

His kiss 891

Chapter 891

She wasn't calm enough to explain any of this to Truett right now. All she needed was to make sure he couldn't hear what she was about to say to Wesley.

"Wesley, she's pretending. Don't bother with her," Gabriela said flatly.

She stood rigid, eyes locked on Wesley as he bent over Myah.

Wesley paused, disbelief crossing his face. Gabriela wasn't the type to make light of a serious moment — she didn't throw out harsh words carelessly, especially not now. Still, his gaze slid back to Myah.

Her body jerked even harder. Her arms locked up, fingers twitching, foam gathering at the corner of her mouth. Through broken sobs, she kept calling out, "Allan... it hurts."

Wesley took her hand and pressed it between his palms. Her skin was ice-cold, not a trace of warmth remaining. A sharp wave of panic moved through him as he sensed what might be coming.

"She has depression!" he snapped, no longer thinking clearly. He gathered Myah carefully into his arms. "I'm taking her to the hospital, Gabriela."

Gabriela didn't flinch. Her jaw tightened. "She's acting. Every bit of it."

Wesley went still.

Myah had a real prescription from a real doctor. And the way she looked right now, she seemed on the verge of falling apart entirely.

"I don't care what the truth is," Wesley said, already turning away. "I'm taking her to the hospital."

"Then answer me," Gabriela's voice cut through him, sharp and cold. "Do you trust her, or do you trust me?" She held his gaze and pressed on. "She was the one who tricked Truett into running away last time and then tried to pin the blame on me. And Brenden getting hurt — that wasn't an accident. She did that on purpose. If you believe me at all, put her down."

Gabriela wanted to see how long Myah could keep this up if no one took her side.

Wesley faltered.

Why was Gabriela bringing up Brenden's injury again? And what did she mean about Myah tricking Truett into running away? He hadn't even begun to sort it out when Myah's body gave one final jerk — and then she went limp and unconscious in his arms.

His heart clenched at the sight of her. Without another word, he strode toward the parking lot.

Gabriela stood where she was and watched him go. Disappointment settled deep in her chest, cold and final. Every bit of warmth, every trace of hope she had ever held for him — gone in a single moment.

“Wesley, I was ready to give you one last chance today,” she said quietly.

But fate clearly had other plans. Somehow, they always ended up letting each other down. From now on, she would not allow either of them near the villa again.

Wesley didn’t answer. Perhaps he hadn’t heard her. Perhaps he simply didn’t look back. Before long, he disappeared around the corner with Myah in his arms.

Gabriela said nothing more. She carried Truett to her car, buckled him into his seat, slipped the headphones from his ears, and pressed a soft kiss to his cheek. “Sit tight, sweetheart. We’re going home.”

Chapter 892

“Aren’t we waiting for Daddy?” Truett asked, worry creeping across his small face. “Mommy, did you two fight?”

He had clearly noticed how upset she looked.

She shook her head and ran her fingers gently through his hair. “Myah suddenly got sick. Your daddy got worried and had to rush her to the hospital. It scared me too, that’s all. We didn’t fight.”

“Then why didn’t you let me hear what you were saying?” he pressed, still not entirely convinced.

Gabriela let out a quiet breath and kept her voice even. “Myah’s condition looked pretty frightening, Truett. I didn’t want it to scare you.”

He hesitated, then asked softly, “Did Myah ever say sorry for lying before?”

Gabriela went still for a moment, then offered a gentle smile. “Everything happened so fast. She got sick so suddenly there wasn’t even time.”

Truett opened his mouth to ask more, but Gabriela smoothly changed the subject. “Come on, let’s go home. Ken made mango mousse today — if we don’t hurry, there won’t be any left for us.”

His mood flipped instantly, eyes lighting up. “Mommy, hurry! Drive faster!”

Before starting the car, Gabriela sent Ken a quick text, then drove Truett straight back to the villa.

The second they stepped inside, Truett dashed toward the kitchen, eager to hover around Ken. Gabriela sank onto the sofa as if every last drop of energy had been knocked out of her.

Farley blinked at her, clearly puzzled. “Gabriela? Why did you bring Truett back so soon? Where’s Mr. Moss?”

“He’s at the hospital,” she muttered, pressing her fingertips to her temples. She looked completely drained. “Farley — don’t let Wesley take Truett out alone anymore.”

It wasn’t that Wesley would ever put Truett in danger deliberately. He simply trusted Myah far too easily. No one could predict when she might try to manipulate Truett again. The most frightening part was how convincing she could be — the moment she invoked Allan’s name, Wesley fell for whatever she said.

“Mr. Moss is Truett’s father,” Farley replied, his expression troubled. “If he wants to take him out, there’s not much I can do to stop him.”

“You can at least make him call me first,” Gabriela said. “And no matter what happens, you and Ken stay with Truett. Don’t let him out of your sight — not even for a second.”

Farley could tell something serious had happened. “What went wrong, Gabriela?”

She summed it up in a few clipped sentences, irritation simmering beneath every word, then added, “Myah grabbed my phone.” Recording difficult conversations had always been a habit of hers — something Allan had taught her. She had never imagined she would end up needing that trick against his own sister. And it hadn’t even worked. The whole situation felt absurd.

Anger flickered across Farley’s face when he heard it. “How did Myah end up like this? All that kindness we gave her amounted to nothing.”

Chapter 893

He thought of Gabriela's difficult childhood, of how Allan had pulled her out of that life and how she had cherished him above almost everyone. Of course she had cared deeply for Myah too. And now Myah had become this — someone who had nearly put Truett in danger while Gabriela had kept her close all these years, out of loyalty to a memory. Farley felt the weight of it settle over him. "Don't blame yourself. If it has come to this, it's Myah's loss."

"Nothing else matters," Gabriela said quietly, her voice calm but distant. "As long as Truett is safe — that's all that matters."

"You have my word," Farley said, with quiet gravity.

After giving him her instructions, Gabriela went straight to her room to rest. She hadn't worked a single hour today, yet she felt more hollowed out than after three nights of back-to-back overtime.

When Presley's message came through — "I've picked up Leo and checked him in at the Riverside Hotel" — she read it, typed a brief reply, and set the phone face-down.

"Alright."

At the exit of Okburg Airport, Presley read Gabriela's reply and found herself momentarily speechless.

“Gabriela, I am already at this age, and I still went to pick Leo up on your behalf and used my connections to arrange a stay for him at your hotel — and this is all you can say?” she murmured to herself.

She was already composing a message in her head, reminding Gabriela to stop hiding and come show their guest some proper hospitality, when a gentle voice came from beside her.

“Mrs. Crawford, is everything alright?”

Leo walked toward her.

Presley quickly tucked her phone away and turned, taking a careful look at the young man who had just arrived. He was quite tall with a lean, athletic build, dressed simply in a white shirt and a casual brown jacket. Though he looked a little drained from the long flight, his eyes remained bright, radiating a natural calm and warmth. He was the kind of person who seemed effortlessly easy to like.

“My troublesome student has been buried under so much work lately that I’ve barely seen her,” Presley said, doing her best to put Gabriela in a favorable light. “She’s tied up at the office and couldn’t be here, so she specifically asked me to bring you to her hotel. She even insisted on the best room for you. Honestly, that girl has no problem troubling me when she’s busy.”

The words sounded like a complaint, but the meaning was clear — Gabriela had been thinking of him even in the middle of a hectic day.

Leo understood what she was doing but made no mention of it. He simply smiled. “Please pass my thanks along to Gabriela.” His interest, in truth, was not in Gabriela herself. What had captivated him

were her latest handbag concepts — specifically those intricate floral and butterfly embroidery patterns. It was a pity the work wasn't finished yet. He had been hoping to catch a glimpse of the final results during this trip.

"Of course," Presley replied warmly. "These are all things Gabriela should do." She then led Leo to the Riverside Hotel to get him settled.

At the same time, Gabriela lay in her bed staring blankly at the ceiling.

Chapter 894

She told herself it had been inevitable. When Wesley had wrongly accused her of pushing their son to run away from home, she should have seen then how things would unfold. A man who couldn't manage even a basic level of trust in his partner would bring nothing but a lifetime of recurring pain. Walking away today had been a necessary choice — the only way to stop the cycle from continuing.

Even so, the reality of cutting ties with Wesley left her deeply hurt. A cold, numbing sensation spread through her entire body.

If it was going to hurt, she would simply have to endure it.

She placed a hand over her chest and quietly told herself: this would be the last time. From this point on, she would harden her heart. She would stop being so vulnerable to his choices, and she would no longer wait for him to change.

She closed her eyes and tried to drift off.

Just then, the door burst open and Truett rushed in, grabbing her hand and pulling with both arms. “Mommy, the mango mousse is really, really good! Ken told me to come get you so we can all eat together.”

Gabriela opened her eyes slowly. A smile spread across her face as she sat up, leaned down to kiss him, and took his small hand in hers. “Alright. Let’s go have some cake together.”

Life wasn’t as bleak as she had feared. She still had her financial security. And most importantly, she had Truett.

While Gabriela made her quiet resolution to cut ties with Wesley and went to enjoy dessert with her son, Wesley was pacing the hallway outside a hospital emergency room.

Delia stood nearby with her head bowed, apologizing repeatedly. “I am so sorry, Mr. Moss. I failed to take proper care of Miss Espinoza.”

Myah had claimed she wanted pizza from a shop near the hospital and sent Delia out to get it. By the time Delia returned, Myah was gone. The caregivers had each been dismissed as well, one by one, each falling for a different excuse Myah had manufactured.

Wesley raised a hand slightly. “This is not your fault.” Myah was not a prisoner — it was impossible for Delia and the caregivers to watch her every moment.

Before long, the doctor stepped out of the emergency room, removed his mask, and turned to Wesley. “Miss Espinoza has always had a fragile constitution. Today, she went out on her own and consumed a large quantity of ginkgo fruit. Combined with her elevated stress levels, it triggered a sudden seizure.” He paused to let that settle before adding in a grave tone, “Fortunately, her life was not in danger this time. Going forward, you must ensure that Miss Espinoza does not leave the hospital unaccompanied.”

Wesley still harbored a lingering suspicion that Myah had been performing. Recalling what Gabriela had said at the amusement park, he finally asked, “Can someone pretend to have depression?”

The doctor’s expression tightened — the look of someone who had fielded this question from skeptical families too many times to count. “Depression does not always manifest in obvious ways. Family members should not assume a patient is pretending simply because they sometimes appear fine. Doubt and suspicion from loved ones can cause further damage to an already fragile mind. Above all, such topics should never be discussed in front of the patient.”

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The non-answer left Wesley more conflicted than before.

Gabriela had once genuinely cared about Myah. She would never make light of a mental illness, and she would never fabricate something so serious. If what she had said was true, then the deception had come from Myah herself.

Wesley looked down, a heavy pressure settling in his chest.

Just then, a caregiver wheeled Myah out of the emergency room. The moment she spotted Wesley, her eyes filled with tears. “Wesley, I really thought I wasn’t going to make it.”

He reached for her hand and held it firmly. “You’re safe now. I won’t let anything happen to you.”

Myah seemed to relax at his words, clinging to his hand as they made their way back to her room. Wesley stayed by her side until nightfall before returning to his condo to freshen up.

As he shrugged off his jacket, his movements slowed. The memory of Gabriela holding that same jacket at the amusement park surfaced without warning — and with it came her words, quiet but unmistakable: she had been ready to give their relationship one last chance today.

Wesley’s hands tightened around the fabric, his eyes closing as he fought to hold himself together.

After a long moment, he steadied himself and went to shower.

When he came out, Billy was already waiting in the living room. “Mr. Moss, these are the files you requested.”

Wesley had asked him to research high-end mental health facilities abroad. His intention was to send Myah overseas for treatment — a place where she could focus on healing, and where her presence would no longer place constant strain on the fragile thread still connecting him and Gabriela. Every time Gabriela encountered Myah, she became sharp and guarded, like an animal braced for an attack. Myah was a ticking time bomb, and he couldn’t keep pretending otherwise. But walking away from her entirely wasn’t something he could bring himself to do either. Sending her abroad was the most reasonable middle ground he could find.

Wesley took the list of international clinics from Billy and began to look through it. After a moment, he asked, “What about the investigation into Randall?”

Billy hesitated before answering. “Randall’s life over the past few years has been remarkably unremarkable. We haven’t uncovered anything of real value. It feels as though someone deliberately erased every trail that mattered.”

“If we want to reach the truth,” Billy continued carefully, “we may have to use methods outside the usual approach.”

Wesley gave a slight nod. “Proceed however you must.”

Billy’s expression grew serious. “Understood.”

With that concluded, Wesley picked up his phone. He wanted to call Gabriela — but as he stared at the screen, the words wouldn’t come. Gabriela was convinced Myah had been faking everything. And while today’s seizure had been caused by food poisoning rather than her mental state, Myah was still genuinely unwell. He didn’t know how to begin that conversation.

In the end, he set the phone down.

Chapter 896

Once he fully understood Myah’s condition, he would explain everything to Gabriela clearly and honestly. For now, he would wait.

Despite Wesley's careful attempts to contain the situation, word of Myah's most recent hospitalization reached Loretta all the same.

Concern took hold of her quickly. By early morning, she insisted on going to the hospital and demanded Wesley accompany her. When they arrived at the ward, Myah was nowhere to be found. A brief conversation with a caregiver clarified the matter — she had gone for a gastroscopy, and Delia had gone with her.

Wesley guided Loretta to a nearby chair and helped her sit. As he scanned the room, his attention drifted before catching on something. Tucked beneath Myah's pillow lay a book bound in deep blue. Curiosity overcame restraint, and he reached over to draw it out.

The title stared back at him: *Shadow At High Noon*.

Stillness crept into his gaze. Why was Myah reading this of all things? Without thinking, he turned a few pages. Understanding followed as he skimmed the text — the book focused on depression, breaking down its symptoms while outlining methods of self-guided psychological care.

Before he could read further, footsteps sounded and Myah reappeared.

"Wesley, Loretta — what are you doing here?" she exclaimed, moving quickly toward him and pulling the book from his hands.

"Is that yours?" Wesley asked without pause.

Her personality had always leaned toward caution and fragility, which made the choice of reading material difficult to reconcile. His gaze lingered on the book clutched in her hands.

Tension pulled Myah's lips into a thin line before she spoke, her voice carrying quiet resolve. "I know I cause a lot of trouble now. I just thought that if I learned to manage it myself, you wouldn't have to worry so much. Wesley, please don't worry. I'll try my hardest to get better."

Something like trust settled in Wesley's expression. He lifted a hand and gently ruffled her hair. "You are not a burden, Myah. Don't let your thoughts run away with you."

Loretta offered her own reassurance. "That's right — you think too much. Wesley cares deeply about you. Try to focus on happier things from now on, alright?"

Myah nodded. "I understand."

It took time, but once Loretta felt confident in Myah's physical and mental stability, her nerves finally eased. Even so, she chose to remain at the hospital. A call went out to Miriam with instructions to pack and deliver a change of clothes.

Beneath Myah's cooperative smile, quiet discontent stirred — though she kept it carefully hidden.

Far from the hospital, in a dim basement on the outskirts of Okburg, an entirely different scene was unfolding. Randall lay pressed against the ground, his body smeared with blood and bruises. Confusion

and fear churned inside him as he struggled to understand why he had been taken and beaten so brutally.

“Who are you?” he pleaded, his voice breaking. “What do you want from me? If it’s money, name a number. Just stop hitting me.”

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The man facing him said nothing. He stepped closer, a small knife visible in his grip, then lowered himself into a crouch in front of Randall. Oversized sunglasses paired with a black mask gave him a frightening, faceless presence.

Terror ran through Randall as he shook. “What have I done to offend you? If you need compensation, name it — I’ll do everything I can to make it right.”

Without a word, the man gestured for Randall’s hand to be forced against the floor. The meaning was unmistakable. Panic overtook him and he pleaded without stopping, words tumbling out in desperate streams.

After letting the fear sink in fully, the man finally spoke. “Four years ago, did you abduct a girl named Gabriela Haynes?”

A chill swept over Randall. Sweat poured down his face as shock set in. “I live within the law. There is no way I would ever do something like that. You have the wrong person.”

“So you still refuse to talk?” The man raised the knife.

Before the blade could fall, terror overwhelmed Randall entirely, and he collapsed into unconsciousness.

Disgust crossed the man's face as he straightened and spat on the floor. "No food for two days. If he still won't confess after that, keep him awake."

The men around him answered in unison. "Understood!"

Gabriela had no idea that such ruthless measures were being used to reopen the investigation into her abduction four years earlier.

Because she had always been resilient, she steadied herself without delay. By the next morning, after wrapping up a company meeting, she hurried off to see Presley. She had intended to visit Leo at the hotel first — Alvira had personally introduced him, and ignoring him under any circumstances would have been discourteous.

But Leo had already left.

Presley tapped her lightly on the forehead, mild irritation in her eyes. "Leo had something urgent come up and flew to Athea last night." Xamfield was home to SK Elite Boutique's flagship store. Compared to it, the Okburg branch was modest in size, and he almost never made the trip. Because of that, Alvira had arranged for Presley to collect him at the airport — yet the chance to meet the renowned designer had still slipped through their fingers.

“It’s fine,” Gabriela said reassuringly. “You’re an internationally recognized designer yourself. I see you every day anyway — missing him won’t matter.”

Presley made a show of distress, running her fingers through her graying hair. “Just look at how old I’m getting. How many more years do you think I can keep guiding you? Can’t you make things a little easier for me for once?”

She was acting, but when Gabriela noticed how much her hair had silvered in the last two years, a sharp wave of sadness rose in her chest.

Over the years, Presley had given her guidance without holding anything back — clearing paths, introducing her to influential figures, opening doors that would otherwise have remained shut. And yet Gabriela had spent the previous day drowning in sadness and hopeless thoughts over Wesley.

Chapter 898

What had he ever truly given her? Aside from a relationship that had once felt like something romantic and the Lakeshore Building he had handed over, all that remained were pain and uncertainty. Even now that he was no longer in her life, the thought of returning the building never crossed her mind — she refused to be that foolish.

When she weighed him against Presley, there was no comparison. Her mentor mattered far more than he ever had.

Gabriela stepped closer and wrapped her arms around Presley, pulling her in gently. “Please don’t be upset. I’ll make something tasty for you. Is that alright?”

Most of the afternoon slipped away as Gabriela worked in Presley's kitchen, carefully preparing a rich, fragrant dish of steak. Presley looked up and lifted her hand as if ready to swat her. "You little troublemaker — do you even know what month it is? I don't eat meat during this period!"

Every January, Presley followed a vegetarian diet. Beef, in particular, was something she rarely touched at any time of year.

A soft laugh escaped Gabriela. "Presley, this isn't real meat. It's plant-based beef — you can eat it."

There was a well-known vegetarian restaurant in Okburg that specialized in crafting meat-like dishes entirely from plant ingredients. After stumbling upon it, Gabriela had spent an entire month pestering the chef, offering to help in the kitchen at every opportunity. Only after paying a steep fee had the chef finally agreed to share the recipe. At home, she had practiced it several times — and neither Farley nor Ken had been able to tell the difference.

So much effort had gone into this one meal, all because she wanted to see Presley smile today.

Once she heard it was vegetarian, Presley took a cautious bite. After the first, she found herself unable to stop. She could tell immediately it wasn't real beef — and she ate far more than she had intended.

Standing nearby, Lilian watched with a warm smile. "I truly never thought my daughter's stubborn refusal to touch beef would change because of you."

"Mom!" Presley protested.

Lilian fell quiet, and Presley calmly finished the last piece before setting down her chopsticks with satisfaction. With a full stomach, her earlier irritation had completely dissolved. "If another opportunity comes up, I'll take you overseas to meet even more experts." Once Gabriela finished her current work, the princess planned to bring her along to an upcoming banquet. Once she appeared there, Gabriela's name was bound to spread quickly through the right circles. Presley intended to introduce her personally to the most influential figures in the industry — allowing her to establish her footing without delay. She might never reach Leo's level of fame, but she would no longer need to bend to the moods of high society.

Noticing that her mentor's mood had fully lifted, Gabriela brought up Leo once more. "Is he from another country?"

"No. Leo is from Xamfield. His designs simply became well-known overseas first."

Gabriela gave a small nod and let the subject go. Her curiosity had nothing to do with Leo himself, nor with his staggeringly expensive designs. The question had surfaced only because she was reminded of the first banquet she had attended with Wesley — the night he had given her a dress from SK Elite Boutique.

Chapter 899

At a time when she had nothing to her name, wearing that dress had drawn her into something that felt like a dream, wrapped in the warmth of new romance.

Now, looking back, she could see clearly that their relationship had never been grounded in reality from the very beginning.

After finishing her lunch, Gabriela stepped into Presley's studio to pick up where she had left off on her project.

Her phone rang. It was Fiona.

"Gabriela! Brenden can feel his right leg again!" Fiona's voice trembled with emotion. "The doctor says if things keep improving like this, he might be back on his feet in under six months." She sounded on the verge of tears.

More than anyone, Fiona longed for Brenden's full recovery — yet she always kept that longing carefully hidden from him. She knew how enormous his pride was and didn't want to risk bruising it. So whenever even a small sign of progress appeared, she desperately needed someone to share the relief with. Oddly enough, that person turned out to be Gabriela.

The news filled Gabriela with genuine warmth. "That's wonderful. Congratulations," she replied.

Finally, things were beginning to brighten.

When the call ended, Fiona stared at the screen and muttered to herself, "What is the matter with me?" She and Gabriela weren't particularly close. Why had she felt such an urgent need to call her first?

A quiet worry crept in. What if Brenden still carried lingering feelings for Gabriela? What if Gabriela visited, said a few kind words, and accidentally stirred those old emotions back to life?

When Gabriela arrived at the hospital later, carrying gifts, Fiona greeted her with noticeable coolness, barely masking a subtle eye roll. “I only mentioned it in passing. I know you’ve been really tied up lately — there was no need to make a special trip.”

Gabriela ignored the edge in her tone, offered a calm smile, passed the gifts over, and moved toward Brenden’s bed.

“Gabriela! You actually came!” Brenden’s face lit up the moment he saw her. Eager to show off his progress, he demonstrated the movement in his right leg — and in his enthusiasm, must have pulled something, because he winced sharply.

Gabriela stepped closer. “Easy now. Lie back down. Healing doesn’t happen overnight.”

“I can handle it!” Brenden declared, determined, and tried lifting the leg even higher.

Jealousy flared inside Fiona. She settled beside him on the bed and discreetly pinched his waist — hard. Brenden’s face twisted in pain. The leg he had worked so hard to raise dropped heavily back onto the mattress, and he bit back every sound, his expression locked in an exaggerated grimace.

Watching their silent exchange, Gabriela couldn’t help but smile. The tension she had been carrying all day melted quietly away. Even confined to a hospital bed, Brenden remained remarkably positive. Beside him, the conflict with Myah suddenly felt small and distant.

From now on, she decided, she would simply keep her distance from Myah and let the matter rest.

Chapter 900

Gabriela had a fairly clear sense of what was running through Fiona's mind. She made a quick excuse. "There's an afternoon meeting at the company. I need to head out."

Fiona walked her to the doorway and spoke in a low voice. "Gabriela, it's not that I have anything against you." She had simply witnessed how much Brenden had once sacrificed for Gabriela, and she feared those feelings hadn't completely faded.

Gabriela returned a gentle smile. "I don't hold anything against you either."

Fiona pressed her lips together awkwardly. "Whatever. I don't really care."

While waiting for the elevator, Gabriela nearly walked straight into Wesley.

He was helping Myah step out of the adjacent corridor, with Delia following close behind, holding what looked like X-ray films. Myah's expression stiffened briefly before she spoke softly. "Gabriela, did you come to visit me?"

"I came for Brenden," Gabriela answered in a flat tone and walked right past them.

Wesley started to reach out, then stopped when he saw the cold distance in her eyes. Without solid proof to offer, he was afraid she might say something cutting — something impossible to retract. As he hesitated, the elevator doors slid shut and hid her from view.

“Wesley, is everything alright?” Myah studied his face and murmured, “Gabriela looked upset. Maybe you should catch up and talk to her.”

“No. Let’s go back to the room first,” Wesley replied.

He could not delay any longer. He needed to move quickly on the plans to send Myah overseas for treatment.

Back at the room, they found Billy waiting in the hallway. Lately, he had been appearing at the hospital often, taking up large stretches of Wesley’s time. Myah disliked him, but she still offered a polite greeting. “Hello, Billy.”

Billy returned the courtesy, then turned to Wesley. “Mr. Moss, there’s an urgent business matter that needs your attention.”

Wesley followed him out to the balcony. Billy lowered his voice. “Randall is staying silent.”

“Use every method you have until he talks,” Wesley replied, his eyes cold, his expression unreadable.

Billy seldom saw his boss this severe. Even during the worst of his illness two years earlier, Wesley had never looked quite so forbidding. Gathering his courage, Billy asked, “What makes you believe Randall is connected to Miss Espinoza?”

Randall had contacted the Howard family repeatedly before vanishing without trace. The most striking moment had been at the charity gala, where he impersonated Allan to get close to Gabriela — yet that same act clearly pointed to tension between Randall and Allan, not alliance. Even a full confession from Randall would likely leave Myah untouched, perhaps even cast her as a victim.

“Randall barely knew Allan,” Wesley said. “And yet at the gala, he replicated Allan’s appearance and mannerisms almost flawlessly.”

Billy still looked confused.

Wesley continued. “Allan has been dead for eight years.” The gala had taken place over eight years ago. Even people who had known Allan well might have forgotten the finer details by now. Yet Randall had recalled everything with precision.

Billy remained lost. “But Myah couldn’t possibly have given him that information. She was blind back then.”