

Wolfless 114

Chapter 114 A Line Crossed

Landon drove Tessa back to Wisteria Apartments, and on a whim, she invited him in for a beer.

He had left the celebration early for her—this was the least she could do to make up for it.

They sat and drank, talked, and laughed. The vibe was easy, comfortable, and surprisingly natural.

Out of nowhere, Landon asked, “Do you want me to handle Victoria?”

He kept a close eye on anything related to Tessa.

Of course, he knew about the stunt Victoria pulled with Beauty Luxe—she did it just to stir up trouble. He hadn’t stepped in, though.

He was willing to help, but only if Tessa wanted him to.

“It’s fine. I can handle it,” Tessa replied.

Landon’s expression darkened.

“What’s wrong?” Tessa asked, confused. He’d just been in a great mood—why the sudden shift?

“Nothing.”

He wanted Tessa to know she could lean on him—no matter what. But she always took everything on herself, never even thinking to ask for help. And that left him feeling powerless and pushed aside.

“Mr. Thorne, I can take care of myself,” Tessa said sincerely. She genuinely believed she could take care of it on her own.

“Yeah.” Landon didn’t argue.

It wasn’t about whether she was capable. He just wanted to help—plain and simple.

“Alright, you should get some sleep. You’ve got class in the morning.”

Between her classes and running things at Sinclair Corp, she had enough on her plate.

“Got it.” Tessa didn’t think much of it. She turned and went into her room while Landon sat in the living room for a while before quietly letting himself out.

The next morning at 7:10 a.m., Tessa threw on her uniform, grabbed her bag, and headed out for school.

But the second she stepped outside the gates of her complex, Ethan was already

“Ms. Sinclair, I could really use your help,” Ethan said, looking genuinely awkward.

mg.

As the captain of the Navoris Special Forces Division—and a powerful, high-ranking werewolf—Ethan wasn’t the type to ask anyone for help. Having to turn to a teenage, unawakened wolf again? That was a real hit to his pride.

“Captain Simpson, I don’t have time for this. I’ve go class,” Tessa said flatly.

“I know, and I hate to keep bothering you,” Ethan said. “How about this—I buy you breakfast, and you help me out just this onee?”

He had never lowered himself like this for anyone.

As the youngest captain in the entire division, Ethan had always been sharp, effective, and unstoppable—whether it was cracking cases or getting things done, he never missed.

But in front of Tessa, he had no choice but to swallow his pride.

“Forget it. Let’s just go,” Tessa muttered, already regretting ever stepping foot in the Special Forces Division. She must’ve been out of her mind that day.

If she hadn’t gone there herself, she wouldn’t have ended up entangled with Ethan in the first place.

“Come on, let’s get you some food. You haven’t had breakfast, have you?”

Today, Ethan showed up in an official Special Forces vehicle—hard to miss and definitely attention- grabbing.

He walked around to open the passenger side door for her.

Not far away, Winona stepped out of her own car just in time to see Tessa getting into the Special Forces vehicle.

She narrowed her eyes.

Pulling out her phone, she snapped a photo.

Who's this guy with her? He looks like serious trouble—definitely not someone

to mess with. Why does Tessa always have powerful people around her? And me? After everything I've done, all the effort I've poured in, I've got no one but Connor. And even he hasn't fully accepted

me yet...

Her expression darkened. "Tessa, you better hope I never catch you slipping. Because the moment you do, I'll crush you so hard, you'll never get back up," Winona muttered darkly.

Not far off, a luxury car sat parked, the man inside watching as Tessa climbed into Ethan's vehicle.

The driver sat frozen, not daring to say a word. Mr. Thorne had gone out early that morning to Jade Pavilion to pick up breakfast for Ms. Sinclair himself. What he didn't expect... was to watch her get into another man's car.

"Should we follow them?" The driver asked cautiously, clearly unsure of what to do. This was the first time he'd ever seen a situation like this.

"Follow them." He was about to start the engine when Landon spoke again. "No. Let it go. She's free to do what she wants."

Silence fell in the car.

I've been by Mr. Thorne's side for a long time, but I've never seen him like this before. Yeah, he's definitely fallen hard for that girl.

