

## His kiss 881

### Chapter 881

Without rushing, Wesley poured her a cup of warm water and set it within reach before responding in a low, careful voice. “The doctor hasn’t cleared you yet. You’re staying for at least two weeks.” His gaze lingered on her face, steady and intent. “And if you truly can’t stand being stuck here,” he added quietly, “then you don’t get to scare everyone half to death again. No more reckless stunts. Understand?”

Myah lowered her head and nodded, embarrassment tinting her cheeks. “I’m sorry. I’ll behave from now on.”

Without Gabriela nearby, her moods seemed noticeably steadier — she could take things in and respond with some degree of calm. Letting out a quiet breath, Wesley reminded her to rest before leaving it at that. Later, he spoke with Delia about Myah’s behavior the day before. When he heard she had remained calm and withdrawn the entire time, some of the tension eased from his chest.

Two days passed, and Myah’s recovery became even more evident — her vitality had returned in full. According to the doctor, her eyesight was also improving, slowly but steadily. Only then did Wesley allow himself to truly relax.

Just after dawn, he steered his car toward Gabriela’s house, the streets still quiet and pale with morning light. The moment Gabriela’s car rolled out of the driveway, Wesley spun the wheel and pulled straight inside. After parking, he stepped out and headed into the villa without hesitation.

On the living room floor, Truett sat cross-legged over a half-finished puzzle while Farley looked on with a relaxed, indulgent smile. Catching sight of Wesley, Truett shot to his feet and barreled toward him. “Daddy — wow, you’re home early!”

Lowering himself, Wesley swept him into his arms and smiled faintly. "Sweetheart, how would you feel about going to the amusement park today?"

Excitement flashed through Truett's eyes, bright and unguarded. He had been there before with his mother, but he had always noticed how other kids had their fathers with them too — lifting them onto their shoulders so they could see everything from up high. That was something he had never gotten to experience.

"Let's go!" Truett shouted without hesitation, already bouncing on his toes.

Wesley turned toward Farley and spoke evenly. "Farley, I'm taking Truett out for the day. Is that alright?"

Gabriela had made it clear to Farley that Myah was no longer welcome at the villa, but she had never set any limits on Wesley himself. Caught in the middle, Farley paused, uncertainty tightening his expression.

Truett didn't wait for an answer, blurting out in his bright, bell-clear voice, "Farley, I'm going with Daddy — your opinion doesn't matter!"

Farley burst out laughing despite himself, rubbing his forehead as he looked at Wesley. "Then you'd better keep a close eye on him, Mr. Moss."

A faint smile crossed Wesley's face. "If it puts you at ease, call Gabriela and let her know where we're going."

After the car disappeared down the drive, Farley lingered in the quiet house, turning the words over in his head before finally pulling out his phone. He couldn't stop himself from dialing. Ever since the moment Truett was born, the child had rarely left his line of sight. Although Wesley was Truett's father, an uneasy knot still tightened in his chest.

## Chapter 882

At that moment, Gabriela was at Presley's place. The instant she heard Farley's words, her breath caught sharply. What on earth was Wesley thinking? After soothing Farley in a few brisk sentences, she immediately removed Wesley from her block list and dialed without a second thought. "What exactly do you want?" she asked.

By that point, Wesley had already arrived at the amusement park with Truett in tow. They had come early, and the grounds were still wide and quiet. The moment Truett crossed the entrance, he bolted forward, laughter ringing out as he ran with unfiltered delight. Standing where he was, Wesley held his phone loosely, eyes following Truett's small figure as it raced across the open space, a faint, unguarded smile tugging at his lips.

"So you finally decided to take me off your block list, Gabriela?"

She spoke at once, irritation cracking through her restraint. "Drop the games. Where did you take Truett?"

With deliberate slowness, Wesley replied, "Somewhere you'll never be able to track us down."

The comment was meant as nothing more than a tease — a petty test to see if she would think twice before blocking him again — but the voice coming back through the phone sharpened with unmistakable alarm and fury.

“What are you playing at, Wesley? Truett is my son — I’m the one who raised him. Bring him back right now.”

The raw panic in her voice tightened something sharp and unfamiliar in his chest. So that was how she really saw him.

“If you want to see him, come to the amusement park.” Before she could respond, he ended the call, turned on his heel, and lifted Truett into his arms. “Come on, son. Time for the roller coaster.”

The ride offered two tracks. One was extreme — designed to leave riders breathless and shaking. The other moved at a gentle pace, colorful and tame, built for children and cautious families. Wesley chose the children’s version, settling Truett securely beside him before the restraints clicked into place. Although the speed barely qualified as thrilling, Truett shrieked from start to finish, laughter spilling out as his round eyes stayed stretched wide with amazement.

After that came the Ferris wheel, the gentle drop tower, and several more attractions — every one of them tailored for children, slow and cheerful.

By the time Gabriela hurried into the park, Truett was stepping off the pirate ship. The instant he spotted her, his face lit up and he bolted straight toward her. “Mommy! You really came! Today was amazing — I had so much fun!”

That dazzling, guileless smile wiped the anger clean out of Gabriela's chest before she could stop it.

Her gaze drifted past him to the man standing a few steps away — Wesley. Soft beige knit, relaxed joggers, worn sneakers — nothing sharp or corporate remained of him. Stripped of his boardroom armor, he looked exactly like what he was meant to be: a father, plain and real.

Wesley approached Gabriela.

## Chapter 883

A sheen of sweat clung to the strands of hair falling across his forehead, framing his striking face in a way that somehow made him look even more captivating. "Gabriela. You're here." His voice was low and smooth, carrying a warmth that threatened to break through her defenses — as though he had been standing there the entire time, waiting just for her.

Her heart skipped a beat.

Then her gaze drifted to the jacket draped over his arm. The sleeves of his beige sweater were rolled up, exposing lean, toned forearms. Spring was settling in quickly, but the air was still cold, and Wesley was clearly underdressed for it — though he appeared completely unaffected. It seemed that his recovery in Athea had done more than restore his health. It had rebuilt him entirely.

He extended the jacket toward her. "Gabriela, hold this for me."

When he placed it into her arms, a clean scent filled her nose — his familiar smell, the one she knew all too well. But this time, something was different. A light hint of cologne, warm and understated, grazed her senses and made her chest tighten unexpectedly.

Since when did Wesley wear cologne?

Gabriela blinked, regained her composure, and immediately shoved the jacket back into his hands. She reached for Truett's hand and urged softly, "Come on, sweetheart. Let's go home."

Wesley caught her wrist just as she turned away. His hold was firm and unyielding, and no matter how she tried to pull free, he refused to let go. "Gabriela, Truett just got here. He's having a lot of fun."

Truett immediately wrapped his arms around her leg and tilted his small face upward. "Mommy, I want to keep playing!"

"I already told Truett I'd take him through the entire park today," Wesley said calmly, his expression composed but with a clear note of provocation beneath it. "You wouldn't want me to go back on my word, would you?"

Gabriela clenched her teeth. Anger surged through her, but with their son right there, she forced herself to stay silent and fixed Wesley with an icy glare instead.

Truett looked up at her again, eyes bright with expectation. "Mommy, come play with us!"

She let out a long sigh. “I’m not joining. You two go ahead — I’ll take photos.”

“Come on, Daddy!” Truett shouted, grabbing Wesley’s hand and pulling him toward the rides. “I want to try the bumper cars!” Before following him to the ticket booth, Wesley placed the jacket into Gabriela’s hands once more.

She stood there holding it, torn between wanting to toss it aside and not quite having the nerve. In the end, she muttered something under her breath and trailed after them reluctantly.

The amusement park was filling up, crowded with families and children. Among the parents, most were mothers. A young father like Wesley stood out far too easily — tall, broad-shouldered, focused entirely on his child, dressed with understated elegance. Men like that were not common.

Nearby, a woman who looked barely thirty waited with her daughter, a little girl of about five. Wesley caught her attention almost instantly. His composed manner and designer outfit made his status plain, and her eyes brightened as she walked over to him with a confident smile. “Wow, you’re really attentive — taking your child out alone like this?”

## Chapter 884

The sharp scent of her perfume reached Wesley before her words did. His expression turned cold at once. “I’m here with his mother.”

The woman showed no sign of retreating and moved even closer. “Oh! Sorry — could you help me with this seatbelt? I can’t quite figure it out.” Anyone could see she had no need for assistance.

Wesley's face darkened. He stepped back instinctively, brows drawing together, then flicked his gaze toward Gabriela in a silent appeal for her to intervene.

Gabriela did not react. She kept her head down, scrolling through her phone as though she had heard nothing at all.

Wesley was on the verge of losing his composure. A stranger was openly flirting with him right in front of her, and Gabriela hadn't even looked up. Holding back his irritation, he lowered his gaze to Truett. "Hey, buddy — you know how this works, right?"

"I do! I do!" Truett replied eagerly, chest puffed out with pride.

Of course he did. He had been through it twice already. Truett gave the woman a quick explanation of the buckles, bent down, and secured both seatbelts with practiced confidence. When he straightened, he asked politely, "Do you understand it now, ma'am?"

"Yes, thank you," the woman replied, forcing a smile. "You're such a smart little boy."

Her daughter chimed in softly, "Thank you!"

Truett waved it off with mock modesty. "It's nothing. Super easy."

The woman let out an amused laugh and glanced back at Wesley. “You’ve done a wonderful job raising such a bright kid.”

“That has nothing to do with me,” Wesley replied flatly. “He takes after his mother.” He stepped back again, his tone dropping to something cold and final. “If handling a simple seatbelt is too much for you, you might want to choose a simpler ride.”

The woman, who had been seconds away from asking for his contact, went completely still. Her smile stiffened as heat rushed to her face.

From a short distance away, Gabriela watched the scene unfold and let out a soft laugh before she could stop herself. Wesley was all intelligence and no social grace. If he hadn’t been wealthy and influential, that kind of bluntness would have landed him in serious trouble long ago.

She walked over and wiped the sweat from Truett’s forehead, then handed him a bottle of water. The woman glanced at Gabriela and nearly lost her footing. So this was the child’s mother — smooth, flawless skin, delicate features, a slender waist, long legs, and looking hardly older than a college student. Overcome with embarrassment, she drove their bumper car away without another word.

Truett was already hopping with excitement. “I want to try another ride!”

Wesley showed no signs of exhaustion. He calmly guided Truett from one attraction to the next with steady patience. After they stepped off the spaceship ride, he said, “There’s a beluga show in thirty minutes. We’ll go watch it, alright?”

Truett wrapped both hands around his father’s, eyes glowing with pure delight.

## Chapter 885

Without thinking, Gabriela raised her phone and captured the moment. Truett looked truly content beside his father. Something in her chest softened despite herself.

Wesley's care for Myah had come from a sense of responsibility — if he had accepted Allan's heart only to abandon her afterward, he would have been nothing more than a cruel man. Perhaps... perhaps he was worthy of one more chance.

By now the sun was high and the air had grown warmer. Truett was thirsty, but water clearly held no appeal. Two children walked past, each holding an ice cream cone, laughing as sticky drops slid down their fingers. Truett's eyes followed them. "I want ice cream too."

"No, sweetheart, it's still a bit cold for —"

Before Gabriela could finish, Wesley spoke quietly. "He doesn't get to go out much. Let him have one. I'll make sure he doesn't eat too much." He looked straight at her, his expression steady and sincere. "I'm his father, Gabriela. Don't you trust me?"

The sunlight caught in his eyes — warm, golden, and difficult to resist.

Her resolve faltered.

Once more, she gave in. Just one final chance, she reminded herself firmly. If he failed her again, she would never forgive him for as long as she lived.

Gabriela drew in a slow breath and smiled. “You can have just a small cone, alright?”

“Mommy, you’re the best!” Truett gushed. He grabbed Wesley’s hand and tugged him forward with boundless enthusiasm, making a beeline for the ice cream shop.

The shop prided itself on making everything from scratch and offered an impressive variety of flavors — the queue stretched well beyond the door. Wesley took Truett’s hand and stepped into line.

His striking appearance quietly stirred things up again. Mothers stole curious glances from a distance, too reserved to approach, while a few bolder women moved closer, asking for his number. Wesley met them with a blank expression, irritation simmering just beneath the surface. When his subtle indifference failed to deter them, Truett stepped forward with the gravity of a tiny sentry and declared, “That won’t work.”

The women’s attention shifted to the child — impossibly adorable — and one of them couldn’t resist asking with a laugh, “Oh? Then how are we supposed to get your dad’s number?”

“Daddy does whatever Mommy says,” Truett replied with complete seriousness, lifting a finger to point across the way. “That’s my mom over there. She’s a powerful CEO. All of Daddy’s money belongs to Mommy, and Mommy even manages his contacts. If Mommy doesn’t agree, Daddy can’t add anyone.”

To the women, it sounded very much like he lived off his wife.

They glanced back at the tall, distant, unfairly handsome man, and their confidence visibly wavered. Then their gazes drifted toward Gabriela. She was seated nearby, calmly holding a man's jacket, her posture composed and effortlessly refined. They couldn't quite make out her face from that distance, but her presence alone was striking enough to give them pause.

## Chapter 886

A wave of quiet disbelief moved through them. With that kind of aura, it suddenly made perfect sense that she could afford to keep a man like Wesley close. After Truett repeated his explanation to a few more hopeful admirers, no one dared approach Wesley again.

Gabriela had no idea the crowd had decided she was the one financially supporting him. When she noticed the line finally moving close to where Wesley and Truett stood, she made her way over.

Nearly every woman nearby turned her head, gazes trailing after her. Her outfit looked expensive. Her eyes were cool and luminous, like distant stars that could not be reached. She radiated the quiet energy of someone entirely at ease with her own power. The ones who had tried their luck earlier drew in sharp breaths — they had never stood a chance. Not against that face, not against that presence, and certainly not against someone capable of keeping a man like Wesley.

Gabriela sensed the strange attention and blinked in confusion. She leaned slightly toward Wesley and asked, "Is there something on my face?"

"No." A faint chuckle escaped him. "They're just envious of me."

Gabriela looked at him, clearly more baffled than before. Hadn't he gotten that the wrong way around? She chose not to question it.

Once the ice cream was paid for, she led Truett to a nearby bench. He quickly managed to get cream all over his fingers and cheeks. Gabriela cleaned him up with patient hands, reminding him to eat more slowly.

There was a quiet beauty to her — clear eyes, refined features, and movements that carried an effortless elegance. Wesley felt his throat tighten. He had to resist the urge to reach out, cup her face, and draw her close.

Gabriela caught the weight of his stare and turned her head. Their gazes met — his deep and intent.

Her heart gave a small, traitorous flutter.

Truett finished his ice cream with a satisfied sigh and tugged at her hand. "Mommy, lots of ladies wanted Daddy's number."

Gabriela's brows creased faintly. Wesley's life revolved around boardrooms, five-star hotels, charity banquets, and polished social circles. Coming here with a child, looking the way he did, was bound to attract attention. And beyond their son, she and Wesley no longer shared any real connection. She murmured simply, "I see," her tone carrying no emotion whatsoever.

Wesley's jaw ticked and his brow arched slowly. He could see the faint, cool smile in her eyes. He stood and reached for her hand. "Gabby, are you upset?"

Gabriela looked at him, genuinely puzzled. Why would she be upset? What possible reason would she have? It wasn't as though he were her only option.

Wesley leaned in close, his breath grazing her ear as his voice dropped to a smooth murmur. "There was something you should have made clear back there." Aware of Truett's eyes on them, Gabriela pulled back slightly, her ears flushing. "What?"

"Do you know who I belong to?" he said quietly.

Her cheeks turned red at once. She understood exactly what he was implying. "Why would I care about that?"

"You honestly don't?" He drew her hand a little closer. "And you're truly not jealous at all?"

## Chapter 887

His hand was warm and his grip firm. She felt a rush of irritation — mostly because she couldn't pull free with Truett standing right there. "You belong to the Moss family."

"I belong to you." Out of Truett's line of sight, Wesley slid a hand to her waist and called out softly, "Baby, I —"

Truett let out a giggle and clapped his hands over his eyes.

Just then, Gabriela's phone rang loudly, cutting through the moment. The call was from Presley.

She drew a steady breath and stepped a short distance away. "Presley, what's going on?"

"That young friend of Princess Alvira's has returned to Okburg," Presley said. "The princess was hoping you might go and welcome her friend."

Gabriela paused. "Right now?"

Presley chuckled. "Is the timing bad? Don't worry — I can take care of it instead."

Gabriela began to apologize, but Presley waved it off with warmth. "No need for that. It's only a shame you'll miss the chance to meet him. His name is Leo Strickland — you've surely heard of him. An internationally acclaimed designer who launched his own brand at an absurdly young age." Alvira was clearly hoping Gabriela would make new connections and expand her world.

Gabriela did recognize the name. Leo Strickland was the founder of SK Elite Boutique — an extraordinarily exclusive luxury fashion house open only to members with a minimum asset threshold of one billion dollars. The brand was celebrated worldwide, beloved by old-money families and elites alike for its impeccable craftsmanship and breathtaking designs.

The name gave her pause, but there was no question of leaving Truett alone with Wesley right now. "Presley, I'm truly sorry. I can't get away today."

Presley understood without pressing the matter. She reminded Gabriela about her next visit to the estate and encouraged her to keep on top of her upcoming design schedule. Gabriela agreed and ended the call.

When she turned around, she froze.

Myah. She was crouched beside Truett, playing with him, her hand clasped lightly in his small one as he laughed brightly. Wesley stood nearby, watching.

Hadn't Myah been in the hospital? How had she suddenly appeared at an amusement park?

Gabriela's thoughts scattered as heat surged to her head. She crossed the distance in quick strides, lifted Truett into her arms, and positioned herself squarely in front of him.

Myah rose slowly, her expression soft and guileless. "Hi, Gabriela."

Wesley looked between them in confusion. "What's wrong, Gabriela?"

She drew a sharp breath, and her face turned to ice. "Myah, stay away from my son."

Myah froze in place, her expression blank and dazed, as though the scene unfolding before her made no sense at all. Pain flickered in her gaze as she spoke, her voice trembling. "Gabriela, all this because I tried on your ring? You're really going to shame me in front of a child?"

Truett, tucked partly behind Gabriela, lifted his face toward Myah, confusion clouding his small features. "Mommy, Myah was only playing with me," he said softly. "Please don't be angry, okay?"

## Chapter 888

He was far too young to detect the cruelty hidden beneath Myah's gentle manner. To him, she was warm and kind — and seeing his mother turn so cold toward her made his chest ache.

Gabriela inhaled slowly, forcing her emotions back down, steadying herself for her son's sake.

Noticing the tension, Wesley stepped forward. "Gabriela, if there's a misunderstanding, we can talk it through calmly."

"Exactly, Gabriela," Myah cut in quickly, nodding with an eagerness that looked like cooperation. "If I've done anything wrong, I'll apologize."

That was the breaking point. The anger Gabriela had been holding back surged with sharp intensity. "Wesley, stay out of this." She lowered herself beside Truett and spoke in a quiet, measured tone. "Do you remember how Myah lied before? I just need to make sure she understands that wasn't okay, alright?"

Truett nodded, though the full meaning behind her words clearly escaped him.

Gabriela clasped his hand and guided him toward Wesley. “Watch him for me.”

Wesley leaned closer, his voice barely above a murmur. “Gabriela, Myah isn’t well. Mentally. Please — don’t push her too hard.”

Gabriela offered no response. She seized Myah by the arm and walked her away without ceremony. There was no softness in her grip. Once they were far enough, she let go.

“Last time, you convinced Truett to hide outside for three days and turned it into some twisted game. I let it go once. Don’t make me regret that mercy. Leave. Vanish.”

“Gabriela.” Myah reached out, eyes wide and shining with what looked like wounded sincerity. “I didn’t love Wesley back then. I was trying to help you. I thought that since he kept doubting you, maybe his feelings weren’t that strong. But he loves Truett — if Truett asked him to marry you, he would never say no.”

Gabriela watched her in silence, her gaze steady and unreadable as Myah continued.

“And Wesley never caught on,” Myah added lightly. “He even started doubting you instead.” She tipped her head and smiled — sweet and unsettling in its innocence. “Gabriela, have you ever wondered why Wesley trusted me so completely? Not even the slightest suspicion.”

Gabriela’s stare hardened, frost settling in her eyes. “Are you finished?”

“Not yet.” Myah pulled out her phone. “I sent you a picture. Look at it before you decide to be this cruel to me.”

Gabriela unlocked her phone with stiff fingers and opened WhatsApp. A single photograph loaded — Truett, standing near the edge of the pond at Rosemont Gardens. The pond was deeper than three feet, crowded with fish, a small fountain rising from its center. In the image, Truett stood at the water’s edge, one hand raised in a cheerful peace sign, his smile open and utterly unaware.

Before Gabriela could grasp why the photo had been sent, Myah spoke, her tone soft and carefully measured. “Gabriela, all it would have taken was a gentle shove. Wait five quiet minutes, and he would have been gone. I could have waited until he drowned before calling for help. No one would have ever suspected me.”

Gabriela went rigid. Cold dread crawled up her spine, spreading until her skin felt tight and electric.

## Chapter 889

Myah was a monster. After everything Gabriela had done for her over the years, this was how she repaid it.

Myah’s expression never changed — her features mild, her voice sweet, despite the horror spilling from her lips. “Gabriela, I could have ended Truett whenever I wanted. But I didn’t. That day, we were only playing hide-and-seek. Maybe it lasted a little too long. I made sure he had food, water, and something warm to wear. He came back smiling and unharmed. You’re the one who keeps imagining the worst about me.”

A short distance away, Wesley and Truett laughed together, glancing over occasionally. They were too far to hear anything — they could only see Myah's calm demeanor and assume she was offering an apology.

Gabriela studied her in silence.

Myah stood slight in frame, hair pulled back with deliberate neatness, her posture calm and contained. Her skin looked flawless, her eyes large and rounded, her features so pristine they bordered on something unreal — almost doll-like. She wore the easy brightness of innocence, sweet and unthreatening, the kind of girl no one would ever fear or doubt.

Yet as Gabriela studied her, numbness crept into her fingertips and spread slowly upward. This was Allan's sister — the girl he had cherished and shielded with everything he had. She was so loved, so protected. How had something like this taken root beneath all that care?

Before Gabriela could react, Myah reached out and snatched the phone from her hand.

Gabriela's brows drew together sharply. "What do you think you're doing?"

Myah held her gaze, eyes bright. "Relax. I'm just making sure you weren't recording." Her smile softened. "Gabriela, I'm telling you the truth now. Can't you forgive me?"

That was enough. Gabriela's restraint shattered. "Give me my phone."

Myah retreated a step, clutching it to her chest, a faint and unsettling smile pulling at her lips. "I'll ask you one last time," she said quietly. "Let me have Wesley. Please. Otherwise, who knows where Truett and I might end up next time?"

Every muscle in Gabriela's body locked. "Don't you dare."

Myah tilted her head, studying her with something cool and deliberate. "So you're really not changing your mind? Is Wesley truly more important to you than Truett?" Her smile sharpened. "You're a hypocrite, Gabriela. You didn't deserve Allan. You don't deserve Wesley either."

"Enough!" Gabriela's composure broke apart. Her hand swung hard across Myah's face.

Wesley saw it from across the way, and his heart sank. Whatever conversation had been happening between them, it had clearly collapsed beyond repair — and Myah, fragile and unstable, stood on the edge of something dangerous.

Myah pressed a trembling hand to her cheek, tears spilling at once. "Gabriela, there is one more thing you should know. Do you know why Brenden ended up hurt? It was because of you. You refused to let Wesley go. You even sent Brenden to pry information out of me." Her voice cracked just enough to sound wounded. "That shattered me. I lost control... and I ran him down with my car."

Chapter 890

Gabriela's eyes flew wide, shock freezing her in place.

She had always known Myah had acted deliberately — but hearing the confession spoken so lightly, without the faintest trace of remorse, sent a violent twist through her stomach.

The fury surged back, unchecked. Her hand struck Myah again.

Myah stumbled and went down hard, a thin smear of blood appearing at the corner of her mouth. Even then, she looked up at Gabriela with that same docile, unhurried gaze. “It’s such a shame Brenden survived. He never suspected me. Why did you?”

Myah stopped pretending altogether. Since Gabriela would not remain loyal to Allan’s memory, she saw no reason to keep up the act. “Admit it,” she said coldly. “You never loved me the way you claimed. You’re cold. You’re fake.”

Whatever pity Gabriela had left for Allan’s sister evaporated completely. She seized Myah by the collar and struck her again — hard enough to whip her head to the side. “Every word you’ve said today,” Gabriela hissed, “I will repeat to Wesley.”

Myah’s mouth curved into that familiar, innocent smile. “Go ahead. Wesley cares about me. No matter what you tell him, he’ll still choose me.”

Disgust surged through Gabriela, thick and overwhelming. She no longer had the strength to argue or raise her hand again. She reached for her phone instead, intending to take Truett and walk away from this entirely.

Before she could move, Myah suddenly collapsed. Her body convulsed against the ground, limbs jerking as her eyes rolled back. Between violent spasms, her voice forced its way out. “Gabriela... I have depression. Tell Wesley whatever you want. Let’s see if he believes you.”

Gabriela staggered backward, horror draining the color from her face.

Myah had fooled her all these years. And only now, standing over her in this moment, did she finally see Myah for what she truly was.

When Wesley saw Myah suddenly crumple, her body jerking violently against the ground, the color drained from his face — and then instinct kicked in and he bolted toward her.

Truett had no idea what was happening. The moment he saw Wesley run, he scrambled after him.

Wesley dropped to his knees and caught Myah before her head could strike the ground. “Hey — look at me. What’s going on?”

She sobbed through the spasms, barely able to get the words out. “Gabriela... I’m sorry.”

The doctor’s warning hit him all at once. Depression could take dangerous turns, and things could fall apart quickly. Guilt landed like a blow, knocking the breath from his chest. He should have stepped in sooner. He should have stopped it the first time Gabriela raised her hand.

Truett crept closer, eyes wide with panic. “What’s wrong with Myah?” He tried to move nearer, but Gabriela caught him before he could. She lifted him into her arms, picked up her phone from the ground, and pulled up a children’s playlist. Once the headphones were over his ears, she straightened.