

His kiss 92

Chapter 92

Phyllis dug into her bag, pulled out her wallet, and peeled off a few bills. “It was wrong of me to introduce you to Rhys, Gabriela. Take this as my apology.”

Rhys’s name had been splashed across the headlines, and because Phyllis and her friends had attended the same university as him, his scandal spread quickly among their circle.

“When did you get mixed up with Rhys, Phyllis?” one of Phyllis’s friends asked.

Putting on a regretful sigh, Phyllis said, “Gabriela and I only knew he was pulling in over a million a year. She was so eager to meet him, so I set them up. Yet I didn’t take the time to check what kind of man he really was... I meant well, but I made a mistake.”

The explanation landed like a stone in a pond. Her friends’ eyes slid toward Gabriela, their expressions turning sharper, tinged with contempt.

Pursuing a man solely for his paycheck—without a thought for his character—was pure self-destruction in their eyes. Pathetic didn’t even begin to cover it.

Gabriela’s lips curled into a sharp, impatient sneer. “So desperate to smear my name that you’re distorting the truth, Phyllis?”

Phyllis's face faltered, her voice taking on a wounded edge. "I know I'm to blame for introducing Rhys to you..."

Gabriela cut her off with a cold glint in her eyes. "You really want to keep up this performance? Don't come bawling to your dad when I let the rest of our schoolmates in on your little stunt."

The threat silenced Phyllis instantly.

Her friends, however, assumed she was being cornered and jumped to her aid. "Why waste your time on someone so selfish and nasty, Phyllis? And you're actually lending her money? Once it's in her hands, it's gone for good!"

Phyllis bit her lip, eyes shimmering as though tears might spill. "But... she's my cousin."

"You still consider her family, but I doubt she feels the same." The red-haired woman, Vivian Vasquez, raked Gabriela with a slow, dismissive glance, her lips curling into a superior smile. "Gabriela, my family happens to need a maid. I've heard you can cook tolerably well. Why not come work part-time at my place after your shift here? I'll pay you the same hourly rate you get at this restaurant."

The others leaned in with mocking laughter. "So generous of you, Vivian. But can you really trust someone like her in your home? What if she walks off with something valuable?"

"I'm only making the offer out of respect for Phyllis," Vivian said with a shrug. Her lips curled into a smirk. "You should feel lucky, Gabriela. Not everyone has a cousin this generous."

Gabriela wasn't in the mood to play along with their performance. She turned on her heel and started walking away.

She'd barely gone a few steps when Vivian's voice rang out sharply behind her.

"Stay right where you are, Gabriela!"

Gabriela kept moving, lengthening her stride.

Vivian's irritation spiked, and she hurried after her, heels clicking hard against the floor. "Are you deaf? I told you to stop!"

Gabriela turned to meet her eyes, her tone icy. "And what exactly do you want from me?"

Vivian's voice rose, sharp with accusation. "My necklace is gone. Did you take it?"

Gabriela instantly caught the calculated malice behind the words, her expression hardening to ice. "If you can't back that up with proof, do us both a favor and keep quiet."

She turned to walk away, but Vivian's command cracked through the air. "Stop her! Don't let her slip off!" She signaled to her friends, her eyes glinting with ridicule. "You're not here earning wages, and you're not just here for a meal—so what is it? Here to steal?"