

His kiss 55

Chapter 55

Billy darted out of the conference room, phone in hand, eager to call Brenden. The word “masochist” still lingered in his mind—he’d glimpsed it on Wesley’s screen and had a vague idea of what was happening.

When Brenden answered, Billy told him that Wesley had summoned him, then hesitated, tempted to hint that he was in trouble. But Brenden didn’t give him a chance to elaborate; he sounded downright pleased that Wesley was asking for him.

“Today’s the company’s annual meeting. Is Wesley summoning me to announce my transfer back to headquarters?” he murmured.

Brenden had been stationed at an Apex Group subsidiary—director in name, but the branch was barely scraping by. The so-called promotion felt hollow, especially with a dismal year-end bonus looming. A transfer back to headquarters would be the best thing for him right now.

Listening to Brenden’s bright, clueless optimism, Billy couldn’t bring himself to shatter it. He stifled the truth and replied, “Mr. Moss wants you at headquarters immediately.”

“I’m actually close by,” Brenden said, eager. “I’ll head over now.”

Once Billy returned to the conference room, Wesley resumed the meeting without missing a beat, his commanding presence effortlessly reasserted.

Billy found himself quietly impressed by Wesley's composure.

Just before the meeting wrapped up, Brenden arrived.

He lingered outside the meeting room, leaning against the doorframe with his usual easygoing charm, a cheerful note in his voice. "Wesley—"

Before he could finish, every head in the room swiveled in his direction.

Brenden's easy grin faltered, his expression tightening under Wesley's ice-cold stare. The tension was so thick it prickled his skin.

He scrambled to figure out what he'd missed—had he somehow offended Wesley without realizing it? Instinctively, he straightened and cleared his throat. "Uh, did something happen? Who got on your bad side, Wesley?"

Wesley flicked him a glance from the corner of his eye, then calmly snapped his folder shut. His tone was perfectly composed, almost disinterested. "A new..."

Wesley's eyes narrowed slightly, but his expression remained stoic. "This is a business assignment, Brenden," he replied, his tone firm but neutral. "It's your responsibility to handle it. The conditions are part of the job, and you're not being given a choice in the matter."

Brenden's stomach churned at the prospect of the trip, but he tried to mask his discomfort with a forced grin. "Of course, I understand. It's just... it's a little unexpected, that's all," he said, his voice tinged with unease.

Billy, watching the interaction closely, stepped forward with a half-smile. "Brenden, if you're really concerned, maybe you should speak with Mr. Moss more about the specifics. But, honestly, if you've been with Apex as long as you have, you'll handle it just fine."

Brenden shot him a quick glance, then turned back to Wesley. "You're sure there's no way around it? The trip—Afluena... it's just... not what I imagined."

Wesley's gaze remained impassive, but there was something about his demeanor that seemed to indicate this was not up for discussion. "You'll go," he said simply. "And you'll get the job done. No excuses."

Brenden's frustration boiled just beneath the surface, but he had learned long ago that pushing Wesley was rarely effective. Instead, he plastered a smile on his face and nodded. "Right. I'll go. I'll get it done."

Wesley's lips twitched in a barely perceptible smile. "Good. I'll expect a full report once you're back."

As Brenden left the room to prepare for the trip, Billy couldn't help but chuckle quietly. "You know, he really doesn't take no for an answer."

Wesley glanced at him with a flicker of amusement in his eyes. "Brenden will adapt. He always does."

Billy nodded, but there was a hint of concern in his expression. “You’re pushing him hard, Wesley. Don’t let this assignment break him.”

Wesley didn’t respond immediately. Instead, he looked down at his phone for a moment before meeting Billy’s gaze. “He needs to step up. This is his chance to prove himself, and if he doesn’t, we’ll know exactly where he stands.”

Billy couldn’t argue with that. But still, he couldn’t shake the feeling that things were about to get more complicated, both for Brenden and for Wesley.

After moaning for a solid minute, Brenden finally noticed that Wesley’s face remained as unmoved as a stone statue, and his heart plummeted.

Just as he was about to surrender to despair, he remembered the chat logs Fiona had once shown him. If pitiful whining couldn’t sway Wesley, maybe provoking his temper would work.

Desperation coursed through his nerves. Drawing a deep breath, Brenden hurled his last-ditch effort across the silent room. He glared up, squared his shoulders, and barked, “You jerk! You’re unbelievable!”

Billy’s jaw dropped, and a ripple of disbelief ran through the circle of senior executives. The air went dead, thick with tension—every eye glued to Brenden as the shock registered in silence.

Was he really losing it right in front of everyone? Calling out Wesley like that in front of the entire room? If Wesley's frigid stare was any indication, the chances of anyone collecting a year-end bonus were evaporating fast.