

His kiss 41

Chapter 41

Gabriela couldn't help but stare—Wesley looked almost unreal standing there, the rain cascading off his umbrella. She quickly put on a bright smile and chirped, "Morning, Mr. Moss!"

Wait, hadn't he already gone inside? What was he doing back out here... and shielding her from the rain, no less?

Her mind spun, but she still managed a cheery wave, tilting her head, trying to look as sweet and endearing as possible.

Wesley's tone was even, but his gaze lingered on her. "It's raining. Why are you crouched here?"

Realizing how awkward her posture must look, Gabriela straightened up a little and answered truthfully, "My legs went numb."

For a moment, she thought she saw a smile flicker in his eyes. Then, without warning, Wesley extended his hand. "Come on. Get up."

Gabriela blinked slowly, disbelief flooding her eyes. Was she really supposed to accept the CEO's hand like that?

Wesley leaned in, his voice softer now. "Are you going to keep spacing out?" His hand hovered closer.

Panicking, Gabriela tried to jump to her feet, only to realize her legs were still wobbly. She lurched forward, completely off balance.

Wesley caught her, his hand steadying her, and a faint, teasing smile flickered at the corner of his lips. "What's this? Throwing yourself at me again?"

Gabriela, still unsettled after the awkward showdown with him about overtime pay last night, found herself curiously composed in the face of this new embarrassment. After all, if Wesley had already gotten the wrong idea about her, things couldn't possibly get any worse. From that moment on, she knew she wouldn't fear what came next.

She took a quiet breath, lifted her chin, and offered him the breakfast with both hands. "Mr. Moss, I brought you breakfast."

She had no idea how Brenden had managed to get Wesley involved in something as trivial as breakfast delivery, but if Brenden dared to ask, their relationship had to be closer than she'd realized.

Wesley accepted the meal with a polite nod. "Thank you."

Without another word, Wesley turned and strode back to his office.

Knowing how quickly winter mornings could turn food icy, Gabriela had carefully sealed everything inside a sturdy thermal container. When Wesley twisted off the lid, a comforting wave of steam drifted up, rich with the scent of freshly made breakfast.

Every detail showed how much care Gabriela had put into the meal. But as Wesley realized exactly who all this attention was for, an unwelcome irritation pricked at him.

From the sidelines, Billy nervously watched Wesley's ever-shifting expression, his eyes glued to the little thermal container, uncertain how the scene would play out.

Without warning, Wesley plucked his phone from the desk and fired off a message to Gabriela. "This breakfast doesn't cut it."

At that moment, Gabriela had already made her way back to the sales department, powering up her computer to slog through another round of data entry. Aubrey, ever the gossip, hovered at her side, rehashing every juicy detail from last night's banquet.

Gabriela answered in distracted fragments, still simmering over being dragged into Brenden's games. When she caught sight of his text, her mood plummeted even further.

Of course, a spoiled rich playboy who dined on five-star cuisine would turn his nose up at a simple breakfast. But why, of all people, had she become his chosen target for amusement?

Gabriela gritted her teeth but forced herself to swallow her frustration. Her fingers hovered over the keyboard before she typed out a neutral reply. "What would you like to eat?"

Wesley, reading her mild response, only grew more irritable. His reply came back cold and fast. “I want another tomorrow, and you’re cooking it yourself.”

Gabriela’s eyes widened in disbelief as her irritation hit a boiling point. But before she could react, another notification appeared: “I don’t eat cilantro or onions. Nothing too sweet. No strong flavors, and absolutely no chili. Got it?”

That was it. Gabriela finally snapped. Her fingers flew across the screen as she shot back, “You’ve got to be kidding, you jerk! You’re so picky, but you still want me to cook? What if I just poison you instead?”

Brenden knew exactly what she wanted—his silence about their night together and his cooperation in the boyfriend charade.

It gave him all the leverage he needed, and he relished every moment of keeping her on edge.

Gabriela decided she’d had enough. If it meant losing her fake boyfriend and this internship, so be it. With a top university on her résumé and a master’s degree on the way, she had no reason to cower anymore.