

I Kissed A CEO And He Liked It

Chapter 5: Hire Her!

Days passed again, yet Kyle Wright denied having gone through Gabrielle Taylor's file.

While he said nothing about being interested in Gabrielle, he wound up scheduling a visit at Braeton

University, at the same time when Gabrielle had three classes in the morning.

Kyle was a computer engineer and had taken both his college degree and master's degree at the same

school. So he only had an audience in the same field.

In respect of his professor, one that he looked up to, Kyle agreed to give a career talk at the school's

auditorium, also enticing college students to apply for the Wright

Diamond Corporation, whereas, since

Kyle pursued computer studies, his father, Ethan Wright had invested in computer program

development.

The career talk, featuring Kyle Wright, ended after just an hour. Shortly

then after, Kyle, together with

his assistant, left, with the intention to return to the company soon, or so... Mark Esperanza thought.

Making it out in the auditorium, Mark had always wondered why they did not park the car straight in

front of the venue. Kyle Wright was an honorable guest and a CEO of the biggest corporation in the city.

Mark thought, surely, the man would have been allowed to bring in the car wherever he wanted.

The two curved up, making the long walk along the corridors of the university, with many eyes ogling at

Kyle. Yet despite the attention he was getting, he gave no reaction, as if he saw no one at all.

Not a moment too soon, however, Mark realized how they were headed the wrong way.

He frowned as he asked while pointing in another direction, "Ah, Mr.

Wright? I think the way to the gate is that way."

Mark remained to point to the course of the campus' exit while turning his back to his boss, only to find himself standing alone in seconds!

He frowned, realizing how Kyle had left him behind, walking ahead in a direction he knew not where.

"Mr. Wright? Mr. Wright? Where are we going?" Mark called for him again while hurriedly catching up with Kyle.

"Stop asking questions! I know a shortcut. Hurry up," Kyle answered without turning to his assistant. He simply walked briskly against the watchful eyes of the students and some teachers.

At some point, Mark believed his boss, but soon he saw how they were entering another section of the building, which was further away from the exit. Mark cleared his throat to ask, "Mr. Wright. Did we just enter the liberal arts department?"

After his probing, Kyle Wright immediately halted his steps. He turned to his assistant with a hint of annoyance and said, "Have you studied here, Mark? Or should I remind you how I spent six years at this school. I'm telling you, we are headed to a shortcut!"

Kyle's eyes further narrowed before he resumed, "I know exactly where I am going."

He turned around again, marching in his desired path.

Just when Mark had given up, asking his boss about where they were going, Kyle suddenly stopped.

Checking him out, Mark noticed how his boss, who was a meter away, seemingly hiding from one column to inspect a student that was sitting on one bench, reading a book.

Standing in awe, Kyle Wright finally saw what he came here for.

He found the young Gabrielle Taylor, engrossed with reading a book in one of the hallways and sucking on a big red lollipop just twenty feet from where he stood.

Kyle noticed how she had no make-up on that day, but despite her simplicity, he had to admit; she had an adorable face that easily caught his attention.

Gabrielle had her long and silky caramel hair down her shoulders, and she sometimes raked her fingers

through them as she shifted from one page to another. All at the same time, she was heartily eating her candy.

It was like how it was when Kyle saw her coming towards him a few days back.

His vision seemed to have zoomed in on her, especially on her luscious red lips!

Kyle's eyes became hooded, just watching how her lips were wrapped around the red lollipop. Secretly, a big part of him wanted to savor her lips.

As he observed, everything seemed to have played in slow motion. Feeling his throat dry up, he ended up swallowing air down his throat. His heart raced! Except for the beating of his heart, silence engulfed him. Kyle could not help but massage his chest.

Just when he has had enough strange manifestations upon the sight of one Gabrielle Taylor, he found himself getting hard once more!

Sadly, however, before he could relish more of that spurring sensation, Gabrielle left.

After checking her watch, she packed her belongings and hurriedly got up, turning to the first stairs, heading to the second floor.

From Kyle's view, she was gone, and it left him with an agonizing swell beneath his pants!

He hissed, first looking down at his groin area. He then turned to face the concrete, not wanting anyone to find him in a deviant state.

Just as he looked up to find his assistant, Mark Esperanza was staring at him, clearly, yet silently giving him that 'So this was the shortcut? Yeah, right' look.

Kyle realized how he had been found out. Still, he chose to ignore the ingenious expression of his assistant and ordered him, "Hire her!"

"What, Mr. Wright?" Mark asked with a bemused expression.

"I said, hire her!" Kyle pointed a finger at him and reminded, "Weren't you the one who suggested that we hire her to manage my penthouse?"

He put both his hands on his waist and resumed, "Are you suddenly having amnesia now, Mark? You

placed her file on my desk, suggesting to hire her! Now... do it! Why did we even come here in the first place? Make it happen before the week ends!"

Mark, "???"

"Yes, sir! Right away!"

A day passed.

Gabrielle received a notice of eviction for her apartment and she was in distraught.

From inside her living room, she frantically called her friends, hoping to get a loan so she could pay up her rent.

Just as she was doing this, she heard the doorbell rang.

It was her neighbor, an old lady whom she had become friends with over the years. The lady handed her a flyer and said, "I know that you have been looking for a job and I happen to see this earlier. It might be worth the try."

Gabrielle looked down and saw the flyer and read, "Wanted: Luxury Penthouse caretaker. Applicant must be female, single, aged 24-years-old, smart, and must at least have three and a half years in college."

"Eh? Why does that sound so much like me?" She asked with a brow raised.

The old lady simply laughed and acknowledged, "I know, right!"

Chapter 6: Loyalty And Commitment

"Résumé, school records, photo ID, and a picture," Gabrielle murmured as she attached the necessary requirements one by one. She bit her lip, giving the email one last review before clicking on send.

Sighing heavily, she said to herself, "I hope I get the job."

It was nine in the morning the next day and after giving it much thought; she decided to apply for the post since she wasn't getting any luck from those that she had appealed to.

Gabrielle previously served at the BNC Media Company, doing part-time production work. That was

where she met Warren, her ex-boyfriend. Warren was a Talent Manager at the said TV network and that also granted him the power to have her fired! Naturally, she sought part-time production jobs from the other TV networks, a job that was in relation to her studies, but even that did not give her any luck. They only wanted full-time employees.

She also applied to other establishments, but the schedule simply did not work with her studies.

Gabrielle was preparing to leave, hoping to meet up with some friends who can loan her the amount to pay for rent, but right after getting changed, she received a notification from her mobile, how a reply came in from her application.

Immediately, she checked her email and read the response in silence.

[Dear Miss Taylor,

Good morning!

We believe you are perfect for the job. Please come for a personal interview at the Wright Diamond Corporation and inform the front office you have an appointment with Mark Esperanza.

We expect you to be here at 11:00 AM.

Sincerely,

Mark Esperanza

Executive Assistant to the CEO

Wright Diamond Corporation]

Her eyes widened as she made sure she read it right. "Wright Diamond Corporation?"

Gabrielle went back to the piece of paper from her bag and checked again. The flyer did not say anything about the company! "I am applying for the Wright Diamond Corporation?"

She could not believe her eyes!

Sitting down on her living room sofa, she thought broadly about her future. She wondered whose

penthouse would she end up managing if the Executive Assistant himself contacted her.

Realizing how she had less than two hours to get ready, she returned to her closet, finding a more formal attire for the interview.

It was because she only had a few dresses to choose from that she wore the same sapphire blue dress, the same one she wore a few nights back.

After putting on light make-up, she left for the company and easily arrived at the Wright Diamond Corporation in half an hour.

Approaching the front desk at the lobby, she informed, "Excuse me, I have an appointment with Mr.

Esperanza. It's an interview for a job?"

The two ladies at the reception looked at each other, puzzled. One said, "A job? Why would Mr.

Esperanza do the interview himself?"

The other receptionist simply shrugged and called the CEO's assistant.

After confirming the appointment,

the lady looked at Gabrielle and smiled. "Please proceed to the top floor.

A security guard will assist you."

After thanking the lady, Gabrielle took a deep breath and asked, "Has anyone else come for the interview?"

"So far, only you," said the lady. "Good luck."

As she rode on the lift, Gabrielle wondered how no one else came for the interview. She could only hope

that no one else qualified and that this was her luck!

She was led to a small meeting room on the top floor of the tallest building in the city.

In every step she took, she felt her heart racing, utterly curious about what she got herself into.

'Manage a luxury penthouse. Dang! How did I end up in this big company?' She reflected silently.

The guard asked her to take a seat, and she waited not too long. Mark Esperanza joined her in just ten

minutes, holding a set of documents in his hands.

Gabrielle immediately offered her hand to Mark, but he did not shake it.

Instead, he just smiled at her

and she swore that for a second, he glanced through the glass wall divider behind her.

"Ah, Miss Taylor, your handshake belongs to someone else," said Mark.

While Gabrielle was left

confused, he merely gestured for her to take a seat.

After getting settled, Mark began to discuss the scope of the job. “The penthouse that you will be managing will have housekeeping, hotel employees coming in and out for cleaning and maintenance. It’s located on the top floor of the Second Diamond Hotel. Even the meals are prepared for by the property itself. So you might ask what is left for you to do.”

Gabrielle nodded and answered, “Exactly... Assuming, I will get the job.” Mark looked intently into Gabrielle’s eyes, studying her for a second. He clearly saw how the girl before him was attractive, yet not imposing. She was just the right height, but had a very slender figure.

What he thought was great about her was her silky, long and straight caramel hair and how expressive were her hazel brown eyes.

He determined she was a good fit for his boss.

Returning to the agenda, Mark cleared his throat and answered, “First of all, we really value loyalty here at the company, especially the owner of the penthouse. So, the initial requirement is your commitment!

Should you get a job, we expect you to follow through on your contract, staying for at least a year.”

That made Gabrielle think twice. She was graduating in three months.

Can she afford to work outside her field of interest for an entire year? Then the idea of being broke easily penetrated her head. She did not really have much of a choice.

She nodded and answered, “Okay... One year is fine.”

“Good!” Mark proceeded, “Then, the owner of the penthouse does not want unnecessary drama so unless it is beneficial for him, you are not allowed to have a relationship with any other men, especially backstabbing men who can only cause distraction at your job!”

Pointing at Gabrielle, Mark added, “This is part of your loyalty! You should be committed to the task at hand only!”

Gabrielle shifted her gaze from side to side. She thought, ‘Why is this sounding like me all over again?’

In response, she shook her head and said, “I don’t want any drama either. I will be dedicated to my job.”

“Good!” Mark answered. “Next, you will not be allowed to live elsewhere. We need you to fully commit to your responsibility and consider the penthouse as your own home. You will have your own room and you will be provided for – all the food and private space as you need... I guarantee you, the penthouse is huge enough.”

“Oh?” Gabrielle’s mouth formed into a circle. She was hoping this job could pay off her rent, but as it turns out, she would also get a free home?

“Yes. So now we move on to your primary responsibility at the penthouse.” Mark handed her the contract, first turning to the page where the scope of work was listed. He said, “Your tasks are the following: One, remind the hotel staff of their daily cleaning and maintenance schedule. All of which are outlined here. Two, you open the door for them, of course, and when they are done, you shut the door!”

Gabrielle, “...”

“Second, you need to make sure there is enough supply of food and toiletries at the penthouse and that everything is working fine, from electricity to the internet, to the water running, etc. If anything is wrong, you just need to let the hotel know and they will bring up any lacking supplies and, or fix whatever is needed to be fixed.”

“Third, you need to make sure that whenever the owner of the penthouse is around, his meals are provided for. This part, you sometimes will need to coordinate with him, asking him if he will have breakfast or dinner at the penthouse,” Explained Mark.

“And you don’t have to worry, the hotel will cook for him,” added Mark. ‘So it’s a him,’ Gabrielle concluded. Just as she was absorbing everything, she asked, “But can I cook for him too? I like home-cooked meals.”

“Oh.” A smile reflected on Mark’s face before he answered, “I think... that’s an even greater idea. I’m sure he would appreciate such gestures. I would suggest, you - do - exactly - that too!”

