

## **His kiss 108**

### Chapter 108

Gabriela froze, startled by the sudden shift in Wesley's expression.

The air between them seemed to tighten.

Wesley let out a low, derisive laugh. "It's work hours. Why aren't you on the twelfth floor where you belong? What business do you have here?" He couldn't fathom what went through her mind day after day.

Hadn't he been more than generous with her? Or were his signals still too faint for her to grasp? He'd even gifted her a bracelet, yet her reaction fell far short of what he'd anticipated. Nothing. Not a single word of gratitude.

Her lips parted, but no words came.

The flat calm on his face did nothing to lessen the suffocating weight pressing down on her.

She dropped her gaze, shoulders curving inward.

With someone like Wesley, she knew, even the most artfully spun lie would be stripped bare in an instant.

Sometimes the wisest move was to surrender before the battle began.

Wesley's gaze lingered on Gabriela's features.

He remembered the feel of her lips beneath his—the way she had melted against him that night, soft and unresisting, giving him everything without holding back.

After a beat, his gaze slipped lower, landing on her neatly clasped hands and the bracelet glinting on her right wrist.

Against the smoothness of her skin, the simple piece stood out all the more, and the sight filled him with an unexpected tenderness.

The sharp edge in his expression eased; his voice, though still clipped, no longer carried the same frost. His brows, however, stayed knitted. "Let's go," he murmured.

Gabriela instantly fell in step beside him, trailing Wesley as they returned to the office.

The rest of the day pressed forward without pause. Wesley was swamped—signing papers in swift, decisive strokes, flipping through reports that demanded his personal approval, his focus unbroken.

By four in the afternoon, the company's think tank had been summoned for another brief meeting, once again dissecting the intricacies of an overseas project.

All in all, Wesley remained too consumed by work to spare a moment for whatever reckoning he might have had in mind for Gabriela.

Gabriela let out a quiet breath of relief and busied herself at the coffee machine, brewing fresh cups for everyone in the room.

What caught her attention, though, was how Aaron and the others accepted their cups—each one meeting her eyes, offering a warm smile, and thanking her more than once.

It struck her as almost old-fashioned courtesy, the kind you rarely saw anymore. No wonder they'd risen to the top; these were people polished in both intellect and manners.

That night, when most of the office had long since emptied, Gabriela stayed behind of her own accord, taking on whatever tasks she could to lighten Wesley's load—stacking files into neat piles, sorting through folders, and condensing key points into clean summaries.

As the clock's hands inched toward ten, she quietly slipped away to the kitchenette, returning with a tray bearing a steaming late-night meal.

The aroma curled warmly through the room, softening the stark chill of the hour. Wesley's furrowed brow loosened, and for the first time all evening, the steel in his expression eased.

When he finally spoke, his voice had a rough, low timbre, threaded with unexpected gentleness. "It's already late. I will have my driver take you home."

The sudden gentleness caught her off guard. "You're not calling it a night, Mr. Moss?"

"There are still a few documents left to handle," he answered in a calm, measured tone, before calling over Trey Wilcox, the driver, and instructing him to see her home.

Trey had given Gabriela rides a handful of times, enough for their exchanges to feel easy. As the car eased into motion, she glanced his way. "Does Mr. Moss usually stay this late?"