

His kiss 44

Chapter 44

Brenden, whose weakness for pretty women was legendary, straightened with interest and shot Wesley a mischievous wink. With a teasing undertone, he murmured, “Guess today’s your lucky day.”

Wesley’s eyes turned glacial. One warning glare from him had Brenden’s bravado crumbling; the playful smirk vanished, and he immediately fell silent.

At last, Wesley addressed Loretta, a trace of weary affection in his voice. “Grandma, what’s going on here?”

Loretta explained, “Fiona’s just come back from her studies abroad—she’s earned her PhD! Beauty and brains all in one package. She heard it was your birthday, so she came all this way just to celebrate.”

Fiona set a meticulously wrapped present on the table, her cheeks tinged pink. “Happy birthday, Wes.”

Wesley replied with a nod, his expression frosted with indifference. “Thank you.”

Keeping his tone civil yet firm, he added, “Ms. Dewitt, just call me Wesley. I’m uncomfortable with you using that endearment for me.” His chilly reserve made his boundaries clear without needing further explanation.

Fiona blinked, completely taken aback. She had always been confident in her beauty, her doctorate, and the opportunities her lineage provided. Men usually bent over backward for her—how dare Wesley treat her like this?

Being brushed off so bluntly was completely new to her. Her cheeks flushed with a mix of embarrassment and anger. Biting her lip, she turned toward Loretta, her glossy eyes swimming with unshed tears.

Loretta's smile faded, and her tone shifted slightly, becoming mildly reproachful. "Wesley, Fiona's our guest. You could stand to be a little friendlier."

Out of respect for his grandmother, Wesley swallowed his irritation and managed a stiff, remote apology. "Sorry."

Fiona's frustration only deepened. How could he treat someone like her—elegant, successful, and impossible to overlook—with such indifference?

Even so, Wesley's striking looks almost made up for his frosty manners; she could overlook a little arrogance in a man who looked like that.

She gathered herself, smoothing her expression into something poised and refined. "Don't worry about it. Feeling a little out of place after so long is only natural, Wesley."

Wesley let her words hang in the air without responding.

Eager to lighten the mood, Brenden leaned in with an easy grin. “Hey, Fiona, remember me? Brenden Saunders—I was in your class too, back in elementary school. With Wesley.”

Fiona managed a gracious smile, her voice perfectly cordial. “Nice to see you again, Mr. Saunders.”

Outwardly, she maintained her polished facade, but inside, she barely spared Brenden a thought, already dismissing him as unworthy of her attention.

Though he carried the Moss family’s blood, Brenden used his mother’s last name, and the family’s fortune never touched his life. None of the Moss business assets were his to claim.

If not for her own need to maintain appearances in front of Loretta, Fiona wouldn’t have spared Brenden a second glance.

Brenden, hopelessly charmed by a pretty face and completely blind to Fiona’s indifference, leaned in with a hopeful grin. “Want to add me on WhatsApp? Let me buy you dinner sometime.”

Fiona unlocked her phone and exchanged contacts with him. Then she immediately turned toward Wesley, phone in hand, her tone casual but unmistakably pointed. “Wesley, I just realized—we’re not connected on WhatsApp either.”