

His kiss 64

Chapter 64

But honestly, how was she supposed to know the boss's birthday in her first week as an intern?

Wesley took offense at the slightest thing.

Gabriela pressed on with her memorization, scanning down the list.

Celery, sprouts, cilantro, garlic—every item landed on his “dislike” list. Anything remotely spicy or pungent was out too: onions, chili, pepper, cumin—none of it could touch his plate.

The more she read, the more familiar it felt. She blurted, “Mr. Moss, your food preferences are almost exactly like Mr. Saunders’.” Both of them were picky eaters.

No sooner had she spoken than she covered her mouth, silently begging for a chance to take it back.

To an outsider, she and Brenden would have barely known each other—how could she possibly know his list of forbidden foods? Letting that slip in front of Wesley was practically an admission.

Still, she could not entirely blame herself. It was only her first day in the executive office, and the nonstop whirlwind had left her frazzled. She had barely survived the workday before getting saddled with another stack of files to memorize, and in her exhaustion, she had not watched her tongue.

As expected, Wesley's expression turned frosty without missing a beat. He leveled a piercing stare at her. "It seems like you know a lot about Brenden. Maybe I should transfer you so you can be by his side?"

Gabriela clamped her lips shut, refusing to let another careless word slip. She genuinely did not want Brenden shipped off to Afluena, but she had even less interest in following him there. If she had not needed him to play the part of her boyfriend, she would have gladly erased him from her life.

Wesley's scowl deepened at the mention of Brenden, irritation radiating off him in waves. "We're done here for today," he snapped, abruptly ending the conversation.

Gabriela swiftly gathered her things, tucking the stack of documents Wesley had assigned her into a tote bag—making a show of it, just to prove diligence right under his nose.

That subtle act seemed to soften the edge of his mood.

Wesley fell into step beside her as they headed for the elevator. He pressed the button for the basement without a word.

Nerves prickled at the back of Gabriela's neck. "Mr. Moss, is it all right if I head out from the lobby instead?" she ventured cautiously.

Night had already fallen, and she worried the bus might leave without her if she was delayed any longer.

Wesley shot her a cool glance. “You really think I’d let a young woman head home by herself at this hour?”

Gabriela couldn’t help thinking that with Wesley’s prickly temperament, he hardly seemed the type to personally see off his employees—yet here he was.

When they reached the parking lot, she slipped wordlessly into the passenger seat, needing no prompting this time.

To mask her discomfort, Gabriela buried herself in the thick stack of documents, pretending to study every page with laser focus.

The file read like an exhaustive dossier on Wesley—from the colors he liked to wear to the exact type of tie, and even detailed steps for making his preferred coffee. She mused that if she ever leaked this to the paparazzi, she could probably demand at least five figures for it.

Catching her not-so-subtle glance, Wesley kept his eyes on the road. “You planning to memorize the materials by staring at me?”

Gabriela jerked her gaze back to the papers, cheeks flushing as she pretended to read.

Honestly, he was outrageous—demanding she commit a massive amount of personal information to memory without letting her catch her breath.

Determined to focus, she buried herself in the document—until her eyes snagged on a section listing Wesley's physical attributes.

Standing six foot two, he had long legs, a trim waist, broad shoulders, and a perfectly sculpted V-shaped torso. He really did have the kind of build agencies dreamed of for runway shows.

Unable to help herself, she sneaked a quick sideways look. His tie had come slightly undone, and two buttons on his shirt were open, exposing the slight movement of his Adam's apple.