

His kiss 93

Chapter 93

The others piled on with sneering glee. “Back in school, Gabriela, you were always stealing Phyllis’s clothes, her jewelry, and even her hairpins. No wonder you’ve got your hands on Vivian’s pretty necklace now.”

Phyllis jumped in without missing a beat. “Don’t say that. Gabriela was just young and a little foolish back then. And anyway, my dad asked me to take care of her. Girls are drawn to pretty things. She was just borrowing them, not taking them for good.”

Her tone was soft, but her eyes slid toward Gabriela with quiet reproach. “Gabriela, my dad genuinely cares about you. If you wanted a beautiful necklace, all you had to do was ask him—he’d gladly buy it for you. There’s no need to take something that belongs to someone else.”

Though she framed it as a defense, her verdict was already clear—Gabriela had stolen it.

They stood in the hallway just outside the private dining room, their voices carrying. The stir of their exchange had already drawn curious onlookers, with patrons drifting closer in twos and threes to watch the drama unfold.

The patrons at Grace Robuchon were the sort who measured their worth in wealth and influence, and this was the first time they had ever witnessed a supposed thief within its polished walls.

“She’s easy on the eyes. Who’d have guessed she’s a thief?”

“When did Grace Robuchon stoop to letting thieves in?”

“Bet she used that pretty face to slip past the staff.”

“Be careful—she’s the type who wouldn’t think twice about going after someone else’s man.”

Every stare that landed on Gabriela brimmed with judgment, a toxic mix of suspicion and scorn.

She could see they were stirring the pot on purpose, yet she felt no urge to waste her breath. With an icy glance, she sidestepped the crowd and moved to leave, her steps cutting through the thick air of malice.

Vivian’s voice cracked like a whip. “Gabriela, you’re not going anywhere. Hand over the necklace first.”

Gabriela pivoted on her heel, her glare cutting through the air like a blade. “I didn’t take your necklace. Pull up the security footage if you don’t believe me.” A sharp glint lit her eyes, enough to make Vivian’s confidence waver for an instant.

“I never accused you of stealing,” Vivian said smoothly, though her tone dripped with venom. “Maybe you stumbled across it and decided to keep it. After all, someone like you—who’s clearly never owned anything finer than cheap trinkets—wouldn’t know what to do with something of real value.”

One of her lackeys snickered and added, “Why waste time with security footage for something so small? Just search her.”

In their minds, it was only natural. A woman as destitute as Gabriela—rumored to have worked shady nightclub gigs during her school years—wouldn’t think twice about pocketing a treasure she found.

They closed in on Gabriela, brazenly trying to search her as if she were a common thief.

The commotion drew an even bigger crowd. Curious onlookers pressed closer. Elegant gowns and expensive suits surrounded Gabriela, their owners wearing the same smug expression—certain she was a pathetic thief who refused to return the stolen property.

The crowd watched, silent and eager, as Gabriela was cornered. Not a single person stepped forward to help. Some even lifted their phones, grinning as they recorded the scene, no doubt eager to upload it later for their own amusement. One woman clamped onto Gabriela’s arm, while another yanked at her coat, peeling it from her shoulders. Then their fingers scrabbled for the fabric beneath—her blouse now their target.