

His kiss 84

Chapter 84

As Rhys sat brooding in his hospital bed, plotting his next move against Gabriela, she moved about the kitchen, quietly preparing breakfast.

Knowing Wesley had grown accustomed to fine dining, she opted for something modest yet thoughtful—assembling a crisp sandwich and tucking a neatly wrapped box of muffins into a bag.

Phyllis, passing by, caught sight of Gabriela busy in the kitchen in the soft morning light, with their chef stationed nearby, occasionally offering a word of praise for her cooking.

In the living room, Josh lounged with a newspaper in hand, the faint curve of approval on his face.

The memory of yesterday—Josh openly siding with Gabriela and even striking her—gnawed at Phyllis, stoking both envy and bitterness.

She stepped just outside the kitchen doorway, careful to keep her voice out of Josh's earshot, and drawled with a smirk, "Some people are just dramatic—cooking for themselves when they could have it done for them. You actually think cooking for us will earn you brownie points?"

Gabriela glanced over her shoulder, a faint, mocking smile tugging at her lips.

"Does it still hurt?" she asked, her tone laced with deliberate sweetness.

Phyllis's expression froze, her jaw tightening.

Of course it still hurt—how could it not?

After losing a fistful of hair, her scalp still throbbed and stung, the skin raw where it had bled. The ache had kept her awake all night.

She hadn't even gone looking for payback—yet Gabriela had the nerve to bring it up?

Phyllis's face warped with pure hatred, but Gabriela only curved her lips into a cool, taunting smile. "Keep running that filthy mouth, and I'll gladly rip out another handful for my collection."

The memory of Gabriela's unflinching ferocity in past fights made Phyllis's bravado crumble. She automatically shuffled backward until she judged the distance safe, then hurled a weak insult from afar. "You bitch!"

Gabriela didn't so much as blink. As long as Phyllis kept her distance, petty name-calling barely registered. She grabbed her packed breakfast, bid Josh a brisk farewell, and headed out.

The moment she stepped into the company plaza, a figure suddenly darted toward her.

“Gabriela!” Aubrey hurriedly called out.

She skidded to a stop, grabbing Gabriela by the arms and giving her an almost comically thorough once-over, as if checking for any injuries. “I’m so sorry! I ducked out of work early yesterday and had no clue someone was giving you trouble,” she gushed, shaking her head. “Are you sure you’re okay? I heard Rhys went after you—did he hurt you?”

“I’m fine,” Gabriela assured her, her tone calm. “I haven’t got so much as a bruise. Really, there’s no need to worry.”

Aubrey let out a long breath, her shoulders easing. “Good. I also heard Mr. Moss swooped in to help you yesterday. He even drove you home afterward—” She then leaned in with a teasing glint in her eyes. “Did any sparks happen to fly between you two?”

Gabriela shot her a weary, unamused glance.

Now she realized Aubrey’s concern was just an excuse to dig for more gossip about her and Wesley.

“Don’t give me that look,” Aubrey chided, undeterred. She tilted her head, a knowing smile playing on her lips. “You know how Mr. Moss is—cold as ice with the staff. So why would he step in for you unless...” Her grin widened as she went on, “He’s into you.”

Gabriela opened her mouth to deny it, but the memory of Wesley's cool, unreadable expression gave her pause. It was true—he rarely involved himself with others, yet he had stepped in for her, then given her a ride home.

That uncharacteristic kindness left her strangely unsettled.

“Wow, that dreamy look gives you away completely.” Aubrey popped up in front of Gabriela with a mischievous grin. “All right, out with it—are you and Mr. Moss secretly dating?”

“Absolutely not!” Gabriela countered without missing a beat. “Keep gossiping about him in here, and you’ll be packing your things by day’s end.”

“I’m not gossiping about him,” Aubrey remarked, feigning wounded innocence. “I’m gossiping about my best friend. Word is, Mr. Moss swooped in last night like some gallant knight—it was legendary! So, tell me, did he win your heart or not?”

Gabriela, unable to endure another round of her friend’s relentless prying, turned on her heel. “I’m going to be late. I need to go.”

Aubrey, undeterred, trailed after her.

Once they stepped into the company lobby, Aubrey toned herself down, not daring to breathe Wesley’s name again. But the moment she spotted an empty hallway, she leaned closer and lowered her voice. “I’ve got news for you. You’ve been keeping tabs on Mr. Saunders, right? They’re saying he might be coming back soon.”

A spark of delight lit Gabriela's eyes as she replied, "For real?"

Ever since Brenden had tattled to Wesley with their WhatsApp chat screenshots, she'd barely spoken to him online.