

His kiss 35

Chapter 35

Wesley gave a short, frosty laugh. “Focus on your job. And keep your eyes off every other man in the room.”

Gabriela seethed silently. He really did have a short fuse—and the jealousy to match. She masked her annoyance behind a dazzling, innocent smile. “You’re way too handsome, Mr. Moss. If I get to see your face every day, how could I even notice anyone else?”

Wesley gave another dry snort. “Do you really mean that, or is this just flattery?”

She kept laying on the compliments until his mood finally thawed. Just then, one of Wesley’s business associates appeared. He turned to Gabriela and said, “Find somewhere out of the way and stay there. I’ll come get you when I’m finished.”

Gabriela promised she’d behave, then wandered off, eager to escape and finally snag a plate of food.

She barely had time to settle in before a sneering voice cut through the air. “So, you’re Mr. Moss’s date for tonight? You’ve got charm and beauty; it’s no wonder he’s into you.”

Gabriela turned around and found herself face-to-face with an attractive woman whose eyes were blazing with irritation. It took a moment before she realized the woman was none other than the A-list celebrity Claire Houghton.

Gabriela knew she was captivating, but hearing such praise from someone who treated herself as the gold standard of beauty? That was a rare treat. She couldn't help but smile, her tone warm but not overly sweet. "That's a big compliment. Thanks."

Claire clearly hadn't expected such an easygoing response. For a split second, her poise slipped, and surprise flickered across her face. The truth was, she had been in a bad mood all evening. Her entire styling squad had been whisked away at the last minute—supposedly to handle Gabriela's transformation.

And to top it off, Wesley, notorious for his cold distance from women, had shown up with Gabriela on his arm. Worse yet, he'd snatched Claire's prized stylist team just for her. The slight was impossible to ignore.

Over the years, Claire had exhausted every trick she could think of to capture Wesley's attention. She'd put on a show of dizziness, staged dramatic tumbles, and even once sprained her ankle in a desperate bid for sympathy—yet Wesley had never so much as spared her a second glance. Each failed attempt only fueled her frustration.

Now, as she watched Wesley parade around the room with a nobody like Gabriela, Claire's resentment burned hotter than ever. All evening, she'd been seething, just waiting for a chance to put Gabriela in her place. At last, she cornered Gabriela by herself, every line prepared—only to be thrown by how calmly Gabriela met her gaze. It appeared that Wesley's support boosted her confidence. The audacity was staggering.

Brushing back her hair with disdain, Claire sneered, "Do you know who I am?"

Gabriela's smile stayed flawless as she replied, "Of course I do. That show you starred in was huge. Actually, one of my coworkers is obsessed."

“So you know exactly who I am, and you still have the guts to act like this?” Claire arched her neck, radiating smugness, as if she was bestowing Gabriela with the honor of an apology.

Gabriela was unfazed, her tone remaining sincere. “You paid me a compliment, and I thanked you. That’s just good manners, isn’t it?”

Rage spread across Claire’s face, coloring it deep red. Was Gabriela mocking her—implying she didn’t know the first thing about manners?

How could Gabriela act so superior? Was Wesley so smitten with her that she felt she could throw her weight around?