

## **Hell in his eyes, heaven in his kiss #Chapter 14 - Read Hell in his eyes, heaven in his kiss Chapter 14**

Chapter 14:

She answered, voice pitched in theatrical annoyance. “What? Overtime again? You’re telling me the project’s a disaster and needs revision right now?”

The act was flawless. Hanging up, she flashed Rhys an apologetic look. “Sorry—but I’ve got a work emergency. I need to head back to the office right away.”

Rhys’s brow furrowed, his irritation impossible to hide. “You’re really going to bail for work in the middle of our date?”

Gabriela lifted her hands in mock surrender. “I don’t have a choice. My boss squeezes every drop out of us—nothing but ruthless capitalism these days.”

Rhys refused to be brushed off. His lips curled into a sneer. “If you walk out now, don’t expect to see me again.”

With a sweet, wide-eyed look, Gabriela countered, “Mr. Fox, this project is worth billions. If I nail it, I’ll have enough for a mansion. If it tanks, I’m out of a job. Are you offering to buy me a mansion if things go sideways?”

Her sharp sarcasm cut straight through his ego. Flushed with indignation, Rhys spun on his heel and stalked off, muttering under his breath, “Phyllis had you sized up from the start. All you care about is money.”

Gabriela felt no irritation at all. She finished her coffee with a cheerful flourish, waiting until Rhys had completely disappeared before rising from her seat.

As she made her way toward the exit, a familiar figure caught her eye. There, half-hidden in a shadowy corner, sat Wesley. Even seated, his sharp suit and commanding presence made him impossible to miss. Caught off guard, she called out, “Mr. Moss?”

Wesley glanced up, returning her greeting with a curt nod and an unmistakably sour look.

Gabriela’s gaze flicked to the lovely woman seated across from him, then back to Wesley’s unreadable face. The situation clicked in an instant. Leaning closer, she lowered her voice. “Wait—are you here for a blind date too?”

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She couldn't help but wonder why someone as formidable and accomplished as Wesley would choose such an unremarkable place.

Wesley offered a barely perceptible nod before rising from his seat. "Heading back to the office?" he asked, his tone unreadable.

Gabriela suspected he'd caught her entire exchange from earlier. She mustered a respectful nod. "Yes, Mr. Moss."

Wesley's lips quirked in a faint smirk. "Billy just called. I'll head back with you and sort it out."

Gabriela's mind stalled for a beat. Her supposed work emergency was nothing but a convenient excuse—was he playing along with her charade?

Still, if Wesley wasn't interested in this matchmaking setup, who could force his hand?

Though a whirlwind of questions churned in her mind, she kept her doubts to herself and trailed after Wesley in silence.

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Tip: You can use left, right, A and D keyboard keys to browse between chapters.