

His kiss 95

Chapter 95

“That’s enough!” Dustin, who had been watching from the sidelines with a clenched jaw, suddenly barked, stepping forward as if ready to pry Gabriela away himself.

Before he could reach her, the restaurant manager hurried over, his voice cutting through the tension. “Surveillance footage is ready. Anyone who lost something, take a look.”

Without waiting for anyone’s opinion, he signaled the staff, and the footage lit up on the wall for all to see.

It made everything plain: from the moment Vivian walked in, she had never lost anything—and Gabriela had never picked up a thing.

A murmur rippled through the crowd. No one had expected the manager to check the surveillance footage on his own, much less display the evidence for everyone to see.

The crowd exchanged glances, their expressions shifting—curiosity giving way to something far more complicated as their gazes landed on Vivian.

“So, it had been a setup from the very start. It’s really shameless of her to pull such a cheap trick.”

“Isn’t she part of the Vasquez family? We better warn our family to stay away—mixing with her will only tarnish our name.”

The murmurs cut through the air like tiny blades, and Vivian’s stomach twisted into a cold knot. Gabriela hadn’t expected the restaurant manager to step in without so much as a word from her.

When she turned, her gaze caught Wesley—standing just beyond the crowd, tall and unyielding, his presence radiating quiet authority that drew every eye without effort. His striking features were carved into a cold, unyielding scowl, chin lifted with quiet defiance, a chill rolling off him like winter air.

Yet in that instant, she felt Wesley as an unshakable pillar at her back—solid, immovable, someone she could finally lean on without fear of collapsing.

Billy shouldered his way through the murmuring crowd, his presence cutting through the tension.

The restaurant manager stepped forward at once, his tone almost deferential. “Does this resolution meet your approval, Mr. Clarke?”

Billy’s gaze swept over to Vivian, cool and measured. “Get the police involved.” A ripple of dread shot through Vivian. “What? Who the hell are you? What gives you the right to report me to the police?”

Billy ignored Vivian entirely and, with a gentle smile meant only for Gabriela, said, “Come on, let’s go.”

She trailed after him toward Wesley, tilting her face up to meet his gaze. “Thanks for that, Mr. Moss.”

“Fool,” he said flatly.

The word cut sharp, but before she could respond, he shrugged off his suit jacket and draped it over her shoulders. “Wear it.”

She’d gone and thrown herself into trouble without even thinking to call for help.

If he hadn’t grown uneasy about her being gone so long and sent Billy to find her, would she have tried to clean up that mess alone?

Still, the fire in her eyes told him she wouldn’t have walked away defeated.

Mason’s tone carried a firm edge. “Gabriela, when something like this happens, don’t waste your breath arguing. Call Mr. Moss right away—he’ll stand behind you.”

Gabriela lowered her gaze, murmuring an obedient admission of fault before hastily slipping into Wesley’s jacket.

The fabric was cold and rigid at first touch, yet beneath it lingered a faint, steady warmth from Wesley’s body. That quiet heat wrapped around her like a shield, and for a fleeting moment, the sting in her chest made her want to cry. For the first time, she truly believed she had someone she could lean on.

Meanwhile, the restaurant manager had already called the police. Vivian was taken in for slander and sentenced to a three-day detention.

It was a lenient sentence, especially considering she had gone so far as to have Gabriela's coat stripped off in public. But for a pampered young lady like her, the humiliation alone was punishment enough—a stain on her pride she would never wash away.

The police station refused to grant bail, insisting she spend the full three days in detention.

Vivian seethed, her voice rising with disbelief. "Phyllis, Gabriela's just an intern. How on earth could her boss be defending her like this?"

Phyllis faltered, lowering her voice as if sharing a secret. "The other day, I went to her company to drop off the wedding invitation... and happened to see her accepting a gift from SK Elite Boutique."

"One of their friends gasped, "SK Elite? That's insanely pricey! Their membership requirements make Grace Robuchon look cheap. How could she possibly afford it?"

Phyllis leaned closer, speaking in a hushed, knowing tone. "She might have a rich boyfriend—that would explain why her boss is so protective. A few nights lately, I've spotted her slipping into a luxury car. I've never seen the man, though. Almost like she's hiding who he is from me."