

Hell in his eyes, heaven in his kiss #Chapter 15 - Read Hell in his eyes, heaven in his kiss Chapter 15

Chapter 15:

Wesley and Gabriela reached the parking lot. She lagged behind, dragging her feet. He glanced back, catching her reluctance with a knowing smile. "Aren't you the one who insisted on going back to work or risk getting fired?" His tone was light, almost teasing.

Gabriela ducked her head and muttered, "That was just an excuse—I wasn't being serious."

"Oh?" Wesley arched a brow, voice turning flat. "Does that include the part where you said your boss squeezes every drop out of you—nothing but ruthless capitalism?"

Gabriela froze under his cool stare, her heart skipping a beat. She'd only said that to get rid of Rhys, never imagining her own boss would hear every word.

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Wesley's mouth quirked in an unreadable half-smile, waiting. Gabriela straightened her shoulders and rushed to reassure him. "You must've heard wrong, Mr. Moss. I would never say anything like that about you. I'm all in for the company. No one's more loyal than I am. If you need me to run myself ragged, just say the word."

Gabriela kept her eyes glued to the ground for a long moment before finally sneaking a glance at Wesley. She caught the faintest hint of a smirk tugging at his lips.

He replied coolly, "Then come back to the office with me."

After they had settled into the car, Wesley took the wheel. The tension between them was thick enough to choke on. Gabriela barely dared to exhale, nerves twisted tight in her chest.

It was Christmas Eve—she'd dreamed of nothing more than shopping and curling up with some feel-good TV, but now here she was, stuck on duty. At the office, she kept up appearances by tapping away at her computer, then mustered her courage and rapped gently on Wesley's door.

"Mr. Moss, I've finished my work. If there's nothing else, I was hoping I could..."

"Before you go," Wesley said flatly, eyes never leaving his screen, and slid a hefty stack of paperwork across the desk. "I want these sorted."

Gabriela's heart plummeted. The stack looked bottomless—just glancing at it made her dizzy. Two hours, at least. Probably more if she dared to breathe. Without...

Without lifting his gaze, Wesley remarked, "What's the matter? Was all that talk about how loyal you are to the company just for show?"

So he had heard her. And apparently, he was going to hold her to it.

Gabriela quickly swallowed her true feelings. "Absolutely not," she replied, her voice bright and obliging.

Apex Group's high salary and lavish perks kept her tethered. As an intern, she couldn't risk crossing Wesley—not even by a hair.

With a practiced, enthusiastic smile, she accepted the towering stack of documents and inquired, "Usually this kind of thing goes to your assistant, right?"

"He's in the hospital. Something he ate didn't agree with him."

Meanwhile, Billy sat at home, poking half-heartedly at a bowl of instant noodles, his mind churning with anxious thoughts about his own future. Wesley had never let him off the hook, even for major holidays. But now, on just a plain old Christmas Eve, he'd been sent home? The whole thing felt off. Was Wesley disappointed in how he tackled that last project?

Silence gripped Gabriela. She couldn't form a single word. Wesley was the CEO, after all. Whatever he said, she had no choice but to accept.

Suppressing a sigh, Gabriela dutifully started on the mountain of paperwork. But she'd joined the company with dreams of working in sales, not drowning in documents she barely understood.

Wesley glanced up, picking up on her hesitation. His tone softened, surprising her. "You can organize them here. If you run into anything confusing, just let me know."

She straightened, relieved by the offer. "Thank you, Mr. Moss."

The silence in the CEO's office felt almost sacred, broken only by Gabriela's tentative footsteps as she drew near to ask Wesley about the documents. Each time she approached, his clean, understated scent drifted her way.

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