

## His kiss 46

### Chapter 46

The gentle buzz of his phone caught Wesley's attention. He glanced at the screen and quickly typed, "Where are you?"

Gabriela's eyelid twitched involuntarily. Was Brenden messing with her again?

She swiftly replied, "I'm at the office. You asked me to cook dinner for you, didn't you?"

Wesley's brows shot up. He fired off another message. "Didn't you say you wouldn't do it?"

Gabriela had braced herself for this. Grinding her teeth, she answered, "It's just pasta and borscht. Making it doesn't take much effort."

A subtle smile flickered across Wesley's lips as he typed, "Wait there, I'll be over soon."

Gabriela stiffened at his words, her temper simmering.

She couldn't help but remember that night after the team-building event when he'd told her to wait—then left her hanging until midnight.

This time, she wasn't willing to put up with it any longer. Fuming, she shot off a message: "What the hell is your problem, you jerk? I've put up with enough of your crap! If you're going to act arrogant, go ahead—pull whatever stunts you want. I'm tired of always going out of my way for you!"

Wesley broke into quiet laughter, picturing the fire blazing in her eyes as she typed.

Across the room, Fiona had been lurking in silence, feeling invisible. The second she saw the amused glint in Wesley's eyes, jealousy burned through her.

Who on earth was flirting with Wesley?

Determined to get his attention, she plastered on a concerned smile. "Wesley, I'll see if Loretta needs anything," she murmured sweetly, pushing herself to her feet. She put on a show, purposely twisting her ankle as she staggered toward him.

Wesley, sensing her plan, stepped aside without a second thought.

Fiona's little performance backfired—she collided straight into the edge of the sofa, her chin throbbing where it struck the armrest.

Despite the ache, Fiona's sharp eyes caught a glimpse of Wesley's phone.

The WhatsApp name “Liar” flashing on Wesley’s screen didn’t escape her notice. But the real shock wasn’t the name—it was the content. Whoever it was, the person was sending Wesley flirtatious messages while outright mocking him. They even called him a jerk, right to his face.

To her astonishment, Wesley only smiled, looking almost pleased, as if he relished the insult.

Fiona was utterly bewildered.

Without giving Fiona’s stunned expression a second glance, Wesley coolly directed Billy to bring the car around.

He then strode off to find Loretta, offering a polite farewell. “Grandma, something urgent just came up at the company. I have to head out.”

Loretta’s gaze darted toward Fiona, her eyes alight with quiet approval.

In her mind, Fiona checked every box—poised, elegant, and armed with a doctorate. She couldn’t have asked for a better candidate for Wesley, not just in background but in temperament too.

What truly won Loretta over was that Fiona had just returned from overseas and eagerly come to her place to celebrate Wesley’s birthday, even rolling up her sleeves to help out in the kitchen. Fiona was genuinely sweet, untouched by even a trace of spoiling.

Convinced she'd found the perfect match for Wesley, Loretta had already started planning their future together. But Wesley, ever the workaholic, was clearly ready to escape.

Loretta had no intention of letting that happen.

Sensing her true motives, Wesley pivoted at once and instructed, "Billy, drive Ms. Dewitt home."