

His kiss 79

Chapter 79

That was the moment it hit him—he had just gone head-to-head with the wrong kind of people.

Billy's gaze turned razor-sharp. "Apex Group isn't your playground. Step foot here again, and I'll make sure you get a beating."

Rhys bobbed his head frantically, his voice trembling. "Y-yes, I was ignorant. I swear, I'll never come near the company again."

He understood that Billy was merely the guard dog. The true master stood a few steps away.

Rhys turned toward Wesley, desperation twisting his face. "Sir, I swear I've learned my lesson. Please, just let me off this time!"

Wesley lifted a hand in a subtle, dismissive wave.

Billy instantly released Rhys and closed the distance to Wesley's side, posture taut, waiting for the next command.

Wesley closed the distance in long, deliberate strides, his shadow swallowing Rhys where he stood.

“Which hand did you use to lay a finger on my people?” His voice was quiet, but it cut through the air like a blade.

Gabriela’s heart, which had only just begun to steady, lurched painfully in her chest.

The protectiveness in his words sent her emotions into a whirlwind.

Rhys shrank back under the weight of Wesley’s gaze, his bravado dissolving. Swallowing hard, he extended his right hand like a schoolboy confessing a crime.

Wesley’s eyes narrowed, cold and unyielding, the look in them making it clear—Rhys was going to deal with this himself, or suffer worse.

Rhys grasped the situation instantly. He raised his right hand and smacked himself across the face, each blow sharp and echoing, spitting out curses at himself between strikes.

Wesley didn’t waste another glance at him. With a cold, unhurried stride, he headed toward the parking lot.

After a few steps, he realized Gabriela wasn’t beside him. He glanced over his shoulder, his expression sharp, his chiseled face as cold as marble.

Startled, Gabriela quickly fell into step, hurrying after him and sliding into the car.

The colleagues who had witnessed it all stood frozen, still trying to process what they had just seen. Wesley wasn't just protecting Gabriela—he was going out of his way for her.

Rhys stood utterly defeated—hundreds squandered on roses, every last shred of dignity ripped away in front of the crowd. The moment Wesley's car disappeared from sight, he yanked out his phone and ordered a ride to the hospital.

The examination was brutal on his pride—a shattered fracture in his wrist, the kind that would take days just to ease the pain, let alone heal.

Rage bubbled up in his chest, and he spat venom through clenched teeth. “You damn bitch, Gabriela! Sure, your boss is backing you now. Let's see how long that luck sticks. Next time, you won't be so fortunate! Damn! How dare you act like an unattainable princess around me while spreading your legs for some old sugar daddy? Who the hell do you think you're fooling?”

Before his tirade could burn out, his phone buzzed with Phyllis's name flashing across the screen. He answered, unleashing another string of curses, his voice sharp with spite.

Phyllis listened, her tone softening into a feigned sigh. “Ever since we were kids, she's been stirring up trouble—and somehow, there's always a guy ready to shield her. Sorry you got caught up in this.”

The apology only seemed to stoke Rhys's fury.

His jaw tightened, and a dark promise formed in his mind—he would make Gabriela pay, and soon.

On the drive back, Wesley remained silent, his profile as unreadable as stone.

Gabriela kept her gaze fixed on the window, her hands folded tightly in her lap, every bump in the road echoing the tension in her chest. Her thoughts looped back to the moment he'd stood up for her.

Still, she forced herself to reason it away—he'd likely done it because the company's reputation was at stake.

Gabriela felt uneasy under his deep, unreadable gaze, worried he might cut her paycheck in half for the earlier commotion.

When the car slowed near her street, she broke the silence, forcing a polite smile. "Thank you for stepping in today, Mr. Moss. I'll work twice as hard to repay your kindness."

Wesley's low laugh was cool and edged, his eyes flickering with a trace of mockery.

"I swear it won't happen again," she added quickly. "I won't bring any more shame to the company."

Her expression made it painfully obvious—she was pleading with him not to cut her salary.

Somehow, the sight only tightened something in his chest. His jaw hardened, and his voice dropped to a curt rumble. "See that you don't."