

## His kiss 29

### Chapter 29

A bodyguard in a crisp black suit addressed Gabriela with practiced courtesy. “Miss Haynes, please get in the car. Our boss is waiting for you.” Surprise hit Gabriela like a sudden jolt, freezing her in place.

Did Brenden really get here that fast? Had he overheard everything she’d just said? She suddenly felt a twinge of embarrassment.

Meanwhile, Phyllis’s sharp gaze lingered on the gleaming Rolls-Royce. It was a rare, limited-edition model—easily worth twenty times what Dustin’s flashy BMW cost. She drifted closer, straining her neck in hopes of spotting the man inside. But the tinted glass was pitch-black; nothing inside was visible.

The air of secrecy only fueled Phyllis’s suspicions. He had to be some seedy old sugar daddy.

Determined, Phyllis tried to circle around for a better look at the driver’s side. Instantly, two hulking bodyguards intercepted her, their stony faces radiating silent warning. With one synchronized step, they blocked her path—making it abundantly clear she wasn’t getting anywhere near that car.

Phyllis went rigid, her pulse skittering as the intimidating guards exchanged their stony glares for deference, bowing their heads and swinging the door wide for Gabriela like she was royalty. Bitterness and envy twisted beneath Phyllis’s ribs, so fierce she almost mangled the polished handle of her purse.

There was no way a guy with this kind of money and devotion was some spoiled, cocky rich kid. He had to be a withered old creep, someone hideous and lecherous, right? Despite Gabriela’s beauty, in the end, she’d just wind up a discarded toy—nothing but a temporary plaything for some old, predatory man until he grew tired of her.

“Phyllis, come on, quit gawking,” Dustin murmured, slipping his arms around her waist. “Gabriela’s made her choice. All your worrying won’t change a thing—she doesn’t even want your concern.”

Phyllis smoothed away every trace of jealousy, slipping on an elegant smile as she inclined her head. “You’re right. I’m a bit worn out. Let’s just head home.”

Dustin leaned in, his voice a gentle murmur. “You really do need your rest. You know how delicate your health’s been lately...”

Meanwhile, Gabriela barely spared the loving couple a glance. Their over-the-top act wasn’t worth her attention.

Right now, she was preoccupied with something else. Once she settled into the car, she spotted Wesley waiting inside, which sent an electric jolt through her. She stammered, “Um, Mr. Moss? What are you doing here?”

After being stuck at the office all night and somehow winding up in Wesley’s bed, she was still rattled, and the last thing she wanted was another encounter with him. Yet fate, or bad luck, had her climbing into his car all over again, nerves tingling beneath her skin.

Wesley’s gaze flicked toward her, lingering on the exposed skin of her shoulders before a faint crease formed between his brows. Gabriela couldn’t read the subtle shift in his expression, but his voice was level as he queried, “So, you’re my date for tonight?”

The realization hit her—Brenden had set her up as Wesley’s companion for the evening. Given how detached Wesley seemed, she could tell he was unbothered by the fact that she had hogged his bed last night.