

His kiss 361

Chapter 361

Myah retreated into her usual silence during gatherings — a habit everyone had grown to expect.

Understanding Myah's aversion to crowds, Gabriela leaned closer and whispered, "What catches your eye? I'll fix you a plate."

"Shrimp, please." Myah's rigid shoulders dropped at Gabriela's gentle tone; she offered a genuine smile. "You're always so thoughtful."

Gabriela's quiet exchange pulled every gaze toward Myah.

Animated conversations bubbled around the main table, creating a warm symphony of voices. Only Fiona sat isolated, watching the easy camaraderie she couldn't penetrate.

Desperation clawed at her chest as she shot daggers at Gabriela.

That woman operated like a skilled manipulator — cunning and relentless. She had witnessed Loretta's and Wesley's obvious affection for Myah and now worked to claim the girl's loyalty.

Such transparent manipulation.

The evening wound down as guests filtered out, but Fiona anchored herself to the living room sofa.

She had finally discovered the perfect weapon.

“Strange that Brenden missed tonight.” Fiona’s eyes locked on Gabriela with laser precision. “You two seem close — any idea where he’s hiding? Been chatting lately?”

Gabriela had once believed her sharp mind could keep Brenden at arm’s length. Now, with her child’s safety at stake, he represented a loaded weapon pointed at everything she treasured.

Fiona’s pointed interrogation sent ice through Gabriela’s veins, though she managed a brittle smile. “Mr. Saunders and I aren’t close. If you’re worried, Ms. Dewitt, perhaps you should reach out directly.”

“We’re not exactly confidants either. But I do know he’s completely smitten with you. Word is, he’s dropped every other woman because of his obsession.”

Gabriela’s breath caught as memories crashed over her — Brenden sliding food...

The tray in the company cafeteria, the expensive bag he had pressed into her hands, the delicate bracelet. Then came the kidnapping, when he had appeared like a knight in shining armor. Could those moments have meant something deeper? The possibility sent dread spiraling through her, draining the color from her cheeks until even a forced smile became impossible. Fiona knew instantly—Wesley hadn’t told Gabriela about their one-night stand. Whatever Wesley’s reasons for his silence, Gabriela’s visible discomfort delivered the exact satisfaction Fiona craved.

A smile curved Fiona's lips. "Cat got your tongue? Surely you've heard about his romantic housecleaning—all for you?"

Gabriela's voice emerged strained and hollow. "His personal choices don't concern me."

Fiona opened her mouth to twist the knife deeper, but Loretta's interruption cut through the tension.

"Brenden is just a playboy, Fiona. Gabriela is better off without his attention. He skipped dinner because he's handling business overseas," Loretta said. She despised Brenden's revolving door of relationships, but Wesley's decision to ship him abroad irritated her equally. "Brenden lacks drive entirely. Wesley, you should keep him at the company where he belongs instead of sending him on these constant trips." With that, Loretta's disapproving stare landed squarely on Wesley.

Wesley released a bitter laugh. The project in Afluena had hit unexpected snags recently. When Brenden learned of the complications, he had volunteered with suspicious enthusiasm to oversee the situation personally. Wesley believed he wasn't to blame for his cousin's impulsive decisions.

Bowing to Loretta's persistent pressure, Wesley called Brenden and activated the speaker.

Brenden's voice burst through with infectious energy. "Well, well! What's the occasion, Wesley?"

Wesley's tone remained flat as stone. "Miriam's birthday celebration."

“Oh, damn!” Brenden’s excitement exploded through the speaker as he showered Miriam with elaborate birthday wishes, painting her face with pure joy.

Loretta leaned toward the phone. “Are you managing alright over there, sweetheart?”

Brenden’s response crackled with misplaced confidence. “Thriving, actually! Loretta, I fought tooth and nail for this overseas assignment. After my last trip to Afluena, something magical happened — I became irresistible, and Gabriela finally noticed my charm.”

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Gabriela stared at the phone in complete bewilderment.

What parallel universe had spawned this delusion? She had feelings for him? That was impossible.

Brenden’s boasting continued without pause. “This summer trip was strategic genius — I’m perfectly bronzed now, radiating masculine appeal! When I return, Gabriela won’t be able to resist me.”

Wesley’s expression transformed into something dangerous.

Loretta reached her breaking point and snapped, “Brenden, focus on your work. We’re ending this call.”

After disconnecting, she shook her head with maternal concern. “That boy’s lost what little sense he had. When he returns, I’ll get him some brain-boosting supplements.”

Miriam nodded with solemn agreement.

Fiona listened to their exchange, her mouth twitching in disdain.

She believed Brenden would never capture Gabriela’s heart.

Depending on him to destroy Wesley and Gabriela’s relationship was like expecting miracles from a broken compass.

Conversations swirled around the room, leaving only Myah in contemplative silence.

Fiona’s constant attacks on Gabriela revealed her true nature — she was dangerous.

And Brenden, that privileged playboy with his parade of discarded girlfriends — what made him fixate on Gabriela?

The Moss family grated on every nerve — but Wesley topped the list of offenders.

He had carried her brother's heart inside him, and now he wanted to steal the girl her brother had cherished most.

Such relentless greed made him absolutely repulsive.

Fiona's persistent mentions of Brenden had planted seeds of unease in Gabriela's mind, erasing any desire to linger.

After enduring another stretch of strained conversation, she rose with Myah and prepared to leave.

Wesley stepped forward immediately. "Let me drive you both home."

When they reached Myah's villa, the girl turned with sudden intensity. "Gabriela, there's something I need to discuss with you. Privately."

Gabriela followed her inside while Wesley remained by the car, hands tucked in his pockets.

Once the door clicked shut, Myah's fingers clamped around Gabriela's wrist like a vise.

"Gabriela, I can't stand Wesley. I hate the Mosses. I refuse to set foot on that estate again."

The fierce declaration left Gabriela reeling.

“Myah, what’s making you feel that way? The Mosses have shown you nothing but kindness.”

Thinking back, Gabriela remembered the closeness between Myah and Wesley.

Hearing Gabriela defend them shattered Myah’s composure. Tears spilled down her cheeks as she trembled with the fury of a cornered animal. “Of course they’re sweet to me — Wesley owes my brother a life debt!” Myah’s voice cracked with anguish. “But don’t you see? I’d trade every luxury, every comfort, every good thing in my life to have Allan back breathing.”

The raw pain in those words struck Gabriela like lightning. She pulled the trembling girl against her chest, stroking her hair with gentle fingers. “Allan’s accident was just that — an accident. The Moss family didn’t orchestrate his death. He managed to save a life even as he was dying; I believe that would have meant everything to him. You can’t hold Wesley responsible for receiving what Allan freely gave.”

Through shuddering sobs, Myah pressed closer. “I try not to blame them, truly I do. But every time I see him living, thriving, being happy — I remember Allan dying alone on that road. And here I am, benefiting from his death. I feel terrible.” Her fingers twisted in Gabriela’s shirt. “Allan was so good to you. Could you walk away from the Mosses? For him?”

The desperate plea tore at something deep in Gabriela’s chest, flooding her with memories of Allan’s protective presence, his easy laughter, the way he’d always made her feel safe.

She sighed. “Yes. I give you my word.”

The promise felt like destiny — she had already chosen to maintain her distance from the Moss family anyway.

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For an extended period, Gabriela soothed Myah, patiently offering comfort until her distress finally subsided.

Before leaving, she gently advised Delia to keep a close watch over Myah, then stepped out of the garden adorned with blooming white roses, their fragrance lingering in the air.

Outside, Wesley lounged against his car, a cigarette loosely held between his fingers. The glow of a nearby streetlamp cast a long shadow, accentuating his tall frame and lending him a solitary aura.

At the sound of the gates creaking open, he swiftly tossed the half-smoked cigarette into a nearby bin.

Gabriela’s brow furrowed as she approached him. “Mr. Moss, with your heart condition, why are you still smoking?” she asked, concern lacing her voice.

Wesley gave a nonchalant shrug, a faint smile playing on his lips. “Back in my younger days, I smoked heavily. After the diagnosis, I gave it up. Tonight, I wasn’t smoking — just holding a lit cigarette for old times’ sake.”

Sometimes, former smokers would light a cigarette not to inhale but to savor its familiar scent, a quiet acknowledgment of their past.

“Is something troubling you? Is that why you lit it?” she pressed gently.

Wesley’s gaze locked onto hers, steady and intense. “You already know the reason.”

His heart condition had made him detached, rarely showing ripples of emotion. Yet Gabriela had a unique ability to stir his otherwise calm demeanor.

She met his eyes, taking in his striking features and the depth of his dark gaze. A pang of sorrow hit her.

Even without Brenden’s interference, it seemed destiny was determined to keep them apart.

Breaking eye contact, Gabriela murmured, “Mr. Moss, I would like to head home.”

Wesley sensed a growing distance in her, especially since she had grown closer to Myah.

Once, she had been warm and attentive, perhaps for the sake of her paycheck. Now, her demeanor was cool, her focus often elsewhere when they were together.

It left him feeling helpless.

As they drove, Wesley broke the silence. “Gabriela, how did you and Myah get so close?”

Leaning against the window, Gabriela watched the city blur past. “We knew each other long ago. It had been so long that when I saw her at your place, I didn’t recognize her at first,” she said softly.

Wesley’s grip on the steering wheel faltered briefly. “You knew each other before?” he asked, his tone even.

“Yes. She was just a kid then — small and thin.” Gabriela paused, a faint smile crossing her face. “I never imagined she would grow into such a beautiful girl.”

Wesley chuckled lightly. “No wonder you didn’t recognize her.”

Gabriela fell silent, her thoughts drifting to Myah’s earlier words.

She had promised to distance herself from Wesley, yet she had agreed to serve as his part-time secretary for the GD Fashion Show project.

Now that she had secured the project, would it seem ungrateful to cut ties?

After a moment's hesitation, she spoke up. "Mr. Moss, you mentioned that I should work as your personal secretary part-time..."

He glanced at her, waiting for her to continue.

"Since we only have a verbal agreement and no contract, I was wondering how long this arrangement would last."

Wesley abruptly pulled the car to the side of the road, turning to face her. Leaning closer, he said, "What's this? You got the project, and now you're ready to walk away?"

"No," Gabriela stammered, unnerved by his proximity. "You know I have my own company to run..."

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"When you came to me for the project, your attitude was completely different," he said, his voice icy, the streetlight casting a sharp glint in his eyes. "You think you can play me, Gabriela? Think again. Don't test me."

The tension hung heavy between them. Sensing his anger, Gabriela softened her tone. "I didn't mean it like that."

“I hope so,” Wesley replied, easing back into his seat. “If it’s too much, just come by on weekends for a couple of days to... share a meal.”

Knowing he was upset, Gabriela didn’t dare push further. “Alright,” she said quietly.

“As for when it ends, I’ll decide,” Wesley concluded.

Gabriela knew she was in his debt for the project and nodded. “Understood.”

As they drove on, Wesley glanced at her subdued expression and said coolly, “The GD Fashion Show project is worth a lot. Weigh that against your own value.”

In her mind, Gabriela calculated.

Her old salary at Apex Group was \$7,000 a week — roughly \$1,400 a day.

The project was worth millions.

Working two days a week as his secretary could mean being by his side for three years. The realization made her break into a cold sweat.

Seeing her deflate, Wesley softened slightly but felt a mix of amusement and frustration.

Was being near him so unbearable? He could tell she felt something for him, yet something held her back. He was determined to uncover what it was.

After dropping her off at her villa, Wesley didn't insist on coming inside; he simply told her to rest well.

"Don't forget to show up this weekend."

"Okay, Mr. Moss. Goodnight," she replied.

As his car pulled away, Gabriela felt a bit downhearted.

She decided to keep the part-time job a secret from Myah. Once it ended, she would sever ties with the Moss family for good.

That way, she wouldn't betray Myah's trust.

Reassured by her plan, she headed inside, eager to cuddle her child.

Back at the estate, Wesley overheard Loretta chatting with Miriam.

“Gabriela has this distinct milk scent. I notice it every time I’m near her!” Loretta insisted.

Miriam raised an eyebrow. “What are you getting at?”

“Women who have recently given birth and are breastfeeding have that scent,” Loretta explained.

As Wesley entered the room, Loretta’s eyes lit up. “You know, when Wesley’s mother had just given birth to him, she carried this lovely, sweet milk fragrance that you could smell from a distance,” she declared eagerly.

Wesley shrugged off his jacket, settled into a chair, and rubbed his forehead with a weary sigh. “Grandma, what are you planning now?”

“Gabriela was gone for six months, and now she’s back with that same milk scent. It’s suspicious! Wesley, can you check it out for me?” Loretta asked, her voice tinged with concern.

She couldn’t shake her suspicions that Gabriela had a baby — especially after remembering that Miriam had spotted a small bottle of folic acid at Gabriela’s home.

Catching his grandmother’s expectant stare, Wesley responded calmly, “My secretary, Tessa, recently had a baby. Gabriela’s been spending a lot of time with her, helping care for the child.”

For a fleeting moment, his mind drifted to the faint milk scent that clung to Gabriela when he had held her close, a memory that always tugged at his emotions.

He added, “She probably picked up the baby’s scent from their time together.”

Loretta’s face fell, her hopes dashed. “What a coincidence,” she muttered, her disappointment palpable.

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Gabriela was at home, delighting in playtime with Truett.

The three-month-old baby, already responsive to grown-ups, giggled uncontrollably when Gabriela hid her face behind her hands and then popped out with a grin. His joyful laughter echoed through the room, his tiny arms and legs flailing with excitement. What a heartwarming scene.

Nearby, Farley and Ken watched, utterly captivated.

The soft, cheerful baby, always flashing his bright smile, was irresistible — they could cradle him for hours without tiring.

Today, Kaleb had stopped by with a tin of nourishing formula for the baby and was reluctant to let him go.

“Hey, Truett,” Kaleb cooed, his usual stern businessman demeanor melting into one of pure adoration, “I’m your grandma’s distant cousin. Say ‘Kaleb.’”

Gabriela chuckled. “Uncle Kaleb, he’s far too young to start talking.”

“He’s never too young to learn,” Kaleb replied with a grin.

Farley, feeling a bit sidelined, muttered to Ken, “He’s monopolizing Truett just because he’s family, holding him in his arms for hours.”

Ken nodded in agreement but kept quiet, wary of complaining about Gabriela’s relative since he was only a cook.

Suddenly, Gabriela let out two loud sneezes.

Farley’s face creased with worry. “Are you catching a cold? The weather’s getting cooler; you should wear something warmer.”

Gabriela, confident in her robust health, brushed it off. “I’m fine,” she said.

She couldn't help wondering who might be gossiping about her.

Kaleb stayed late, only leaving when Truett drifted off to sleep.

The next morning, a Saturday, Gabriela was feeding Truett when her phone buzzed with a call from Wesley.

"I'm hungry. Come over and make breakfast for me."

Gabriela glanced at the clock; it was just 7:30 a.m.

She quickly suggested, "Mr. Moss, how about picking up something quick nearby? I'll whip up a tasty lunch for you, I promise."

Wesley's voice was calm but firm. "Nothing compares to your cooking."

Gabriela stifled an eye-roll, tempted to ask how he had managed breakfast before she came along.

Grumbling inwardly, she prepared Truett's meal, handed him to Farley, and headed to Wesley's apartment.

As she drove, she felt grateful for her recent car purchase — weekend commutes would have been a nightmare without it.

When Gabriela arrived at Wesley's apartment, she noticed the garden's white roses were in full bloom, their sweet scent enveloping the air.

The sight of the blooming white roses in the garden brought back memories of Allan's own rose-filled yard, stirring a moment of puzzlement in Gabriela.

Both Allan and Wesley shared a fondness for the novel "The Summer of Maybe."

The coincidence, paired with Wesley's heart transplant, sparked a fleeting, bizarre thought about their connection.

Gabriela brushed aside the absurd notion and hurried into the apartment building.

When she arrived at his apartment, Wesley stood in the living room, clad in sleek black loungewear, radiating a refined, almost aristocratic charm. His piercing dark eyes met hers, sparking an inexplicable nervousness in her chest, though she couldn't pinpoint why.

Glancing at his watch, he said in a crisp tone, "You're fifteen minutes late. This should not happen again."

Gabriela let out a quiet sigh.

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A weekend side job with her boss timing her arrival like a hawk was far from ideal.

Still, her optimistic nature kicked in, and she quickly adapted.

Rolling up her sleeves and tying on an apron, she flashed a bright smile. “Mr. Moss, what’s in your kitchen? I’ll whip up something quick for breakfast.”

As she spoke, she opened the fridge and froze.

The large fridge was stuffed to the brim with ingredients.

For a mere weekend, it looked like Wesley was anticipating a lavish banquet.

“I would like a ham sandwich today. The vegetables should be just crisp, not overcooked or too raw...” Wesley said, rattling off a list of precise instructions.

His meticulous demands made her fingers twitch with irritation, but she reminded herself she was here as an employee, bound to follow orders.

Swallowing her frustration, she began preparing the meal.

Gabriela's emotions were an open book — her annoyance was clear for anyone to see.

Yet, as she immersed herself in cooking, her irritation melted away, her face softening into a calm, focused expression.

Wesley lounged against the kitchen doorway, observing her quietly. A warm glow spread through him.

All this effort was for him, and he found himself wishing he could witness this lively scene every morning.

Discreetly, he pulled out his phone and snapped a photo of her from behind. When she plated the breakfast, he took more pictures, then shared them on social media with a simple caption: "A delightful morning."

The post quickly racked up likes.

With Gabriela's figure blurred, it sparked curiosity about the mystery woman in Wesley's home.

Stewart, however, knew instantly who it was. The photo captured the woman's distinctive hands, and he recognized them as Gabriela's.

He had already decided to keep his distance from her, wary of Myah's possessive streak and her habit of meddling in Gabriela's romantic life.

But seeing this, Stewart was livid.

"Unbelievable!" he muttered under his breath. "It's like using a master sculptor to chip away at pebbles!"

Gabriela's hands, he thought, should be crafting intricate architectural models, not slaving over mundane kitchen tasks.

Damn it. Was Wesley exploiting his former employee just because he had wealth and influence?

And Gabriela, a CEO in her own right, was somehow bowing to his demands.

It was ludicrous.

Stewart paced his office restlessly, his agitation palpable.

When Erik knocked and entered, he was taken aback by his boss's restlessness. "Mr. Williams, what's the matter?"

Stewart stopped abruptly and ordered Erik to get the car; he was going to see Myah.

He wouldn't admit that a twinge of jealousy toward Wesley fueled his urge to alert Myah.

When the car pulled up to her residence, he turned to Erik and said, "Gabriela's talent belongs in crafting models — not in the kitchen. I have to help her out of this mess."

Erik stared in confusion, unsure what had set his boss off.

After steeling himself, Stewart knocked on the door.

Myah was not happy about his visit. She frowned. "What are you doing here?"

Stewart, no fan of Myah's controlling nature, was blunt. "Wesley is treating Gabriela like his personal maid."

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Myah's grip tightened on her white cane. "That's ridiculous!"

Just yesterday, Gabriela had sworn she would keep her distance from the Moss family.

Gabriela wouldn't deceive her.

Stewart arched a brow. "Myah, you don't believe me? I see you as a friend, which is why I'm sticking my neck out to tell you this. Wesley posted a photo on his social media this morning — Gabriela was cooking breakfast for him. If their relationship wasn't that close, why would Gabriela be at his place so early?"

Myah's face paled. She insisted, "I don't believe you."

She had trust in Gabriela.

Stewart shrugged. "Fine. Call Gabriela and ask where she is."

After hesitating for a moment, Myah pulled out her phone and dialed Gabriela. "Gabriela, where are you?"

Washing dishes in Wesley's kitchen, Gabriela fibbed in response to the question. "I'm at home."

Myah's voice softened. "I want to visit you today. Can you pick me up?"

Gabriela's grip on the phone tightened. "I'm under the weather today. How about I come see you in a few days when I'm better?"

Myah's face stayed expressionless as she murmured, "Okay, rest up, Gabriela."

After hanging up, Myah took a deep breath and turned to Stewart. "Mr. Williams, could you take me out?"

Stewart, sensing she had believed him, grinned. "Of course."

Delia, watching Myah climb into Stewart's car, immediately called Wesley. "Sir, Miss Espinoza just left with Mr. Williams."

Wesley, sprawled comfortably on his couch, flipping through a novel, frowned slightly. "Where are they headed?"

"I don't know," Delia replied. "Miss Espinoza has been cautious around me lately. She keeps me at a distance when guests are around."

"I see."

Wesley hung up, glancing toward the kitchen. He spun his phone in his hand a few times but said nothing.

He was curious to see what Myah was up to.

Gabriela finished the dishes and stepped out. "Come walk with me," Wesley said.

Unable to decline, she followed quietly.

The apartment complex was serene, with a gentle river curving around it, vibrant flowers blooming endlessly along its banks.

They strolled slowly by the water.

Out of the blue, Wesley asked, "Gabriela, has Myah ever said anything about me? She doesn't like me, does she?"

Caught off guard, Gabriela's nerves spiked as she averted her eyes. "Why would you ask that, Mr. Moss?" Her response felt evasive.

Normally, she would have laughed off such an odd question.

Wesley's heart sank.

At Miriam's birthday party yesterday, Myah had clung to Gabriela, no longer leaning on him as she once did.

And ever since Gabriela grew close to Myah, she had been pulling away from him.

He suspected Myah had said something to her.

Now he confirmed his hunch was correct.

He asked evenly, "How did you and Myah meet?"

Before Gabriela could decide whether to answer, her phone rang.

Seeing Myah's name, she stepped away from Wesley. "Myah, what's up?"

"I'm outside your villa. The security guard won't let me in. Can you have someone bring me inside?" Myah asked.

Gabriela was stunned. "Why are you there?"

"Can't I visit your house?" Myah's tone carried a hint of hurt. "You're sick, so I wanted to check on you."

Panicking, Gabriela blurted, "I'm not home. There's an urgent issue at the office that I had to handle. I'm there now."

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A long pause followed before Myah said, "Why are you working when you're sick?"

"I had no choice — it's urgent," Gabriela replied.

"Take care, then. I won't bother you," Myah said, hanging up, her face clouded with disappointment.

She stood outside the Lakeshore Building. She had already visited the Haynes Group and knew Gabriela hadn't been to the office today.

This test was Stewart's idea.

"Do you believe me now?" Stewart asked.

Myah ignored his question. "Mr. Williams, can you drive me to Gabriela's house?"

Puzzled, Stewart said, "She's not at home. Why do you want to go there?"

"Please, just take me," Myah insisted, offering no explanation.

"Fine."

Meanwhile, Gabriela spent the entire day at Wesley's place, her chest growing painfully full. As soon as dinner was ready, she was desperate to leave.

Wesley frowned. "You showed up late, and now you want to leave early?"

"I'm sorry, Mr. Moss. There's an urgent matter at home. I really need to get back."

Gabriela felt a mounting pressure in her chest. She had already slipped into the bathroom twice to express milk, each time mourning the waste. This was Truett's lunch and dinner.

Wesley studied her closely, noting how much thinner she looked. Her face was slimmer, and she seemed less vibrant than when she had returned from North Village.

Was juggling her company and this job too much?

Wesley's resolve wavered, feeling a pang of sympathy, and he immediately grabbed his car keys. "I'll drive you."

"No need!" Gabriela said quickly. "Mr. Moss, with your health, you should rest while things are quiet. No need for the trip."

Her earnest words and sparkling eyes tugged at his heart. He nodded. "Fine. My driver will take you."

"Thank you, Mr. Moss."

By the time Gabriela reached her villa, dusk was settling.

As she neared the entrance, a soft voice called, "Gabriela, is that you?"

"Myah?" Gabriela peered closer. "What are you doing here?"

"I called at noon, and you said you weren't home. So I waited for you." Myah sat by the roadside, tilting her head upward. "Gabriela, you're unwell — why were you working so late?"

Gabriela's heart sank. "You've been waiting here this whole time?"

Myah gave a shy nod. "Don't worry, though. The security guard noticed I had been here a while and brought me some water and snacks."

At least six hours had passed since her call.

Even if the weather wasn't too chilly, Myah, who was blind, had sat there alone for half the day.

Guilt washed over Gabriela, her eyes welling up. "Myah, I'm so sorry."

"It's fine," Myah murmured gently. "I can't see, so I often sit like this at home for hours."

"Come inside. You must be hungry. I'll have Ken whip up something for you."

Gabriela gently helped Myah to her feet, but Myah wobbled, nearly stumbling. "My legs are numb from sitting so long," she admitted.

“Don’t worry, I’ve got you,” Gabriela said, steadying her as they walked toward the house.

From a car parked nearby, a window slid down, revealing Stewart’s stunned expression.

He was in awe. Myah’s strategy was brilliant.

Without confronting Gabriela about her deception, Myah had stirred such guilt in her that she would likely steer clear of Wesley for good.

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Once inside her villa, Gabriela provided a brief introduction about Myah and requested that Ken whip up a meal for her.

Myah thanked Ken, adding, “I hope I haven’t been a bother.” Such a sweet and polite girl — who could resist liking her?

Ken promptly comforted her. “No trouble at all. My role here is to make delicious food for everyone.”

Myah then turned to Gabriela with curiosity, asking, “Gabriela, I heard a child’s voice. Whose child is that?”

Gabriela provided her usual cover story. “He’s the son of an old coworker. When she’s unable to bring him to her job, she entrusts Farley with his care.”

Only a select few knew the real story, and they were all sworn to secrecy. As long as no one spilled the truth, everyone would believe the boy belonged to Tessa.

Since Tessa was barely known to them, no one would likely pry into her personal life.

Myah giggled. “He sounds adorable just from his voice. May I hold him?”

Farley gently placed Truett in Myah’s arms, watching closely, wary that she might not hold him steady.

Though blind, Myah sensed the warm, tiny bundle in her embrace and caught a faint, soothing baby fragrance.

Her heart melted.

Smiling, she asked, “This baby smells just like you, Gabriela. Do you cuddle him every chance you get?”

Gabriela’s pulse quickened.

She subtly sniffed her outfit but detected nothing unusual.

Myah, sensing her confusion, chuckled. “You probably don’t notice your own scent. It’s lovely, though — no need to worry.”

Gabriela relaxed a bit.

After the meal, Myah returned home, where her familiarity with the space made her feel more at ease despite her blindness.

Once Myah was gone, Gabriela made a firm resolution.

The next day, she took her bank card and visited Wesley at his apartment.

Cutting straight to the point, she said, “I reflected on it last night, Mr. Moss. The GD Fashion Week project would bring in millions, but after accounting for labor, time, and other expenses, the profit would barely reach eight hundred thousand.”

Wesley’s icy, penetrating stare bore into her, heavy with authority. “Go on.”

“Here’s a million — consider it the full return of the project’s profits.” Gathering her nerve, Gabriela continued, “From now on, I won’t be working part-time here anymore.”

Wesley reached for her bank card, scoffing. "You think this measly amount settles things? That's ridiculous."

Gabriela muttered in defiance, "You didn't do any work and you're still getting a million. What else do you want?"

"A million is not enough," Wesley said, casually tucking the card into his pocket with a flick of his wrist.

Gabriela was stunned.

He complained about the amount but took her card anyway?

To Gabriela, a million was the most she could offer him. She had set aside a few hundred thousand for her and her baby's living expenses.

"What are you waiting for?" Wesley's tone was even. "Go make me breakfast. I'm starving."

"But the card..." Gabriela murmured. "Please return it first."

Wesley smirked mockingly. "Want it back? Come get it yourself."

He stood tall, imposing, his gaze so intense it could unsettle anyone. Yet Gabriela couldn't care less about his stare — not when her bank card was all that mattered.

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Expressionless, she stepped closer and said firmly, "You told me to get it, Mr. Moss. Don't fault me for being bold."

Wesley chuckled softly, even opening his arms. "Go ahead."

Knowing he was toying with her, Gabriela gritted her teeth, lunged, and reached into his pocket.

Caught off guard by her audacity, Wesley's laugh faltered, his voice turning low and rough. "Careful where your hand goes."

Gabriela met his gaze, charged with unspoken intensity, and her cheeks flushed as she pulled back quickly.

"Where did you put the card?" she demanded.

Wesley, reining in his emotions, teased, "Try the right pocket."

Furious and embarrassed, Gabriela snapped, "What do you want from me?"

Even in her anger, her flushed cheeks made her look oddly endearing.

Wesley stifled a laugh. "I don't want the card. Take it."

"I don't care if you want it or not! I've paid you, so we're done. I'm not working here anymore." Refusing to approach him again, Gabriela tossed out her words defiantly, then, still seething, rolled up her sleeves and stormed to the kitchen to prepare breakfast.

Once the meal was ready, her anger had mostly subsided. Adopting a professional tone, she called, "Mr. Moss, breakfast is served."

Wesley approached, glanced at her, and asked, "Not angry anymore?"

Gabriela ignored him, resolute in her silence.

Suddenly, Wesley produced the bank card and handed it to her. "No more games. Take your card. You don't have to keep working here."

When Wesley had been difficult, Gabriela had pushed back. But with him yielding like this, she felt uneasy about rejecting him. Wesley had given her the project solely to enjoy her cooking.

It wasn't an unreasonable request, yet she had gone back on her word because of Myah's insistence.

Honestly, Myah's accusations were unjust. Wesley had only received Allan's heart in a transplant, and Myah held it against him, though he was blameless. Gabriela knew Allan would have died regardless of whether his heart went to Wesley. The Moss family wasn't at fault.

Still, she had made a promise to Myah.

And with so many competent people around Wesley, her absence wouldn't matter.

"Thank you, Mr. Moss." Taking the card, Gabriela was about to leave when she saw Wesley slump onto the couch, clutching his chest. Alarmed, she asked, "Are you okay?"

Another episode of his heart condition? He had seemed fine moments ago, with no apparent trigger. Why now?

"I haven't slept well since you stopped staying at my apartment," Wesley said. "I wake up at night, heart pounding, unable to fall back asleep."

Still wary after his earlier teasing, Gabriela fetched his medication and a glass of water.

After he took it, she urged, "You should return to the Moss Manor. You can't live here alone. What if your heart condition gets worse and there's no one around to care for you?"

"I'm fine," Wesley replied. "I managed like this before you came along. You can go."

Seeing his color return, Gabriela felt some relief and said softly, "I'll head out then."

Wesley gave a faint hum.