

His kiss 38

Chapter 38

Could Wesley actually be competing with Vincent's charm?

Gabriela nearly laughed out loud as the realization dawned on her. So men cared about appearances just as much as women did—maybe even more.

She threw him a reassuring smile. "Honestly, I think you look great no matter how you walk, Mr. Moss."

Wesley stopped abruptly, pinning her in place with a look both sharp and unreadable. After a moment, his lips curled in a wry half-smile. "You little liar."

For a second, Gabriela forgot how to breathe. Was she really that easy to read? She fumbled for another charming reply, but her mind drew a blank. Embarrassed, she just let the silence settle between them, the hush deepening under the streetlights.

Then, out of nowhere, Wesley's tone softened as he asked, "You did well tonight. Is there anything you want?"

That question snapped her out of it. Gabriela's head shot up, eyes suddenly bright with anticipation. "What do you mean, Mr. Moss?"

Was he offering her a raise? Or maybe he intended to help her close that enormous deal with Mason?

“Whatever you wish for, just tell me—I’ll make it happen for you.” Wesley studied her, his eyes shining with an odd sort of patience, as if silently urging her to say whatever she truly wanted.

Gabriela wavered, uncertainty flickering across her face. After a brief pause, she gathered her courage. “Um... once my internship ends, is there a chance I could officially join the company?”

Wesley’s features went cold in an instant, a thundercloud settling over his expression. “That’s it? That’s all you want?”

His reaction rattled her. Gabriela’s heart dropped, and a sharp wave of regret rushed in. Of course he’d caught her playing it safe—he’d probably meant for her to reach for something bolder, and instead she’d exposed herself as just another intern angling for a shortcut.

No wonder he dominated the business world—he could read people with a glance and see straight through every ploy.

Panic welled up inside her as she realized the damage was likely done. That was the end of her hopes to become a full-time employee.

Desperate, Gabriela scrambled to fix her mistake. “I swear, Mr. Moss—I’ll prove myself. I’ll work harder than anyone, earn my spot here, and give everything I’ve got to this company!”

He fixed his gaze on her, brows drawn in wary disbelief. “Seriously? That’s it? You’re sure you don’t want anything else?”

Noticing the way he hovered, clearly expecting her to ask for more, Gabriela hesitated, then lowered her voice. “Actually, since it’s freezing and already way past midnight... do you think I could get paid double overtime?”

His expression didn’t budge as he queried, “You really think tonight qualifies as overtime?”

Wasn’t it? Gabriela blinked, momentarily thrown off by the question.

His features remained perfectly composed, his voice flat, but underneath, Gabriela sensed a storm brewing.

He was genuinely furious, and no amount of sweet talk could hope to thaw him.

She gazed at his imposing, broad-shouldered silhouette and felt a sinking feeling grip her.

Truthfully, he was acting ridiculously petty.

The moment she brought up money, his mood detonated. Of course, he’d be ruthless—he hadn’t clawed his way to the top of the business world for nothing. And this was the legend who supposedly made millions every minute? Apparently, just mentioning overtime pay was enough to strike a nerve.

