

His kiss 69

Chapter 69

A wave of frustration swept over her. The documents were endless—pages of facts about Wesley’s medical history and meticulous dietary restrictions, even specifying the exact number of sips of water he was supposed to take each day. There hadn’t been enough time to master it all the previous night.

This was starting to feel less like secretarial work and more like some bizarre spouse audition.

Of course, Gabriela swallowed those thoughts, schooling her tone into professional politeness. “Time was really tight yesterday, Mr. Moss. If you give me half a day more, I’ll have everything committed to memory.”

Wesley caught the flush still coloring her cheeks and chose not to push her. Instead, he asked mildly, “You’ve spent so much time memorizing—has anything stuck yet?”

Gabriela blinked, caught off guard. “Excuse me?”

For the first time, Wesley’s ever-stoic eyes seemed to flicker with something she couldn’t quite place, which only made her more flustered. “M-Mr. Moss...”

He cut her off, letting his face shutter into its usual icy calm. “Forget it.” After a beat of silence, he dismissed her coldly. “You may go.”

Gabriela couldn't make sense of Wesley's sudden chill. Returning to her desk, she hurriedly pulled out the stack of documents he'd assigned her, scanning them for anything she might have missed.

What on earth was she supposed to memorize for him?

While Gabriela buried herself in memorizing, her so-called boyfriend Brenden was stuck on the outskirts of Afluena, sweating through a grueling well-digging project. Every strike of the shovel was met with stubborn, unyielding earth. Frustrated, he dropped to the ground with a sigh, dirt smudging his jeans and hopelessness settling in his gut.

The team leader stood off to the side, arms folded, watching with a look of wry amusement. "At this rate, Mr. Saunders, you'll still be digging when next year rolls around."

Billy's orders were unmistakable: no one was allowed to lend Brenden a hand. The most the team leader could do was shout the occasional pointer from a safe distance.

Brenden dragged the back of his hand across his brow, smearing a streak of mud. "I'm not a well-digger. Wesley just tossed me a shovel and told me to get to work. What does he expect me to do—dig to the center of the earth? Or does he plan to keep me stranded in Claei Swea for life?"

"My sympathies," the team leader murmured, careful not to challenge Wesley, giving Brenden a gentle pat. "Hang in there. If you dig hard enough, maybe you'll earn your ticket home in a decade or so."

The remark did nothing to lift Brenden's spirits.

Right then, his phone buzzed. Fiona's name flashed on the screen.

Oblivious to his posting in Claei Swea, Fiona's voice trembled as she asked, "Brenden, did you find anything yet?"

Staring out at the bleak, endless expanse, Brenden felt a pang of quiet despair. To his surprise, Claei Swea offered gentle breezes, but the woman he'd recently dated refused to tag along.

Brenden's voice carried a defeated edge. "Just let it go, Fiona. Wesley's impossible to read. You'll never get a handle on that man."

Fiona sounded genuinely lost. "What are you talking about? Can't we meet in person and figure this out?"

"Not a chance," Brenden sighed, heavy with resignation. He gave her a quick rundown of his predicament. "Maybe Wesley just has a type—someone who ticks every box for him. No one else will ever measure up."

He offered a few more words of gentle advice, then hung up and trudged back to his lonely, exhausting labor.

Fiona refused to back down. Why couldn't she be the one Wesley wanted? She wasn't about to surrender without a fight.

Recalling that Wesley's grandmother, Loretta, was notoriously superstitious, Fiona hatched a plan on the spot.

By noon the next day, Wesley's phone buzzed with a call from Loretta. "Wesley, Fiona stopped by this morning. She straightened out the whole business with those WhatsApp curses—it was just some silly mix-up."

Wesley, juggling a stack of documents, responded with measured patience. But then, Loretta said something that stopped him cold. "She wanted to talk things out in person, but you unfriended her. I told her to come see you at the office. When she gets there, you'd better treat her properly, and don't you dare send her away."

A furrow creased Wesley's brow.

What on earth had Fiona done to win Loretta over so completely—and so suddenly? Now his grandmother was insisting Fiona show up at his office, forcing the issue directly into his daily routine. Was this Loretta's way of pushing him to accept Fiona, whether he liked it or not?