

His kiss 91

Chapter 91

The meal went on, and Gabriela and Mason found themselves in easy rapport, regretting they hadn't met sooner.

She even toasted him several times, despite Wesley's attempts to stop her. Still, every time she steered the conversation toward the deal, Wesley subtly deflected.

Gabriela found it puzzling, but after several tries, she sensed Wesley's lack of enthusiasm for the deal and chose not to push it any further.

After some drinks, Gabriela excused herself to use the restroom.

The hallway to the restroom was long.

On her way back, she passed an open private room and spotted Phyllis inside. Phyllis looked effortlessly chic in her light gold coat and matching beret—every inch the fashion icon.

She was with Dustin and a few female friends, all busy complimenting her.

"Phyllis, you're absolutely radiant today. That outfit is stunning—and I've never seen you wear this hat before. Where'd you get it? It's gorgeous."

Phyllis accepted the praise, offering to take them shopping sometime.

Dustin sat beside her, attentively serving her food.

Gabriela knew the hat was hiding Phyllis's bald patches, which she found amusing.

Still, a conversation with Phyllis was the last thing she wanted. Her pace instinctively quickened.

But a woman with red hair spotted her and stepped into her path. "Gabriela? What are you doing here?"

Gabriela ignored her and kept walking until another woman joined in, pulling her into the room.

One of them sneered. "Don't rush off! Tell us, are you working part-time here?"

"I'm here dining with my boss," Gabriela said coldly.

The women laughed, their eyes sharp with mockery.

A woman smirked. “Since when can you splurge on meals like this? Dining with the boss? Really? Where is he—introduce us!”

The Grace Robuchon required membership, and they clearly didn’t believe her. The red-haired woman scoffed. “Stop pretending. We all know you’re poor. What else would you be doing here except working part-time? Even if you were serving or washing dishes, we wouldn’t mock you, but acting high and mighty makes you look ridiculous.”

In an instant, all eyes turned to Gabriela.

Phyllis watched in silence, enjoying the scene.

Once the others had taken their shots, she leaned in with a soft, patronizing tone. “Don’t you already have a job, Gabriela? Why are you still working part-time at a restaurant? Is money tight again?”

Her gaze flicked to Gabriela’s designer clothes, jealousy flashing in her eyes.

She said with feigned concern, “I know girls love designer things, but working part-time just to afford them isn’t worth it. My dad promised your mom he’d look after you, yet here you are, degrading yourself for the sake of vanity. If he knew, he’d be heartbroken.”

Dustin’s expression soured, and he subtly shifted away, as though being near Gabriela were somehow embarrassing.

Phyllis sighed. "If you're really that short on money, I can lend you some."