

His kiss 27

Chapter 27

Wesley glanced at Billy and remarked, “We’ll make a quick stop at Rosemont Gardens. I need to pick someone up.”

Billy shot him a puzzled look in the rearview mirror. Who in the world could possibly be so significant that Wesley himself would show up at their door? Rosemont Gardens wasn’t exactly exclusive—just a cluster of tastefully bland homes for the comfortably well-off. It was hardly the sort of place that drew VIPs. Still, someone there had managed to snag Wesley’s personal attention. He didn’t voice the question, just eased the car around with a silent nod and headed off.

Meanwhile, Gabriela glanced at her phone and shot off a brisk “Okay” to “NotASaunders” before tossing the device onto the table. She knew she didn’t care about Brenden, not really, yet somehow, his text still managed to upset her.

Frustration simmering just beneath the surface, Gabriela dusted on a quick layer of makeup, snatched up her purse, and strode downstairs. The second she pushed through the door, a sharp December breeze whipped against her cheeks. Her thin dress did nothing to keep out the chill, and she instinctively hunched her shoulders, grateful she’d thought to bring a coat.

She had just started to shrug it on when Phyllis reappeared, practically glued to Dustin’s side, parading her affection for everyone to see. Gabriela breezed past them without so much as a glance, determined not to acknowledge their presence.

Still, Phyllis’s sharp gaze locked onto the deep blue dress hugging Gabriela’s figure—a rare edition she’d only ever admired in glossy magazine spreads, rumored to cost a jaw-dropping seven figures. Jealousy flickered in Phyllis’s eyes, but with Dustin at her side, she kept her envy tightly masked. She affected a

gentle tone and called out, “Gabriela, are you going on a date with your boyfriend tonight? It’s freezing out. No matter how much you want to turn heads, you really should cover up a little.”

The words slid from her lips like honey, but the dig was razor-sharp, aimed directly at Gabriela’s bare shoulders and luminous, delicate skin—so flawless it seemed to give off its own soft glow, infuriatingly gorgeous.

When Phyllis saw Dustin’s lingering gaze on Gabriela, she was filled with resentment. Dustin couldn’t peel his eyes away from Gabriela, his gaze openly tracing every line of her exposed skin, barely disguising his desire.