

Wolfless 33

Chapter 33 Let Me Hold You

After arriving at the hospital, Ysabel called Landon.

“Uncle Landon, I can’t go home tonight. I’m at the hospital. If Grandpa asks, just tell him I’m with you, okay?”

The hospital again...

Landon was in the middle of handling pack affairs when he received Ysabel’s call. Without hesitation, he dropped everything and drove straight to the hospital.

When he saw Ysabel’s swollen face, his expression turned ominous.

“What happened?” Who had the audacity to lay a hand on the member of the Thorne family?

Ysabel gave him a quick summary of the situation.

“Uncle Landon, you have no idea how incredible Tessa was,” she gushed, still caught up in admiration.

Landon’s face darkened further.

-While the doctor tended to Ysabel’s injuries, Landon stepped out and found Tessa, who had assisted with

Ysabel’s hospital admission.

The corridor was nearly empty, leaving only the two of them. Without hesitation, Landon strode forward, blocking Tessa's path. He raised an arm, caging her between his chest and the wall.

She had already caught the familiar scent of pinewood clinging to him. Strangely, she didn't resist. Instead, she allowed him to trap her in place.

Lifting her gaze, she met his smoldering, anger-laced stare.

"Why didn't you call me?" His voice was low, edged with restrained frustration.

"I can handle it," Tessa replied dismissively.

Those men had never been a threat to her.

Her indifference only deepened Landon's exasperation. No matter what she faced, she always bore it alone, never seeking help, never leaning on anyone.

Recalling the information he had uncovered about her, an ache tightened in his chest.

Has she always had to rely solely on herself? Or is there simply no one she trusts enough to lean on?

Landon forced down his frustration, softening his tone as his eyes swept over her. "Are you hurt?"

"No."

In one swift motion, he pulled her into his arms.

Even though he knew she was unharmed and fully aware of her strength—how effortlessly she could take down fifteen elite Werewolf Mercenaries—he still couldn't stop himself from w

“Let me know next time something happens,” he murmured, his voice a deep, husky command laced with an intoxicating allure.

Tessa stiffened.

She had never liked physical contact, especially with men she wasn't particularly close to.

If it had been anyone else, they would already be on the ground, writhing in pain, unable to get up.

But she didn't mind with Landon. She didn't reject his touch.

His arms were firm, his presence overpowering, his scent surrounding her, making it difficult to think.

She realized, with a slight sense of alarm, that—Landon affected her too easily. Her heartbeat had become erratic, slipping from her control.

“You hear me?” His voice reverberated against her. “I want to be your shield.”

Heat spread to her ears. If this continued, she might actually lose control of herself.

“Landon...” she murmured.

“Yes?”

“Let go of me.”

She felt suffocated. Not by force or fear, but by something far more unsettling.

Landon’s gaze flickered over her face, catching the telltale flush dusting her skin, the faint redness at the tips of her ears. His lips curled into a smirk.

Through the Mind Link, Flex’s voice echoed in his mind. Tessa looks adorable when

she blushes. Is she shy again?

Yeah, Landon responded, amusement coloring his tone I like it when she’s shy.

Unable to resist, he leaned down and pressed a brief, lingering kiss to her forehead.

His hold loosened slightly, but he still had no intention of letting her go.

Before, keeping his distance had never been an issue. But now, holding her this close, he realized he might be addicted. Letting her go was simply not an option.

“You still haven’t answered me,” he murmured, his intense gaze locking onto her striking blue eyes. He wasn’t letting this go until she gave him the answer he wanted.

Tessa met his stare, unflinching. “Landon, I’m not the kind of girl you think I am.”

She was no helpless little wolf in need of protection. She was a force to be reckoned with, a lone wolf who thrived on her own strength.

“So, what kind of girl are you?”

“The kind that...”

“You are who you are,” he interrupted. “I’m not here to define you. You can do whatever you want. And if you would rather not join Thorne Corp, I won’t force you.”

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“Relax.” His voice was smooth and steady. “I’ll take my time with you.” He wasn’t in a rush. “But for now, just let me hold you a little longer.”

Tessa had no way to refuse.

She allowed herself to lean into him, just slightly.

His arms were warm, steady, and dangerously comforting.

Most importantly, they were far too easy to get used to.