

## Wolfless 136

### Chapter 136 My Mate Is Mine to Choose

Landon turned around and saw her standing there, watching him. He walked over and took the hot kettle from her hand.

“You should’ve let me do this.”

“My grandpa really likes you.” Tessa said it like she was stating a fact.

“I’d rather it was you who liked me.”

Is this really how he chases girls?

“Tessa, I’ve never pursued anyone before. You’re the first, and you’ll be the last. I don’t have experience, but I want to give you the best of everything I have.”

“Mr. Thorne...”

“It’s okay. You’re still young. I’m not in a hurry. I’ll wait for you.”

Wait until she felt the same way he did.

That deep, aching need to be with someone.

It would’ve been a lie to say she wasn’t moved. And honestly, Tessa did feel something different toward Landon. But...

“You’re Alpha of the Nightshade Pack, and you’re chasing after a girl without a wolf. Won’t your elders oppose it?”

Landon let out a cold laugh, and the air around him shifted, filled with alpha presence. “My mate is mine to choose. If I had the strength to help them rise to their positions, I also have the power to take it all away. No one gets to interfere with my feelings. And no one gets to speak a word against you.”

His words struck something deep in her again.

Even though she wasn’t really wolfless, just hiding her wolf.

Still, Landon’s attitude was enough to shake her. If she hadn’t always been so cautious and rational, she might’ve told him the truth right then and there...

“Thank you.”

But in the end, that was all Tessa said.

Her life, everything she’d been through, made her wary of trusting anyone too easily.

Especially when awakening as the White Wolf meant danger—not just for her, but for Emma too. If that secret ever slipped, it would bring disaster.

She felt differently about Landon. That was real. But it wasn’t enough yet to lay everything bare.

Landon sensed the wave of emotion in her fòlt L

to see that he was someone she could trust.

Landon changed the subject. "Right now, I have to keep my promise to Grandpa—take you to get some food."

"I'm not hungry."

"You still have to eat. People don't only eat when they're hungry." Walter didn't want her skipping a meal because of him.

Landon gently guided her out.

He brought her to a nearby restaurant, one with an elegant, cozy atmosphere.

They ordered a few dishes. Landon kept serving food onto Tessa's plate.

Tessa stayed quiet the whole time she ate, not saying a single word.

After the meal, Landon asked the chef to prepare a few light dishes for Walter.

When they returned to the hospital, Walter had just woken up.

His face lit up when he saw them walk in.

Landon laid out the food he brought back.

They were simple dishes, but the chef had clearly poured all his effort into them—the colors were warm and comforting.

Landon served a bowl of soup for Walter. Tessa took it, picked up a spoon, and began feeding him.

Walter watched the way they moved around each other so naturally. The more he saw, the more he felt these two were made for each other.

“Grandpa, open up.” Tessa wasn’t someone with much patience, not when it came to taking care of others—but with Walter, she was different. She took her time.

Walter opened his mouth and took a sip.

“Mmm, it tastes great. Landie, you really put thought into this.”

Landie?

Tessa glanced sideways at Landon. Probably no one else in all of Navoris called him that, except Walter.