

His kiss 53

Chapter 53

Fiona bristled at Brenden's skepticism. Still needing his help, she suppressed her irritation, fished out her phone, and scrolled straight to her chat history with Wesley.

Brenden's gaze landed on Wesley's WhatsApp profile—a brooding night sky with a pale moon veiled behind shifting clouds. Then he went through their chat history, finally believing her story.

He was surprised that Fiona, usually so soft-spoken, could be so audacious as to insult Wesley, leaving him utterly stunned.

Fiona let out a sigh. "I insulted him, and that's literally the only time he's ever responded to me," she confessed, her tone dropping. "Maybe my insults just weren't creative enough. That's probably why he ended up unfriending me."

Brenden shifted awkwardly and cleared his throat. "There's nothing I can do about this," he admitted, glancing away. He was just as intimidated by Wesley as anyone else and had zero intention of pleading her case.

Fiona pouted, coaxing him with a playful lilt, "Come on, just help me figure out what'll actually get Wesley's attention. Please?"

Brenden always had a soft spot for women who turned to him for help—and he had to admit, he was genuinely curious if Wesley secretly enjoyed being scolded. With a resigned shrug, he gave in. "Fine, I'll try to find out what works on him next time I get the chance."

The next Monday, Brenden marched straight to headquarters and tracked Billy down in the break room.

Billy was surprised by his sudden appearance. “Mr. Saunders? What brings you back to headquarters?”

He guessed Brenden was there for the year-end meeting—Wesley had called him in.

Before Billy could say more, Brenden dropped his voice to a near-whisper. “I slipped in under the radar. Need to ask you something.”

Billy was about to point out that Brenden’s flashy outfit was already turning heads—everyone had noticed him by now.

But Brenden barreled on, oblivious. “Billy, just be honest with me. Is Wesley... a masochist?”

Billy froze, blindsided by the question.

Brenden’s tone grew measured as he continued, “It’s a psychological thing. Some people genuinely get a kick out of being scolded or put down. Wesley seems to perk up whenever someone calls him a jerk.”

Billy's hand trembled as he remembered the flash of Wesley's phone screen—someone had really called Wesley a jerk. His hand shook, causing the coffee to slosh perilously close to the rim of his cup.

After all these years of careful disguise, had Wesley's mask finally cracked? Was the truth bleeding through at last?

A flicker of shock crossed Billy's face, but he quickly collected himself, slipping back into his usual composed manner. With a steady voice and a look of mild reproach, he said, "Mr. Saunders, I realize you're upset about being transferred from headquarters, but that's not an excuse to start spreading rumors about Mr. Moss."

Brenden gestured at Billy's trembling hand. "Careful, man—your coffee's about to go everywhere."

Was it just anger from his accusation against Wesley that made Billy's hand shake, or was it something more?

Billy forced a steady breath, deflecting. "Didn't get much sleep last night. Coffee's the only thing keeping me upright."

Yet Brenden couldn't shake the feeling that something was amiss. He leaned in, draping an arm around Billy's shoulders. "Come on, we're basically brothers at this point. So level with me."

Billy brushed off Brenden's arm with a casual shrug, completely unmoved by his persuasion.

He'd been at Wesley's side since the day Apex Group was founded, watching up close as Wesley clawed his way to the top, building an empire from scratch and turning it into a powerhouse in just seven years.

Despite Wesley's quirks, Billy's loyalty never faltered—his respect for Wesley was set in stone.

Brenden couldn't extract a single useful word from Billy—but that silence told him everything he needed to know.

For as long as he could remember, Wesley had seemed untouchable—a legend, the one person Brenden admired above all others. He just never imagined the man he idolized would harbor such an odd quirk. Still, something about it made Wesley seem a little more human—maybe even approachable.