

Hell in his eyes, heaven in his kiss #Chapter 7 - Read Hell in his eyes, heaven in his kiss Chapter 7

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Gabriela and Dustin had been inseparable all through college, dreaming up wedding plans the moment they got their diplomas.

But the minute Gabriela dove into her first real job, Dustin stabbed her in the back—hooking up with her cousin, Phyllis Haynes.

He didn't even bother to apologize. Instead, he looked her right in the eye and had the audacity to rationalize everything. "Gabriela, I do care about you, but honestly? I care more about having money. We're adults now. We can't just float through life on feelings. Let's not kid ourselves—besides being gorgeous, what do you actually bring to the table? We've dated for years, and you still won't let me touch you! Your parents are gone, and you have nothing to your name. If we get married—if we ever buy a house or a car—it'll all come out of my family's pocket. It's not just the men's responsibility anymore; women have to contribute too. What can you offer? You can't even bring a single cent to the table. My mom's right—you're nothing but a burden. I'm done. Let's just end it."

At first, Gabriela felt devastated, convinced that maybe she really wasn't enough.

Now that she finally saw Dustin for who he was, everything snapped into focus. The cause of their breakup had never been her—it was Dustin.

He wanted to take advantage of his future wife for an easy life, all while spinning it so she'd feel like the burden.

And if it weren't for their breakup, she wouldn't have drowned her sadness in wine, leading to a one-night stand with Brenden.

In hindsight, she wanted to scream at her past self for ever being so blind. How had she let herself get swept up by someone like Dustin?

Now that he'd wormed his way into Phyllis's life, Dustin strutted around in tailored suits, every inch the polished posier, his shameless charm replaced by a mask of fake sophistication.

He intercepted Gabriela at the door, blocking her way. "Why are you getting home so late? Phyllis hasn't slept a wink waiting for you, you know. You're a guest under someone else's roof—don't give the hosts anything to worry about."

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Gabriela almost laughed out loud at the ridiculousness of his words.

This was her own home!

On her deathbed, Gabriela's mother entrusted everything—eight-year-old Gabriela, the house, and the business—to her brother, Josh Haynes, asking him to...

...take care of her daughter. That was how Phyllis's family ended up moving into the house her mother had left behind, all under the pretense of looking after Gabriela.

Now, somehow, she'd become the outsider in her own house.

Arguing felt pointless. She ignored Dustin. As she stepped forward to leave, his hand clamped down on her arm.

"How can you be so cold when Phyllis is concerned about you?" Dustin scolded, his eyes hard and full of judgment.

Gabriela didn't even bother to fake a smile. "My phone was on the entire time." Phyllis's excuse was flimsy. Who actually waited up for someone without just calling or texting these days? The whole thing was a theatrical act—and somehow, Dustin had fallen for it.

He really was hopeless.

Dustin's scowl deepened, impatience seeping into his voice. "Phyllis couldn't sleep because of you, and you still refuse to acknowledge her kindness? Is it that difficult to show a little warmth to your own family? After everything your uncle's family has done for you, is this how you act?"

He threw his shoulders back, self-important. "Go apologize to Phyllis. And from now on, let her know if you'll be late."

Gabriela yanked her arm free and marched into the house, done playing along. Phyllis lounged across the sofa, one arm thrown over her forehead as if she might faint at any second.

Spotting Gabriela, she pushed herself upright, her voice trembling with practiced concern. "Gabriela, you're finally back! I've been worried sick."

Gabriela barely mustered a glance, exhaustion dulling her expression as she brushed past, intent on reaching her room.

But Dustin caught her by the wrist. "Seriously? Why the cold shoulder? Phyllis couldn't sleep because of you, and you just walk away?"

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