

# Resent, Reject, Regret

Chapter 936

## Chapter 936 Counterstrike

"Lord Almighty, it's worse than bad. It's designed to ruin every strength and grace your lovely face possesses!" Mrs. Engel seethed.

"I can't believe she's this... this... wrathful! Small - hearted! Ungracious! "If she's that worried about you stealing her thunder at her own wedding, then she should have never invited you in the first place — simple as that! Why invite you to such an important occasion and then try to ruin your looks like that? If you go there like that, you'll be the punchline of the evening!"

Deirdre was comparatively calmer.

"That's exactly what she wants."

It's her live wedding, for crying out loud! God, she would sacrifice even her own wedding if it meant she could embarrass you somehow!"

Mrs. Engel snarled indignantly.

Who in this entire world would want her wedding to focus on someone else other than herself and have it smeared by a joke? Well, Charlene was the only woman mad enough to do that!

"It's okay," Deirdre replied placidly.

This was exactly as she had predicted.

In fact, it was milder.

"The makeup isn't a big deal. I'll just need to remove it completely and make some small changes. It's the dress that is the problem."

She grabbed a fistful of surplus fabric at the hem, troubled.

"It's too big."

She could put it on—and not much else. She could not walk in it— without straps on her shoulders or around her neck, the bodice could slip down her breasts at any moment.

Mrs. Engel was panicking, too. She reached her hand into the space between Deirdre's bra and the bodice and, to her horror, found space at least half a palm wide.

Even when stationary, the bodice looked like it was going to fall off at any given moment.

"Oh, no. We don't have time to change into something else, do we? Your ride's waiting downstairs! And we don't have a sash with us right now... What are we going to do?"

Deirdre grabbed a fistful of her dress before suddenly raising her head.

"Are you handy with a needle, Mrs. Engel?"

"Well, yes. It's a staple for us country bumpkins. We sew clothes all the time..." Mrs. Engel stopped.

"Wait a sec! You are not asking me to tighten your dress right now, are you?"

She did not wait for Deirdre to explain before waving her hands emphatically.

"I can't do it, Miss McKinnon! I'm not a professional seamstress, and this dress is one of those tailored-made high- class dresses! If I botch it, you'll be wearing rags!" Deirdre smiled.

"Honestly? I doubt anything could be worse than this right now. Come on, Mrs. Engel. You don't want me to have to hold my waist and press my hand on my breasts throughout the whole night, right?" Mrs. Engel was still balking at the idea when Deirdre tried to assuage her.

"Don't worry. I'll teach you."

Brendan's wedding was hosted in The Successeur, a luxury hotel in the bustling center of the city.

The wedding itself had already become a viral topic for all, and so suddenly, everyone was eager to glimpse at the wedding - of -the- century unfolding from the entrance alone. Deirdre emerged from her ride and let the bellboy lead her into the main hall. As soon as she entered, someone began to whisper, "Is that Deirdre McKinnon?"

The rest of the crowd began to turn.

Charlene was chatting with her friends.

As soon as she heard Deirdre's name, she turned with a smug, expectant smile. Her smile evaporated.

The young woman, standing by the door, was wearing an off-the- shoulder maxi dress that showed off her insane, envy-drawing curves.

She managed to completely eclipse her in elegance just by standing there.

Charlene had done her best to pick the most offensive evening gown she could to humiliate Deirdre, yet she had made changes to it that just turned the tables.

She had gathered every extra fabric into graceful pleats around her bodice, bringing a splash of creativity to an otherwise plain top without having it draw attention away from the wearer.

Crinkles from the pleats stretched all the way to her waist before being sewn tightly into a wrap, and now suddenly, the top half of the dress looked like a subtle work of art.

As for her makeup—it had been completely redone from what Charlene had planned.

All Deirdre did was put on some lipstick, and she was already too beautiful to be described! The crowd was dazzled.

"This is the cousin of Brendan's ex-wife? I didn't think she would look so regal! So elegant! So ethereal and beautiful! No wonder Brendan cared so much about her! I wouldn't be able to let a beauty like that suffer without my chest hurting!"