

His kiss 70

Chapter 70

Wesley, though visibly irked, swallowed his frustration with Loretta. He forced out a measured response. “Grandma, there are company rules. You’ll need to schedule an appointment to see me, no exceptions.”

Loretta wouldn’t let it go. Her tone sharpened with disapproval. “Fiona’s your friend. Why on earth would she need to book an appointment?” Her voice climbed another notch, fraught with indignation. “Tell me, are you saying I’d have to make an appointment just to see my own grandson?”

Determined not to provoke her, Wesley softened his reply. “No, of course not...”

“Good, that’s what I thought. And you’d better look after Fiona while she’s there.” Before Wesley could offer another word, Loretta ended the call with a decisive click.

Left staring at the silent phone, he mulled over his next move, still scrambling for a way to keep Fiona out of his office.

Gabriela knocked politely and then entered the office. “Mr. Moss, there’s a woman outside—she says you two are close and insists on seeing you.”

Wesley hadn’t expected Fiona to show up so soon. His fingers drummed a restless beat on the desk before he forced his voice steady. “Tell her I’ve got a video meeting. Take her to the lounge for now.”

“Got it.”

With a composed nod, Gabriela led Fiona down the hall, quietly mentioning that Wesley was currently tied up with work.

Fiona, wrapped in a chic, delicate dress that barely shielded her from the biting wind, had made her way to Apex Group determined. Unexpectedly, she was greeted by a striking young woman—Gabriela—whose beauty needed no help from cosmetics, her complexion luminous and unblemished.

Confronted by such effortless elegance, Fiona felt a pang of insecurity twist through her chest.

Gabriela found herself under Fiona’s sharp, appraising stare. With a tone dripping arrogance, Fiona ordered, “Go make me a coffee. And make it just the way Wesley likes it.”

Caught off guard by Fiona’s easy command, Gabriela managed a polite, practiced smile. “Of course. Please wait a moment.”

She hurried off, brewing the coffee exactly to Wesley’s tastes before carefully setting the cup in front of Fiona.

But as soon as Fiona took a sip, her face twisted in disgust. Without warning, she spat the coffee directly onto Gabriela.

Hot liquid splattered across Gabriela's pristine white dress, soaking the fabric and blooming into a bold, ugly stain. She didn't cry out—years of enduring worse back in school had taught her restraint. Instead, she calmly took a step back, her face unreadable even as her immaculate appearance was ruined.

"Trying to scald me on purpose, are you?" Fiona pounced on Gabriela before she could react, her voice dripping with contempt. "Unbelievable. You're this clumsy, yet you landed a spot in the executive office? What dirty tricks did you pull to get hired?"

Gabriela, having survived years of Phyllis's schemes, recognized animosity when she saw it. But what had she done to provoke Fiona? For crying out loud! They'd never crossed paths before.

Although irritation simmered beneath her calm exterior, Gabriela kept her tone steady. "I was assigned here through proper channels and all the standard procedures. If you're that curious, Ms. Dewitt, feel free to check with HR."

Fiona's gaze narrowed, laced with biting contempt. "Who said you could open your mouth? Don't think a pretty face and a little support from above can cover up how useless you are."

Just then, Billy strode in, his brows knitting together as he took in Gabriela's stained dress. "What's going on here?"

Before Gabriela could answer, Fiona lunged forward. "Mr. Clarke, is the executive office in the habit of hiring based on looks? She's unbelievable—she nearly dumped coffee all over me on purpose! I suggest you fire her immediately, or I'll take this straight to Wesley."

Billy ignored Fiona's accusations, simply offering her a courteous nod before turning to Gabriela. "Come with me."

Gabriela trailed behind Billy to the CEO's office. Wesley ended his call and set the phone aside, his gaze sharpening as Billy quietly summarized the situation. Wesley's face clouded with displeasure. "Get her a clean set of clothes."

"Understood." Billy immediately strode out to take care of it himself.