

His kiss 48

Chapter 48

Lifting her head, she startled at the sight of Wesley striding toward her. Waiting for Brenden, she hadn't expected him to appear.

Wesley came to a stop in front of her, his usual sternness softening, a flicker of concern crossing his face. "Are you cold?" he asked, his voice gentler than she'd anticipated.

Gabriela struggled to come up with a reason for lingering outside the company so late, but Wesley's unexpected concern threw her off guard. She muttered something under her breath.

A faint, rare smile tugged at Wesley's lips as his gaze shifted to the two thermal containers she was clutching. "Are those for me?"

It hit Gabriela like a jolt—she'd prepared the meal for Wesley.

Realizing she'd been roped into Brenden's little scheme to earn brownie points with Wesley, she thought bitterly that calling him a jerk was far too kind.

Wesley reached out, waiting expectantly. "Hand them over. I haven't eaten dinner yet."

Gabriela hesitated, her hands tightening around the containers. Just as she was about to surrender them, she jerked them back, her heart pounding.

She'd dumped an ungodly amount of spices into the borscht purely to get back at Brenden. If Wesley actually ate it, there would be hell to pay.

Wesley arched a brow, his gaze sharp. "Aren't these for me?"

Gabriela, not daring to refuse her boss, hesitated for a beat before reluctantly handing over the containers.

Without a word, Wesley led her into a cozy café down the street. The moment he stepped inside—immaculately dressed, every line of his suit crisp—heads turned. Waiters scrambled to greet him, tripping over each other in their eagerness.

"Sir, what can I get you to drink?" one asked, eyes solely focused on Wesley.

Gabriela nearly rolled her eyes in disbelief. Was she just background scenery? Did she not exist to these people?

Frustrated, she slumped into her chair, trying to avoid drawing attention.

Wesley casually ordered two coffees, his tone so relaxed it was clear he was used to this kind of treatment. When the waiter hurried away, Wesley opened the container of borscht.

The spicy, tangy aroma filled the air, and Gabriela could see the handful of chilis and cilantro sprigs floating on the surface.

Wesley's lips twitched with amusement. He recognized a little payback when he saw it.

Gabriela, trying to recover her composure, kept her eyes fixed on him. "Mr. Moss, actually, the soup was all Mr. Saunders's idea," she said quickly. "I think he has... uh, very particular preferences."

She felt no remorse throwing Brenden under the bus—after all, he'd set her up first. Wesley just gave a bland, disinterested nod, making no move to call out her obvious lie.

Seeing his calm acceptance, Gabriela hurriedly opened the second container. "Mr. Moss, would you like to try this instead? I made a classic pasta—just a simple, straightforward recipe. But I promise it turned out delicious."

As she looked at him hopefully, anticipation flickered in her bright eyes. Wesley, unexpectedly moved by her enthusiasm, felt his voice turn rougher than usual. "Do you have any idea what today is?"

Gabriela's mind went blank. Her gaze darted away as she desperately tried to recall if the date meant something important.

After a few silent moments, she still came up empty, vaguely wondering if she had missed some company milestone or forgotten an anniversary.

