

## Wolfless 111

### Chapter 111 Playing with Fire

“That’s right, gorgeous. My dad’s the alpha of the Iceclaw Pack, and I’m his only heir. Will you be my girlfriend? I’m serious, not just fooling around!” Henry said, flashing a cocky grin that reached his eyes

“Be your girlfriend?” Tessa echoed, eyebrow raised skeptically.

“Yeah, how about it? Come hang with me tonight!” Henry had no idea who he’d just provoked.

“Hold on a second.” Tessa took out her phone and dialed a number. “Bring some friends over here right

now.”

Once the call connected, Tessa directly gave the address and hung up.

“You like it crowded, huh? No worries—I know tons of people who love a good time,” Henry said suggestively.

“Looks like we’re into the same scene!

“You’ve got a death wish,” Landon growled, his eyes narrowing into sharp golden slits. His alpha aura surged through the room, making the air around them hum with tension.

The intense pressure forced Henry into a partial shift, gray wolf ears popping out from his head. He dropped to his knees, mumbling drunkenly, “Why’s the room spinning...?” After catching his breath, he grabbed onto a nearby chair and shakily pulled himself up. “Sorry,” he slurred, “I think I had a bit too much to drink.”

‘He was so oblivious that he blamed the alcohol rather than realizing the danger he was in. Instead, he gave Landon a lecherous look.

“Why so fierce, man? If you’re interested, come join us. You’re pretty hot yourself.”

If it’s him, I wouldn’t

mind trying it with a guy for once.

“Heh-” Tessa couldn’t help laughing. “Do you even know who he is?” She genuinely admired Henry’s nerve for daring to hit on Landon.

“Who cares who he is? What matters is who I am, right?”

Amused, Tessa glanced at Landon. “Mr. Thorne, according to him, you’re nobody.”

Instead of calling him Landon, she deliberately pointed out his identity.

“Alpha...Mr. Thorne? Come on, quit messing around...” Henry suddenly sober

Stories of Nightshade Pack’s alpha flashed through Henry’s mind—the ruthless and powerful alpha who’d wiped out the Winterborn Pack just last month, rumored to have drunk from their skulls.

His father had specifically warned him never to mess with anyone from Nightshade Pack’s four main families, especially Mr. Thorne, their leader. Landon was the one guy even his dad was careful to avoid crossing.

“You’ve got guts, I’ll give you that.” Landon finally stood up. “You said you wanted to play?”

“Stop trying to scare me! There’s no way Mr. Thorne would be here. You think I’m easily fooled?” Henry felt his legs turn even weaker; his wolf instincts seemed to sense danger, sending warning signals to him..

“I am Landon Thorne,” he replied calmly. “Now, think carefully about how you want to die, and maybe I’ll consider going easy on you.”

Henry immediately dropped to his knees, terrified. Mr. Thorne, is it really you? I’m so sorry—I had no idea! I swear, I didn’t mean any disrespect!”

“That’s it?” Landon’s voice rose mockingly. “It seems you’ve got me mistaken for someone who forgives insults easily.”

Henry began frantically begging, forehead pressed to the floor. “Please, Alpha, spare me! It was an honest mistake! I swear I didn’t mean it!”

“What should we do with him?” Landon turned to Tessa, retracting his alpha pressure. A hint of warmth appeared in his eyes, starkly contrasting the previous iciness.

If he could avoid it, he’d rather not get violent in front of her. It wasn’t the impression he wanted to make.

“Hey gorgeous—no, wait! I’m sorry; I really messed up! Please, just let me go!” Henry immediately turned to Tessa, begging desperately.

Girls are usually softer-hearted. Besides, she’s just a girl who hasn’t even awakened yet. She’ll definitely go easier on me. “Ms. Sinclair, we’re here.” At that moment, five massive, muscular werewolves, each over six and a half feet tall, approached and stood beside Tessa.