

Hell in his eyes, heaven in his kiss #Chapter 5 - Read Hell in his eyes, heaven in his kiss Chapter 5

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Night closed in, painting the city in deep shadows.

Gabriela sat hunched over her phone, the screen casting a pale glow across her tense features. Brenden hadn't sent a single update about collecting her things, nor bothered to answer any of her frantic texts.

A cold dread seeped into her bones. What exactly was he waiting for? Did he want to corner her just to sleep with her again?

After last night's tangled, reckless affair, wasn't he satisfied?

She longed to walk away, but anxiety nagged at her.

Apex Group was influential, and she considered herself lucky to have been accepted as an intern. Angering Brenden, her boss, now would be as good as throwing her own future away.

Gabriela sat alone, nerves raw, endlessly cycling through half-remembered fragments of the company's protocol in her head.

She tried every trick she knew to steady herself, even willing her own heartbeat to slow.

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In the end, reality won out. After all, her entire future at Apex Group hung by a thread that Brenden held.

Worse yet, she was the one who had stumbled into his arms last night—drunk and reckless. Even if she wanted to report him, who would take her side?

By the time the wall clock ticked past nine, Gabriela had sunk into numb resignation. At last, sharp footsteps echoed down the polished floor—leather soles striking the silence like a warning.

"Well, what do we have here? Who's still hanging around at this hour?" Brenden's breezy voice sliced through the lobby, cool and unhurried, making Gabriela stiffen. She sprang to her feet, forcing composure into her voice. "Mr. Saunders, you are finally here."

Arching an eyebrow, he asked, "You were actually waiting for me?"

As if he didn't already know.

Gabriela swallowed her irritation, searching for a civil response, but Brenden cut her off, his tone suddenly sharp. "And what were you mumbling about just..."

He'd noticed Gabriela from day one, mostly because of her striking looks. She always appeared so sweet and delicate—every bit the gentle beauty—but in reality, she was icy and kept her distance, completely unfazed by his usual brand of charm.

Why hadn't she just gone straight home after the retreat? What was she still doing at the office?

"I was reciting the company's protocol," Gabriela snapped, clenching her jaw before immediately wishing she could take it back.

Though Brenden typically treated his employees well, what if she'd just managed to get on his bad side?

While she scrambled for a way to fix things, a low laugh drifted in from the hallway. Gabriela turned and found herself face-to-face with Wesley, tall and impossibly composed, watching the whole scene unfold.

He filled the hallway, his sculpted features casting sharp shadows beneath the overhead lights—a living, breathing work of art. No amount of cocky smirking could dim that allure; a face like his was magnetic in any mood.

Gabriela's pulse stuttered. Just standing there, Wesley somehow raised the bar for every man she'd ever laid eyes on.

Brenden let out a snort, clearly amused by how completely Gabriela was captivated by Wesley.

He had to give credit to his cousin Wesley for his unmatched charm. Even Gabriela—the company's most aloof beauty—couldn't keep it together around him.

The sharp sound snapped Gabriela back to earth. That was Wesley, the man who signed her paychecks—her forbidden obsession. And there she was, shamelessly gawking at him like a lovesick teenager. Did she have a death wish?

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