

## Wolfless 110

### Chapter 110 His Possessiveness

“Isn’t she dressed a little too flashy?” Charlotte just didn’t like Tessa showing up in her world. Wherever Tessa appeared, Charlotte could no longer feel like the center of attention.

“Charlotte, don’t talk nonsense,” Cameron warned.

Saying this all day is pointless, isn’t it? It just makes her look ridiculously

petty.

Charlotte shrugged. “I didn’t mean anything by it. just think it’s too dangerous for a young girl like her to come to a place like Club Eclipse alone.”

Nathaniel was speechless. She really has the nerve to say that? Honestly, it’s a miracle she’s not outright hoping something bad happens to Tessa.

“You guys go ahead.” Landon’s expression was cold, unreadable.

But deep down, he was unhappy. Tessa’s outfit tonight was far too eye-catching.

Too many male werewolves were staring at her. It made him uncomfortable. As a top alpha, his possessiveness and protective instincts surged, and for a second, he wanted to claw out the eyes of anyone looking at her.

“Landon...”

Charlotte worried he might leave, but seeing the icy aura radiating off him, she dared not say more and went ahead to their private room.

Landon sat down beside Tessa.

When she turned her head, the unmarked skin at the back of her neck glowed pale and smooth under the neon lights, making Landon's canines itch.

She raised an eyebrow.

"Mr. Thorne, I almost thought you had marked me. You always seem to find me no matter where I go."

"You just reminded me. I should have marked you sooner."

She was never easy to deal with, always drawn to danger.

His fingers brushed the back of her neck, sending a small shiver through her.

Tessa immediately changed the subject. "What are you doing here?"

"Charlotte's celebration party. It's in the same private room as last time. Are you here alone?"

"Yeah, by myself."

Tessa glanced over at Victoria. The girl clung to the man pouring her drinks like a she-wolf in heat, fresh bite marks on her neck still oozing tiny drops of blood.

She looked like she had willingly thrown herself into ruin. There would be another time to negotiate with her.

If she wanted to save the Beauty Luxe cosmetics line, Victoria was a key piece. Unfortunately, she wouldn't give up the truth so easily.

"Come with me, then."

"I'll be leaving soon. I don't really know Ms. Charlotte, so I'd rather not go over."

Charlotte didn't like her, and the feeling was mutual

"It's fine. Just stay for a bit. I'll take you home later."

"Alright, then."

Tessa stood up, and as she did, her long, flawless legs became even more eye-catching.

The male werewolf sitting with Victoria immediately got up and approached.

He couldn't let such a perfect prey escape.

He pulled out a stack of cash from his pocket and slapped it onto the bar counter.

The scent of musk rolled off the bills—a traditional Wolf Clan courtship display of wealth.

“How about it? Is this enough?”

Tessa instinctively glanced at Landon, who was still seated nearby.

“Why are you looking at him?” The man sneered. “I’ve got nothing but money. Not enough? No problem.. I’ve got more.”

He slapped down another stack.

“Sweetheart, I really like you. As long as you come with me tonight, you can name your price.”

Tessa couldn’t help but laugh. Is this guy asking for death?

“Not enough? I’ve got more!” The man slammed another 1,500 dollars onto the table,

“And you are...”

“I’m Henry Lewis. Heard of me? No? That’s fine. My dad is Aaron Lewis. You must’ve heard of him.”

“Aaron Lewis? Alpha of the Iceclaw Pack.” Landon’s voice was cold, his eyes ev

older.