

His kiss 102

Chapter 102

Phyllis, however, simmered with frustration.

The fiasco at Grace Robuchon hadn't dragged Gabriela down; if anything, it had made her shine brighter.

And now, even Marie had turned against her, harshly ordering her to stay away from Gabriela for the moment.

Phyllis couldn't fathom why the hell she would fear an orphan—a girl she had crushed under her heel since childhood.

Still, the sting in her swollen cheeks was a sharp reminder not to test Marie's temper again. She settled for shooting Gabriela a venomous look, her hatred simmering.

The wedding was locked in for the year's end, the day creeping ever closer. She needed to concentrate—but she also vowed that when the day came, she'd find a way to disgrace Gabriela and her sugar daddy.

Marie dismissed Phyllis back to her room, pausing only to flick Gabriela a cool, measuring glance before saying nothing at all.

News of the Grace Robuchon incident had already swept through their circle, cementing Gabriela's standing in Wesley's eyes.

Yet anyone could see she and Phyllis were on opposite sides, and Gabriela had no intention of smoothing a path for her to get close to Wesley.

Since winning Gabriela over had proven impossible, Marie decided she'd crush her completely—wipe her out so thoroughly that she'd never recover.

For now, though, she was still plotting her move, keeping her claws sheathed in an uncharacteristic break.

In the days that followed, Gabriela experienced the calmest period she'd known in years—no threats to her job, and not a single appearance from Phyllis to wreak havoc in her life.

And there was another small spark of anticipation on the horizon.

In less than a week, the company would shut down for the holiday break. The office hummed with energy—despite the mounting workload, chatter about travel plans filled every corner.

Gabriela wasn't especially excited about the holiday itself, yet the long-standing tradition of receiving a generous gift from the company had its own quiet allure. This would be her first since joining the company, and she couldn't help anticipating what might be inside the one waiting for her.

The sales department received theirs first—each woman unwrapping a high-end cosmetics set, while the men were presented with sleek, pricey watches. Wesley had a business dinner that day and didn't take Gabriela along, leaving her free to grab lunch in the cafeteria with Aubrey.

Aubrey was beaming as she slipped off her wristwatch to show it off—a sleek mechanical piece from an accessible luxury brand, priced at eighteen hundred. “This would easily sell for three thousand outside. Our boss must've gotten a great deal!” she exclaimed, admiring the polished steel face with a lovestruck expression.

The company's year-end gifts were technically divided by gender, but employees were free to choose what suited them best.

Tilting her head, Gabriela inquired, genuinely curious, “So why go for a men's watch?”

“What am I going to do with a box of cosmetics?” Aubrey chuckled, her eyes dancing. “I'm naturally gorgeous—I don't need makeup yet. But this? This is perfect as a New Year's gift for Kevin. He's going to love it.”

Gabriela simply pressed her lips together, saying nothing.

Kevin Hewitt was Aubrey's boyfriend. They had weathered five years of long-distance, yet their bond only seemed to deepen, steady and warm as family ties.

Gabriela pictured Kevin's quiet stubbornness, that faint shadow of brooding in his eyes, but she kept the thought locked away.

Later that afternoon, once Wesley strode back into the office, Gabriela drifted after him with an energy she could hardly hide.