

His kiss 98

Chapter 98

But then something clicked in his mind, sharpening his gaze. “You’re not drunk, are you?”

Gabriela ignored his question. Instead, her lips curved into a faint, dreamy smile. “You’re truly a good man, Mr. Moss.”

Her skin warmed under a delicate flush, the wine leaving its telltale tint across her cheeks. A smile bloomed—playful and innocent enough to make anyone want to lean in, to tease, to steal a kiss.

Wesley had never been the type to deny his desires.

He cupped her face in his hands, savoring the warmth beneath his fingers. A gentle pinch coaxed her lips into a small pout, her wide, unguarded eyes gazing up at him in a way that stirred something tender within him.

“So, how much have you had?” he sighed.

At the restaurant, she’d downed each glass with the poise of a seasoned drinker.

Now, that steady mask had slipped—her cheeks aglow, her eyes hazy—the alcohol had finally claimed her.

The thought gnawed at him.

If she acted this careless with other men, someone could easily take advantage of her.

With a steady hand, he led her to the sofa, easing her down before taking a seat at her side. “Any idea who you’re talking to right now?”

“Sure I do,” she replied instantly, her voice warm with tipsy cheer. “You’re Mr. Moss—my boss. And, honestly, you’re a remarkably good man.”

Wesley’s lips curved in quiet amusement.

Even drunk, she still knew how to flatter him.

“Can you tell me where we crossed paths for the very first time?” he asked with a faint smirk.

Tilting her head slightly, Gabriela let a pensive silence linger before giving a small nod—then just as quickly, she shook it off.

She was fairly sure their first meeting had been on her interview day, yet some unshakable instinct told her that wasn't the whole truth.

Wesley had no illusions about getting a straight answer from someone with alcohol still clouding their mind.

He steered the conversation elsewhere. "That model of the undersea city—when did you put it together, and who was it meant for?"

Her brow creased as if sifting through a foggy memory, then she let out a faint groan and touched her temple. "My head's pounding. Can we talk about something else?" she said softly, her tone almost childlike, as if pleading for mercy after a scolding.

He made no effort to press her. "The lounge has a bed—go stretch out there. A nap will take care of that headache."

Her expression turned earnest. "Mr. Moss, thank you. You really are incredibly kind."

Instead of heading for the bed, she wandered toward the kitchen and almost lowered herself onto the floor as if it were a bed.

With a quiet sigh, Wesley swept her into his arms and carried her straight to the lounge.

After settling her down, he told Billy to bring something to ease the hangover. When Billy returned, Gabriela was already fast asleep—curled on her side, hands tucked beneath her cheek, the picture of gentle, untroubled innocence.

Wesley lingered by the bed for a moment, cradling the cup of hangover tea in his hand. His gaze softened as he bent to tuck the blanket snugly around her, ensuring no draft could reach her, before slipping out without a sound.

“Mr. Moss,” Billy said, masking his surprise behind a neutral tone. “There’s a short meeting in ten minutes. Aaron and the others have returned. Do you want to begin as scheduled?”

Beyond his core executives, Wesley maintained a private think tank of six—handpicked elites, with Aaron Dean at the helm.

“Have them come in,” Wesley said simply.

“Yes, sir.”

As Billy stepped out, he cast one last glance toward the lounge, curiosity flickering in his eyes.

The door stood firmly closed, and the silence within offered no hint of life inside.

Gabriela stirred, feeling as though she was waking from a dream that had stretched on forever. Her cheek rested against a pillow soft enough to swallow her whole, the blanket around her carrying that crisp, pine-tinged scent that could only belong to Wesley.

For a heartbeat, she lay there in a fog—until the realization hit like a jolt of cold water. Why, of all places, was she in Wesley's bed again?

Heat rushed to her cheeks. She sprang upright, the blanket slipping away, and darted barefoot to the door.

The moment it swung open, she froze—six members of Wesley's think tank were seated there, all turning in perfect unison to stare straight at her.