

His kiss 99

Chapter 99

Gabriela hadn't expected there to be other people in Wesley's office.

Everyone was dressed to perfection in tailored suits, their stern faces carrying the authority of seasoned corporate elites.

But right now, those stern faces were all wearing shocked expressions. Feeling awkward, Gabriela glanced at Wesley in confusion. The think tank members also shifted their attention to him.

Wesley, calm as ever, closed the file before him.

His normally cold expression softened slightly. "Feeling better?" he asked. His voice was nothing like the decisive, commanding tone he'd used moments earlier.

Gabriela couldn't read his expression. She nodded nervously, scrambling for a way to explain why she'd fallen asleep on the job.

Aaron reached for the coffee pot, shooting a quick, puzzled look at Billy. What on earth was going on? They'd only been away for a little over two weeks, yet Wesley seemed different. Billy kept his posture straight, giving Aaron a subtle look that said to stay calm. But Aaron was far from calm.

After working with Wesley for a couple of years, he knew his boss had no interest in women. Not even the most dazzling actresses could earn so much as a sideways look from him.

Yet here was a woman, fresh from his private lounge.

Aaron's eyes dropped, catching sight of Gabriela's bare feet.

She'd clearly been resting inside.

How close was their famously aloof boss to this woman, bringing her to work like this?

Aaron and his team weren't in the office often, so they had no idea Gabriela had recently been reassigned as Wesley's secretary.

Following Aaron's gaze, Gabriela noticed her bare feet too. Embarrassment prickled as her toes curled.

Once again, she'd made trouble for Wesley.

His brow tightened. "Put your shoes on."

The weather was cold. Maybe he should have someone lay down carpet in here. Startled by his sharper tone, Gabriela's shoulders hunched.

She'd slept during work, taken over his lounge bed, and now the company's top staff had seen her like this.

Would Wesley fire her?

Without a word, she spun around and dashed back into the lounge. Her quick, fluid movement carried a natural grace that drew the eye.

Wesley gave her a brief look, then turned to Aaron. "Is she pretty?"

Still reeling from the sight of his unapproachable boss behaving almost tenderly, Aaron blurted, "Absolutely!"

How could he possibly challenge Wesley's taste?

But Wesley's lips pressed into a thin line, his voice suddenly heavy. "You're so distracted by her that you spilled coffee all over my desk?"

Aaron flinched as a scalding splash seared the back of his hand, yanking him out of his daze. Only then did he realize he'd been absentmindedly pouring coffee long past full.

He jumped up, fumbling for tissues, only to knock the cup over completely, drenching the documents.

He scrambled to clean it, making an even bigger mess.

Billy and the others were speechless at Aaron's clumsy behavior.

Only minutes ago, they'd been deep in a tense debate over a critical project, no one willing to back down.

The air seemed to hold its breath, as if waiting for something inevitable to unfold.

Then Gabriela had stepped out of the lounge, and the entire room had lost its focus.

They said nothing, pretending it was business as usual.

Wesley offered no explanation. "Meeting adjourned," he said evenly.

For them, that meant they could leave for the day. The think tank members rose quickly and filed out.

