.