

Wolfless 141

Chapter 141 Public Execution

Victoria still looked unbothered, convinced that nothing in the world could touch her anymore.

But the moment her assistant showed the surveillance footage to Lucy, her manager's face turned stormy. "Victoria, what the hell is this?" Lucy snapped..

Victoria frowned, clearly annoyed.

"What, are you done pretending you're in charge? I treated you with respect, and now you think you're the bow? Please. You haven't even made it big yet, and you're already throwing diva tantrums? If that's how you're gonna act, then I'm done. I'm not managing a liability like you."

It wasn't until then that Victoria realized something was off. She snatched the phone out of her assistant's hand—and froze.

There it was, crystal-clear footage of her conversation with Tessa in the restaurant.

Every vile word she'd said played back in perfect clarity.

"Oh my god, a goddess? She's just a manipulative snake."

"And I wasted all that time defending a low-grade wolf clan on the internet."

"Beauty Luxe really hit rock bottom, huh? What did they ever do to deserve this lunatic?"

“

I never dared to say this before, but honestly, Beauty Luxe makeup is amazing. It’s practically the pride of the country!”

“Yeah! I’ve tried all kinds of international brands lately, and none of them compare to Beauty Luxe’s foundation. It doesn’t even cake!”

“Victoria’s just a two-faced fake!”

The comment sections were flooded—pages and pages of people dragging Victoria.

Then, out of nowhere, someone commented. “I still don’t have a full Beauty Luxe collection yet.”

And that was it. The phrase went viral.

In the blink of an eye, the same wolf clan netizens who had once bashed Beauty Luxe were now flooding every corner of the internet.

I’m lining up for their new launch the second it drops.”

“Count me in

Victoria couldn’t read anymore. Her whole body was shaking. Just minutes ago, she’d thought she was a step away from success. Now, it was like she’d been hurled from heaven straight into hell. The crash was devastating

“Lucy, what do I do? Please.... you’re the only one who can help me.” Victoria grabbed — · pranie.

Water BALD Public Execution

Right then, several high-ranking werewolf officers entered the room. Their pheromones were overwhelming—so intense that Victoria’s legs gave out beneath her.

“Wis. Victoria, you’re under investigation for five charges, including extortion and blackmail. You’ll need to come with us.”

I didn’t-!” Victoria tried to run, but she couldn’t even lift a foot under their crushing presence.

She was dragged away in full view, but by the time reporters arrived, all they managed to capture was the back of the police car disappearing into traffic.

The twist had been so explosive that reporters from everywhere ditched their posts—including those stationed at the Dream Group event—and rushed over to Beauty Luxe’s launch.

Beauty Luxe’s security detail was completely overwhelmed..

On the other side of town, Isabella had everything ready. The Dream Group launch was supposed to be the event of the season.

Then, out of nowhere, the press vanished.

“What’s going on?” Her voice was tight with irritation.

When no one answered, she barked again, “Did everyone lose their voice? If there’s no press here, who the hell am I launching this for?”

“Isabella... look.”

One of her underlings handed her a phone.

The second she saw the video, Isabella’s face drained of color. No wonder all the reporters had run

.

“What do we do now?” someone asked anxiously. “We’ve got so much stock lined up. If this launch tanks, we’re going to take a massive hit.”

Meanwhile, Remi finally showed up—fashionably late and fully dolled up, sunglasses perched high on her

nose.

She glanced around the empty venue. “What the hell? Where is everyone? I spent three hours on this look. No one’s taking photos?”

Isabella didn’t even bother replying. She didn’t have the energy to entertain Remi’s dramatics.

“Let’s go,” she said coldly. She wanted to see just what Beauty Luxe had pulled off.

Back at Beauty Luxe HQ, Harper finally exhaled. She turned to Tessa, eyes full of admiration.

The girl was... brilliant.

In just under two hours, Tessa had taken a PR nightmare and flipped it into a masterclass in media manipulation.

Harper felt lucky—blessed—to be part of this.

Tessa smiled. “And you won’t let me down.”

Harper’s spine straightened instantly. “I won’t, Ms. Sinclair. I swear.”

“And I won’t let you down either.” Camille arrived just in time, walking in with elegance and pride.

With the new Beauty Luxe campaign set to debut today, she wouldn’t dream of missing it. Not when Tessa was at the helm.