

His kiss 96

Chapter 96

Vivian's jaw tightened, fury flashing in her eyes. "If she really has a secret boyfriend, he's probably some wrinkled old man."

Phyllis lowered her voice. "Please don't say that."

Vivian couldn't care less if her words were too harsh; her only concern was getting out of police custody before the situation spiraled.

If her brother caught wind of this, she was finished.

"I'll try talking to Gabriela," Phyllis offered smoothly. "Maybe we can settle this quietly."

That finally cooled Vivian's temper, if only a little. "I'm in your debt, Phyllis."

Without wasting another second, Phyllis and Dustin rushed back toward the restaurant—arriving just in time to see Gabriela about to slip into the waiting car.

Phyllis hurried over, stepping in front of her with a forced, anxious smile. "Gabriela, you and Vivian used to be classmates. This was just a misunderstanding—no need to blow it out of proportion, right? Can't you just let her off the hook?"

“How could you call this a misunderstanding?” Gabriela’s expression stayed cold, her voice clipped. “She searched me in public and even tore off my coat. Besides, it was my boss’s decision to involve the police—not mine to reverse.”

“For my sake, can’t we just let it go?” Phyllis pressed, her tone dripping with entitlement.

Even as she pleaded, she regarded Gabriela with cool detachment—chin tilted, confidence radiating as if the outcome were already in her hands.

Gabriela’s lips curved in a thin, sardonic smile. “For your sake? Did you forget what you and your mother did to me? You took my mom’s house as if it were your own. On the very first day you moved in, you went straight to my closet and took all my clothes. And your mother latched onto my mother’s company while refusing to cover my tuition!”

A flicker of icy malice darted through Phyllis’s eyes as her fingers whitened around the handle of her designer bag. Still, her expression stayed composed, her tone...

Deliberately calm, Phyllis said, “I know you’re still mourning your mother, but that doesn’t give you the right to spew wild accusations and claim my family’s property as your own.”

Gabriela’s gaze didn’t waver. “Deny it all you like—my mother’s name is still the one on the deed.”

“Gabriela, try having some dignity!” Dustin’s voice cracked like a whip, sharp and accusing. “Take a good look at yourself—acting petty and clinging on just because you’ve won this round! It was nothing but a small misunderstanding. You’re clearly unharmed, yet you keep lashing out—snapping at everyone. Phyllis is letting your insult slide—be grateful.”

Gabriela met his glare with unshaken calm, her tone cold as glass. “For someone depending on a woman to get by, you’d better watch your tone.”

Heat shot through Dustin’s chest, his breath hitching with the urge to lash out. He honestly couldn’t fathom how Gabriela—who’d once treated him with mild politeness—had morphed into someone so razor-edged with her words. Could Phyllis be right? Did snagging a wealthy older man inflate Gabriela’s ego this much?

Even so, he kept his mouth shut. He still needed Phyllis’s help if he wanted to climb higher.

After delivering a blistering verbal lashing to the shameless pair, Gabriela slid inside the car, only to be met by Wesley’s glacial stare.

She offered a quick, placating smile. “Don’t be upset, Mr. Moss. I’ve already cut them down so hard they’ll be licking their wounds for weeks.”

Wesley’s chiseled face didn’t so much as twitch. He turned to Billy, his tone as cold as his expression. “Bring the restaurant manager here.”

“Yes, sir,” Billy replied at once.

Within minutes, the manager came bustling out, forehead slick with sweat. Bowing slightly, he asked with deference, “What would you like me to do, Mr. Moss?”

“Run the surveillance footage from earlier,” Wesley replied, his tone cool and deliberate. “Loop it in the most visible spot in the lobby—for the next three months.”

“Consider it done, sir.” The manager paused, shifting uneasily. “And... should we still serve the guests shown in the footage?”

A shadow of icy malice flickered in Wesley’s eyes. “Go ahead and serve them.”

Billy’s brows shot up, astonished. Now that was ruthless.

Three months was plenty of time for every diner who stepped through the doors to memorize those shameless faces.

And when Phyllis and her friends returned to the restaurant, only to be greeted by their own humiliation playing for all to see, they’d likely wish the ground would split open and swallow them whole.