

His kiss 107

Chapter 107

Seven days later marks the third day of the company's holiday, coinciding with Phyllis's wedding.

Brenden's surprise only deepened.

He'd rarely spoken to Gabriela before, and her sudden friendliness caught him off guard.

But then he thought of the young starlet he'd recently started seeing, the thrill still fresh. He couldn't betray her.

Although a flirt by nature, Brenden had his principles. Two-timing wasn't his style.

With a touch of regret, he shook his head. "I get what you're suggesting, but I've already got a girlfriend."

Gabriela was at a loss for words. She knew Brenden's list of girlfriends was endless, and he never shied away from pursuing even the most aloof women. Why, when she needed a favor, was he suddenly dodging her? Was he intentionally making this difficult?

She quickly reassured him, "Don't worry. If we run into your girlfriend, I'll clear things up so there's no misunderstanding." She only needed him to pretend to be her boyfriend for one day. What were the odds they'd bump into his girlfriend?

But then a troubling thought hit her. Brenden had too many girlfriends. What if one showed up at Phyllis's wedding? The chaos would be unimaginable.

Since Brenden was already worried about his girlfriend getting the wrong idea, Gabriela realized she shouldn't press him.

Brenden thought he'd misheard. Gabriela knew he had a girlfriend, but instead of getting upset, she offered to explain things to her if his girlfriend ran into them. Was she that into him?

Brenden wavered. He didn't want to lose the starlet he'd just won over, but turning down someone like Gabriela was tough. He hesitated. "Does it have to be me?"

Seeing his indecision, Gabriela realized she'd need to find another stand-in boyfriend. She had heard of services where you could hire a boyfriend. With the right choice, it could pass convincingly.

Brenden misinterpreted Gabriela's thoughtful expression as disappointment, stirring a pang of guilt within him. He reached out, intending to pat her shoulder in comfort.

But a cold voice interrupted. "Brenden!"

At the sound, Brenden froze, yanking his hand back. He flashed a fawning smile and turned to face Wesley, who was approaching.

“Any instructions for me?”

Wesley’s gaze swept over Gabriela, his expression unreadable.

“Mr. Moss,” Gabriela greeted, projecting calm while panicking inside.

She was in trouble. Brenden was likely still on Wesley’s bad side, and sneaking out to talk to him could have put her there too.

Wesley’s voice was flat. “Your forty-first girlfriend is in the café over there, Brenden.”

Brenden wandered toward the café in a daze, only realizing halfway there that it struck him: when did he have so many girlfriends?

Gabriela was just as floored. She knew Brenden already had thirty-eight girlfriends. How had he managed to add three more after just one trip to Afluena?

No wonder he backed out of his promise to pretend to be her boyfriend. Meanwhile, Wesley was already heading back to the company, his very presence radiating frost.

Snapping out of her shock, Gabriela hurried after him, whispering, “Mr. Moss, I only stopped to greet Mr. Saunders because I heard he was back.”

Inwardly, she prayed Wesley’s grudge against Brenden wouldn’t spill over to her. Yet her explanation was a weak excuse to Wesley; he didn’t believe a word of it. A spark of irritation flared in his chest.