

His kiss 88

Chapter 88

Phyllis had always carried herself from a lofty perch, a figure Gabriela would once have obeyed without question.

But now, Gabriela met each of her words with sharp, unflinching comebacks—every barb returned with tenfold bite—leaving Phyllis’s temper close to boiling. There was an audacity in Gabriela now, a wild defiance that went beyond mere talk. She had not only dared to seize Phyllis by the hair but had stared her down with mocking eyes, her tone dripping with challenge.

When had Gabriela gotten the guts to stand her ground? Where had she found the nerve to snap back like this?

A rush of bitter questions churned through Phyllis’s mind, though she forced her features into a mask of refinement for Josh’s sake, tilting her head as if wounded.

“I had no idea Rhys was that sort of man,” she murmured, her voice trembling with practiced hurt. “You’ve always drawn trouble to yourself—so why point the finger at me?”

The insinuation was clear: Gabriela’s life seemed destined to invite chaos, and Phyllis was merely caught in its wake.

With an icy tone, Gabriela shot back, “If it weren’t for you, I never would’ve crossed paths with a lowlife like Rhys.”

Phyllis froze, her face twisting as if the words had struck a raw nerve.

She swallowed her temper with visible effort, then put on a pitiful pout and turned toward Josh. “Dad, you saw how she spoke to me. I only introduced Rhys because I thought he was a decent man. I was trying to help her, but it all blew up in my face.”

Josh’s brows drew together. “Enough. From now on, stop playing matchmaker for Gabriela,” he said firmly. “And work on your judgment before you go recommending anyone to her again.”

Privately, Josh felt a measure of relief—at least Gabriela hadn’t gotten too entangled with Rhys. Otherwise, his collapse would’ve taken her down too.

Phyllis, however, was quite frustrated.

With her mother buried in work until midnight most days, she had no one to join her in taking digs at Gabriela.

Even venting her irritation had become impossible.

And now, seeing the disaster Rhys’s family had brought upon themselves, she could only grit her teeth. It was a sobering reminder to think twice before crossing Gabriela again.

Gabriela slipped back into her room without a hitch, a quiet thrill curling through her at the memory of Rhys finally getting what he deserved.

But then a thought snagged in her mind—yesterday, Wesley had stepped in for her, and today, Rhys’s downfall came like a hammer blow.

For a brief, startling moment, she wondered if Wesley had orchestrated it all. With the kind of influence he wielded, wiping Rhys out would have been child’s play.

Then she gave a short laugh at herself and brushed the notion away.

She was just a lowly secretary—why on earth would a man like him move mountains to settle her grudges?

Clearly, his recent flashes of kindness were making her entertain foolish ideas. Gabriela tapped her cheek lightly, as if scolding herself back to sense.

The following morning, the moment she stepped into the office, Aubrey caught her by the arm and leaned in, her voice pitched low.

“Have you seen the news? Rhys and his father got arrested.”

Gabriela gave a small nod. “Mm-hmm. I saw it last night.”

“Mr. Moss is truly impressive!” Aubrey’s eyes gleamed with mischief and excitement. “Come on, Gabriela, what magic trick did you pull to make him value you this much? He’s personally making sure Rhys is stuck in that police station. That bastard couldn’t lay a finger on you again.”

“Come on!” Gabriela cut her off in a rush, heat rising to her cheeks. “Who says this has anything to do with Mr. Moss?”

“Oh, please,” Aubrey tilted her head, a sly smile tugging at her lips. “Rhys caused you trouble yesterday, and today he’s damn well paying for it. Anyone with eyes can tell Mr. Moss had a hand in it.”

“Or maybe Rhys finally got what was coming to him for his vile acts!” Gabriela shot back.

Aubrey rolled her eyes. “Does Mr. Moss know how stubbornly ungrateful you are? I’m telling you, this was absolutely his doing. You’d better start figuring out how you’re going to thank him.”

Even after parting ways with Aubrey, Gabriela’s heart continued its frantic rhythm, stubbornly ignoring her efforts to steady it.

So it wasn’t just her imagination—anyone in her shoes would have drawn the same conclusion.

Still, was Wesley really the one pulling the strings?

Later, as she prepared his coffee, she found herself lingering near his desk, stealing quick, uncertain glances at him from the corner of her eye.

Noticing her restless presence, Wesley's brow furrowed and he asked, "Rough night? You look worn out."

"I was up way too late studying the materials you gave me," Gabriela answered lightly.

"Don't push yourself too hard. You need sleep," he remarked, his tone carrying a quiet note of concern.