

His kiss 931

Chapter 931

Loretta, haunted by memories of Gabriela's bright smile and relentless spirit, felt her mind go blank. She dropped heavily into a chair, utterly stunned. Both elders were submerged in despair, as if the air itself had grown too heavy to breathe.

Billy felt a piercing ache spread through his chest, sharp and merciless.

Only Myah wore a smile — hidden carefully beneath lowered lashes. What was so remarkable about Gabriela, anyway? If she was gone, then she was gone. Myah couldn't comprehend why everyone was drowning in sorrow over her absence. Wesley was still inside receiving treatment — in her mind, he was the one who truly deserved their concern.

After thirty agonizing minutes, a doctor stepped out of the emergency room and addressed them calmly. "Mr. Moss is not in immediate danger. He sustained a serious blow to the head that caused him to lose consciousness. With several days of rest, he should recover fully."

Loretta released a breath she felt she had been holding for an eternity.

Wesley was soon transferred to a ward. Even unconscious, his body was restless, his brow drawn into a deep and stubborn furrow. In the depths of his mind, flames roared blindingly — and Gabriela stood amid the fire, staring at him with eyes colder than ash. "Wesley, why didn't you help me?"

Wesley jolted awake with a sharp gasp. "Gabriela!"

“Wesley, you’re finally awake!” Myah sat at the bedside and smiled gently. “Your lips look dry. Would you like some water? I’ll go get it for you.”

“Where is Gabriela?” Wesley seized Myah’s wrist with brutal force, his grip so tight it nearly wrenched her bones. Myah hissed and grimaced. “Wesley, let go — you’re hurting me.”

“Answer me. Where is Gabriela?”

Myah lowered her voice. “Wesley, the moment we got out, I called the fire department.” Her shoulders shrank. “But the fire was too intense. The firefighters are probably still there.” She met his gaze with visible fear. “Gabriela — she didn’t make it out.”

“What did you say?” Wesley’s eyes reddened instantly, his grip tightening until Myah screamed with pain.

He released her abruptly and swung his legs off the bed. He had to find Gabriela. He refused to believe she could disappear so suddenly, without even a trace.

Myah grabbed him in panic. “Wesley, you’ve only just regained consciousness. You can’t move like this.”

“Let go.” Violent fury burned through him, consuming reason itself, and he shook Myah off with savage force. She crashed to the floor, but he didn’t spare her a glance. His only thought was to find Gabriela.

“Wesley, I know you’re angry that I knocked you out — but the fire was massive. If you had gone back inside, you would have died. Gabriela was determined not to leave. There was nothing I could do. I only wanted to save you.”

In the neighboring room, Brenden and Fiona — who had rushed over the moment they heard — caught every word of Myah’s explanation. Brenden, whose one leg had regained sensation while the other remained partially paralyzed, was instantly inflamed. He seized his crutches and struggled forward, falling again and again and forcing himself back up each time.

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Fiona’s heart ached watching him. “Don’t do this alone — let me help.” She hurried to support him, and together they reached Myah. Brenden seized her collar and hauled her up from the floor.

“What do you mean, determined to die? What kind of filth are you spouting? Gabriela cherished her life — she would never choose death. Tell me the truth. Was it you who caused all of this? You poisonous snake. You’re the one who got Gabriela killed.”

Myah avoided his furious gaze and lowered her head. “Brenden, how can you accuse me like this? I’m grieving too.”

“You still won’t admit it?” Brenden raised his hand and struck her hard across the face. “Myah, I have never laid a hand on a woman. But you’ve crossed every line. Today I won’t let this go, you cruel and ungrateful woman.” Tears streamed uncontrollably down his face. “Gabriela treated you with nothing but kindness. How could you be so vicious and cause her death?”

That bright, lively Gabriela — destroyed by the very girl she had once protected.

“Wesley, please — I really didn’t hurt Gabriela. I wanted to save her too.” Myah covered her face and turned desperately toward Wesley, pleading.

Wesley’s expression was cold and unreadable. “Brenden, this isn’t Myah’s fault. Don’t take your anger out on her.” With that, he turned and ran out, heading straight back toward Greenview Road.

Only Brenden, Fiona, and Myah remained in the ward.

Myah turned, intending to flee. Brenden caught her and struck her again, blood spilling from the corner of her mouth as her screams filled the room.

“Brenden, stop hitting her,” Fiona said quickly, moving to restrain him — while quietly and precisely kicking Myah several times when no one was looking. This scheming little snake, Fiona thought coldly. Last time we covered her head and gave her a beating, we should have struck harder.

One barely able to stand yet striking with full force; the other offering hollow comfort while attacking in secret — they left Myah defenseless and shrieking.

At last, the noise drew Loretta and a nurse, who rushed in and stopped it.

Though her heart was drowning in grief, Loretta stepped forward to shield Myah. “You fool — Myah is grieving too. Why are you beating her like this?”

“Grandma.” Brenden pointed at Myah, his eyes bloodshot. “Don’t be deceived by her face. She’s a viper. Gabriela’s death is absolutely linked to her.”

Fiona echoed him quickly. “That’s right. Myah is full of schemes. Loretta, you must be careful around her.”

Myah clutched her swollen face and sobbed. “Why are you accusing me? I wanted to save Gabriela too — but she refused to leave the house.”

“You’re lying. If you’re innocent, why invent stories about her wanting to die?” Brenden raised his crutch, ready to strike again.

Loretta and the nurse hurried to restrain him. The ward dissolved into chaos.

Meanwhile, Wesley drove at reckless speed toward Greenview Road. The flames had already been extinguished. Police tape cordoned off the blackened ruins, while firefighters and officers moved carefully through the wreckage.

Chapter 933

Wesley stepped out of the car and tried to push past the cordon. An officer stopped him. “Sir, it’s dangerous. You’re not allowed in.”

“The woman inside,” Wesley said, his voice hoarse. “Was she rescued? Is she dead?”

The officer frowned slightly. “There was no one inside.”

Wesley froze. “Are you certain? There was a woman in her twenties trapped inside. Her name is Gabriela. She’s one hundred and sixty-six centimeters tall.”

“We conducted a thorough search and found no one — and no human remains,” the officer replied. “She may have escaped on her own.”

Hope surged violently through Wesley’s chest. Gabriela was not inside. She had to be alive.

“Officer, my friend may have escaped, but the fire was severe. She could be injured. She doesn’t have her phone. Please help me find her.”

The officer nodded and reached for his radio. “A witness reports there was a third person inside — a woman. She is currently missing. Dispatch additional personnel for search and rescue.”

A large number of officers were mobilized at once.

Wesley called Billy, instructing him to deploy every available resource to locate Gabriela immediately.

When Billy received the call, his spirits had been low. He had worked alongside Gabriela for six months and deeply admired her intelligence, her competence, and her bright, unyielding nature. The news of her apparent death had struck him hard. But now, receiving Wesley's order to search for her, he understood at once — Gabriela was not dead.

His spirits lifted immediately. He dispatched search teams from multiple directions, then called Tyler. After all, Tyler could swiftly gather three hundred men, and with their help, the chances of finding Gabriela would be far greater.

When Tyler learned that Gabriela had vanished, he wasted no time. He summoned every associate he had and dispatched them to Greenview Road to scour the area for her. After reconstructing the chain of events piece by piece, he stormed toward the hospital like a gust tearing through a corridor.

The turmoil inside Myah's ward showed no sign of settling. Brenden, injured leg and all, was close to beating Myah senseless, and even two nurses struggled in vain to restrain him. The moment Tyler stepped in, Brenden's venomous curses reached his ears. He forced his way through the crowd and seized Myah by the collar, hoisting her up like a trapped animal.

At six foot three, Tyler loomed like a living wall of stone. His sheer presence froze everyone in place, all eyes fixed on him with stunned, wide-eyed alarm.

He dragged Myah straight out of the ward and onto the balcony, lifting her cleanly over the railing.

Myah went rigid with terror, her breath catching before a shrill scream tore from her throat. "Tyler, what are you doing? This will kill me. Put me down!"

Even with Tyler's strength, holding someone like this was genuinely dangerous. If his grip faltered for even a second, the outcome would be fatal. "You little menace — aren't you always throwing tantrums and threatening to end it all? Today, I'll let you taste what it really means to brush against death."

Chapter 934

Tyler had always found her grating. Because Gabriela cared for her, he had tolerated it. But after hearing Brenden's furious accusations, he was certain this walking disaster was the root of Gabriela's misfortune.

"I've known Gabriela for years and understand her better than anyone. No matter how bitter life gets, she would never seek death. Listen carefully — if anything happens to Gabriela, you will answer for it with your life."

Loretta nearly collapsed from shock. "Tyler, put Myah down! She has depression. She can't withstand this kind of fright."

"Depression, is that what you call it?" Tyler shifted Myah further past the railing, his voice glacial. "Take a good look below. Still feeling dramatic?"

Myah's eyes flicked downward against her will. They were on the sixteenth floor. A wave of primal terror surged through her, and she screamed hoarsely. "Tyler, please — I'm terrified."

"Terrified, are you?" Tyler laughed, cold and derisive. "Didn't you enjoy pretending to leap off buildings before?"

Fiona and Brenden rushed onto the balcony, both stunned speechless by the sight before them. Tyler's method was, Fiona had to admit, genuinely brilliant. She couldn't help secretly raising a thumb in quiet approval. This was precisely how one dealt with a chronic troublemaker.

Soon, nurses, orderlies, and security guards arrived — yet Tyler's perilous stance deterred anyone from approaching. Myah was in shambles, her face slick with tears, humiliation burning deeper than the fear itself.

Bystanders, unclear about the details, began discreetly calling the police.

Brenden hurried to Tyler's side. "Tyler, that's enough. The police are on their way. Don't ruin your life over someone like her."

Realizing he couldn't afford a stint behind bars — and that Gabriela was still missing — Tyler hauled Myah back over the railing and dropped her onto the floor.

Myah lay there gasping, her mind unable to grasp how everything had spiraled so violently out of control. Why did everyone shield Gabriela so fiercely? No one stepped forward for her, despite her desperate hunger for care and affection.

Not long after, the police arrived and asked Tyler to accompany them for questioning. Fiona and Brenden immediately stepped in, insisting it had been nothing more than a misguided prank. Loretta, unwilling to see Tyler detained — and aware that his concern for Gabriela had been genuine — chose silence.

Though she had been the one dangled over the railing, everyone still stood on Tyler's side. Bitterness crept through Myah as she steadied herself. But fearing Loretta's displeasure, she swallowed her resentment and told the police she would not pursue charges.

With Fiona and Brenden smoothing things over, the police issued Tyler a verbal warning and left.

Myah clenched her fists and began quietly plotting her revenge.

Meanwhile, the search along Greenview Road pressed on relentlessly, yet not a single trace of Gabriela surfaced. Whispers of her dying in the fire spread like wildfire. The people spreading the rumors only knew she was said to be dead, unaware she had escaped. The story quickly twisted into something grotesquely sensational.

"Gabriela burned until nothing recognizable was left. It was horrifying."

Chapter 935

The one who received the news with the most delight was Rebecca. So elated was she that she hosted a small gathering that very night, inviting her fair-weather friends to celebrate. Swirling a glass of wine, she feigned sorrow. "Gabriela was too beautiful. Even the heavens grew jealous and claimed her — ruining her face in the process."

Cindy eagerly chimed in. "Exactly. I heard her hair was scorched away, her tongue stuck out, and her eyes frozen open. Absolutely terrifying."

Her companions leaned in curiously. "How do you know that? Did you actually see the body?"

Cindy shuddered. Reluctantly, she replied, “Even though Gabriela was an illegitimate child, she was still part of the Howard family. No one claimed the body, so I helped arrange things and saw her from a distance. She was completely burned.”

Gasps rippled through the group.

After the gathering, the story of Gabriela’s supposed death spread even wider. When the news reached Stewart, he rushed to the fire scene that same night. Police tape still sealed off the area, and faint smoke lingered in the cold air. Two officers stood guard. From a distance, Stewart stared at the ruins — the building reduced to wreckage that spoke silently of disaster.

Shock hollowed him out, leaving his thoughts utterly blank.

After all his schemes — erasing Wesley’s memories, waiting patiently for their bond to shatter — Gabriela was simply gone just like that?

Stewart stood there for a long time before finally turning back to his car. “Drive,” he told his assistant quietly.

His thoughts churned violently, something heavy crushing his chest until he wanted to scream. But exhaustion smothered even that, and he sank against the seat in silence. How could Gabriela simply die? She never knew how deeply I loved her.

Erik, who had accompanied Stewart, was equally shaken. He had met Gabriela through Allan, bonded by that Braille reading lamp. He never imagined she would die inside Allan's house. He let out a quiet sigh and started the engine.

Within a single day, the news dominated online spaces. Myah spent money hiring internet trolls who posed as Gabriela's college friends, weaving tales of Gabriela's profound attachment to Allan. The conclusion they pushed: Allan couldn't bear to be separated from Gabriela, so he took her with him. The public devoured the bizarre narrative, embellishing it until it resembled a ghost story — Allan returning from the dead to claim her.

Half reclining in her hospital bed, Myah scrolled through the comments, barely suppressing her satisfaction. The bruises on her face meant nothing to her. In time, everyone would believe Gabriela had gone to reunite with her brother.

Lost in scrolling, Myah failed to notice the door had opened soundlessly.

"Who's there? Loretta?"

No answer came. Myah slipped on her shoes and moved toward the door.

A slender woman in a white dress stepped inside, long hair spilling down her back.

As Myah drew closer, she shrieked in terror, her vision blurring as she nearly collapsed.

It was Gabriela.

Gabriela's face was bloodless and still, her eyes icy and unblinking as they fixed on Myah like sharpened glass.

Strength drained from Myah's legs. She crumpled to her knees, terror hollowing her out. "Gabriela, you—"

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She couldn't tell whether the woman before her was flesh and blood or a specter clawed out of the afterlife.

Gabriela curled her lips into a scornful smile. "Myah, so you are capable of fear after all. You trample on life without hesitation — not even sparing your own brother who raised you. You resented him, loathed him, and even considered trading his life for the money to cure your eyes. Even after my supposed death, you tried to tie it to your brother's ghost, fabricating some twisted devotion between us. If his spirit truly exists and is watching, he would regret every sacrifice he ever made for you. And a soul as rotten as yours has no right to stand beside Wesley."

Myah's most shameful secrets were ripped open and exposed. She collapsed as if struck, her body folding in on itself. "I'm sorry, Gabriela. I didn't mean it. I lost my grip. I didn't intend to push you back into the fire—"

"Spare me your tears," Gabriela said, her voice cool and distant. "They mean nothing to me."

Myah clenched her teeth, resentment mixing with terror in her gaze. “Gabriela — are you human, or are you a ghost?”

“You wish I were dead that badly.” Gabriela gave a faint smile and gathered her hair, tying it back to reveal her smooth, luminous forehead. There was no mistaking it. She was alive.

She could have played the role of a ghost and frightened Myah into spilling every sin she had committed. But she had no need for such theatrics. She was breathing, living, standing here in the flesh — and she had no interest in pretending to be a corpse.

Once Myah grasped this, her panic eased — but denial quickly replaced it. “Gabriela, even a fire that big couldn’t kill you. Is it sheer luck, or are you just impossible to get rid of?”

Faced with the provocation, Gabriela remained entirely calm, lifting a brow with a faint smile. “It wasn’t luck. Allan protected me.”

After being shoved back into the flames, Gabriela had searched the ground floor but found no sign of Truett or Farley. She rushed to the attic on the second floor, only to find it empty as well. Only then did she understand — Myah had either never abducted them or had hidden them elsewhere.

By that point, the fire had already devoured the second floor. Gabriela gritted her teeth, shattered a window, and leapt out. The drop from the second floor was not fatal — but it was more than enough to cause serious injury. By sheer fortune, she crashed into the ginkgo tree below and survived.

That tree had been planted years ago when Allan bought the house, with Gabriela helping him dig the soil. Eight years of growth had made it tall and dense — and in the end, it saved her life.

Myah let out a derisive laugh. “Gabriela, are you delusional? There are no ghosts in this world. How could my dead brother possibly protect you?”

Chapter 937

“You spread rumors online that Allan’s ghost came to claim me — yet you deny the existence of ghosts in the same breath?” Gabriela laughed softly, full of irony. “Myah, your hypocrisy is almost impressive, if not for how foolish it sounds.”

The words struck straight at Myah’s weakest nerve. Her face twisted with rage. “Gabriela, do you really think you’re so clever? I fooled you that day with nothing but Farley’s phone — and Wesley too. In the end, he believed me, not you. It doesn’t matter that you lived. Wesley has already agreed to marry me. He even promised to give me your ring.”

“Is that right?” Gabriela reached back and slowly pushed open the half-closed door behind her.

A crowd stood outside. Wesley, Loretta, Brenden, Fiona, Tyler, along with several nurses and caregivers — every pair of eyes fixed on Myah, filled with disbelief and shock. Wesley’s face drained of color, disappointment cutting deeper than anger.

It took Myah a moment to understand what had happened. Then she lunged at Gabriela like a madwoman. “Gabriela, you trapped me!”

Wesley moved on instinct, but Tyler was faster — stepping in and blocking Myah before she could touch Gabriela again.

Cold sweat streamed down Myah's forehead. Under Wesley's gaze, heavy with betrayal, she searched desperately for some way to twist the truth back in her favor.

Gabriela let out a cold laugh. "Myah, whatever scheme you're constructing right now, I suggest you stop wasting the effort."

She unlocked her phone, pulled up a video, and placed it directly into Myah's trembling hands.

On screen, Myah was seen pouring gasoline across the living room — her expression twisted and obsessive, her movements methodical as she soaked the furniture and walls before striking a match.

Myah's pupils shrank violently as the video ended. Her fingers shook uncontrollably around the phone. "Gabriela, you—" She couldn't believe Gabriela had recorded everything. It was impossible. The fire had been so fierce that any camera should have been reduced to ash.

"This evidence should have been destroyed by the flames," Gabriela said calmly. "But your decision to push me back inside gave me the chance to retrieve it."

She had been wary the day she first met Myah there and had secretly installed a camera in the living room. When Myah shoved her back, she fell hard and spotted the device by chance — hidden in a corner and spared by the fire — and grabbed it without hesitation.

Myah's chest tightened with fury. Her plan had been airtight, yet Gabriela had survived and returned with proof that couldn't be refuted.

All of Myah's arrogance crumbled. It was replaced by the pitiful softness she had always wielded so expertly. She dropped to her knees, sobbing. "Gabriela, I was wrong. Please — for my brother's sake, forgive me."

"You committed unforgivable acts." Gabriela looked down at her, her voice steady. "Sadly, Allan is no longer here to correct you. So I will act in his place."

Chapter 938

Myah's pupils quivered at the resolve in Gabriela's eyes. Her mind flew instantly to the Braille diary. Gabriela must have read every word. Even the lie about not finishing it had been a trap. All her secrets had already been laid bare.

She knew then that there was no escape. She stopped resisting and collapsed onto the floor, hollow and defeated.

Once the confrontation ended, Gabriela no longer spared her a glance and turned to leave. She spoke to Tyler. "Tyler, have people watch her closely. Tomorrow, I need to take her somewhere."

For someone as resolute as Gabriela, Tyler didn't hesitate. "Rest assured. I'll personally watch the little snake tonight and make sure she doesn't slip away."

Loretta stood in the doorway, staring at the broken figure on the floor, her voice heavy with pity. "Gabriela, Myah is still so young..."

Gabriela steadied Loretta gently and spoke with quiet reassurance. "Don't worry. I won't send Myah to prison."

Arson might carry only a few years behind bars, and that punishment was far too light. She intended to send Myah somewhere from which there was no return.

With that, Gabriela walked away. Wesley fell quickly into step beside her with long strides. "Gabriela, wait—"

"Do you need something?" She turned to face him.

Her eyes were calm and kind, her expression patient — yet Wesley felt an unmistakable distance that chilled him.

"I'm sorry." He stood in silence for a long moment, words failing him. Only now did he fully understand how deep Myah's deception had gone. He had trusted her without question — and he suspected Gabriela had long since lost her faith in him because of it.

"It's alright." Gabriela neither mocked nor blamed him. She spoke sincerely. "I heard you were badly hurt too. Go home and rest."

After a brief pause, she added, “Tomorrow, I need to take Myah somewhere, and I’ll need your signature to authorize it.”

In the end, Wesley did not chase after Gabriela to beg for forgiveness. The wounds he had inflicted over time could never be erased with a handful of hollow apologies. From that moment forward, he resolved to spend the rest of his life atoning — quietly and through action. He believed that someday, through patience and consistency, he might earn back Gabriela’s trust and affection.

Gabriela was still alive.

The revelation spread like wildfire, instantly stirring waves of commotion. Rebecca’s fair-weather friends flooded her phone with calls.

“Didn’t Cindy swear she saw the body herself? What is Gabriela — blessed by the heavens? Did she rise from the dead or come back reincarnated?”

“Becca, your family really is something. One sister stares at corpses without flinching, and the other crawls out of the ashes. No wonder you two are related.”

Rebecca was livid. She had an early meeting and had gone to bed at ten-thirty, only to be jolted awake by over forty calls. Worse still, she couldn’t even vent — she had to laugh politely and entertain their shallow curiosity. The pretense gnawed at her sanity.

Chapter 939

Just the previous year, her father had intended to elevate Gabriela's standing within the family. Rebecca had fought tooth and nail, striking a deal with Jasper to secure a board seat and a deputy director role in the planning department. She had braced herself to clash with Gabriela in the business arena, grinding away at Everglow Group day and night. Yet Gabriela had turned her back on all of it, choosing design instead and forming ties with a foreign princess — utterly disregarding everything Rebecca had sacrificed.

Then came the farce. Gabriela was meant to have died in the fire, with rumors claiming Allan's spirit had taken her away. Instead, she returned, very much alive.

In Rebecca's eyes, Gabriela was nothing short of a walking curse.

Seething with resentment, she tried to fall back asleep — only for another call from a fake friend to shatter the silence. Rebecca nearly exploded. This time she snapped back. "Yes, Gabriela is alive again. If you're that curious, go see her yourself at the Lakeshore Building tomorrow." She shut off her phone, turned out the lights, and buried herself beneath the covers. Yet sleep refused to come. Images of Gabriela, reborn like a phoenix, replayed endlessly in her mind.

Rebecca wished she could personally put an end to Gabriela once and for all.

Gabriela had no idea her half-sister had spent the night simmering in hatred.

The next morning, she called Wesley, and together they brought Myah to the place Gabriela had already decided on: Okburg's Ravenbrook Hospital, a well-known psychiatric institution on the city's outskirts, nestled at the base of Silvercrest Mountain. The surrounding area was hushed and desolate, wrapped in an oppressive stillness that carried an unspoken dread.

This was the final destination Gabriela had chosen for Myah. For Allan's sake, she was determined that Myah would never walk out again.

At first, Myah refused to go — kicking, screaming, and thrashing. Tyler dragged her into the car without mercy. Begging Gabriela proved useless, so she turned to Wesley as her last hope. But Wesley, now seeing her clearly for what she truly was, remained unmoved by her tears.

Eventually, amid Myah's hysterical cries, the car pulled up to the isolated hospital.

The psychiatrist Gabriela had contacted the night before stood waiting at the entrance, flanked by several sturdy orderlies. Myah was terrified, still thrashing and hurling curses. "Who do you think you are, Gabriela? You have no right to send me to a place like this. My brother will come for you in the night."

Gabriela felt nothing stir inside her and didn't spare Myah a glance. She nodded politely to the doctor, accepted the evaluation forms and pen he offered, and passed them to Wesley.

The doctor turned to Wesley and explained, "Based on the diagnosis, Myah exhibits delusional persecution and persistent beliefs involving spirits. She believes Gabriela intends to marry a ghost and remain eternally devoted to it. She also displays violent tendencies, including a fixation on arson." He outlined each symptom carefully before concluding, "Her behavior poses a serious threat to public safety. Mr. Wesley, as her guardian, you are required to sign here to authorize her admission."

Wesley took the pen, glanced at the words Ravenbrook Hospital Admission Confirmation, then looked at Gabriela in surprise.

Gabriela raised her brows slightly, her tone faintly sardonic. “Wesley, are you hesitating to sign?”

“No,” Wesley replied quietly. “I simply didn’t expect you to be this decisive with her.”

Chapter 940

In the past, even when Gabriela drove Myah away, she would still worry if she heard Myah was in danger. This time, she had arranged everything for her confinement without a moment’s hesitation. It was clear that Myah had finally broken something in her that couldn’t be repaired.

Seeing Wesley composed, Gabriela softened slightly and let out a low sigh. “People change.” Someone as dangerous as Myah needed to be kept somewhere secure. Otherwise, if she ever managed to get near Truett again, the consequences would be unthinkable. For his safety, Gabriela could not allow even the slightest risk.

Wesley asked no further questions and signed without delay.

Seeing this, Myah nearly lost her mind, her throat raw from screaming. “I’m not crazy. I’m not sick. This is illegal detention — I’ll sue you!”

Gabriela stepped forward and handed the doctor several psychiatric reports diagnosing Myah with depression and other disorders. “Dr. Ballard, Myah has visited psychiatric hospitals before. These are three diagnostic reports from other doctors, for your reference.”

The doctor accepted them, his demeanor steady and professional. “Rest assured — we’ll provide care suited to her condition.”

Myah’s eyes burned red with rage and desperation. “Gabriela, how can you be this cruel? I’m not insane, yet you want to imprison me in this hell forever. When you die, my brother will never forgive you!”

Gabriela stepped closer and embraced Myah gently — just as she used to — and whispered near her ear. “Last night, Allan came to me in a dream. He told me everything you did to hurt him. He was heartbroken. But he still wishes you a long life, spent repenting in this darkness.”

Myah flew into a rage, struggling to claw at Gabriela’s throat — but the orderlies held her arms firmly in place.

Gabriela slowly released her and even smoothed Myah’s disheveled hair. “Don’t worry, Myah. I’ll come see you every month.” With that, she turned and stepped back into the car.

Myah twisted around and screamed after Wesley. “Wesley, are you abandoning me too? What about the promises you made to my brother? If you dare leave, then give his heart back!”

Wesley looked at Myah steadily. He did not voice his disappointment. He had failed to see through her twisted nature, and his blindness had led to this irreversible outcome. That responsibility was his to carry.

“Please take good care of Myah,” he said to the doctor.

The doctor nodded and assured him that everything would be handled properly.

Myah watched helplessly as the car disappeared into the distance. She struggled even harder, biting one of the orderlies in a desperate attempt to break free.

Enraged, the orderly dragged her back and pinned her down. "Behave. Once you enter Ravenbrook Hospital, you are never leaving."

Gabriela and the others departed without a single backward glance.

The chaos of Myah's screams and violent resistance was so piercing that it drew the attention of nearly every doctor and nurse nearby. Because of the uproar, no one noticed the black sedan parked quietly at a distance.