

His kiss 31

Chapter 31

At the question, Gabriela straightened, posture suddenly rigid and alert. Though Brenden had just been demoted, whispers claimed he was related to Wesley. She wouldn't risk criticizing Brenden in front of Wesley, so she forced a strained smile. "Honestly, he's actually a pretty decent guy."

Wesley's gentle façade vanished in an instant, his face clouding over. "Decent? How so?"

He had already tried to sway her opinion of Brenden by sharing details about his womanizing ways. So why didn't she seem bothered by it at all?

Gabriela's heart hammered wildly as nerves took over. Maybe her answer had been too vague. Was he annoyed?

She scrambled for something more convincing. "Mr. Saunders is attractive, and he's always polite, very attentive, and honestly, he's quite generous."

She had delicately avoided talking about his playboy ways. There was no way she'd slip up again.

Instead, Wesley's features turned even colder, his tone clipped and unreadable. "You've got the worst judgment when it comes to people."

Tension pressed down inside the car, leaving Gabriela's knees weak and her heart fluttering in her chest. She slid closer to the window, practically melding into the cold glass, desperate for distance.

Being chastised by Wesley upset her. She suspected this was his way of venting his frustration over her hogging his bed last night.

A sudden realization hit her like a lightning bolt. Maybe Wesley was just one of those people who woke up cranky, and his bad mood was finally catching up with him.

As Gabriela let her thoughts drift, Wesley's sharp voice cut through the silence. "Why are you sitting all the way over there?"

She hesitated, then grudgingly scooted closer.

At that moment, Billy stomped on the brakes. The car jerked violently, nearly throwing her into the seat in front of her—until Wesley's arm shot out, catching her and yanking her safely back.

She tumbled straight into his arms, her cheek brushing the cool, tailored fabric of his suit jacket. Wesley's heartbeat thudded strong and steady beneath her ear, radiating a warmth that sent a wave of déjà vu through her. For a moment, she just sat there, caught off guard by how natural it felt. She tilted her head up, meeting Wesley's gaze. His eyes locked onto hers, dark and intense, as if he were struggling to mask something deeper beneath that calm exterior.

Up close, he was impossibly handsome—every line of his face sharper, every feature more striking under the car's dim interior light. Gabriela found herself frozen, held by the magnetic pull of his presence.

Wesley snapped out of it first, a hint of restraint flickering across his features as he demanded, "What's going on?"

Billy, already half out of the car, glanced back. "There's a pileup up ahead. I'll take a look," he said swiftly, disappearing into the night.

Still tucked securely against Wesley's chest, Gabriela struggled to steady her breathing, her mind spinning with questions. Why did his embrace feel so inexplicably familiar? It reminded her of how Brenden had held her during their one-night stand.

Just as she tried to collect herself, Wesley leaned closer, his voice dropping to a teasing rumble. "Are my arms really that comfortable?"

Gabriela jolted upright, but in her panicked scramble, her hand collided with his manhood, which felt firm and unmistakably tense beneath her palm.

A shadow flickered across Wesley's face, his eyes turning dangerously dark.