

Read Novel A Night With Gideon Chapter 4 By Pariahrei

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Chapter 4

Gideon was talking to a middle-aged man. Gone is his long beard that gave the man a stronger appeal. The hair is still in a bun.

The face is still serious as well as the posture is masculine as if it shows that he is arrogant to everyone.

“Students, this way!” he heard someone’s announcement causing him to take his eyes off the man. Also her female classmates who were still giggling as they walked out of the main entrance of the building.

“We will divide you into two groups. One of the groups will be interviewed by the CEO himself and the rest will be interviewed by me—the head HR,” said the woman in front of them. The girl is prim and proper. She looks like a strict professor of the university. That type of old lady professor who will make you fail in her subject.

“I’m Ms. Hillary. Group yourselves now, Students. I don’t care if you don’t block each other.” It was followed by applause.

“Let’s group together, Ate,” Quincy said with a smile to her as he took his place next to her again after going to the group of female classmates to chat while they were riding the elevator. “Let’s go there to be interviewed by the CEO.”

“Doesn’t it seem more difficult?”

“That’s it, it must be challenging to impress.”

He frowned at it. He slightly raised an eyebrow because he knew the kind of twinkle in his eye.

“Well, sister. Our female classmates said that the CEO in the lobby looks like a Greek God. He’s so handsome, my liver and balls were also shaken,” he said and almost caressed her arm as her feet stomped.

His mouth fell open and his eyes widened because of what Quincy said.

“That guy we’re looking at in the lobby? He’s the CEO?”

He sneered at her and poked her in the side. “Oh, right? You looked too. He’s handsome, isn’t he?”

“He?” He was still angry because he didn’t answer his question. He already had an idea but he wanted to be sure.

“Yes Sister. So let’s go to the CEO for an interview. I want to see the angel come down from heaven again.”

He grabbed the arm he was holding. “N-No. I’ll just be there as the head of HR.”

He couldn’t understand himself why he was suddenly afraid of the thought of facing the man who bought him.

“Huh?! Why there, don’t be there.” Quincy came closer to him. “Look at that head of HR. Looks rude. He looks like the professor who gives grades a five,” he softly whispered in her ear.

He laughed softly and jokingly elbowed her. “Hear that. You auto-fail.”

Quincy laughed. “That’s why. If you fail in the interview, well, you’ll be there to taste the fall of the sky.”

He was about to answer but he closed his mouth when Ms. Hillary. And only then did they notice that their colleagues were silently looking at them.

“If the two of you still want to gossip, the door is open. You can leave freely,” said Ms. Hillary raised an eyebrow.

He bowed and closed his eyes. It’s just the first day.

“I’m sorry,” he apologized shyly.

“Well, you should be. You, what’s your name?” baling nito kay Quincy Mae.

“Q-Quincy.”

“And you wish to be interviewed by the CEO, right?”

His friend smiled widely. “Yes ma’am.”

“Then you will be interviewed by me.”

“B-But,” it protested.

“No buts. Kung may reklamo ka, I can directly give you fail remark at this very moment!”

“I’m the only one with you, Ma’am,” he interjected.

But instead of obeying, he shook his head and looked at her over his glasses. "No, you are going to be interviewed by the CEO."

They didn't do anything because he turned around and led the students towards the HR department. He and Quincy Mae looked at each other and he winced.

After a while, he stepped to the stand and folded his arms. "Bad trip Ms. That's Hillary. I think it's menopause, hmp!"

"That's still young. I think it's only a few years old," he said.

It stomped and growled again. "Ah, that's enough. She is menopausal."

He gasped as he followed the group with heavy legs.

Minutes later, she found herself sitting in one of the benches outside the chief executive office. He knew that it was cold around him at that time. But he couldn't figure out why his hands and feet were literally shaking at that time. Is it because of the air conditioner or the nervousness?

He secretly wished that she wouldn't see him. It's been four years and he's sure that meeting them again will be awkward if he even looks at her. And he is also sure that he failed in this interview.

"Ms. Lyzza Pacamara?" he heard the voice of the CEO's male secretary.

He wanted to raise his hand but he couldn't. His chest was pounding nervously.

"Ms. Lyzza Pacamara? Is she here?" the secretary repeated the reason for his companions to take shelter with him.

He swallowed hard and almost needed the help of his left hand to raise his right hand.

"I-I..." he said.

The secretary of the CEO eyed her from head to toe and back to her face. Then she smiled at him and opened the door to Gideon's office.

"You are next. Sir Gideon Vesarius is waiting for you," it mentioned the man's full name. The sound of that name used to be different to him.

Gideon sounds powerful. Added the surname Vesarius, the owner of Vesarius Airlines.

He wants to get smaller.

"T-Thank you," he said and entered the door that he opened.

“Goodluck!” the secretary said as she went outside.

He felt like his heart was about to burst out of his ribcage because of the force of its beating. Getting rid of nervousness.

He bowed his head and walked towards the center of the office, in front of the chief executive officer’s large office table. Even though he didn’t look up, out of the corner of his eyes, he could see a large human figure sitting on the swivel chair behind the table.

He just played with his fingers while still bent down when he heard his companion’s taste inside that room.

“Introduce yourself, please,” said a familiar voice. Familiar with his hearing, brain—with his whole system. Deep, dangerous and sexy. The former is male.

He swallowed again. If he only counted how many swallows he had that day, he might be missing fingers on one hand.

He played with his fingers for a few moments before he took a deep breath. He raised his head and looked at her.

“M-My name is Lyzza Pacamara, Sir,” she stuttered as she met those dangerous deep brown eyes.

Now that he saw it up close again after four years, he realized that something had changed.

Gone is his long beard that used to make people mistake him for a beggar because of that. It still has stubbles on the cheeks and jaw that add more appeal to it. His hair is still in a man bun. He was still the ruggedly handsome she met four years ago. But now, he was in suit and tie inside his wide and luxurious office.

“Lyzza,” her name escaped his lips and he couldn’t help but giggle a little at the way she said his name. It was like, he was tasting her name in his sinful and sexy mouth.

She saw him take a glimpse on her resume that was on his table. It lasted a few seconds before looking back at him.

‘Please don’t let him remember me,’ he prayed silently. He wanted to get into this company for his son—their son that he didn’t know about and that wasn’t going to happen if he lost focus because he was facing this man.

But it seems that fate is not on his side because Gideon stares at him more. Then he rested his elbows on the glass cover of his desk and folded it.

“So, your name is Lyzza, huh.” Gideon Vesarius smirks like he was mocking her. “I thought its Rona.”

“I don’t know what you are saying, Sir,” he lied and raised his forehead to show that he was not lying.

She chose to lie. Maybe he didn’t know her or maybe he didn’t know what happened between them that night.

Gideon forehead creased. His thick and black eyebrows almost touched because of what he said.

He almost recoiled when he stood up from sitting in his swivel chair. Fortunately, he pinched himself not to do that. If she did that, it would be obvious that she is lazy and lying.

He walks towards her and doesn’t look away. He watched as she approached him and met his eyes. He was just being brave in front of her but the truth was that his knees almost gave out because of nervousness and self-embarrassment.

Gideon stops in front of her. And just like before, he almost shrunk in front of it. He was literally towering over her. This is a very tall and big man. She has no idea how she managed it that night.

“You don’t know me. Is that what you are trying to imply, Ms. Pacammara?” he asked calmly but with a hint of annoyance.

“Well,” he began and spun another lie. “I know you because my classmates mention you.”

“Po? I am too old for you to put ‘po’ in your words, Ms. Pacamara?”

He licked his lips before answering again. “You are the CEO of the Vesarius Airlines, Sir and you are older than me so, as a respect I am using that word. Yes.”

“I am just thirty-three, d*mn it!” it snorts. He didn’t know if he was being accused because he looked in another direction. But since there were only the two of them there, it was probably him who was accused of it.

“Still older than me,” he answered.

She saw how his jaw clenched as he looked at her again. “And you said that you don’t know me.” Ulit nito, makulit din.

“Yes, Sir.”

“Playing, huh?!” he nodded as if he already knew what he was doing. And that makes her more nervous.

“I’m not playing—”

“Four years ago. In the auction...at the hotel,” he cut her off.

She grabbed the hem of her well-worn pencil skirt. “I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

Why does it need to be reminded?

“Mukhang kailangan kong ipaalala sa ‘yo,” he said in a deep and husky voice. With that, he grabbed her waist and pulled her against his hard and muscled chest.

He touched her cheek and before she could react, his lips were on hers. Volts of electricity flowed through his entire system because of that kiss. A kiss that warmed his entire being.

Her eyes widened and the only thing she could do at that time was tighten her grip on the hem of her skirt.

His lips moved. Giving her hot kisses, French kissing her. Trying to get a response from her. But because he was too shocked by what he did, he couldn’t move where he stood.

Then, his pace changed. His kiss became more intense. He was frustrated and it almost ate his lips. When he lightly bites her lower lip, only then does she come to her senses.

He pushed her hard in the chest. He wanted to slap her, but he couldn’t. He couldn’t bring himself to be angry about it. Because whether he admits it to himself or not, that kiss made him weak in the knees. She wants to grab his shirt and cling to his neck and kiss him back just like what she did that night.

Gideon grins at her and puts his thumb on his lips. It licked its own lips and caressed it.

“Now, you can’t deny. I know it’s you. The same addicting strawberry perfume and same taste of lips that I ravished,” wika nito.

He felt the corners of his eyes heat up. Ravished? Does he think of her as a p****k?

He opened his mouth and forced himself not to cry. “It was me,” he admitted. He was thankful that his voice did not crack. “Can we now proceed to my interview, Sir.”

He chose to tone his tone with seriousness. He didn’t look at her face anymore but his eyes stayed on her chest.

He thought that he would never speak again because he was silent for a while. But she heard his voice after a while.

“You can go. You’re done.”

A single tear fell down his cheek. She bowed in respect and so that he wouldn’t see that she was crying.

With a heavy chest, he turned his back on her and left the office. She felt so low. He already knew that he would not be accepted at that airport. Gideon made him feel that someone like him who sold his body was not worth his time.

Didn’t he even interview him?

How heartless!