

His kiss 97

Chapter 97

Wesley's directive took Gabriela by surprise.

Phyllis's friends might have been insufferable, but each of their families had enough clout in the city—otherwise, Phyllis would never have kept them in her circle.

Wesley's move was bound to ruffle their feathers.

As Wesley's gaze shifted toward Gabriela, there was a faint shadow of annoyance in his eyes. "What's this? You think I'm pushing them too hard?"

Gabriela immediately shook her head.

She cautioned, "Vivian's brother holds a fair bit of sway. And... there's talk that she has connections with the CEO of the Williams Group."

Most of what Gabriela knew came from Aubrey, who could dig up gossip the way a bloodhound found a scent.

Whether from the entertainment world or the upper echelons of society, Aubrey could sniff out insider news with ease—and she loved spilling it to Gabriela. Thanks to her, Gabriela kept a faint pulse on the quiet intrigues of the elite.

Wesley's expression eased unexpectedly, settling into that cool, imperious calm that suggested such people were hardly a trouble for him. Leaning back in his chair, he closed his eyes, as if the matter had already slipped from his mind.

Taking her cue from his indifference, Gabriela held her tongue, though a private satisfaction curled in her chest at the thought of Phyllis and her friends' humiliation.

After a stretch of silence, a subtle weight pressed against Wesley's shoulder.

His eyes opened to find Gabriela slumped gently against him, fast asleep.

For a moment, he simply stared, pleasantly surprised.

Gabriela had always maintained a careful distance from him, as if intimidated by his presence—yet today, she'd dared to rest her head on him as if it were the most natural thing in the world.

Was she simply exhausted?

In a voice barely above a breath, Wesley murmured, "Drive slower."

“Yes, sir,” Billy answered, though his mind reeled in disbelief.

Gabriela was leaning against Wesley’s shoulder. And instead of pushing her away, he actually seemed to welcome it.

What was usually a brisk half-hour ride became a leisurely hour before they finally pulled up to the office.

When Gabriela stirred awake, the realization hit—she’d been using Wesley’s shoulder as a pillow. Heat rushed to her cheeks as she straightened, blurting an apology while instinctively swiping at the corner of her mouth.

She was relieved to find she hadn’t drooled in her sleep.

Wesley didn’t reprimand her for leaning on his shoulder. He let the corners of his mouth lift in quiet amusement before saying in a pleasant tone, “Come on, let’s go in.”

Still dazed from her nap, Gabriela trailed after him without realizing she was draped in his coat. With a casual air, she stepped right into the company alongside him, even taking his private elevator.

Within thirty minutes, whispers rippled through the building—Gabriela had been spotted wearing Wesley’s coat, igniting speculation and unease. Cali and her two friends were the most rattled.

Gabriela's growing favor with Wesley was starting to look dangerous for them. No one felt the pressure more than Cali, who had been haunted lately by vivid dreams—Gabriela, looking stunning in luxurious outfits, strode into the sales department as Mrs. Moss, before ordering security to march Cali straight out of the company.

Hearing that Gabriela had strolled back into the company wrapped in Wesley's coat only made her more agitated, racking her brain for a way to make amends. Aubrey, on the other hand, was positively gleeful.

She'd long suspected Wesley had a soft spot for Gabriela, and now he'd even draped his coat over her shoulders!

If not for the executive office's restricted access, Aubrey would've marched right in to demand every juicy detail about what it felt like to wear Wesley's coat.

Even if Aubrey succeeded in sneaking into the executive office, Gabriela likely wouldn't be able to say a word.

At the moment, she was thoroughly inebriated.

Drunk people behaved in various ways. Some turned loud and unruly, while others looked perfectly composed, their eyes as clear as if they hadn't touched a drop.

Gabriela fell squarely into the latter group.

At first, Wesley saw nothing wrong with her—until he noticed she was trailing him everywhere like a small, determined shadow.

Whenever his long strides pulled him ahead, her fingers would catch his sleeve, refusing to let him slip away.

“Is there something you need to ask?” Wesley glanced back, only to be met with her wide, luminous eyes, her expression soft and vacant. The sight was unexpectedly endearing.