

His kiss 22

Chapter 22

Phyllis's jaw clenched, the sting of Gabriela's jab unmistakable. She knew perfectly well Gabriela was talking about Dustin, but there wasn't a single retort she could throw back.

It was true—Dustin's family had always struggled; he worked for Haynes Group, depending on her family's wealth to get by. But that was perfectly fine. Dustin was good-looking, carried himself with confidence, and had a prestigious degree under his belt. He'd graduated a year before Gabriela and already knocked out a master's degree. Marie never missed a chance to praise Dustin's ambition and potential. And most importantly, Dustin was the prize Phyllis had stolen from Gabriela. Victory always tasted that much sweeter when you'd ripped it right out of someone else's hands.

Gabriela, freshly dumped by Dustin, had somehow managed to land herself an even more extravagant boyfriend—how on earth? She seemed to have sunk her claws into some gaudy, deep-pocketed sugar daddy. Imagining that Gabriela had become the lover of a wealthy but distasteful and lecherous older man, Phyllis felt secretly pleased, a poised smile returning to her face.

She turned to Gabriela, voice syrupy sweet. "I'm getting married next month, Gabriela. You have to bring your boyfriend. We've already set aside the bridesmaid and groomsman spots just for you two."

Her lips curled with a hint of malice as she went on, "The groomsman does have to be single, though. Does your boyfriend meet the requirements?"

Gabriela didn't hesitate. "Absolutely." She caught the mischief gleaming in Phyllis's eyes, but she wasn't fazed. Brenden might have a reputation as a player, but his looks and his background made Dustin look positively ordinary—a true standout, even if he wasn't quite in the same league as someone like Wesley.

Gabriela's lips curved into a confident smile. "Trust me, he'll fit right in. My only concern is that he might outshine your groom and steal all the attention."

Phyllis eyed her skeptically, refusing to buy into the act. An unattractive, loaded sugar daddy crashing the groom's spotlight? There was no way that could happen. Dustin, for all his flaws, had movie-star looks—there was no denying it. If anyone was going to turn heads, it would be him, not whoever Gabriela dragged along at the last minute.

In Phyllis's mind, Gabriela was just bluffing, putting on a front for the crowd. No way could she actually pull this off. With her own wedding only weeks away, Phyllis felt no rush to expose Gabriela's lies—she was more than happy to let Gabriela keep up the charade. She'd see for herself soon enough what sort of man Gabriela could really find.