

His kiss 42

Chapter 42

Meanwhile, Wesley read Gabriela's rare burst of rebellion and, for the first time all morning, his mood brightened. A hint of a smile touched his lips as he calmly opened the breakfast container and ate with effortless grace.

Billy stood by the door, anxiety fluttering in his chest as he waited for Wesley to sign off on the stack of documents. But when he caught a rare glimpse of Wesley in good spirits, a wave of relief washed over him.

At the same time, curiosity gnawed at Billy. Wesley, usually so unreadable and reserved, seemed oddly light today—almost approachable. Trying to be subtle, Billy craned his neck, angling for a peek at the phone in Wesley's hand.

He couldn't see who was on the other end, but the flash of a venting message caught his eye and left him reeling. His eyes widened, pupils narrowing in surprise.

Before Billy could puzzle it out, Wesley's voice broke through his thoughts. "Go make some coffee."

Billy straightened immediately. "Understood," he said, then slipped out to the break room.

No sooner had he started the coffee machine than Jerome Cruz, one of the secretaries, appeared in the doorway. He looked anxious, not wanting to miss a chance to butter up. Rushing over, he offered, "Let me handle the coffee. Please."

Jerome, always meticulously dressed, had clawed his way onto the CEO's secretarial staff and treated the role like the pinnacle of his career. He took immense pride in every detail, refusing to let Billy handle even the most trivial tasks—like making coffee—if he could do them himself.

Billy shot Jerome a strange look, then suddenly blurted out, "Jerk."

Jerome's lips twitched in quiet frustration as he muttered, "Billy, did I do something wrong? Why did you start insulting me?"

With a lazy half-smile, Billy clapped Jerome on the shoulder. "Relax. I don't mean it."

Most people would've bristled at being called a jerk, but Wesley—of all people—seemed oddly cheerful, as if the insult had brightened his day. Did he actually like being ridiculed? Was there something weirdly gratifying about it for him?

Upon returning to the office, Billy stared at Wesley in disbelief, handing over the coffee.

Later that afternoon, Wesley presided over a high-stakes meeting that dragged on for well over an hour, with no resolution in sight. Yet, for once, the air in the boardroom was lighter—Wesley's mood was unmistakably upbeat, his usual harsh critiques replaced with surprising patience.

After the meeting wrapped up, one of the executives sidled over to Billy, lowering his voice with practiced nonchalance. "Mr. Moss is in a surprisingly good mood today. Did the Athea project finally go through?" Billy shot him a mysterious smile. "Why don't you take a guess?"

The executive, curious, pressed on. “So it’s not that? Is there some other good news? Enough with the theatrics—spit it out.”

Billy only shook his head, lips curving in the faintest hint of amusement. “That’s classified.”

Well, the real reason behind Wesley’s sudden cheer—the fact that he’d actually enjoyed being insulted—wasn’t something Billy would ever share.

The executive walked away, defeated. His quest for office gossip thoroughly thwarted.

While Gabriela stewed over her earlier outburst, she braced herself for Brenden’s sharp reply. Instead, the response arrived lazily around four o’clock: “Make pasta and borscht for dinner.”

She stared at the message in disbelief. Pasta? Borscht? Was this some kind of joke?

She responded bluntly, “I don’t know how to cook.”

The reply came almost instantly, as if the other person had been expecting her to protest. “Leave the office early and bring dinner to the company by seven. I’ll give back what you left in Room 1205.”

Gabriela racked her brain, trying to remember what she might've forgotten in Room 1205. Was Brenden just making it up to mess with her? She fired off a curt reply, "No way!" then began stuffing her things into her bag, determined to make her exit.

Inside the CEO's office, Wesley stared at the text, lips curling into a rare smile. "She's got some temper," he murmured to himself.

Just then, Billy walked in, pausing in the doorway when he saw the genuine smile on Wesley's face. For a brief moment, he stood frozen, wondering if his boss had just been insulted again.

Wesley's strange delight in insults cracked his normally aloof demeanor, and the whole thing left Billy quietly rattled.