

His kiss 75

Chapter 75

“Fine. Since you insist, I’ll play along.” Rhys tossed out a scornful laugh. “But let’s get something straight—she’s absolutely not my type. I don’t waste my time on that kind of trash.”

Phyllis thanked him quickly, her relief barely concealed.

His biting contempt was exactly what she needed. All she wanted was a pompous loudmouth to stir up trouble for Gabriela.

Rhys fit the bill perfectly: arrogant, self-satisfied, and shamelessly theatrical. He’d make sure every juicy detail of Gabriela’s life was dragged into the open, then shrug it off as if he were doing her a favor—claiming he’d still “help” her, even as her reputation crumbled.

Under such circumstances, how could Gabriela possibly keep her footing at the company? Would Wesley still hold her in such high regard?

Meanwhile, Gabriela spent nearly an hour scrubbing the coffee stain from her dress, then tossed her own outfit into the wash.

By morning, everything was spotless. She carefully folded the clothes, stuffed them into a bag, and headed for the office, hoping to slip in quietly and return them to Wesley.

But as soon as she walked through the doors, she felt dozens of eyes tracking her every move. When she reached the executive office, she finally saw the source of all the attention—a stunning arrangement of red roses overflowing on the reception desk.

The receptionist beckoned her over with a mischievous grin. “Well, 100k at you, Gabriela. Flowers before you’ve even clocked in? Someone’s clearly got it bad.” Gabriela eyed the enormous bouquet, her confusion mounting as she tried to make sense of the scene. Before she could gather her thoughts, Wesley strode into the office.

The room filled with a chorus of respectful “Good morning, Mr. Moss.” Gabriela echoed the greeting, her voice faint.

Wesley’s gaze lingered on her, pausing over the roses for a tense, loaded three seconds. Without a word, he turned and disappeared into his office, the heavy air he left behind making his irritation impossible to miss.

Billy hurried after him, then stopped and addressed Gabriela with quiet urgency. “Gabriela, could you come with me for a moment?”

Clutching the extravagant bouquet, Gabriela trailed behind him, her nerves tight and completely at a loss as to what she’d just walked into.

Wesley lounged behind his imposing desk, exuding the air of a judge about to hand down a harsh verdict.

Gabriela's nerves fluttered—she had a sinking feeling that those showy red roses had put him in a foul mood.

"I can explain," she blurted out, rushing the words before she lost her nerve. Wesley barely acknowledged her, his gaze fixed somewhere past her shoulder, a wall of indifference.

For a fleeting moment, Gabriela wondered if his sour mood really had anything to do with her.

She hesitated only a heartbeat before offering the neatly folded clothes, hoping to defuse whatever storm was brewing.

Wesley didn't spare the clothes a second glance. Instead, his steely eyes zeroed in on the bouquet in her arms, lips curving with the ghost of a sneer.

Gabriela tossed the roses onto a side table. "I have no idea who sent these..." Her voice caught as she glimpsed the name scrawled on the card: Rhys Fox.

It buzzed somewhere in her memory, but she couldn't place it.

Wesley's eyes darkened, his patience clearly fraying. "My office doesn't accept returns, especially not after you've worn them."

He was sharper than usual today, his annoyance radiating across the room. Flustered, Gabriela turned to Billy, silently pleading for help.

Instead, Billy just twisted the knife. “You might as well keep them. The amount will be taken out of your paycheck.”

Gabriela ventured softly, “Mr. Clarke, could you tell me how much these cost?”

Billy tossed out a price that dwarfed Gabriela’s monthly salary, leaving her reeling in disbelief.

All at once, it clicked—Fiona wasn’t simply another lovesick nuisance buzzing around Wesley. The two of them were in on it together.

Fiona’s mission was to rattle her nerves, sowing chaos with sharp words and petty sabotage, while Wesley, under the guise of helpfulness, tightened the screws with every new hardship he piled onto her life.

So this was her punishment for crossing Wesley.

Gabriela kept her fury buried deep, knowing she couldn’t risk an outburst around him, but promised herself that if Fiona ever showed her face again, she’d return the favor tenfold.

Elsewhere, Fiona, still plagued by her stubborn cold, let out another harsh, unrefined sneeze.

