

Wolfless 66

Chapter 66 An Outright Humiliation

On this side, Tessa adapted quickly. "Let me try on my own."

Like Landon, she was a quick learner. In just a short time, she felt she had grasped the fundamentals.

Landon released her hand, yet the delicate warmth of her skin lingered in his palm.

Letting go of her, he exhaled discreetly.

Tessa's presence was becoming more intoxicating. Once he held onto her, he found himself reluctant to let go.

She attempted a shot. She understood the rules, mastered the movements. It wasn't so difficult after all.

"Got the hang of it?" Charlotte asked, feigning concern. Landon, why don't I teach her instead? I'm a girl. It'd be more comfortable for her."

"No need. She's my student. I'll teach her myself. Do you think I'm incapable?"

Landon had no intention of letting Charlotte get that close to Tessa. Not a chance.

"Landon, that's not what I meant. I just think Tessa might feel uneasy, because you're standing quite close."

"Are you uncomfortable?" Landon's gaze fixed on Tessa

Tessa walked to the other side of the table, lined up her shot, and sank a ball before straightening.

“I’m fine.”

“As long as she’s fine, that’s all that matters. Charlotte, go enjoy your game. Weren’t you the one eager to play?”

Charlotte bit her lip but maintained her composed smile.

D*mn it! Tessa has to be doing this on purpose. How is she this good at pulling people in at such

a young age?

Noticing a flaw in Tessa’s stance, Landon disregarded Charlotte entirely and moved to correct her rules and posture.

As he leaned down, his gaze inadvertently caught the way her neckline dipped with her forward-leaning posture, revealing the soft, graceful curve of her collarbone and beyond.

Landon’s eyes darkened. Tessa bewitched him without even realizing it.

Tearing his gaze away, he adjusted her positioning.

“Don’t wear clothes like this next time.”

Tessa straightened, glancing down at her outfit.

“What’s wrong with it?” It was just an ordinary shirt.

“The neckline is too low.”

Their unspoken chemistry was so palpable that Charlotte’s complexion paled.

If Cameron hadn’t pulled her aside, she might have snapped her cue stick in frustration.

“Enough. Stop watching,” Cameron murmured. “What’s the point? Do you think you can change Landon’s mind?”

Charlotte clenched her jaw.

“Cameron, he’s far too indulgent with that girl.”

“Who knows what’s in Landon’s head? Just focus on yourself. And don’t antagonize her, understand?”

It was obvious that Landon had already drawn a protective circle around Tessa. No one would be allowed to cross that boundary, not even a wolf-less weakling like her.

“I understand.”

She knew Landon’s temperament. But that didn’t make it any easier to watch him dote on another girl.

Tessa practiced for a while and was already remarkably proficient.

“Not bad,” Landon remarked, a rare compliment from him.

“Tessie is incredible! She excels at everything she does, Ysabel chimed in, beaming with pride at the praise.

“Tessa, how about a match?” Charlotte’s smile remained warm, but the intent behind it had shifted.

A werewolf’s innate competitive drive burned within her.

She would make Landon see that she was the strongest, the most worthy of standing by his side.

“Charlotte,” Cameron warned, seeing right through her. Tessa had only just begun learning. Challenging her now was blatant bullying.

Charlotte ignored him.

“It’s just a friendly game. No harm in that, right? Landon, you don’t mind, do you?”

“Are you up for it?” Landon asked Tessa. If she wasn’t interested, it wouldn’t happen.

“Sure.” Tessa picked up her cue with practiced ease.

Ysabel rose from her seat, expression unreadable. Charlotte was making her intentions far too obvious.

“Charlotte, that’s low,” Ysabel said bluntly. As the most pampered member of the Thorne family, she never minced words.

Billiards was a game of precision, demanding acute vision, heightened perception, calculated strategy, and impeccable control over force.

For Charlotte—who had awakened early and ranked as the top female werewolf player—challenging Tessa, a novice with no wolf at all, wasn’t competition; it was outright humiliation.