

Wolfless 186

Chapter 186 We Are Not Friends

The sudden, overwhelming pressure came crashing down on Connor like an invisible mountain.

His legs trembled uncontrollably, knees nearly buckling beneath him. He almost dropped straight to the ground.

A surge of defiance flooded his chest. Gritting his teeth, Connor pushed his werewolf power to its limits, forcing out his own pheromones in a desperate attempt to push back against the tidal force of Landon's

presence.

But Landon was Alpha King of Montedra. His strength far surpassed anything Connor had imagined.

Even as Connor gave everything he had, all he could manage was to barely stay standing beneath the crushing pressure.

His breathing turned sharp and labored. Each breath felt like it was tearing at his chest, his lungs screaming from the strain, as Landon's aura smothered the air around him.

His clenched fists shook without end, betraying the fear and struggle buried deep inside. His eyes, though, remained full of stubborn fire, silently resisting the weight of Landon's dominance.

Connor stared at Landon across the distance, forcing his back straight, pretending to stay composed.

But the slight tremble in his body and the sweat rolling steadily down his forehead gave him away.

There was no question. In this silent standoff, he had lost completely.

Landon's lips curled into a cold smirk, as if mocking Connor's overconfidence.

The scorn in his eyes pierced straight into Connor's heart like a blade.

A moment later, Landon slowly withdrew his pressure, and that suffocating weight disappeared in an instant.

Connor gasped for air, chest heaving, feeling like a boulder had been lifted off his back.

Only then did he realize that his entire back was soaked in sweat, his shirt clinging to his skin, cold and damp.

Landon didn't spare him even a glance. He walked past him and got into his car. That silent disregard stung Connor's pride even more.

Who is this man? How the hell is he this strong?

A vague suspicion crept into his mind, but he forced himself not to think about it.

If it really was who he suspected, then he didn't stand a chance at winning Tessa back.

Inside the car, Landon didn't drive off right away.

Instead, he pulled out a cigarette from the pack, lit it, and took slow, idle drags as he sat there, waiting for Connor to leave the front of the apartment.

When he called the next time, he realized that he'd been blocked.

He let out a bitter laugh. She was still the same. No room for mercy.

"Tessa, are you really this heartless? Is there nothing I can do to make you forgive me?"

Connor got into his car, but didn't leave either. He stayed parked under Wisteria Apartment all night.

It wasn't until early the next morning, when Tessa finally appeared at the front door, that he stepped out.

"Tessie, why didn't you answer my calls? Even if we're just regular friends, we should still be able to talk, right?"

Seeing him first thing in the morning put Tessa in an even worse mood.

"You and I aren't even regular friends. Don't talk like we are. You don't have the right."

She turned to leave, but Connor grabbed her wrist.

"I've broken up with Winona. No matter what happened five years ago, let's not dwell on it anymore. Can't we just start over?" His voice was soft and pleading, full of desperation.

He was the future Alpha of the Thunder Pack, but in front of Tessa, he was completely powerless. Five years hadn't helped him forget her. He just couldn't do it.

Tessa had just woken up, and she was already in a foul mood. The last thing she wanted was to be stuck here listening to him ramble. She lost her patience.

With a quick throw, she slammed Connor onto the ground..

“I told you, I don’t want to hear another word about you and Winona’s pathetic drama. Whatever you two have going on, deal with it yourselves. Why bring it to me?”

Landon, who hadn’t left last night either, had been sitting in his car the whole time.

Seeing this unfold, he let out a loud, unapologetic laugh.