

His kiss 103

Chapter 103

It wasn't the luxury cosmetics themselves that stirred her excitement—more the festive buzz in the air, the idea of unboxing her gift and snapping a flawless photo to post online.

One glance at her bright, expectant face, and Wesley seemed to read her thoughts instantly. He summoned Billy with a crisp word, instructing him to distribute the executive office's year-end presents.

Gabriela practically bounced as she followed Billy out, joining Tessa and the others in the corridor.

Even Tessa, usually so composed, allowed herself a relaxed smile as she swapped stories with Gabriela about the lavish gifts from years past.

Tessa's smile brimmed with pride as she remarked, "Our company just keeps getting better, and so do the year-end gifts. Mr. Moss really knows how to spoil us."

Last year, employees had gone home with crates of premium fruit and a generous shopping card. This year, the presents had taken another leap in value.

Gabriela's eyes lit up in delight.

She'd never worked under a boss as lavish as Wesley, doling out gifts worth well over a thousand.

On top of that, no one was overlooked—senior staff and fresh recruits alike received the same treatment.

Tessa, as head of the executive office, moved from desk to desk, personally handing out the neatly packaged presents.

Gabriela lingered nearby, anticipation building with every passing moment. But when the last gift left Tessa's hands, nothing had come her way.

Blinking in surprise, she leaned in and lowered her voice. "Ms. Ortiz... am I not getting one?"

A cold thought crept in—was she being left out because she'd only just transferred into the executive office, her name too new to make the list?

Tessa's lips curved into a knowing smile. "Billy mentioned yours is already on Mr. Moss's desk."

Gabriela wasted no time heading back, her heart beating faster with anticipation. Stopping beside Wesley's desk, she leaned forward slightly. "Mr. Moss, Ms. Ortiz said my gift is here with you?"

Glancing up from the neat stack of documents before him, Wesley caught the spark in her eyes and let a faintly amused smile tug at his lips. He reached for a small bag and held it out to her. "This is yours."

Gabriela accepted it, blinking in surprise.

The gift bag was wrapped beautifully, yet noticeably different from what she'd seen earlier—and at least two-thirds smaller than the ones her colleagues had received.

Just as her fingers found the ribbon, Wesley's low voice cut in. "Open it at home."

"Alright, Mr. Moss."

Though a flicker of curiosity tugged at her, Gabriela let it go, content simply to have the gift in her hands.

She slid the bag to the corner of her desk and carried on with her tasks until the evening bell.

Once home, the moment the door clicked shut behind her, she tossed her keys aside and eagerly retrieved a small box from inside the bag. Its dark golden velvet shimmered under the light, the texture alone whispering of luxury.

This wasn't the glossy cosmetic set the women received, nor the sleek timepiece given to the men. It was something else entirely.

Recalling how Wesley had been shielding her these past few days, her cheeks grew warm, her pulse quickening in spite of herself.

What could he possibly have chosen for her?

She drew in a breath, steadying her hands, and slowly lifted the lid.