

His kiss 78

Chapter 78

Rhys's arm grazed Gabriela's, and a cold wave of disgust rippled through her. "Let go, or I'm calling the police," she snapped, her voice sharp enough to cut glass.

His lips curled into a smug, almost taunting grin. "Please. The police don't step in when a guy's just putting his girlfriend in her place."

Some of Gabriela's colleagues nearby shifted uneasily, glancing at each other but not moving to help. Then Rhys's voice rose, laced with venom. "She's my girlfriend! Been running around with some wrinkled sugar daddy for a couple of fancy dresses and handbags—cheating on me the whole time. And today? I'm teaching her a lesson. So stay out of it!"

Eyes turned on Gabriela, some edged with disbelief, most with quiet contempt. With her looks, they thought, it wasn't hard to believe she'd trade affection for luxury—and worse, betray the man she was with. Chasing after some rich old man—how utterly vile and humiliating.

Gabriela froze, blindsided by the sheer brazenness of his lie. Her voice rang out, sharp and clear, "Don't listen to him! He's not my boyfriend!"

"Oh, really?" Rhys's lips curled in a mocking sneer. "Then why did you take my flowers?" His gaze turned cold, his tone shifting into something more like an order. "Come home with me and apologize. If I'm in a good mood, I'll still buy you the pretty things you like."

Gabriela twisted hard against his grip, panic tightening in her chest.

If he got her into that car, there was no telling what he might do.

In one swift motion, she swung her free arm and struck him—her palm connecting with his cheek in a sharp, echoing crack.

Rhys froze, eyes wide in shock, one hand pressed against the reddening welt on his cheek. Whatever false polish he'd worn a moment ago shattered, replaced by a snarl. "You filthy whore! Who do you think you are, hitting me?" His arm shot up, rage twisting his features as he prepared to strike back.

One of Gabriela's wrists was still trapped in his iron grip, her muscles straining in vain. Panic clawed at her chest—his shadow loomed over her, the blow seconds from landing.

Before it could fall, a strong hand caught Rhys's wrist in midair, fingers locking like a vise.

Startled, Rhys whipped his head around, fury still blazing—only to find a tall man in a tailored black suit, his expression unreadable.

"Get lost! This is none of your damn business!" Rhys snapped, his voice trembling with indignation.

Billy, the man in the black suit, flicked a glance toward Wesley, who stood a short distance away.

Wesley's usual composure was laced with icy disdain, his eyes sharp as if to say, "Do I really need to spell this out for you?"

Billy understood at once. His jaw set, and his fingers clamped down like a steel vice.

A sharp crack echoed, and Rhys let out a strangled howl. "Who the hell are you? What do you want? My hand's gonna break—let go!" Instead, Billy's grip only tightened.

Pain drained the color from Rhys's face, cold sweat beading along his temples.

With a choked gasp, he finally wrenched his fingers free of Gabriela.

Gabriela shook free at last and made her way toward Wesley, only to be met by the chill in his eyes—a look that froze her in place.

A realization struck her. She'd just dragged the company's name through the mud.

Wordlessly, she slipped to the side, hoping to make herself small.

But Wesley pivoted, his gaze locking onto her like a hawk's. His voice was low, clipped, and brooked no argument. "Come here."

The edge in his tone made her stomach tighten. She moved at once, steps small and careful, slipping in behind him.

Around them, the crowd stirred with a ripple of astonishment.

So the whispers had been true after all—Wesley did treat Gabriela differently. And this was no idle workplace rumor; everyone could see it now, plain as day.

Maybe Wesley's protectiveness toward Gabriela ran deeper than anyone had guessed—why else would he let Billy stand up for her?

Regret rippled through the crowd. If they'd known she truly had Wesley's favor, they wouldn't have stayed frozen on the sidelines.

No one kicked themselves harder than Cali and her two friends—they'd squandered their one chance to make amends, and now the window had slammed shut.

"Help..." Rhys's panicked shout cracked in the air before he collapsed to his knees, desperation twisting his features. "Please, sir—let's just talk! Let me go, I'm begging you."

Billy's grip looked deceptively casual, but the tension in his forearm told another story—his control was absolute, the kind that came from years of disciplined training. Rhys felt as if his wrist were one breath away from breaking.

