

Wolfless 18

Chapter 18 The Alpha's Vigil: A Night by Tessa's Side

The meeting was filled with Nightshade Pack Elders, all watching Landon with growing unease.

What could have happened to make their alpha, normally composed even during a vampire invasion, look so unsettled?

"Where are you? I'm coming right now." Landon's voice was sharp as he spoke into the phone. On the other end, Ysabel was crying so hard she could barely form a coherent sentence.

Flex, meanwhile, was in a frenzy inside Landon's mind, urging him to get to Tessa as quickly as possible. The chaos in his head made it impossible to think clearly about what might have happened.

Hearing that her uncle was on his way, Ysabel managed to calm down slightly.

"This meeting is adjourned." Landon's declaration left the room silent and the Elders exchanging puzzled glances as he strode out.

When Landon arrived at the hospital, Ysabel ran to him, her tears flowing even more freely.

"Uncle, what do we do? Tessie still hasn't come out!"

"She'll be fine," Landon reassured her. "Nathaniel will come and take you home. I'll stay."

"No! I'm staying until Tessie comes out! Ysabel refused to leave.

Just then, a doctor emerged from the operating room.

“Doctor, how is Tessa?” Landon’s voice was calm, but his eyes betrayed his worry.

“It’s nothing serious, just an appendectomy. She’ll need to stay for two or three days to recover, but she’s fine.

“Appendectomy?” Ysabel blinked, her face flushing with embarrassment. She had cried so much, and it turned out to be something so minor.

Landon finally felt the tension in his chest release. From the moment he had received Ysabel’s frantic call,

was okay, he could breathe

he’d been on edge, a tightness weighing heavily on him. Now, knowing Tessa “ed Ysabel’s frantic call,

again.

“You’ll still need to notify her family,” the doctor continued. “Even for a minor surgery, someone will need to look after her.”

“Thank you, doctor.”

At that moment, Tessa was wheeled out. Her face showed surprise when she spotted Landon.

What’s he doing here? Doesn’t he have Nightshade Pack duties and Thorne Corp responsibilities? she wondered,

“Tessie, thank goodness you’re okay! You scared me to death,” Ysabel exclaimed, rushing to her side.

“I’m fine, Tessa replied with a faint smile.

The nurse wheeled Tessa toward her room, but Tessa, trying to be independent, started to get off the gurney on her own.

“Don’t move.” Landon’s voice was firm.

Before Tessa could react, Landon scooped her up effortlessly. Instinctively, she wrapped her arms around his neck to steady herself, her face mere inches from his.

“I can walk,” she protested softly, feeling the closeness between them. Her heartbeat quickened, and her ears grew warm. If she tilted her head just a little, her lips would brush against his jawline.

Ignoring her protest, Landon gently placed her on the hospital bed and adjusted her IV line with meticulous care.

By 11 p.m.. Ysabel had been taken home by Nathaniel, But Landon showed no signs of leaving.

“Mr. Thorne, you can go now. I don’t need anyone to take care of me, Tessa finally said, breaking the

silence.

If he doesn’t leave, how will I use Emma’s healing powers? she thought.

Besides, she didn't even need healing. It was a minor surgery—she could already get out of bed if she Wanted to.

“Don't worry about me. If you're tired, just sleep.”

“What do you mean?” she asked, her brows furrowing.

“I'm staying here with you.”

“What?” Tessa blinked, unsure if she'd heard him correctly. This was Landon—Nightshade Pack's alpha, the man whose mere presence made Montedra tremble—and he was offering to stay and keep her company?

“Are you hungry?” he asked, ignoring her shock.

“I'm fine,” she replied, though her appetite was non-existent.

Taking her words as a yes, Landon made a call, ordering corn porridge from a Michelin-starred restaurant. When the food arrived, it wasn't in a typical takeout box but a beautifully designed thermal container.

Landon ladled the porridge into a bowl, sat beside Tess, and scooped up a spoonful.

“Here,” he said, holding the spoon near her lips.

“Cough, cough” Tessa almost choked on her own disbelief.

The alpha of Nightshade Pack, the head of Thorne Corp, the man who controlled half of Montedra's economy, was feeding her porridge?

It was too surreal for her to process.