Wolfless 102

Chapter 102 Losing Control

Fortunately, everyone was inside the cruise ship, so no one noticed the fight on the deck.

Tessa returned to the ship but couldn't find Ysabel. Since the cruise was still at sea, she had no way to leave. She originally planned to go to Ysabel's room, but to her surprise, the door was locked.

Left with no choice, she turned and went to Landon's room instead.

Being with Landon was still better than dealing with those Wolf Clan socialites who only wanted to cause her trouble.

She stood at the door and knocked. After just three knocks, the door swung open.

"I have no place to go so I'll stay here for a while. If it's inconvenient…"

Click.

As the door opened, the intense scent of pine pheromones mixed with an Alpha's oppressive presence rushed toward her.

Tessa immediately stopped talking.

Inside the room, a scantily clad she–wolf was kneeling seductively by the bed. Her body leaned forward slightly, her full chest nearly spilling out.

The pink crest on the back of her neck, symbolizing her mating state, was strikingly vivid, releasing waves of sweet and intoxicating pheromones.

Her eyes were hazy with desire, making no effort to hide her longing for Landon. Her slightly parted red lips let out soft moans as she openly presented herself to him.

“There’s nothing inconvenient. Wait a moment, I need to take out the trash.”

Landon spoke to Tessa, then turned to the unfamiliar she–wolf with cold eyes.

“Get out.”

His voice carried the deep, rumbling frequency of a wolf king’s roar. The blood crystal glasses in the wine cabinet shattered on impact.

That sheer power demonstrated his absolute authority as an Alpha.

Hit by the command laced with Alpha dominance, the she–wolf instantly snapped back to her senses. Her seductive posture vanished as she tucked her tail between her legs and bolted out the door–a submissive’s instinctual response to fleeing a superior.

Tessa stood awkwardly to the side. “Sorry, I didn’t mean to interrupt.”

“It’s not what you think.”

Landon had noticed the she–wolf in his room the moment he entered. He hadn’t even gotten a clear look at her face before he heard the knock on the door.

Tessa teased.

“Shut up, or I won’t mind shutting you up my way.” Landon’s tone was full of irritation.

“Oh? Did I hit a nerve… Mmph!”

Before she could finish, Landon pulled her in by the waist and sealed her chattering lips with his own.

His kiss was forceful, carrying the dominance of an Alpha. His lips pressed tightly against hers as if trying to consume her entirely.

His tongue pried her teeth apart, invading without restraint, flooding her mouth with his scent.

Tessa’s body trembled slightly after the initial shock. Whether it was the effect of his pheromones or something else, her legs started to go weak.

Her hands instinctively pressed against Landon’s chest, trying to push him away, but the moment she touched his firm, burning skin, she unconsciously gripped his shirt instead.

Landon held her waist tightly, pulling her against him. Their bodies fit together, their heartbeats intertwining.

Tessa never expected him to actually silence her like this!

What is wrong

me? Why do I always have to provoke him?

Maybe it was because Landon was always so gentlemanly and composed around her that she kept forgetting that he was the Alpha of the Nightshade Pack, the most powerful and revered werewolf in Montedra!

By the time Landon finally let her go, Tessa was left breathless, collapsing against his chest, frustration burning inside her.

She wasn’t usually this reckless, but she always lost control around Landon.