

His kiss 901

Chapter 901

Wesley exhaled slowly and shared the real reason behind his suspicion. “Allan kept a detailed diary of that entire evening.”

Billy’s eyes went wide.

Only three people had ever read that diary: Wesley, Gabriela, and Myah. The realization hit him like a blow. If Myah had passed details from that night to Rebecca, who had then coached Randall to impersonate Allan...

He didn’t want to finish the thought.

Could Myah — that girl who always seemed so gentle and untouched by the world — truly harbor such calculated malice? Could she have deliberately reached out to Rebecca just to harm Gabriela?

“But what possible reason could Miss Espinoza have for doing something like that?”

Billy let the question hang in the air, and as he studied Wesley, a sudden realization struck him. Wesley stood straight, shoulders squared, framed against the bright window. His sharp features caught the light like a precisely drawn portrait, his black suit impeccable, radiating an air of cool authority. A man of his standing and power — and yet he still bent to Myah’s smallest desires.

She was young, right at the age when certain feelings begin to take hold. If she had fallen for Wesley, it would explain why she might want Gabriela removed from the picture entirely.

The possibility made Billy's blood run cold.

Fortunately, Wesley showed no interest in pursuing that line of thought aloud. He simply said, "Finish setting up the overseas psychiatric facility without delay."

Billy nodded at once. "Understood."

Neither man realized, as they spoke, that Myah had been standing motionless just beyond the doorway.

Her fingernails clawed into the wall until they nearly snapped.

Wesley was beginning to suspect her. He intended to send her far away. Everyone had solemnly promised her brother they would protect and care for her — and now they were all prepared to cast her aside. She would never allow that to happen.

Resentment overtook Myah as her fingernails clawed deeper into the wall, producing a sharp, scraping sound.

Almost at the same moment, Wesley and Billy turned toward the noise. Billy stepped forward without hesitation and spotted Myah standing there. Remembering what Wesley had just shared, his brows drew together.

“Miss Espinoza, why are you out here instead of resting in your room?” he asked, hoping she hadn’t caught any of the conversation. Their voices had been kept low — surely she hadn’t heard.

Before he could finish reassuring himself, Myah’s voice cut through sharply. “Wesley, are you planning to abandon me the same way Gabriela did?”

Shock froze Billy in place. She had heard every word.

What he had failed to account for was that more than ten years of blindness had sharpened her hearing to an extraordinary degree. Even the faintest sound reached her without delay. While most people would have missed the exchange entirely, every sentence had come through to Myah with perfect clarity.

A heavy pressure settled in Wesley’s chest. Even so, he raised his hand and gently patted her head. “You’re thinking too much. I only want to help you recover.”

Chapter 902

It was clear Myah didn’t accept that. “You’re a liar!”

Wesley spoke with patience, taking his time. “A few days ago, you ate a large amount of ginkgo fruit and suffered serious convulsions. The situation was very dangerous — Loretta was so distressed she couldn’t

sleep. Your health has reached a genuinely life-threatening point. I've already had Billy reach out to the top doctors abroad. The moment you're better, I'll bring you home immediately."

No matter how gently he spoke, resentment continued to rise inside Myah. He only wanted to be rid of her. The concern in his words sounded like nothing more than a polished excuse — he was no different from Gabriela, cloaked in the same hypocrisy. Yet her feelings for Wesley ran too deep, and fear held her back from pushing too hard. She worried that any resistance would only drive him further away.

After a pause heavy with reluctance, she gave a small nod. "Wesley, if I go overseas, will you come visit me often?"

"Of course," Wesley promised earnestly. With that assurance, Myah stopped questioning him and walked quietly back to her room at his side.

Lingering unease settled over Billy. If their suspicions about Myah's manipulative nature were accurate, her sudden compliance made no sense at all.

Once they left the hospital, Billy voiced his concern openly, warning Wesley to stay alert around her.

Wesley saw the problem just as clearly. The difference was the weight it carried for him. Allan had entrusted his beloved sister to his care. Breaking that promise to the man who had saved his life was something he could never allow himself to do.

After Myah took her medication and drifted into sleep, Wesley finally left the hospital and drove straight to Gabriela's place. He felt the need to see her — a longing that had grown so intense that every attempt to rest at night ended with a dull ache in his chest. At times, he couldn't even tell whether the

pain belonged to him or to Allan. But he no longer cared to untangle that distinction. All he wanted was a real conversation with Gabriela.

What Wesley didn't know was that not long after he walked out, Myah reached under her pillow, retrieved her phone, and dialed Gabriela's number.

Back at the villa, Gabriela saw the incoming call and rejected it without hesitation. Myah called again. After several repeated attempts, Gabriela finally answered.

On the line, Myah's voice was gentle as ever. "Gabriela, you finally picked up."

In the living room, Gabriela played with Truett and kept her expression steady. "What do you want now?"

Chapter 903

"I've already lost you. If Wesley ever turns his back on me too, I might lose control entirely." Myah slowed her words, as though concerned Gabriela might not grasp them. "What do you think someone who has already snapped is capable of doing? Wesley already told me Truett will be starting school this year. Unless you plan to hide him away forever, I know exactly how to get to him once he's there."

A sharp chill crawled up Gabriela's spine.

As Truett darted around her with careless laughter, regret settled heavily in her chest — regret over the lapse in judgment that had brought Myah into her home and given that monster repeated access to her son.

“Gabriela, this isn’t a threat,” Myah continued, her tone easing into something almost gentle. “I’m only asking you to keep what I’ve done from Wesley. That’s all. As long as he treats me well and never turns on me, I’ll stay in control.”

By that point, Gabriela was convinced Myah had already crossed the line into madness. Unwilling to spend another second engaging with delusions, she ended the call without a word.

When she lifted her gaze, Wesley was stepping in through the front door.

The moment Truett spotted him, he lit up. “Daddy!” he yelled, bolting toward him. Without thinking, Gabriela reached out and pulled Truett back, stopping him from reaching Wesley.

A slight crease formed between Wesley’s brows, confusion and hurt both audible in his voice. “Gabriela?”

“Farley,” Gabriela called out, passing Truett into his waiting arms. “Please look after him for me.”

The moment Farley saw the guarded look on her face, a tightness formed in his throat. He gently led Truett away without a word.

Gabriela turned back to Wesley. “Follow me.”

Together, they stepped out onto the porch.

Outside, a thin drizzle fell on and off, and the night air felt damp and uncomfortably cold. Wesley could sense, deep down, that this was the worst possible moment for a serious conversation.

Gabriela fixed her eyes on him. "What brought you here?"

Distance colored every word she spoke. Only a few days earlier, they had wandered through an amusement park together, and she had held his jacket. Now they stood facing each other like strangers.

Unable to hold back, Wesley spoke quickly. "Gabriela, I really need to explain myself."

"Go on," she said calmly, lifting her gaze to meet his. "You have my attention."

Her restraint was so complete that even delivering such cold words, she still managed to address him with quiet composure. That unnatural calm unsettled him far more than anger ever could. It felt as though the air had been pulled from his lungs.

"Myah is unstable. Her reactions can be extreme, and her mental state is fragile. I cannot simply abandon her."

“Whatever happens between you and Myah has nothing to do with me anymore,” Gabriela said. “There is only one thing I expect from you. Keep Myah away from my son.” Pain clenched Wesley’s throat. “You’re allowed to see Truett,” she continued, forcing herself to go on, “but you are not taking him anywhere without my consent. If you ignore that, don’t blame me when I revoke your visitation entirely.”

“Gabriela!” Wesley’s voice came out wounded by how detached she sounded. “Do you really need to speak to me like this? You know very well I cannot simply walk away from Myah.”

Chapter 904

“That’s your problem,” she shot back, her voice trembling just slightly as a flicker of anger surfaced in her eyes. “You owe Allan, Wesley. If you decide to spend your life with Myah, then so be it. All I ask is that the two of you stay away from Truett.”

“Why are you being so extreme?” Wesley asked, strain making his voice rough. “It’s obvious you still can’t let Allan go.”

“How many times do I have to explain this? Allan and I were only close friends. He saved me, and I stayed to take care of him. I did everything within my power to help Myah recover her eyesight,” Gabriela replied.

Back then, the bond between her and Allan had been nothing more than friendship — yet Myah had twisted it into something transactional. Because of that, it was time to draw clear lines and settle once and for all who truly owed whom.

“Allan and I resolved everything a long time ago, and I don’t owe either of them anything. Stop trying to make me feel guilty.” She met his gaze without flinching. “To be honest, I cannot stand Myah anymore. If you cannot manage your situation with her, then stay away from me for good.”

It was unbearably unjust that her son should be placed in danger simply because of Myah's obsession.

A shiver ran down Wesley's spine. "Gabriela, are these your true feelings, or is this just rage speaking? You once promised we would be together for life. Doesn't that mean anything to you anymore?"

Was she honestly prepared to erase him from her world completely because of Myah? Did she truly intend to walk away from everything they had built? They had survived too many storms together for a breakup to feel possible.

"All of that happened a long time ago," Gabriela replied, her voice like frost. "Wesley, you know exactly how brutal my childhood was. Growing up surrounded by that kind of darkness — how much room could love ever really take root? I can afford to enjoy something easy and uncomplicated with you. But if I'm the only one invested, I would rather put my energy into standing on my own." Determination sharpened her features as she straightened her shoulders. Financial independence had always been her greatest ambition. No amount of passion could convince her to trade it away.

Wesley felt the air leave his lungs. "Stop saying that." Even with his fortune, she still ranked earning her own money above their bond?

"Wesley, stop coming here." Gabriela inhaled slowly, turned her back, and stepped toward the door. "Let's separate without bitterness."

Wesley seized her wrist before she could disappear. "This isn't fair, Gabriela. Myah really was poisoned that day — the seizures were genuine. She was in the hospital for quite some time before the doctors

brought her back under control.” He had forgiven her suspicion and her harsh words during that crisis and never once thrown them back in her face.

Chapter 905

“Is that so?” The news of Myah’s brush with death sent a quick, involuntary stab through Gabriela’s chest. For years, she had genuinely cared for the girl like family. The ache faded almost as soon as it arrived. She forced her face into calm indifference. “I see.” The information changed very little. In any conflict, Wesley would always side with Myah.

“I don’t resent you for it,” she said quietly.

Her composed distance only fueled his frustration. “Gabriela, can you just let me finish explaining?”

She raised her eyes to his and answered with a question of her own. “Suppose one day Myah and I were both facing death at the same moment. Which one of us would you try to save first?”

His choice would be Gabriela without a second’s hesitation, even at the cost of his own life. Even so, the question felt like a deliberate strike at his integrity. Was she exploiting his feelings to force an impossible answer?

He clamped his mouth shut and said nothing.

Gabriela dipped her head once. “Alright. Message received.” She eased her fingers free from his grip. “You should go now.” His prolonged absence would only send Myah spiraling again.

The last several days had worn Wesley to the bone. He had come to Gabriela seeking reassurance and closeness. For someone as proud as he was, lowering himself to justify actions he hadn't been wrong about had already cost him something — and she was still asking him to leave.

His temper flared. He spun on his heel and strode through the door.

Crossing the living room, he was met by Truett, who came racing forward and latched onto his leg with delight. "Daddy! Let's race the cars!"

Wesley knelt, scooped the boy up, and kept his voice gentle despite the storm inside him. "Daddy has something pressing to take care of and needs to leave soon. Promise you'll be good, Truett?"

Truett didn't whine. He simply pressed a soft kiss to Wesley's cheek. "You're always working. It's already dark outside." He pulled back and looked at him with quiet understanding. "See you later, Daddy."

The entire visit had barely reached ten minutes. Farley watched from across the room, unease settling over him.

Once Truett was tucked in for the night, Farley approached Gabriela. "Mr. Moss is still Truett's father, regardless of everything else. Ongoing tension between the two of you will eventually take a toll on the child's sense of security."

"He's welcome to see Truett any time he wishes," Gabriela answered, "as long as he doesn't take him anywhere without my consent."

Helplessness settled over her. She felt cornered with no real options left. Locking Myah away was out of the question, and she refused to stoop to hiring someone to harm her. Her only choice was to keep the household staff on constant watch around Truett.

After that painful confrontation, Gabriela didn't see Wesley again.

Chapter 906

Work consumed her so thoroughly that personal matters barely registered. Day after day, she immersed herself in Presley's residence, focused entirely on the embroidery project. The flowers-and-butterflies design had progressed to about one-fifth completion, with many of the floral motifs already finished. Presley regarded Gabriela's stitching as remarkable — the flower petals glowed with layered, luminous shades that practically leapt off the fabric. What existed so far surpassed the preliminary sketch in both impact and beauty.

Presley turned to Lilian. "Gabriela's instinct for color is actually stronger than mine." She was certain Gabriela's talent would one day outstrip her own.

Lilian could not hide her amusement at the pride radiating from her daughter. In hindsight, she almost wished she had claimed Gabriela as a student herself. With such a firm foundation in painting, guiding her through Presley's design curriculum before circling back to advanced embroidery sometimes felt like an unnecessary detour.

Presley paused in thought. "Still, this level of complexity is new territory for her. I wonder whether she'll manage to keep the flowers and butterflies dominant when the background is already so vivid." The flowers and butterflies were the central subjects — everything surrounding them was meant to support, not compete. Gabriela had rendered the secondary elements unusually vibrant. The challenge would be making the principal motifs shine even brighter.

Lilian gave a light laugh. “You underestimate her. She knows exactly what she’s building toward.”

Presley accepted the reassurance and said nothing more. Her own strength lay in structural handbag design, where embroidery served as embellishment rather than the centerpiece. Now that Gabriela’s command of threadwork and color had already moved beyond her reach in those specifics, there was little she could offer in that area.

Presley took a clear photograph of the current state, forwarded it to Alvira along with a short clip of Gabriela stitching, and waited. Alvira replied with glowing enthusiasm, eagerly anticipating the finished piece, and promptly instructed her secretary to pass the images along to Leo. Predictably, Leo responded with equal curiosity about the completed handbag.

Gabriela remained entirely unaware of the praise circulating around her. Her attention belonged solely to the work in front of her.

In stark contrast to her focus, Wesley had let his usual discipline slip. Hospital visits had filled his daily routine — Myah became unmanageable if he missed even a single day, and Loretta’s calls demanding his presence at the ward three times daily further eroded his concentration. He eventually relocated his office to the hospital, conducting most meetings over video and appearing at the company only when absolutely necessary. Fortunately, Billy and the think tank managed to prevent serious bottlenecks from accumulating.

Randall, however, remained a problem.

Nearly seven days into detention, he continued to insist on his innocence, claiming to be a law-abiding man who would never cross legal lines. Wesley had begun to question whether Gabriela's memory of the event had blurred with time — she herself had admitted she wasn't entirely certain Randall was the one who had abducted her.

Chapter 907

Progress had nearly stalled when Billy uncovered a connection: the head of Mega Billion Group, where Randall worked, hailed from the same hometown. More tellingly, after a series of transfers, the company's funds consistently ended up in an offshore holding. For a mere department head at a mid-sized enterprise, Randall's lifestyle defied explanation — a sprawling family compound, three substantial villas, and an opulent oceanfront residence, with his elderly parents housed in the large estate and attended by a full domestic staff.

Billy himself, after years of loyal high-level service to Wesley, owned three villas and roughly ten generous penthouses. Mega Billion Group, by contrast, was an ordinary small-to-medium business, comparable in size to Gabriela's own company. Even owning her company outright, Gabriela couldn't have afforded to live so extravagantly. Randall's real estate holdings screamed unexplained wealth.

Wesley reviewed the compiled evidence, the lines deepening across his brow.

"Show these documents to Randall," he ordered. "If he still refuses to confess, escalate to the severest methods permitted."

The lethal edge in Wesley's tone was uncommon. Billy's hand trembled for a fraction of a second before he steadied himself. "Right away, sir," he answered without delay.

On the outskirts of the city, a basement lay buried in darkness.

No lights were ever turned on. The space stayed damp and bitterly cold. Having been locked inside without seeing the sun for an entire week, Randall was on the verge of breaking down.

After the initial beating that followed his abduction, they had neither continued to torture him nor followed through on the threat to sever his fingers. From what Randall could piece together, they wanted information. Their approach had been calculated — restrained enough to suggest that if he held out a little longer, they might eventually let him go.

Then a warm, savory scent drifted through the room.

The masked man in sunglasses, seated across from him, spoke without inflection. “Eat.”

Before Randall sat a plate of spaghetti, steaming and inviting — almost absurdly appetizing for a place like this. Fear rippled through him as the image of a final meal before an execution crept into his mind. He hesitated and didn’t move.

The masked man’s hand slammed against the chair. “Are you going to eat or not?”

Jolted by the outburst, Randall grabbed the plate and began eating at once. As the hot, flavorful food settled in his stomach, his resolve quietly crumbled.

When he finished, the masked man tossed a folder onto the table. “It turns out you own three villas in the most expensive neighborhoods in the city. You’ve done quite well for yourself, Randall.”

Alarm shot through him. “What do you want from me?”

“Nothing at all,” the man sneered. “I was simply thinking — since you refuse to speak, perhaps your family might have answers instead. Your parents, your wife, your children.”

Each word was delivered at a measured pace, carefully grinding down what little remained of Randall’s composure.

“Don’t drag my family into this! We all operate in the same world — you’re supposed to follow the rules!” Randall shouted, his voice cracking at the edges.

“Relax,” the man replied, utterly calm. “I have no intention of hurting them without cause. At most, I’ll bring them here and keep them for a few days. They might be more willing to cooperate by then.”

That composed response sent a chill straight through Randall.

Chapter 908

“And one more thing,” the man added. “Your family is already part of this — they’ve been living comfortably off your dirty money for years.”

Silence fell.

Randall was completely powerless, with no way to resist. What tormented him most was that he still had no idea who these people were or what, precisely, they were after.

Without warning, the masked man produced a phone and played a video. On the screen, a woman carried a child in her arms, smiling as she walked into a supermarket. When it ended, the man set the phone down. "You have ten minutes to think it over."

Randall's pupils constricted with shock. That was his wife and child.

"Please — don't hurt them! I'll talk! I'll tell you everything!" he shouted.

With quiet satisfaction, the man nodded. "Who truly owns the Mega Billion Group?"

Randall struggled for a brief moment before his shoulders sagged. "Lauren Howard."

After graduating from university, he had begun working under Lauren. The Mega Billion Group had started as a small venture she invested in on his behalf, with a man from his hometown installed as its public figurehead. Every year, Randall handed that man ten thousand dollars as his cut, and the remaining profits were quietly routed through an offshore account.

Without changing his tone, the man asked his second question. "What was Lauren's reason for setting up a company for you?"

Randall answered plainly. "I carried out dirty work for her. Including the abduction of Gabriela." To ensure his silence, Lauren had established the company as both payment and leverage.

"And besides abducting Gabriela — what else have you done for Lauren?"

This time, Randall went quiet for a long while. Impatience crept in, and the masked man reached for the phone again. Only then did Randall speak, his voice barely above a murmur.

"Allan and I went to college together."

Within Okburg, Allan had been known as a poor, distant relative of the Howard family. One day, members of the family approached Randall with a request — they wanted Allan's physical medical information. At the time, Randall had no idea why. He had assumed Allan might be an undiscovered heir to some fortune — that kind of story was common enough. After accepting a generous sum from the Howard family, he delivered the data without hesitation.

"Not long after I handed it over, Allan died in a car accident," Randall said, his voice quieter now. "The timing was so sharp it still unsettles me when I think about it."

The masked man stiffened almost imperceptibly. After a brief pause, he steadied himself. "Do you have any proof that it was Lauren who requested Allan's information?"

Randall shook his head slowly.

Everything had been communicated through a single email address — one that looked completely ordinary, with no way to trace who actually owned it. Following Allan's death, Randall had visited the Howard family residence several times, yet he had never once met Lauren in person. "I have worked for the Howard family for close to ten years," he said, "but I have never spoken directly with Lauren."

Chapter 909

Because of that, even if Randall testified, there was no way to establish Lauren as the one who had orchestrated any of it. From the very beginning, she had already arranged for someone else to take the fall.

The masked man asked his final question without hesitation. "Did you have any contact with Myah? And at the Howard family's charity gala — who gave you the detailed information needed to imitate Allan's mannerisms and get close to Gabriela?"

"There was barely any interaction between Myah and me," Randall answered. "The person who provided that information was Cindy."

With that, the masked man rose from his seat and walked away. Randall tried to follow and was immediately pushed back down by two subordinates. "I've told you everything — please don't hurt my family!" he begged.

The departing figure didn't turn around. "Rest assured. Since I have what I need, there's no reason to involve them."

Not long after, everything Randall had revealed was delivered directly to Wesley.

Seated behind his desk, Wesley remained silent for a long time.

Billy chose his words carefully. “Mr. Moss — could it be that Allan’s car accident was not an accident at all?”

A cold weight settled deep in Wesley’s chest.

He began connecting the dots methodically. Allan’s rare blood type and heart had been a match for his own. Lauren had used Randall to obtain Allan’s medical data — and then the car accident had followed. Because Allan had been distracted at the crossing and failed to notice the traffic light, the police had ruled it nothing more than an ordinary accident.

Cold sweat crept down Wesley’s back. The longer he examined the chain of events, the more terrifying the picture became.

Even so, after years of confronting violence and cruelty, Wesley forced himself to steady his breathing and plan the next move with precision. “Randall cannot be released yet. Keep him detained.” What Randall had confessed amounted to a personal account — not solid proof. Without concrete evidence linking Lauren to the crimes, releasing him would only alert her that they were closing in.

Billy added carefully, “Randall being gone this long might start raising questions.”

“Leave a trail that suggests he’s gone overseas,” Wesley replied. Any overseas project could serve as a plausible explanation.

Billy nodded several times. “Understood.”

Even after Billy left the office, Wesley struggled to fully collect himself. If Allan’s death had truly been orchestrated from the start, he could barely bring himself to imagine what would happen to Myah if she ever learned the truth.

In her hospital room, Myah received an unexpected message. “It has been seven days since Randall disappeared. You had better stay alert.”

The color drained from her face. Cold sweat gathered slowly at her temples.

Loretta stepped into the hospital room. The moment she noticed how shaken Myah looked, she reached out and clasped her hand at once. “Myah, what happened? Are you feeling alright?”

The color had drained from Myah’s face. “Loretta, I need to see Wesley right now.”

“It’s alright. I’ll contact him immediately.” After Loretta placed the call, it wasn’t long before Wesley arrived at the hospital.

The moment Myah caught sight of him, she hurried forward and wrapped her arms around him. "Wesley, I'm really scared."

Earlier, Wesley had learned that Allan's car crash might not have been an accident at all, and the weight of that possibility had settled over him like guilt. Because of that, he didn't step away from her. He rested a hand gently on her head and spoke in a soothing tone. "There's nothing to fear. No matter what comes, I'll keep you safe."

Myah hesitated before speaking softly. "I don't want to go overseas. I want to stay close to you every single day. Is that possible?"

A brief pause followed before Wesley answered with quiet resolve. "The treatment facilities abroad are better equipped. If you follow the doctors' instructions, you'll be home before long."

Disappointment crossed Myah's face as she lowered her head. "Alright. I understand."

Doubt crept into her thoughts. She found herself wondering whether Randall's disappearance had anything to do with Wesley — and, more troublingly, whether Wesley already knew the truth about what had happened. If he had uncovered everything while she continued making a scene, she would only end up humiliating herself.

Noticing how withdrawn she had become, Wesley finally asked, "Myah, did you show your brother's diary to anyone else?"

Shock flickered across her face, and her unease deepened. The question about the diary had come from Wesley himself. Did that mean he was already beginning to doubt her?

Putting on an innocent front, Myah replied, "Why would you ask that? I only showed it to you and Gabriela. She has it now. If you want to look at it again, you'll need to ask her."

A few seconds of silence stretched between them as Wesley studied her. Then he finally said, "It's nothing. It just crossed my mind." Once Myah had calmed down, Wesley left the ward.

He looked worn out, fatigue sitting plainly in his eyes. Loretta's heart went out to him, though all she could do was lightly pat his shoulder. "Wesley, you've been running yourself into the ground lately. But Myah's condition is serious — please try to be patient with her."

Wesley gave a quiet nod.

The stark hospital lights overhead cast a harsh glare, pressing a dull ache behind his eyes. He settled onto a bench in the corridor and pressed his fingers against his temples. Loretta sat beside him, her voice heavy with concern. "Myah was doing so well before. How did she end up with depression so suddenly?"

After Allan's death, Myah had stayed locked in her room for nearly half a year. When she finally stepped back into daily life, she had seemed reserved but otherwise stable. Yet depression had appeared only after her conflict with Gabriela?

"Her eyesight has recovered — she can see again," Loretta continued with a sigh. "So why does she seem more fragile now than she ever was before?"

