

Hell in his eyes, heaven in his kiss #Chapter 17 - Read Hell in his eyes, heaven in his kiss Chapter 17

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Gabriela remembered just how much Wesley relished a little flattery and wasted no time playing to his ego. “Absolutely not, Mr. Moss. With a face like yours across the table, I’m worried my appetite might spiral out of control. I’m trying to watch my figure, you know.”

Wesley’s expression stayed stoic, but a flicker of amusement threatened to break through his rigid façade.

Under the pressure of his cool, scrutinizing gaze, Gabriela found herself sharing an awkward pasta dinner with him. She couldn’t help digging in—every bite was enthusiastic, the clatter of her fork echoing off the conference table. She ate as if the meal were the highlight of her week, savoring every last bite.

But halfway through, she noticed Wesley had set down his fork and was studying her, eyebrows drawn together.

Startled, she wiped her mouth and quickly checked for any stray sauce before nervously inquiring, “Is something wrong, Mr. Moss?”

Wesley regarded her with dry exasperation. “Watching you eat at that speed, it’s giving me the wrong impression.”

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Gabriela ducked her head. “What impression?”

He didn’t hesitate as he remarked, “Honestly, it feels like I’m shoveling food to a hungry pig.”

Gabriela replayed Wesley’s words, feeling her blood simmer. Did he seriously just call her a pig? The nerve. If only she could turn the tables and fire this arrogant boss for once. But reality bit back—her job was nowhere near that secure.

Reluctantly accepting her fate, she slowed her pace and dragged her fork through the pasta—twirling each strand with the precision of a food critic instead of her usual gusto.

Wesley finally deemed her behavior acceptable and resumed eating, visibly appeased.

Bored by her own exaggerated caution, Gabriela risked a sideways glance at Wesley. He wasn’t just handsome—he had a natural grace, every movement refined.

Even the way he handled a fork was oddly mesmerizing. How was anyone supposed to compete with that? Honestly, he was the definition of a dreamboat.

Once the meal was over, they handled the dishes together in awkward silence, the unspoken question of their sleeping arrangement hanging heavy between them. Wesley's office featured a sleek lounge complete with a king-sized bed, as if it belonged in a luxury hotel. He gestured toward it, inviting her to take the bed for the night.

Gabriela understood the unspoken rules of corporate survival all too well. If she dared let Wesley sleep on the sofa while she took the bed, she could kiss her job goodbye. Steeling herself, she opted for the sofa without hesitation, and Wesley didn't press the issue.

Yet when morning arrived, Gabriela woke in a daze—nestled beneath the covers of Wesley's bed. For a split second, she wondered if she was still dreaming. The memory of climbing into bed never surfaced. But there was no way the famously reserved Wesley would carry her—a mere employee—all the way over here. Had she sleepwalked in the night?

Flushed with panic, Gabriela scrambled out of bed and rushed to find Wesley and clear up the confusion. She found him already impeccably dressed, seated at his desk, reading over documents as if nothing unusual had happened at all. Overnight, the easygoing guy who'd shared dinner with her had vanished, replaced by the formidable CEO whom everyone admired but dared not cross.

Gabriela was still scrambling for a plausible excuse when Wesley shot her a cool look. "Why are you just standing there? Pull yourself together—Billy will be here any minute."

His words jolted her out of her thoughts. She was only an intern, and if anyone caught wind that she'd spent the night with the CEO—even under innocent circumstances—it would spark all kinds of rumors. That kind of gossip could do real damage, both to her and the company's reputation. Wesley had covered every single detail without missing a beat.

Since he didn't seem bothered, there was no point in trying to defend herself. She gathered her things and offered a quick farewell, making a swift exit just as Billy bounded out of the elevator, his energy a sharp contrast to her nerves. Billy paused mid-step, clearly caught off guard to find Gabriela there so early in the...

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