

His kiss 32

Chapter 32

Heat surged up Gabriela's neck, flushing her cheeks an impossible shade of red. "S-sorry!" she sputtered, tripping over her own tongue.

Wesley sucked in a quiet breath through his teeth, the sound sharp and unmistakable.

Gabriela, mortified, murmured softly, "Did I hurt you?"

Maybe she'd hit him harder than she realized. God, could she have actually caused some pain?

Wesley glanced down at her, his gaze inscrutable. "No, it's just that I have a few scratches on my back," he said, his voice cool but laced with an odd fondness. "A kitten got to me a few days ago."

The corner of his mouth twitched, betraying the faintest hint of amusement—even as he spoke of scratches, he didn't sound upset at all.

Gabriela's surprise slipped out before she could stop herself. "You have a kitten at your place?"

The question seemed to catch him off guard, and for a second, his annoyance broke through. "I haven't brought it back yet." So it wasn't his cat—probably some stray.

Her eyes grew wide as she went on, “Wait—you got scratched by a stray cat? Stray cats can carry all kinds of viruses. Did you get it checked out? At least get a shot?”

Wesley responded with a chilly, dismissive laugh. “I don’t need a doctor.”

His irritation seemed to thicken the tension in the car, making the air feel even more suffocating. Gabriela found herself edging back, hoping to put some distance between them. Just how many times could this man’s mood swing in a single car ride? Dealing with rich people really took a special kind of endurance.

A moment later, Billy climbed back inside, a trace of relief on his face as he reported, “Mr. Moss, there’s a minor accident up ahead. We’ll have to take a different route.”

Wesley nodded, his tone steady and detached. “Fine. Do it.”

However, the detour delayed them so much that they were the last guests to step into the banquet hall. Yet with Wesley’s imposing reputation, nobody dared utter a word about their late entrance. Instead, the crowd’s attention locked onto the striking woman at his side, whispers swirling as they tried to guess her identity.

The event took place at the Sapphire Valley Hotel, a glittering behemoth of luxury towering over the city skyline. But Gabriela hardly noticed the opulence—she was too tense, still feeling the chill of Wesley’s lingering displeasure.

Wesley surged ahead, his long legs eating up the distance. Gabriela had to almost jog to match his relentless pace, her heels clicking frantically on the polished floor. Before she could catch her breath, he stopped short. She plowed straight into his broad back, nearly flattening her nose against his tailored suit. Wincing, she clapped a hand over her face and hurried out an apology.

Wesley's mood seemed to have mellowed; he glanced over his shoulder and asked, "Did it hurt?"

Gabriela bobbed her head, half-expecting a hint of sympathy, but all Wesley offered was a single, biting word. "Clumsy."

Left utterly speechless, Gabriela realized his brief kindness had only been a setup for another jab. The man she'd once admired for his reserved, noble demeanor now struck her as petulant—petty, even—his dignity slipping to reveal a streak of childish vindictiveness.

Before she could open her mouth to say anything, she noticed every pair of eyes in the room fixed on her.