

His kiss 541

Chapter 541

An 88? That woman must be absolutely breathtaking.

Curious, he walked toward the hall.

The ridiculous rating system infuriated Fiona so much, she nearly forgot she was there to spy on Gabriela. The man gently asked if she wanted to book a room. In her anger, she snapped, "Yes!" Then she saw Roderick.

Tall and broad-shouldered, with features so handsome they rivaled those of an A-list actor, he exuded a refined and commanding aura.

There was even, to her shock, a faint resemblance to Brenden.

Fiona's gaze lingered on the man she found most striking. She pointed without hesitation. "You, I'll be spending tonight with you."

Her plan was simple: secure a room, then find out where Gabriela was staying.

Roderick blinked, then gave a smooth smile. "Ms. Dewitt, I'm... quite expensive."

“So what’s your price for a night?” Fiona asked.

She had grown up surrounded by wealth; money had never been a concern for her.

But she had left her bag and cards in the taxi, so she slipped off the limited-edition watch on her wrist. “Anyone here know its value? Take a look.”

Roderick’s eyes flickered. He recognized it instantly—a piece worth five point two million dollars.

His demeanor softened at once, and he stepped forward, supporting her arm like a doting lover. “Please follow me.”

He led her to The Oasis Room, two corridors away from The Ace Room, where Gabriela was waiting.

Just as he finished, the manager approached.

Since Roderick had been claimed by Fiona, the manager found another escort for Gabriela: Marcus Freeman, a man whose looks rivaled those of movie stars.

But he carried himself with too much cool detachment and lacked Roderick’s gift for sweet words.

Marcus entered The Ace Room and froze.

In his line of work, he'd grown used to wealthy middle-aged women who layered on makeup and wore clothes that emphasized rather than concealed the years.

This was the first time he had ever laid eyes on someone so young and stunning.

Beauty of this level was a rarity, even in the glittering world of entertainment.

Marcus strode up to Gabriela with a practiced smile, introducing himself eagerly as he inquired what sort of service she desired.

Though the man's looks were striking, Gabriela wasn't in the mood for anything.

Wesley still hadn't responded to her photo, and frustration coiled inside her.

She couldn't resist provoking him just a little more. She smirked. "Sit beside me. Let me take a selfie."

Marcus nodded in understanding.

Wealthy women loved flaunting photos.

He slid close to her, leaning in.

Gabriela disliked his nearness. The moment she snapped the picture, she shifted away.

She then sent the photo straight to Wesley.

At that moment, Wesley was still awaiting Billy's report. But when the image appeared on his phone, his expression turned to stone.

Chapter 542

Even after sending that provocative photo to Wesley, Gabriela thought it still wasn't enough to truly get under his skin. She instantly sent a message to twist the knife.

"This guy is Blue Star's top escort. Six-foot-one of pure perfection. For someone this gorgeous, every penny was worth it. God, I love being rich!"

Wesley's blood boiled.

This shameless woman was spending his money to hire herself a plaything?

Before the fury could fully settle, Billy's voice came through the line. "Mr. Moss, we've found out—"

"No need," Wesley cut him off, his tone sharp as ice. "I know exactly what that place is. Head to Blue Star. Take backup."

Normally measured, Wesley's voice now carried a bite that sent a chill down Billy's spine.

"Yes, sir," Billy answered.

Inwardly, he muttered a silent prayer for Gabriela.

Meanwhile, Fiona stepped into The Oasis Room, her smile practiced but brittle, the sting of the AI's humiliating beauty score still fresh in her mind.

Roderick, ever attentive, poured her a drink with a practiced flourish. "Fiona, don't be upset," he said, voice warm and coaxing. "To me, you're the most beautiful woman in the world. Why don't we just enjoy tonight? Want me to sing for you?"

Roderick was undeniably handsome. In the soft, flattering light, there were moments when his features echoed Brenden's. And with that honeyed voice, smooth as velvet, Fiona's irritation melted faster than she wanted to admit.

“Fine,” she said, tilting her chin just slightly. “Sing for me.”

He chose a popular hit, his rendition different but compelling, the familiar melody dressed in the unique timbre of his voice. When the last note faded, Fiona clapped, her applause light but genuine.

Roderick leaned into the performance of a perfect companion with flattering words, easy laughter, and a seamless charm that, before long, coaxed her into ordering not one, but two bottles of the club’s most expensive wine, along with a feast of their priciest dishes.

But indulgence only distracted her for so long.

Once the haze of luxury began to clear, Fiona remembered her purpose and asked Roderick about Gabriela.

With a feigned air of offense, Roderick leaned back slightly. “Tonight, I’m here for you, Fiona. How would I have time to keep tabs on anyone else?”

She knew it was flattery, obvious as the glint of champagne in her glass. And yet, it worked. A small, satisfied smile curved her lips.

For once, someone cherished her, even if it was just for tonight. It was more than Brenden or Wesley ever did—they were always focused only on Gabriela.

“Could you ask the manager?” Fiona’s voice was sweet but edged with impatience.

Roderick gave her an apologetic smile. “Fiona, I am sorry. We can’t just hand out information about other guests.”

Frustration flared in her eyes. “You call me a valued guest, but you can’t even help me with this?”

She pushed back her chair, ready to march out and look for Gabriela herself, but Roderick caught her wrist lightly.

“Fiona,” he said, his voice coaxing, “why don’t we settle the bill first?”

That was when it hit her. She had left her purse in the taxi.

“I left my purse in the cab,” she said, the irritation in her tone dimming into quiet embarrassment. “I’ll settle the bill tomorrow.”

For the briefest moment, something unguarded crossed Roderick’s face, but it was gone as quickly as it came, replaced by his usual polished calm.

His smile returned, smooth and effortless. "So you don't have your phone on you? That's all right. Why don't you call a friend... have them take care of it for you?"

Chapter 543

A friend?

Fiona froze, her poise cracking at the edges as uncertainty seeped in, her thoughts tangling somewhere between pride and quiet panic.

Her parents had always indulged her, but if they ever discovered where she was tonight, the fallout would be brutal.

And her so-called friends?

One whisper of her being at a club like this, and her carefully polished reputation would be in ruins.

With a shaky sigh, Fiona slipped off her diamond-encrusted watch and handed it to Roderick. "This is worth five million. Use it to settle the bill. Keep the rest as your tip."

Roderick didn't even blink. "You've spent thirteen million tonight."

Her jaw dropped, heat rushing to her cheeks. "Thirteen million? It's robbery!"

The Dewitt family was rich beyond measure, and yes, thirteen million meant little in the grand scheme of their wealth, but that didn't mean she'd stand there and be bled dry like a fool.

Unruffled, Roderick's tone remained maddeningly patient.

"Our pricing is completely transparent. Nothing underhanded. For example, booking this private room is three hundred thousand. My service fee is one million."

She blinked, still reeling but able to stomach that much. "That's not even two million. So where's the rest—"

"This bottle," he interrupted smoothly, lifting the half-empty vodka with an elegant flick of his wrist, "costs eight million."

Fiona's stomach dropped like a stone.

A nightclub charging that much for wine was unheard of.

"And this one," Roderick continued, his smile polite but cool, "three million."

Her expression hardened, her face darkening like a gathering storm.

“This isn’t even a famous brand. Why are you charging me so much?” Fiona’s voice trembled with disbelief.

In her world, ordinary labels never came with such staggering price tags.

Roderick’s smile didn’t falter. “Wines like these can rival the big names,” he said smoothly. “And because you’re beautiful, I’ll waive the room fee and the service charge.”

It was a courtesy no other wealthy patron had ever received.

Fiona could afford it, of course. But that wasn’t the problem.

“I don’t have any money on me right now!” she snapped, her tone sharp with embarrassment.

Her phone and bank card were both lost in the cab.

“Then call your family or friends,” Roderick suggested, his voice still polite, though the warmth was slipping. “Surely you remember someone’s number?”

"I can't," Fiona muttered, her jaw tightening.

If she called her parents, she'd be grounded into oblivion. If she called her friends, she'd be the joke of the year.

Her refusal made the temperature in the room plummet.

Roderick's gaze hardened. To him, she suddenly looked less like a valued guest and more like a freeloader playing games.

"Fiona," he said, his voice sharp now, "we run an honest business. You don't get to walk away without paying."

"I told you," she shouted, her pride burning hot, "I'll come back tomorrow and settle it!"

Her card had no limit. She didn't care about the amount, just the humiliation of being cornered like this.

But to Roderick, her defiance was just arrogance.

His eyes darkened, and with a sharp, commanding clap of his hands, the room seemed to tense.

Moments later, a line of towering, broad-shouldered bodyguards strode in, their steps synchronized, their presence suffocating. Shirtless, their torsos were inked with bold, menacing tattoos that twisted under the stark lights.

Fiona froze. Her pulse spiked, fear curling cold and tight in her chest. She had never been in a situation like this.

With trembling hands, she gave in and dialed the only person she could bear to face. Brenden.

Chapter 544

He'd grown accustomed to her talent for landing in embarrassing circumstances.

On the other end, Brenden's groggy voice filtered through, rough with sleep. "Fiona? This isn't your number. Where are you? And why the hell are you surrounded by bodyguards?"

Keeping her voice steady took everything she had. "Just, just get here," she snapped, the tremor in her tone betraying her fear. "I need to leave this awful place!"

It was humiliating to admit that she had been played. And tonight, she had no one to blame but herself.

Once she got out of this nightmare, Fiona swore she'd make them all pay. Every last one of them.

On the other end of the line, Brenden's voice sharpened as sleep faded. "I'm coming over now."

"I'm in The Oasis Room," she said quickly, her voice tight. "Hurry."

Brenden didn't quite catch it. "What?"

"The Oasis Room," she repeated, softer this time, her gaze darting nervously to the wall of tattooed muscle looming nearby. Her throat tightened. "Please hurry."

"Alright," Brenden said, already on the move. "I'm on my way."

Minutes later, his car screeched to a stop outside Blue Star, only for the doorman to step in front of him, blocking his way. "Sorry, sir. We only serve female clients here."

Brenden's jaw clenched. "I'm here to pick someone up."

The doorman's tone hardened, his stance rigid. "Then call your friend and have her come out."

Six months ago, one of their escorts had gotten himself tangled in a scandal with a rich housewife, using her husband's secondary card to shower him with gifts—even a luxury sports car.

When her husband found out, he'd stormed the club and snapped the man's legs right there on the marble floor. If the owner didn't have powerful connections, Blue Star would have been shut down.

Now, Brenden was left pacing outside the entrance, his frustration building.

He called Fiona again. "They won't let me in. Should I call Wesley? You know no one would dare stop him."

In Okburg, Wesley's name carried weight; there wasn't a single place that would dare deny him entry.

Inside, Fiona gripped Roderick's phone so tightly her knuckles whitened. "If you dare call Wesley," she said, "I'll never speak to you again!"

"Then what?" Brenden sighed. "I can't get in, and you can't get out."

"You can just pretend to be a staff member and slip in," Fiona said, her voice low and tight. "Just hurry up."

"And Brenden," she added sharply, "don't make a scene."

He grimaced. Posing as staff wasn't exactly his idea of a solid plan, but Fiona was trapped inside.

Fine. If they kept it to themselves, maybe no one in their circle would ever find out.

With a resigned sigh, he strode back to the doorman. "Actually," he said, adopting a casual tone, "I'm here for an interview."

The doorman's brows knitted, suspicion flickering in his gaze.

"It's true," Brenden said, layering charm over his words. "I heard working here pays well. Thought I'd see if striking it rich overnight was more than just a rumor."

With deliberate ease, he shrugged off his jacket, revealing a lean, sculpted frame that drew a second look. "Besides," he added smoothly, "I'm alone. Even if I wanted to cause trouble, I couldn't."

The doorman hesitated, weighing the situation before muttering into his radio.

Moments later, the manager appeared.

The moment his gaze landed on Brenden, it lingered.

This newcomer wasn't just good-looking; he was dangerously handsome, effortlessly charismatic.

Even the club's prized escort, Roderick, would pale in comparison if the two stood side by side.

Chapter 545

The only issue was that Brenden didn't quite match Roderick's stature.

The manager eyed Brenden. "Are you six feet tall?"

Six feet was the firm height requirement for male escorts at Blue Star.

Brenden nodded confidently. "Yes."

In reality, he was just shy of the mark at five feet eleven, but close enough to pass.

The manager looked skeptical but was swayed by Brenden's striking appearance and charm, reluctant to turn him away.

After a moment, he relented. "Follow me."

He led Brenden inside and handed him a set of work attire. "You'll start as a waiter. Get familiar with the environment tonight. In a few days, you can begin serving VIPs."

At the service desk, the manager instructed the other waiters to guide Brenden.

A friendly waiter showed him the ropes, explaining the procedures.

Seizing an opportunity, Brenden slipped away, wandering until he reached The Okay Room.

Brenden couldn't remember the precise name of Fiona's room.

He opted to investigate the room before him.

Pushing open the door, he found several women lounging and chatting.

Their eyes lit up with intrigue the moment they saw him.

Under their intense, predatory stares, Brenden felt a chill.

"Sorry, wrong room!" he blurted, turning to leave quickly.

A woman stepped in his path, eyeing his waiter uniform with a sly smile. “Hold on. You’re exactly who we want.”

The other women gathered around, peppering him with questions.

“You’re new here, aren’t you?”

“So handsome! What’s your name? Serve us well, and we’ll request you next time—promote you to escort, no more waiting tables.”

Stunned, Brenden explained earnestly, “I’m not a waiter. I’m here looking for someone.”

One of the women’s expressions soured. “What’s that supposed to mean? I was ready to book your services, and you’re refusing?”

She flung a stack of cash at his face. “Do you still want to leave?”

Brenden’s face turned cold. “I’m not a waiter. Step aside.”

His refined, handsome features, even in anger, lacked menace, only making him more appealing to the women.

They found his defiance charming.

Suddenly, a woman pointed a gun at his forehead.

Brenden broke into a cold sweat.

“Let’s talk calmly,” he said, raising his hands.

“Turn around,” she ordered coldly.

He complied slowly.

“Take off your clothes.”

Gritting his teeth, Brenden shed his jacket, leaving only a white shirt that hugged his toned frame. The women’s eyes gleamed with desire.

“Keep going.”

Reluctantly, he removed his shirt.

Thanks to daily training, Brenden's physique was sculpted and lean.

Clothed, he looked sleek; shirtless, he was striking.

The women, thrilled, showered him with compliments.

Brenden felt a mix of fear and fury under their eager gazes.

One woman eyed his belt buckle. "Take off the pants too."

His face darkened. "That's too far, don't you think?"

Once a playboy with many girlfriends, Brenden had high standards for looks.

Chapter 546

Now reformed, he would allow no one but Gabriela to see his naked body.

The woman's eyes narrowed. "Will you cooperate and take off your clothes, or not?"

"No, I won't," Brenden hissed.

He would rather die than give in.

The woman pulled the trigger.

Brenden braced himself for the worst, his eyes shut, only to feel a splash of water on his face.

It was a toy gun.

Wiping the water off, he glared. "You think you can mess with me like this? You will all pay for this!"

With Wesley's help, he would make them regret it.

"So fiery!" the woman laughed. "I love it!"

Brenden, done arguing, grabbed his clothes to leave.

“Hold it! Who said you could go?”

The women, robust and outnumbering him, pinned him to the sofa.

Then he noticed a woman brandishing a whip and a candle.

Most shocking was a thorny rose she held.

Brenden hadn’t anticipated these affluent women indulging in such wild games.

Once known for his string of romances, Brenden had earned a reputation as a charming playboy. Yet he was blindsided by the strange activities unfolding around him, completely unaware that such things existed.

Fear surged through him instantly.

He murmured, “Ladies, I’m sorry, but I’m already booked. The client is very particular, and I will be in deep trouble if I don’t get to her soon.”

The wealthy women weren’t convinced. “Booked by who?” they demanded.

"I don't know her name. If you doubt me, check with the manager."

Brenden hoped the manager would step in to pull him away since he was a new hire.

But the manager was in the restroom, leaving the assistant manager to handle things.

The assistant arrived, sized Brenden up, and leaned in. "It is your first day, right? It's normal to be nervous. With your looks, you'll be a star here in no time."

Frustrated but unable to explain, Brenden bit back his annoyance. "I'm in the wrong room. Check who is spending the most tonight—that is who booked me."

He assumed Fiona was likely the biggest patron.

Though skeptical, the assistant manager checked.

"The top client tonight is Gabriela Haynes," he said, eyeing Brenden. "Do you know her?"

"Yes!"

Gabriela's name jolted him, and he quickly pieced together Fiona's presence—she was here to stir trouble for Gabriela. At that moment, he wanted nothing to do with Fiona's schemes, leaving her to sort out her own mess.

Brenden showed the assistant manager a photo on his phone, persuading him to help him find Gabriela.

In The Ace Room, Gabriela waited for Wesley's response, but her phone stayed silent.

Marcus, hovering nearby, kept pushing her to drink.

The more he studied her, the more he saw her as a potential patron—a ticket to an easy life.

Chapter 547

With that thought, he poured more wine into her glass. "Gabriela, have another drink."

Having already had plenty at Century Hotel, she sipped cautiously, wary of overindulging.

"I need some space. Please leave," she said.

"Did I do something wrong?" Marcus asked, reluctant to back off. "I can do better."

In venues like this, if an escort could entice a client to overstep boundaries, the client would often go along with it, ultimately forming a lasting arrangement with the escort.

Marcus wasn't ready to let this chance slip.

Gabriela, her patience wearing thin, snapped, "Get out!"

Not wanting to anger a client, Marcus softened his tone. "Please, don't be upset. I just find it strange that you're here but don't want my services and have barely touched your drink. What's the point of coming?"

Why was she here?

Gabriela fell silent, unwilling to continue the conversation with him.

Just then, the assistant manager knocked and entered, noting her irritation and shooting Marcus a sharp look.

He then spoke up. "Miss Haynes, a waiter named Brenden Saunders claims you booked him tonight."

Gabriela blinked, surprised. "Brenden?"

“You don’t know him?” the assistant manager asked. “He was certain. My apologies for the mix-up.”

As he turned to leave, she stopped him. “No, I did book him. Bring him here.”

The assistant manager hesitated.

Both parties were valued patrons, and he couldn’t risk upsetting either.

Those wealthy women weren’t letting Brenden go, so how could he escort him to Gabriela?

“Miss Haynes, if it’s alright, I can take you to him,” he offered.

Gabriela nodded and followed him out.

Marcus fumed, his frustration boiling over.

No wonder she had been so distant, brushing off his advances. She clearly had her sights set on someone else.

Marcus couldn't stomach it. He had slipped something into her drink earlier, and she had taken a sip.

Now Brenden would reap the rewards of his scheme.

What kind of charisma did Brenden have to make Gabriela drop everything for him?

The more Marcus dwelled on it, the angrier he grew, finally giving up on work and slumping onto the sofa, scrolling through his phone in a huff.

Meanwhile, as Gabriela went to find Brenden, Wesley and Billy arrived at Blue Star.

The doorman attempted to block their path.

But Billy's retinue, twenty burly bodyguards, formed an intimidating wall behind Wesley, cowing the doorman into stepping aside quickly.

Inside, two rows of handsome male escorts, all around six feet tall, lined up to greet Wesley, flaunting their physiques. Their display darkened Wesley's mood.

Billy gave a sharp signal, and the bodyguards swiftly parted the escorts, clearing the way.

The escorts, unaccustomed to such a commanding presence, fell silent, only daring to steal glances at Wesley.

With his formidable entourage in tow, Wesley strode into the venue with commanding authority.

Chapter 548

The escorts finally snapped out of their daze, jealousy flickering in their eyes.

“This guy’s seriously handsome—but he looks furious. I wonder if he’s here to confront a cheating partner,” someone muttered.

The memory surfaced of the escort whose legs were broken six months ago—a brutal punishment from the patron’s husband for their affair.

“Whoever’s involved tonight... they’re doomed.”

Another added in disbelief, “Not even ten of our top men could compare to him. If a woman marries someone like him, why would she ever come to a place like this?”

“Forget it. Call the manager.”

The manager had just recovered from a stomachache—only to feel another coming on when he received the news.

One look into Wesley's background left him drenched in cold sweat. He phoned his boss immediately. This was far beyond anything he could handle.

"Mr. Moss!" he greeted, his smile strained. "What brings you here?"

Wesley's eyes were cool. "Where's Gabriela?"

The manager stiffened.

How could he forget her? Their club had never seen a guest as breathtaking as Gabriela.

"She's in The Ace Room. Please—this way."

He led Wesley there at once. But inside, only Marcus sat.

Wesley recognized him instantly—from the photo Gabriela had sent.

His stare was frigid. "Where's Gabriela?"

Marcus's chest tightened under the man's oppressive presence. The weight of his aura alone made Marcus's knees threaten to give out.

He hastily replied, "She left."

Relief flickered across Wesley's face.

At least she had some sense.

But then Marcus, desperate to shift the tension, blurted, "She... she liked someone else. She went to The Okay Room."

Wesley's expression, just eased, turned into a storm cloud.

It was like a storm gathering strength over the sea, dark and terrifyingly intense.

The manager nearly collapsed in terror and rushed to lead him there.

In The Okay Room, Gabriela entered with the assistant manager. She immediately saw Brenden.

He sat shirtless, hemmed in by wealthy women. His expression was pitiful, like a trapped animal.

Gabriela froze in confusion, blurting out, “Brenden? What on earth are you doing here?”

Hearing her voice, Brenden’s eyes welled up. “Gabriela—you finally came to save me!”

She blinked, baffled, then said to the assistant manager, “I want him tonight. Please have the others leave.”

The assistant manager was ready to oblige, but the women protested.

One even drew a gun. “We ordered his services first. Why should we give him up?”

Gabriela knew well that these women thrived on competing when a man they admired was present.

She lifted her chin. “Because I’m the wealthiest and the most beautiful here. Naturally, he belongs to me tonight.” She glanced around. “If anyone surpasses me, I’ll concede.”

The women exchanged uneasy looks.

They weren't exactly unattractive; in fact, a few of the younger ones carried a trace of charm.

But beside Gabriela, they faded into ordinariness, their figures falling far short of hers.

The assistant manager whispered, "Her beauty score was 95."

The women gasped.

One muttered, "With looks like that, men should line up for you. Why fight us here?"

"I'm rich, and I like spending," Gabriela replied, fishing out her phone and shoving the screen toward them to flash her bank balance. "See?"

A fresh transfer from Brett showed a hundred million deposited. Gabriela faltered for a second.

Chapter 549

She was surprised that Brett had really wired the money. Did Wesley approve this?

The women were left dumbfounded by the information on the screen.

“Fine. You win tonight,” one woman conceded. “But we’ll be back tomorrow.”

Anyway, they could come back for Brenden tomorrow. They left with the assistant manager, and Brenden slumped onto the sofa, finally able to breathe.

Gabriela urged him to dress. “How did you end up here?”

Brenden was fumbling with his shirt when the door slammed open.

Both turned their heads.

It was Wesley.

His face was thunderous, his presence lethal.

The polished elegance he usually carried was gone, replaced by raw, dangerous fury.

“Wesley—you’re here too.” Brenden nearly burst into tears again. “I suffered so much—”

One cold glare from Wesley silenced him mid-whine, choking his words like a clamped throat.

Billy quickly dragged Brenden out, leaving only Gabriela and Wesley.

The weight of Wesley's stare bore down on her.

Gabriela froze as the realization sank in, a chill lancing straight down her spine.

She had wanted to draw him out—but confronted with his wrath, her courage faltered. “Wesley... why are you here?”

He looked down at her, his expression a mask of indifference, a sly chuckle rumbling in his chest. “Isn't this what you wished for?”

Gabriela dropped her gaze.

He pressed, “You came here... for the top escort?”

She stayed quiet.

He sneered. "Is he handsome?"

Gabriela, both shaken and exasperated, muttered under her breath, "Well... he is handsome, I'll give him that."

"As far as I know, spending a night with the top escort at Blue Star runs over a million."

This woman, who pinched pennies on clothes, was willing to throw millions at a stranger—was she deliberately trying to drive him insane?

"That expensive?" Gabriela blinked. "But I didn't spend a cent. My beauty got me in for free. Doesn't that mean I earned a million tonight?"

Wesley's laugh was sharp, scornful. "You're really pleased about this, aren't you?"

"The one I met looked like a movie star." Gabriela nodded. "He seems distant... yet gentle."

At those words, Wesley's face darkened like a gathering storm. The stifling air in the room made it clear to Gabriela that Wesley was still seething beneath the surface.

She gathered her courage and said, “At least he’s gentler than you.”

Wesley’s sneer was cold. “Come back with me.”

“No way. He is still waiting for me,” Gabriela said.

His patience snapped. Wesley seized her wrist. “Now you won’t even listen to me?”

His anger bled through, his grip harsh.

Gabriela winced, frowning. “Let go. I didn’t do anything wrong.”

She only wanted to see him.

Back when she worked as his secretary, she saw him daily. Since his engagement, he had distanced himself—and never sought her out.

Now, she’d only wanted to confront him about why he had transferred the Lakeshore Building to her name, but he refused to see her. So, she forced his hand with this stunt.

Wesley leaned in, his eyes like blades. “You’re a young woman. No matter what your reason is, you shouldn’t have come here. A place like this doesn’t look good for your reputation.”

His voice was cold, every word cutting.

Chapter 550

“How does my reputation concern you at all?” Gabriela snapped, her eyes rimmed red with fury. Her chest rose and fell in quick, shallow breaths. “You’re not my boyfriend, so why should you care? My life is none of your damn business!”

Wesley took in the hard tilt of her chin and the stubborn glare and felt the fight drain out of him.

His voice gentled, coaxing as if soothing a restless kid. “Let’s take this elsewhere. Come on.”

“No—”

Her protest died as a sharp twitch pinched her brow. A thin wash of dizziness slid through her; the room seemed to tip. She reached for the sofa’s armrest, missed by an inch, and her knees gave way, folding her to the floor in a soft collapse.

Wesley moved on instinct, sweeping an arm around her waist and catching her before she hit the floor.

“Gabriela, what’s happening to you?” he asked, his voice tight with worry.

She pressed a hand to her temple, her brow furrowed. “I feel so dizzy... my whole body feels awful.”

A sharp pang of dread hit Wesley.

His mind leapt to the worst possibility—shady clubs like this thrived on underhanded tricks. They lured people in, drugged them, then left them trapped in silence because victims were made to feel complicit.

His chest tightened. Had Gabriela been drugged?

This time, Blue Star had gone way too far.

Clenching back his fury, Wesley bent swiftly and gathered Gabriela into his arms. “Don’t be afraid,” he said firmly, his tone both urgent and gentle. “I’ll get you to the hospital right now.”

Gabriela’s arms dangled weakly around Wesley’s neck. Her gaze lingered on the sharp lines of his jaw before she let her head sink onto his shoulder.

Her voice came out fragile, threaded with warmth. “Wesley... do you realize I really like you?”

A knot tightened in Wesley's throat, and his reply dropped to a hushed, tender murmur. "I know."

"You don't know at all!" Gabriela snapped, her tone flaring with sudden anger. "There are so many things you don't know!"

He never realized that when he bared

He never realized that when he bared his heart to her, she had mistaken the man she had a one-night stand with for Brenden, leaving her too afraid to accept him.

He never knew she had given birth to his child.

He had no idea the little one could already babble out the word "Daddy."

He never knew that her feelings for him outweighed every temptation of money.

"I know," Wesley murmured, steadying his voice to calm her. "Don't move. I'm taking you to the hospital now."

With Gabriela cradled firmly in his arms, Wesley strode out of The Okay Room. At that very moment, Brenden was arriving at The Oasis Room to collect Fiona.

Wesley's gaze brushed past Fiona—cool, detached, and utterly indifferent.

Fiona, pale and flustered, hadn't expected Wesley to show up so fast.

She wanted him to know Gabriela was at Blue Star, yet the thought of him discovering she was there too made her cheeks burn with embarrassment.

Hastily shielding her face with one hand, she tugged Brenden backward a few steps. "I told you not to stir things up! Why on earth did you call Wesley? Do you just want to humiliate me?"