

His kiss 72

Chapter 72

Billy found himself almost impressed with Gabriela. She could slice someone apart with words and never so much as ruffle a hair. It was no wonder Wesley had taken notice of her.

Fiona, bolstered by Loretta's promise to back her no matter what, shot back with sharp confidence, "And just who the hell do you think you are, talking to me like that?"

Gabriela didn't so much as flinch. "You've got it wrong, Ms. Dewitt. I'm only worried about you," she said evenly.

Wesley had obviously planted her here to relish the scene, yet she still played her part, offering a polite veneer of concern.

That crisp white dress hadn't been cheap, and she doubted the coffee stain would ever come out. She was already being gracious by not demanding Fiona replace it. And still, Fiona had the audacity to twist things and act like she was the one being wronged.

"Worried about me?" Fiona's lip curled in a cold sneer. "Come on, that fake sympathy might fool a man, but it won't work on me."

A deep, commanding voice cut in from behind Gabriela. "She's my secretary."

Wesley's tall frame loomed suddenly at her back, a solid wall of quiet authority. His gaze slid to Fiona, cool and unreadable. "So, what brings you here, bickering with my employee?"

The shift in Fiona's expression was instant. "Wesley, I'm freezing."

"Then go home and put on more clothes," he replied without the faintest warmth. His expression stayed cold, though his tone carried an edge of politeness. "Shall I have my assistant see you out?"

Billy stepped forward at once, ready to carry out the order without question.

Gabriela, watching from the side, felt a flicker of admiration.

Fiona was laying on the helpless act thick—any other man would have been shrugging off his coat for her by now—but Wesley didn't so much as blink. To a man who measured life in profit and loss, business clearly outweighed sentiment.

The chill in his manner caught Fiona off guard. She had expected even the barest show of tenderness, not this unyielding dismissal. Fighting back sobs, she turned.

She turned on her heel and left Apex Group, her heels clicking an uneven rhythm on the polished floor.

In the car, she ordered the driver to head straight to Loretta's place. There, she sought out Loretta and spilled every grievance in a rush, her voice breaking with wounded indignation.

Yesterday, Loretta had visited a fortune-teller for Wesley's sake, only to be told that misfortune would shadow him once he turned thirty. The fortune-teller had claimed that the only way to ward off the looming hardship was for Wesley to marry a blessed woman—and, according to him, Fiona fit the bill perfectly.

Now, Loretta held the sobbing Fiona in her arms, murmuring gentle reassurances. She promised not only to stand up for her but also to make Wesley apologize directly to her.

Only after hearing this did Fiona wipe her tears and leave with a sense of satisfaction.

True to her word, Loretta wasted no time in calling Wesley. Her voice was almost cutting as she ordered him to come over that evening, warning that if he refused, she would sever all ties with him.

The gravity in her tone made it clear she meant every word. Wesley ended his work in haste, grabbed his keys, and drove straight to her place.

Loretta's place was a modest, timeworn bungalow, but inside, it was warm, neat, and surprisingly inviting. Behind the house stretched a well-kept vegetable garden where Loretta grew her own greens.

This year's pride was a bed of onions, their bulbs plump and ready for harvest. When Wesley stepped into the yard, he spotted her bent over in the rows, tugging stubbornly at the onions.

From a few steps away, he called out, "Grandma!"

But she didn't look up; she kept yanking up onions, grumbling under her breath, "I planted these onions myself, watered and weeded them all season... and now they've decided to cling to the ground like their lives depend on it."

Wesley could hear the subtext in her words and almost smiled. Rolling up his sleeves, he strolled over and said lightly, "Here—let me give you a hand, Grandma."

"Don't bother." Loretta's eyes narrowed, her voice clipped with disapproval. "You're the high-and-mighty CEO now—how could I possibly tell you what to do? I only asked you to keep Fiona company for a few hours, yet you sent her off in tears before noon. If I let you pull these onions, you'd probably trample half the garden."