

His kiss 90

Chapter 90

Mason walked over to Wesley, offering an apology for being late. “I got caught up at Century Square—some company was holding an event, and the crowd was so packed it blocked the road. That’s why I’m late.”

Wesley waved it off, but Mason still felt the need to repeat his apologies.

Turning to Gabriela, Mason greeted her warmly. “A pleasure to see you again, Miss Haynes.”

“Please, just call me Gabriela,” she replied quickly.

“All right, then,” Mason nodded.

Despite his age and status as a major client, he carried himself without airs, speaking easily with Wesley.

Wesley, however, kept a polite smile paired with an icy demeanor, just enough to hint at aloofness.

Gabriela worried his cool manner might offend someone as important as Mason and risk losing a multi-million-dollar deal.

With practiced ease, she steered the conversation, drawing smiles from Mason. They'd met twice before—once at a banquet where Mason had been busy with other guests, and once on the golf course, where Gabriela had been attending to Wesley. Neither occasion had allowed much conversation.

Now, seated across the table, Mason discovered her sharp eloquence and refined taste.

As they talked, he learned she was skilled at building architectural models—detailed creations involving design, structure, and every element from foundation to finish—each infused with her own ideas.

Mason, a devoted enthusiast of handcrafted architecture, lit up at the discovery.

Gabriela described her college project—a model of an undersea city, roughly 4 feet long and 2 feet wide. The whole city was submerged in miniature, evoking a distant, ancient world.

“It took me about a hundred days to finish,” she said.

Afterward, a gaming company had approached her to buy it as a game backdrop.

“I'd love to see it,” Mason said with interest.

Gabriela hesitated. “I'm not even sure where it is anymore.”

She guessed the model might be buried somewhere in her room, gathering dust.

“I don’t have any pictures saved on my phone—otherwise, I’d show you the finished product,” she sighed.

“That’s a pity,” Mason said with regret.

Something stirred in Wesley’s mind as he glanced at her.

When she spoke of the undersea city, her voice carried a quiet pride, and her eyes shone with unguarded triumph.

It was the kind of confidence that naturally drew attention.

Billy, too, was surprised.

He’d always known Gabriela to be diligent and well-educated, but he’d never seen this spark before.

Now, he better understood why Wesley was interested in her.

Mason seemed equally taken with her and hoped she might build another one someday.

“When I have time, I will,” Gabriela said. “And I’d be glad to have your thoughts on it.”

Mason laughed. “I’d love to see it.”

Though she spoke modestly, her eyes still carried that confident gleam, enough to curl Wesley’s lips into a faint smile. “I’m looking forward to it too,” he said.