

His kiss 26

Chapter 26

Without missing a beat, he fired off a curt message. "It's not a present. Just something for you to wear at the banquet. Don't read too much into it."

Gabriela paused, thumbs hovering over the screen, bewildered. What was going on? Had she somehow managed to offend him? With all the praise and thanks she'd given, what could possibly have him so upset? Was her gratitude too vague? Or did he expect something more?

Wesley grew annoyed when she didn't answer with the apology he was waiting for. With a calm but cold expression, he inhaled deeply and hit send on a new message. "A dress isn't a big deal. I've bought diamond necklaces and luxury jewelry for my thirty girlfriends."

His words landed like a cold slap, blatantly implying that Brenden spoiled his girlfriends with far grander tokens and that Gabriela had no reason to feel special.

Gabriela's mind reeled. She'd always heard whispers about Brenden's endless string of flings, but thirty girlfriends? Was that even possible?

Her thoughts snagged on the memory of that hotel room—the feel of his hard, sculpted muscles beneath her hands, the fierce, greedy way he'd pulled her close. Heat flooded her cheeks despite herself. Yet underneath that lingering warmth, an uneasy ache twisted in her chest. Even so, she couldn't deny it—just thinking about the way he'd gripped her so fiercely and kissed her that night sent a little thrill racing through her.

She snapped back a bold reply. "You're absolutely right, Mr. Saunders. You really do have deep pockets. Hope your girlfriends will stick around to help you spend every last cent."

Wesley read her comeback and knew, with a quiet satisfaction, that he'd managed to erase whatever fondness Gabriela might have felt for Brenden. The realization made his lips curve into a subtle, contented smile.

He tapped out a message, measured and calm. "The banquet's about to begin. Stay put. I'll come get you."

Billy, glancing at Wesley in the rearview mirror, noticed the sudden ease in his boss's expression and silently let out the breath he'd been holding. Just moments ago, Wesley's thunderous mood, fueled by the tense messages on his phone, had cast a heavy chill over the entire car.

Gathering his courage, Billy asked in a careful tone, "Shall we make our way to the banquet now, Mr. Moss?"