

His kiss 76

Chapter 76

A heavy mood lingered in the office, a hush settling over the space like fog. Wesley abruptly looked up, his eyes shadowed with layers of emotion that revealed nothing.

He fixed Gabriela with a penetrating stare. “Are you unhappy with my decision?”

Gabriela responded instantly, shaking her head in denial.

She prided herself on her sense of fairness—she always drew a clear line between right and wrong.

Even though Wesley had cut her pay, she knew the real culprit was Fiona, who had stirred up the trouble in the first place. Gabriela fully intended to make Fiona pay for it.

In her mind, she had already crafted the perfect plan to turn the tables. Next time Fiona tried anything, she’d find out exactly what it felt like to be on the losing side.

Noticing Gabriela’s willingness to admit fault and the way she’d swiftly dealt with the bouquet, Wesley’s sternness eased. “Since this is your first mistake, I’ll let it slide—no salary deduction,” he stated, his voice smooth and controlled.

Gabriela hadn't dared hope for this outcome. Relief and gratitude brightened her face, her eyes shining like jewels as she offered a sincere thanks. Wesley forced himself to look away, maintaining his composure. "Starting today, you're in charge of my lunch."

Cooking was second nature to Gabriela, but she worried about squeezing it into her packed schedule. Still, she nodded, determined.

"You can use the kitchen here," Wesley added, gesturing toward the glass door. Only then did Gabriela recall the private kitchen adjoining his office. She assured him that his meals would always be up to standard.

Watching the scene unfold, Billy stood frozen, too stunned to say a word.

In that moment, he felt certain—Gabriela held a unique place in Wesley's world. He wasted no time lingering, hustling Wesley through the morning's urgent signatures before making a discreet exit.

As the clock struck eleven, a delivery of crisp produce arrived, and Gabriela hurried into the kitchen, her determination palpable.

She poured her energy into preparing a handful of classic comfort dishes, finishing with a steaming pot of borscht, intent on impressing Wesley with every detail.

At twelve-ten, her phone buzzed. Aubrey's cheerful voice crackled through. "Gabriela, I grabbed us a table! When are you heading over? Want me to pick up your lunch?"

Reserving a seat in the company cafeteria had become a silent ritual between them—whoever got there first always saved a spot, an unspoken promise amid the bustle of company life.

Gabriela replied, “Don’t worry about it, I’m not eating in the cafeteria today.”

Aubrey blinked, curiosity bubbling in her voice. “Oh? Got lunch plans with Mr. Moss again?”

With a sly grin, Gabriela explained, “Not quite. I’m doubling as his personal chef now.”

Aubrey’s eyes widened, her excitement impossible to contain. “Wait, you’re seriously cooking for him? Gabriela, that’s huge!”

Who could have guessed that culinary skills might actually pave the way for career advancement?

Aubrey found herself tempted to sharpen her own culinary skills, while Gabriela couldn’t have been more indifferent.

If Gabriela hadn’t felt compelled to repay Wesley for that outrageously pricey outfit, she wouldn’t be juggling two jobs right now.

Meanwhile, Aubrey's loud words drifted over to the three colleagues at the next table—ironically, the same ones who'd trashed Gabriela's name in the restroom days ago. Now, every ounce of color had drained from their faces.

Gabriela, actually cooking for Wesley? She had really caught his eye lately.

Just thinking about their own careless gossip, each of them squirmed with embarrassment, especially Cali, who felt an icy sweat break out as dread snaked down her back.

Nobody could say how long Gabriela's good fortune would last, but for now, her approval from Wesley meant any of them could be out if she just said the word.

Unbeknownst to Gabriela, her new role as Wesley's personal chef had put those three colleagues on edge.

She arranged the lunch spread—a platter of smoky barbecue ribs, tender steamed cod, a hearty pot of borscht, and a colorful sauté of fresh vegetables—making sure everything looked inviting before she called Wesley in to eat. He took his seat, his eyes landing on the borscht. For the first time, a subtle smile touched his lips. “This actually looks normal today.”

Remembering her seasoning mishap from last time, Gabriela flushed, guilt prickling at her cheeks. “I’ve made a note of everything you like, Mr. Moss. You won’t find a single ingredient you dislike from now on.”

Wesley, visibly satisfied, gestured for her to take a seat beside him at the table. Gabriela wavered, her voice barely above a whisper. “I... I really shouldn’t.” Every instinct warned her that sharing a meal with

Wesley was a gamble. His temperament could shift in an instant, and she knew better than to presume too much.