

His kiss 60

Chapter 60

Gabriela arched an eyebrow, her mouth twisting into a mocking smile. “Is that so? You honestly believe he’d pick you over me? Wake up, Cali. Mr. Moss noticed me for a reason. Face it—even if you poured a fortune into your face, you still wouldn’t look like this.”

Cali, stung by the taunt, spat back, “So what if you did sleep with Mr. Moss? You’re just another toy to be tossed aside. Women like you exist just for his pleasure—nothing more.”

Gabriela shot her a sideways glance, lips curling into a smirk. “That still puts me ahead of you. At least I have a place—what do you have? Nothing but envy.”

Having endured this kind of confrontation repeatedly, Gabriela met it with unshakable calm. Years of surviving mean girls and worse had toughened her skin into armor; Cali’s words barely registered as an itch.

“I could hand you my place, but you’d still end up at the bottom. That’s just how it is,” Gabriela added, shrugging as if the outcome was inevitable.

Cali’s pride shattered beneath Gabriela’s heel. She’d never been so publicly put down. “You bitch. Not everyone’s as shameless as you...”

Gabriela cut in, her voice razor-sharp, “Funny how it’s always the losers who make the most noise. If you’re scared for people to hear you, then shut your mouth. If you’re so brave, say it out loud and let the entire office hear you.” She swept an icy glare over the other two, her tone dropping to a dangerous

hush. “Let me make this clear—keep running your damn mouths, and you’ll regret ever mentioning my name.”

The whole thing was laughable. Wesley was already about to toss her out; she refused to let anyone else walk all over her on the way. If she was going down, she’d drag a few pests with her—because that was just how she played the game.

With that, Gabriela let go of Cali and strode away, her lips curled in a mock smile.

Cali stood frozen, her complexion drained of color. The other two looked equally rattled.

Just moments ago, Gabriela’s vibe had shifted—she wasn’t the soft-spoken girl they thought they knew. Her presence now was sharp, commanding, impossible to ignore. None of them dared meet her gaze.

And why would they? She’d slept with Wesley, but kept it discreet, never flaunting a thing.

Anyone wise enough never dared challenge someone like her.

After putting the office gossips in their place, Gabriela slipped back into her cubicle, her earlier spark fading fast.

Brenden was family to Wesley, and even he had been exiled to Afluena on a dead-end assignment for crossing Wesley's line. What chance did she have, just an intern, totally dispensable, surviving in the executive office?

She'd entered Apex Group with visions of dominating boardrooms and calling shots, but all that ambition had drained out of her. Now she just felt hollow, running on autopilot as she wrapped up her final tasks and stayed late to finish her handover.

That evening, she joined Aubrey in the cafeteria, swiping her card to treat her friend to dinner—a small gesture for what ought to be her last meal at the company.

Aubrey watched her, genuinely impressed. "You're really something, Gabriela. So calm! When working up there with Mr. Moss, you've got to look out for us."

Gabriela managed a cool smile, her tone flat. "There's nothing to celebrate. The executive office doesn't offer the same freedom as the sales department. Don't envy me just yet."

Aubrey shook her head as she countered, "We're just interns—they don't really send us out for business, so it feels more laid-back for now. But look at the regular employees. They're always running around, still handling clients long after we've clocked out." She lowered her voice, adding, "And apparently, working weekends is the norm. The sales department's cutthroat—if you're new, good luck standing out." A sly grin tugged at her lips. "Honestly, Gabriela, you should be glad you got transferred to the executive office."

Gabriela met her gaze, unfazed. "Hard work, heavy pay—no exceptions. Sales dangles big commissions, but over in the executive office, you only get a fixed paycheck."

One of their coworkers had quietly bought a new house last month, paying for it in cash after closing a couple of major deals.