

His kiss 110

Chapter 110

The following day brought payday at the office.

Those who had officially cleared probation were also granted year-end bonuses, the amounts scaled by how long they'd been with the company.

The mood was infectious, sweeping through every corner of the office. Gabriela felt buoyant herself—she'd been counting on a paycheck of twenty-eight thousand.

But when the salary notification landed, the number blinking back at her was more than twice what she'd expected.

She knew she worked hard and met her responsibilities, but no amount of diligence could explain a bonus that generous.

Gabriela adored money—every crisp bill and every growing digit in her account—but this felt almost unearned. The question gnawed at her until she finally sought Billy out.

He met her gaze with a knowing look. "That came straight from Mr. Moss."

Her brows knit in confusion. Even after turning it over in her mind for ages, she still couldn't fathom why Wesley had chosen to give her so much.

In that instant, a new message from “NotASaunders” lit up her screen. “Got your salary yet? Is it enough for you to buy me a suit now?”

Gabriela froze for a second, momentarily thrown off. Brenden wasn’t even in the office, yet it felt as if his eyes were on her every move. How on earth did he know the instant her paycheck landed?

And now, with her salary added to her modest savings, her total just nudged past six figures.

It meant she no longer had an excuse—she would have to buy the suit.

“I’ll pick it up after work,” she hurriedly typed back.

His reply came instantly. “Get Drummond & Gallant to make me a first-rate suit, fully tailored.”

Drummond & Gallant—the name alone carried weight in Okburg. An exclusive atelier, famous for tailoring bespoke suits that were as much status symbols as they were clothing.

Gabriela clenched her jaw and tapped out a single reply. “Fine.”

When the workday finally ended, she made her way straight to the mall, slipping into the polished, glass-fronted Drummond & Gallant boutique.

She didn't risk calling Aubrey, so she went alone.

Armed with the measurements Brenden had sent over on WhatsApp, she placed the order, only for the sales assistant to inform her, with an apologetic smile, that a bespoke suit would take at least a month to complete. Gabriela blinked, caught off guard. "Is there any way to speed it up?"

The sales assistant shook her head gently, her tone patient but firm. If they rushed the process, she explained, the inner canvas of a fully lined suit could warp, compromising both its structure and longevity. And when the suit was finally ready, the client would still need to come in for a fitting to fine-tune the cut.

Noticing the worry flicker across Gabriela's face, the sales assistant pulled a suit from the rack and offered a reassuring smile. "This one matches the measurements you gave exactly. If you're alright with it, you can take it home today."

The suit's cut was refined—angled slant pockets set just so, a crisp lapel line, three-button cuffs, and a sleek single-breasted front.

As Gabriela's gaze lingered on the garment, an unbidden image rose in her mind: Wesley wearing it, every line of the suit molded to his tall frame, exuding that sharp, commanding presence that turned heads. He would look devastatingly good.

But reality came crashing back the moment she thought of her bank account balance. The heaviness in her chest felt painfully real.

“I’ll take this one,” she said at last, her tone heavy with reluctant resolve.

The sales assistant reached for the wrapping paper, but before she could begin, a cool, imperious voice cut in from behind Gabriela. “Excuse me—could I take a look at that suit?”