

Alpha-less 81

Chapter 81 Birthday Dilemma

Tessa had taken some time to familiarize herself with the current state of Sinclair Corp to better control the situation when the time came; however, there was another important day before the shareholder meeting- Ysabel's eighteenth birthday.

It was Sunday tomorrow, which happened to be Ysabel's birthday. Tessa had taken half a day off to go to the Imperial Mall to pick out a gift for her.

After observing her for a while, Tessa had gotten a decent sense of who Ysabel was. As a noble with everything at her fingertips, finding a suitable gift for her was quite challenging.

Tessa entered a jewelry store, wanting to pick out a piece that suited Ysabel. She dressed casually in a white T-shirt, black capris, and canvas shoes, which made her look quite plain.

As a result, since her arrival, the clerks had only greeted her and then busied themselves with other things, completely ignoring Tessa.

Tessa didn't mind; she slowly browsed the jewelry in the display cases.

Coincidentally, Winona and a few friends were also out shopping. Winona didn't have classes on Saturdays because she attended art classes instead.

Margot called her, and she left her class immediately. Margot, a fan of luxury goods, came from the wealthier Shelby family of the Thunder Pack, and being an only child, she was indulged heavily.

Margot and Winona were followed by several girlfriends. Generous Margot always enjoyed buying small gifts for them, so they always accompanied her shopping.

Carrying Margot's shopping bags was a small price to pay for the random designer gifts she handed out when pleased.

"Winnie, what's been bothering you lately?"

"It's my sister," Winona never hid anything from Margot. "You know she's back, and now, my grandfather even gave her shares in the company. No matter how hard I try, it's useless..."

"It's just twenty percent of the shares. Once my cousin comes back, and you marry him, the Sinclair family won't mean a thing."

Margot was Connor's cousin, which was why she and Winona were so close.

"Don't talk nonsense, Connor might not even like me!"

Connor's mom was quite fond of her and wanted her and Connor to become mates, but that wasn't necessarily Connor's own wish.

What mattered most was what Connor thought.

"Winnie, you don't need to worry so much. Didn't Connor care a lot about you before he went abroad? Plus, you've got me to help!"

Margot patted Winona's shoulder encouragingly when suddenly, she stopped in her tracks. "Isn't that Tessa,

that little wretch?"

"Let's go in and have a look," Margot said, clearly looking for trouble.

At that moment, Tessa had taken an interest in a bracelet.

"Hello, could you show me this bracelet, please?"

"Ma'am, are you sure you want to buy it? Our items are very expensive."

Tessa frowned.

"I said, show me this bracelet."

Tessa was growing impatient but repeated her request.

"Do you know how much this bracelet costs?" The salesperson was still reluctant to fetch it.

Just then, Margot and Winona entered.

"Show me that bracelet," Margot demanded, striding up to the salesperson confidently.

The salesperson recognized Margot, the only daughter of the Shelby family from Thunder Pack, who had bought many items here. Anything she wanted, no matter the cost, she would buy.

"Of course, Ms. Margot, I'll get it for you right away."

Every time Margot shopped here, she spent a lot, and it looked like today would be no exception.

"I saw that bracelet first," Tessa said coolly, wondering why she always ran into such nauseating people.

"You saw it first? Have you paid for it? This bracelet costs 700,000 dollars! Miss, if you want to buy a bracelet, you might want to try a small gift shop outside. Our items aren't suited for you." The salesperson continued to mock Tessa.

Chapter 82 Battles of the Bank Accounts

"Yeah, Tessa, you think just because you got that twenty percent of the shares, you can live a wealthy life now? You haven't even received your dividends yet!" Margot's friends joined in the taunting.

"Tessa, just let it go! Since Margot wants it, let her have it. 700,000 dollars! Our family doesn't have 700,000 dollars to splash around."

Winona pulled on Tessa, who obviously couldn't afford the 700,000 dollars as she hadn't received her dividends yet.

"Fine, since you like it so much, I'll let you have it."

Tessa pointed at another bracelet.

"Show me that one."

"I'll take that one too."

Margot was intent on embarrassing Tessa, thinking her a worthless, wolfless individual who shouldn't even be in her sight!

"This one..."

"I'll take it too."

Whatever Tessa showed interest in, Margot claimed for herself.

At this point, the sales manager couldn't help but come over.

"Ms. Margot, are you taking all these? The total for these jewels comes to 1.3 million."

She knew the Shelby family was powerful, but surely her allowance wasn't that much!

"What are you implying? You think I can't afford it?" Margot was infuriated by the sales manager's comment.

"Miss..."

The sales manager apologetically looked at Tessa, knowing full well that Margot was trouble.

Tessa smirked.

"Margot, are you really buying all of these? Is your credit card limit even high enough?"

"Mind your own business." Margot pulled out her card and placed it on the counter.

"Wrap everything up."

The sales manager reluctantly took her card to process the transaction, but soon returned.

"Ms. Margot, I'm sorry, but your card shows insufficient funds."

"What? How is that possible?" Margot's face turned sour.

"Isn't it true that Ms. Margot must have whatever she likes? It's just 13 million after all, surely your credit card can handle it!"

Margot was now caught in a difficult position and reluctantly pulled out another credit card. The pain of spending 1.3 million was real; how long would it take her to pay that back?

Her monthly allowance was only around 70,000 dollars.

"Ms. Margot, would you like to continue shopping?" Tessa's lips curved into a slight smirk.

Margot was seething with rage. Why did it seem like I had won, yet I was the one left fuming?

"Tessa, what are you so pleased about?"

"I'm not pleased about anything! Oh, I forgot to tell you, this store belongs to the Sinclair family.

Tessa had come today to check on the business of a few jewelry stores under Sinclair Corp, not expecting to encounter Margot, the fool.

"Thanks for today, you've contributed 1.3 million to Sinclair Corp's performance."

Margot's expression was ghastly.

"Take care, no need to see you out."

Tessa was in high spirits, her enemy's miserable face was truly a sight for sore eyes.

"Also, about that 1.3 million! Your dad might want to have a serious talk about where that money went, if he finds out. I think you might have some tough days ahead."

Tessa understood Margot's father quite well.

"Margot, I didn't know this store was part of Sinclair Corp. I'm sorry, if it weren't for me, you wouldn't have been tricked by Tessa." Winona felt guilty.

Margot linked arms with her.

"It's okay, Tessa is good at stirring trouble, but I won't let her succeed, Winnie. Tomorrow is the birthday of the noble daughter of the Nightshade Pack, the Thorne family. My dad got me an invitation, and I'll take you with me."

The Thorne family, as the alpha family of the Nightshade Pack, was one of the most prestigious families in Montedra, with many clamoring to connect with them.

Even though the noble daughter of the Thorne family didn't have a wolf, she was still the most cherished child of the family. Despite not being able to have a typical werewolf coming-of-age ceremony, the Thorne family was still throwing a grand eighteenth birthday party for Ysabel.

This stirred excitement among the elite of Navoris, all eager to attend the Thorne family noble daughter's birthday party and connect with the Thorne family.

Only a little over a hundred invitations were issued, and her father had gone to great lengths to secure one.

"Can I really come?" Winona asked eagerly.

"Of course, I bought this bracelet specifically to give to the noble daughter of the Thorne family"

"Mmm, then I'll also prepare a gift later." Winona was instantly excited and hopeful.

Perhaps on this visit, she might even meet Landon of the Nightshade Pack. 8.99%.

The legendary strongest man of Montedra was rumored to be twenty-seven and

still without a Luna. If he chose her to be his Luna, she would truly reach the pinnacle of her life!

Chapter 83 Code Red at the Mall

After Margot, Winona, and their group exited, Tessa turned to the previously dismissive sales clerk and asked, "What's your name?"

"I'm Lois."

Lois replied boldly, unafraid. What do I have to fear?

Tessa, the discarded daughter of the Sinclair family, might not hold much power here, despite the store belonging to her family.

"As a salesperson, you're clearly not up to par."

"Ha, Ms. Sinclair, how old are you? Whether I'm qualified isn't for you to decide!" Lois, backed by her connections, wasn't afraid of Tessa.

"Lois, shut up."

The sales manager glared at Lois. Tessa had just facilitated a 1.3 million sale from the Shelby family heiress, and here was Lois, daring to challenge her.

Lois felt wronged.

"I didn't do anything wrong! I made a 1.3 million sale today, bringing huge profits

to the company. They should be giving me a bonus, not firing me."

"Fire her. We at Sinclair Corp don't need employees like that."

"What did you say? What gives you the right? You think you're some real noble of the Sinclair family?"

Tessa couldn't be bothered to argue.

She called the store manager over and said, "Your staff is inadequate. I'm giving you a month to fix this. If their sales attitude remains the same, I won't keep any of them, including you."

"Miss, you..."

The manager quickly whispered the recent exchange to the store manager.

"Ms. Sinclair, I understand." Once the store manager knew Tessa's identity, he responded with respect.

The shareholders' meeting was only days away, and Tessa held shares in Sinclair Corp. She didn't look down on Tessa like the others did for lacking a wolf.

After all, in today's werewolf society, status wasn't determined solely by physical strength. It was unclear who would control Sinclair Corp in the future, so the manager didn't dare offend Tessa.

"Fire her."

After Tessa spoke, she turned and left.

Lois paled. "Manager, she's just a daughter that the Sinclair family discarded. You're not really going to fire

With the upcoming meeting, what would happen inside Sinclair Corp-and to Tessa-was anyone's guess.

Before the shareholders' meeting concluded, the manager didn't dare make any definitive decisions.

Tessa continued browsing in Imperial Mall and eventually entered an antique shop where she spotted a

stone.

The small stone was exquisitely crafted, its exterior clear and sparkling. Inside, it resembled a delicate and lifelike landscape painting, capturing the majestic scenery of Montedra's eastern forests in miniature with a style evocative of classic romantic landscape art.

Tessa thought it perfectly suited Y

"Young lady, you have good taste! Don't be fooled by its size; this little stone is priceless."

"May I take a look?"

The owner handed her the stone.

"How much?"

"2 million dollars."

"1.3 million dollars, I'll take it. Wrap it up."

Tessa successfully purchased the stone, and as she was about to leave, she ran into Ethan and his team.

Ethan seemed furious, his technicians too intimidated to even breathe.

"Captain Simpson, is that Ms. Sinclair over there? Maybe we should ask for her help!" It was embarrassing for a professional technician to admit defeat in tracking, but Ms. Sinclair was really skilled and might just be able to assist them. "Ms. Sinclair?" Ethan followed his colleague's gaze and saw Tessa, dressed plainly and absorbed in her phone.

Her ordinary appearance still drew many looks. A pretty girl always catches the eye easily.

"Yeah."

Ethan and his colleague approached her.

As someone blocked the light, Tessa looked

up

and saw Ethan.

"What can I help you with?"

"Ms. Sinclair, could you help us with something urgent? If we don't handle this

right, everyone in Imperial Mall could be in danger."

Chapter 84 The Explosive Escape Plan

Tessa pulled out a piece of gum from her pocket and popped it into her mouth.

"What do you need help with?"

Ethan pulled Tessa aside.

"A fugitive has taken refuge in Imperial Mall. You know it's Saturday; the mall is packed."

"Why not just go in and catch him?" She wasn't a cop, and it didn't seem like something she could help with.

"The problem is, he's got a bomb on him that can't be forcibly removed. If the bomb is detached, it will explode immediately."

Well, that's why he's called a fugitive.

"If we storm in with a crowd, it might provoke him so we need to pinpoint his exact location. It's a high- IQ crime; our guys can't locate him, and the longer it takes, the more dangerous it becomes for everyone inside."

This was Navoris, at the Imperial Mall. If something went wrong here, it would be a global embarrassment for Montedra.

Most importantly, the lives of numerous mall-goers were at stake.

Tessa nodded in understanding, "Alright, I'll help."

Ethan led Tessa to a black car, where technicians were still attempting to track the fugitive:

But there was no clue to be found. He seemed to be getting help to hide his tracks.

Simon called someone to set up the equipment and invited Tessa to sit down.

Tessa continued to chew her gum, her slender, pale fingers dancing across the keyboard.

Ethan watched anxiously from behind her, hoping she would be quick.

"Somebody's helping him."

Tessa frowned. This was no simple crime.

It was a criminal gang, and their choice of the Imperial Mall for their hideout hinted at a deeper conspiracy.

"Is there a way to handle it?"

"Yes."

Strings of code flashed across the screen as Tessa directly countered the hacker behind the fugitive. Five minutes later, the adversary's computer went dark and wouldn't reboot.

"Damn it, who did Ethan bring in to hack my computer?"

Now, with no one to hide him, Tessa located the fugitive in a minute; a red dot appeared on the computer

screen.

"Ms. Sinclair, you're incredible," Simon couldn't help but exclaim.

"You can go ahead and capture him now."

"Thanks, I'll transfer your fee directly to your account."

"Sure."

Tessa was not one for small talk. Ethan led his team to apprehend the fugitive, bomb squad in tow.

As Tessa stepped out of the black car, her phone rang; it was Landon.

"Where are you?"

After wrapping up his work, he had planned to pick Tessa up from Navoris High but was told she had taken the day off.

"At Imperial Mall."

"Wait there, I'll come to pick you up."

"Okay."

Tessa didn't refuse. She hung up and stood waiting.

Unexpectedly, the fugitive, realizing he was locked in, jumped from an upper floor of the mall.

With the mall bustling, the sight of someone crashing to the plaza below caused incessant screams among the onlookers.

Ethan immediately ordered his team to cordon off the bystanders.

"Hurry, his bomb hasn't been disarmed yet."

The bomb squad rushed over, but they were stumped by the sophisticated device, unsure how to proceed.

"Evacuate the area now," Ethan commanded decisively.

He approached Tessa and said, "Ms. Sinclair, you should leave now! The bomb could go off at any moment."

The bomb hasn't been disarmed yet? Tessa pondered.

"Captain Simpson, your team isn't very competent!"

They couldn't track the person, nor disarm the bomb, despite their salaries.

"He's a PhD student from Elmridge University. Ordinary in strength, but exceptionally smart and skilled."

"I didn't expect even the famous Captain Simpson to make excuses."

Tecca handed him the bag he was carrying and said "Hold this for me. It's worth

12 million. don't lose it "

She then moved to disarm the bomb.

Ethan grabbed her arm and said, "What are you doing? Do you realize how dangerous this is?"

Tessa pulled her hand free.

"It's okay, I won't blame you if I die."

Ethan quickly handed the bag to one of his men and followed Tessa in.

"Captain Simpson, move! There's only a minute left

As the bomb squad decided to retreat-since the area had been cleared and the people were safe-Tessa coldly ordered, "Move aside."

Chapter 85 A Bloody End to a Bomb Day

The bomb squad technician warned, "Miss, it's too dangerous. Run."

Tessa, uninterested in further discussion, pushed him aside and crouched down

to examine the bomb before picking up a device nearby.

"Captain Simpson, this is a real bomb."

This is no game. Is this girl not afraid of dying?

"You guys get out of here," Ethan told the two bomb technicians.

"Captain Simpson-

With no time left, the bomb technicians quickly ran off.

"Get down."

Tessa commanded Ethan, who was used to giving orders, not receiving them from a young girl. Yet, he complied.

Tessa cut the green wire, then shortened the red one. All the SWAT team members hit the ground, believing the bomb would explode since even the experts couldn't disarm it.

However, ten seconds passed, then twenty, thirty, a minute.

Tessa stood up and walked out. Seeing Ethan still on the ground, the corners of her mouth curled upwards.

Ethan looked up to see her smiling, so dazzling and bright.

"Who exactly are you?" Ethan asked, puzzled by the girl in front of him.

She should be a protected minor, especially since she hasn't even awakened her werewolf abilities yet. But her hacking skills surpass the police department's IT experts, and she can disarm bombs!

In the face of danger, she was calm and collected, as if nothing really bothered her.

Such composure and mindset were traits only powerful werewolves usually possessed...

"Just a regular student."

Tessa wasn't worried about him checking her background.

"Regular students know how to disarm bombs?" Ethan clearly didn't believe her.

"I've read a few books on the subject." If it hadn't been an emergency, she wouldn't have taken action herself.

"So, are you going to arrest me?" Tessa raised an eyebrow.

"No, I'm just curious about you."

"Anyway, thank you for today. I owe you a meal."

"No need. And, keep the reporters away from what did today; they're annoying."

Tessa took her bag and walked out of the cordoned area, bypassing the reporters. She still had blood on her, and she needed to clean up-it looked rather unsettling.

Checking her phone, she saw several missed calls from Landon.

She called him back.

"Where are you? I'm out now. I see your car. Stay there; I'm coming over."

Tessa wanted to leave quickly, drawing no attention

After hanging up, Landon got out of the car to wait and immediately noticed the blood on her clothes.

He rushed over.

"What happened? What did you get into?" He was only gone for a day, and she was covered in blood.

"It's nothing."

She didn't want to elaborate.

"There's blood all over your clothes, and you say it's nothing?"

Landon's aura bristled with a murderous intent, wondering who dared to harm his person.

Flex also felt the urge to transform and tear apart anyone who had hurt Tessa. "It's not my blood. I'm not hurt, don't worry."

Hearing this, Landon calmed down somewhat, sniffed carefully to make sure it wasn't her blood, and finally relaxed.

He opened the car door for her, letting her into the passenger seat, and couldn't help but say, "How do you manage to get covered in blood just by going shopping?"

"Bad luck, ran into some trash."

She disliked high-IQ criminals the most. With such intelligence, they could do anything, yet they chose to commit crimes.

Back at Wisteria Apartment, Tessa went to take a shower and change. After cleaning up, Landon approached her.

"Let's go. Nathaniel is hosting Ysabel's birthday early, and she insisted I bring you."

Tomorrow was Ysabel's official birthday, and many were attending mainly for the Thorne family.

Rather than a birthday party, it felt more like a networking event for the packs.

With Ysabel's approval, Nathaniel had decided to celebrate early, inviting only their closest friends.

Currently, Ysabel and the others were at the Golden Sea Club, Navoris' most luxurious five-star club.

As Landon and Tessa got into the car, Ysabel's call came through.

"Tessie, hurry up, everyone's waiting! What's up with my uncle? It's just picking someone up; why is it taking so long?"

"I got held up a bit. You guys start without us; don't wait."

"We're not hungry. Take your time, no rush."

Ysabel hung up, telling those present, "Tessie got held up."

Suddenly, a discordant voice chimed in, "What could a student possibly be busy

with? She probably

doesn't even care about your birthday."

It was Charlotte.

Chapter 86 Cocktails and Clashes

Ysabel was visibly irritated when she heard how Charlotte spoke about Tessa.

"Charlotte, I don't like how you're talking about Tessie. If she says she's got something important, then she does. If you're in a hurry, you can leave first."

The mention of leaving instantly drew a smile from Charlotte. "Ysabel, I didn't mean anything by it, just that being late isn't polite; it shows a lack of upbringing."

"Charlotte, speaking ill of someone behind their back isn't exactly polite either!" Ysabel retorted, her smile

gone.

"Charlotte, if you have somewhere to be, then go ahead," Cameron interjected, clearly displeased. She was tired of hearing Charlotte badmouth Tessa, especially since Landon wouldn't be able to defend her if he overheard.

Charlotte clammed up. If Landon weren't expected to arrive, she wouldn't bother staying here. And what magic does Tessa possess that Ysabel is so protective of her?

"Come on, let's not get angry; we're all friends here" Nathaniel tried to defuse the situation.

"Who's friends with you?" Ysabel shot back, still upset.

Nathaniel rubbed her head affectionately. "You, of course!" She is impossible to deal with.

Ysabel swatted his hand away. "You messed up my hair."

Just then, the waiter opened the door to the private room, and Landon entered with Tessa.

Ysabel's face lit up at the sight of Tessa. "Tessie, come sit here."

Tessa was pulled to sit next to Ysabel, with Cameron already seated on the other side, and the spot next to Landon was left vacant.

"Uncle, why are you standing? Come sit down!"

Cameron, catching Landon's glance, quickly stood and vacated the spot next to Tessa for him. "Mr. Thorne, please."

It was just a dinner, but why did they have to stick so close together?

Landon nonchalantly took the seat Cameron had just left, with Charlotte sitting on his other side, not caring why Landon chose to sit there; all that mattered was that she was next to him now.

Nathaniel signaled the waiter to serve the dishes. "Tomorrow is Ysabel's eighteenth birthday. There'll be too many people at the party for me to congratulate her properly. So, I wanted to take this chance to do it today. Thanks, everyone, for coming."

He had the waiter open a bottle of '82 vintage liquor

The waiter began pouring drinks for everyone, but when it came to Tessa, Landon stopped him. "Just a hot

milk for her."

"Today's Ysabel's birthday, everyone should have a drink. Ms. Sinclair isn't of age yet?" Charlotte quipped, but Landon ignored her, and the others acted as if they hadn't heard her, leaving her feeling as if she had been slapped.

"Happy birthday, Ysabel," Tessa stood with her milk

"It's been great getting to know you, Ysabel. Makes me think Navoris isn't so bad after all."

Ysabel raised her wine glass. "Tessie, I'm also thrilled to know you. We're going to be friends for life; you have no idea how much I adore you."

They clinked glasses, Ysabel sipping her wine and Tessa her milk.

"Ysabel, happy birthday, you've really grown up," Cameron raised his glass as well.

"Thanks."

Hudson simply toasted Ysabel; he was always a man of few words.

"Thanks."

Nathaniel forked a meatball onto Ysabel's plate. "Ysabel's finally all grown up." He had waited so long for this day, now he might finally get a chance to express his feelings to her.

Tessa was momentarily distracted, and her bowl quickly filled with various dishes. She couldn't help but glance at Landon and pondered. Is he feeding a pig?

After a few bites, seeing her plate so full, she lost her appetite.

She forked the goose liver and ribs into Landon's bowl, causing the others to look on in surprise.

Charlotte sneered. Tessa was courting disaster.

Everyone knew Landon was a germaphobe, and here she was, giving him her leftovers.

This was going to be interesting.

Chapter 87 Drink Your Milk!

"What's everyone looking at?"

ssa asked, puzzled by the stares.

In the next moment, the group witnessed something even more astonishing- Landon was eating the food Tessa had touched. All of it!

Cameron was stunned. Is this the same germophobic Landon I know?

Hudson was shocked as well. Landon must be completely gone, head over heels in love.

Nathaniel thought. What's the big deal? I'd happily eat Ysabel's leftovers too, if only I had the chance.

Charlotte thought. What happened to Landon's principles? Wasn't he the most principled of us all? Has his germophobia suddenly cured itself?

Emboldened, Charlotte daringly forked a piece of black truffle roasted turkey roll onto Landon's plate.

Landon frowned, clearly displeased.

"Waiter."

"Yes, sir? What can I do for you?"

"Could I get a new bowl, please?"

The table fell silent. So, his germophobia hadn't improved, it was just that he didn't mind Tessa?

Charlotte's face went pale with anger. He dislikes me that much? I even used the shared utensils!

"Hudson suddenly spoke up, "I heard Ms. Sinclair did well in school, came in second place?"

"It's nothing special."

Charlotte scoffed coldly. Second place? Big deal. A wolfless nobody. No matter how good her grades are, she's just a nerd.

"Ms. Sinclair has a way with words; she should consider law. She could join my firm, The Jones Law Firm."

Hudson, one of the country's top lawyers, was personally extending an olive branch.

Charlotte looked at him, puzzled. Since when did Hudson become so servile? Isn't The Jones Law Firm the toughest place to get into? Their entrance exams are even tougher than at Thorne Corp.

However, Tessa merely declined lightly, "Thanks for the offer, but I'm not interested in being a law

"There's still some time before your college entrance exams; you could think it over."

It was rare for the others to hear Hudson talk so much.

"Okay."

"Ms. Sinclair, I heard there's some trouble at your family's company. Do you have any thoughts on that?" Charlotte challenged. There are plenty of pretty women but few with brains. I've managed my perfume brand well,

"I don't have any thoughts on it."

Charlotte smirked triumphantly, Just as I thought, probably just a pretty face.

"Charlotte, I'm the guest of honor today. Why do you keep focusing on Tessie?" Ysabel was clearly annoyed, and if it weren't for Cameron's presence, he might have flipped the table.

"Sorry, I'll drink to that." Charlotte lifted her glass, her mood improving.

As long as Tessa was having a hard time, Charlotte felt better. The Sinclair family

is a mess, she must be miserable.

"Drink your milk." Landon handed the milk to Tessa

Tessa reluctantly took it, knowing he meant well. She couldn't afford to disrespect someone so influential.

Watching her obedient behavior, Charlotte huffed. Landon is just nurturing a pet. Sooner or later, I'll bore him. She can't survive in our circle without some substance.

After dinner, the group headed to Navoris' most famous bar, Night Colors.

Previously, Ysabel wasn't allowed to join them at such places because she wasn't of age, but today, now that she was, she insisted on going to Night Colors.

Hudson and Cameron led the way, followed by Nathaniel and Ysabel, with Landon and Tessa in the third row, and Charlotte trailing behind alone.

Watching the pair ahead, Charlotte clenched her fists. If only Tessa weren't here, I'd be by Landon's side... How wonderful it would be if she just disappeared.

Chapter 88 Darts and Dares

Ysabel wanted a special cocktail, to dance on the dance floor, and to sing on stage...

Everyone indulged her, joining in the fun wholeheartedly. Finally satisfied, Ysabel returned to their booth when Charlotte suggested, "How about we play darts?"

"Sure! What happens if you lose?" Ysabel was especially excited today.

"The loser has to pick someone at Night Colors and give them a kiss."

"Charlotte," Cameron warned her again.

"Cameron we're just out having fun! It's just a kiss. It's not a big deal."

Charlotte was setting a trap. If Tessa lost, she'd have to kiss someone at random, surely leaving a frivolous impression on Landon.

If Tessa Won, Charlotte would insinuate that Tessa, being so young, was too familiar with bar suggesting she was a seasoned party girl, thus cementing a reputation as a delinquent.

"Since Charlotte likes it, let's do it!"

games,

Charlotte was somewhat pleased that Landon was on her side this time, feeling a bit more confident.

"Tessie, are you okay with this? If you don't like the game, we won't play."

Tessie is always good at whatever she does!

But darts, like pool, required both strength and accuracy, and being a werewolf awakened with the wolf's strength naturally gave one an advantage.

Yet, Tessa had done so well at pool last time, beating Charlotte. Darts should be doable, right?

"It's okay. If you want to play, we'll play."

Since it was her birthday, she could do whatever she wanted, right? She looked at Tessa with adoration.

"Tessie, I really love you!" Tessa suddenly hugged Tessa. "If you were a guy, I'd marry you."

Tessa just smiled and didn't respond.

"Ms. Sinclair, you really are full of surprises. It seems like you can handle anything with ease."

Charlotte was setting her up, praising her now only to let her fall harder later.

"Do you need Landon to give you a private lesson again? Last time at pool, didn't he coach you?"

"No need. Since Ms. Charlotte seems so eager to lose, let's start!"

Tessa really disliked Charlotte's attitude. Whatever her relationship with Landon was, it wasn't her place to dictate terms here.

Charlotte couldn't help but sneer, "Just remember, it's only a game. Let's not take the results to heart."

Ysabel frowned. "Charlotte, it's just a game. Why all the fuss? What's the point?"

She never realized before how annoying Charlotte could be.

"I'll go first." Ysabel volunteered and threw her dart.

"Ten points." Nathaniel couldn't help but laugh; Ysabel's skill was undeniable. "Nathaniel, what are you laughing at? You think you're so good? Fine, you go." "Alright, I will." Nathaniel stepped up to the line, not using his werewolf strength, and threw. "Twenty-five points, see? I'm that good."

Ysabel muttered under her breath, Nathaniel's just trying to get at me. "Tessie, your turn."

Tessa stepped up, casually took a dart, and threw it.

It hit the bullseye.

Everyone was stunned. Ms. Sinclair, could your throw be any more nonchalant?

"I didn't expect to be so lucky, but isn't playing darts all about luck?"

Charlotte was even more smug inside. From the moment she suggested the game, she never intended to win.

When she mentioned the punishment, she deliberately blurred the lines, letting

others think the loser had to kiss someone from outside their group.

But she never said they couldn't kiss someone from their own group playing darts.

So, by the rules, if she lost, she could kiss Landon.

It was just a game, after all, and what could Landon do about it in the end?

Chapter 89 Tessa's Unexpected Catch

"Ms. Sinclair, you're pretty good with darts. You must have been to clubs like this before!"

Tessa snorted coldly, realizing she had been set up. She shot Charlotte a cold glance and remained silent.

Next up were Cameron and Hudson, who as high-ranking werewolves, found the game childishly easy. Naturally, their scores were top-notch.

"Landon, you're up."

A smile crept across Charlotte's face; she was sure she could lose.

"Why don't you go first? I'll go last."

With Landon speaking up, she didn't dare refuse. After all, Landon was the strongest among them, and his score would undoubtedly be high.

Charlotte walked over, picked up a dart, and threw it with serious intent. It landed

with the lowest score of the night-just one point.

"Sorry, I haven't played in a while. Guess I lost my touch." Charlotte acted

disappointed but was secretly delighted.

"Landon, your turn."

Charlotte was almost too eager.

"Tessie, doesn't she seem like she really wants to lose? Is she being too obvious?"

"You're right, she does want to lose. She wants to kiss your uncle. Can't you see that?" Tessa responded coolly.

Tessa had caught on to Charlotte's deliberate loss and understood the loophole she had crafted in the rules.

"Damn, how shameless can she get? Thinking up a scheme like that"

If Tessa hadn't pointed it out, she might not have noticed.

"So what do we do? We can't let her kiss my

uncle."

"What do you mean what do we do? It's your uncle's call. As long as he's willing, no one can say anything," Tessa said, slightly annoyed but still composed.

"That's not acceptable. Anyone but Charlotte."

"Why? Weren't you two close before?"

"Close with her? After how she's been treating you today, I don't want anything to do with her."

Anyone who dared to hurt their Tessa was an enemy, no matter who they were.

Landon slowly made his way over and casually picked up a dart.

Charlotte's eyes followed the dart, her heart racing. She was already imagining what kissing him would feel like, a moment she had long fantasized about but never had the chance to experience.

Today, she had to thank Ysabel. Without her, this opportunity would never have arisen.

"No, Uncle-!" Ysabel tried to stop him from throwing the dart, but when she saw the result, she fell silent.

Nathaniel couldn't believe his eyes either. "Mr. Thorne, you..."

Tessa blinked and then let out a soft laugh. She was sure Landon had done it on purpose.

The dart fell from the board, making Landon the lowest scorer of all-zero points. Charlotte's face turned sour, her long-anticipated moment crumbling before her eyes.

"Did my uncle see through her little scheme? How can he be so clever? Losing so beautifully," Ysabel exclaimed, delighted. As long as Charlotte didn't kiss her uncle, he could kiss anyone else.

"Landon!"

Charlotte couldn't find her voice. Had he seen through her after all?

The other three men knew without thinking too hard that Landon had done it on purpose. He probably wanted to kiss Tessa.

Noticing Landon's intense gaze, Tessa felt her cheeks heat up. "Excuse me, I need to use the restroom."

As Tessa headed for the restroom, Charlotte's hopes rose again.

Landon couldn't possibly kiss the other three men, and Ysabel, being his niece, was off-limits. That left only her.

It would obviously be more thrilling for Landon to kiss her than the other way around.

Charlotte licked her lips

her heart beating even faster.

Just as Tessa stood, Landon grabbed her hand and pulled, causing her to fall into his lap.

Before she could react, Landon's warm lips met hers, accompanied by the intoxicating scent of his pheromones....

Chapter 90 A Kiss Too Deep

Everyone was stunned. So, Landon had been looking forward to losing all along!

"Umm..."

Tessa struggled, but Landon's kiss was dominant and deep, leaving no room for resistance.

She had expected a brief kiss, but he was like a wolf locking onto its prey, fiercely capturing her lips. His large hand cradled the back of her head, preventing any retreat.

His lips carried a raw, primal force, and his breath was as hot as a wolf's howl. His tongue boldly pried her lips apart, greedily drawing the breath from her mouth.

The intense scent of his pheromones was like a mystical spell, scrambling Tessa's thoughts and making her body uncontrollably weaken, her already scant resistance fading.

Tessa felt she could hardly breathe and thought. Will tomorrow's news report that I'm the first person ever kissed to death?

Charlotte clenched her fists in frustration. Damn it, have everything under control, but it has all gone wrong in the end.

"Charlotte, you should understand by now, some things aren't yours no matter what you do. Take some brotherly advice, don't cross Landon's boundaries," Cameron said earnestly.

"Cameron, I'm not feeling well, I'm going to leave."

Charlotte couldn't stand to watch any longer; she got up and left without even saying goodbye to Ysabel.

Ysabel was completely dumbfounded. What should she do? Tessie had been compromised by my uncle.

If it had been anyone else, she would have fought back furiously, but this was her uncle! She was too scared and too shocked to react.

She grabbed Nathaniel's arm and twisted it with all her strength.

Nathaniel cried out in pain. "Ysabel, what are you doing? Why are you hurting me?"

He had no idea what he had done wrong; he hadn't done anything yet. Alpha's always alpha, even in pursuing a girl, he's a hundred times more cunning than

me.

"It's all your fault. If you hadn't insisted on celebrating my birthday early, Tessie wouldn't have been compromised by my uncle. Who else should I blame but you?"

Ysabel directed all her anger at Nathaniel. She didn't dare stand up to her uncle, but bullying Nat another matter entirely.

el was

"Ysabel, maybe you should think of it this way. You like Tessie, right? If Tessie becomes your aunt, wouldn't you two be able to be together forever?"

Nathaniel thought he was onto a good idea. Finally, Landon let go of Tessa just as she seemed about to pass out from lack of air.

overwhelming effect of his pheromones, she stumbled and fell back down.

Only this time, she landed in a particularly delicate spot-right in the middle of his

lap.

And Tessa felt a warm, hard sensation. Realizing what she was sitting on, the usually composed Tessa lost her cool. She looked up sharply to meet Landon's fiery eyes.

"I'm sorry, I really didn't mean to," he said, even though he was clearly affected by her.

"It's okay."

Landon struggled to suppress the tumultuous feelings inside him. No matter how he tried to hide, his voice was laced with desire.

Tessa felt even more embarrassed, but that's just how she was-the more awkward the situation, the more composed she appeared. It was just a kiss, after all. No need to dwell on it, right?

They had agreed from the start, whatever the outcome, not to get angry. It was just a game.

But in that moment, her heart was beating far too rapidly, as if it might leap right out of her chest.

Why did Landon always have such a profound effect on me? This was a sensation she had never experienced before.