

Resent, Reject, Regret

Chapter 932

Chapter 932 You'll Need To Attend the Wedding

Brendan's gaze pooled around Charlene, like a spotlight, as she continued to sob. "If it weren't for those journalists putting my feet on the fire, I wouldn't have forced Miss McKinnon to attend my wedding, okay?"

"Do you really think her attendance is going to be, in any way, shape, or form, beneficial to me? She's pregnant with your child, Bren! Every time I see it, it hurts me so much!"

She was acting so hard, yet Brendan's eyes exuded impassivity and nonchalance. He waited until she was done venting and passed her a piece of tissue. "So, you had nothing to do with it?" "Of course!" Charlene wiped away her tears.

"I see. I believe you." Brendan's tone softened.

Charlene broke out a watery smile and began redressing her ruined makeup as Brendan focused on driving. "Bren, should... Should we tell Miss McKinnon? I told the reporter that she was joining, after all..."

Brendan nodded impatiently. "Now that you told the media it's going to happen, she has to be there, or it'd seem like we were bluffing." "But what if she doesn't want to attend?" Charlene bit her lips. "The last time I invited her when I saw her in the yard, she didn't agree to it and was even glared at. I was so scared I just shut up. If I'd said more, it would look as if I'm trying to egg her on." "I'll be the one to tell her," Brendan replied, tightening his grip around the steering wheel. "Let me."

Charlene nodded gently as she tried to disguise the glee in her eyes.

Everything was going exactly as she had planned. With Brendan being the messenger, Deirdre would not be able to reject the invitation at all.

That night, as Charlene watched, Brendan entered Deirdre's room.

Deirdre was changing into her nightgown, but as soon as she heard his footsteps, she covered her breasts-to no avail, seeing as Brendan caught a glimpse of them anyway. As he shut the door, he asked in a low voice,

"Was that intentional?"

By "intentional", he meant "did you plan to welcome me like this?"

Deirdre ignored him altogether. She turned her back against him and told herself to get dressed as quickly as she could. Her impatience backfired on her, though, because suddenly her clothes seemed dead-set on rebelling against her. Even her sleeve refused to let her arm pass... for some reason. Deirdre was sweating from the effort.

Suddenly, she felt warmth-an embrace-pressing against her back. She felt his fingers pinching on the edge of her clothes, tracing its hem to the area where her arm was stuck, before gently yanking it down to free her hand.

Did every touch of his fingertip light up a path of fire on her skin? Yes. But... he was only trying to help her out of a pickle, so Deirdre did not let her mind drift off to less innocent places. "Thanks."

She put her clothes back on and noticed Brendan's hand had begun to cruise up and down her back, tracing her spine before making a detour to the front- "Brendan!" She pressed his hand hard against her skin, forcibly stopping him.

He stopped, but his breathing had turned labored. His hand was stopped at ... quite the position.

Deirdre tried to free herself from him, and to Brendan's credit, he obeyed. Still, he could not resist leaning his face close to her collarbone and nibbling on her skin.

"I may not look like it, but my self-control isn't as limitless as I hope. You'll do well not to seduce me." "I can't do much against someone who's already there," she complained as she quickly got dressed. Brendan took one last glance before everything was covered up and felt a flame lighting up in his chest. God, it burnt!

Still, he had promised her he would be respectful, so respectful he would be. "I'm sorry, but you'll have to attend Charlene's wedding by the end of this month," he said, finally getting straight to business.

Deirdre shot an aside glance at him, a little nonplussed. "But why?" she asked, frowning. "Isn't it inappropriate for me to attend your wedding? I mean, nobody wants their first wife to crash their wedding." "Yes, and you could have been left out of it at first... but things have changed."