

His kiss 56

Chapter 56

Wesley fixed his gaze on Brenden, a flash of warning glinting in his eyes.

Unfazed by the growing chill in the room, Brenden actually believed his little performance was having an effect. He squared his shoulders, doubling down with fresh bravado. “Wesley, let’s be reasonable here. Just transfer me back to headquarters already—I’m not going to rot away in some backwater like Afluena!”

The senior executives exchanged nervous glances and quietly shielded their faces, pretending they hadn’t witnessed this train wreck. Billy, stunned and speechless, somehow managed to snap out of his daze and quietly signaled the others to clear out of the conference room.

All the while, he ran the numbers in his head, weighing the fallout if anyone caught wind of their CEO’s eccentricities. If rumors leaked that the man steering a publicly listed company harbored strange tendencies, the stock would plummet overnight—maybe even vaporizing hundreds of millions in market value.

Brenden’s ignorance bordered on suspicious. Was he just dim-witted, or had a competitor planted him here as a saboteur?

Wesley’s gaze turned glacial, his voice low and deliberate. “What did you just say? Go on—say it again.”

A frigid unease prickled down Brenden’s spine, but instead of backing down, he doubled down and yelled, “I said you’re a jerk!”

The words had barely left his mouth when a squad of uniformed bodyguards swept in and hauled Brenden out, ushering him firmly into the lounge next door. Billy's nerves jangled as he scrolled frantically through his contacts, coming up empty—there was no one to bail him out.

Out of the blue, the memory of witnessing someone call Wesley a jerk on WhatsApp crossed his mind. If he could just track down that elusive figure, maybe they could help calm Wesley down. But he had no idea who that person was, leaving him feeling helpless, reduced to silently rooting for Brenden's survival.

A handful of nosy executives, certain they wouldn't get caught, hovered just outside the door, straining to catch every word.

Brenden, born with a silver spoon and handed the general manager's job through Wesley's connections, had never been more than a meddlesome, bossy nuisance in their eyes. Now he'd crossed the line by mouthing off to Wesley in front of everyone. They could hardly contain their anticipation, itching to witness exactly how Wesley would make him pay.

The muffled sounds of chaos from the lounge—a scuffle and Brenden's strangled yelps—caught the executives' attention.

"Wesley, what the hell? We're family—why bring out a squad of bodyguards on me?" Brenden wailed, voice rising in panic. A solid thump echoed, followed by a sharp cry. "I'm sorry! If you want someone to curse you, I'll do it in private next time—ouch, that hurts! Wesley, get him off me! My arm's about to snap!"

As the executives exchanged glances, silently agreeing that Brenden's luck had truly run out, Wesley strode from the lounge, serene and unhurried, straightening the cuffs of his dress shirt with the poise of a man untouched by chaos.

A moment later, Brenden emerged, limping badly, his face battered and swollen beyond recognition—his self-proclaimed handsomeness reduced to a tragic punchline.

He then shot Billy a look brimming with resentment. Had Billy warned him about the brewing storm, he wouldn't have walked in blindly and upset Wesley.

Billy simply looked away, saying nothing.

Meanwhile, in the sales department office, Gabriela sat at her desk, growing increasingly anxious as the hours ticked by with no response from "NotASaunders." She could already sense the rumors ballooning, every minute of silence giving them more room to spiral out of control.

Aubrey slid into the seat beside her, her complexion noticeably ashen. "Word is, Mr. Saunders got called into the conference room by Mr. Moss and walked out with a battered face."

She suspected that the sudden beating Brenden received was connected to the gossip about Wesley being a masochist. She remembered spilling the story to another friend in the company besides Gabriela and wondered if her friend would also face a beating.

Regret flooded Aubrey's face; she looked on the verge of tears. Swallowing hard, she vowed never to gossip about others, especially when it involved Wesley.

Noticing Aubrey's distress, Gabriela leaned in and murmured, "Don't panic. I'll go find out what actually happened."

This was the perfect opportunity to ask Brenden for the real story.

"Thank you, Gabriela." Aubrey's eyes followed her with a desperate, pleading hope.

Gabriela made her way up to the twelfth floor, nerves simmering as she lingered outside the conference room. But she didn't catch a glimpse of Brenden. Instead, she ran into Wesley, who had just stepped out of the room.

She straightened and offered a quick, polite greeting. "Hello, Mr. Moss."

Wesley's brow creased in obvious irritation. "Are you here for Brenden?"