

Wolfless 120

Chapter 120 Whiskey and Warnings

“Nothing,” Landon said simply.

He didn’t push. He had no right to question her. They weren’t anything official.

She had every right to be with whoever she wanted That wasn’t his call.

Landon knew that—he understood, But even the thought that she might not be his—even the smallest chance—was enough to put him on edge. Just the idea of losing her made him restless. His possessiveness was impossible to ignore, and deep down, something primal had already started to burn.

“Oh,” Tessa replied, not pressing further.

Outside in the courtyard, a group of teenage girls in denim and boots were dancing in perfect sync, full of western flair and energy.

Tessa’s attention drifted to the show, deciding not to overthink whatever was going on with Landon.

Landon let out a quiet sigh. Winning her over wasn’t going to be easy.

He never thought he’d be in this position—trying to figure someone out, wanting more.

As the dance ended, a girl in a cowboy hat and leather boots stepped out with a guitar and started strumming a soft country melody.

Just then, Merry arrived with the food, leading a small team of servers.

“Alpha, Ms. Sinclair—enjoy your meal. Let me know if you need anything else.”

“Thanks, Merry. We’re good.”

He reached for the bottle of whiskey on the table.

“Nice bottle,” he commented, admiring the glasswork. It had that old-school Western charm, but with a more elegant finish. “It’s one of their specialties,” he added, opening the bottle and pouring a small amount into her glass. “Go ahead, give it a try. Silvermoon’s known for this whiskey.”

“Mr. Thorne, are you trying to get me drunk?” Tessa raised a perfectly arched brow, eyes glinting playfully. “What are you up to?”

Her blue eyes sparkled—dangerously beautiful.

“There’s a lot I want to do,” he said with a faint smile, “but I won’t do any of it.”

She’s still young, he reminded himself. No matter how much he wanted her, he had enough self-control to hold back.

“Relax, I’m just messing with you,” he added.

Tessa actually liked the vibe of this place. She took a sip from the crystal glass—and was surprised.

It was just as good as promised—rich, smooth, and a completely different experience from wine

Landon didn't say anything—he just refilled her glass.

“Tessa, just a heads-up—drinking around guys isn't always the best idea. You've got to protect yourself. Don't let your guard down, especially with people you don't trust.”

“Got it. I'll only drink with you,” Tessa said with a teasing smile..

Landon knew she was messing with him, but he let it slide.

“Don't just drink—try the food. The dishes here are amazing too.” He scooped a bit of one of the signature dishes onto her plate.

“You don't have to do that. I'm good,” she said. She wasn't that hungry—but the whiskey? That she liked.

She poured herself another glass.

“You've got quite the taste, huh?” Landon said with a chuckle. She'd already had a few drinks and looked completely unfazed. “Take it easy. This stuff has a strong kick. Nathaniel got drunk off it once right here at Silvermoon—and he's a beta. Even he couldn't handle it.”

“Mm.” Tessa didn't argue. The warmth from the whiskey spread through her as she walked over to the window to watch the show outside.

That's when she spotted someone familiar—Henry with Victoria right behind him.

Just the two of them.

Henry really was an alpha heir—already recovered like nothing ever happened.

She watched as they headed into the private booth next door.

“Something wrong?” Landon asked, noticing her expression.

“It’s nothing. Just ran into someone I know. Wait here—I’ll be right back.”

She stood and walked out calmly. There was still some unfinished business with Victoria—and tonight felt like the right time to settle it.