

His kiss 39

Chapter 39

Wesley paused and glanced back, catching sight of Gabriela trailing further and further behind, her gaze flitting anxiously, clearly miles away in her own thoughts.

He shot her a look of irritation as he remarked, "I'll have Billy drive you home."

Without missing a beat, Gabriela blurted out, "Didn't you already have him send your car in for repairs, Mr. Moss?"

Wesley's face chilled, the corners of his mouth twitching. "Keep a spare."

A short while later, Gabriela found herself tucked into the plush back seat of the backup car, with Billy himself at the wheel. She offered Wesley a courteous farewell before the car slipped away from the curb.

As the city lights flickered past her window, curiosity finally won out. "Mr. Clarke, can I ask you something?"

Billy glanced up in the rearview mirror, his tone gentle and reassuring. "Of course, Miss Haynes. What would you like to know?"

Gabriela hesitated, momentarily struck by how everyone in Wesley's orbit seemed unfailingly polite—no matter the hour, they treated their colleagues with a kind of old-school respect that felt out of place in her world.

"Exactly how many cars does Mr. Moss own?" she ventured, lowering her voice. Billy chuckled, completely unbothered. "Oh, not counting what he's got parked at his family estate, there are maybe seven or eight around here."

Gabriela barely stifled a grumble. Wesley had so much money he could scatter luxury cars across the city—yet he still pinched pennies when it came to her overtime pay. Honestly, what a cheapskate.

Back at Rosemont Gardens, Gabriela offered Billy a quick, grateful nod before climbing out of the car. She barely got her footing before she spotted Phyllis dragging Dustin along and craning her neck to peer into the back seat. Gabriela immediately saw through the act, rolled her eyes inwardly, and walked right past her without a word.

Yet Phyllis stepped in front of her, feigning concern while openly sizing Gabriela up. "Why are you getting home this late, Gabriela? Shouldn't your boyfriend be a gentleman and walk you to the door?"

With a breezy shrug, Gabriela responded, "I'd rather not. There's someone here who loves to steal other people's men." She flashed a light, teasing grin as she...

Gabriela went on, "My boyfriend's quite the catch. I'd hate for anyone to get ideas, so I'm keeping him out of sight."

Phyllis's lips twisted into a sulk, her eyes turning teary as she looked at Dustin and murmured in a vulnerable tone, "I'm just worried about you. Why are you being so hostile toward me?"

Dustin's jaw tightened, his irritation obvious as he shot Gabriela a stern look. "Gabriela, we've explained everything already. Why do you insist on stirring things up?"

Gabriela crossed her arms, coolly retorting, "Maybe try getting the story straight for once. Phyllis IS the one making a scene, not me."

A sly smile tugged at Gabriela's lips as she added, "Honestly, I hope you two last forever. Let's just keep our distance—otherwise, Phyllis might start thinking you're following in her footsteps, juggling more than one person at a time."

Back in high school, everyone had gossiped nonstop when Dustin chased after Gabriela. He'd marched right into the middle of the campus with a dramatic bouquet of roses, boldly declaring his feelings for her in front of a crowd. Gabriela had only ever felt a flicker of interest in him, but with so many eyes watching, she couldn't bring herself to shoot him down and embarrass him in public.

Just like that, her first relationship kicked off. But Gabriela's heart had never been in it, not really. So when Dustin's betrayal finally came to light, she barely gave it a day's thought. Why the hell would she waste time mourning a jerk like that?

After putting that shameless pair in their place, Gabriela felt like a weight had lifted off her shoulders. At this point, even Wesley's refusal to pay her overtime couldn't dampen her spirits.

Once Gabriela had finished washing up and scrubbing away the last traces of her makeup, she tossed a wary glance at that over-the-top gown glimmering in the corner. Without a second thought, she fired off a message to “NotASaunders” on WhatsApp.

She wrote, “Mr. Saunders, tonight’s banquet wrapped up smoothly. I’d like to return the dress—could you send me an address?”