

Wolfless 91

Chapter 91 A Dress to Impress

“It’s about time for me to head back; how about you guys?” Hudson spoke up, his life always organized with strict routines for himself.

“Since that’s the case, let’s call it a day. Nathaniel, could you drop Ysabel off for me?”

None of them could drive after having drinks, but thankfully, the driver was already waiting outside.

“Of course, don’t worry, I’ll make sure she gets home safe.”

Nathaniel was actually looking forward to some alone time with Ysabel.

“Let’s go, I’ll take you home.”

Landon’s tone was exceptionally gentle as he spoke to Tessa. Even as they got into the car, Tessa still felt dizzy; she hadn’t expected to lose her first kiss just like that.

“What’s wrong? Do you feel like you lost out because I kissed you? How about this—I’ll let you kiss me back.”

“No need, I don’t want to.” Tessa was a bit through gritted teeth, resigned to the fact that the loss was hers regardless.

When she woke up the next day, Tessa thought about the kiss and touched her lips. Jeez, Tessa, get over it! It

was just a kiss.

After brushing her teeth and washing her face, Tessa was about to head out for breakfast when the doorbell rang.

Opening the door, she saw Landon with breakfast in hand.

“You know you could just come in, right? This is your place after all, why bother with the doorbell charade?”

“I’ve said it before, this is your place now. I won’t come in without your permission, unless it’s an emergency.” He truly respected her privacy.

“Let’s have breakfast, and afterward, I’ll take you to pick out an evening gown.” Ysabel’s birthday party tonight required formal attire.

“No offense, but since you hardly ever wear dresses I figured you wouldn’t have a gown ready, so I thought I’d help you pick one out today.”

“There’s no need to explain; it’s fine by me.”

She wasn’t one to fuss unnecessarily. If it was needed, then it was needed.

After breakfast, Tessa changed her clothes, while Landon waited outside.

Tessa dressed simply as usual, in a long-sleeve white T-shirt, overalls, and a duckbill cap.

“Let’s go!”

On the way to buy the evening gown, Landon suddenly asked, "Tessa, do you have any age preferences for your future mate?"

Tessa, resting her hand on the car window, glanced back at him upon hearing his question.

Seeing her stare, Landon coughed.

"Just asking, no other reason."

"Me? I like them young and good-looking." Tessa said, and upon seeing Landon's slightly stiff expression, she couldn't help but laugh first.

Landon comforted himself. I'm 27, still young enough, right?

They arrived at a boutique specializing in custom-made evening gowns, clearly too late for a tailored design.

"Mr. Thorne."

The designer came out to greet Landon personally

Tessa knew such boutiques tailored gowns to fit one's physique and demeanor, and it was definitely too late for that now.

"Bring Ms. Sinclair's gown."

"Mr. Thorne, everything is ready."

The designer instructed the staff to bring out the evening gown.

“I don’t recall ever being here before!” Tessa was puzzled.

“Mr. Thorne provided your photo a week ago and asked me to design an evening gown for you,” the designer explained with a smile. “You looked great in the photo, and seeing Ms. Sinclair in person, you look even more stunning. Ms. Sinclair, you’re a perfect fit for my brand. Would you be interested in modeling for us?”