

His kiss 66

Chapter 66

Though Phyllis clearly hated to admit it, even she couldn't deny that Gabriela worked for an influential powerhouse. Her boss, Wesley, was a rising star in the corporate world—his name splashed across financial reports, his face on the glossy covers of top-tier magazines. On top of that, he belonged to the formidable Moss family, a name that commanded deference every time it appeared in the media. For someone like Gabriela, who seemed rooted in an unremarkable life, to be connected to a man of such stature felt almost absurd.

Gabriela, however, had no patience for Phyllis's relentless nonsense. "Believe it or don't—it's the truth," she said sharply, stepping toward the door.

Phyllis sidestepped into her path, her expression tightening as she launched into her usual theatrics. She put on a mask of concern and turned to Josh, her voice dripping with false sincerity. "Dad, might as well tell you the truth. Gabriela had feelings for Dustin too. But Dustin's heart belongs to me, and he chose me in the end. Since Dustin didn't return her feelings, she went after a wealthy businessman instead. Nothing wrong with him, really—except he's quite a bit older."

Gabriela marveled at Phyllis's flawless talent for distorting reality and drew in a breath to fire back.

Josh, however, looked devastated, the weight of Phyllis's words hitting him hard. His face tightened in anguish. "Gabriela, you graduated from one of the top universities. I poured my savings into your education, even supported you through graduate school, and this... this is how you repay me? You've brought me nothing but shame."

His voice cracked, and soon he was sobbing openly, tears coursing down his weathered cheeks.

Gabriela clenched her jaw, forcing herself to keep her cool as the guilt trip rolled over her. Marie fidgeted awkwardly, too mortified to speak, yet clearly eager to see how Gabriela would respond.

Phyllis pressed on with her melodrama. “Gabriela, if you’re really struggling, just come to us. My mom would never let you go hungry or let you wear shabby clothes. There’s no need to cling to that old businessman, okay?”

Dustin’s lip curled in open disdain as he piled on, his tone sharp. “I’ve told you before, Gabriela—no matter what stunt you pull, I’m never coming back to you. You’ve only managed to disappoint me further. End things with that man now, before you drag the family’s name through the dirt.”

Gabriela’s patience snapped. She let out a cold laugh, her gaze cutting into him. “You survive on a woman’s dime, Dustin. Just because Phyllis is young and pretty, you call it love? But if my boyfriend’s older and not exactly a heartthrob, suddenly I’m a shameless gold digger? Are you kidding me? That’s ridiculous. When it comes to double standards, you’re in a league of your own.”

Her words hit Dustin right where it hurt, and all the color drained from his face. Rage flickered in his eyes, as if he might snap at any second.

Josh stopped wailing mid-sob, left blinking in confusion by Gabriela’s unexpected retort.

Phyllis scrambled to keep the peace, quickly soothing Josh before spinning on Gabriela, her voice sharp with accusation. “If you’ve got nothing to hide, and your so-called boss really drove you home, then why not have him step out and say hello?”

Fixing her with an icy glare, Gabriela shot back, “Meeting my boss isn’t something that happens just because you want.”

Phyllis let out an exaggerated sigh. “You’re getting slandered left and right, but your boss can’t be bothered to come out and set the record straight?”

In that moment, the window of the sleek black Porsche glided down, revealing the refined, chiseled profile of a man whose very presence seemed to command the night. His gaze—cool, clear, and steeped in quiet authority—swept across the scene, making everything else fade into irrelevance.

A stunned hush fell over the onlookers. Wasn’t that Wesley—the Moss family’s heir, the same man who’d been making headlines in every major financial publication?

Wesley didn’t spare the others a single glance. Instead, he looked straight at Gabriela, his lips curving into a composed, effortless smile. “It’s getting late, Gabriela. Head home and get some rest. We’ve got work in the morning.”

That brief smile carried an authority that seemed to charge the air around him. His effortless confidence left Dustin shrinking away, unable to meet his eyes. Gabriela hadn’t expected Wesley to step in, and a rush of gratitude welled up in her chest. She answered with a genuine, grateful smile. “Got it. Good night, Mr. Moss.”