

Hell in his eyes, heaven in his kiss #Chapter 16 - Read Hell in his eyes, heaven in his kiss Chapter 16

Chapter 16:

Alone with him in that hushed, exclusive space, Gabriela's pulse thudded with excitement. He was her ultimate office crush, and being close enough to catch the details of his scent almost made working late seem worth it.

She worked fast and smart, managing to sort the intimidating stack of documents in just ninety minutes.

Stretching her arms overhead, convinced she was finally free, she froze as someone suddenly shouted in the hallway, the sharp sound punctuated by the heavy slam of the main office door.

A chill crept up Gabriela's spine. Instinctively, she bolted to the exit, only to find the door firmly locked. She banged on it and called for help, but the security guard was already drifting away down the hall, oblivious.

As she spun around, Wesley appeared behind her, his tone unruffled. "Our security guard's hearing isn't what it used to be."

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Gabriela blinked, incredulous. "How does a massive company like this end up with a guard who can barely hear?"

Wesley shot her a sharp look. "We don't discriminate here. Everyone deserves a chance, disability or not."

Flustered, Gabriela quickly backtracked. She didn't have a problem with people with disabilities. In fact, she was always the first to stop and guide anyone blind across a crosswalk. She was just caught off guard, that was all.

Realizing the guard couldn't hear her, Gabriela pulled out her phone to call for help, but not a single bar appeared. Such a useless phone—she was already eyeing a replacement as soon as she got paid.

Desperate, she glanced at Wesley, silently pleading for help. He responded with a careless shrug, lifting his own phone. The screen was black, no life in it.

"Battery's dead," he said, not the slightest bit bothered.

She stared at him in disbelief.

He added, “My secretary usually handles small tasks like charging my phone.”

Gabriela could only gape, a mix of frustration and awe rising in her chest. Typical CEO—helpless when it came to anything remotely practical.

Before she could finish silently grumbling, Wesley said, “I’m starving. Whip up something to eat.”

Unbelievable. Overtime wasn’t enough—now he expected her to play chef, too?

She mustered a protest. “Mr. Moss, we’re literally locked in the building.” It wasn’t an exaggeration. The two of them were trapped on the twelfth floor. Was she supposed to conjure dinner out of thin air?

Wesley just gestured toward the far corner. “My office has a lounge. Fridge is fully stocked.”

Curiosity tugged at her as Gabriela stepped inside and spotted a snug kitchen bursting with every ingredient imaginable.

Left with no excuse, Gabriela resigned herself to the task and whipped up a simple pasta.

As she set two steaming bowls on the table, curiosity got the better of her. “So, why keep a whole kitchen’s worth of groceries in your office, Mr. Moss?”

Wesley leaned back, his tone nonchalant. “Sometimes I’m here late, so I keep a few things stocked. Never know when you’ll need them.”

Apparently, he really did treat his office as a second home. Gabriela found herself quietly impressed. So even the legendary Wesley Moss was no stranger to late nights. Raking in millions clearly meant putting in the hours.

Wesley offered for her to stay and have her meal there.

Gabriela shook her head. “No thanks—I usually stream a show while I eat. It just makes dinner more...”

Honestly, nothing beat zoning out to a drama on her phone with a plate of food in hand. There was no way she could get away with that kind of behavior in Wesley’s presence. That would just be crossing a line.

Wesley’s gaze turned stormy. “You’re implying you can’t eat while staring at me?”

Gabriela froze, caught off guard. Honestly, only Wesley could twist her words into something so dramatic.

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