

His kiss 73

Chapter 73

She was a plainspoken village woman, as stubborn as bedrock and utterly convinced of her own reasoning. Once her mind was set, no argument from the younger generation could sway her.

If Wesley so much as hesitated, she'd decide he'd grown arrogant and would immediately give him a tongue-lashing.

Understanding exactly how she was, Wesley did what he always did—he gave a slight nod and rolled up his sleeves. He bent down to help her tug onions from the soil and, as he worked, offered an explanation. “It was freezing that morning, but Fiona dressed lightly just to look good. The company is following orders from above to cut back on heating, and she ended up venting her frustration on one of my employees. That’s exactly why I told her to leave.”

Loretta faltered at his words, torn between her ingrained frugality and her irritation at Fiona’s arrogant display.

Wesley pressed on, his tone cool but deliberate. “My secretary has a master’s degree—higher than Fiona’s credentials. She treated Fiona with respect, and Fiona repaid her by tossing coffee in her face.”

“That was wrong of her,” Loretta conceded after a beat, though she quickly added in Fiona’s defense, “But Fiona’s a PhD student. How can a master’s outrank that?”

Her gaze sharpened, and a faint sting of pride crept in. She suspected Wesley’s remark wasn’t just about Fiona—it was a subtle jab at her own lack of schooling, a reminder that she was just a village woman.

“The program Fiona attended overseas was nothing but a finishing school for the rich,” Wesley said evenly. “A place where trust fund babies pad their résumés. Here, that kind of degree isn’t worth much. But my secretary graduated from Rutherford University—one of the most prestigious schools in the country.”

Caught off guard, Loretta said, “I thought PhDs were supposed to be valuable.”

“That depends,” Wesley countered with a faint scoff. “I should take you out more and let you see the world for yourself. Things aren’t always the way people make them sound.”

Loretta lapsed into thoughtful silence, and he went on, “My secretary’s a top graduate, hardworking, never once at fault. The decision not to use the heating was mine, yet Fiona decided to vent her temper on my secretary. Why? Simply because she has a powerful family name to hide behind.”

In just a few lines, Wesley painted a picture of a bright, accomplished young woman unfairly targeted by an overbearing socialite.

Loretta’s expression softened immediately.

Wesley seized the opportunity. “Fiona didn’t just throw a tantrum—she spoke to my secretary with outright disrespect. That’s rude.”

Loretta let out a sigh. “I thought Fiona was a refined young lady. Who knew she’d behave like this?”

Wesley concealed his satisfaction. Her anger toward him faded, and with it, any thoughts of pairing him with Fiona. A woman with that kind of wild, unruly streak could never be a proper bride.

After pacifying Loretta and sharing a warm meal with her, Wesley headed back home.

Meanwhile, Fiona, certain that Wesley would call to apologize, waited with growing anticipation. But as the hours stretched into night, there was still no word from him. To make matters worse, she caught a chill. Her nose started running, and sneezes came one after another.

The frustration of feeling ill only sharpened her temper. In a fit of impatience, she dialed Loretta's number.

This time, Loretta's tone was far from the doting warmth she'd shown before. She claimed she was getting old and didn't want to meddle in the disputes of the younger generation anymore.

Before hanging up, she murmured quietly, "Good luck."

Despite Fiona's difficult nature, Loretta couldn't fully shake the fortune-teller's prophecy—that Fiona was a blessed woman. If Fiona and Wesley were to marry, perhaps her sharp edges would soften over time.

But for now, Fiona burned with anger. Loretta's aloofness stung like a slap.

She had spent so much effort weaving herself into Wesley's orbit—even paying a fortune-teller to paint a perfect picture of their destined match. And this was all she got in return?

What Fiona didn't realize was that Wesley remained oblivious to the depth of her despair, to the way she now questioned her own worth. Even if he knew, he wouldn't have cared.

Back at his place, Wesley scrolled through his WhatsApp thread with Gabriela, his mood souring with every message.

He had cleared every obstacle for her, laid the groundwork so she could move toward him—and yet, she hadn't taken a single step. Not even a simple “thank you.”

What a sly little ingrate!