

# Resent Reject Regret

Resent Reject Regret by Aqua Summers chapter 289

Chapter 289 Forced to Death by Him

“Who did it? When was it?”

Sam narrowed his eyes. “The day before Miss McKinnon was jailed. It was also the day you kicked Mrs. McKinnon out of the yard. After she was kicked out, a car came and took her to a mental hospital. The video was also released that day. Perhaps... Miss McKinnon saw it...”

Brendan’s mind went blank. He suddenly recalled the phone call from Deirdre that day. For the first time, she had hysterically and desperately bawled that he was forcing her.

At the time, he had reacted with a sneer. He had thought Deirdre was trying to gain his sympathy because he had just taken back everything he had given to her.

She had eventually agreed to be jailed. And he had thought that she had been reluctant to part with the luxurious life. Instead, her mother had been suffering.

She had done it willingly, and he had never forced her. However, he had never thought that someone else might be forcing her.

At that moment, Brendan regretted it. As he thought of his condescending attitude and Deirdre’s suppressed weeping, his heart ached.

It was too painful... Why would it be so painful...

He had never considered how much pain Deirdre had been in.

Being forced into such a desperate situation by the person she had loved... No wonder she had been so afraid that she had resisted when she had seen him again...

Brendan pressed his fingers strongly against his palm, and it took him a long time to croak, "Who did it?"

"Steven."

As soon as Sam answered, Brendan lost his mind. "Why did he do this?"

"Perhaps he did it for you or Miss McKinney. After all, he knows you the best. He would take the initiative to do anything that is difficult for you to do."

As Sam replied, he clenched his fists.

The more he had been in contact with Deirdre, the more he had felt that Deirdre's life had been miserable.

Every single moment of the past few years, Deirdre had been living in imminent peril. No wonder she had been willing to die instead.

Humans are not emotionless. Besides, she had not only lost the most important person in her life, but she'd also had to confront her lover, who had hurt her unscrupulously. She would have certainly been frightened enough to run away.

"Deirdre..."

As he called her name, darkness increasingly filled the edges of his vision, and he felt dizzy and nauseated. In fact, he had never been so furious before.

It turned out that Deirdre had been gradually forced by him to death.

Smashed the thing in his hand, he went to see Steven. As soon as Steven opened the door, Brendan immediately began to punch him.

Each punch was so hard that it injured Steven. However, Steven seemed to understand and endured each

punch without saying a word.

The unhealed wound on his hand was hurting again, but Brendan ignored it. Instead, he grabbed Steven's collar and bellowed, "Why! Who told you to do this? I warned you a long time ago not to take yourself too seriously. Do you know that you ruined her?"

Steven almost blurted out who the real culprit was. However, he couldn't tell the truth because he was being blackmailed by the ruthless Charlene. He could only apologetically lower his head and confess. "Sir, I am sorry."

"You aren't qualified to call me sir!" Rage thrummed through Brendan, and as if all his energy suddenly drained out of him, he retreated miserably.

Steven had done that mostly because of him.

It was because he had treated Deirdre indifferently, just like he would treat a dog. He had commanded Deirdre whenever he'd felt like it. That was why Steven had been so dismissive and used the most disgusting tricks to deal with Deirdre.

"Get out! Get out of Neve and don't show up before me again. Otherwise, I'm afraid that I might kill you!"

Following that, Brendan staggered out of the room. Sam saw it and hurriedly stepped forward to help him. "Mr. Brighthall, is your wound..."

## Chapter 290 Fall in Love With Her

"I'm fine."

In fact, Brendan hoped that the wound would never heal so that he would never forget that he used to ruthlessly ruin a person's life.

Quivering, he closed his eyes for a while before he reopened them. "Go back."

Sam drove him back to the mansion. However, a figure at the door attracted Brendan's attention as soon as he got out of the car.

He was rather dizzy when he saw that blurry figure. He thought it was Deirdre, who had come to see him. He hurriedly took a few steps forward, only to see that Charlene was standing there.

"Bren!" Charlene went up to meet him while clenching her hands nervously. After receiving the news that Brendan was going to see Steven, she had been so worried that she had rushed there immediately without much thought.

It seemed that Steven hadn't exposed her.

For an instant, Brendan's eyes darkened. Although his face was no longer that frigid, he still didn't show any emotion. "Why are you here? It's too cold. Go back."

"If I don't come again, I'm afraid you'll fall just because of Deirdre..." Charlene bit her lip.

When Brendan heard the name, he felt sharp heartache.

“Bren, you haven’t been to the company in almost a week. Even though you can’t accept Miss McKinnon’s death, you can’t let yourself be so decadent, can you? You are Brendan Brighthall! The CEO of the Brighthall Group! You shouldn’t disregard the company for a woman!” Charlene yapped while grabbing Brendan’s arm.

“Go back if you are here just to persuade me. I know very well when the company needs me.” Brendan refused while trying to suppress the irritation caused by his splitting headache.

“But you can’t go on like this! Miss McKinnon is gone. Even if you keep looking, she won’t come back to you!” screamed Charlene hysterically out of jealousy. Immediately, her eyes met Brendan’s frigid gaze. The man’s black, empty eyes made Charlene’s heart skip a beat. Then, she heard Brendan say, “Even if she’s gone, her corpse cannot disappear out of thin air. I just want Deirdre to come back, even if she’s a corpse!”

Charlene’s eyes were red, and her lips quivered at his answer. “Bren... Why do you care so much about Miss McKinnon’s death? Tell me... Have you fallen in love with her?”

As she shivered, the white vapor Charlene expelled dissipated, and her beautiful eyes were fixed on Brendan’s face.

She was expecting to find disgust on Brendan’s face again and hear him almost instantaneously deny this. However, she only saw a calm face and didn’t hear him admit or deny it.

It was only after a while that Brendan said, “You should go back now.”

Charlene had an emotional breakdown. Tears welled up in her eyes and began to drop one after another.” Bren, did you fall in love with Miss McKinnon just because she got in an accident? Then what if I was the one who died? How I wish I had died instead so that you would not be in such agony...”

"Don't say that! That's impossible!" Brendan's brows were tightly knitted. "You will be fine."

"But what about our relationship?" Charlene cried, her eyes dull. "Perhaps we aren't destined to be together. When we were about to get married, I had a car accident. When I woke up, Miss McKinnon had taken my position as your bride. She captured your heart. If I had never woken up, if I had died in that fire to save you, wouldn't it have been a kind of relief for you?" 1

When Brendan heard her mention the fire, his expression changed. In any case, Charlene was his savior.