

His kiss 37

Chapter 37

“NotASaunders” sent another message that carried a clear note of skepticism. “So Mr. Moss doesn’t have any flaws whatsoever?”

Desperate to come up with a harmless flaw, Gabriela typed, “Well, his legs are ridiculously long. He always walks so fast that I’m left chasing after him. Does that even count as a flaw?”

She hit send and stared at her screen, waiting for any sign of a reply. Seconds dragged into minutes, but her phone stayed stubbornly silent.

Meanwhile, Wesley slipped his phone into his pocket, quietly excusing himself from a businessman who tried to strike up a conversation, and made his way toward the garden. Billy trailed after him, unable to hide his astonishment.

All evening, Wesley had kept one eye on his phone, and just a moment ago, Billy could’ve sworn he saw the man actually smiling at the screen.

This was utterly unthinkable. Wesley, known for his icy, no-nonsense demeanor, had smiled in a message?

Was he really falling for someone? It would certainly explain why his moods tonight had swung so wildly, clear skies one moment, thunderclouds the next. But who could this extraordinary woman be—the one who thawed his glacial heart?

Lost in thought, Billy was startled when Wesley's cool voice cut through the silence. "Take the car and go. Make sure the guards leave, too."

Billy blinked in disbelief. In all his years at Wesley's side, he'd never heard such a strange command. "Sir, if I drive off, how will you get home?"

Wesley's calm gaze never wavered, brooking no argument. Billy swallowed, gave a crisp nod, and hurried out, leading the bodyguards away as instructed.

Out in the moonlit garden, Gabriela was still quietly admiring the winter flowers when a familiar, low voice reached her. "Gabriela."

She turned and saw Wesley moving through the shadows, his posture relaxed, his presence impossibly magnetic in the chilly night air.

He was irresistibly breathtaking.

Gabriela's heart responded with a tender flutter she couldn't ignore.

"Time to go," Wesley said simply.

Only then did Gabriela realize the banquet had ended. She trailed after him to the hotel entrance—only to find the driveway empty, the expected car nowhere to be found.

“The car broke down,” Wesley announced in a steady tone. “I’ve sent it for repairs. We’ll have to grab a taxi out front.”

Gabriela almost blurted out her disbelief. She’d spotted at least two other luxury sedans tailing them earlier—how could he lie so smoothly, without the faintest flicker of guilt?

Still, she didn’t dare challenge him, not when just holding his gaze made her palms sweat. Forcing a bright, breezy smile, she trailed after him as if everything was perfectly normal.

It was well past eleven. The city had slipped into a hush, and the nearly deserted street seemed to belong to them alone.

As they strolled side by side, their shadows stretched across the pavement, tangled together in the golden streetlight—a scene so gentle and quiet it almost felt stolen.

Gabriela gradually realized something was off. Wesley, who usually outpaced everyone with those impossibly long strides, had slowed down to a pace even she could manage in high heels. More than once, she found herself pausing and glancing back, only to see him lagging behind.

She recalled him complaining earlier in the car about getting scratched by a cat, and her worry bubbled up. “Is your back still sore, Mr. Moss? Is that why you’re walking so slowly tonight?”

Wesley shot her a sidelong look, his eyes unreadable. “You have a problem with the way I walk?”

The question caught Gabriela off guard. She stared at him, momentarily thrown. Then the realization struck—Wesley had gotten jealous about Vincent earlier. Vincent had starred in a classic film, strolling in slow motion to dramatic music, exuding effortless cool.