

His kiss 51

Chapter 51

At that moment, Brenden was having dinner with his girlfriend at Golden Days when a sudden sneeze caught him off guard.

His girlfriend, already irritated, shot him a glare. “Brenden, looks like some woman is thinking about you, huh?”

Brenden threw up his hands, exasperated. He might be a serial dater, but he always ended things cleanly before moving on. Even if he had his eye on someone new, he made a point to break up first—he was careless, not a cheater. Clearly, someone was out there talking trash about him.

Meanwhile, Gabriela stared in disbelief at the phrase “thirty-ninth girlfriend.” For a moment, she was speechless, floored by just how casually Brenden seemed to cycle through relationships. Jaw clenched, she shot back, “Keep dreaming!”

Wesley caught the message and a faint smirk flickered across his face. The cloud over his mood finally eased, and he resisted the urge to tease her further.

Next to him, Loretta’s praise for Fiona grew even more effusive, her disapproval barely masked as she noticed Wesley glued to his phone.

“Wesley, listen to me,” Loretta announced, her tone brooking no argument. “I’m very fond of Fiona. Tomorrow’s the weekend, so I’ve invited her for dinner. You’d better be on your best behavior—no hiding behind work excuses.”

Loretta took great pride in Fiona's polished family background, impressive education, and gentle disposition. She made up her mind to push Wesley and Fiona together.

Wesley let out a weary sigh. "Grandma, my career is only just getting off the ground."

"You already have more money than you can spend in a lifetime!" Loretta shot back, her glare sharp. "You're thirty-one, Wesley. If you don't settle down soon, how am I supposed to live long enough to see my great-grandchildren?"

Knowing she was about to launch into another tirade, Wesley relented. "Grandma, I actually like someone. I'll bring her over to meet you someday."

Loretta's eyes narrowed with suspicion. "Who is she, then? What's her family background? Are you seriously telling me she's a better catch than Fiona?"

In Loretta's mind, nobody could possibly measure up to Fiona.

Wesley's relentless dedication to his career made it impossible for Loretta to believe he'd developed feelings for anyone overnight. She remained convinced he was simply dodging any talk of marriage.

With sincere composure, Wesley offered, "She's a decent person."

The only flaw he saw? She could provoke his anger effortlessly—while remaining completely oblivious to what sparked it.

Loretta was ready to press the subject further when Wesley's phone buzzed again. He glanced down at the screen, immediately reaching for it.

This time, it wasn't Gabriela's message that popped up, but Fiona's—a contact he found increasingly irritating.

"Wesley, the weekend kicks off tomorrow—are you free?"

Lately, Fiona's messages kept flooding in, making Wesley even more determined to tune her out.

Elsewhere, Fiona sat in front of her phone, irritation simmering. She'd fired off message after message, but Wesley hadn't bothered replying—not even with a perfunctory emoji.

Usually, with so many suitors clamoring for her attention, Fiona never had to chase anyone. Wesley's aloofness, however, left her baffled.

She debated whether she had stooped to something as childish as hurling an insult just to get a reaction. Thinking back to the faint, almost amused smile she'd seen flicker across Wesley's face last time, Fiona steeled herself and typed out a gamble. "Hey, jerk, want to go watch a movie with me tomorrow?"

Instead of ignoring her, Wesley actually responded—if a question mark ever counted as a reply.

That tiny sign of life only fueled Fiona's determination.

She shot back another message. "Seriously, you jerk, is that all you can manage? TOO busy to even answer me properly?"

Wesley glanced at his phone, then at Loretta, who was still waxing poetic about Fiona's many charms. A sly idea flickered through his mind. He replied, "And you are...?"

Fiona's anger simmered dangerously.

How could he act like she was a stranger? Fiona was used to being admired and chased. Now, barely a week after they'd become friends on WhatsApp, he had forgotten about her?

No matter how many texts she sent, he stayed silent—until she threw an insult his way.

That alone made her suspicious. Was this legendary business genius actually into being scolded?

The possibility left her both irritated and oddly intrigued. Refusing to back down, Fiona typed with swift, determined fingers. "It's me, Fiona. How dare you forget me, you jerk?"

He fired back, "Really? I don't think you are."

Without hesitation, Fiona hit record, her voice sharp and taunting. "You jerk, does my voice finally ring a bell?"

Wesley switched his phone to speaker, letting Loretta hear every word for herself.

Loretta sat frozen in disbelief, the elegant image she'd built of Fiona crumbling in an instant.

"But Fiona always seemed so poised and sweet. How could she possibly say such things to you?" she stammered, her voice thick with shock.

Without a word, Wesley handed her his phone, letting the barrage of Fiona's sharp-tongued messages speak for themselves.