

Wolfless 261

Chapter 261 Breakfast for the Alpha's Mate

Tessa went quiet.

She really had no interest in the entertainment industry. Otherwise, she never would've left Avery Band in the first place.

"When's your next album coming out? If there's still time, I'll write you guys a song" That was the only thing she could offer now.

"Seriously? Fine, that works too." Not the best outcome, but not the worst either.

After chatting a bit more, Avery finally hung up—reluctantly. Their band's frontman had officially hit rock bottom.

But he truly wanted Tessa to come back. Deep down, though, he knew that wish was never going to come

true.

The next morning at 7:00, when Tessa came downstairs after getting ready, she found that Landon was already up.

He was wearing an apron in the kitchen, making breakfast.

"You're up? Good, it's ready. Come eat."

Tessa rubbed her eyes in disbelief. What was she even looking at? The mighty Alpha of the Nightshade Pack was making breakfast... himself?

When Landon walked out of the kitchen carrying a tray, he caught her still standing there like a statue and couldn't help but laugh. "Still half-asleep?"

Only then did Tessa snap out of it and sit down at the table, still stunned.

Landon placed the tray in front of her: golden, crispy waffles drizzled with maple syrup, a perfectly fried sunny-side-up egg, bacon crisped and curled at the edges, and a steaming cup of freshly ground coffee. He'd even garnished the edge of the plate with blueberries and mint.

"You..." Tessa poked at the fluffy waffle, watching the syrup slowly flow into its grooves. "The Nightshade Pack's almighty Alpha knows how to cook?"

Landon took off his apron and rolled up his sleeves, revealing lean, defined forearms.

"Self-taught." He suddenly leaned down, and the scent of pine from his pheromones brushed across her ear.

"Making breakfast for the one I love has always been a dream of mine. Thanks for letting me make it come

true,"

Tessa's heart skipped a beat. Her fork clattered against the plate with a sharp clang.

She quickly ducked her head and gulped down the coffee—only to notice a tiny caramel wolf drawn on the rim of the cup.

It was barely morning and her heart was already completely out of rhythm.

Seeing the tips of her cars turn red, Landon smiled softly and sat down beside her to eat.

This was the kind of moment he longed for. Waking up in the same home, eating breakfast together. Hopefully, it would become their everyday life.

It took Tessa a long time to calm down and remember why she'd come down in the first place. She raised her hand.

"Mr. Thorne, Avery Band has a concert tonight. I want to go with Ysabel, but her father probably won't let her out. I was hoping you could talk to him for me."

Landon raised an eyebrow. That was the second time he'd heard of Avery Band. She seemed pretty into them.

"You know how hard it is for Ysabel to get permission to go anywhere. So.... would you mind helping me get her out for the night?"

It wasn't that big of an ask, was it?

"I can do that. But I have one condition." He took a sip of coffee and added, "You bring me along to the concert, and I'll bring Ysabel."

"You like Avery Band?" He didn't seem like the starstruck type at all.

"Not really. But if you're all going, why not take me too?"

"But I only have two tickets." The show was sold out. Where was she supposed to find another?

"You really think that's a problem for me?"

Right. Dumb question.

He was the Alpha of the Nightshade Pack, Montedra's Alpha King. If he wanted, he could probably buy out the whole venue—let alone find a spare ticket.

So in the end, what was supposed to be a girls' night out turned into a full-blown entourage.

When Tessa and Ysabel were picked up, they were met by four more people.

Landon. Nathaniel. Hudson Cameron.

Every single one of them was enough to turn heads anywhere—not just in Navoris, but all across Montedra.

Their little outing was shaping up to be more exciting than the concert itself.

Chapter 262 Backstage Tension

Avery Band's concert was held at the largest stadium in Navoris.

By the time Tessa and her group arrived, tens of thousands of fans were already lining up outside.

Thankfully, Avery had arranged for them to use the VIP entrance,

Otherwise, even one of the four powerhouses accompanying Tessa could have thrown the entire venue into chaos.

"Hello, I'm Avery's manager. Are you Ms. Tessa Sinclair?" the manager approached Tessa after matching her with the photo on her phone.

Tessa looked at the woman in front of her—an easygoing female werewolf in her thirties.

“Yes, I’m Tessa. Thanks for coming to get us.”

The manager smiled warmly. “Not at all. Ms. Sinclair, the members talk about you all the time—especially Avery. He really likes you.”

Avery was usually cold and dismissive to everyone, but whenever he brought up Tessa, there was always a rare gentleness in his tone.

“Mhm.” Tessa didn’t respond beyond that.

The manager couldn’t help but glance at the man beside Tessa but quickly looked away.

He was handsome, sure—but the sheer dominance he exuded was overwhelming. It made her instinctively

uneasy.

Not just him—the three other male werewolves with Tessa also carried a presence that was impossible to ignore. She might not have known who they were, but she could tell they were not to be messed with.

And anyone who could walk comfortably among them... definitely wasn’t an ordinary person.

Years in the werewolf entertainment industry had sharpened the manager’s people skills. Her attitude toward Tessa grew even more respectful.

“Ms. Sinclair, please come with me. Avery already arranged seats for you.”

She led them to the VIP section inside the stadium, where the five others were seated first. Then, she brought Tessa to the very best spot in the entire arena.

“This seat was specially reserved by Avery. Even though you never came to the previous concerts, the members always saved this spot for you.”

It had become something of a tradition at Avery Band’s shows.

Ysabel sneaked a glance at Uncle Landon.

A man treating Tessa like this... how did Uncle Landon feel about it?

The manager instinctively looked at Landon as she asked.

“I’ll head over for a bit,” Tessa said, standing up.

By now, most of the seats in the stadium were filled. The concert was about to begin.

As soon as the words left her mouth, a subtle wave of pressure emanated from Landon, and the surrounding temperature seemed to plummet ten degrees.

“Is it just me, or did it suddenly get really cold? Is the stadium’s AC busted or something?” Cameron rubbed his arms with an exaggerated shiver.

He knew full well it was Landon’s emotional shift, but that didn’t stop him from cracking a joke.

“I don’t think it’s the cold. I think you’ve got a death wish,” Hudson said flatly.

“Go ahead,” Landon said calmly.

Though clearly unhappy about her going to meet another man, he still gave her permission with surprising

grace.

Cameron and Hudson exchanged a look—they hadn't expected Landon to be this lenient when it came to

Tessa.

Tessa didn't think too much of it.

Seeing her heading backstage, Ysabel stood up too.

"Tessa, can I come with you? I really want to meet the other members of Avery Band. I'm a huge fan!"
Ysabel said excitedly.

"Come on, let's go." Tessa had no objections. It was just a quick visit, nothing serious.

Ysabel grabbed her arm happily. "Tessie, you're the best!"

"Be careful," Nathaniel said from behind.

Truthfully, he wanted to follow them backstage too—mostly because he didn't trust letting Ysabel go alone. But with so many of them already making a scene, he figured it was better to hold back.

Tessa and Ysabel made their way to the backstage area.

Only to find complete chaos waiting for them.

Chapter 263 Emergency on the Big Stage

The manager stared at the backstage chaos, completely stunned.

“What’s going on? I thought everything was already set? The concert starts in ten minutes—what is happening?”

She was panicking. This was a major concert for a crowd of 100,000. Any hiccup, no matter how small, could damage the band’s reputation going forward.

“Steven hurt his hand.”

Steven was their drummer—and Avery Band’s biggest draw had always been their live performances with a full band. Without a drummer, the entire show would fall flat.

“What do you mean he got hurt? He was fine just now when I left! The label gave us this stage because they trust us. Even top stars don’t get venues like this!”

The manager looked like she was on the verge of tears. Why did this have to happen to them?

“What happened?” Tessa frowned.

She didn’t buy that this was some random accident. There was no way the timing was just a coincidence.

“Tessa, it was awful. I just went to the bathroom, and out of nowhere, these guys jumped me. They grabbed my hand and started hitting it over and over. I tried to heal with wolf strength, but it’s not working,” Steven said, his voice shaking.

He was the youngest member of the band—basically the team’s baby. Seeing him hurt like this put everyone on edge.

“You’re saying someone sneaked backstage and specifically targeted your hand?”

Tessa’s voice was cold and sharp.

Everyone in the band had known each other for years, and with Steven injured like this, her expression was turning darker by the second.

And the fact that they went for his hand—it was clearly calculated. The goal was to sabotage the show.

Seeing her so serious, Steven tried to play it down. “It’s fine, Tessa. It’s not that bad, really. You don’t have to worry.”

Tessa stepped in front of him and gently took his injured wrist.

A purplish–black hue crept under the skin—unnatural and sinister. Her eyes narrowed into icy slits.

There was a faint scent of mandrake lingering on the wound—a highly toxic herb to werewolves, known to block their natural healing.

This wasn’t an accident. This was a planned attack.

Tessa’s tone was absolute. “You’re not performing tonight.”

Samuel hadn’t returned to Yalvaria yet—she’d have to call him and get him here to treat Steven.

“What? I can’t perform tonight? But this is the biggest concert we’ve ever had! These people out there—they’re our most loyal fans! I can’t just not show up!”

Steven looked like he couldn’t accept it. But the second he tried to move his wrist, the pain turned his face sheet white.

“You trying to lose that hand for good? You planning to never drum again?” Tessa snapped, angry and worried.

“Then what are we supposed to do? Without a drummer, the whole show will feel soulless. The fans will be heartbroken...” Steven was on the verge of tears.

the

Avery slammed a fist down on the makeup table. His nails dug five deep gashes into the wood.

“Damn it! If I ever find out who did this, I’ll tear them apart.”

His pheromones surged with fury, making the lights backstage flicker uncontrollably.

“Enough. We’ll deal with whoever’s behind this after the concert,” Tessa said coolly.

Whoever had dared to hurt someone from Avery Band... she would not let it slide.

Suddenly, Steven looked up, eyes bright with hope. “Tessa! You used to be our drummer! Why don’t you take my place?”

“Yeah! Tessa, come on—you and I used to have such amazing chemistry. We can totally pull this off! You’re still part of this band, and now that we’re in a crisis, you’re not just going to walk away, are you?”

Avery looked at her, too—his gaze full of trust and expectation.

To them, Tessa had always been the soul of Avery Band.

Chapter 264 The Return of the Drummer

“Tessa, you used to be in Avery Band?” Ysabel looked like she couldn’t believe her ears.

“Tessa, please—do it for me. I really don’t want all our hard work to go to waste.”

Steven, about the same age as Tessa, looked up at her with wide, pleading eyes.

“Ms. Sinclair, Avery Band signed a high-stakes agreement with the label this time. If the concert can’t go on tonight, the band will be facing a massive compensation payout.” The manager was on the verge of panic. She had agreed to that contract because she was sure Avery Band was a guaranteed win.

She never imagined something like this would happen.

“What? That was part of the deal?” Tessa couldn’t believe what she was hearing.

The manager’s eyes started to well up. “Thinking about it now, it’s obvious—the company set us up.”

All over money. The band worked themselves to the bone, and even if they got a share of the profits, what was wrong with that?

“What they want is just a band that obeys.” But Avery? He was never going to be one of those obedient, manufactured stars. He had his own vision.

He wanted to bring real rock music back to the top.

Tessa glanced at him and suddenly understood. Of course. There was no way Avery would ever fall in line.

Everyone in this band had real talent. Even on their own, any one of them could outperform the current pop idols.

“Alright, I get it. If that’s how it is, then this concert is happening no matter what. Steven, give me your stage outfit. Avery, I need the setlist for tonight.”

The rest of the band lit up with excitement when they saw her finally agree. It had been so long since they played with her—and no one brought the same energy as Tessa did.

“Tessie, I’m gonna head out then. I’ll go tell my Uncle Landon what’s going on, or else he’ll get worried.” They’d already been backstage way longer than expected.

“Okay.” It had been a while since she was last on stage, but somehow, she found herself missing it.

The manager waved over a stylist to get Tessa ready while she reviewed the songs.

Luckily, even though she hadn’t been in the band these last couple of years, she’d kept up with their music. Avery Band was everywhere now—on the streets, on the radio. She knew every beat.

Back in the VIP seats, Ysabel rejoined the group. Seeing she was alone, Landon frowned slightly. “Where is she? Didn’t you leave together?”

“Tessie said she had something to take care of and told me to come back first. Don’t worry, Uncle Landon.

countdown.

The crowd roared along.

Some were screaming at the top of their lungs. Finally—they were here, live at Avery Band’s concert, seeing their idols in person.

At center stage, the platform began to rise. All five members of Avery Band appeared in full glam—each on tall, sharp-featured, and dressed in dazzling outfits.

Once the lift reached the top, Avery stepped forward to the mic.

And just then, Tessa, now fully disguised as a pretty boy, stepped into position behind the drum set. She wore a sleek mask and, after glancing briefly at Landon in the crowd, settled in behind the kit.

“Oh my god! What happened? Is Steven hurt? Why’s he wearing a mask?”

Some of the fans in the front row immediately picked up on something strange. They couldn’t smell Steven’s usual pheromones—and quickly realized something was off.

“That’s not Steven!”

Chapter 265 The Drummer in the Mask

“What’s going on? But... that masked guy looks really good-looking!”

+8 Pearis

“Right? I know I didn’t catch any of his pheromones, but he’s seriously hot! That cold vibe, and that mask just makes him even more alluring. What do I do? I think I’m falling for someone new,”

Even though she already knew Tessa was going to be on stage, seeing her now, masked and poised at the drum set, Ysabel’s heart still raced with excitement.

“Are my eyes playing tricks on me? Is that really Tessa up there?” Nathaniel rubbed his eyes in disbelief, “This is a concert with a hundred thousand people and she just—went on stage?”

Landon didn’t say a word. From the moment Tessa appeared on stage—even with the mask on—he recognized her instantly.

His gaze never left her. That’s my Tessa, he thought. That’s exactly who she is. Born to shine.

Wherever she went, all eyes were drawn to her. She was like a diamond—brilliant and impossible to ignore.

“So it really is Landon’s little girlfriend, huh? I’ve never paid much attention to the entertainment scene. What’s the deal between Tessa and Avery Band?” Hudson, normally the quiet one, couldn’t help but ask. Tessa’s identity had too many layers not to be curious.

“I know exactly as much as you do. Everything I know, you know.” Cameron’s voice carried a certain amused tone.

Tessa had too many fascinating sides to her.

Even without a wolf, she was stronger than most who had awakened theirs.

And her hidden identities—every one of them was more impressive than the last. Cameron couldn’t help but wonder: Just how many more sides of her haven’t we seen yet...?

As they spoke, the concert began.

The first song was pure rock—raw, loud, electric.

When the first drumbeat dropped, the entire stadium’s lights pulsed in perfect sync-

A sign of energy resonance triggered by a high-tier werewolf musician.

Tessa’s golden hair whipped through the air with every strike of the sticks. Each beat was so precise it mirrored the rhythm of wolves during the hunt.

“Holy hell... this drumming...”

A veteran werewolf music critic in the audience stood frozen, ears pricked. “She’s channeling connection!”

Most fans couldn't detect it on a spiritual level, but they could feel it. Their blood raced, their hearts pounded, and they couldn't stop screaming.

"Ah! Too cool!"

Over in the VIP section, Landon's amber-gold eyes widened with intensity. His pinewood pheromones surged uncontrollably into the air around him.

Nathaniel had to scoot two seats away just to breathe. "A top-tier alpha's possessiveness is seriously no joke..."

"Alpha, maybe dial it down a bit?" Cameron muttered as he rubbed the back of his neck, glands heating up under the pressure. "Most of the fans here are just regular werewolves."

Only then did Landon rein in his territorial aura, pulling back his pheromones with visible effort.

That fleeting burst of alpha dominance left the audience briefly shaken—but they were so swept up in the concert, no one realized what had happened.

"She's amazing! What do I do? I think I'm falling in love with Tessa all over again!" Ysabel squealed, beyond thrilled.

Her feelings matched those of every fan in that stadium—swept away by Tessa's power and presence.

"Uncle Landon, did you see that? That's our Tessa. Isn't she incredible? You have to win her over. Got it?" Ysabel grabbed his hand, her eyes shining.

"Of course," Landon replied, his heart full of pride.

Among all the stars in the sky, Tessa was the brightest.

No matter where she stood, he could always spot her first. That's what attraction really is.

It didn't matter whether she was his fated mate or not—Landon had already made up his mind.

He would stay by her side for the rest of his life. No matter what.

Chapter 266 The Return of the Drummer

As the final beat of the first song faded, Avery pulled the mic from its stand.

"Thanks to everyone for coming to our concert tonight," he said. "Let me introduce one of our original members—Taz!"

At those words, Tessa shot him a look. What was he doing? She had no intention of drawing attention to herself, okay?

"You could say, if there hadn't been a Taz, there wouldn't be an Avery Band. Today, because Steven got injured, Taz stepped in. Taz, it's really good to be on stage with you again."

Avery's gaze lingered on her with unmistakable warmth.

The moment his words landed, the crowd erupted into deafening screams.

They'd already been blown away by Taz's performance earlier.

Even though she'd just sat silently behind the drums, every move she made felt like it struck them straight through the chest.

Without even realizing it, they were completely captivated.

"And now," Avery said with a smile, "please enjoy a solo from Taz."

That part had originally been reserved for Steven, but since he couldn't be on stage tonight, Avery deliberately handed the spotlight to Tessa.

Tessa let out a quiet sigh. But she still nodded.

After what he just said, if she bailed now, the headlines tomorrow would definitely be about the Avery Band falling apart.

She'd spent nearly a year with this group—she knew how much they loved this stage, and how much it meant to them.

“Is this planned? That can't be. She literally just got pulled on stage a minute ago!” Ysabel gawked. She couldn't believe Avery just pulled that move—wasn't he worried about messing up?

“She doesn't need to rehearse. She'll nail it.” Landon's tone was calm, but there was nothing but unwavering confidence in his eyes.

His Tessa was brilliant at everything she did. She always found ways to surprise him.

The drumsticks in Tessa's hands seemed almost alive.

This solo was hers alone—entirely her own.

She'd written this piece a long time ago.

And now, it couldn't have been more perfect for this moment.

“I know, right? It doesn't even have lyrics, but it's got my blood pumping”

“This song is straight-up explosive. It’s gonna blow up. I’m telling you

“But I can’t find it anywhere online.”

“Must be a new release from Avery Band. They’re probably using this concert to hype up the next album.

As the final beat slammed down, every single light in the stadium suddenly went dark.

In the pitch-black arena, Tessa’s eyes glowed faintly blue behind her mask—like a lone alpha wolf under the moonlight.

Three seconds later, the lights flared back on, and she was sitting there just as before.

But that fleeting moment of visual shock had frozen the entire stadium in stunned silence.

And then the crowd exploded.

Thunderous applause shook the arena.

Every single fan was now utterly obsessed with this mysterious new drummer.

“So hot. Seriously, that was insane,” Ysabel breathed out, wide-eyed.

“Landon,” Cameron said with a low whistle, “your taste is scary good. I used to think you were just into her for her looks. But now... Tessa’s so much more than just a pretty face.”

That drum solo was insane.

Powerful. Cool. Explosive.

Even their inner wolves were riled up, howling to the rhythm.

The whole track had been a solo—just her, a drum kit, and total command of the stage.

And when it ended, the applause didn't. The cheers just kept going, fans screaming until their voices cracked.

"Oh my god, I can't take it—I need to change husbands."

"Same here. Steven, I'm sorry. I'm officially switching husbands tonight."

On stage, the other band members glanced at each other and broke into smiles.

She was back.

The real Tessa—the one who left their hearts pounding and the stage on fire—had finally returned.

Chapter 267 After the Encore

The concert ran from 8:00 p.m. to 11:30 p.m., each wave of excitement crashing higher than the last.

Even after the final song, the crowd refused to leave their seats.

"Thank you, everyone,"

The members of Avery Band bowed in unison to the audience.

Some fans were already crying from the sheer emotion.

“This is insane. Are fans always this intense now?” Cameron looked shocked.

“What’s so insane about it? Every member of Avery Band is insanely talented. They’ve earned the right to be worshipped,” Ysabel immediately jumped to defend her idols.

“Alright, you all head back first. I’m waiting for Tessa,” Landon cut in, tired of their chatter.

Right now, all he wanted was to see Tessa—his dazzling, unstoppable Tessa.

“Let’s go. Stop hovering like third wheels,” Hudson said, rounding up the others.

“Uncle Landon, can I wait with you for Tessa?” Ysabel looked hopeful. She had so much she wanted to gush about after the concert, and she really didn’t want to leave just yet.

“It’s late. That concert ran four and a half hours. You think Tessa still has the energy to chat?”

Ysabel paused. True—Tessa wasn’t even awakened as a werewolf yet. She’d gone straight on stage with zero preparation and carried the whole show. She must be exhausted by now.

With a bit of disappointment, Ysabel nodded. “Right. I’ll head back, then. Uncle Landon, take good care of Tessa.”

Seeing her reluctant expression, Nathaniel reached out and gently took her hand, pulling her into his arms so she wouldn’t get jostled by the crowd.

Ysabel’s face turned bright red.

“Nathaniel, I can walk on my own.”

But Nathaniel didn't let go.

"There are too many people, and the fans are a little nuts. I'll let go once we're out of the crowd."

He said it so matter-of-factly that she couldn't really argue without making it awkward.

So Ysabel stayed tucked in his arms as they carefully made their way through the crowd.

With him shielding her like that, and his usually stoic expression so serious, Ysabel felt her heart start to race for no reason...

Only to find Avery and the others waiting outside for her.

Steven's hand still hadn't been treated.

"Tessa, you were amazing tonight," Steven said, practically vibrating with excitement.

No matter how much time had passed, she was still the same old Tessa. Whatever she set her mind to, she would always pull it off flawlessly.

But when she saw how swollen and bruised his hand looked, Tessa frowned.

"Why haven't you gone to the hospital yet?" she asked sharply.

Hadn't she already told him to go find Samuel? Did he think those hands of his were disposable or what?

"It's nothing. I can go tomorrow." Steven scratched his head with his uninjured hand.

He hadn't seen her perform in so long, and he couldn't bear to leave. He just wanted to watch a little longer... and before he knew it, the night was already over.

“Don’t worry, Tessa. I’ll take him in tomorrow,” Avery promised.

Most of the hospital staff had already clocked out. Even if they were famous, they couldn’t just drag doctors out of bed in the middle of the night.

“You’re going now,” Tessa said coldly, leaving no room for argument.

And this whole thing—whoever was behind it—she would get to the bottom of it.

She wasn’t letting this slide.

“You guys head back. I’ll take Steven to the hospital.”

Without waiting for discussion, Tessa grabbed Steven and started walking off.

Avery tried to follow, but one of the other members stopped him.

“Captain, you know how Tessa is. Once she’s made up her mind, no one can change it. Besides, you’re the face of the band now. A lot of fans would recognize you at the hospital. It’d only cause more trouble.”

Avery knew they were right—but that didn’t make him any less anxious.

Landon got Tessa’s call and had already brought the car around. They were using the VIP exit, so there weren’t too many people around.

When he saw her walking over with a teenage boy, Landon didn’t say anything.

“This is Steven, Avery Band’s drummer. His hand’s injured—can you drive us to the hospital?” Tessa explained briefly as she helped Steven into the car.

On the way, she called Samuel to give him a heads-up. By the time they arrived, Samuel was already waiting

at the entrance.

“Tecen it’s late Vou should head home. I’ll take care of your friend and send him hack after I’ve treated

“Thank you,” Tessa said without hesitation. She gave a few more instructions, then turned to leave.

She still had something else to do tonight.

Whoever had hurt Steven-

She was going to find out. And make them pay.

Chapter 268 Just Let Me Handle It

As Tessa walked out of the hospital, she spotted Landon waiting by the car.

“Mr. Thorne, you should head back. I’ll grab a ride on my own.”

She hadn’t let him come in because she knew perfectly well he and Samuel couldn’t stand each other..

Landon raised a brow. “It’s late. It’s not safe for a girl to be out alone.”

“Not safe?” Tessa smirked. “I’m pretty sure the ones running into me are the ones who should be worried.”

“You’re planning to look into what happened to Steven, aren’t you? Leave it to me. I’ll give you the answer

you want.”

Tessa almost turned him down out of habit—until she remembered that look he always had when she rejected his help.

After a pause, she nodded. “Okay. I’ll leave it to you.”

She trusted him. If Landon said he’d handle it, he would.

Landon was obviously pleased she didn’t turn him down. He leaned in and kissed her lightly on the lips.

“I’m happy you let me help. None of your problems are ever a burden to me,” he murmured. “Being able to take care of things for you... it’s an honor. I just hope you’ll lean on me a little more.”

Caught off guard by his sudden affection, Tessa froze. Her cheeks flushed under the weight of his warm gaze.

She quickly looked down. “We should go.”

Landon smiled and opened the car door for her.

After dropping her off, he dialed Cameron.

Right then, Cameron was tangled up with a very attractive female werewolf, both of them naked and just about to get to the fun part when his phone rang.

“Seriously? This better be important,” he growled, snatching up the call without checking the screen.

“Cameron.”

The moment he heard Landon’s voice, Cameron sat upright, panic flashing in his eyes.

“Alpha?! Uh—yeah, yes sir! I mean, what’s up?”

“You need to look into something. I want a full report tomorrow.”

Cameron immediately straightened up. “Yes, sir. What is it?”

Landon quickly filled him in on what had happened to Steven.

pissed.

Meanwhile, inside the apartment, Tessa handed Landon a glass of water.

“Thanks. Really.”

Landon pulled her into his arms.

“As much as I’d rather keep you here, you’ve had a long night. Go shower and get some sleep.”

Tessa nodded.

Live shows were exhausting enough as it was—especially Avery Band’s. Everything was done live, and even though she’d awakened as a White Wolf, she’d jumped in cold tonight. Her body was wiped.

Landon ran her a bath and tested the water temperature.

“I added a couple drops of essential oil. It’ll help you relax.”

“Thanks. You should get going.”

A Nightshade Pack alpha doing things like this for her... it was hard not to be charmed.

Landon pulled the bathroom door closed behind her.

When she heard the front door shut, she finally slipped out of her clothes and into the tub.

The water was just right. She sank into it with a quiet sigh.

It was nearly 1 a.m. by the time she came out, wrapped in a robe and toweling her hair dry, when her phone rang.

Lina.

“Hey, Lina. What’s going on? It’s late.”

Something serious must’ve happened for her to call at this hour.

“Phantom... we’ve got a problem. Someone found the base.”

Tessa frowned.

The base’s location was supposed to be top secret—no one had ever been able to find it.

“Who was it?”

Even if someone did know where the headquarters was, so what?

Lightwing Order’s true value was never the hardware—it was the people. Most of the senior members weren’t even stationed there.

“Evan. Alpha of Thornbane Pack.”

Chapter 269 Tensions at the Gate

Hearing that name, Tessa more or less knew what was going on.

“Alright, I got it.”

“Do we need to change locations?”

“No need. I actually want to see what this Evan is trying to do,”

“Phantom, no matter what, these people aren’t to be messed with. I think you should stay offline for now.”

As the alpha of the Thornbane Pack, showing up so brazenly at the headquarters of the Lightwing Order—wasn’t that just to drag Phantom out?

There were far too many people who wanted to catch Phantom.

They were constantly on guard but never truly safe. There was nothing they could do.

“It’s fine. It’s late. Get some rest. This isn’t anything serious.”

It wasn’t arrogance. If she pushed her wolf powers to the limit, she could even hold her own against Landon.

Evan was nothing more than someone Landon had already beaten. She didn’t need to worry about him at all.

At that same moment, Evan stood outside the Lightwing Order’s headquarters, frowning as he eyed the shabby courtyard in front of him.

“You’re telling me the strongest hacker in the werewolf world—Phantom—is in this dump?”

Even now, Evan still couldn’t bring himself to believe this rundown place was the Lightwing Order’s base.

“Alpha, this really is their headquarters. I only stumbled across the intel by sheer luck,” his subordinate replied.

If the source hadn’t been so reliable, he wouldn’t have believed it either. Everyone in the Lightwing Order was worth millions. And the senior members? They were the kind of people every werewolf elite wanted to recruit.

“Let’s go check it out.”

Evan had just stepped forward to investigate when Nathaniel arrived with a squad of Nightshade Pack werewolf warriors.

Seeing Evan here, he frowned. “Evan, using a business inspection as an excuse to sneak back to Navoris is one thing, but what the hell are you doing here in the middle of the night?”

Evan froze, warily eyeing Nathaniel.

He'd only just received news about Phantom and hadn't even had a chance to look around yet. Now

"Mr. Frost, I couldn't sleep and decided to go for a walk. Strange running into you here, though."

Evan kept his tone polite.

The blood pact he'd made with Landon five years ago bound him tightly. If he broke it, every werewolf in Montedra would turn on him and the Thornbane Pack until they were wiped out.

So he had to exploit a loophole in the contract, coming to Navoris under the guise of expanding business.

To avoid suspicion, he hadn't brought many people with him. Even his beta had stayed behind to watch over the pack.

But Nathaniel had arrived with a full team of trained Nightshade Pack warriors. While none of them were his match individually, if a fight broke out, it would cause a huge commotion.

He had finally found Phantom—he couldn't risk letting her slip away....

To the man who had lost to his own alpha, Nathaniel showed no mercy. "Evan, sorry to say, but this place caught our alpha's interest. Don't show your face around here again. Our alpha hates you."

"You-!" Evan's subordinate couldn't take it anymore and stepped forward.

"Nathaniel, we found this place first. Don't push it!"

Nathaniel didn't even spare him a glance.

“Just because you found it first, you think it’s yours? Ask your alpha if he dares to say that in front of ours.”

Nathaniel was a diehard Phantom fan. The moment his team traced her to this place, he had personally volunteered to come.

Good thing he got here in time—otherwise Evan would’ve taken his idol away.

Evan’s expression darkened.

He was still the proud alpha of the Thornbane Pack. Being provoked like this by a beta—his pride as an alpha had been trampled.

Tonight, he had to teach Nathaniel a lesson.

Evan’s pupils narrowed into dangerous slits. Dark red pheromones surged toward Nathaniel like a tide.

The air filled with a sharp, metallic, sulfuric scent—Thornbane Pack’s signature aggressive alpha pheromones.

Nathaniel didn’t dare let his guard down. Even if Evan had lost to Landon, his rank was still higher than his own. A faint golden glow spread around Nathaniel as he activated his wolf powers to resist the attack.

Rank mattered. Even though Nathaniel was going all out, he was clearly struggling. Sweat beaded on his forehead, and his fur bristled under the pressure.

The lower-ranked werewolf warriors behind him had already collapsed, coughing up blood.

This couldn’t go on much longer...

Chapter 270

Smoke Signals and Bluff Calls

“Our alpha is already on his way,” Nathaniel said, forcing himself to release the Nightshade Pack’s distress signal—a beam of silver light shot into the sky. “You sure you want to break the blood pact and start a war with us?”

At those words, Evan’s pheromones froze in the air.

He only had one subordinate with him, a scout. If Landon showed up, he wouldn’t stand a chance.

And if this clash was officially deemed a challenge, he would have violated the blood pact. Every werewolf in Montedra would turn against him and the Thornbane Pack until they were wiped out....

Evan bit down, his canine tearing open his lower lip. Blood flooded his mouth. In the end, he gave a furious wave of his hand. “We’re leaving!”

As he turned away, his claws left five charred gashes on the wall—a mark of the Thornbane Pack’s rage.

He still couldn’t fight Landon openly. But that was fine. One day, he would take Landon’s place as the alpha king of Montedra, and make him bow at his feet!

Only after the pheromones fully dispersed did Nathaniel sink to the ground, gasping for breath. “Damn... an S-rank alpha’s pressure really hits hard...”

He wiped off his sweat, told the uninjured werewolf warriors to help the injured to treatment, then called Landon.

He hadn’t actually released the Nightshade Pack’s distress signal earlier—it had all been a bluff to scare Evan off.

With the blood pact in place, he was sure Evan wouldn’t dare start a fight in Navoris.

As soon as the call connected, Nathaniel started boasting like usual. "Alpha, you have no idea how amazing I was just now! I drove the Thornbane Pack's alpha away all by myself..."

"He caused trouble again?" Landon, freshly showered, frowned deeply at Nathaniel's words.

"No, he was probably here for Phantom too. I just said a few words and scared him off. You should've seen him bolt—it was hilarious..."

Landon relaxed a bit, sensing nothing serious had happened. "Mm. Anything else?"

"Alpha, are you really not coming? I'm already at the Lightwing Order headquarters. If you don't come, I'm going up to find Phantom myself."

Landon replied coolly, "You think you'll actually see Phantom if you go up? After chasing Phantom this long, you still don't know how well they hide?"

"Alpha, just watch! This time I'm definitely meeting Phantom!"

Nathaniel hung up, unwilling to give up. He picked a few men to go up into the building with him.

But once they got upstairs, all they saw was the sleek interior design—there was no sign of Phantom.

"Beta, we really don't know what happened. This is definitely the Lightwing Order's base! There's no way it's completely empty..."

They were innocent—truly, utterly innocent.

Nathaniel walked around, checking every corner.

"No one is allowed to touch anything in here. This stuff belongs to Phantom."

“Beta, it’s just a few computers....”

“What do you mean just a few computers? Is the computer the point? The point is who uses those computers!”

Nathaniel was a diehard Phantom fan..

When it came to Phantom’s skills, he had nothing but absolute admiration.

And then there was Cameron—the only other hacker who dared to see Phantom as a rival. If he hadn’t been assigned elsewhere tonight by the alpha, he would’ve definitely come too.

“We won’t touch anything, not a thing,” his subordinates quickly promised.

Nathaniel really did want to boot up one of those computers and see what kind of secrets they held.

But remembering they belonged to Phantom, and that he might need Phantom’s help in the future, he didn’t dare push his luck.

In the end, he simply posted guards to protect Phantom’s assets...

Tessa had slept fitfully all night.

When she woke up, Lina was already calling again.

“Phantom, someone else showed up behind the Lightwing Order. No one dares to touch our stuff now.”

“Who?”

“Nightshade Pack’s beta, Nathaniel.” One big shot after another was showing up!

Hearing it was Nathaniel, Tessa cared even less. “Oh, got it. Find something for Evan to do, will you? If he’s too bored, he’ll just come looking for trouble.”