

His kiss 30

Chapter 30

She straightened, offering a polite nod. “Yes, Mr. Moss. You’ve got nothing to worry about—I will behave appropriately at the party.”

With the briefest nod, Wesley murmured a word to Billy, who quietly turned up the heat. Enveloped in the car’s growing warmth, Gabriela mused that Wesley was truly considerate.

His attention slid to the coat bundled in her arms. After a glance at his watch, he instructed Billy, “Take us to the styling studio first.”

“Right away, sir,” Billy answered, keeping his face stoic even as disbelief sent his thoughts reeling. Gabriela was just an intern, wasn’t she? Yet here was Wesley himself, showing up to bring her along.

As for the dress she was wearing—Billy had watched Wesley spend nearly an hour with the designer, making sure every stitch fit her like it was custom-made. Just last night, she’d been working late alongside Wesley, and now it seemed she’d already captured his attention.

It seemed Wesley was drawn to hardworking girls with quiet manners, never to spoiled heiresses who batted their lashes and expected to coast on their parents’ money.

Billy kept his composure, quietly wrestling with his swirling thoughts as he navigated the city streets and pulled up to the styling studio.

Inside, Gabriela found herself swept into the middle of a whirlwind. A small army of stylists, every one of them impeccably dressed, bustled around her with brushes and designer palettes. The lead stylist grinned as he worked, barely able to hide his excitement. “Miss Haynes, your skin is absolutely radiant. And your figure—honestly, it’s flawless. I guarantee, you’re about to steal the show tonight.”

Gabriela caught a glimpse of the studio’s logo and, remembering Aubrey’s endless gossip, realized she was standing in the very same place that prepped all the A-list celebrities. Apparently, this was just business as usual for the ultra-wealthy: turning a simple banquet into a full-blown production.

When the team finally stepped back, Gabriela barely recognized herself in the mirror. Her reflection shimmered—polished, poised, every detail immaculate. Compliments from the stylists poured in from every direction, each one more flattering than the last.

Yet beneath the glamorous transformation, Gabriela felt a twist of nerves. She wasn’t sure she could handle being the center of attention at the party.

Wesley strode over, pausing for a second as he took in how stunning Gabriela looked beneath the soft lights. His eyes lingered appreciatively before he offered a rare nod of approval. “You look great.”

Every trace of nervousness slipped away from Gabriela before she knew it. Wesley had actually given her a compliment! A fresh sense of resolve lit up inside her; tonight, she’d prove she deserved his recognition.

Still, after sliding into the backseat, she couldn’t quite shake her nerves. Wesley’s imposing energy filled the car, making every breath feel deliberate. Even after those handful of awkward encounters, she still felt small in his presence.

She reached up and fidgeted with the delicate scarf—the one Wesley himself had ordered for her outfit—and tried to shrink into the shadows by the window. Maybe if she kept quiet, she could disappear for a little while.

But Wesley, seemingly in good spirits, glanced her way and broke the silence. “What do you think of Brenden?”