

His kiss 54

Chapter 54

A sudden itch of curiosity had Brenden wanting to test Wesley himself. Outside the break room, Aubrey overheard their entire conversation and was completely taken aback. She floated back to her spot in the Sales Department, collapsing onto her chair in a daze.

Gabriela caught sight of her dazed expression and raised an eyebrow. “You were just up in the CEO’s office dropping off documents, right? What’s brought on that frown? Did the big boss chew you out or something?”

Aubrey brushed off Gabriela’s concern with a quick wave, signaling it was nothing serious.

Relieved, Gabriela turned her focus back to the mountain of paperwork on her desk.

Hours slipped by in silence until, suddenly, Aubrey could barely contain herself. She darted over, seizing Gabriela’s wrist with a burst of nervous energy. “Gabriela!” she blurted out, her voice barely above a whisper. “I’ve got the tea. But you have to swear you’ll never breathe a word.”

Gabriela arched an eyebrow but didn’t answer right away. That look, that tone—she’d heard it from Aubrey before. Whenever Aubrey hinted at secrecy, it never stayed hidden for long; it would surface company-wide in no time.

Reflecting on it, Gabriela mumbled, “Spill it. I’m not about to run my mouth.”

Aubrey shot a furtive glance around the office, then leaned in so close her hair brushed Gabriela's shoulder. "Your crush? Turns out he's a total masochist."

Gabriela's eyes widened in disbelief. "Wait, who are you talking about?"

Aubrey gave her a look, as if the answer were obvious. "Who else? Mr. Moss."

Gabriela arched an eyebrow, suspicion edging her voice. "And where'd you hear that? Don't tell me you're buying into office rumors again."

Aubrey pressed on, her eyes wide with conviction. "I'm telling you, I heard Mr. Saunders say it himself. It's true!"

Gabriela frowned. "When did he say that?"

Aubrey leaned closer, her voice dropping conspiratorially. "He was back at headquarters today. I walked past the break room on the twelfth floor—he was chatting with Billy. I heard every word."

Gabriela couldn't reconcile the Wesley she thought she knew with the man this revelation suggested. Her thoughts whirled, torn between disbelief and curiosity.

She hesitated only a moment, then darted to the balcony, clutching her phone. With trembling fingers, she shot off a message to "NotASaunders."

“Hi, Mr. Saunders, do you have a moment?”

Wesley’s hand froze midair as the new message flashed across his phone. He barely had time to register the words before a second, more frantic question popped up. “Is it true that Mr. Moss is a masochist? Does he really like being scolded?”

A startled cough burst from his throat, coffee splattering across the pristine table. His face darkened at once.

All around the conference room, the department heads went stiff, eyes darting between each other and their normally unshakable CEO. Wesley, who prided himself on his composure, had just lost it—in front of everyone.

A ripple of nervous energy swept the room. Not a single person dared to speak. Speculation simmered beneath the silence, each executive silently wondering what could possibly rattle Wesley like this.

Unfazed, Billy reached for a tissue and handed it to his boss, his expression steady.

Wesley methodically wiped his hands and mouth, tamping down the irritation rising in his chest as he fired off a reply. “Who told you that?”

Gabriela refused to throw Aubrey under the bus, but given Aubrey’s big mouth, she suspected the news had already made its rounds among a handful of colleagues.

She tapped out her response. “Everybody at the office is talking. Someone claimed you said it yourself, but I don’t buy it. That’s why I wanted to ask you straight.”

Wesley might have been known as a cutthroat businessman, but Gabriela still respected him—enough that it stung to hear his name dragged through the mud. Even with Wesley’s ironclad self-control, her reply still made his pulse hammer in his ears.

He spun toward Billy, jaw clenched tight. “Find Brenden. Bring him to me. Now.”