

His kiss 40

Chapter 40

A beat later, his answer popped up, short and dismissive. “No.”

The blunt response sent a quick flutter through her chest.

Uncomfortable accepting such an extravagant gift from Brenden, Gabriela replied with careful politeness, “The dress is far too expensive. I honestly can’t keep it.”

After a brief pause, his reply landed—just as bold as ever. “It’s already been worn. Who else am I going to give it to? Another girlfriend?”

Gabriela stared at her phone, nearly rolling her eyes at his gall. Of course, he had a collection of girlfriends, but did he have to make a spectacle of it every chance he got? What on earth was he trying to prove? Gabriela took a steadying breath before offering, “How about I return the dress to the boutique and pay you back for it?”

She’d grown up learning to rely on herself—never taking handouts, always wary of the invisible strings money could attach to people. Favors made her uneasy; she preferred to keep things free of mess.

“Don’t even think about it,” came his sharp, authoritative reply.

Before she could type another word, his next message landed. “If you’re so grateful, bring breakfast to the office tomorrow.”

Her fingers shook with nerves as she typed, “You’re coming to headquarters tomorrow?”

Not bothering to clarify, he responded, “If you want me to pretend to be your boyfriend, you’ll need to do things my way. And don’t forget—I’m still holding onto some of your things.”

Irritation crawled beneath Gabriela’s skin. The infamous flirt had finally been shipped off, and now he was breezing back into headquarters—supposedly just for breakfast?

But she had no choice. If she refused, she’d lose the fake boyfriend she’d schemed so hard to secure.

Worse, in her carelessness that night, she hadn’t even realized she’d left something behind in hotel room 1205.

The stress left her restless all night, tossing and turning until two stark shadows appeared beneath her eyes by morning.

Long before sunrise, Gabriela hauled herself up, packed two breakfast sets, and slipped into a quiet corner of the company plaza to wait.

She stood there waiting, nerves prickling, clutching her bags as a steady stream of employees filed past.

Even Wesley had already swept into the building, his usual entourage in tow, yet Brenden still hadn't appeared.

Gabriela couldn't shake the feeling that Brenden had played her.

Choosing her words carefully, she messaged "NotASaunders," hoping for a smooth response. "Mr. Saunders, I've brought breakfast to the office."

Wesley, lingering by the elevator, felt his phone vibrate. Still in a surprisingly decent mood, he fired off a clipped response. "Take it to the CEO's office. For your boss."

Outside the building, Gabriela hunched on a cold stone bench, her legs tingling and numb. She gaped at the message, utterly baffled. What exactly was Brenden plotting this time?

The previous night, he and Wesley had put her through a loyalty test she hadn't even seen coming. She'd offended Wesley by accident, and now she couldn't shake the feeling he'd be gunning for her today.

Securing a permanent spot at the company felt more impossible by the minute. All she wanted was to steer clear of Wesley's radar, yet here Brenden was, practically pushing her straight into the lion's den. Did he honestly want to see her squirm?

Gabriela couldn't hold back anymore—she fired off an angry string of words on her phone, barely thinking about the fallout if her involvement with Brenden slipped out.

Before she could finish, a light rain swept in out of nowhere, the cool droplets dousing her fury.

In the end, all her bravado fizzled, and she sent only a single, meek reply, “Okay.” She hated how gutless she was—then reconsidered. For an underling like her, delivering Wesley's breakfast wasn't just a task, but an honor.

Why would she bother getting upset? Life was still good. No sense in wasting energy on outrage.

She tucked her phone away, trying to collect herself, when a pair of gleaming black leather shoes suddenly came to a stop in front of her.

Just then, the rain above her vanished.

Blinking in surprise, Gabriela glanced up—and found Wesley standing over her, a sleek black designer umbrella held out to shield her, his steady gaze locked on her face.