

His kiss 1101

Chapter 1101

He always carried that easy smile, his eyes holding a kind of perpetual warmth that put everyone around him at ease.

The way he said it made it sound as though Gabriela were something precious to him.

Wesley didn't care for the way Leo looked at her.

And he didn't care for his tone, either.

Gabriela seemed completely oblivious to Wesley's mounting displeasure, still chatting animatedly with Leo across the table.

Wesley set down his bowl and chopsticks and leaned back in his chair, a clear signal he was finished eating.

Subtle as the gesture was, it drew everyone's attention.

Gabriela noticed his downturned mouth and blinked. "Wesley, done already?"

He'd barely touched his food, it looked like.

Wesley stared at her, his frustration at her obliviousness reaching a peak.

"I'm not feeling well," he said coldly. "My chest feels tight. Heavy."

At the mention of his heart, Gabriela's expression shifted instantly, and she rose to go to him.

His face did look a little pale, his mouth drawn tight — he genuinely seemed unwell.

"Where's your medicine? Did you bring it with you?" she asked, urgency plain in her voice.

Seeing her concern eased something in Wesley.

But having started the lie, he had no choice but to see it through, pressing a hand to his chest for effect.

"I didn't bring any," he said. "Ever since I got my health sorted overseas, I haven't gotten into the habit of carrying it around."

Gabriela's brow knit tight.

“You know your own condition better than anyone. How could you not bring your medicine?”

Despite the scolding tone, Wesley found it strangely satisfying, and he scoffed deliberately. “Would you even care either way?”

“I’m going to go buy some,” Gabriela said, worry clear in her eyes as she turned to leave.

Wesley caught her arm. “It’s fine, it’s not that serious. Just get me some warm water.”

She hurried to pour him a glass and watched as he drank it down.

His expression eased, and he said softly, “I’m feeling better now. Don’t worry so much.”

Only then did Gabriela let out a long breath of relief.

The other three watched the whole exchange in silence.

Having known Wesley for years, Presley understood him reasonably well, and this was the first time she’d ever seen him put on such a convincing act.

Surprised as she was, she chose not to call him out on it.

Leo, perfectly composed, offered gently, "Mr. Moss really should take better care of his health."

The sincerity in Leo's concern only irritated Wesley further.

If Leo had been anything like Stewart, he'd have dealt with him swiftly by now.

But Leo was a genuine gentleman, gentle and reserved by nature. Everyone in the room could see how fond he was of Gabriela, and yet he held himself back so well that she genuinely believed his warmth toward her was nothing more than simple appreciation, friendly and uncomplicated.

A true gentleman, Wesley realized, was far harder to handle than someone like Stewart.

Chapter 1102

Lilian added her own gentle reminder that young people shouldn't lean too heavily on their youth and act rashly.

Falling in line, Wesley offered his polite thanks. "I'm sorry for taking up so much of Presley and Lilian's time today. I'll come by again when I have the chance."

With his goodbyes said, he left.

Gabriela hesitated a moment before hurrying after him.

“Wesley, did you drive yourself here today?”

Billy usually served as his driver, and she hadn’t seen him around at all.

Wesley glanced back at her. “I came alone.”

The thought of him driving himself while unwell unsettled her. “Wait, I’ll go with you.”

After letting Presley and the others know, Gabriela left with Wesley.

Her mind stayed fixed on the fact that he hadn’t brought his medicine, determined to see him home safely and make sure he had it on hand.

Once the two of them were out of sight, Presley remarked, not without a touch of resignation, “Wesley’s condition isn’t even that serious, and yet Gabby got so worked up she barely touched her food.”

The implication being that Gabby might well find herself wrapped entirely around his finger before long.

Leo glanced at Gabriela's barely touched bowl of pasta, his eyes still gentle as ever, though the smile on his lips had faded, just slightly.

In the estate's parking area, Gabriela took the car keys from Wesley. "I'm driving today."

Wesley savored her persistent concern, biting back a smile, and simply said, "All right."

She slid into the driver's seat and glanced over as he fastened his seatbelt.

"Do you have medicine at home?"

He nodded. "I do."

Only then did she start the car and head toward his apartment.

It was early summer, the temperature climbing slowly by the day.

The moment they stepped through the door and into the courtyard, the scent of blooming flowers greeted them.

The water lilies, planted back in winter, had burst into dozens of blossoms. Their round green leaves spread across the water's surface, rippling gently with the faintest breeze, their fragrance rich and lovely.

Gabriela couldn't help but pause to take it in.

Wesley's voice came from beside her, unexpected. "Gabriela, do you prefer white roses, or water lilies?"

She snapped back to the present.

"Each has its own beauty. No need to compare them."

With that, she headed straight for the living room, hesitating only briefly before using the fingerprint scanner to unlock the door.

"Let's go in." Wesley took her hand and guided her inside, then closed the door behind them and locked it.

Gabriela paid no mind to the strangeness of it, her thoughts still fixed on the medicine. She went straight to the spot in the living room where it was usually kept.

But after digging through the drawer for a while, she came up empty.

“Wesley, where’s the medicine?” she asked, already moving to check the cabinet nearby.

Suddenly, a strong presence closed around her, arms wrapping her tight.

She turned to find Wesley standing directly behind her, looking down at her.

Chapter 1103

She frowned. “Wesley, I’m asking you. Where is the medicine?”

He tilted her chin up and leaned down to kiss her.

There was something unusually intense about him today, the kiss fierce enough to leave her breathless.

It swept her up so completely that she couldn’t recall how she’d ended up on the bed.

By the time she came back to herself, her clothes were already gone.

She watched, utterly bewildered, as he loosened his tie and unbuttoned his shirt, one button at a time.

“Wesley, what are you doing?” she demanded.

It was the middle of the day.

He swung a leg over her, pinning her beneath him and raising her hands above her head.

She was still trying to make sense of what he was doing when it clicked—

He was using his own tie to bind her wrists.

Gabriela: !!!

“Wesley, what do you think you’re doing? Let me go.”

He said nothing, securing her hands before leaning down to silence her protests with his mouth.

“Why would I let you go? So you can go right back to talking with Leo?” There was a dangerous edge in his voice.

Gabriela glared up at him, her eyes flashing with anger.

“Wesley, are your ears just for show? Leo and I were talking about work. It was a professional conversation!”

Wesley let out a humorless smirk. “And once the work talk’s done, what then — life, dreams? Hobbies, maybe?”

Her eyes burned red with fury, and she tried to kick out at him, but he held her down, leaving her no room to move.

His voice carried a warning now. “You’d kick me, even sick as I am, over some outsider?”

Gritting her teeth, Gabriela shot back, coldly, “Wesley, just because Leo respects me enough to actually talk to me, you’re jumping to conclusions?”

“Is that all I’m good for in your eyes — small talk and idle chatter?”

Wesley’s gaze grew steadily more dangerous.

“Gabby, have I been too soft with you lately? You’re already spoken for, and yet you look so put out for cozying up to another man right in front of me?”

The moment only sharpened Wesley’s awareness of just how much of a threat Leo posed.

He could see plainly that Leo had feelings for Gabriela — she was simply the one who hadn’t noticed.

Wesley had no interest in making her aware of it, either.

But if he said nothing, was he just supposed to stand by while another man closed the distance, slowly getting her used to his presence?

His silence didn’t mean acceptance. No man alive could stomach that.

His harsh words made Gabriela bite him out of pure frustration, too furious now to even bother arguing.

“Wesley, let go of me, or we’re through!”

Before she could finish, he kissed her again, fierce and unrelenting.

He showed no sign of backing down.

Chapter 1104

By the time they finally broke apart, her chest was heaving. Her temper hadn't cooled in the slightest, but her body had already started to betray her.

Wesley leaned in closer, his voice low, taunting. "Gabby. Still want me to let go?"

Tears pricked at her eyes, her bound hands useless against him. "Wesley, you jerk."

She cursed him, and he pressed in closer still.

His voice came out hoarse. "Tell me — will you keep your distance from Leo from now on?"

"Are you out of your mind?" Fury and exasperation warred in her voice. "Leo and I are partners. We work together. How exactly am I supposed to—"

Before she could finish, he thrust deep, cutting off her anger and turning it into soft, helpless pleas instead.

There was no telling how long it went on.

The sky outside gradually darkened.

Gabriela lay exhausted on the bed, torn between resentment and pure irritation.

Wesley resorting to seduction like this was shameless. Utterly despicable.

Worse still was her own inability to resist it.

Comparing the two of them side by side, she only felt more ashamed of herself.

She was too frustrated to even form words.

Wesley cleaned her up and returned to bed, pulling her close, pressing the occasional kiss to her skin without thinking.

That unthinking tenderness left her strangely uncomfortable.

She turned her back to him, unwilling to look at his infuriatingly handsome face.

“Gabby. Are you angry with me?”

What did she even have to be angry about?

In the end, she’d been the one begging him.

His earlier accusations had just been a pretext all along.

Thinking it over, she spoke, sullen. “You can’t interfere with my work anymore.”

She knew better than to compromise with Wesley, and she couldn’t afford to let herself soften — softening now would only lead to her own misery later.

As things stood, she wasn’t even sure she’d be able to face going to Leo’s studio tomorrow.

The more she thought about it, the angrier she got. When Wesley refused to agree, Gabriela simply shut her eyes and pretended to sleep.

Sensing how wronged she felt, something in Wesley softened, and he asked gently, “You barely ate at lunch. Are you hungry? I can make you something.”

He could give in on nearly anything else — but not on Leo.

Ever since reading Alanna's diary, he'd come to understand that nothing in this world lasted forever, feelings included.

Given how devoted and exceptional Allan had been, Wesley believed that if not for the accident — and for his own presence in her life — Gabriela might have ended up with Allan long ago.

But there were no "ifs" in this world.

Now that he had her, he intended to hold on tight, guard against any accidents, and make sure Leo never got the chance he was hoping for.

Hearing the gentleness in Wesley's voice, some of Gabriela's anger eased. But remembering how relentless he'd been earlier, unease crept back in, and she stayed stubbornly silent.

Wesley took her silence as agreement and stroked her hair gently.

Chapter 1105

"Then rest a little longer. I'll wake you once the food's ready."

Feeling the space beside her go empty, Gabriela slowly opened her eyes.

Today, Wesley had openly claimed her as his girlfriend.

And they'd been intimate in broad daylight, no less. The most absurd part of all was that she hadn't had a drop to drink, so she couldn't even pretend she didn't remember.

A wave of anxiety and helplessness settled over her.

Given how relentless Wesley's energy was, she genuinely worried about keeping pace with him. How was she supposed to work, or see anyone, at this rate?

Absolutely not.

She needed to set some ground rules with him, or life was going to become unbearable.

Gabriela got dressed and headed to the kitchen.

Wesley was already there, cooking, an apron tied around his waist.

Before long, the food was ready — not just a simple bowl of noodles, but a full spread with vegetables, meat, and soup.

It didn't smell quite as good as her own cooking, but it looked passable enough.

Once the food was plated, Gabriela set out the bowls and chopsticks.

They sat across from each other and began to eat.

Wesley watched her closely, noticing she wasn't eating much, and grew a little uneasy.

"Does it taste bad?"

Seeing the sincerity in his expression, a flicker of bitterness rose in Gabriela.

Was this really the same domineering Mr. Moss who'd tied her up and done exactly as he pleased not long ago?

She let out a small huff and ignored him.

Wesley pressed on gently, “I know my Gabby’s a great cook — my cooking probably doesn’t measure up. Tell me what to fix, and I’ll work on it.”

There was no denying it: a satisfied man was far easier to deal with. Listening to his tone now, it was like he was coaxing a favorite child.

Gabriela pushed at her rice, gathering her thoughts before speaking. “Wesley, I want to lay out three conditions between us.”

Hearing the seriousness in her voice, he straightened up at once.

“Go on.”

“First — when we’re together, you can only stay in my room two nights a week, and no more than three times a night.”

Wesley’s brow furrowed deeply.

Only two nights a week already felt excessive to ask of him — and a cap of three?

How was anyone supposed to endure that?

“Second — I decide when we go public.”

The smile faded from his face.

So if she never wanted to, he’d stay nothing more than a secret lover forever?

“Third — Leo is my partner and my senior in this field. When I’m discussing work with him, you don’t get to be angry or interrupt.”

By the time she finished listing the conditions, Wesley’s expression had soured completely, his smile long gone.

“Gabby. This isn’t a fair deal.”

He could stomach the first two. The last one, though, was unbearable.

Chapter 1106

Knowing full well how Leo felt about her, how was he supposed to just look away and trust the two of them to be alone together?

Calling it “work” was clearly just Leo’s slow, patient way of closing in.

Gabriela looked at him evenly. “You don’t have to agree to any of it...”

After all, she wasn’t in any particular rush to make things right with him.

Her career was only just beginning to take off, and soon enough she’d be back at Everglow Group, with plenty of challenges waiting for her there.

She didn’t have the energy to spare for a jealous, endlessly demanding man on top of everything else.

Wesley set his chopsticks down hard, the sound cutting sharply through the tense silence.

But Gabriela stayed perfectly composed, meeting his eyes without flinching.

Not only did Gabriela stay composed, she met Wesley’s fury head-on, finishing what she’d started to say.

“I’ve laid out some ground rules. You don’t have to agree to them.”

Wesley's jaw tightened. "And if I don't, does that mean there's no chance of us getting back together at all?"

Gabriela studied him, taking in every handsome feature of his face.

He was Truett's father. The only man she'd ever truly loved.

Now that the knot in her heart had finally loosened, getting back together, if it could happen naturally, would be wonderful.

But not if it was forced.

"Yes," she said, gentle but unwavering. "You can't force love."

Wesley's eyes went bloodshot, something dangerous flickering behind them.

"Gabriela. Don't push me."

Who was Wesley, after all?

Heir to a prestigious family empire. Founder of Apex Group.

He had his pride — how could he keep bending over backward just to win a woman back?

“With that attitude, there’s nothing left to discuss.” Gabriela rose calmly to her feet. “I’m not forcing you into anything.”

She turned to walk away, but before she’d taken two steps, Wesley’s hand closed around her wrist, tight.

“You’re not leaving.”

She struggled against his grip. “What do you want?”

He lifted his head slowly, his bloodshot eyes making something in her chest tremble.

“Gabriela. Do you honestly believe you’re not indispensable to me?”

Gabriela steadied herself and nodded. “Yes. I know that. But think it over carefully.”

Her calm indifference only darkened his expression further.

This same woman had been so pliant beneath him earlier, willing in the heat of the moment to call him husband.

Her voice had been sweet enough to melt bone.

And now, off the bed, she turned her back on him without a second thought. It was outrageous.

He pulled her back with force, and she stumbled onto the nearby sofa.

Startled by the sheer strength of it, Gabriela tried to push herself up at once, but Wesley pinned her shoulder down, trapping her between his body and the cushions.

“Gabriela. You’re mine. I won’t let you go.”

His stare was frightening, the air around him suffocating. A cold thread of fear crept through her at the thought that he might genuinely want to keep her locked away.

Had he really become this warped?

Once the thought took hold, it wouldn't let go, and fear crept in deeper, until she found herself weighing how she might get away.

Should she call the police? Her mentor?

"I'll agree."

Amid the chaos of her thoughts, Wesley's voice cut through, low, forcing his anger down. "Gabriela. I'm giving in. I'll accept your three unfair rules."

She looked up to find his dark eyes churning with suppressed feeling.

What choice did he really have?

Agree, and he accepted inequality. Refuse, and he lost even the smallest chance he had left.

In the end, he cared about this relationship more than she did.

Gabriela blinked.

“You’ll respect my wishes in bed from now on?”

“Yes.”

Though it was Gabriela pinned in his arms, in that moment, he felt like the one caught, entirely at her mercy.

She kept going. “And when we make our relationship public — that’s up to me?”

His expression darkened visibly. “Yes.”

“And you’ll promise not to interfere with my collaboration with Leo?”

“Yes!” Wesley bit out through clenched teeth. “I’ve agreed to every single one. Satisfied now?”

Gabriela held his gaze steadily.

Wesley almost never lost his temper — his heart condition demanded he keep his emotions in check.

And yet here he was, eyes burning red, chest rising and falling hard, his grip on the sofa arm so tight his knuckles had gone white.

Something in Gabriela softened.

Furious as he clearly was, he hadn't shouted at her once, hadn't lashed out — he'd simply agreed to every demand through gritted teeth.

She reached up and looped her arms gently around his neck, tilting her head to press a kiss to his chin.

"Wesley. Since you agreed, don't stay angry, okay?"

Her lips were soft, her voice gentle, and something in his anger loosened at the touch, easing considerably.

She kissed him again, murmuring, "Wesley, I've agreed to start over with you. I won't be unclear with any other man."

"Trust me — Leo's just a mentor. He only sees me as someone worth supporting."

Privately, Wesley scoffed.

Anyone with eyes could see how Leo felt about her; it was only Gabriela, hopelessly naive about matters of the heart, who idolized him without a shred of suspicion.

But since she hadn't caught on, Wesley wasn't foolish enough to spell it out for her.

Seeing him still less than pleased, she kept coaxing. "Besides, with all my flaws, you're really the only one who sees me as something precious. You think everyone adores me the way you do? I'm no heartthrob."

Gabriela remained completely oblivious to her own appeal.

If she weren't, she wouldn't attract quite so many unwanted admirers.

"Good that you know that," Wesley huffed. "But since you've laid out so many demands of your own, I think I'm owed at least one."

Realizing she might have pushed a little too hard already, Gabriela relented. "Fine. What is it?"

"No separate bedrooms," Wesley said flatly. "We're starting fresh — separate rooms are out of the question. At most, I'll promise not to push things if you're not in the mood."

She weighed it for a moment. She'd made a whole list of demands, and this was his only one. It didn't seem unreasonable.

She nodded. "All right."

What Gabriela didn't yet realize was that once she shared a room with Wesley, her preferences would matter a good deal less than she thought.

He was simply too skilled at seduction.

The domineering CEO played that particular game far too well; she'd end up giving in, obediently, more often than not.

Today, Wesley had secured his footing. They couldn't go public yet, but it was leagues better than the stalemate they'd been stuck in before.

At the very least, he could come home from work now and sleep beside the woman he loved.

The thought filled him with an unexpected warmth, and suddenly the road ahead looked bright.

As for Leo's feelings — no matter how noble or restrained the man chose to be, Gabriela was hopeless enough about romance that she might never catch on, and Wesley could keep the situation contained indefinitely.

And even if she did figure it out eventually, what difference would it make? She belonged to Wesley now. Once he'd talked her into marriage, if she ever so much as entertained another thought, he wouldn't hesitate to remind her exactly where she stood.

Feeling considerably better, the tension in Wesley's posture eased, and instead of pinning her down, he pulled her close instead.

Gabriela settled against him, willing now to share her plans for work.

She talked through how she meant to deal with Rebecca and Lauren once she returned to Everglow Group.

Listening to her lay it all out, Wesley couldn't help but smile.

This girl might be hopeless when it came to matters of the heart, but she was sharp as a blade when it came to handling people — her methods precise and unrelenting.

He chuckled and ruffled her hair.

“Whatever you want to do, go ahead and do it.”

She looked up at him from within his arms. “And if I mess it up?”

“If you mess it up...” He tipped her chin up and kissed her. “I’ll always have your back.”

With Wesley’s promise settled between them, Gabriela felt her confidence swell.

Not that she strictly needed him backing her up — but Rebecca’s arrogance had clearly been fed by Jasper’s support all along.

Compared to Wesley, Jasper might be a big name within Everglow Group’s walls, but even the toughest local tyrant couldn’t hold up against a truly unstoppable force.

Picturing that particular collision, Gabriela couldn’t help but laugh softly to herself.

“Well then... thanks in advance, darling.”

She decided against heading back to the villa that evening.

The marks Wesley had left on her — especially the ones along her neck, courtesy of his rather enthusiastic kissing — were far too obvious to hide.

She had no interest in facing down a disapproving parental stare, as though she were some teenager caught sneaking around with a crush.

Her decision to stay delighted Wesley to no end.

Chapter 1109

Even if there wasn't much else he could do, simply holding her, kissing her — these were moments he treasured.

To him, nothing in the world compared to the closeness shared with someone you loved.

A lover's touch had a way of lifting the spirit like nothing else could.

He'd waited far too long for a day like this.

Worn out after the day's exertions, Gabriela drifted off quickly in Wesley's arms.

What she didn't know was that her phone lit up beside her as she slept, buzzing steadily with incoming messages.

They were from Leo, asking whether she'd made it home safely, and whether their scheduled meeting time still worked.

Wesley had no intention of prying into her messages, but with two or three arriving in quick succession, the phone kept vibrating insistently against the nightstand, and the urgency in Leo's tone was hard to ignore.

He picked it up and skimmed through them.

Gabby?

Was Leo really that presumptuous? How long had they even known each other? Using his seniority and reputation as an excuse to take that kind of liberty?

Wesley typed back, cold and direct. "Do you think you're entitled to call her Gabby?"

There was a pause before a hesitant reply came through. "Is this Wesley?"

"Yes. It's me," Wesley replied, unflinching.

A helpless laugh seemed to carry through Leo's next message. "Mr. Moss, I think you might be misreading the situation. It's just a nickname. Gabby's never minded it."

Wesley's response was blunt. "I mind."

After a longer pause, Leo answered again. "Understood. I'll be more mindful going forward."

Good. That was more like it.

Wesley set the phone down, feeling not the slightest guilt over having read her messages. The next morning, when Gabriela woke, he brought it up himself.

Without waiting for her to react, he launched straight into it. "Are you and Leo really that close? From now on, don't let him call you Gabby."

Only her closest family, and Wesley himself — her future husband, no less — got to use that name.

Gabriela had long since accepted that Wesley was fiercely possessive when it came to matters of the heart, jealous enough to bristle even over something as small as a nickname.

Still, she respected Leo as a mentor, and the nickname had always just been a small gesture of familiarity, hardly worth arguing over.

But since Wesley was already worked up about it first thing in the morning, she chose not to push back.

Whatever Leo's standing, whatever her own admiration for him, none of it outweighed the man standing in front of her now.

"Fine," she agreed easily. "I'll do as you say."

Having already gone through her phone the night before, Wesley was delighted by how easily she gave in.

He pulled her into his arms and let out a satisfied sigh.

With his career thriving, his health steady, and the woman he loved finally beside him, he felt like the luckiest man alive.

He pressed a quick kiss to her lips. "What do you want for breakfast? I'll make it."

Chapter 1110

Still thoroughly worn out from the day before, Gabriela woke even sorer than expected, her legs a little unsteady as she walked.

She didn't argue about making breakfast herself, only asking for something light — millet porridge would do.

After breakfast, Wesley drove her all the way to Leo's studio.

She didn't want to cancel on someone as influential as Leo, not without good reason.

The whole drive, Wesley seemed almost eager to announce to the entire world that he was Gabriela's man.

His possessiveness was written all over him.

But since she wasn't ready to make things public just yet, he had to settle for restraint, at least outwardly — gently stroking her hair, pressing a kiss to her forehead, murmuring, "Call me when you're done, I'll come pick you up," all clearly meant as much for Leo's benefit as her own.

Leo could only manage a helpless smile in response.

Once Wesley had driven off, Leo explained the previous night's exchange to Gabriela. "Mr. Moss seems to have gotten the wrong idea about me."

Gabriela found the whole thing exhausting.

Wesley was exceptional in so many ways, commanding respect throughout the business world — and yet he was undeniably petty in this one department, leaving her no choice but to manage him carefully.

Well. Since he was the one she'd chosen, she supposed she'd just have to carry that particular burden, exasperating as it was.

"We had a fairly serious falling-out recently," she said. "He's probably just quicker to jump to conclusions these days."

Leo simply smiled at the explanation and steered the conversation back toward their work.

He laid out sketch paper across the workbench and selected a bolt of fabric.

"I worked through the night on a new design — light brown fabric. Take a look and tell me what patterns and embroidery colors you'd want to add."

Gabriela leaned in to study the sketches carefully.

As she bent over them, a few strands of her hair fell forward, brushing lightly across the paper.

Something in Leo's chest gave an unexpected flutter, as though her hair had brushed against something far more delicate than paper.

After studying the sketches a while longer, Gabriela turned to him, and they fell into quiet discussion.

For reasons he couldn't quite explain, Leo's mouth had gone a little dry, and he found himself awkwardly avoiding her eyes.

Gabriela, oblivious to his discomfort, kept talking, glancing down at the sketches now and then as she laid out her ideas in earnest.

The whole morning passed in discussion of their collaboration, and Leo found it strangely difficult to stay focused.

Ever since achieving recognition so young, he'd poured himself entirely into design — rarely had he found himself this distracted at work.

He let out a quiet sigh, but despite the difficulty of it, he found the whole experience oddly pleasant.

After hours of back-and-forth, they finally settled on a lively deer motif for the garment, fitting for their client's spirited personality.

Over the following days, Gabriela kept returning to Leo's studio, growing fully involved in the design and tailoring process.