

His kiss 911

Chapter 911

Ever since Myah fell ill, Loretta had not allowed herself a moment of ease. Instead of enjoying time with her great-grandson, she spent nearly every day at the hospital. There was no resentment in her heart — only sympathy. Myah was still so young and so striking; if she were healthier and more spirited, plenty of decent young men would surely be drawn to her.

Hearing Loretta's words, an idea quietly surfaced in Wesley's mind. Gabriela had once suggested that Myah might be pretending — and then there was that book, *Shadow At High Noon*, tucked beneath her pillow. If Myah truly was acting...

He shook his head with a tired exhale. What would it change, anyway? No matter the truth, he could not bring himself to abandon her.

Even so, Wesley grew far more attentive to Myah's behavior and took her to see psychiatrists on three separate occasions. Each consultation ended with the same conclusion: moderate depression. After the final assessment, one psychologist explained, "These symptoms are consistent with depression. I hope the family will treat this with the seriousness it deserves."

Listening to the explanation, Wesley felt more confused than ever. Myah's condition had appeared all at once, and every symptom matched the textbook descriptions — yet mental illness had never followed clear rules or firm boundaries. If every medical detail genuinely aligned...

He forced himself to stop that line of thinking. Having just learned that Allan might have been killed, he refused to let suspicion poison his view of Myah as well. After weighing the matter repeatedly, Wesley made up his mind to find Gabriela.

At that moment, Gabriela was at Presley's estate, absorbed in her work. Unless something major arose, she had delegated most company affairs to Kaleb and Alissa. Having graduated from a top overseas university, Alissa had adapted quickly and proven herself highly capable — handling Gabriela's meetings with ease and helping Kaleb sort research materials and organize files for key clients. With her schedule managed efficiently, Gabriela could resolve business matters quickly and return to her embroidery without losing momentum.

When her phone rang, she didn't glance at the caller ID and answered without breaking her rhythm. "Hello, this is Gabriela speaking."

The moment Wesley heard her calm, unhurried voice, his throat tightened. Only ten days had passed, yet it felt as though he hadn't seen her in far longer.

Balancing the phone between her shoulder and ear, Gabriela kept working, her hands guiding silk smoothly through satin. After several seconds of silence, she spoke again. "Hello — who's calling?"

"Hi, Gabriela." His voice came through deep and low, settling against her ear.

A brief stillness held her in place. She completed the final two stitches before speaking in an even tone. "What do you need?"

Wesley steadied himself and replied seriously. "There are a few things about Allan I need to ask you in person."

A moment of hesitation entered her reply. "What more is there to ask? You've already read his diary — everything about Allan and me is written clearly in those pages." Every minute mattered to her right now. Before the end of next month, Alvira was scheduled to attend the Ewraso count's birthday banquet, and if Gabriela finished her work in time, Alvira would carry one of her handbags to the event. With international shipping timelines to factor in, her schedule left almost no room to spare.

Hearing her reluctance, a faint bitterness settled in Wesley's chest. He wondered, quietly, whether the distance between them had grown so wide that she would no longer make time to see him at all. He pushed the unease down and pressed on. "Gabriela, this is important. It isn't in the diary."

A short silence followed. Then she answered, "Alright. Come now. I'll be waiting at Presley's estate."

Without delay, Wesley drove straight there.

Gabriela was standing at the entrance when he arrived. The day was warm, and she wore a white long-sleeved dress, standing quietly by the door — composed and still, like a figure in a painting.

At the sight of her, his heart began to race. He steadied himself before calling out, "Gabriela."

She walked over and stopped beside the car, speaking through the open window. "What did you want to ask? Ask it now."

Wesley kept his voice low. "Get in the car."

Without hesitation, Gabriela opened the passenger door and sat down.

Once she was inside, Wesley asked directly, "Can you take me to the place where Allan used to live?"

Gabriela paused before finally asking, "Why do you suddenly want to go to Allan's old place?"

"It's because of his car crash." Wesley tightened his grip on the steering wheel, his voice roughening slightly. "There are some things I need to confirm."

After Allan's tragic death, the house had been locked and left untouched. Assuming it remained undisturbed, there might still be traces of something — answers that had been waiting there all along. Wesley couldn't bring himself to imagine the look Gabriela might give him once she learned what he had uncovered. But he couldn't keep running from the truth out of fear of being judged. That wasn't who he was.

Gabriela was quiet for a moment. Then she nodded. "Alright. Take me back to the villa first."

Wesley didn't question her. He turned the car toward her home without a word. She was back in about two minutes, and after fastening her seatbelt, she said simply, "Let's go."

The car moved through the streets in silence. It was clear that Gabriela's earlier sharp words had not been spoken on impulse — she genuinely had no desire to repair things between them. And on Wesley's part, the closer he drew to the truth, the heavier the weight on his chest became, leaving him just as wordless.

Before long, they reached Allan's home on Greenview Road, in a quiet suburban neighborhood.

Allan had spent years moving from place to place while faithfully caring for his blind sister. After entering university, he had worked part-time and, through steady persistence, saved enough for a down payment — finally purchasing this modest house on the outskirts of the city. Even after Allan passed away, the mortgage payments had never stopped.

Chapter 913

The building was a simple, older villa, a considerable distance from the Rutherford University campus. But it had been the most economical option he could find. More importantly, it had been the home meant to give him and Myah some stability — the place where his blind sister would no longer have to move from one temporary room to the next.

Standing before it now, both Gabriela and Wesley felt the weight of those memories press heavily against them. Allan had been an outstanding young man — hardworking, principled, steady in everything he did. And yet life had not rewarded him with the ending he deserved.

Gabriela remembered the gentle smile he always wore, the quiet, measured way he spoke. Her eyes immediately reddened.

Wesley pressed his lips together. "I'll have someone come and open the door."

"There's no need. I have the key." Gabriela opened her hand, revealing a silver key.

Allan had given it to her himself after they became close friends. He had said it with a small, self-deprecating laugh: “If something ever happens to me and I don’t make it, please help me look after my sister.” She had taken the key and made the promise.

Wesley hadn’t expected her to still have it. The sight of it stirred a complicated ache inside him. But the atmosphere was too heavy for either of them to follow that feeling anywhere. They let it pass.

Gabriela turned the lock and pushed the door open.

They walked through a yard that had once been filled with vibrant white roses. Now only withered branches and dead leaves remained. Inside the living room, a thin layer of dust covered every surface, though the furniture was still arranged with care — nothing out of place or disturbed. After Allan’s passing, Myah had not touched most of what was there. She had likely taken only his diary and a few things he had left behind.

Wesley’s gaze drifted to the photographs arranged along the wall — Allan and a much younger Myah, sitting close together, their faces turned toward each other, sharing smiles that looked almost identical.

“What are you looking for?” Gabriela asked. “You can start now.”

Wesley gave a brief nod, and they moved apart to search.

He took the living room. Gabriela went into Allan’s bedroom.

Aside from several computer-related books, the room held nothing unusual. She picked one up and lightly brushed the dust from its cover, her mind drifting to the image of Allan quietly studying in whatever spare moments he could find. If he were still alive, he would have become a remarkable IT engineer.

Lost in those bittersweet thoughts, she was pulled back by Wesley's voice. "Gabriela, come here."

She set the book down and followed the sound to Myah's bedroom.

The room was sparse — a bed, a wardrobe, and very little else. To protect his sister from injury, Allan had carefully padded the sharp edges of the bed frame with thick cotton. But Wesley wasn't looking at the furniture. He had shifted the wooden bed aside and found a distinct mark on the wall behind it — a protruding brick.

He turned to her. "Gabriela, did Myah ever mention anything about this spot?"

Chapter 914

Myah had always trusted Gabriela most, and the two of them had once been close enough to share everything. Gabriela shook her head. "No."

Wesley crouched down and, after some effort, worked the brick loose. Hidden behind it was a thick notebook. He reached in and drew it out. The pages felt firm, covered with dense raised dots.

He looked up, puzzled. "What is this?"

Gabriela took the notebook from his hands and traced the first page with her fingertips. "It's Braille." Back when she had spent time caring for Myah, she had learned to read it alongside her. Later, after persuading Stewart to develop software for people with visual impairments, she had worked with the Williams Group's technical team to gather, scan, and convert Braille texts into digital form. Her familiarity with it ran deep — her skill had eventually surpassed Myah's own.

The opening line read: "Today, my brother brought a girl home. He told me her name is Gabriela..."

A soft laugh escaped her. "Like her brother, Myah enjoyed keeping a journal too," she told Wesley.

But the moment she remembered what Myah had become, the light in her eyes dimmed and she fell silent.

Wesley was taken aback. He hadn't known Gabriela had learned Braille because of Allan. Allan's presence was woven into every part of her life — quietly, deeply, as though it would always remain there, impossible to fully erase. He said nothing.

Gabriela kept turning the pages. With each one, her expression grew more serious. What was recorded in the journal was deeply disturbing. After she had worked through more than ten pages, Wesley could no longer hold back. "Gabriela, what does it say?"

She lifted her eyes from the notebook. The color had drained entirely from her face. She looked visibly shaken — hollowed out in a way he had never seen before. The journal slipped from her trembling fingers and dropped to the floor, sending up a small cloud of dust.

Wesley moved quickly and caught her hand. Her fingers were cold and trembling, betraying the full force of the shock running through her.

“What is it?” he pressed, worry clear in his voice. “What does it say?”

Gabriela shook her head. With a distant, unfocused look in her eyes, she bent down and retrieved the notebook.

When she finally spoke, her voice was barely above a murmur. “Wesley — take me home first.”

Whatever she had read had dismantled everything she thought she knew about Myah. Her mind was still reeling, too rattled to form a coherent explanation.

Wesley couldn’t begin to imagine what was written in those pages — only that it had left Gabriela looking like someone who had just had the ground pulled out from under her. He chose not to press further. After locking the door to Allan’s house, he drove her back to the villa in silence.

Without a word, Gabriela stepped out of the car and walked straight into the villa. She was so preoccupied she didn’t even remember to say goodbye.

Chapter 915

As she disappeared from view, Wesley’s unease deepened. He remained in the car outside for a long while, motionless, lost in thought.

The moment Gabriela entered the villa, Truett came running toward her with delight and threw his arms around her. Distracted, she brushed a kiss against his cheek and gently urged, "Truett, go play with Farley." Then she turned and went upstairs.

Matthew happened to be there that day. Gabriela passed him as though he were invisible, offering not even a greeting, which struck him as strange. Watching her go, he asked, "What's going on with Gabriela?"

Farley considered it briefly before answering. "She's been overwhelmed lately. The handbag design for Princess Alvira has been putting a lot of pressure on her. She's been working late at Presley's place most nights. Coming back in the middle of the day like this probably means she's exhausted."

The explanation did little to ease Matthew's concern. His daughter should have been enjoying a life of privilege and ease. If she were willing to return to the Everglow Group, she would hold a position of immeasurable influence as its chairperson. Instead, she chose to exhaust herself working around the clock rather than step back into the Howard family's world. The thought weighed heavily on him, and he had no idea how to convince her to take charge.

Upstairs, Gabriela was unaware of the men below worrying over her.

She closed the bedroom door behind her — and only then noticed that her hands were shaking uncontrollably. She slid down against the wall and sat on the floor, remaining there for a long time before she finally managed to collect herself.

Summoning what little resolve she had left, she opened Myah's diary again.

The early entries read like the scattered thoughts of a blind girl. Over and over, the same line appeared: “Allan brought Gabriela over again today and tried to make me get closer to her. It’s so annoying!” Though the writing lacked consistency, the diary mapped a clear shift in Myah’s inner world — what began as hesitation slowly curdled into resentment.

Only now did Gabriela understand that the gentle girl who used to beam and say “Gabriela, you came to see me again — I’m truly happy!” had already started to dislike her long ago.

She kept reading. The words grew increasingly unsettling. “Today, Allan asked me if I would be happy if Gabriela became my sister-in-law. How could I possibly be happy? I hated her. But I was scared he would be disappointed, so I pretended to smile and said, ‘Of course.’ He was happy when he heard that.”

Most of the later pages were packed with bitterness and quiet complaints. It became unmistakably clear — Myah had always despised her and resented her presence in both their lives.

Even so, those thoughts alone did not completely overturn Gabriela’s understanding of everything. What truly shattered it was what came after. The diary recorded a series of terrifying decisions Myah made following the moment Allan confessed he planned to declare his love to Gabriela.

Chapter 916

Despite the nausea and fury rising inside her, Gabriela forced herself to keep turning the pages.

Outside the villa, Wesley remained in his car. He waited three long hours.

Gabriela's pale, hollow expression had rattled him, yet she had refused to explain anything, and he hadn't dared to call her afterward. All he could do was sit there and wait.

As night began to fall, his phone rang. Loretta's anxious voice came through. "Myah is causing trouble again. Can you come to the hospital?"

The exhaustion in Loretta's voice was unmistakable. Myah's episodes had been growing more frequent, each one worse than the last. Wesley had left the hospital less than seven hours ago, and already she was insisting on seeing him again. "Don't worry," he said, steadying his tone. "I'm free right now. I'll come immediately."

By the time he arrived, chaos had already broken out. Myah stood on the bed, sobbing and yelling. "I don't want the IV! Are you trying to hurt me? I want Wesley!" Several nurses struggled to restrain her without success.

Wesley rushed into the room. "Myah, what's happening?"

At the sound of his voice, Myah froze. Then she jumped down from the bed and ran straight into his arms.

She was just about to speak when something caught her eye. Dust clung to Wesley's suit trousers — and, as her gaze moved downward, to his shoes as well. Where had he been?

Lost in thought, Wesley hadn't noticed her quiet examination. "Myah, why are you refusing the IV?" he asked.

Still fixated on the dust, Myah didn't answer immediately.

Wesley gently eased her back. "Myah?"

"They're trying to hurt me!" she said, rallying her performance. "My brother was put on an IV and rushed to the emergency room — and not long after that, he died!"

A faint tension settled around Wesley's mouth. "You couldn't see at that time. How did you know your brother was taken into the emergency room with an IV?"

Myah's fingers went rigid.

He was testing her.

Cold dread slid down her spine. She forced herself to stay in character and shrank back as though frightened. "I saw it on television earlier. Injured people wearing oxygen masks are sent into emergency rooms with IVs, and most of them end up dying."

Wesley was about to press further when Loretta stepped in. "Wesley, Myah has finally calmed down. Let her rest for now."

The reminder brought him back to himself. Earlier, he had watched Gabriela hold Myah's diary with an expression of pure fear. Since he couldn't question Gabriela directly, he had instinctively tried to find answers from Myah instead — but this wasn't the moment. He softened his tone. "It's alright, Myah. As long as I'm here, no one will hurt you. Get some rest."

As he spoke, Myah studied his distant expression, unease creeping through her. Where had he been? How could he have returned covered in dust without even noticing it? With his meticulous habits, he would never ordinarily leave himself like that.

So where had he been?

Chapter 917

As the question pressed harder, a horrifying idea took shape. What if Wesley had arranged Randall's disappearance? If Randall was being held somewhere — some filthy basement — had Wesley just come from there? And if Randall revealed everything, would Wesley eventually trace it all back to her?

Yet Randall wasn't the only concern. Another possibility lingered quietly in the background, threatening to surface.

Sensing the tension building again, Loretta intervened before it could spiral. "Alright, Myah, stop thinking so much. Wesley and I are both right here. Please let the doctor start the drip, alright?"

This time, Myah didn't resist. She nodded obediently. "Okay."

Elsewhere, Gabriela spent the entire night turning page after page of the diary, a cold shiver settling deep in her bones.

On the surface, Myah had always appeared devoted to her brother — speaking of him constantly, giving everyone the impression that she adored him more than anything. The truth hidden within these pages was far darker. Every display of affection had been a disguise, a mask drawn over a heart weighed down by guilt and resentment.

Beneath the surface, Myah had harbored bitterness toward her family for abandoning her because of her condition. She had grown to resent the unstable life she shared with Allan, and grew colder each time he took her to the hospital and sighed quietly over the cost of her medicine.

There was one passage Gabriela could not bring herself to read twice: “I was sick of being broke. I wished my brother would die in a car accident one day so I could get a huge compensation from the driver and finally have money to treat my eyes.”

What followed on the next page was even more disturbing. While waiting for eye treatment at the hospital, Myah had overheard someone quietly discussing a wealthy young man with heart failure — a man whose rare blood type made finding a matching heart nearly impossible. She had written: “I heard that the rich young man’s blood type was the same as my brother’s. After that, I couldn’t help secretly asking a nurse for a phone number.”

The diary never explained how Myah had made contact with whoever stood behind the scenes, nor did it plainly state whether she had intended to harm Allan. Even so, those words alone were enough to leave Gabriela feeling as though a violent storm had torn through her chest.

And the final pages of the diary hit even harder, tearing apart what little remained of her beliefs.

Sleep barely touched Gabriela that night.

Because of that, she didn't wake until noon the following day. After getting out of bed and going downstairs, she realized Farley and Truett were nowhere to be found. She checked the yard and then the garden — neither of them appeared. Panic crept in. Gabriela rushed into the kitchen and asked, "Ken, where's Truett? Do you know where Farley took him?"

Chapter 918

"Farley went to Sunfield Market to pick up a few things," Ken answered calmly, still rinsing vegetables. "Truett insisted on going along and made quite a scene about it, so Farley had no choice but to take him." Around this time every month, Farley made the same trip to Sunfield Market to stock up on groceries. Today was no different.

Without hesitation, Gabriela pulled out her phone and tried calling Farley.

Ken remained unconcerned. The market was in the neighborhood and Farley shopped there often. "Gabriela, don't worry. Farley knows what he's doing. If he brought Truett along, he'd definitely keep a close eye on him. Besides, Truett can't stay locked inside all the time because of Myah. Try not to scare yourself — they'll be back soon."

Gabriela didn't register a single word.

After reading that horrifying diary, fear had already taken root in her. Her hands shook so badly she needed several tries to unlock her phone. The call went unanswered. Panic surged, weakening her knees, and she dialed again and again. Still no response.

She turned back to Ken, her voice urgent. “I’m going out to look for them. Stay here — if they come back, call me immediately.”

Only then did Ken grasp how serious things were. “Should we contact the police?” Even as the words left his mouth, doubt followed. They hadn’t been gone long, and since an adult had taken the child, the police might not treat it as an emergency.

“Let’s hold off on that for now,” Gabriela said, keeping her voice steady.

If Farley and Truett were missing and Myah was involved, she needed to know what Myah wanted before making any other move.

Just as Gabriela finished putting on her shoes, her phone rang.

The caller was Farley.

Relief washed over her and she answered at once. “Farley, are you still at Sunfield Market? Please bring Truett home right now — I’ll go out and get whatever you still need.”

The voice that answered was not the one she expected.

It was young and sweet, and it sent a chill straight through her. "Hi, Gabriela. It's me."

Myah.

Gabriela's legs nearly gave way. She grabbed the wall to steady herself. "Why do you have Farley's phone?"

"Because he's right here with me. He's being held, so I can take his phone whenever I like." Myah's voice was light and guileless, which made it all the more sinister. "Oh, and Truett is here too. He was being too noisy, so I made him unconscious. He's very quiet now."

Tears welled in Gabriela's eyes. Her lips began to tremble. "What do you want from me?"

"I want my diary back. Right now." Myah's tone remained gentle. "Gabriela, did you bring Wesley to look through our house? Allan cared for you with his whole heart. How could you let another man set foot in his home? If he could see this, he would never rest in peace."

"Tell me where you are," Gabriela said, forcing her voice to stay even. "I'll bring the diary to you immediately."

Chapter 919

Calm yet unhinged, Myah answered. "I'm at the house Allan purchased. You are not allowed to bring anyone with you, and you are not to contact the police. I've already bought a large barrel of gasoline. If I

notice even one extra person following you, I will set everything on fire without hesitation — and when that happens, Farley and Truett will die along with me.”

Hot tears slid down Gabriela’s cheeks. “Please don’t hurt them. I’ll do anything you want.”

Keeping the call open, she turned to Ken and raised her voice just enough to carry clearly through the phone. “I’m heading out now. Do not call the police, and do not contact anyone else. Do you understand?”

Ken, seeing how pale she had gone, nodded stiffly. “Okay.”

Without wasting another second, Gabriela went upstairs, took Myah’s diary, and rushed to her car.

She drove fast toward Greenview Road. Passing Sunfield Market, she briefly noticed a noisy crowd gathered outside — but she didn’t slow down or look twice. Her mind held room for only one thing: finding Myah as quickly as possible and getting Truett and Farley back safely.

She had no idea that Farley and Truett were actually inside that supermarket at that very moment.

Earlier that day, a customer had been accused of slipping an expensive cosmetic item into his pocket. When the surveillance footage was reviewed, the supermarket demanded to search him — but the item couldn’t be found. Feeling humiliated and furious, the man gathered a group of people and demanded an explanation on the spot. The manager and the owner rushed out to negotiate, and the situation quickly spiraled into a noisy public spectacle.

Every direction Farley tried to leave with Truett was blocked by people surging around them. His phone had slipped from his pocket at some point, though he hadn't noticed. With no clear path to the exit, he was forced to wait while the chaos played itself out into a full spectacle. Nearly two hours passed before he finally managed to push through the crowd and make it out of the store.

By then, Gabriela had already reached Allan's house.

The door of the modest villa stood slightly ajar. Gabriela rushed inside and made straight for the bedroom, where she found Myah.

She was crouched near the bed, her full attention fixed on the hollow space carved into the wall. Something unsettling lingered in her face — as though she were holding back an intense emotion, pressing it down beneath a carefully maintained surface.

Careful not to provoke her, Gabriela swallowed and spoke quietly. "Myah."

Myah turned toward her and tilted her head, offering a wide, bright smile. "Gabriela, you're here!"

That smile sent a chill crawling across Gabriela's scalp. She moved quickly and held out the diary, keeping her voice measured and steady. "Myah, I brought the diary you asked for."

A subtle shift crossed Myah's face at the mention of it. She reached out, accepted it, and began turning the pages. As her fingers traced the raised dots along the paper, a memory seemed to surface — and soft, unsettling giggles slipped from her lips.

Chapter 920

Until now, Gabriela had understood Myah as deeply troubled. The diary had dismantled that understanding entirely, revealing something far more dangerous beneath — a madness that had been carefully contained for years. Myah had spent that entire time concealing her true nature, deceiving Allan, Gabriela herself, and the entire Moss family without ever raising suspicion. That laughter crept under Gabriela's skin and left her tense from head to toe.

"Myah," Gabriela said, barely above a whisper, "I brought your diary back. Shouldn't Truett and Farley be released now?"

A sharp gleam flashed through Myah's eyes. "You've already read it," she said, her voice carrying a chilling edge. "Simply returning it won't be enough."

Gabriela answered at once, panic threading into her tone despite herself. "I'm sorry. Tell me what you want — I'll do it."

After a brief pause, Myah asked calmly, "Does Wesley know what's written inside?"

Gabriela shook her head immediately. "No. I didn't even finish reading it, and I never had the chance to tell him."

Silence followed as Myah studied her, weighing every word for sincerity. Then she gave a slow nod, turned away, and carefully placed the diary back into the hollow in the wall before pressing the brick back into place.

Once the brick was sealed, the tension drained from Myah's face, leaving behind something that looked almost like peace. She turned back with a gentle smile. "Gabriela, one diary can't be traded for two lives. If you want both of them back, you'll have to give me Wesley."

Without stopping to reconsider, Gabriela gave her answer at once. "Alright. Okay."

A low chuckle slipped from Myah, malice lingering beneath the sound. "Gabriela, if you had understood your place earlier and stopped competing with me for Wesley, today would never have come to this."

Steadying herself, Gabriela drew in a slow breath and forced her tone to remain even. "I already gave Wesley up to you. Can I see Truett and Farley now?"

Panic churned in her chest — Myah's earlier words about knocking Truett unconscious refused to leave her mind, and fear for the child tightened her throat.

Myah took her time. "Don't rush this. Call Wesley first. End things with him right in front of me, and make it completely heartless. Leave no room for misunderstanding. Only then will I believe you truly want nothing to do with him."

"Very well," Gabriela said, because defiance was not an option. She pulled out her phone and called Wesley.

At that moment, Wesley was still at the hospital, where chaos had spread to every corner. Myah had vanished without warning earlier, leaving Loretta frantic with fear that the girl might do something reckless. Wesley had ordered everyone to spread out and search. Amid the turmoil, Gabriela's call came through.

"Gabriela, did something happen?"

A faint tremble she couldn't fully conceal crept into her voice. "Wesley, there's something important I need to say. I've decided to break up with you. I don't want to see you anymore."

Shock caught in Wesley's breath, and his hand tightened instinctively around the phone. "Gabriela, this needs to be discussed face-to-face. Myah is missing and I can't leave right now. Can this wait until tomorrow?"

Keeping the call on speaker, Gabriela shifted her gaze toward Myah.

Wearing a smug smile, Myah looked thoroughly satisfied and silently mouthed a command: More coldly.