

# Resent, Reject, Regret

Chapter 934

## Chapter 934 Everything I Do-I Do It For You

Brendan sneered and left Deirdre's room. Charlene was about to follow him when a thought leaped into her mind. She turned around, studying the awkward expression on her face, and beamed smugly.

"I made quite a lot of broth today. Miss McKinnon. Would you like to have a sip?"

Deirdre shot a brief glance at her and pretended to be deaf.

Charlene chuckled, unperturbed, but something deep inside her eyes revealed malice. "It's okay. All I'm asking is that you attend my wedding at the end of the month. Please, Miss McKinnon... I insist."

For the rest of the month, Brendan seemed to pour all of his attention into the wedding preparations. News about it traveled so far and wide that Declan King heard of it all the way from Eastgene. It was what prompted him to call.

Deirdre was the one who answered. She told him everything unreservedly. When she was done, Declan snickered. "Ooh, mysterious. What is our boy Brendan cooking right now?"

Deirdre had no idea, either.

"If I know anything about this guy, it's that our boy's got an ace up his sleeves and is just setting everything up for it." Declan continued. "Damn. This is actually making me feel bad about being so busy these days! I would have gladly tried to watch the show unfold in the flesh!" "No, no. Whatever you're working on is more important than this," she replied.

Brendan had told her before about Declan's fight to claim the Kings' inheritance, so she knew Declan could not afford to slack off. "If you're that interested in how it ends, then when it's over, I'll report everything to you immediately."

Declan laughed dryly. "Good idea, except... it's bad. You forgot the part where Brendan gets jealous."

Deirdre was just about to dispute that when she felt her waist being pulled into a man's arms. Brendan rested his head on her shoulder and drank in Deirdre's scent.

"Who's that?" he asked, his tone slightly prickly. "You're so focused you didn't even realize I'm here."

He subconsciously tightened his arms around her waist while grazing Deirdre's shoulder with his lips. It tickled her, and she shrank into her neck.

"Male or female?" he asked again.

She rolled her eyes. "It's just Declan, okay?"

Brendan immediately hung up the call.

"Hey!" Deirdre protested. "He had to squeeze some time out of his busy schedule to call, Brendan! He just wanted to know how you've been doing over here! It's bad enough that you didn't talk to him. Did you really have to just end the call like that?"

Brendan nibbled on her shoulder. "Pfft! Whatever time he made should be used to getting himself a wife instead of coveting someone else's wife," he grumbled. "Giving him the cold shoulder should teach him how to behave."

Jealousy. Nothing else could explain it.

Deirdre belatedly realized that Declan really knew his friend, after all. He could even predict Brendan being a green-eyed monster before it happened!

Still, she could not help but retort, "How immature are you? Declan is just a friend of mine and your bro!" "And?" Brendan retorted matter-of-factly. "Bro or no bro, nobody's going to squander my precious moments with my love. Didn't you notice, Deirdre? We haven't been talking for... four days and seven hours."

Deirdre scanned the door to the living room. Charlene had not returned from shopping yet. "Whose fault is that? You're busy planning the wedding of the century for Charlene. It's such a gigantic event that everyone knows about it. It's only natural that you're going to lose some of your downtime." Brendan said nothing.

Deirdre could not contain her curiosity. "I don't get it, Brendan. What are you thinking, really? Why make the wedding known to everyone? If something happens in the middle of it, it's going to add a world of troubles to you."

Brendan considered her grave expression. "Is that concern I hear?"

Deirdre frowned. Before she could reply, though, he pulled her into his embrace. "Don't worry. Dee. Everything I do is for you. I wouldn't be bothered to do anything less."