

His kiss 62

Chapter 62

She had braced herself for this moment. Wesley hadn't brought her to the executive office for a promotion—he wanted to watch her squirm.

Determined not to bend to his will, Gabriela vowed she wouldn't let Wesley walk all over her, no matter what she'd once felt for him.

She was here to fight back, not roll over.

Tessa slid a crisp transfer form across the desk, her tone brisk. "The executive office comes with a heavier workload and unpredictable hours. Be ready to stay late on short notice. Make sure you review the new schedule carefully."

Fingers grazing the paper, Gabriela registered the unrelenting timetable that dwarfed her old sales routine.

But as her gaze landed on the salary section, her breath caught.

The number nearly made her dizzy—twenty-eight thousand.

Gabriela blinked, double-checking the three zeros trailing that figure as if they might vanish if she looked away.

Her salary had more than tripled overnight, surpassing anything she'd made in sales, where commission always dangled on uncertainty.

A surge of adrenaline swept through her at the thought of her swelling bank account, and a quiet determination set in.

With this much on the line, she could stomach any hardship.

Let Wesley scheme and make things difficult; with this kind of paycheck, she felt unshakable, ready to take whatever he threw at her.

Billy soon summoned Gabriela into his office, his gaze flicking over her with unreadable intent.

Brenden had been shipped off to Afluena for some remote well-digging assignment, while Gabriela had just landed in the executive office, tasked with overseeing Wesley's meals and daily routines.

The timing felt suspicious—too coincidental not to set off alarm bells. Maybe they'd both been shuffled around for the very same reason.

An awkward silence stretched between them until Gabriela broke it, her voice steady. "Mr. Clarke, is there anything you need me to handle right now?" Everything here was unfamiliar, every procedure a blank slate. She'd have to build her footing from scratch.

Billy snapped to attention, shifting into work mode. “When Mr. Moss arrives, make sure you have a latte ready for him. No sugar. No ice. Understood?”

“Sure thing,” Gabriela answered, steadying her nerves as she took mental notes.

Billy’s tone turned brisk. “There’s a quick meeting at ten-thirty—don’t let Mr. Moss’s coffee go cold. If you see the steam fading, swap it out for a fresh cup, no matter what’s happening. And order his lunch ahead of time; the meeting may drag on past noon. He’ll only eat from The Gilded Fork. Ask Jerome for their number.” He didn’t miss a beat as he rattled off more instructions. “No spicy dishes, nothing overly sweet, and absolutely no onions or cilantro. He’s picky—stick to his preferences.”

Billy delivered Wesley’s food preferences flawlessly.

A tidal wave of instructions threatened to drown Gabriela, but the promise of a fat paycheck kept her afloat. Determined to prove herself, she nodded so vigorously it nearly became comical.

“After lunch, Mr. Moss will be heading out. Pack a charger, charging cable, an umbrella, and a towel. For specifics, check in with Jerome. Oh, and don’t forget—have a couple of brand-new outfits ready, just in case,” Billy instructed, ticking off each item as if reading from a script. He finished with a brisk, “Clear on everything?”

“Crystal clear,” Gabriela answered, flashing a confident smile. She prided herself on her sharp memory, but a flicker of doubt crept in. “Wait, it’s my very first day, and you want me to accompany Mr. Moss already...” Her voice dropped, uncertain. Was that really all right?

Billy seemed to agree, but with Wesley's orders in place and no permission to accompany them, he had no choice but to step back.

Gabriela, still uncertain about Wesley's true intentions, pulled out her notebook and diligently scribbled down every one of Billy's instructions, her face earnest and focused.

Her attentiveness drew a look of quiet approval from Billy.

Moments later, Wesley strode in, fresh from the elevator—impeccably dressed in a custom black suit.

His commanding presence and sharp profile stole the breath from the room, leaving Gabriela momentarily starstruck.

She quickly replayed Billy's instructions in her mind and hustled to brew a fresh cup of coffee for Wesley.

Returning to the office, she found Wesley immersed in paperwork, his gaze intent and his slender fingers dancing over crisp sheets. The image made her pulse skip, but she forced herself not to linger. She set the steaming mug beside him with practiced care, her tone respectful. "Your coffee, Mr. Moss."

Wesley didn't glance up, still scanning documents. "You saw the new salary. Happy with it?"

She nodded without hesitation. “More than happy.”

That generous salary hooked her, driving her to fulfill every one of Wesley’s demands.

With a low, knowing laugh, Wesley asked, “Tell me—do I still strike you as the ruthless CEO type?”