

His kiss 50

Chapter 50

Yet throughout the evening, Wesley hadn't said a single word to her. Instead, he sat absorbed in his phone, his lips curled in a rare, gentle smile, even as the messages he read were downright rude.

Fiona's chest tightened with envy. She longed to be the one who could make Wesley smile like that.

Back at her apartment, Fiona replayed the memory of Wesley's soft smile until it transformed into longing. Unable to hold back, she pulled out her phone and typed, "Wesley, I made it home safely. Thanks for asking Billy to drive me."

She waited for his reply, but the screen stayed dark. After her shower, she tried again, her damp hair leaving a faint chill on her shoulders as she sent, "I'm heading to bed now. You should rest too, Wesley. Goodnight."

Wesley's phone buzzed twice on the coffee table beside him, each message lighting up the screen in the quiet room. Gabriela, seated nearby, happened to glance at the glowing notifications.

The brief glimpse told her enough—both messages were from a girl. She quickly looked away, suppressing a smirk.

Ever since spending more time with Aubrey, Gabriela's curiosity about office gossip had grown. She pictured some sweet, earnest girl out there nursing a crush on the famously cold Wesley, bravely texting him goodnight while he left her on read.

Wesley cut the moment short, pushing his chair back. “I’m done. Let’s head out.” The way Gabriela’s eyes lingered on his phone made his mood nosedive, and his appetite disappeared.

He rose from the table with a cool finality. “I’ll have someone drive you home.”

Gabriela, startled by his sudden chill, scrambled to gather her things. “That’s really not necessary. I can just grab a taxi—please, don’t trouble yourself.”

Yet Wesley wouldn’t let it go. He quickly called for a car, walking Gabriela out to the curb himself.

When he caught the flicker of uncertainty on her face, he drawled, “What’s wrong? You want to haggle with me for overtime?”

Gabriela shook her head so fast her hair nearly brushed his shoulder. “No, of course not. I’m just glad I could cook for you today.”

His lips pressed into a frown, and she instinctively swallowed any mention of overtime.

Rubbing the bridge of his nose, Wesley dropped the conversation. When the car pulled up, he opened the door and gestured for her to climb in. Three uneventful days passed, and then the weekend arrived. Aubrey was practically glowing as she checked her reflection in the office window for the fifth time before clocking out.

When Gabriela asked what had her so excited, Aubrey beamed. Her boyfriend—who lived halfway across the country—was finally coming to town.

Aubrey grinned and nudged Gabriela's arm. "Hey, why don't you hang around tonight? My boyfriend and I can take you out for dinner."

Gabriela shook her head with a gentle laugh. "You two deserve your time together; I'd just be a third wheel."

Aubrey grinned, tossing her hair with satisfaction. "That's my girl."

Watching Aubrey glow with anticipation, a pang of envy flickered through Gabriela's chest.

She pulled out her phone, hoping for a distraction, but her WhatsApp list looked painfully empty. No one to message, no one waiting for her reply.

Her thumb hovered mid-scroll as she realized—these days, her most frequent contact was Brenden.

The memory of their one-night stand made her heart flutter despite herself. Unable to resist, she typed out a message. "Mr. Saunders, are you free tomorrow?"

If he was available, maybe she could bring him home tomorrow—just to shut down Phyllis’s nonstop jabs and pay Josh a quick visit.

Meanwhile, Wesley sat stiffly at Loretta’s house, forced to sit through her never-ending chatter.

Today, she was relentless, circling back to the same topic—why he needed to get to know Fiona. His patience wore thinner with every word.

Just then, Gabriela’s message popped up, souring his mood further. With a trace of irritation, he shot back, “What is this? Are you trying to reel me in? Aiming to be my thirty-ninth girlfriend?”