

# Resent, Reject, Regret

Chapter 937

Chapter 937 Let's Get The Show on The Road

"Brendan really knows how to choose his woman, dang! Remember Charlene McKinney? That one was gorgeous too, man. Too bad the woman this time..."

Someone began to compare the bride herself with Deirdre.

"I thought Charlie McKinsey was pretty, but now his ex-wife's cousin is here, I gotta say... damn.

That ain't a gap. It's an entire level of difference!"

"Maybe Brendan cares more about the vibe, ya know? But if it were me, I'd definitely tie my knot with McKinnon, 100%."

The crowd began to laugh up their sleeves while Charlene had to maintain a smile despite broiling.

What did these little sh\*ts mean by 'an entire level of difference'? Were they blind or nuts!? And that b\*tch! The color and style of the dress should have made it impossible to shine in an event as grand as this! How the hell did she turn a piece of rock into a gemstone!? She used the dress to somehow elevate herself! F\*cking b\*tch! Charlene whipped her head in the direction of the stylist following her, irate.

The surprised stylist shook their head anxiously as a way to tell her they had no idea what had happened.

Charlene took a deep breath.

Fine! Let her win this one.

There were plenty more tricks up her sleeves! She beckoned to a waitress and asked, "How's the preparation?"

"It's complete."

Charlene nodded and finished her wine in one go.

A cruel smile pooled into her eyes.

Deirdre was going to be led into a room where six hungry men were waiting.

Sure, she could amend the dress.

Fine, she redid her makeup.

But once she stepped into that room...well, everything would be outside her control.

And then everything that would happen would be broadcast live to the screen in the middle of the hall.

Every media outlet in Neve would get to watch just how much of a disgusting wh\*re Deirdre was! That thought brightened Charlene's mood like a charm.

Deirdre stood at a distance from where she was.

Even as the waitress gave her a glass, she held it without taking a sip.

Then, one of them approached her and asked, "Is this Miss McKinnon?"

Deirdre nodded.

"What is it?"

"Miss McKinsey and Mr. Brighthall will have their wedding ceremony outdoors, but it's going to go on for a while, and there will not be any chairs on site. Mr. Brighthall was worried that your heels would make standing for long hours uncontrollable for you, so he told me to escort you to the lounge in the meantime. When the wedding ceremony begins, I'll lead you to the site."

"Brendan?"

Deirdre's furrowed eyebrows relaxed.

"Great! Please, lead the way."

The waitress led her out of the hall as Charlene watched, her anticipation rising in tandem. It reached a fever pitch when Deirdre's silhouette disappeared into a corner. She even lost the mood for small talk.

All she could think about was the performance she had been waiting for...

Before the screen lit up, though, a waitress came to her.

"Miss McKinsey, Mr. Brighthall's not feeling well. I think he's having a bout of gastric issues. He said you have his medicines with you, so he wanted you to see him. Please bring his coat along, too."

Charlene snapped out of her thoughts.

So that was why she had not seen Brendan for so long! No, the show was about to hit the road, and he had to be there! He had to witness it when it happened! "Where is he?"

"He's in the makeup lounge."

"Okay! I'm coming!"

Charlene dragged her long, draping dress and hurried to her destination.

She knocked, but there was no answer.

Maybe Brendan was in too much pain to answer her.

Frantically, she shoved the door open.

Darkness overwhelmed her like a shroud.

Before Charlene could draw the curtains, a pair of hands reached out to her and dragged her to the couch.

"Bren?"

She moaned as she crashed onto the cushion.

Seeing the man's frantic behavior made her coy.

"What got into you? Today's our wedding day! Can you at least wait until it's over?"