

His kiss 47

Chapter 47

Billy didn't hesitate as he replied, "Right away, Mr. Moss."

Without missing a beat, Wesley added, "Once she's back, come straight to the office. That project can't wait."

Billy, sharp as ever, played along and nodded. "Got it."

At those words, Loretta knew she'd lost the round. She understood the pressure Wesley faced running his own business, so she could only offer a gentle reminder. "Come visit me more often."

Still, she was determined to keep Fiona in the picture. She silently resolved to invite Fiona over as much as possible, hoping the two of them would eventually warm up to each other.

Wesley answered with respectful warmth, "Of course, Grandma. I'll come by often."

Feigning concern, Fiona tried to stall. "Wesley, if I take Billy's car, what will you do for a ride? Maybe I should just call a cab..."

Wesley didn't even look at her. "I'll ride with Brenden."

She was left with no choice but to go along, though her annoyance simmered beneath the surface.

Brenden ended up driving Wesley back to the office.

As the car rolled through the city, curiosity finally got the better of him. “Wesley, are things really that demanding? Why are you heading back to work so late?”

Wesley leaned back, eyes shut, radiating total disinterest. He ignored Brenden’s question entirely.

Brenden pressed his lips together, remembering his own sudden transfer out of headquarters. With Wesley in this mood, he knew better than to push any further.

Brenden barely let the silence settle before seizing on a new topic. “Hey, Wesley, Fiona seems into you. She’s got a doctorate, she’s gorgeous, and the Dewitt Group’s practically a major player on the global stage. Honestly, she’s a great match for you.”

Wesley’s eyes drifted open just enough to shoot Brenden a frosty glare. His tone was sharp and flat. “She sounds perfect for you.”

That single, glacial line made Brenden’s skin prickle.

He'd dated his share of women, but his mother, Marissa Saunders, had never nagged him about marriage. None of his past girlfriends ever passed muster. If Marissa even got wind he might be interested in Fiona, she'd have the whole city in an uproar.

The thought of his mother's theatrics clamped his mouth shut. Brenden decided he valued his peace more than gossip, so he kept quiet the rest of the drive.

When they finally pulled up to the office, Brenden did a double-take—Gabriela was perched on the front steps, her arms wrapped around her knees, waiting in the chilly evening air.

He nudged Wesley with an elbow and remarked, "You've got Gabriela working overtime too? She's sharp, I'll give her that, but she's still just an intern—hasn't even graduated. Don't scare her off, alright?"

Wesley fixed him with a steely gaze. "So, now you're worried about her?"

Brenden's shoulders tensed under Wesley's scrutiny. The moment Wesley's tone turned icy, Brenden's bravado evaporated.

He waved his hands defensively. "No way! She's just an intern—honestly, she should feel lucky to be learning from you."

Wesley's glare lingered, making Brenden shrink back. He fumbled to open the car door, eager to put some space between them.

Wesley stepped out and walked straight toward Gabriela.

Bundled up in a thick coat, Gabriela sat on the steps, absently counting the lines between the bricks to pass the time.