

His kiss 28

Chapter 28:

That coat draped over Gabriela's arm appeared cheap, but the aura she radiated—carrying herself with effortless confidence—transformed it into a statement piece, giving her the poise of modern royalty.

Flashing a sugar-sweet smile, Gabriela replied, “No worries. My boyfriend's taking me out to an exclusive event tonight. Central heating and all—I'll be perfectly cozy.”

Though she wasn't dating Brenden, Gabriela could play the part of a high-society girlfriend as smoothly as anyone.

Phyllis's expression soured. She leaned closer to Dustin, her tone dripping with contempt. “Gabriela's found herself a wealthy boyfriend, but won't even introduce him to the family. I'm honestly concerned she's fallen for some creepy older guy. Just yesterday, I tried to set her up with my mentor's son—a respectable, well-educated man. She practically turned her nose up and even offended him! I guess I was just meddling in things that aren't my business after all.”

Dustin, never one to question what he was told, recalled the words Gabriela's colleague had said earlier. His jaw tightened in obvious irritation. “Gabriela, I know I've messed up and hurt you before, but you really shouldn't stoop this low. I'm honestly disappointed in you.”

Who did this arrogant clown think he was, lecturing her like he had any right? In that instant, Gabriela found herself oddly grateful to Phyllis—at least now she saw Dustin's true nature with crystal clarity.

“My boyfriend isn’t just wealthier than you—he’s taller, better looking, and, best of all, he knows how to stay loyal. He won’t cheat on me. Honestly, dating you was me stooping way too low.”

She flashed a breezy, dazzling smile as she finished, watching with satisfaction as both Dustin’s and Phyllis’s faces dropped.

Were her barbs so sharp that they struck a nerve with them? She hadn’t thought they’d both look so utterly floored.

As Gabriela took in their stunned silence, she caught their wide-eyed stares—only to realize they weren’t even looking at her anymore. She spun around and spotted a sleek black Rolls-Royce pulled up at the curb, accompanied by a cluster of towering bodyguards.

The whole scene radiated such quiet menace that no one in their right mind would dare approach.