

His kiss 100

Chapter 100

Wesley surveyed the mess on his desk, rubbing his temples. "You can come out now," he called toward the lounge.

Gabriela emerged slowly this time, shoes on, head lowered like a child caught misbehaving.

He gave her a sideways glance. "Sober yet?"

She nodded. "I'm really sorry, Mr. Moss."

"What are you apologizing for?"

"I shouldn't have slacked off during work, shouldn't have slept in your bed, and definitely shouldn't have interrupted your meeting."

A faint, resigned chuckle escaped him. She still didn't understand the real issue. Wesley demanded, "Will you drink that much again?"

If he hadn't been around her today, she could have found herself in serious trouble.

“No,” she replied quietly. At least not when she was with Wesley.

Her alcohol tolerance was usually fine—this must have been the wrong kind of drink for her.

Wesley motioned toward the hangover tea he’d set aside. “Heat this up and drink it.”

Gabriela hadn’t expected him to prepare this for her, and the gesture left her touched. It seemed he wouldn’t fire her—at least not for now.

She quickly brought the tea into the kitchen.

Wesley’s gaze shifted to Billy, who lingered at the edge of the room, all but melting into the background.

“Call my driver. Have him drive Gabriela home,” Wesley said.

Although she seemed fine now, he couldn’t risk letting her take the bus alone.

“Yes, sir,” Billy replied smoothly, though his mind was spinning.

The executive office was a hive of activity—year-end loomed, two major projects raced against tight deadlines, and annual reports poured in from every department and subsidiary.

Everyone was so swamped they hardly had a moment to grab a sip of water, and even Wesley was practically living at the office these days.

Yet Gabriela had spent the afternoon sleeping, and now she was being sent home in a company car.

As a seasoned professional, Billy maintained a composed exterior, though beneath the surface, his thoughts churned in restless currents.

After contacting the private driver, Billy turned to Gabriela with a courteous, businesslike tone. “Miss Haynes, since you’re unwell, Mr. Moss has arranged for you to be driven home.”

Gabriela quickly thanked Wesley and followed Billy out.

Only in the hallway did she whisper, “I didn’t... do anything inappropriate to Mr. Moss earlier, did I?”

Her memory was hazy—she only remembered leaning on Wesley’s shoulder as if it were a pillow, refusing to let go, and attempting to sleep on the kitchen floor before he carried her to the lounge.

The rest was a blur.

Billy's eyes narrowed slightly.

Her uncertain tone made him wonder—had she done something improper with Wesley without his knowledge?

"You might want to go easy on the drinking next time," he advised. Gabriela's heart sank.

So she had done something wrong.

With the company so busy, the fact Wesley wasn't asking her to work overtime could only mean one thing—he doubted her reliability.

How could she fix her image in his eyes?

A \$28,000 monthly salary wasn't something she could replace easily.

Lowering her voice, she asked, "I'm actually feeling pretty okay, Mr. Clarke. Is there any work I can help with?"

"Your health comes first," Billy said firmly. "Just rest and come in on time tomorrow."

Like hell he'd allow Gabriela to work overtime after Wesley told her to leave. With no other choice, Gabriela headed home, her mood heavy.