

His kiss 104

Chapter 104

Nestled inside the box was a modest, unremarkable bracelet, its only decoration a tiny Cupid charm dangling from the chain.

Gabriela stared at it in disbelief, turning the box this way and that, even tilting it as if a more impressive gift might be hidden beneath the velvet lining. But no matter how many times she checked, the truth remained—this was all there was.

For God’s sake! While her colleagues unwrapped company gifts worth over a thousand dollars, all she got was some flimsy fifty-dollar bracelet.

Was this Wesley’s way of getting back at her for that humiliating incident a few days ago—falling asleep in his bed and embarrassing him in front of his elite think tank?

She knew the man too well. Wesley Moss never forgot a slight, and he certainly wasn’t the type to forgive without extracting his own quiet revenge.

All that anticipation had fizzled into disappointment.

Her phone suddenly chimed, and a WhatsApp message from Aubrey popped up, asking if she’d unwrapped her gift yet. “Plenty of colleagues are posting theirs and singing Mr. Moss’s praises. You’d better get yours up too—show some loyalty.”

Gabriela stared at the screen, her mood too sour for such theatrics. She tapped back a curt “Yeah.”

It struck her then—Aubrey had joined the company only a few days after she had. Aubrey’s gift was the standard year-end gift, and Gabriela had been truly happy for her. So why was she the only one singled out for something different? The thought left her with a hollow, unsettled feeling.

The next morning, she walked into the office with a faint heaviness lingering in her chest.

As she lingered by the elevator, Gabriela crossed paths with Aubrey, who was beaming. Aubrey chattered away about how she’d given Kevin the watch last night and how he’d been thrilled with it.

The mention made Gabriela think of her own plain, unimpressive bracelet, and a wave of bitterness curled in her chest.

Catching the faint shadow in Gabriela’s expression, Aubrey tilted her head. “You look exhausted, Gabriela. Rough night?”

Gabriela hesitated, then asked, “Did everyone get the same year-end gift?”

Aubrey tilted her head, puzzled. “It was either cosmetics or a watch for everyone...” She suddenly blinked, eyes widening in surprise. “Hold on—don’t tell me your gift wasn’t the same as ours?”

Gabriela sighed, her expression shadowed with disappointment. “My gift is neither cosmetics nor a watch.”

Aubrey leaned in, intrigued. “Come on, tell me—what did Mr. Moss end up giving you?”

“A simple bracelet, nothing fancy.”

Brows lifting, Aubrey stared. “You’re joking. Not even a pendant with it?” It was puzzling—Wesley had been showering the staff with high-end cosmetics and stylish watches. Why would Gabriela be singled out for something so plain? The thought didn’t sit right with her.

With her expression downcast, Gabriela muttered, “Just a plain bracelet, a tiny Cupid charm on it... came in a pretty little box, that’s all.”

Aubrey tilted her head, frowning for a moment before her eyes brightened. “You know what Cupid stands for...”

“Don’t even start. No way.” Gabriela’s tone was firm, cutting Aubrey off mid-thought. “Let’s not spin this into something it isn’t.”

To someone like Wesley, a gift so ordinary could only be a quiet nudge—straighten up at work or watch your perks shrink away.

There was no chance it carried the meaning Aubrey—or her own wandering mind—was trying to pin on it.

Aubrey tilted her head, curiosity flickering in her eyes. “So what’s the deal? Why would Mr. Moss hand you a bracelet like that?” Her suspicion deepened. “Don’t tell me there wasn’t some other meaning behind it.”

Gabriela gave a wry smile and recounted what had happened the other day. “I’d been drinking too much and somehow ended up crawling into Mr. Moss’s lounge bed. When I woke up, I bolted out of there barefoot and ran into him during a meeting with his think tank... Mr. Moss must be upset with me about that.”

Aubrey sensed holes in the story but couldn’t quite pin them down. In the end, she only gave Gabriela a half-grinning thumbs-up. “You’ve got guts.”

Leaning back, Gabriela murmured with a hint of gloom, “Truth is, I only drank that day to keep things smooth with Mr. Garner, but instead of remembering what I did...”

“Right, Mr. Moss just clings to my one mistake and won’t drop it. Honestly, he’s so petty.”

The elevator chimed, and she and Aubrey stepped inside, Aubrey murmuring a few more words of comfort.

By the time Gabriela reached the CEO’s office, Wesley had already been there. His face was set in a grim line, a faint shadow of displeasure in his eyes. She offered a polite greeting, but he breezed past as if he hadn’t heard a thing, peeling off his coat and diving straight into work.

Suppressing a sigh, Gabriela slipped into the kitchen and set about brewing his coffee. A few minutes later, she placed the steaming cup on his desk. "Your coffee, Mr. Moss."