

His kiss 49

Chapter 49

Wesley's smile faded when he noticed the puzzled look on Gabriela's face. "Never mind. It's nothing important," he said, his tone now devoid of warmth.

A subtle heaviness settled over him, and Gabriela sensed the shift in his mood. Not knowing him well enough, she decided not to press further. "You should eat, Mr. Moss, before it gets cold," she urged gently but cautiously.

For a moment, Wesley seemed lost in thought, but then something flickered in his eyes. The earlier coldness in his expression softened, and he picked up his fork, starting to eat.

Gabriela, who had been anxiously awaiting his reaction, found herself captivated by the elegance of his movements.

Here was the man she usually admired from a distance, now seated directly across from her, quietly enjoying her meal.

His subtle satisfaction was unmistakable. For the first time, Gabriela didn't feel like just another employee grinding through overtime. The dynamic between them felt different—more intimate, somehow.

In that quiet moment, Wesley seemed less like her untouchable boss and more like a familiar friend.

Gabriela's enchantment lasted only a few heartbeats before common sense jolted her back to reality.

She knew better. Wesley might have dropped the arrogance tonight, but every inch of him still broadcast untouchable wealth. Even the watch on his wrist was a level of luxury she could never reach, not in three decades of honest work.

Watching a man like him—an undisputed tycoon—perched in a tiny café on a drafty night, savoring her homemade pasta, felt absurdly out of place. The situation sparked a wave of reckless, foolish fantasies she desperately tried to suppress.

Determined to regain her composure, Gabriela mentally recited passages from the employee handbook, word for word, reminding herself to stay on guard the next time she faced Wesley.

Meanwhile, Fiona sat stiffly in the passenger seat of Billy's car, her mood darkening.

The Moss family had three eligible heirs, all circling the prize, and no one knew who would eventually claim the throne.

Truth be told, if Wesley weren't the most captivating of the bunch, Fiona would never have tolerated his indifference.

Still, every time she pictured his striking features, she found herself unable to let go. Haunted by the memory of Wesley's constant detachment—how his rare warmth was always reserved for the mysterious person who dared to insult him—Fiona couldn't help but pry for answers from Billy.

She sidled up beside him and asked, "Billy, is Wesley always buried in work? Has he ever actually dated anyone?"

Billy offered a bland, practiced smile. "I'm afraid I wouldn't know, Miss Dewitt. As just an assistant, I never meddle in Mr. Moss's personal life."

Fiona refused to be shut down. She leaned in, her voice soft but coaxing. "Then about his tastes? Does Wesley have any favorites? Any hobbies?"

Billy remained impenetrable, his tone as polite as ever. "My interactions with Mr. Moss are always purely professional. I couldn't say."

Watching Billy avoid any mention of Wesley's personal affairs only stoked Fiona's frustration. She silently vowed that if she ever did become Mrs. Moss, her first act would be to fire Billy. Every time Fiona thought about Wesley's commanding elegance, she resisted the urge to back down.

The desire to win him over gnawed at her, driving her forward.

Softening her voice, she probed again, "Billy, I spent the whole night with Wesley and noticed something odd. Does he... actually enjoy being insulted?"

Billy's grip on the wheel tightened for a split second. Oh no! Had she stumbled onto Wesley's biggest secret? How had things gone so wrong?

But he quickly regained his composure, answering with a light chuckle, “Of course not, Miss Dewitt. You’re imagining things.”

Billy’s denial didn’t fool Fiona for a second—she caught the flicker of discomfort in his eyes and felt more convinced than ever.

Back when she’d been overseas, Fiona had breezed through a few psychology books, so she knew full well that some people had unusual preferences—there were even those who got a thrill from being scorned or humiliated.

Such a revelation about Wesley completely stunned her. She simply couldn’t picture the immaculate, dignified Wesley possessing any sort of strange desire, let alone something so peculiar.