

Hell in his eyes, heaven in his kiss #Chapter 2 - Read Hell in his eyes, heaven in his kiss Chapter 2

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So that was all it was. Her secret was still safe, for now.

As Aubrey rambled on, Gabriela's nerves began to settle, and she followed her into the bustling hotel buffet.

Wesley Moss—the company's enigmatic CEO—had only crossed paths with Gabriela once, back during her interview. Still, he was impossible to forget. He was dangerously handsome, the kind of man who could own a room without saying a word. Wesley had built the entire company from nothing, transforming it into an industry heavyweight in just seven years.

Back at her interview, he had barely cracked a smile, keeping his expression all business, but Gabriela had been instantly hooked. Quietly, she had dubbed him her unattainable crush.

Now, there he was by the window, posture perfectly upright, exuding an effortless poise and silent authority that made him impossible to overlook—like the sunlight itself had picked him out of the crowd. He looked so polished and self-assured that Gabriela found herself utterly entranced.

Most of the women in the room were angling for a seat near Wesley, their heads together in a swirl of murmured speculation and shy glances. “Mr. Moss is unbelievably good-looking!”

“I just realized—he's got a hickey on his neck! I wonder which girl scored that last night?”

The word “hickey” drifted over from the next table, making Gabriela instinctively yank her collar higher. The thrill of seeing Wesley instantly fizzled as memories of her own recklessness from last night hit her.

Meanwhile, Aubrey practically vibrated with the urge to dig out the story behind the hickey, but Gabriela barely had the energy to acknowledge her.

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Just then, Brenden strode in with his usual swagger and claimed the seat directly across from Wesley.

“So, did you get a good night's sleep?” he asked, a smirk curling his lips.

Wesley took his time with breakfast, the corners of his mouth twitching with barely concealed amusement. Though his gaze swept the room, it paused—just for a heartbeat—on Gabriela, his eyes dancing with quiet mischief.

“Not bad,” he replied, a cocky grin spreading across his face.

Gabriela instantly felt the weight of his once-over. Embarrassed, she hunched over her plate and shielded her face with her hand, desperate to blend into the crowd and disappear.

Brenden grumbled, dropping his voice to a dramatic whisper, “You snatched my room! I bet you slept like a king while I wandered the halls last night hunting for a place to crash. Have a little sympathy, will you?”

With the entire Apex Group holed up at the hotel, every room had been snapped up. Wesley’s last-minute appearance at the retreat meant that, as a mere department manager, Brenden had no choice but to surrender the best suite.

“I’ll make sure you get a raise later,” Wesley said lazily.

Brenden’s mood flipped instantly, a cheerful expression brightening his features.

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