

## Wolfless 28

### Chapter 28 The Alpha's Pursuit: Shadows of Destiny

The silver-gray Lamborghini glided into the parking lot of Wisteria Apartment and parked neatly in its space.

Landon turned to look at her peaceful, sleeping profile. He didn't wake her. In her sleep, she looked so serene, like a little angel. So calm, so beautiful.

She made him want to stay by her side forever, just to guard her and make sure she had sweet dreams.

I want to kiss her, Flex suddenly piped up.

Flex, that's not very gentlemanly, Landon replied in his mind.

I like her. I want her to be our Luna, Flex insisted, unyielding.

We'll have to wait until she's an adult.

For years, Landon hadn't found his destined mate. The Thorne family elders had repeatedly urged him to settle down, even suggesting potential partners—strong capable female werewolves with impeccable backgrounds.

None of them had ever stirred anything in him.

But the moment he met Tessa, he'd been captivated.

Even though she had no wolf and carried a reputation many would shun, he knew without a doubt—she was the one for him. She was the one he would choose, no matter what.

Tessa stirred awake, blinking herself back to consciousness. She realized she'd fallen asleep in the car—and for two whole hours, no less.

The first thing she saw when she opened her eyes was Landon, his striking features still the epitome of calm and control.

“Mr. Thorne,” she murmured, her voice slightly hoarse from sleep, “are you trying to court me?”

Her blunt question caught Landon by surprise. He turned to face her fully, her sleep-softened demeanor tugging at his chest.

“Yes,” he replied, his deep voice unwavering. “Can’t you tell?”

Still groggy, Tessa blinked in confusion. “Why?”

He reached out, gently pinching her cheek—her baby-soft skin made his hand linger a moment longer than he'd intended.

“I’m following my heart,” Landon said simply, his tone sincere and unhurried.

Her heart skipped a beat. Is he... serious? She couldn't quite grasp the implications of his answer. Why her, of all people?

Landon's calm intensity was disarming. He never seemed to rush or pressure her. Somehow, his patience felt even more dangerous than any impulsive declaration.

Tessa quickly pushed open the car door, needing air and space.

Landon followed her out, watching her with an unreadable expression.

"Goodnight," she said hurriedly, retreating toward her apartment.

Later that night, as Tessa lay in bed staring at the ceiling, her thoughts inevitably circled back to Landon's words.

"I'm following my heart."

He had been nothing but kind to her—gentle yet firm, protective but never overbearing. For someone of his status to invest so much time and effort into her....it was baffling.

She was no stranger to people wanting something from her, but Landon? His sincerity felt real.

And that scared her.

"Emma" she whispered into the quiet of her room. Her wolf emerged, stretching lazily within her consciousness.

"Yes, my dear?" Emma responded, her voice smooth and warm.

“Do you think he might be... our fated mate?”

Emma chuckled softly. “Sweetheart, you’re not eighteen yet. I can’t sense anything until then.”

A wave of disappointment hit her, though she didn’t know why. I guess I’ll just have to wait.

For the first time in her life, Tessa found herself eager for her birthday. When she turned eighteen, she’d finally know the truth—and a part of her hoped it would confirm what her heart already suspected.

Landon could very well be the one.

He has to be, she thought, her heart skipping in anticipation.