

His kiss 861

Chapter 861

Today seemed like the right moment to plant seeds of caution in her son's trusting heart — at least where Myah was concerned.

Truett's eyes widened. "But she told me she had nowhere else to go."

"I wonder why she would say such a thing." Gabriela feigned contemplation. "Perhaps she simply preferred staying with us."

Truett's brow furrowed as he turned this over in his mind. "Even if Myah cares about us, lying isn't right. I felt terrible thinking she had no home."

"Don't let it trouble you, sweetheart." Gabriela smoothed his hair with gentle fingers. "Just remember — whenever Myah tells you something, ask yourself if it sounds true. And if you're ever unsure, come find me. Deal?"

Truett nodded solemnly. "I promise."

At the hospital's exclusive wing, silence filled the premium ward. The sedative had finally calmed Myah's frantic state. Given her fragile health and damaged eye, the doctor had administered the medication with extreme caution.

Wesley arrived to find Myah still conscious, though drowsy. “You came!” Her voice cracked with relief as she spotted him, her fingers clutching his hand with desperate force. “Please don’t leave me here — I want to go home.”

The sight of her swollen, reddened eyes and the ugly bruise spreading across her forehead stirred an unexpected sympathy in Wesley, temporarily silencing his doubts. He spoke with practiced gentleness. “Rest now. Once you’re feeling better, I’ll take you wherever you want to go.”

Fresh tears spilled down her cheeks as Myah whimpered like an abandoned child. “I miss Gabriela’s home. Wesley, my heart breaks without her.”

“I’ll arrange it — you’ll see her soon. But these tears aren’t helping your recovery.” Wesley carefully dabbed her face dry. “The doctors warned against crying while your eye heals.”

“No more tears, I swear.” Myah’s voice turned urgent. “Gabriela always hated when I cried — I learned to listen.”

Loretta observed Myah’s pitiful condition from across the room, her own eyes glistening with unshed tears. Once Wesley had comforted Myah and the medication finally claimed her into sleep, he stepped into the hallway with Loretta.

He noticed the exhaustion etched deep in her features. “You shouldn’t spend every day here, Grandma. Your age and health can’t handle this constant strain.”

“The girl’s falling apart emotionally.” Loretta exhaled heavily. “Losing sight in one eye was devastating enough — then you grew distant, and Gabriela refused all contact. She’s convinced everyone will eventually abandon her. Without my visits, her mind would spiral completely.”

Wesley’s jaw tightened. “My bad. I’ll make time to see her regularly.” He understood his obligations; Loretta shouldn’t be shouldering burdens that belonged to him.

Loretta nodded with weary resignation. “Your presence might help, but Gabriela remains the real challenge. Despite everything that’s passed between them, Gabriela is still the person Myah longs for most.”

Chapter 862

Recently, Myah had spoken Gabriela’s name more than anyone else’s. During the quiet holiday weeks, when the company slowed to a crawl, she had clung to the hope that Gabriela might finally relent and visit. Each silent day had chipped away at that hope, dragging her deeper into despair — until today, when she finally cracked, driving her skull against the hospital wall.

Wesley absorbed Loretta’s account with growing unease. Randall’s connection to Myah had already planted seeds of suspicion in his mind. When Gabriela turned cold toward Myah, he had followed suit, creating distance where there had once been warmth. Yet without solid proof of wrongdoing, dismissing years of Myah’s devotion felt cruel and unjust.

Loretta studied Wesley’s troubled expression before speaking with quiet intensity. “Allan offered his heart without hesitation, asking only that you protect his sister in return. Myah was everything to Allan. We can’t abandon that sacred promise over petty grievances. That’s not how we honor the dead.”

Her words landed like physical blows.

Wesley realized that nearly a decade after receiving Allan's heart, he had gradually pushed aside his solemn vow — because of his feelings for Gabriela. The weight of that betrayal settled heavily on his conscience.

"You're right," he said, his voice carrying newfound resolve. "I'll manage my feelings better and treat Myah with the care she deserves."

Loretta's shoulders relaxed slightly. "But she's desperate to return to Gabriela's home. How do we possibly approach that conversation?"

Wesley winced, thinking of his fragile reconciliation with Gabriela. "I'll find the right words," he said carefully. Gabriela possessed a generous heart — he was certain of it. Despite the current tension, she had cherished Myah like a sister for nearly ten years. Surely that bond couldn't be completely severed.

After settling the discharge paperwork, they met with Myah's doctor. The physician's expression remained grave. "Myah exhibits severe emotional instability with dangerous depressive episodes. Her right eye sustained catastrophic damage. Continued crying risks serious infection — frankly, avoiding complete blindness was miraculous enough without hoping for restored vision. She needs constant emotional support from family."

Wesley absorbed each word with solemn attention. "We understand completely, Doctor."

The mild sedative wore off after two hours. Myah's first coherent words were a demand to see Gabriela. Fearing another breakdown, Wesley immediately drove her to the villa.

Evening had settled over the house. Ken's cooking filled the kitchen with savory aromas while Gabriela and Farley guided Truett through a colorful puzzle in the living room. Wesley's sudden arrival with Myah sent visible tension through Gabriela's body. She instinctively drew Truett behind her, and Farley rose swiftly, positioning himself like a barrier between Myah and the child.

The sight of Gabriela broke Myah's composure entirely. Tears streamed down her face as she whispered brokenly, "Gabriela."

Once, those tears might have melted Gabriela's resolve, stirring the familiar ache of compassion. Now, she watched with stone-cold detachment. She passed Truett to Farley with deliberate calm. "Take him to the garden, please. Let him run around back there." Farley grasped her meaning at once and guided the boy away from whatever storm was about to break.

Once they disappeared, Gabriela's full attention fixed on Myah.

Chapter 863

Her gaze carried an arctic frost — the kind of cold that penetrated bone and made even innocent souls shiver with dread. She studied Myah's tear-streaked face, that practiced expression of wounded innocence, and felt nothing but a bitter amusement rise in her throat.

When she finally spoke, each word dropped like ice. "Leave. Now."

Gabriela's voice was sharp, her anger plain as daylight.

Having just returned from the hospital, Wesley, Myah, and Loretta all froze in surprise. Wesley's brows knit together as he struggled to grasp what had triggered Gabriela's sudden fury.

Loretta, mindful of Myah's fragile state, hurried to ease the tension. "Gabriela, Myah just came back from the hospital. Whatever needs to be said, say it calmly."

"There's nothing to say." Gabriela's eyes turned cold as steel when they fell on Myah. "Will you leave on your own, or must I have someone drag you out?"

The words struck Myah like thunder. She could hardly believe her ears.

Gabriela had always been her greatest shield. Back in college, even when burdened with part-time jobs and endless coursework, Gabriela had still found time to read her stories and old classics. Even after she had vanished for years, Gabriela's first instinct — once her memory returned — had been to bring her to the villa. No matter how unreasonable her requests, Gabriela had always yielded. It was Gabriela who had arranged her eye treatment, opening the world before her again.

And now? She was heartless — beyond recognition.

Could it be that Gabriela could not stomach her simply because she harbored feelings for Wesley? If so, Gabriela was mistaken. She would never rid herself of her — not in this life.

“Gabriela, I’m sorry! I was wrong!” The sudden shift broke Myah entirely. Tears streamed down her cheeks, and with a heavy thud, she dropped to her knees before Gabriela. The echo of impact resounded through the entryway, surely leaving bruises. Loretta’s heart clenched at the sight, and she rushed forward to lift Myah up, her eyes pleading with Gabriela to soften.

But Gabriela’s expression only grew frostier. “Myah, do you even know what you did wrong? Tell me — what exactly was it?”

Helpless, Myah stammered, “I shouldn’t have secretly made the ring. I shouldn’t have tried to drive and caused Brenden’s injury.” She pushed Loretta’s hand aside and crawled forward on her knees until she had clutched Gabriela’s hand in desperation. “Gabriela, whatever you dislike about me, I’ll change. Just don’t cast me out. Please.”

Her voice quivered. “These days in the hospital, I dreamed every night of Allan — covered in blood. I dreamed you abandoned me, leaving me all alone. Gabriela, I have no home left.”

Gabriela lowered her gaze, a dry, disbelieving laugh slipping from her lips. So this was the trick — an innocent face, pitiful words, and Allan’s name, woven together to deceive her all these years. She yanked her hand free, her patience gone entirely. “Get out. And never set foot in my house again.”

Loretta grew frantic. Gabriela was a reasonable woman — how could she be so cold now?

Just as Loretta moved to speak, Wesley cut in ahead of her. “Gabriela, do you truly never wish to see Myah again?”

His eyes stayed fixed on Gabriela, and he noted the anger simmering there. This was no passing temper — it was the quiet, settled determination to sever ties once and for all.

“Yes.” Gabriela’s glare swung to him, her fury spilling over. “You had better get her out of here now — or I’ll drive you out along with her.”

Looking back, every act Wesley had committed out of misunderstanding now seemed like a minor grievance. Yet when Truett vanished, he had suspected her of plotting it all just to force a marriage. Back then, her grief over Truett and the weight of her own guilt had blinded her to any suspicion of Myah. But now, having uncovered Myah’s schemes, her disappointment in Wesley cut even deeper.

Wesley saw the wrath in Gabriela’s eyes, and something in his chest softened with sympathy. “Gabriela, why are you so angry? Tell me, please.” His voice was low and gentle, like a calming breeze.

He had resolved never again to question her past with Allan. What mattered was her future, not the shadows behind her — and so he would not allow new misunderstandings to take root.

Hearing his quiet tone, Gabriela’s rigid anger began to ease. She opened her mouth. “Last time, Truett —”

“Gabriela!” Myah cut in before she could finish.

She understood at once why she had demanded her to leave. If Wesley learned of that matter, any hope of marrying him would be finished. She could not let Gabriela speak.

With a wail of despair, she threw herself forward, her forehead striking the floor in a brutal bow. The speed was frightening. Before anyone could react, she had slammed her head three times. Her skin split, blood trickling down in a thin, startling red stream.

“Gabriela, what must I do to earn your forgiveness? I swear I’ll never touch your ring again!” Her voice broke further. “As for Brenden — I never meant him harm! Must I die before you’ll forgive me?”

One eye hidden under gauze, tears spilling freely, blood streaking her brow — Myah looked half-mad and wholly pitiful. Loretta’s heart shattered again, Allan’s last wish ringing in her mind. The poor child was already battling depression, and now the person she trusted most was pushing her away.

Loretta hurried to help her up. “Myah, stop. If Gabriela won’t let you stay, you can come live with me, alright?”

“No.” Myah’s gaze clung stubbornly to Gabriela. “If you don’t forgive me, I’ll kneel here forever.”

The scene had already drawn a small crowd. Neighbors gathered at the entrance, whispering and pointing. Gabriela’s stomach churned with disgust. She stepped back. “Then kneel if you must. You —”

Before she could finish, Loretta finally lost her composure. “Gabriela, Myah is still young. You used to love her most — why be so cruel now?”

“Grandma.” Wesley cut in with a frown. “You know Gabriela. Don’t speak of her that way.”

Loretta regretted the words the instant they left her mouth. Gabriela was the mother of her great-grandson — a good woman. Those words had surely cut her deep. She moved to explain, but Gabriela had already turned away, retreating indoors.

Chapter 865

She reached for the door, intent on shutting out Myah's deceitful face. Whatever kneeling Myah chose, whatever gossip the neighbors spread — none of it mattered anymore.

But Wesley caught the door before it closed, his eyes filled with quiet pleading. "Gabriela, I'll take Myah away. Please, don't stay angry." If that door shut now, the distance between Gabriela and Loretta might only widen.

Gabriela lifted her gaze to him — to his handsome face, to that gentle, lingering look. A few seconds passed in silence before she finally answered. "Alright."

Loretta opened her mouth again, but Wesley shook his head, silencing her.

"Myah, let me take you home." With firm resolve, he steadied her, lifted her, and carried her swiftly away from the scene.

Gabriela remained still, watching his retreating figure. A tightness gripped her throat, making it hard to breathe.

After climbing into the car, Loretta rummaged around until she found gauze and disinfectant. She cleaned the scrape on Myah's forehead right there in the back seat, her movements gentle but brisk.

Wesley suggested driving Myah back to her house on the edge of town. She rejected the idea immediately. "Wesley, I don't want to be there by myself. I just want to stay with Gabriela."

He spoke calmly, trying to steady her. "Delia will take care of you. You won't be alone."

"But Delia isn't Gabriela," Myah insisted. "She's not you either." Her voice wavered, tears welling before she could finish speaking.

The doctor's warning echoed in their minds. Her depression had left her emotionally exposed, fragile at the slightest provocation. "If her condition isn't handled carefully, things can spiral quickly," the doctor had said. "You need to pay close attention to her moods and do your best to accommodate her needs."

The memory made Loretta's chest tighten. "Myah," she said softly but urgently, "Gabriela is still shaken right now. Maybe it's better if you don't go back to the villa yet. You could stay at Wesley's condo for a while. Or come back to my place — Miriam and I are both there."

Myah's sobs gradually subsided. She looked at Wesley, hesitant, almost afraid to hope. "Wesley," she asked quietly, "can I stay at the condo with you?"

A slight crease appeared between his brows. He responded with a brief, unreadable nod. "Okay."

Myah leaned closer, her voice dropping to a careful whisper. “Don’t worry, Wesley. I’ll behave. I won’t disturb you while you’re working.”

“Don’t fuss,” Loretta cut in with a mild smile as she packed away the medical supplies. “Wesley doesn’t work from home anyway. The condo is usually empty. It might do him some good to have someone there.”

The line between Wesley’s brows deepened. Still, he offered no protest — only a quiet, “Grandma’s right.”

Only then did Myah release a slow sigh of relief.

Chapter 866

She had grown sick of hospitals long ago. Ever since she had realized her feelings for Wesley, all she wanted was to be alone with him, to share his space, to step into his life as though she already belonged there — as though she were his girlfriend. She knew better than to ask outright; Wesley would never agree. So she had mentioned Gabriela’s villa instead, counting on Gabriela refusing to let her return, though she hadn’t expected the rejection to be so sharp or so merciless.

She was Allan’s sister. Yet Gabriela had shown no lingering kindness — not even for his memory.

Myah curled her fingers into her lap. Gabriela had been the one to turn cold first, so she bore no guilt for hardening her own heart in return. Wesley was meant to be hers. He was alive because of Allan’s heart — so why should he belong to Gabriela?

With her head bowed, Myah appeared meek and subdued. Inside, her thoughts were already racing, quietly plotting a dozen ways to tear Wesley and Gabriela apart.

Before long, the car arrived at Wesley's condo.

The moment they stepped inside, Myah turned toward Wesley, her eyes lingering on the crisp angles of his face. Her pulse quickened without reason or warning, and color crept into her cheeks as she reached for his hand.

"Wesley, I used to love white roses more than anything," she murmured. "But lately, I think water lilies might be just as lovely."

Her touch was cold. The chill sent an inexplicable ripple through him. Wesley paused, then truly looked at her — not as someone delicate, not as someone he was responsible for, but as a woman. Up until now, her closeness had felt harmless. This time, it did not.

He moved ahead at once, gently slipping free of her grasp without a backward glance. After that, he remained deliberately distant, careful never to let her draw that near again.

Loretta noticed nothing amiss. Smiling brightly, she walked toward the guest room. "Myah, I'll fix up your bed."

Myah hurried after her. "Loretta, you've been staying with me at the hospital for days. You must be exhausted. I can manage on my own — please go home and rest."

Loretta stopped short, surprise flickering across her face. "I wasn't planning to leave. I'm here to take care of you."

"I don't need that." Myah's nose wrinkled as her eyes shimmered. "Loretta, am I really that helpless? I'm already staying with Wesley — do you still need to look after me?"

"Of course not," Loretta responded gently, her voice softening at once. She knew too well how easily Myah's feelings tipped out of balance. "You're being very considerate." A trace of unease lingered, but with Wesley around, she reassured herself that Myah would be safe. "Alright," she said finally. "Then I'll leave the bed to you."

Myah's smile returned, lighter now, almost relieved.

They made their way back to the living room together. Wesley sat on the sofa with his phone in hand, waiting for a message that had yet to arrive. He looked calm as ever, impeccably put together, yet there was a subtle tension in his expression — a quiet strain that stirred Myah's sympathy and drew her in even more. She could not stop looking at him.

He glanced up. "Is the room ready?"

"I'm a little worn out today, Wesley," Loretta said. "I think I'll head home."

Chapter 867

Wesley didn't hesitate. He called Trey and had him drive Loretta back to her house.

Once she was gone, only Wesley and Myah remained. The chandelier overhead spilled warm light across the living room, and silence settled in. The space between them felt charged, as if the air itself were quietly vibrating. Myah's heart thudded so hard it felt as though it might leap free. She barely registered the ache in her injured eye anymore.

Even if her vision worsened, she could always have Stewart take her to Fred's place. What mattered now was stopping Gabriela before she could say anything to Wesley that would destroy her.

Wesley opened his laptop and began typing, slipping effortlessly back into work.

Back to work again — he never really stopped, did he?

"Wesley, would you like me to cook something for you?" Myah asked softly. Gabriela had managed to draw his attention through her cooking, and Myah had been practicing, improving. She would show him she could do even better — that she was the one meant to stand by his side.

Wesley did not lift his gaze, his focus fixed on the screen. "There's no need. Billy already ordered food for me."

Her chest tightened. He chose delivery over her cooking? He always had home-cooked meals when Gabriela made them.

“But takeout isn’t exactly the healthiest option,” Myah said.

He finally frowned, impatience slipping into his voice. “It’s a proper meal. Don’t worry.” Billy had ordered from the Gilded Fork — premium ingredients, balanced portions, meticulously prepared.

Seeing his irritation, Myah fell silent. She moved to sit beside him and said nothing more.

His laptop stalled for a brief second. He leaned closer to the screen, the muscles along his neck tightening beneath his collar. Myah watched him, her breath catching. If she could stay beside him like this forever, she thought, she would willingly lose her sight all over again.

Back at the villa, after Gabriela had sent Myah away, Farley returned to the living room with Truett in his arms. The boy wriggled free and ran to Gabriela, his face glowing with curiosity. “Mommy, why did Daddy have to leave again? When is he coming back?”

Gabriela’s hands stilled for a brief moment before she pulled him into an embrace, her smile gentle and reassuring. “Daddy had something important to take care of. He’ll be home later, sweetheart.”

Truett’s shoulders drooped. “That’s a shame. Ken made BBQ ribs tonight — Daddy’s favorite.”

Gabriela chuckled softly and tapped his nose. “Then Daddy’s the one missing out.”

Still, the word “Daddy” lingered in the air, echoing in her mind. With it came the memory of Wesley’s eyes earlier that day — full of restraint and quiet hurt. He really had changed. Even Loretta had misread her intentions, yet he had never once doubted her.

She owed him the truth.

Without letting herself waver, Gabriela finished settling dinner, entrusted Truett to Farley, and drove straight to Wesley’s condo. As long as she explained everything that had happened, they could still begin again.

Chapter 868

She stopped at the condo door and raised her hand to ring the bell. Then her eyes caught on the fingerprint lock.

A strange impulse rose within her. Before she could stop herself, she pressed her finger against the sensor.

The lock released with a soft click.

Gabriela froze, disbelief washing over her. How had Wesley registered her fingerprint into the system again?

The door opened with barely a whisper, almost too gentle to be noticed. No one inside showed any sign of having heard a thing.

Gabriela moved into the foyer on silent feet.

Wesley's shoes sat in their usual spot — and next to them, his worn-out running sneakers. Right beside both pairs rested a pair of delicate white flats, unmistakably feminine. It took Gabriela only a moment to recognize them. Cheerful watermelons decorated the toes, the halves split between each foot, looking just as playful as she remembered. Those shoes had been her gift to Myah, once upon a time. She could still picture the way Myah's face had lit up, her joy radiating for hours afterward.

Gabriela paused, then eased her wedge heels off and placed them quietly at the edge of the rack. She let her feet touch the floor and moved forward, each step taken with care.

As she made her way down the hallway, the voices grew clearer.

"Wesley, you hate celery, don't you? If you aren't going to eat it, I'll take it off your hands."

Gabriela reached the dining room. Wesley and Myah sat across from each other at the table, sharing a meal. Wesley faced away from her, still unaware of her presence. Myah hadn't noticed her either — she was already reaching across the table and sliding the celery onto her own plate with easy familiarity.

That small gesture carried a closeness that felt far too personal.

A crease formed between Wesley's brows as he leaned back, clearly about to say something. Before he could, Myah's fork slipped from her fingers. She pushed to her feet too quickly, her voice catching. "Gabriela, what brings you here?"

At the sound of her name, Wesley turned sharply in his chair.

Gabriela remained where she was, her expression calm and unreadable as she studied him. His eyes flicked to the plates, lingered on the celery now claimed by Myah, then returned to her face. A heavy pressure settled in his chest. "Gabriela, don't get the wrong idea. I —"

Myah cut in before he could finish. "Gabriela, Wesley hates celery, so I took it. He didn't tell me to — I just like it. That's all." She stepped closer, her movements careful, and reached out to take Gabriela's hand. "You and Wesley used to eat like this too, didn't you? You know how picky he is. There's nothing else happening here."

Gabriela looked down at her. The height difference made her silence feel deliberate, her composure carrying a cool, unhurried authority. Myah's shoulders curled inward as she spoke in a small voice. "Gabriela, please don't be upset with me."

"I'm not angry," Gabriela replied evenly. "Take your hand off mine."

Chapter 869

After a brief pause, Myah slowly let go.

Without sparing her another glance, Gabriela shifted her attention to Wesley. “We need to talk.”

The quiet firmness in her voice made him stiffen. “Alright,” he answered.

Gabriela was about to speak when Myah reached for her again, her tone gentle but insistent. “Gabriela, could you wait until Wesley finishes eating? Once the food gets cold, it won’t taste the same. His health isn’t great, and he really needs to eat on schedule. He’s been working nonstop all day and he’s worn out. Don’t you care about him at all?”

Gabriela struggled to process what she was hearing. Only hours earlier, she had forced this girl out of her home — yet here she stood, behaving as though none of it had mattered. She was still so young, and yet she already knew exactly how to play her part.

Disgust tightened Gabriela’s expression. “Don’t touch me.”

“I promise I’ll never mess up again, whatever it was I did.” Myah clung even tighter, her grip desperate, tears shimmering in her eyes. “You once told Allan you’d always forgive me for his sake — doesn’t that still count?”

“Allan is gone.” Gabriela’s reply landed cold and sharp. Her eyes dropped briefly to the faded scar on Myah’s forehead, her lips drawing into a thin line. “Even the best promises have an end. You can’t keep using his memory to hold me.”

Life had never handed Gabriela any softness. Kindness had never been instinct — it was a habit she had picked up back when she still believed there was good in people. That look of wide-eyed innocence Myah wore, the same coyness she had aimed at Truett, had drained the last drops of patience Gabriela had left.

Myah stared at her, shock widening her eyes, at a complete loss for words. After a few seconds, her voice trembled. “Is it really true that the dead are forgotten so quickly? Allan gave you so much — and this is how you repay him?”

“Allan’s kindness was his own,” Gabriela replied, her words as clear as glass, her gaze shifting to Wesley. “What I owe him — I’ll settle that debt when my time comes.”

Tears finally spilled down Myah’s cheeks. She turned to Wesley, her voice quivering. “What about you, Wesley? Did you forget what you promised Allan too? You both want me gone. You want me out of your lives.”

Wesley drew in a slow breath and let it out, closing his eyes for a moment. “That’s not true. No one here is trying to push you away.”

Myah’s words came apart at the edges. “Then why did Gabriela show up this late? Was it just to see you? She already forced me out once — she’s not going to let me stay here again, is she?”

Chapter 870

No one answered. In the silence, she lunged for the water glass, snatched it from the table, and rushed down the hall to her bedroom. She yanked open the drawer, grabbed her bottle of antidepressants, and

dumped the contents into her mouth without a second thought. She swallowed hard, chasing the pills with water, then immediately reached for her sleeping medication and tried to take those too.

Not a single tremor ran through her fingers. Each motion was calm, methodical, and merciless.

Wesley burst in, wrenched the second bottle away, and forced her mouth open. “Have you lost your mind? Spit them out — now!”

He barely waited for her to cough up what she could before scooping her off the floor and carrying her toward the front door, panic in every step.

Gabriela stood still, her features unreadable as she watched the chaos unfold. For just a moment, she caught a glimpse of Myah’s face as the girl tilted her head and offered a brief, unsettling smile — one that felt far too satisfied.

An icy chill slid over Gabriela’s skin.

There were always more tricks. Crying, begging, threats — Myah knew how to play every card. As long as Wesley was still breathing, he would feel bound to Allan’s debt. Myah was consumed by her feelings for Wesley. If she ever chose to repeat this same self-destructive act in order to corner him into marriage, the outcome was easy to imagine. The thought alone sent a sharp chill crawling across Gabriela’s scalp.

Her feet faltered, and she staggered back a step.

Still holding Myah in his arms, Wesley raised his voice. “Call an ambulance!”

Although she despised what Myah had done, Gabriela couldn’t stand by and watch her die. She made the call, then followed Wesley outside into the night.

He laid Myah gently across the back seat, fastened her seat belt with shaking hands, and hurried toward the driver’s door. Right before he could climb in, Gabriela reached out and grasped his sleeve.

The touch was barely there — but his chest tightened as if she had struck something vital. Her fingers quivered, though her expression stayed composed.

When she spoke, her voice remained even. “Wesley... just this once, can you stop choosing her?”

His head snapped down toward her.

There was something unmistakable in her eyes — something calm and resolute — and it told him everything. If he walked away now, if he turned to Myah again, whatever remained between them would be beyond saving.

The truth stung hard enough to blur his vision.

Then a weak sound drifted from the back seat.

“Wesley...” Myah groaned faintly. “It hurts so much. My stomach feels like it’s on fire. I can’t take it anymore. Please... just let me die.”

Slowly, Wesley peeled Gabriela’s fingers away from his sleeve, one by one, his eyes rimmed red. “Gabriela... I have to get her to the hospital first. I’ll explain everything afterward.”

“Alright.” Her hand dropped to her side, and her reply came out soft and thin. “I understand.”

Gabriela retreated several steps, stopping with her arms slack at her sides, fingers unmoving. Her face carried no obvious reaction — smooth and unreadable, as if nothing had touched her at all. That stillness unsettled people far more than shouting ever could.