

His kiss 106

Chapter 106

The memory of Wesley's stern, unrelenting expression sent a shiver through Brenden. He couldn't endure the current situation a moment longer—he had to change it.

Without hesitation, he dialed Loretta.

First, he charmed her with sweet words until her laughter filled the line. Then, adopting a wistful tone, he confessed how much he missed her, lamenting that his work in Afluena kept him from returning home for the New Year. He poured out apologies, his voice heavy with regret.

Loretta felt sorry for him. "I'll talk to Wesley," she promised.

Brenden's spirits soared, and he showered her with more affectionate words before ending the call.

Loretta wasted no time, immediately phoning Wesley to insist he transfer Brenden back. "Wesley, you and Brenden are family. How could you leave him struggling in Afluena? The New Year is for family and celebration. I want Brenden here with me! If he doesn't come back, don't bother showing up!" Faced with Loretta's ultimatum, Wesley relented, and Brenden was granted permission to return that same day. He booked a flight home at once. Upon arriving, he brought local specialties from Afluena as a peace offering for Wesley.

"Wesley, I'm not good at digging wells," Brenden admitted. "I swear I'll work harder from now on. Just please don't make me go back there."

Wesley's gaze remained cold, barely acknowledging him.

A flicker of unease stirred in Brenden. Recalling Fiona's words, he lowered his voice. "I've been watching videos lately, picking up some sharp insults. If you're curious, I could share a few in private." Wesley's eyes finally shifted to him.

That cold stare made Brenden's knees buckle, his confidence shrinking. Brenden pressed on, "They say genius and madness are close cousins. You're brilliant, so a peculiar hobby is understandable. You don't have to—" Before he could finish, Wesley tapped the desk with deliberate force.

"Get out," Wesley commanded.

Brenden persisted, "Just listen—"

But Billy appeared, flanked by two towering bodyguards, who swiftly escorted Brenden out of the office.

Brenden brushed off the humiliation of being tossed out. It was still better than being sent back to Afluena.

He smoothed his suit, feigning nonchalance, and strode confidently toward the company's exit.

“Mr. Saunders, please wait!”

A clear, melodic voice stopped him in his tracks.

Turning, Brenden saw Gabriela hurrying toward him.

There was a certain elegance in her approach. Brenden felt a spark of excitement.

Gabriela had heard of Brenden’s return, astonished by Aubrey’s accurate tip, yet quietly thrilled.

The moment he exited Wesley’s office, she chased after him.

She stopped before him, her eyes sparkling with delight. “You’re finally back!” Brenden found it strange.

Gabriela usually gave him the cold shoulder. Why the sudden warmth? Could his time in Afluena, with a slight tan to show for it, have somehow boosted his allure?

His mood brightened. He swept back his bangs, certain his hairstyle was on point, and flashed what he deemed his most charming smile.

“Hey, Gabriela. I just saw you in Wesley’s office. How’d you end up on the twelfth floor?” he asked. Gabriela looked at him warily. He was the one who’d snitched with screenshots, landing her in Wesley’s bad books. Why act clueless now?

But this wasn’t the right moment to confront him. She had something more pressing on her mind.

Forcing a polite smile, she sidestepped the topic. “Will you be available a week from today?”