

His kiss 52

Chapter 52

Loretta slipped on her reading glasses, scrutinizing the screen as her expression shifted from confusion to utter dismay. She simply couldn't reconcile this with the girl she thought she knew.

Stunned by her discovery—and embarrassed by how enthusiastically she'd just praised Fiona—Loretta let out a weary sigh. "Did spending a few years overseas really turn her into a different person?"

Wesley didn't let the chance slip by. "Grandma, you can't just judge people based on how they look or what they say. You really have to take your time and see what they're actually like."

With a heavy sigh, Loretta admitted, "I got it wrong this time."

That realization finally convinced her to stop pressuring Wesley about marriage—at least for now.

A wave of relief swept over Wesley. Without hesitation, he unfriended Fiona on WhatsApp right there in front of Loretta.

Meanwhile, Fiona was left staring at her phone, perplexed by the silence that greeted her latest voice message.

She remembered how gently Wesley had replied to that rude message and wondered if her rebuke hadn't been sharp or inventive enough.

After trawling the internet for clever insults, Fiona composed another cutting message and hit send—only to discover, moments later, that she'd been unfriended.

Her features shifted from confusion to disbelief, then settled into a frown.

What was happening here? Why did the other person receive a polite reply from Wesley after sending insults, while she ended up being unfriended for doing the same thing?

For someone used to being the center of attention, Fiona found it unbearable to be dismissed so abruptly and without explanation. The slight gnawed at her pride.

Her mind drifted to Brenden—the ever-smiling one who seemed to get along with everyone, Wesley included. Reluctant but determined to get answers, she sent a message to him. “Hey Brenden, are you free today? Want to grab a bite with me?”

Brenden had just picked up his phone to ask his new girlfriend out when Fiona's message landed, catching him off guard. She'd been practically icy toward him at Loretta's house—so why was she suddenly asking him to dinner?

Though the invitation seemed suspicious, Brenden never minded making time for a pretty woman. He agreed without hesitation.

The next day, they met at Golden Days.

Fiona tamped down her revulsion, offered him a plastic smile, and tossed out a few half-hearted pleasantries, even going so far as to apologize for her aloofness back at Loretta's place.

Brenden found her sudden sweetness downright unsettling. He shifted in his seat and cut to the chase. "So, why the dinner invitation out of the blue?"

Fiona lowered her gaze and spoke in a careful, tentative voice. "Brenden, you're close with Wesley, aren't you? Do you know what he's actually into? Back at Loretta's, he barely looked my way."

Brenden rubbed his jaw, lost in thought for a moment.

Wesley's life revolved around work—he was cool, distant, almost impossible to approach. Loretta was the only one who ever coaxed out a trace of warmth from him.

After a pause, Brenden replied, "Wesley's just... reserved. He needs time to let anyone in. Stick around long enough, and you'll figure him out."

Fiona's face fell. "But he unfriended me on WhatsApp."

Unfazed, Brenden shrugged. "That's classic Wesley. His whole world is work—women don't even register on his radar."

She studied Brenden, her voice wary. “Does he have any odd habits or, like, unusual preferences?”

Brenden stared at her, completely thrown off by the question, because as far as he knew, Wesley had no unusual preferences.

He was just about to say so when Fiona, gnawing on her lip, pressed on. “Is he the type who actually likes being scolded?”

That question nearly sent Brenden tumbling out of his chair. He shot her an incredulous look. “Are you even hearing yourself right now?”

Fiona began her explanation. “I saw him texting someone the other day. The person kept calling him a jerk and insulting him, but instead of getting mad, Wesley was grinning the whole time. It honestly looked like he was into it.”

Brenden was left speechless, floored by her revelation.

Beneath Wesley’s polished exterior lurked a merciless workaholic, the kind of boss who could freeze an entire boardroom with a glance. No one in the company dared cross him—not even the top executives.

Brenden never imagined anyone would have the nerve to talk back to Wesley, let alone scold him.

The idea made him curious, almost amused, about who could be that audacious.

But then he snapped back to the matter at hand. “Hang on—what does this have to do with him dropping you from his contacts?”

Fiona wavered, her lips pressing together as she struggled to answer. “I sent Wesley a few messages, and he ignored every single one. So I figured... maybe if I scolded him the way that person did, he’d respond.”

Brenden’s jaw practically hit the floor. “Are you serious? That actually happened? I don’t buy it!”