

His kiss 87

Chapter 87

Neither man met Rhys's gaze; both looked tense, their eyes darting anywhere but at him.

The Eastmeuse Industrial Park project had wrapped up three months ago, and all payments had been cleared. So why had the boss suddenly summoned them? Rhys greeted his boss with a respectful nod, ready to ask why Nicholas and Konner were present.

Before he could speak, the boss's gaze hardened. "Rhys, there's a serious issue with the Eastmeuse Industrial Park. Two-thirds of the materials don't meet quality standards. You'd better have a damn good explanation."

The boss's voice cracked like a whip, and Rhys felt his knees weaken. A bead of cold sweat slid down his temple.

He knew exactly why this was happening—he'd used his position to conspire with Konner, approving Nicholas's substandard supplies in exchange for hefty kickbacks. He'd assumed the defects would take years to surface, giving him plenty of time to shift the blame and walk away unscathed.

Rhys had not expected that just a few short months after the project wrapped up, the boss would uncover such a bombshell.

"Sir, I can explain..." Rhys began, his voice tight.

The boss's eyes were like steel. "Save it for the police."

In massive projects like this, cutting corners wasn't exactly unheard of; most executives pretended not to notice so long as the flaws weren't catastrophic.

But this time, the evidence against Rhys was ironclad—records of the kickbacks sat right on the boss's desk. It was worse than anyone had guessed. Furious, he ordered his secretary to call the police.

Minutes later, uniformed police officers strode in, their presence heavy and unyielding. Without a word, they escorted Rhys and the other two men out, the sharp click of handcuffs echoing through the office.

When Haley got wind of the news, a chill of dread shot through her. Without wasting a second, she grabbed her phone and called her husband, Draven Fox. "Rhys has given that company years of his life. So what if he took a little kickback? How could his boss go straight to the police over something so small? You'd better figure out a way to get him out of this."

Though Draven was just a university professor, he had deep ties and a long list of influential acquaintances.

Haley, convinced it was nothing serious, felt certain that with her husband stepping in, the problem would vanish.

At first, Draven shared her confidence.

Within the school, his word carried weight that few dared to challenge, and he moved through its halls with the arrogance of a man who believed himself untouchable. Even the pretty students he set his sights on knew better than to defy him.

But the illusion of control shattered in an instant—he had barely ended a phone call when a pair of uniformed police officers stepped forward, snapping cold steel around his wrists. Without ceremony, they marched him out and hauled him to the station, where he found himself locked up beside his son.

The fallout was swift. The school released an official notice stripping Draven of every position he held, then pinned a blunt, damning statement to the bulletin board: his misconduct was beyond forgiveness, and he would never again be employed there. The very students he had preyed upon whispered in the corridors, some unable to hide their satisfaction.

The scandal spread quickly, spilling beyond campus walls until it made the evening news, each headline sealing the fate of the once untouchable professor.

Gabriela didn't learn the news until she stepped through the door after work and saw Josh glued to the television. The evening report had just cut to footage of Draven being led away in handcuffs, the school's expulsion notice flashing across the screen.

"This professor looks familiar," Josh said, narrowing his eyes at the image. "Oh! Isn't he Rhys's father?"

At his question, Phyllis's voice shook as she replied, "I think you are mistaken."

“No, that man is definitely Rhys’s father,” Gabriela said, her tone icy after hanging up from a string of calls. “He’s been preying on students for years, and now every filthy thing he’s done has finally come to light. By the way, Rhys’s shoddy project work...”

“Had nearly cost lives, and now he’s sitting in a jail cell. Looks like they finally got what was coming to them.”

Phyllis’s stomach dropped. She shot Gabriela a venomous glare, her tone frosty. “Rhys used to be your friend. How can you talk like that?”

“Friend? Don’t make me laugh. He attempted to kidnap me in public!” Gabriela replied, her words cutting clean. “I’ve always stayed on the right side of the law. I’d never get involved with a criminal like him. And you, be careful. Stay too close to Rhys, and you might just find yourself dragged down with him.”