

Resent, Reject, Regret

Chapter 935

Chapter 935 Who Did the Makeup For You?

Deirdre was stunned into silence for a moment. Then, a series of footsteps came, announcing an intruder.

Charlene strode inside the room. Brendan and Deirdre were about a few meters apart, with the latter staring at the floor with an awkward grimace.

“Bren!” She cried out while secretly seething. Damn it! No matter how hard she tried to prevent it, this b*tch would always find a way to charm Brendan! Suppressing her rage, she smiled and asked, “What happened? Miss McKinnon’s wearing a terrible grimace.”

What she called “a terrible grimace” was really just Deirdre’s face turning red from being flustered. Charlene could not tell, but Brendan could-and he gave a long, hard look

“Nothing. Bumped into her after coming back here from work. We talked a little.” “Really? Was a talk enough for her to make that face?” Charlene remarked coquettishly as she snaked her arm around Brendan’s. “Jeez, you should really be kinder and gentler to Miss McKinnon, you know? That kid she’s pregnant with is yours, remember?”

Every choice of her words was designed to flaunt her status as Mrs.

Bright hall. In fact, she even found it pertinent to brag about what they had to do tomorrow. “Bren, we’re going to take our wedding pictures tomorrow! What time are you going to be free?” “The whole afternoon.” “Three in the afternoon, then? How’s that sound?”

Brendan nodded.

Charlene thought of Deirdre being there and smiled. “Would you like to tag along, Miss McKinnon? You seem starved of entertainment at home anyway, so maybe you can come and be my ideas-woman.”

Deirdre flashed her teeth. “Your impeccable IQ is showing, Miss McKinney. Nobody would be brilliant enough to ask a blind woman to give them ideas for photoshoots.”

Charlene ignored the sarcasm altogether and grabbed her hand. “I know you can’t see it, but I trust your instincts on these things! After all, you’re the one who was married to Bren first. So, you got to pardon me for being, well...”

She feigned timidity. “Inexperienced.”

Deirdre pulled her hand out of Charlene’s grip. “Don’t worry. I’m sure you’ll have plenty of experience for your next marriage. Now, if there’s nothing of note to waste my time here, excuse me.”

She left.

Charlene bit her lips in a show of hurt. “Did I say something wrong, Bren? She was snapping at me!”

Brendan watched the young woman’s back disappearing into the horizon, his eyes twinkling. When he spoke, though, he could not sound more apathetic and impatient. “She’s always been like this. Don’t waste your time wondering.”

It was soon the end of the month. Brendan’s PR machine was a success- the wedding became the talk of the entire city. The entrance to the neighborhood was absolutely crawling with media waiting for a scoop.

Charlene, after having her makeup done, left for the venue early. Only a stylist stayed behind and knocked on Deirdre’s door. “Miss McKinnon? I’m here to do your makeup.”

Deirdre opened the door and let the stylist work, though it soon became clear that the latter was a newbie- judging by how many times they removed their previous attempts just to do it again. When it was finally done, the stylist pulled Deirdre’s evening gown out of their case and chucked it onto her bed.

“Sorry, I’m in a bit of a hurry, so you’ll have to get dressed on your own. My ride is waiting for me outside. I am needed elsewhere,” they said and left.

Deirdre felt the gown for a while. It took a long time for her to guess that it was likely an off-the-shoulder maxi dress.

It was only after she put it on that she realized it was at least one size larger than her actual frame.

Mrs. Engel pushed the door open after finishing her chores, saw her evening wear, and took a sharp breath. “Why the heck is it in this color?” “What color is it?” “Yellow, muddy yellow, dirt yellow, you get the idea. It’s the kind of color that would make your complexion look dull and make it hard for your makeup to complement it...”

The older woman raised her eyes to Deirdre’s face and immediately gasped.” Bless my heart! Who on Earth did your makeup for you, honey?!” Deirdre rubbed her cheek. “Is it bad?”