

Hell in his eyes, heaven in his kiss #Chapter 20 - Read Hell in his eyes, heaven in his kiss Chapter 20

Chapter 20:

Her voice dropped to a hushed tone. “The membership alone starts at a million—just to walk through the door.”

Gasps rippled through the office as her colleagues clustered around, eyes fixed on the extravagant gift box. Gabriela barely got a glimpse before she was jostled to the edge of the crowd, her pulse racing just as wildly as everyone else’s.

Even in her wildest dreams, she couldn’t imagine owning anything from SK Elite Boutique—not even Phyllis could afford that level of luxury. It was impossible. There was no chance this was actually meant for her—it had to be some kind of mistake.

Gabriela had barely opened her mouth to protest when Phyllis swept in, all drama and flair in a cherry-red wool coat that set off her freshly dyed, wine-red hair. Trailing her was an obedient assistant clutching her designer handbag, the perfect prop for Phyllis’s self-appointed aura of command.

All the noise in the office had drawn Phyllis like a moth to a flame. The moment she spotted the gift box, her expression soured. Inside was the newest SK Elite Boutique design—a dress so exclusive that even deep pockets couldn’t guarantee acquiring it.

Phyllis instinctively glanced down at her own ten-carat ring. When Dustin first slipped it on her finger, she’d felt like royalty. But now, after she knew it was just a standard eight-thousand-per-carat diamond fitted into a custom setting, it suddenly seemed almost ordinary next to this dress.

How was Gabriela supposed to afford a dress that expensive? Even if she auctioned off everything she had, she wouldn’t make a dent in the price. With a sharp, mocking smile, Phyllis scoffed, “Did you seriously bring a fake? If you can’t afford the real thing, don’t bother showing off. It’s just sad.”

Phyllis’s grand entrance turned every head in the room. For a moment, nobody spoke. All eyes swept over her, silently wondering who she was—someone with that much presence had to be important.

Active community on galnovels.com

Catching everyone’s gaze, Phyllis tossed her hair back smoothly and flashed a confident smile as she offered a poised introduction. “Hello, everyone. I’m Gabriela’s cousin,” she announced, her voice ringing out with effortless charm. “I’m sorry to

intrude, but I just had to deliver Gabriela's wedding invitation myself. It means so much more when it comes from family, don't you think?"

Aubrey edged closer to Gabriela, murmuring under her breath, "Is it just me, or does your cousin come off a little two-faced?"

Gabriela met Aubrey's eye and replied, equally low, "Trust me, you're not wrong."

With all the grace of a pageant queen, Phyllis passed the invitation to Gabriela, her smile sweet but edged with malice. "I know you adore designer labels," she said, her tone dripping with honeyed condescension. "But honestly, you shouldn't wear knockoffs, even if you love them. Imagine how humiliating it'd be if everyone noticed. Isn't that right?" She turned to the crowd, looking to gain their support.

At her words, the mood shifted. Gabriela could feel the room's energy curdle as colleagues eyed her with suspicion, their previous impressions unraveling. Gabriela, once considered approachable and unpretentious, now found herself painted as the type who shamelessly paraded around in knockoff designer labels.

She leveled Phyllis with a frigid stare, her patience stretched to the limit. As always, Phyllis seized every opportunity to tarnish her name. Gabriela wasn't concerned about Phyllis's petty digs, but she did care about her job—and how her colleagues saw her. She opened her mouth, ready to defend herself.

Before she could get a single word out, the deliveryman interjected in a steady, professional tone: "Please don't make baseless accusations, miss. This dress is a genuine piece from SK Elite Boutique. I'm an official courier for the company—here's my employee number. You can verify it yourself online if you have doubts."

He spared Phyllis a pointed glance—no interest in stirring up drama, but unwilling to stand by and let anyone question the dress's authenticity. Protecting the brand was his job, and he took it seriously.

.

.

.

Tip: You can use left, right, A and D keyboard keys to browse between chapters.