

His kiss 94

Chapter 94

The crowd with their phones leaned in, hungry for a scandal, their eyes glittering at the thought of her being stripped completely.

A sudden rush of heat surged through Gabriela's veins, her pulse pounding in her ears. Old humiliations from her school days—every whispered insult, every cruel shove—surged back like a tide, stoking a blistering fury in her chest.

With a sudden, explosive force, she tore free of their grip, driving the two women back before fisting a punishing handful of hair from each.

Her tone dropped to an icy blade. "I'll say this one last time—I haven't laid eyes on your necklace."

The move was so fast it left the air charged.

Both women stiffened, breath hitching, their faces pale beneath Gabriela's unyielding glare.

A prickling sensation crawled over Phyllis's scalp. She eased backward, putting some distance between herself and Gabriela.

From the crowd, a voice rose, sharp and accusing. "If you're innocent, then what's the harm in letting us search you?"

Gabriela forced her fury down, her voice laced with biting sarcasm. “Well, I happen to have lost a rather pricey bracelet myself. I suspect one of you took it. How about you all line up and let me search you?”

The woman who had spoken earlier bristled, her cheeks flushing hot. “You claim you lost it—but did anyone actually see it?”

Gabriela’s tone sharpened as she turned her attention to Vivian. “And who saw you lose your necklace?”

Vivian’s gaze wavered, the sudden challenge making her shoulders stiffen. She looked away without answering.

Gabriela’s finger swung toward Phyllis. “Do you know why she’s wearing that hat? Because she pulled something dirty, tried to shove the blame on me, and almost...”

Every strand of their hair had been yanked out. “Want me to give you the same treatment?”

The hallway sank into a tense, almost suffocating silence.

All eyes locked on Gabriela—the elegant beauty who had, in an instant, revealed a startlingly fierce side.

Her fingers tightened in the hair of the two women, her voice sharp as a blade. “Let’s get this search over with. Coats off. Will you do it yourselves, or should I strip them for you?”

The women froze in her grasp, stunned, before breaking into shrill, theatrical screams. “Are you insane?”

“Quiet!” Gabriela snarled, yanking their hair until their scalps prickled with pain. Terrified she might rip it out, they shook as they peeled off their coats.

Her gaze shifted to Vivian—cold, unblinking, and merciless. “You started this,” she said, her tone low and lethal. “So tell me... do you know what comes next?”

Vivian stood frozen, unable to believe what she was seeing.

In all her years of knowing Gabriela, she had never witnessed this side of her. Back in school, no matter how cruel the taunts or humiliating the pranks, Gabriela had always swallowed her pride and endured in silence.

But now? She was radiating defiance—grabbing hair, ordering people to strip off their coats for a search—bold enough to make the entire hallway hold its breath.

Grinding her teeth, Vivian snapped, “Even if no one saw you take my necklace, you’re the only one who is poor here. Who else could it possibly be?”

“Oh, so you’ve been making this fuss on pure guesswork?” Gabriela’s lips curved into a cold smile. “Is that how the Vasquez family settles matters—by guessing? Does your brother know you’re like this?”

The mere mention of her brother made Vivian’s bravado crumble. Fear flickered across her face, and she fell silent, not daring to utter another word.