

His kiss 89

Chapter 89

When Gabriela had first stepped into the executive office, he'd teased her with a challenge—memorize an entire stack of documents in just one day. Yet he'd never once quizzed her on the material.

"Got it," Gabriela replied, though her fingers tightened around the folder in her hands. She wanted to ask about Rhys, but Wesley's cool, unreadable gaze kept the question locked in her throat.

By the time noon rolled around, she had already decided she'd cook a spread worthy of a five-star chef, hoping to win his approval—and maybe slip in a few casual questions while his guard was down.

But before she could set her plan in motion, Wesley glanced up and said flatly, "We'll eat out today."

Gabriela instantly began gathering his daily essentials—charger, cables, markers, stapler, two changes of clothes, even a pack of gum—moving with brisk efficiency.

Whenever Wesley had an outside engagement, the preparation felt less like office work and more like stocking an expedition.

Gabriela couldn't help feeling more like a live-in housekeeper than an office secretary, grumbling under her breath that he might as well skip hiring a secretary altogether and just find himself a wife and put her on the payroll.

She zipped the bag shut and turned—only to stop short. Wesley was right behind her, his tall frame casting a shadow over her, the quiet authority in his stance making the air between them hum.

Gabriela stiffened, a silent prayer flashing through her mind that he hadn't caught a single word of her muttered complaint.

Fate, however, wasn't feeling generous.

"All set?" Wesley's voice carried a lazy edge, before his mouth curved into faint amusement. "Instead of complaining, why not recruit me a spouse to do your work?"

The heat rushed from her face to her knees, leaving them perilously weak. She had whispered so softly—how could he have heard every word?

But Wesley didn't linger to savor her embarrassment. He simply strode out, his long frame exuding an air of satisfaction, as if her flustered reaction had set his mood alight.

Still unsettled, Gabriela hurried after him to the parking lot, where the sight of Billy behind the wheel caught her off guard.

"You're coming with us today, Billy?" she asked, brows lifting.

Billy's easy smile reached his eyes as he extended a hand toward her. "That's right. Let me take that."

Gabriela figured she had probably crossed a line earlier, and Wesley had simply decided to leave her behind. She was about to pass the backpack over when Wesley's expression turned abruptly severe, the sharp crease in his brow making her freeze.

Startled, she clutched the backpack tighter to her chest, her fingers tightening around the straps. "I'll carry it. Really—it's no trouble. I'm strong," she blurted, her voice soft but urgent.

Her gaze flicked up to Wesley, searching for any sign of approval, silently pleading to prove she was more than capable—and that her earlier teasing hadn't jeopardized her position.

Wesley's eyes stayed cool, his face unreadable, yet he didn't dismiss her. Seizing the small mercy, Gabriela quickly stepped forward to open the car door for him before slipping in quietly at his side.

Billy, catching the crackle of tension in the air, kept his eyes on the road and his mouth shut, embodying the perfect, tight-lipped driver.

Their ride ended at the Grace Robuchon—an exclusive, members-only sanctuary that welcomed only cardholders and the rare few personally invited by the restaurant itself.

The barrier to entry was sky-high, but for the elite, membership was more than a dining privilege; it was a gleaming badge of status. Its opulence outshone even the famed Gilded Fork, drawing in society's most influential players.

For a man like Wesley, the place would gladly extend complimentary membership, fully aware that his presence alone could lure a wave of eager, deep-pocketed applicants—heirs to fortunes, industry tycoons, even A-list celebrities—each willing to part with millions in annual fees for the bragging rights.

In Okburg, a Grace Robuchon card wasn't just a key to fine dining; it was proof of being among the city's most influential.

Gabriela, who had spent over two decades in the city without once holding one, was now stepping inside for the very first time.

From the instant they crossed the threshold, the doorman greeted them with a practiced, welcoming smile, personally guiding them inside.

Soon, Gabriela was seated in a private dining room reserved just for them, where a striking young waiter laid out appetizers and poured crystalline beverages, the soft strains of a live piano drifting in from the next room.

Shifting the bag higher on her shoulders, Gabriela felt its weight drag her firmly back to reality.

She kept in mind she was just Wesley's tagalong and dared not get ahead of herself.

Yet the instant her gaze landed on Mason, her resolve faltered, and her thoughts veered straight to the one-billion-dollar deal. This was her third encounter with him.