

His kiss 25

Chapter 25

The response landed in Gabriela's WhatsApp chat in the blink of an eye. "Because you deserve it."

As she read those words, her vision blurred, tears stinging her eyes before she could blink them away. Growing up, her childhood closet had overflowed with beautiful dresses—at least, before Phyllis's family had moved in. After that, Phyllis snatched up her prettiest things, leaving Gabriela only what was outgrown or hopelessly worn. At school, even her classmates had teased, "Gabriela, you're so lucky! Phyllis's family takes you in and gives you such nice clothes."

Whenever Gabriela tried to correct them, explaining they were all Phyllis's castoffs, she'd be instantly scolded. "You're an orphan. You should be grateful for whatever you get! Phyllis is being generous by sharing with you—stop complaining."

Phyllis, meanwhile, always put on a saintly face, stepping in with a gentle voice. "Don't say that about Gabriela. She's a girl too—it's only natural for her to want to look nice."

In the end, all Gabriela ever got from others was more ridicule and contempt. Gradually, she'd begun to accept that maybe she really was only worthy of Phyllis's hand-me-downs.

Never in her life had she imagined that one day, a well-known playboy would offer her sincere praise.

When her phone stayed silent for a few moments, another WhatsApp message popped up. "Why aren't you responding? Did you try on the dress? Does it suit you?"

Brushing away her tears with the back of her hand, Gabriela typed quickly, “Yes, I’ve tried it on. It’s gorgeous. I love”

Wesley’s mouth quirked into a pleased, knowing smile. In his mind, anything he picked out was guaranteed to be flawless.

Gabriela, unable to contain her curiosity, responded, “It fits like it was made for me. How did you know my size?”

Wesley’s gaze sharpened with a sly edge as he mused inwardly, “I have already explored every inch of you with my own hands.”

The memory of that passionate night—her slender, warm body melting against his—sent a slow, burning heat through Wesley. He responded with deliberate ease, “I’m great at estimating measurements just by looking.”

“That’s awesome. Thank you, Mr. Saunders.”

But as soon as Wesley read her reply, his mood turned stormy. He’d handpicked that dress himself, yet she was thanking Brenden? For a split second, his jaw tightened.