

Hell in his eyes, heaven in his kiss #Chapter 4 - Read Hell in his eyes, heaven in his kiss Chapter 4

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Gabriela's expression didn't budge as she answered, "Like a naughty child caught in the act."

Blinked in confusion, Aubrey pressed, "Why?"

Gabriela let out a theatrical sigh. "Because I wouldn't dare move an inch!"

A look of pure sympathy washed over Aubrey's face. Without another word, she suddenly hurried off, casting Gabriela a glance so mournful it was almost comical—like she'd just seen something terrifying.

Gabriela frowned, tempted to call after her, but something on her phone caught her attention—a new friend request on WhatsApp from a bizarre jumble of letters. Figuring it was just spam, she declined it without a second thought. Almost instantly, the same friend request reappeared. This time, there was a message attached: "You left something behind."

Gabriela racked her brain, trying to remember if she'd actually forgotten anything. As far as she could tell, nothing of hers was missing.

She nearly brushed off the message, but then a jolt of panic shot through her. What if she had forgotten something in Brenden's hotel room last night?

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Her stomach dropped. That would be a disaster. Was this friend request actually from Brenden?

With her nerves on edge, she hit "accept" and typed, "What do you want?"

Almost ten minutes dragged by before a reply finally popped up: "Teaching you, naughty girl, a good lesson."

Gabriela's heart skipped a beat. Had Brenden heard her venting about Wesley earlier? That would explain why Aubrey had made such a hasty getaway.

But what truly unsettled her was this odd tone—the person on WhatsApp felt less like Brenden and far more like Wesley himself.

That couldn't be right, could it?

Gabriela raked her fingers through her hair, half laughing at her own paranoia. Clearly, she was just being ridiculous. Without overthinking, she hurriedly typed out a message: "About last night—it was all just a mistake, Mr. Saunders. Let's put it behind us, all right?"

The moment she sent it, dread washed over her. That sounded way too blunt. Panic-flushed, she yanked the message back and tried again: "When would be a good time for me to come by and collect my things?"

Meanwhile, in the CEO's sleek office, Wesley sat behind his imposing desk, jaw tightened as he read Gabriela's text. Each keystroke came down cold and deliberate. "You actually thought I'm Brenden?"

Gabriela could practically hear the tension crackling in the silence, picturing him grinding his teeth on the other end of the line. Her stomach twisted into knots as she responded, "Aren't you?"

The screen stayed stubbornly blank. Nothing came back.

Was Brenden just messing with her this whole time, and now that she'd caught on, he was pissed off?

That was funny. If anyone had the right to be pissed off, it was definitely her. These situations always ended up with the woman taking the fall, every single time.

If she had even an ounce of true courage, she'd be striking back, going after Brenden with no mercy. Losing her job? So what?

But deep down, she wasn't really that fearless.

Gabriela forced herself to swallow her pride and asked quietly, "Mr. Saunders, when would you have time? I need to collect my things."

His reply was frosty and abrupt. "Just wait."

The blunt dismissal left Gabriela at a total loss.

Wait? But for how long?

With the team-building event over, everyone had left for the day. The shuttle had already dropped them at the office, and her colleagues had all vanished. Even Aubrey was nowhere to be seen. Gabriela found herself alone in the echoing lobby, the empty space making her anxiety swell.

How long was she supposed to stand here, waiting for a man who clearly had no intention of making things easy for her?

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