

His kiss 86

Chapter 86

Wesley took a sandwich from Gabriela. Its mouthwatering aroma instantly softened his expression.

“Have you eaten?” he asked, his gaze lingering on her.

Gabriela hesitated—first shaking her head, then giving a small nod.

She had prepared enough for both of them, secretly hoping they could share breakfast at the office. But the storm cloud he’d carried in this morning had kept her from daring to suggest it.

“Sit,” Wesley said in a low, even voice, motioning to the chair opposite him. “Eat with me.”

Gabriela faltered, her eyes flicking to Wesley’s face, searching for a hint of sincerity.

Wesley arched a brow. “Did you poison it or something?” Her mouth opened, then closed again.

Was that seriously his first thought? She’d gotten up before dawn to make him breakfast, pouring care into every detail, and instead of a simple thank-you, he accused her of poisoning his food.

Her wounded look surely struck a chord, because Wesley suddenly recalled the chubby orange tabby cat Tessa had brought to the office—a greedy little thing with a stomachache from being overfed, yet always prowling for its next bite.

Tessa had smuggled the cat into the office, intending to sneak it to the vet at lunch for some digestive medicine. But the cat hadn't been the least bit intimidated by the unfamiliar surroundings—it had waddled straight into Wesley's office, brazenly raiding his snacks, only to be caught in the act by Billy. Afterward, Tessa had given it an earful, threatening to put it on a three-meal fast.

In the end, the cat had endured hunger, a scolding, and even a jab from the vet, leaving it sulking in a corner, shivering with wounded pride.

Wesley thought of that disgruntled, chubby cat, then glanced at Gabriela's forlorn expression. The resemblance was so uncanny, it almost made him laugh.

Noticing the odd look on his face, Gabriela tilted her head slightly. "Mr. Moss, aren't you going to eat? Is it not to your liking?"

Wesley's lips curved faintly. "No, I just remembered a chubby little cat."

Gabriela blinked, caught between confusion and offense.

Of all things, he thought of a cat while looking at her—and did he really have to stress the word "chubby"?

Her silent glare only seemed to amuse him more, and whatever shadow had been clouding his mood vanished entirely.

“Come on, sit. Have breakfast with me. That cat never got this kind of treatment,” he said with a hint of teasing.

He recalled how the cat had once tried to sneak into his office for snacks, only to be unceremoniously chased out.

Gabriela finally gave a nod. Right now, nothing in the world mattered more than getting some food in her stomach.

She took a seat and joined Wesley for breakfast.

When she bit into the last muffin, Billy stepped in, ushering the finance director along. Wesley had reminded her not to leave even a crumb to waste.

Billy barely batted an eye at the sight, smoothly reciting the day’s schedule as though finding Gabriela at Wesley’s desk was perfectly routine.

The finance director, however, faltered mid-step, his expression betraying his surprise. His gaze flicked between them while he read off the figures, stealing quick glances at Gabriela as though trying to decipher what he was seeing. When she was done, Gabriela quietly gathered the empty boxes. She disappeared into the kitchen, the faint sound of running water following her.

The finance director's thoughts drifted to the whispers he'd heard lately—rumors he'd half-dismissed. But now, witnessing this scene firsthand, he couldn't help thinking there might be more truth to them than he'd believed. Gabriela, despite being just an intern, truly seemed to hold a special place in Wesley's good graces.

Even though Gabriela had managed to lift Wesley's mood, she still didn't dare bring up Brenden's name. Meanwhile, Rhys—his hand still wrapped in thick bandages—had been resting at home for several days.

One afternoon, however, his boss personally called, instructing him to return to the office.

When Rhys's mother, Haley, heard the news, she frowned in indignation. "Your boss really has no heart. You're injured this badly, and he still drags you back to work?"

Rhys, however, looked rather smug. "I'm the director of the planning department. Some matters can only be handled by me," he said with quiet pride. Convinced the company would fall apart without him, he strode back into work with a spring in his step.

The moment the boss's secretary spotted him, she wasted no time ushering Rhys straight toward the office.

It wasn't until he stepped inside that an uneasy prickle ran down his spine.

His boss sat behind the desk—but he wasn't alone. Beside him stood Nicholas Hart, the supplier who had provided materials for the Eastmeuse Industrial Park project Rhys had managed over a year ago, and Konner Price, the project's chief engineer.