

His kiss 801

Chapter 801

Gabriela's frown deepened as she scrolled.

Across the room, Wesley silently reached for the hairdryer, the hum filling the quiet space as he dried his hair.

When he turned back, Gabriela was already curled under the blanket, facing away from him, only the crown of her dark hair visible.

Was she asleep?

Wesley crept closer, catching the slow, even rhythm of her breathing.

He stopped at the edge of the bed, hands braced on his hips, and paced a few restless steps.

But Gabriela didn't stir. She lay there as if nothing could ruffle her dreams.

Wesley's gaze lingered on the back of her head, a knot of unease tightening in his chest, no matter how he tried to shake it off.

He had swallowed his pride to share the room, and she still wouldn't speak to him? Of all times, she picked now to stay mad?

That afternoon, he had brought up marriage, and she had sidestepped it.

The thought of leaving things unsettled gnawed at him—there was no way he'd let the night end like this.

"Hey, Gabriela, wake up," he said, his tone low and coaxing.

When she didn't stir, he brushed her shoulder and gave it a gentle nudge.

Slowly, Gabriela's lashes lifted, her voice thick with sleep. "Why are you waking me?"

Bone-deep weariness weighed her down. Hours hunched over design drafts, running between meetings, and sorting through paperwork had left her drained. Then there was the constant needling from Rebecca and her mother.

Even the shock about Myah hadn't kept her from collapsing into sleep. In Gabriela's mind, a solid night's rest was her cure-all.

"Loretta thinks we should get married soon," Wesley said, his voice level but his eyes searching her face. "What's your take?"

Gabriela blinked, shaking off the haze.

Of course—this sudden urgency had Loretta's fingerprints all over it.

"I'm okay with it," she said softly, her voice measured. "But if you'd rather wait, I can go along with that too."

Wesley's gaze sharpened, a shadow passing through his expression.

"Gabriela," he said, his tone low and charged, "are you saying you don't want to marry me now?"

Gabriela shot back, her voice cool but steady. "You're the one who keeps refusing marriage."

She had agreed to lower her guard because of Wesley's condition, but that didn't mean she would throw away every boundary.

"When Truett disappeared, you turned on me. I told you how deeply that cut."

Her calm gaze never wavered. “It feels like we’ve been out of step from the start. Ever since I walked into the wrong room that night, it’s like we’ve been on parallel tracks. I already lost two years with you, and the first thing you did after recovering was question what we had.”

A faint, bittersweet smile curved her lips. “Maybe we should stop fighting the current and just let life play out. If the day ever comes when you truly want me as your wife, I’ll be there—wearing the most stunning wedding dress, ready to stand by your side completely.”

Gabriela stayed composed, her voice steady. “Wesley, can we just get along peacefully? Please, stop doubting me,” she said quietly, almost pleading.

Chapter 802

Her calmness, instead of soothing him, fanned Wesley’s temper like wind to embers.

When love became dull and lifeless, he thought bitterly, there was usually just one reason—she had stopped loving him.

He gave a short, frigid nod. “Fine.”

“Alright then, let’s just sleep,” Gabriela said, tugging the blanket up. “Good night.”

She closed her eyes as if shutting him out.

Having once shared intimate moments with Wesley, Gabriela felt at ease curling up beside him.

But Wesley, stripped of those memories, only grew gloomier.

How could she lie there so calm—so unbothered—while sharing a bed with him?

And then, as if to mock him, she drifted off in under a minute.

He lingered by the bedside, jaw clenched, watching her peaceful face until a dry, humorless laugh broke through.

Fine. In this life, she was still the only woman he wanted. He would like to see who surrendered first.

In the dead of night, a soft trace of her scent reached him. Wesley stirred, blinking into the dark as Gabriela shifted lightly in her sleep.

After a long while, her breathing stayed even.

Wesley reached out at last, sliding an arm around her and drawing her gently against his chest.

They slept peacefully until morning.

When Gabriela stirred awake, she discovered she had somehow sprawled across him, her palm resting on his taut waist, her legs tangled with his.

Heat rushed to her face, and she quickly pulled back, sliding away a few inches.

“You’re awake?” His low voice startled her.

She glanced up, caught by Wesley’s dark, fathomless gaze.

He let out a quiet chuckle, his lips curving. “You look so angelic when you’re awake, but in your sleep, you’re a bit of a whirlwind, aren’t you?”

A faint blush warmed Gabriela’s cheeks.

After all, just yesterday she’d told him not to cling or force things—better to live peacefully.

And now, after last night... would he be irritated again?

Instead of annoyance, Wesley rose smoothly, pulled on his clothes, and paused before the full-length mirror to straighten his collar.

"I need to go. I have an early meeting," he said casually.

He was already striding toward the door when Gabriela called softly after him, "Alright... take care."

Wesley's footsteps echoed down the stairs.

Loretta stole a quick look at him, relieved to see healthy color in his face and a lighter mood. Her lips curved. "Come eat with us before you go."

He shook his head, already reaching for his jacket. "Can't. I've got an early meeting—need to get a head start."

Before leaving, Wesley bent down and scooped Truett into a quick hug. "Truett, be good today. I will bring you a superhero toy after work, alright?"

Truett's eyes lit up, and he planted a noisy kiss on Wesley's cheek.

Realizing he really was pressed for time, Loretta quickly bundled up breakfast for him to take along.

He accepted the food and was halfway to the door when Myah came hurrying after him.

“Wesley!” she called, slightly breathless. “I’m heading downtown later—mind giving me a lift?”

Chapter 803

Wesley rarely refused Myah’s modest requests.

Since she typically cherished the sanctuary of home, he was pleased by her unexpected desire to go out. With a gentle smile, he ruffled her hair. “Of course.”

Loretta interjected with a note of caution. “Myah’s unaccustomed to the outside world—she hardly ever leaves home. Even if work pulls you away, make sure a trusted aide watches over her.” Wesley agreed.

As Wesley and Myah neared the parking lot, Myah asked softly, “Wesley, may I ride in the front seat?”

A wave of tenderness washed over Wesley. Even after all these years, Myah remained as shy and reserved as when she first joined the Moss family. Such a kind, polite girl deserved the family’s utmost protection.

If Allan were still alive...

The thought constricted Wesley's chest.

"Sure," he replied.

He opened the car door for Myah, helped her settle in, and fastened her seatbelt.

As he leaned near, Myah was enveloped by his fresh, crisp scent and commanding aura. It was entirely different from Allan's.

She could distinguish them effortlessly, yet Wesley carried Allan's heart within him.

A sudden unease tightened her grip on the seatbelt.

In that moment, the ring on her finger caught the light.

Wesley's gaze sharpened, fixated on the ring. He grasped her hand, examining it closely, and asked with an edge, "Myah, where did this come from?"

Startled by his intense stare, Myah replied quietly, "Gabriela gave it to me."

“Gabriela gave it to you?” Wesley’s tone held a dangerous undercurrent. “Why?”

“I admired how stunning it looked on her the other day,” Myah explained. “When she noticed my admiration, she slipped it off and said I could borrow it for a few days.” Nervously, she added, “Wesley, is this ring important? Should I not wear it?”

“Did Gabriela herself say you could borrow it for a few days?” His sharp tone made Myah flinch.

“Wesley, please don’t be upset. I’ll return it to her as soon as we’re home,” Myah said.

“No need,” Wesley said, slowly releasing her hand. He settled into the driver’s seat, started the car, and said evenly, “If she gave it to you, keep it.”

His voice remained steady, and he drove with calm precision, betraying no haste.

Myah stole glances at him, noting the tension in his profile—a clear sign of his anger. She fell silent, bowing her head.

Wesley was indeed furious. Even upon returning to the company, his anger hadn’t subsided.

Myah followed closely behind him.

The entire office sensed Wesley's fury and noticed the quiet girl at his side. Whispers spread about her identity and her privilege.

Myah stepped up, slipped her hand around his arm, and murmured, "Wesley, please don't be angry. I won't wear Gabriela's ring again."

Wesley turned to her, his temper easing. "I'm not angry with you," he said as gently as he could.

He beckoned Billy. "Find a reliable female assistant to take Myah shopping."

As Wesley's most capable aide, Billy knew Myah and treated her with steady respect. "Miss Espinoza, this way, please."

Walking beside him, Myah kept glancing back. "Wesley, promise me you won't argue with Gabriela."

Billy was taken aback—another silent standoff between Wesley and Gabriela?

Chapter 804

Wesley gave a reassuring nod.

When Myah left, he flipped open his laptop and tried to work.

Three minutes later, the first line still wouldn't come.

He shut the computer with a firm snap and tugged his tie loose.

How could he not be furious? He wanted to confront Gabriela now.

Being a man of action, he strode out and called for Billy. "Get the car."

Billy, who had just arranged for a spirited assistant to accompany Myah, faltered. "Mr. Moss, the morning meeting starts in eight—"

"Cancel it," Wesley said with a cold laugh.

With his fiancée handing her ring to someone else, what meeting could matter?

Seeing his expression, Billy didn't argue and hurried off to prepare the car.

Wesley reached Lakeshore Building and rode the elevator to the fifth floor.

The receptionist brightened. “Mr. Moss, are you here to see Ms. Haynes? She arrived about ten minutes ago. Shall I inform her?”

Wesley shook his head and headed straight for the office.

Inside, Alissa sat across from Gabriela, chin propped in her hands. “Gabriela, I’m so restless. Talk to me.”

Her father had pulled rank again, pressing her to meet a young man from the Wilson family under the guise of “building connections”—really just treating her as a bargaining chip.

Alissa had been on Gabriela since early morning, and Gabriela was running out of patience. “Alissa, you were at a top university. Get a solid job and focus on your career. If you’re working, your father won’t push you every day. Drifting like this only makes you uneasy.”

Alissa’s face fell. “The jobs I want don’t want me, and the ones that do, I don’t want.” That summed up her dilemma.

Kaleb came in with documents and teased, “What timing—Ms. Haynes needs an assistant. If you’re open to joining a small company, why not work with her?”

Alissa’s eyes lit up. “Gabriela, would you consider taking me on?”

Gabriela hesitated. The company was small, but an assistant still had to be capable.

There was a reason she'd gone years without one, borrowing Brock from Kaleb instead.

She liked Alissa, but Alissa had no experience. Training her would be a burden—and Gabriela was already swamped.

"Gabriela... I mean, Ms. Haynes! Please," Alissa pleaded. "I'll work the first three months without pay. I promise I'll learn."

Being around Gabriela steadied her—and was a joy. Salary was a secondary concern.

She added, "Considering the risk I took yesterday placing that million-dollar bet on your behalf, please give me a chance."

Gabriela rubbed her forehead and sighed. "Come tomorrow to complete the onboarding forms. We'll evaluate you for a week."

Alissa let out a jubilant cheer.

Catching the word "bet," Kaleb frowned. "What bet did you place, Ms. Haynes?"

Before Gabriela could answer, he warned, "Don't follow Marie's lead into gambling."

"No, it's not that," Alissa said quickly, with a small laugh. "Just a trivial wager among our social circle. Ms. Haynes is sure to win."

Kaleb was momentarily at a loss for words, about to launch into a lecture.

Suddenly, a chilling voice cut through from the office doorway. "So, how exactly is this a certain win?"

Chapter 805

Alissa was still brimming with excitement when a sudden question cut through the air. The answer flew out before she could think. "In half a year, if Gabriela doesn't end up marrying Mr. Moss, the victory will be ours!"

No sooner had the words left her lips than she caught sight of Gabriela's drained face.

Kaleb's brows knit, a weary shadow crossing his expression.

The air thickened, heavy with the promise of a storm about to break.

Alissa turned, her heart stalling in her chest. Behind her stood Wesley, his face carved in shadow—striking, yet terrifying in its stillness.

When did he get here? His eyes were dark and foreboding, the unnerving quiet before lightning splits the sky.

At his side, Billy released a long, quiet sigh.

Silence dropped over the room like a heavy curtain.

Alissa's legs turned to water. Regret clawed at her chest until she wished she could swallow her words or vanish on the spot.

It was Billy who finally broke the stillness. His voice soft yet firm, he guided Kaleb and Alissa out. With quiet tact, he drew the office door shut behind them, leaving only two people inside.

The moment the latch clicked, Wesley's low, chilling laugh cut through the air. His fathomless eyes fixed on Gabriela.

"A million?" he echoed, his voice laced with mockery.

Gabriela's lashes trembled. She couldn't bring herself to meet his gaze, her guilt written in the way her eyes darted aside.

“So desperate for money?” His fingers tilted her chin up with a gentleness that belied the blade in his words. “Is that what I’m worth to you? Just a million to sever everything between us?”

“It’s not like that,” Gabriela whispered hastily. “We’ve... we’ve been in a cold war. You’ve been so suspicious of me. I thought... you wouldn’t want to marry me anytime soon, so—”

Wesley’s calm reply froze her blood. “So when I asked you about marriage yesterday, you turned me down over a million?”

His tone was even, his face unreadable, yet the weight of it pressed against Gabriela’s chest until she could barely breathe.

“I was caught off guard,” she rushed to explain. She softly brushed his hand away. “Wesley, it wasn’t about the money. I didn’t refuse to marry you because of a million dollars.”

Wesley’s laugh was cold, every word cutting like shards of glass. “When I first came back, you clung so desperately to fixing us. Last night, I even chose to share a room with you. Yes, I still mind what happened between you and Allan, but for Truett’s sake, I’ve tried to move past it. Allan was special to me too. Like you, I’ll never forget him for the rest of my life. Gabriela, if you really can’t let go of him, then I’ll help you walk forward.”

Before Gabriela could respond, Wesley gave a short, disbelieving laugh. “In the end, I lose to a mere million? Do you realize that if you marry me, you could gain wealth many times over that?”

The words struck Gabriela like blows she couldn't block. She didn't even understand how things had spiraled so out of control.

Exhaustion from endless overtime weighed her down; her defenses crumbled.

She let her hands fall to her sides. "If you can't trust me," she whispered wearily, "then what's left? I told you last night—we'll just have to wait and see."

Wesley's face darkened, anger flashing at last. He seized her wrist. "I'll deal with that idiotic bet later. Right now, I need to know: why did you give the ring to Myah?"

The accusation stunned her. It took Gabriela several seconds to even process it.

"What? When did I ever give her the ring?" she asked, bewildered. "Did Myah tell you that?"

Chapter 806

Wesley's gaze was sharp and cold. "So you'll lend it to her but can't admit it?"

"I never gave it to anyone!" Gabriela's voice trembled with urgency. "The one Myah wears is a fake. She liked mine and secretly had a copy made. That's all."

Her words made Wesley pause. The ice in his expression thawed just slightly. “Really? You’re not lying to me?”

“I would never lie to you about this,” Gabriela said firmly, meeting his eyes. “The ring you gave me, I’ve kept it safe. If you doubt me, come home with me now and see for yourself. Both our names are engraved inside. You’d know immediately if it were fake.”

A long silence hung between them before Wesley finally exhaled. “Alright. I’ll believe you this time.”

He studied her earnest face and, against his better judgment, chose to trust her—for now.

“But why would Myah lie to me?” he asked, suspicion still flickering in his tone.

Gabriela felt the tug of the secret she couldn’t reveal; she folded the truth into something softer. “Myah’s been talking about Allan a lot lately. She misses him. It’s been making her act out of sorts.”

She thought of Myah’s nightmares, the way the girl had come to her at night, trembling and begging to sleep beside her after Allan’s accident.

Wesley’s features softened. “I’ll take her to see a therapist,” he said quietly.

Gabriela nodded, relief and shame braided together inside her.

Then his expression soured again. “And about the bet...”

“I was just being rash yesterday,” Gabriela stammered, trying to steady her voice. “When a win feels certain, who wouldn’t take the money?”

“Excuse me?” Wesley stepped closer, eyes narrowing. “Choose your next sentence very carefully.”

Gabriela forced a breath and tried a bargain, clumsy and earnest. “If you truly want to marry me—without the sarcasm, without always bringing up Allan—then...”

She hesitated, the thought of giving up that money choking her.

A million dollars was almost unimaginable. She came from a life where a thousand dollars had to last for months. Letting go of a million felt like tearing flesh from bone.

Wesley’s laugh was cold. “Who’s rushing into marriage now?” he mocked.

Cornered, Gabriela swallowed her pride. “I am. I want it more.”

He considered her, then smiled with the air of a man setting terms. "Fine. You want to marry me? Then you prepare a hundred million and a 5,000-square-foot villa for the wedding. Then I'll marry you."

He decided that after the wedding, all of his assets would belong to Gabriela.

Just outside the office, Alissa nearly gasped in disbelief.

Gabriela was a catch. Men would line up from one end of the street to the other if she hinted she wanted to marry. And Wesley... he actually dared to demand that? Who did he think he was?

Alissa bit her lip, ready to storm in and put a stop to this nonsense, when someone with a long stride blocked her path. It was Billy, Wesley's ever-dependable assistant. His gaze was oddly unreadable as he said, "Miss Hopkins, do you need any help?"

Startled, Alissa jerked her head up only to find herself eye-level with his trousers.

The angle was mortifying.

Even with her bold streak, heat rushed to her cheeks.

She shot upright in a hurry, lost her balance, and stumbled backward.

Billy moved to steady her but missed.

Acting on instinct, Alissa snatched at the nearest lifeline—which happened to be his belt.

Her thumb caught the buckle. With a sharp snap, it came undone. The belt slipped clean through his waistband as she fell.

For once, Billy—the calm, courteous, perfectly composed assistant, the man whose professionalism was legendary—looked completely rattled. Thunderclouds gathered on his otherwise serene face.

Chapter 807

The air hung heavy, smothered in a silence that felt almost funereal.

Alissa crouched low, fingers still looped through Billy's belt.

One glance at his stricken expression sent a stab of guilt twisting in her chest.

"B-Billy..." she stammered, lifting her hands in a rush and blinking with wide-eyed innocence. "I swear, I didn't mean to. You believe me, right?"

But as her hands rose, so did the belt—dangling limply like a mocking pendulum.

That was the breaking point. Apex Group's prized assistant lost his composure completely, his vision clouding with a darkness born of sheer disbelief.

Just then, the office door creaked open. Gabriela, curious about the ruckus, stepped out—only to freeze at the sight before her.

Alissa was crouched on the floor, clutching a belt like some kind of trophy.

"Alissa, what on earth are you doing?" Gabriela blurted, utterly dumbfounded.

Wesley's eyes flicked over as well, his expression impossible to read.

Billy, usually unflappable, wilted under his boss's stare.

Strangled by humiliation, he wrenched free of the belt and stormed off, grief and fury battling across his face.

Still gripping the leather strap, Alissa scrambled to her feet. "Wait! Your belt!" she called after him.

Billy lengthened his stride, fleeing as if pursued.

With his long strides, Alissa didn't stand a chance. Besides, chasing someone while brandishing their belt was ridiculous. She stopped short, panting, as the absurdity dawned on her.

Gabriela's bewilderment deepened. "Alissa, what's going on between you two?"

Alissa flicked a glance at Wesley before muttering under her breath, exasperation sharpening her tone. "How was I supposed to know Billy's belt would come loose so easily?"

Her words dropped like a grenade. Wesley's personal assistant—stripped of his belt without resistance.

A small crowd had gathered, their wide eyes drinking in the spectacle.

Mortified, Gabriela grabbed Alissa by the arm and whisked her back into the office before things spiraled further.

Gabriela's staff might have been loyal, but people lived for gossip. This was too good to resist.

By midday, the entire Lakeshore Building was buzzing with one scandalous headline: "Alissa Undid Billy's Belt."

Whispers flew from cubicle to cubicle.

Who was Alissa? None other than the freshly hired assistant to Gabriela on the fifth floor.

And Billy? Wesley's right-hand man—infamous for his devotion to work. Meetings with him were strictly business: no small talk, no pleasantries. Befriending him was harder than scaling Everest. The man was practically a machine. No distractions, no emotions, no life outside his job.

Until now.

Alissa had accomplished the impossible.

By the end of the day, the tale had spread beyond the building, rippling through the business world until it landed at Erik's ears, even though he was miles away.

Erik wasted no time tattling to his boss. "Billy doesn't seem that sharp after all. Imagine—a rookie assistant taking him down like that!"

Stewart, seated before his laptop, didn't look up, his profile carved from stone.

Erik, however, wasn't finished. Leaning in, his voice dropping to a conspiratorial murmur, he added, "Mr. Williams, do you think Alissa was planted by Gabriela? Seducing Billy while spying on Mr. Moss?"

Stewart's brows drew together in a deep furrow, but still he offered no reply.

Erik, blind to the storm he was stirring, kept going. "When I first met Gabriela, I thought she was the quiet, delicate type. Who would've guessed she's so controlling when it comes to love?"

The snap of a laptop shutting echoed like a warning shot.

Stewart rose to his feet, his expression dark, shadows clinging to him as if the room itself obeyed his mood.

Only then did Erik realize he'd gone too far, regret flashing across his face. "Mr. Williams, I didn't mean it like that—"

Chapter 808

He wanted to add, "There are plenty of women out there—why chain yourself to one?" But he wisely swallowed the words.

Stewart's gaze swept him from head to toe, cold and merciless. "Billy, that work machine, has someone bold enough to undo his belt in public. Tell me, Erik, when will you ever be so fortunate?"

Erik froze, speechless. Stewart had a gripe, and he was taking it out on Erik.

But Stewart wasn't finished. His voice sharpened like a blade. "Tomorrow, you're going to the Lakeshore Building. If you can't find a woman willing to unbuckle your belt within a week—"

A chill rattled down Erik's spine.

"—then don't bother wearing one ever again."

Erik blinked in confusion before the meaning hit him. "Mr. Williams, I was wrong! I'll keep my mouth shut!"

Stewart, his mood fouled, didn't acknowledge the plea.

Meanwhile, Gabriela had slipped out of the office early. Wesley had been craving soup, and nothing would satisfy him but her homemade borscht.

Though busy, Gabriela was moved by his attempt to repair their bond. She poured her heart into the soup, adding an extra touch of care.

Wesley's face lit up the moment he tasted it.

From her seat, Myah's smile faltered. Did Wesley forget about the ring already? How had things between him and Gabriela smoothed over so quickly?

She held her tongue, sipping her soup in silence.

After the meal, Wesley played with Truett for nearly two hours. The boy was all giggles, bouncing about with delight.

Gabriela's heart melted at the sight.

Clearly, Truett adored his father. All evening he clung to Wesley, brushing off both Farley and Loretta when they tried to take him. Loretta felt a flicker of envy, but seeing the three of them together filled her with genuine warmth.

When Truett was finally tucked into bed, Wesley headed straight for Gabriela's room, without Loretta's nudging or her stern reminders.

But halfway there, Myah intercepted him. "Wesley," she murmured, "I lost my ring while shopping today."

He studied her intently, his eyes dark. "It's gone?" he asked, his voice edged with weight.

"I only realized when I got home." She stepped closer, clutching his arm, her tone softening. "Sorry, Wesley. Are you angry with me?"

Her eyes shimmered red, on the verge of tears.

Wesley exhaled, lifting a hand to gently pat her head. "It's alright. Just be more careful next time."

Yet Gabriela had already said the ring was with her—never given to Myah at all. Why would Myah tell such an obvious lie?

Wesley didn't understand, but he chose to calm her down first.

"Okay." Myah bobbed her head earnestly. "I won't touch Gabriela's things again."

Once she slipped away, Wesley pushed open Gabriela's door. She had just stepped out of the bath, the air thick with her warm fragrance—enough to make reason blur.

Wesley's thoughts flicked back to that unfinished night, his eyes darkening. "All good?" he asked, his voice rough.

Gabriela gave a small nod. "You should shower too," she said, reaching for the hairdryer.

Wesley, burning with unchecked desire, found himself frustrated when the source of his turmoil carried on unaffected.

Irritation stirred, and with it, Myah's earlier excuse came to mind.

"Myah says she lost the ring," he remarked casually.

Gabriela's hands stilled for just a beat, the hum of the dryer filling the pause.

What trick was Myah pulling now? She'd already given Myah one chance. A serious talk was inevitable.

"I know," Gabriela replied evenly, masking her thoughts.

But Wesley wasn't fooled. He felt her holding something back. Leaning in, he said in a sharpened tone, "Show me the ring."

Chapter 809

Gabriela felt no trace of panic; the truth was on her side.

Once Wesley saw the ring for himself, Myah's lies would crumble to dust.

She pulled open a drawer, retrieved a small box, and placed it firmly in his hand.

He lifted the lid and took out the ring. It was a perfect match to the one resting on his own finger. The design was custom—impossible to duplicate without the original mold.

It was proof enough that Gabriela had spoken nothing but the truth.

Wesley's lips were about to curve into a smile when his eyes narrowed instead. His expression hardened as he studied the ring more closely. The inner band was bare, no engraving at all.

Noticing the sudden shift in his demeanor, Gabriela's heart skipped. "What is it? Is there something wrong with the ring?"

Wesley slid the ring from his own finger and held it out for her to see.

Inside, the letters G.H. gleamed softly—her initials, etched with care.

Then he placed the ring she'd handed him beside it. "Yours should bear my name," he said flatly.

Gabriela froze, stunned. "But... how could this be?"

She had checked the ring after it was repaired, confirmed it was hers, and kept it safely hidden away.

She had even inspected it again after discovering Myah's feelings for Wesley, making sure Myah's copy was a fake.

There was only one explanation now: Myah must have swapped the rings after Gabriela's last inspection.

The thought chilled her. Myah often wandered freely in and out of her room; if Gabriela wasn't home, slipping in and taking something would have been effortless.

As the realization struck, Gabriela's face drained of color. What on earth was Myah scheming?

"I should be the one asking you," Wesley cut in, his expression darkening. "Earlier, Myah intercepted me, claiming she'd lost the ring. That alone made me suspicious. If the one she held was a fake, why would she confess to losing it?"

Gabriela quickly defended herself. "I checked the ring last night. It was genuine. Myah must have swapped it today while I was out."

Wesley's brow furrowed. "Impossible. She spent the entire day shopping. In fact, she came home later than you did. How could she have slipped into your room?"

“Could she have come back in between?” Gabriela ventured.

Wesley’s tone turned edged with sarcasm. “Not likely. I had a female assistant shadow her. They were out the whole day.”

Gabriela’s stomach knotted at the look in his eyes. Something felt wrong.

“If I had hidden a fake ring and showed it to you,” she asked quietly, “what sense would that make?”

“That,” Wesley replied coldly, “is for you to explain.”

The sting of suspicion cut deep. Gabriela straightened, her voice steady. “I’m certain that the ring was real last night.”

His face was now like stone. “Since everyone has their own version of events, let’s settle this now. We’ll bring Myah here and clear things up.”

Gabriela nodded. “All right.”

Her chest tightened. Things between her and Wesley had just begun to mend, and Truett had been so happy tonight. She couldn't bear the thought of slipping back into the old days.

If this mess over the ring wasn't resolved, their fragile reconciliation might shatter, and Truett would once again lose his father.

Together, they strode to Myah's room and knocked firmly.

Moments later, the door creaked open. Myah stood there in silk pajamas, blinking as though startled awake. "At this hour? Is something wrong?"

"Can we come inside first?" Gabriela asked softly.

With elders in the house, a confrontation in the hallway would only draw unwanted attention.

Myah stepped aside, allowing them in, and quietly closed the door.

Chapter 810

Wesley didn't waste a breath. "Myah, did you just tell me the ring was lost?"

Caught off guard, Myah darted a glance at Gabriela before answering in a small voice, "Yes."

Gabriela's brow knitted. "Myah... did you secretly switch the rings?"

"I did not." Myah's head snapped up, her eyes glistening as if wounded. "Gabriela, you lent me the ring! Why are you accusing me of stealing it?"

Wesley's expression darkened. One of them was lying.

Gabriela's stomach twisted. How had Myah become like this? Was it her infatuation with Wesley? Could love really drive someone to lie so boldly, so shamelessly? Could love really change someone so drastically?

Keeping her composure, Gabriela spoke firmly. "Myah, last night you confessed to me. You said you secretly had a fake ring made, and you begged me not to tell Wesley."

She had sworn to keep that secret, but with the situation spiraling, she had no other choice.

"Gabriela!" Myah cried, tears spilling down her cheeks. "What did you say to me when you lent me the ring?"

Her voice broke as she continued, "You said Allan was the most important person in your life. And now that he's gone, I'm the most important. You said you'd give me anything I wanted. You told me a mere ring was nothing—that you'd even give your life for my brother! You said you made a fake one to fool Wesley, and it was fine if I wore the real one for a few days.

“So why are you accusing me now just because Wesley is here?”

She wiped at her tears, her words jagged with grief. “How could you even face my brother after this? Just now, I even lied to Wesley for you, saying the ring was lost, to cover for you!”

With her tear-streaked, innocent face, Myah’s relentless words cut like knives.

Gabriela went pale, utterly stunned. Never, in all the years she’d cherished Myah, had she imagined being struck with such a cruel betrayal.

Wesley’s expression turned grim, his eyes shadowed with doubt.

Still sobbing, Myah placed the real ring in Wesley’s hand. “I’m sorry, Wesley. I only borrowed it because Gabriela didn’t seem to care about it. I never meant to cause trouble between you.”

“Myah...” Gabriela’s voice trembled with anger and disbelief. “How could you—”

Myah cut Gabriela off mid-sentence. “You should leave. I’m exhausted and need sleep.” She waved them toward the door.

Before Gabriela could protest, Myah added coolly, "I've never taken anything from you. Rest assured, I won't step foot in your room again. I'll be gone in a few days anyway."

Gabriela's thoughts crashed against each other like waves in a storm. Myah's shameless distortions left her stunned, robbed of words.

The door clicked shut, leaving Gabriela and Wesley in the hallway.

Wesley's gaze dropped to the ring in his hand, the one Myah had just returned. Inside, engraved with perfect clarity, were the letters "W.M." Authentic. Without a doubt.

For the first time, doubt shifted heavily in Myah's favor.

To everyone, she had always been meek, submissive, incapable of lies.

And the ring? Gabriela had kept it all along. How could Myah possibly conjure a forgery?

He lifted his eyes to Gabriela, his voice edged with accusation. "Don't you think you owe me an explanation?"

Gabriela's lips parted, but no words came. She had said all she could, yet Myah's performance had twisted truth into a trap. And Wesley? He had already chosen whom to believe.

Her silence was answer enough. Wesley's expression hardened. He slipped the ring into his pocket. "Since you no longer value the ring I gave you, I'll keep it safe myself."