

His kiss 101

Chapter 101

Gabriela stepped into the living room to find Phyllis sunk into the couch, her cheeks blotchy and puffed, glaring at her with murderous intensity.

Those reddened eyes burned with the kind of rage that begged for an outlet, and Gabriela could almost feel the hostility vibrating in the air between them. At the sight of Phyllis, Gabriela's lingering gloom evaporated, replaced by a sharp jolt of adrenaline.

"Vivian will be in detention for three days," Phyllis snapped. "When she's out, her brother will tear into her—and I bet you're just thrilled about that."

Vivian, furious over her own predicament, had already taken her anger out on Phyllis simply because she was related to Gabriela.

Gabriela gave a slow shake of her head.

Phyllis let out a short, sharp laugh. "Too late to start trembling now. Enjoy it while you can—Vivian's gonna make your life a living hell the second she's out."

"Thrilled? Not quite," Gabriela stated evenly. "Vivian struts around like she's untouchable, hiding behind her precious connections. Three days in a cell? That's barely a slap on the wrist. Three months—that might feel like justice." Her gaze stayed locked on Phyllis, unflinching. "And you, the puppet master in the shadows, walk around free while she takes the fall. That's what pisses me off the most."

Phyllis had a knack for manipulation, always managing to get someone else to do her dirty work. Even if the scheme backfired, the fallout never touched her. Phyllis's brows knitted into a sharp line as she retorted, "Don't get ahead of yourself. No way your precious boss can keep saving your ass forever."

Gabriela's eyes hardened, her voice like ice. "That's not something you need to worry about. But if you're itching for trouble, I'll gladly rip out every last strand of your hair."

The vivid threat sent a phantom sting across Phyllis's scalp, rekindling every past grievance and fueling the fresh anger burning in her chest. She shot to her feet, poised to lunge at Gabriela.

At that moment, a sharp, commanding voice sliced through the tension. "Enough."

Marie swept down the stairs, her heels striking the wood with crisp authority, her gaze like a blade locking on Phyllis. "You've already made a fool of yourself today. Go to your room."

Phyllis's hands flew to her cheeks, as if shielding them from another blow, the memory of Marie's earlier slap still burning on her skin. "Mom, Gabriela—" she began, her tone wobbling with grievance.

"You're on the verge of marriage," Marie cut Phyllis off, her voice frosted with warning. "Don't stir up trouble again—just wait for your wedding day." Her eyes narrowed, a glint of steel flashing beneath the cool surface. "Dustin works hard. He's ambitious. You should be focusing on building your future with him, not creating petty scenes."

Truth be told, Marie had never approved of Dustin. In her view, a proper son-in-law needed to match their status without question—and Dustin simply didn't measure up.

Yet Phyllis had always had a knack for snatching up whatever belonged to Gabriela—and now she'd taken Gabriela's ex, Dustin, for herself. Without much of a word to Marie, she had announced the engagement, and with gossip already swirling in their circle, Marie could hardly object without causing a scene.

Still, Dustin had his merits. He was sharp, ambitious, and, with the right guidance—and a tight enough leash—he could be molded into a useful ally.