

His kiss 81

Chapter 81

Her voice rose to a screech as she shoved at Gabriela's shoulders.

Gabriela could have walked away, could have swallowed her anger like she had done countless times before. But when her late mother was mentioned, something inside her snapped.

Without a second's hesitation, she seized a fistful of Phyllis's hair, yanking her head back.

"You've been stealing what's mine since we were kids," she spat, her voice low and trembling with rage. "Spreading lies, dragging my name through filth. You sent rascals after me in high school, and now you've planted a sleazy man outside my office to corner me. Tell me, how do you live with yourself being such a rotten piece of shit?"

Gabriela had always prided herself on her control—on never letting cruelty get under her skin.

Phyllis's petty jabs had never been worth more than a dismissive glance; even the bullying she endured as a child hadn't cut as deep as the little irritations life threw at her day after day.

With age and experience, she'd learned to see Phyllis's schemes for what they were—small, spiteful games that barely deserved a reaction. Still, some wounds, no matter how trivial, never truly healed. They lingered like faint scars, invisible until something pressed on them.

And after Rhys's humiliating stunt today, those stains flared to the surface.

Coworkers' muffled laughter and sly glances followed her like a shadow. She could fake indifference, keep her chin high, and her smile steady, but Wesley had been there. He'd seen the spectacle.

What was he thinking now?

He wasn't just her boss—he was the man she'd silently admired above all others, the man she could never afford to let see her as pathetic.

Gabriela's fury mounted as she lashed out, her fingers digging in tighter. Phyllis's scalp burned under the merciless grip, her shrieks cutting through the air as she thrashed and clawed, desperate to pry Gabriela's hands away.

"Dad, help me! She's lost her fucking mind!" Phyllis wailed, her voice cracking.

Josh froze, utterly unprepared for the chaos unfolding before him.

His gaze darted from Gabriela—her expression shadowed, jaw clenched in pure rage—to Phyllis, who had lashed out with vicious words at Gabriela's late mother.

The insult snapped something in him. For the first time in years, anger surged up and overrode his hesitation. His hand came down hard across Phyllis's cheek. "Shut your mouth. Show some respect for

your deceased aunt!” The sharp crack echoed in the room. Both women halted, stunned by the sudden intervention.

Gabriela’s grip instinctively tightened in the silence that followed, and with a sickening rip, a thick tuft of Phyllis’s hair tore free. A sharp tearing sound split the air, followed by Phyllis’s piercing scream.

The sudden sting and rush of cold air on her scalp left her frozen for a beat.

Then her eyes widened in horror at the fistful of hair in Gabriela’s hand. She touched the tender bald patch, gasping before lunging at Gabriela in a wild frenzy.

“I’ll fucking tear you apart!” she shrieked.

Josh caught Phyllis before she could hit Gabriela, creating some distance between them.

Gabriela lowered her gaze to the dark tangle of hair in her fist, her breathing gradually steadying.

She smoothed her own mussed hair back, then fixed Phyllis with an icy glare. “Tell Rhys—if he shows his face to harass me again, I’ll have him thrown in jail.” Without another glance, she carried the clump of hair like a trophy and strode toward her room, her steps sharp and deliberate.

Josh and Phyllis were left standing in the living room, the heavy silence stretching between them like a noose.

Phyllis thrashed even harder, her voice breaking with outrage. “Dad, you actually hit me? How could you? Look at Gabriela—so smug and arrogant! Rhys is willing to ignore her dalliance with some sugar daddy, yet she still treats him like dirt. And she hit me first!”

Josh stood rooted to the spot, confusion clouding his features, unable to decide who was telling the truth.

He couldn’t fathom why the two of them were locked in such a bitter conflict. For Gabriela, years of swallowing Phyllis’s petty torments had finally paid off in this single, gratifying moment.

Even if Phyllis and Marie twisted the story and Josh took their side later, she still felt untouchable.

She set the clump of hair into a delicate box as if it were a rare keepsake, snapped a photo, and uploaded it to her WhatsApp status.

The caption read “A Meaningful Trophy”—a post visible exclusively to Phyllis.