

Hell in his eyes, heaven in his kiss #Chapter 6 - Read Hell in his eyes, heaven in his kiss Chapter 6

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Gabriela forced herself to concentrate—getting her things from Brenden had to come first.

She snapped her attention back to Brenden. “Mr. Saunders, about last night—”

Before she could get another word out, Wesley’s voice sliced through the tension. “Brenden, go get the car.”

Wesley always had his own driver, but Brenden clearly knew better than to argue. He shot Wesley a stiff nod and slipped away without a single complaint. Now Gabriela was stranded in the echoing lobby with Wesley, nerves thrumming so loud she could barely breathe. What was she supposed to do now?

Wesley’s face was unreadable, but his cool stare made her wonder if he’d picked up on something between her and Brenden.

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Outside, Brenden pulled the car around just as his phone buzzed. When he saw it was his girlfriend calling, he shot Wesley a cheerful goodbye and sped off, eager for his own evening.

Wesley paid Brenden no attention. He slid into the car, shutting the door with finality.

For a split second, Gabriela finally exhaled, relief flooding through her. Maybe now she could escape.

Wesley’s presence was so intense, she barely dared to breathe.

But before she could even move, Wesley’s window slid down. His eyes, dark and appraising, landed on her. “How are you getting home?”

Trying to sound casual, Gabriela replied, “Oh, I’ll just catch the bus, Mr. Moss.”

A sharp frown creased Wesley’s features. “Get in.”

Panic sparked in her chest. The idea of letting the CEO drive her anywhere was unthinkable. She quickly shook her head, hands raised in protest. “No, it’s really fine. I can take the bus, honestly.”

Wesley fixed her with a look so unreadable it sent an involuntary shiver crawling up Gabriela's spine. She barely breathed as she eased open the car door, moving straight for the back seat—distance was safety, and right now, she needed every inch she could get.

Before she could settle in, Wesley's voice cut through the quiet, cool and razor-sharp. "Do I look like I run a taxi service or something?"

Though his tone was polite enough on the surface, the bite underneath made her heart lurch. Flustered, Gabriela quickly abandoned the back seat and slipped into the front beside him, fastening her seatbelt with shaky hands. She kept utterly silent the entire ride. Wesley's face stayed icy, his jaw clenched tight and his mouth set in a severe line.

Gabriela clutched her bag so hard her knuckles turned pale; her fingers trembled uncontrollably.

After several interactions with Wesley today, Gabriela realized he was just plain difficult, his moods shifting like storm clouds.

She made up her mind right then: from now on, she'd keep her distance. When they hit a red light, Wesley looked like he might say something, but after a moment's hesitation, he just stared straight ahead in silence.

Even after she climbed out of the car, that look of cold disdain still lingered on his face.

Gabriela's chest tightened with frustration and a sting of injustice. She hadn't done anything wrong. She'd never asked him for a ride, so why did he have to act so annoyed?

But the gloom was short-lived. Her irritation flared—because just then, she spotted her ex, Dustin Owen, standing at the entrance.

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