

His kiss 85

Chapter 85

Just last night, Josh had spent hours weeping into her ear until she finally promised she'd bring a boyfriend home for him. In a moment of weakness, she'd messaged Brenden to ask when he was coming back, yet the chat remained unanswered.

She had resigned herself to the idea that he wouldn't be coming back this year. Yet here was a flicker of possibility. Could Wesley have decided to let him off the hook?

She leaned forward, quick to press. "Who told you that? Any idea exactly when Mr. Saunders will be back?"

Aubrey tilted her head with a smug little grin. "Oh, now you're suddenly all chatty with me? I'll trade you that news for a few juicy details about you and Mr. Moss."

Gabriela let out a dry laugh, rolling her eyes. "Mr. Moss is my boss. My heart practically stops whenever he's in the same room. Is that enough for you?"

Aubrey responded with a smirk. "Mm-hmm. That's not enough."

Gabriela pressed on, her voice edged with impatience. "Just answer me—are you certain Mr. Saunders is really coming back?"

“Aren’t you working right in the executive office? Why not go straight to the source and ask someone who actually knows?” Aubrey prodded.

They carried on, laughing and trading remarks, unaware that just around the corner, Wesley stood in the shadows, his gaze icy and his very presence radiating a sharp, frigid weight.

Next to him, Billy froze, throat tightening, too afraid to even swallow.

Since when had Gabriela grown so familiar with Brenden? And why did she seem to care so much about his return? Was she like all those other women, drawn in by Brenden’s easy charm and striking looks, harboring a secret crush? The more the thought gnawed at him, the tighter unease coiled in Billy’s gut. One glance at Wesley’s stormy expression, and he prayed—desperately—that his suspicions were wrong.

When Gabriela stepped into the office, she halted mid-stride, startled to see Wesley already there.

She instinctively straightened her posture, forcing her voice into a polite calm. “Good morning, Mr. Moss.”

He was in the middle of slipping off his suit jacket. At her voice, his head tilted, eyes narrowing in a cool, detached glance that felt as sharp as ice. She moved forward at once, taking the jacket from him.

Up close, his height felt even more imposing, his tall frame radiating a quiet authority that was impossible to ignore. That single, downward flick of his gaze carried a chill sharp enough to make her spine prickle.

Gabriela's legs felt unsteady, as though the strength had been drained from them.

She secretly wondered who'd crossed him this early in the morning—before the workday had even begun.

Pushing a smile onto her lips, she inquired, "Have you had breakfast yet, Mr. Moss?"

Wesley gave no reply, his expression carved from stone as he settled into the black swivel chair. Still clutching his jacket, Gabriela lingered in place, unsure whether to step forward or retreat.

With his current demeanor, would it even be wise to offer the breakfast she'd prepared? He'd turned it down before without a second glance, and now, with his mood this foul, he might very well toss it into the trash without so much as lifting the lid.

From the corner of his eye, Wesley noticed her standing there, head bowed like a reprimanded schoolgirl. Instead of softening, his annoyance sharpened. She'd sworn she would repay him, yet all she seemed intent on was sniffing around for news about Brenden.

Gabriela studied his expression, searching for the smallest crack in that wall of cool detachment. "Mr. Moss," she ventured softly, "Would you like some coffee this morning?"

Wesley's jaw tightened. Was this just another ploy, a convenient excuse for her to leave his office and dig for more news about Brenden?

The thought alone made his frustration boil over.

Noticing his expression grow colder, Gabriela drew in a slow, steady breath before pulling two elegantly wrapped boxes from her bag.

“I made this for you this morning. Would you like to try it?” she asked, her voice careful yet hopeful.

Even if he discarded it without a second thought, at least he’d know she had risen before dawn to prepare it for him.

Surely, that effort was worth some acknowledgment.

Wesley’s gaze dropped to the boxes at last. “You made this?”

“I did,” Gabriela answered at once, catching the faint shift in his demeanor. “I got up early to make it. Didn’t you mention you prefer lighter meals? The egg—this sandwich is fresh off the pan—soft, not greasy—so you won’t have to worry.” Her eyes shone with quiet anticipation, hoping for a word of praise. To her relief, the heaviness in Wesley’s mood seemed to ease, if only slightly.