

His kiss 63

Chapter 63

Gabriela stiffened—the memory of Brenden forwarding her complaint about Wesley flashing through her mind. With quiet remorse, she admitted, “I misjudged you before, Mr. Moss. That was my mistake—I hope you’ll overlook it this once.”

Wesley finally pushed aside the stack of documents and spun his chair to face her, a low, amused chuckle escaping his lips. “No need for apologies. I’m a ruthless businessman, after all.”

The self-deprecating jab caught Gabriela off guard. Without warning, Wesley dropped a heavy stack of paperwork onto her desk. “Memorize it. I’ll be quizzing you tomorrow.”

She grabbed the papers before they slid off the desk, alarmed by the sheer thickness—nearly as thick as her own hand. There was no way she could memorize it all in one night. On top of that, Wesley’s schedule was jam-packed with back-to-back meetings and offsite appointments, and she was expected to shadow him the entire day. There wouldn’t be a single spare minute to study.

Almost as if he’d read her thoughts, Wesley’s tone turned brisk. “You want to know the essence of a ruthless businessman? I get every ounce of value from my people. If you can’t find time during work, put in the extra hours at night.”

Wesley’s attitude toward her felt personal, and indignation prickled beneath Gabriela’s calm exterior. Still, the hefty paycheck made her bite back every retort. Besides, she’d brought this on herself. Lesson learned, she thought bitterly. Wesley’s name would never again dance on the tongue of her gossip.

Keeping her tone bright and unruffled, Gabriela replied, “Of course not, Mr. Moss. You’re nothing like that. I know this is just part of the job.”

Wesley flashed a rare, satisfied smile. “Smart girl. You catch on fast.”

With her pride stung but her bank account in mind, Gabriela powered through the chaotic day, determined to prove herself. Luckily, Wesley kept his distance, preoccupied with his endless meetings and too busy to nitpick.

Later that afternoon, Gabriela trailed after Wesley as he strode out of the building, only to discover he’d lined up a golf match with Mason, the CEO of Alphacom Electronics. Mason glanced over, curiosity clearly piqued by Gabriela’s presence at Wesley’s side.

By the time the match wrapped, the sun was already low in the sky. Wesley’s work, however, showed no signs of slowing; he dove back into paperwork and didn’t come up for air until nearly eight. One by one, the rest of the staff trickled out, until only Wesley remained, hunched over a mountain of documents.

Spotting her chance as Tessa and Billy slipped away, Gabriela quietly gathered her things, hoping to make a discreet exit. She edged up to his desk and cleared her throat. “Um, Mr. Moss...”

Wesley’s voice stayed businesslike, his eyes on the desk. “How much of the material I gave you today did you manage to memorize?”

The question caught Gabriela completely off guard. Was that even reasonable? Had he forgotten she’d been glued to his side since noon, barely able to catch her breath, let alone cram a pile of notes? She’d

already planned it: drag herself home, chase the promise of a hot shower, then pull an all-nighter to memorize everything.

Wesley's loaded question made it clear he fully expected her to stay late and grind through overtime with him. Wasn't that pushing it a little too far? But when Gabriela glanced at his unreadable face and remembered the promise of a generous salary, she pasted on her brightest smile. If she could survive grad school entrance exams, she could survive memorizing a stack of company files.

With a deep breath, Gabriela gathered the files, her mind shifting into study mode. As she read each page, she blinked in surprise. Why was every detail about Wesley—down to his birthday? December 27? That was only a few days ago, right?

Her mind flashed back to the plate of pasta she had made for him earlier that week. So that had been his birthday. No wonder he had looked so frustrated when she had not realized what the day was.