

Wolfless 113

Chapter 113 Trouble at Club Eclipse

Back at Club Eclipse, Landon pushed open the private room door and held it for Tessa to walk in.

As soon as they entered, a few heads turned.

When they noticed the suit jacket tied around Tessa's waist, Nathaniel couldn't help but chuckle. "Tessa. rocking a new look tonight, huh?"

Tessa shrugged. So what if it looked weird? Landon didn't seem to be in the best mood tonight.

Charlotte hadn't expected Landon to actually bring Tessa, and her expression soured immediately.

"Move over," Landon said to Nathaniel.

Nathaniel got up and shifted over next to Hudson, giving up the two-seater couch for Landon and Tessa.

Tessa sat down, and Landon took the spot beside her.

Just then, Landon's phone rang.

"Seriously? His son came at me—what was I supposed to do, just let it slide? Tell him to back off. I'm not planning to kill the kid... But if he keeps pushing it, I might just change my mind."

Turns out Aaron had pulled some strings to get someone to plead on Henry's behalf.

“Didn’t think Aaron had that kind of pull,” Tessa said, surprised he found someone willing to speak up for him.

Landon hung up and shut off his phone without a second thought.

It didn’t matter who tried tonight—he wasn’t budging.

“Landon, don’t be so worked up. It’s not worth stressing over,” Charlotte said sweetly, pouring him a glass of red wine.

All this over Tessa? Was it really worth getting so worked up?

But Landon didn’t touch the wine she handed him. Instead, he reached for a beer from the coffee table, popped the tab, and took a swig.

“Landon... You never drink beer,” Charlotte said, clearly stunned.

As the prestigious alpha of the Nightshade Pack, Landon had always held himself to the highest standards. Everything from the clothes he wore to the drinks he consumed was top-tier. He only drank refined, expensive wine—so why beer, all of a sudden?

Without even realizing it, things had started slipping through Charlotte’s fingers. The one person she thought she had figured out was suddenly a stranger to her.

“Charlotte, you’re overstepping,” Landon said coolly. What he chose to do wasn’t something he needed to explain to her.

Tessa grabbed a beer and popped it open without a word.

She's doing this to get under my skin, Charlotte thought bitterly. Every glance, every comment was her showing off how well she knew Landon. But even if he did—so what? Landon didn't see her that way.

"I didn't mean anything by it," Charlotte said quickly, gripping her wine glass tighter.

"Come on, tonight's supposed to be Charlotte's celebration," Cameron chimed in, trying to ease the tension. "Just let it go for now,"

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Watching his sister fall for someone who clearly didn't feel the same was tough. But there wasn't a damn thing he could do about it.

Landon glanced at Cameron but didn't say anything more.

Charlotte swallowed her frustration and stayed quiet, though her heart burned with resentment.

This was supposed to be her night, her celebration and now Tessa was here, ruining everything. Worse, Landon had shut her down right in front of everyone.

Hearing those words from the man she loved, it felt like her heart had just been ripped apart.

"I think it's about time I head out," Tessa said as she stood up. Charlotte clearly didn't like her—and to be honest, the feeling was mutual. There was no reason to hang around any longer.

"Alright. You guys enjoy—I'll walk her out," Landon said.

Charlotte looked up, stunned.

But Landon was already on his feet.

"Alpha... you're leaving?" Nathaniel asked, clearly confused. "We haven't even started drinking yet."

"Not in the mood. You all ahead."

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And with that, he walked out with Tessa.

Once they were outside the lounge, Tessa glanced back at him.

"Mr. Thorne, I can head home on my own. You don't have to walk me out."

"It's just drinks with them. Nothing special."

"Are you sure you don't want to stay? Ms. Charlotte was really hoping you would." "Tessa, whatever Charlotte feels—that's on her. It has nothing to do with me." He wasn't the type to mess with people's feelings—and he'd never given Charle

any false hope.

“Alright, I shouldn’t have said anything,” Tessa replied lightly—but deep down, she felt a quiet, unexpected sense of joy.