

Wolfless 92

Chapter 92 The Workspace Chase

“Thank you, but I’m not interested in modeling.” She didn’t like too much attention on her private life.

“That’s too bad; I really think you’d be perfect for it. You don’t have to rush your decision—take your time to think about it, and if you ever change your mind, you can call me anytime.”

The designer handed Tessa his business card. At that moment, the assistant brought over the high-end gown Landon had ordered.

“Ms. Sinclair, please come with me to try on the gown. If there’s anything that needs adjusting, we can fix it right away.”

Guided by the assistant, Tessa entered the fitting room and with some help, slipped into the black evening gown.

“Ms. Sinclair, this gown suits you perfectly. Mr. Thorne will be thrilled to see you.”

Amazement filled the assistant’s eyes; although many beauties frequented their shop, the young woman before her was perhaps the most stunning.

“Thank you.”

“Let me do your hair!”

The assistant gathered Tessa's chestnut hair into an updo, revealing her elegant swan neck. Even without makeup, Tessa looked breathtaking.

"All set."

The assistant opened the door, and Tessa stepped out.

When Tessa emerged, Landon was making a call by the floor-to-ceiling windows. Hearing the noise, he elegantly turned around and saw Tessa approaching in her sleek black dress.

The typically composed Landon found himself speechless.

He had always thought black suited Tessa well.

Now, seeing her in this sleeveless Audrey Hepburn-style black cocktail dress, he was convinced his taste was spot on; Tessa looked stunning enough to skip a heartbeat.

Landon ended his call and approached her.

"How do you like it?" The sleeveless design and the hem just above the knees revealed her beautiful long legs and allowed her graceful arms to shine.

"Isn't it a bit short?"

The thought of other men eyeing her long legs at the party made Landon uneasy.

"Not at all, this length is perfect, showing just the right amount of arms and legs."

The designer was very pleased. As a designer, she hoped her clients could fully embody the essence of her

“Ms. Sinclair, Mr. Thorne specifically picked this out for you!”

“Thank you.” Tessa thanked Landon, whose taste matched her aesthetics perfectly; she really liked the

gown.

“Glad you like it,” Landon’s gaze nearly clung to her “Let’s go have lunch, and then I’ll take you to the dinner party.”

“Okay.”

Tessa returned to the dressing room to change back into her clothes.

After instructing the clothing assistant to deliver the dress to the specified location, Landon took Tessa out for lunch.

After lunch, Landon realized he had left something at the office and took her to the legendary headquarters of Thorne Corp.

“I can wait in the car.”

“It’s fine, come up with me and I’ll give you a tour of my workplace.”

With that, Landon opened the car door.

Tessa reluctantly got out.

Thorne Corp's headquarters were located in Navors' most luxurious business district, housed in a ninety-story skyscraper.

Landon escorted Tessa directly to the top floor via the CEO's private elevator. The entire floor was his office, equipped with everything one might need.

It was divided into two areas, one was the working area with the CEO's office, five secretary offices, a luxurious reception room, and a large pantry stocked with everything.

The other area was Landon's private space, akin to a presidential suite, complete with every conceivable amenity.

"Do you live here?" Tessa hadn't forgotten she was now residing in his Wisteria Apartment.

"I stay a few days when it's busy."

Thorne Corp was Montedra's largest conglomerate owning various companies. Between managing Nightshade Pack's affairs and overseeing such a vast conglomerate, Landon was naturally busy.

When overwhelmed with work, he stayed here to work late into the night, never skimping on his own

comfort.

"Take a look around yourself; I'll go to my office to handle some things and come find

you

afterward.”

“Okay.”

Landon left Tessa in his private area.

No sooner had he left than the phone rang.

Tessa answered, “What’s up?”

“Phantom, it’s bad—someone’s attacking our Lightwing Order’s firewall!”