

His kiss 59

Chapter 59

Aubrey eyed Gabriela's stiff expression and tilted her head, asking, "You're stunned, Gabriela. Are you so overjoyed you can't even speak?"

Gabriela mustered a thin smile as she replied, "Yeah, I'm absolutely thrilled."

Tessa appeared beside them with a warm grin. "Please complete all handover tasks by the end of the day today. You can join us officially in the CEO's office tomorrow."

Despite her frustration, Gabriela could only nod and reply, "All right. Thank you, Ms. Ortiz."

"Drop the formalities—just call me Tessa," Tessa noted cheerfully before heading off to her next task.

Gabriela had no real interest in moving into the executive office, but Aubrey was already hyping it up, pushing her to treat the team to dinner.

Before long, other coworkers gathered around to offer their congratulations, some with genuine smiles, others with thinly veiled envy.

It was hard to believe that Gabriela, just an intern, somehow landed a spot in the executive office.

She sat there utterly unfazed, not a flicker of excitement betraying what was supposed to be the chance of a lifetime.

“When she started with us, I had a feeling Gabriela wasn’t as innocent as she looked.”

“Seriously! Barely here two months, and she’s already transferring to the executive office. Who knows what she did to get there?”

“You remember that team-building retreat? Somebody caught her sneaking back in the middle of the night. Wonder whose bed she crawled out of.”

“She really knows how to play innocent, doesn’t she? Look at her—acting like the promotion means nothing.”

Gabriela had never expected to stumble into such malicious whispers just by stepping into the bathroom.

She got this transfer because she’d managed to offend Wesley. What did that have to do with who she spent the night with?

Gabriela repeated in her head, “Take a breath. Their crap isn’t worth getting worked up about. Don’t let them crawl under your skin.”

She tried to steady herself, forcing slow breaths, but the vicious chatter outside wouldn't let up for a second.

"Being pretty is like hitting the jackpot. All she has to do is spread her legs and she's set for life—straight to the top."

"I bet Gabriela's had something done. There's no way anyone's born looking like that."

"Even if you got a new face, you'd still need her... let's call them 'bedroom talents.'"

Each biting remark scraped at her nerves, shattering any hope of staying calm. At last, Gabriela shoved the stall door open with a deafening crash.

When she was younger, Gabriela had to endure Phyllis's petty theatrics. She was powerless to push back for fear of upsetting her uncle and aunt.

But things had changed. She'd clawed her way into Apex Group without a soul's help. Now she had earned her spot in the executive office, even if it meant ruffling feathers along the way. She wasn't about to let anyone tarnish her reputation.

The instant she stepped out, the group plunged into an uneasy quiet.

Minutes earlier, the three colleagues had been beaming and congratulating Gabriela. Now, they were caught mid-gossip, their faces flushing with embarrassment.

Gabriela strode past them with an air of cool detachment, unhurried as she turned on the faucet and began washing her hands.

Silence hung awkwardly in the room.

Even the trickle of water sounded thunderous, each drop amplifying the tension. No one dared move or speak.

Once she finished, Gabriela dried her hands and turned to face Cali Turner, pinning the prettiest—and by far the loudest, nastiest—gossip of the bunch with a cool, deliberate stare.

With a slow, deliberate motion, Gabriela reached out and tapped Cali lightly on the cheek. “Want to know whose bed I climbed into? The CEO’s. Mr. Moss himself.”

With Wesley already loathing her, she might as well watch them choke on his name.

Cali’s two friends stood frozen, eyes wide in disbelief.

Most people would deny a rumor like that, or at least get flustered. But Gabriela just brazenly owned it—she’d admitted to sleeping with Wesley.

No one in their right mind would joke about something that dangerous. That made it feel undeniably real.

Cali felt a cold jolt from Gabriela's damp palm on her cheek, but she didn't have the nerve to shove her away. Fury and jealousy churned within her, her gaze dripping with malice.

"What makes you think you're so special?" she hissed, her voice trembling. "Mr. Moss would never be interested in someone like you."