

Wolfless 311

Chapter 311 Navoris High Tessa

Tessa pointed toward a girl surrounded and being beaten by a group of young men.

“Who is that?” Landon asked, not recognizing Anna and showing zero interest in why those guys were attacking her.

“A classmate,” Tessa said. “Wait here—I’m going to check it out.” She remembered that Anna had been little more than a scapegoat in the forum incident, all masterminded by Winona.

Tessa stepped out of the car and walked over.

The young men noticed the strikingly beautiful girl approaching, but instead of backing off, one of them sneered, “Hey babe, wanna join in? Beating people’s a lotta fun!”

With that, he slapped Anna across the face.

Blood trickled from the corner of Anna’s mouth.

She looked at Tessa with a mix of hatred and despair.

What is she doing here? To mock me?

She was only in this mess because of Tessa and Winona—those twisted sisters.

If it hadn’t been for them, she’d still be at First High.

‘If it hadn’t been for them, she might’ve made it into a good university.

Now, all of that was gone—and it was all their fault.

Fueled by rage, Anna's werewolf aura flared out of control—only to be met with another slap from one of the thugs.

"You bitch," the guy snarled, "you think you can get mad at us? Been too long since someone stripped you bare and showed you off?"

As he spoke, he reached for her clothes.

Anna desperately clutched her shirt, pleading, "Please... don't..."

"Let her go." Tessa's voice cut through the noise, cold and sharp.

The guys exchanged glances.

Anna stared at Tessa, stunned. She's... helping me? She's not just here to watch me suffer

?

"What, you don't understand plain speech?" Tessa said again, her tone growing more irritated.

"Hey now, sweetheart. We let her go—you gonna play with us instead?" One of the punks leered at her, eyes raking down her figure. "You look like a lot more fun."

Tessa smirked. "Sure. No problem. I'll play. Whatever you want."

She'd heard rumors that Anna's life had gone downhill after transferring schools—but she hadn't expected it to be this bad. Honestly, this Anna... was just disappointing.

“Yeah? Well too bad, we’re not letting her go!” one of them barked, yanking Anna by the hair and dragging her forward. “What now, pretty girl? This filthy slut your friend?”

Anna’s eyes were filled with hopelessness. She must’ve looked completely humiliated.

Tessa didn’t waste another word.

“Fine. Let’s play.”

A faint silver aura flared around her.

In the blink of an eye, her fist landed squarely in one punk’s gut, sending him crashing to the ground.

She spun midair, her heel slicing through the air like a blade laced with wolf power, and kicked another one flying.

The guy holding Anna recoiled in terror and immediately let go.

Tessa’s aura radiated with the force of a high-ranking werewolf. The low-rank wolf spirit inside him instinctively cowered, trembling in fear.

But he and his friends had a reputation as thugs—cowards or not, they couldn’t lose face.

Forcing himself to stay upright, he shouted, “Who the hell are you? Do you even know who we are?!”

Tessa rolled her eyes.

“I’m not doing this dumb alpha-posturing crap. You just need to know who I am. Navoris High—Tessa. If you’ve got a problem, come find me.”

Then, like a protective mother wolf, she yanked Anna to her side without hesitation.

Chapter 312 The One Who Helped Me

Anna looked up at Tessa, her hand still held tightly, eyes filled with awe.

This version of Tessa—calm, strong, fearless—was mesmerizing. She made people feel safe.

“Navoris High’s Tessa, huh? Just you wait! We’re not done with you!” one of the punks shouted before limping away, still desperate to leave behind a threat.

“Lunatics,” Tessa muttered coldly, tossing three words after them.

Anna lowered her head in shame. She had once maligned Tessa, framed her, spread rumors—yet now, when she was helpless and vulnerable, it was Tessa who stepped in to protect her.

“...I’m sorry.” It took her a long moment to force the words out.

“No need to apologize,” Tessa replied bluntly. “You’re the one who’s more pitiful right now.”

“Still... about the forum stuff, I owe you an apology. And for today... thank you.”

If she hadn’t lost her mind and made all those choices, none of this would’ve happened.

At the end of the day, she had no one to blame but herself.

“Anna, come back to Navoris High.”

Anna looked up, stunned—then slowly lowered her gaze again.

Go back? Could she? And even if she did... how would she face everyone at school?

“You’ve got a solid academic foundation. If you just transfer, you could still get into a good university.”

Tessa didn’t believe Anna was truly beyond saving.

That was the only reason she’d stepped in today at all.

And Anna knew it, too.

“But what school would take me now? Honestly, Tessa, I really admire you. When you first came to Navoris High, everyone was whispering about your past, throwing insults around—but you never broke. You never even flinched. But me... if it weren’t for my mom, I think I’d already be dead.”

“If you don’t want to go back to Navoris High, then pick somewhere else. Just tell me where—you don’t need to worry about anything.” Tessa grabbed Anna’s phone and entered her number. “Any school you want.”

Anna stared at her, stunned.

She... wanted to help her?

Tessa popped a piece of gum into her mouth.

“Don’t look so surprised. If it’s in Montedra, any high school’s possible.” She wasn’t bragging. She really had that kind of pull.

“Tessa—I—” Anna was speechless. The last person she ever expected to help her... was the very one she’d looked down on.

Tessa might've been strong in combat, but she had no idea how to comfort a crying girl. So she simply said, "Go home. Think about where you want to go, then tell me."

"Could I... borrow some money?" Anna sniffled, embarrassed. "They took everything I had. I don't even have enough for the bus."

Tessa usually just used her card. She dug through her pockets and only found a single hundred-dollar bill.

She handed it to Anna and turned to leave without another word.

Holding the bill in her hand, Anna nearly broke down in tears.

She really, truly regretted everything.

She regretted how she had treated Tessa.

Because now... the only person who cared enough to help her—was Tessa.

After dinner, Landon dropped Tessa off at Wisteria Apartments.

He didn't leave right away. Instead, he handed her a flash drive.

"If anything goes wrong at tomorrow's Sinclair Corp shareholder meeting, this will help."

Inside was everything he had gathered through the Phantom Pack's covert intelligence network—dark secrets about Donald and Yardley.

If those files were made public, those two wouldn't dare utter another word.

Chapter 313 Not the Same as Before

Tessa blinked at the flash drive in Landon's hand.

"Mr. Landon, do you not believe I can handle this on my own?" She didn't think this situation was that serious.

Landon hesitated, trying to figure out how to explain himself in a way she'd understand.

"You don't have to say anything," Tessa said before he could speak. "Thank you."

He genuinely just wanted to help her.

"I just don't want you to carry everything alone," he said at last. "Some things, for me, are nothing more than a lift of a finger. So why not let me help?"

And with all the resources he had, why shouldn't she take advantage of that?

"Thank you. But don't do this again next time. I've already made every possible preparation." There was no need for him to trouble himself over minor things like this.

Especially when he was already swamped with his own responsibilities.

"Donald's not a bad guy," Landon added. "He's one of the Violette Pack's potential alpha successors, sure, but he's never shown much interest in that position. His heart's in business. If you're open to it, maybe he can help manage Sinclair Corp in the future."

"I know," Tessa replied. Donald was one of her potential rivals, so she had already investigated everything about him.

Donald was capable—and trustworthy.

Her father had never trusted Donald, simply because of his ties to the Violette Pack. But if he had, and handed Sinclair Corp to Donald, maybe things wouldn't have fallen into such a mess.

Landon wrapped an arm around her shoulders, pulling her gently into his embrace.

“Tessa, you know...” he murmured, “sometimes, I really wish you weren't so strong. Maybe then, I'd feel a little more important.”

He wanted to be needed—to help, to be relied on. But when the girl you love is so capable she barely ever asks for help...

It left him feeling like he had no place.

Like he'd never be needed.

Tessa stared at him in surprise. “Mr. Landon, you—”

“Alright, that's enough.” He let go of her, smiled faintly, and kissed her forehead. “Get some rest. I'll pick you up tomorrow.”

And then he left.

Tessa stood alone in the living room, thinking about what he said.

Do I really make people feel like they're

not needed?

Landon was different.

He wasn't like Samuel. He wasn't like Miracle. He wasn't like anyone else.

Maybe... because she was never good at expressing herself, he misunderstood. Maybe that was why he felt so distant sometimes.

Just as her thoughts started to spiral, the ring on her finger flared with a strange light again.

Emma's voice growled in her mind, tense, and frustrated. "It's him again! That guy! The ring's flaring more and more often—if this keeps up, he's going to find us sooner or later!"

Tessa gently soothed her. "If he's coming, let him come. We don't need to be afraid anymore. We're not who we used to be, right?"

She wasn't scared of anything now.

Just as that thought settled-

Her phone rang.

. The caller ID read: Samuel.

She answered immediately.

"Calling me this late?" she said casually.

Hearing her voice, Samuel finally relaxed. "Tessa! You can't just take everything so lightly! He's still looking for you! I know you're strong, but please—just be a little more careful, alright?"

“You saw him? Did he hurt you?” Tessa’s pupils narrowed, and a dangerous aura instantly radiated from her.

If he dared lay a finger on Samuel...

She would tear him apart. Piece by piece.

Chapter 314 Useless Words

“Relax. I’ve got Michael watching my back here in Yalvaria—no one dares lay a hand on me.” Samuel’s voice was light, but his words carried sharpness. “I just called because I’m worried about you. That bastard still hasn’t given up.”

“I know. Don’t worry about me. No one can hurt me—even he can’t.” As long as she didn’t want to be caught, she wouldn’t be. “Just make sure you take care of yourself. Don’t let him catch you.”

She’d followed Samuel to Yalvaria and entered the infamous Hell Training Camp—enduring trials that most people would have crumbled under.

That was also where she first met that twisted, obsessive man...

A man who understood her too well—and knew Samuel was her only weakness.

“Relax. I won’t let anyone use me to threaten you.” Samuel wasn’t as strong as Tessa, but he knew how to

survive.

Besides, he always carried a special escape serum—something he’d developed himself. Even against an alpha king, he could still buy enough time to slip away.

“Mm. I’m hanging up now,” Tessa said, about to end the call.

“What? You haven’t seen me in forever, and you’re not even gonna say you missed me? You can’t give me one nice word?” Samuel grumbled, obviously annoyed.

He worried about her day and night, and she could be so... cold.

“What do you want then?” Tessa asked with forced patience. Only with Samuel did she ever try to hold it

in.

And it had only been three days since they last saw each other.

“Just say you missed me,” he said, full of arrogant expectation.

“What? It’s just a sentence! You can’t even give me that? I’d throw my life away for you, but when it comes

to you-

“Samuel, you’re not a child anymore.” And with that, she hung up without a second thought.

She didn’t need to hear whatever immature nonsense he had lined up next.

Samuel stared at the dial tone in disbelief. She’d actually hung up.

He yanked the phone away from his ear and saw the call had ended.

“Damn it!” he growled, frustrated. “Tessa, you’re too ruthless! You really hung up on me! I swear, I’ll—”

But halfway through his rant, he fizzled out like a deflated balloon.

What was the point? No matter how many threats he made, if Tessa called, he'd drop everything and run

to her anyway.

Sigh...

Samuel slumped back, feeling tragically defeated.

"Tessa, you heartless brat... Being your friend is more exhausting than being your dad..."

The next morning, Landon arrived early to drive Tessa to Sinclair Corp.

"I'll come pick you up after the shareholders' meeting ends," he said as they pulled up outside the building.

He knew she didn't want him involved in this matter, so this was his compromise.

"Okay. Go handle your own stuff," she said. As Nightshade Pack's alpha and the CEO of Thorne Corp, he had far more on his plate than she did.

"Mm." Landon nodded. After she got out of the car, he drove away.

Not far off, Yardley had been waiting in his car, hoping to speak with Landon—but just as he stepped out, Landon had already driven off.

He turned and found Tessa staring at him—expressionless.

Yardley's face burned with embarrassment, but he forced himself to approach her.

"Tessa... no matter what, I'm still your father. You wouldn't want me to lose too badly, right? You've already got Alpha Landon now—anything you want, it's yours. Isn't that enough?"

It was a last-ditch plea. He couldn't stand the thought of losing Sinclair Corp. It was the only thing he truly had—his last claim to power.

Tessa frowned. "So?"

What are you even trying to say with all this nonsense?

Chapter 315 A Line Crossed

Yardley's face twisted with fury, his werewolf aura flaring wildly with agitation.

He'd already spelled things out as plainly as possible—so why couldn't she understand?

How could someone be this greedy?

"What I'm saying is, now that you already have Thorne Corp, why must you fight me for Sinclair Corp too? Sinclair Corp is my life's work—I can't lose it!"

Tessa's eyes flashed cold, a steely chill settling into the air around her. The subtle but terrifying pressure she released made the temperature drop sharply.

"Your life's work? You can't be serious," she said, voice sharp. "Why don't you go ahead and tell me what exactly you've done for Sinclair Corp?"

If it weren't for him, Sinclair Corp wouldn't be in the miserable state it was today.

"And another thing," she added, eyes narrowing, "who told you Thorne Corp is mine? Did you give it to me?"

How could he say something so shameless with a straight face? What did he take her for?

"Tessa, I truly believe that Alpha Mr. Landon treats you well. If you could become his mate—even if you can't, just staying by his side—he would never let you suffer."

Tessa felt an actual headache coming on.

Was this really something a father should be saying?

He wanted his daughter to be someone else's mistress?

"Yardley, enough with the nonsense. I'm taking Sinclair Corp. That's final."

"You—" Yardley's chest heaved with fury, his aura spiraling out of control. "Tessa, how can you be so heartless? I'm still your father! Are you really going to push me to the edge? Will you only be satisfied when I jump off the top of Sinclair Corp's building?!"

"Jump?" Tessa's tone turned icy. "So now you're threatening me?"

Yardley didn't answer. But he couldn't live without Sinclair Corp.

He couldn't afford to lose.

“Remember this—if I can’t remain president of Sinclair Corp, I’ll jump off the building. I’ll make sure you live with the guilt for the rest of your life.”

Tessa laughed—a low, biting sound.

“Even if you jumped, nothing would change. You know me. My heart has always been cold. Even if you dropped dead right in front of me, it wouldn’t disturb my peace in the slightest.”

With that, she walked past him without another glance.

“Tessa, how can you be so cruel? I’m your father! How can you treat me like this?” Yardley roared after her, red light gleaming in his eyes, fangs slightly bared. Tufts of fur began to sprout from his neck.

He was losing control.

But Tessa didn’t so much as flinch. Nothing he said could change the fact that she was taking Sinclair Corp back.

Yardley stood frozen, seething.

He was the male alpha of the Sinclair family. He should’ve been the Frostmoon Pack’s alpha.

If not for the injury he sustained in the vampire war five years ago, would he be in this pathetic state now?

Sinclair Corp was all he had left—and he was not letting it go.

With his last thread of composure, he pulled out his phone and called Liam, voice laced with madness.

“Go to the Sinclair estate. Take the old man. Now.”

If Tessa wouldn't give him a way out, then he'd make one. Even if it meant crossing a line.

He would not lose Sinclair Corp.

As he spoke, his eyes glinted with a frenzied light. Spit trickled past his exposed fangs from the sheer force of his rage.

"You really want to go that far?" Liam hesitated, disturbed by the order. Walter was his father, after all.

"What, you think you'll still have a job here if I get kicked out of Sinclair Corp? You and I—we're already on the same sinking ship."

"...Fine. I'll go now."

After a long pause, Liam gave in.

Once everything was set in motion, Yardley finally felt a little calmer.

No matter what-

He had to win this time.

So what if Tessa had Alpha Landon behind her?

He wasn't going to give up everything he once owned.

Not after begging her, only to be so thoroughly rejected.

If she wouldn't give him a chance...

Then she could blame no one but herself when he chose the most extreme way to win.

Chapter 316 Respect Earned

When Tessa first walked into Sinclair Corp, no one gave her a second look.

In the werewolf-dominated world of business, the unawakened were seen as weak.

Tessa had neither awakened her wolf nor graduated from high school. In their eyes, she knew nothing about management—let alone running a corporation like Sinclair Corp.

But everything changed after the Beauty Lux incident.

She had pulled the brand back from the brink of collapse. Against all odds, she had saved it.

If she could turn around something like Beauty Lux, then maybe—just maybe—she could do the same for Sinclair Corp.

Even the sharpest veteran wolf businessmen had started to take her seriously after witnessing her instincts and skill.

“Ma’am, good morning.”

A few employees greeted her respectfully, unconsciously straightening their backs. It was the kind of posture one made in front of a superior predator—instinctive, reverent.

The rest quickly followed suit. In the blink of an eye, confidence rippled through the entire office.

That was the sight Donald saw when he walked in.

“Well, look at her.” He gave a low whistle. “She hasn’t even done anything yet, and they already believe in her.”

“Donald, she’s your competition now,” his assistant reminded him quietly.

Donald had always had his eyes on the executive seat.

Now wasn’t the time to admire a rival.

“So? What do you think your odds are this time?”

They’d put everything they had into this.

Donald shook his head. “No idea.”

Without Tessa, he would’ve been completely confident.

But now that she was in the ring—things weren’t so certain anymore.

“Want me to use some tricks to force her out of the race?” his assistant offered. It wouldn’t be the first time they’d played dirty.

Business was war. Only results mattered.

“Forget it. This girl’s interesting,” Donald said, stopping him immediately. His pupils gleamed with a faint flash of wolfish excitement. “I’d rather keep her in the game.”

“You’re not falling for her, are you?” the assistant blurted out, wide-eyed.

Since when was Donald this... lenient?

Donald gave him a sharp look.

“Don’t talk nonsense. She’s just a kid.”

Well—seventeen. Almost of age.

As they spoke, Donald caught sight of Tessa ahead and walked over to her.

“Hey, Tessa. Long time no see. How’ve you been?”

He’d been busy lately and hadn’t gotten the chance to visit. Now, up close, he could tell—her presence had

grown stronger.

He could even sense the faintest trace of high—level wolf energy...

But it was subtle, almost hidden. Maybe he was imagining it.

As someone ranked below both Landon and Tessa, and with her wolf Emma keeping her aura concealed, Donald couldn’t be sure. Still, it made him curious.

“Mr. Donald.” Tessa nodded politely. She didn’t dislike him.

“Congrats on Beauty Lux. That was a huge success,” Donald said sincerely.

It felt good to have a rival like her.

“Thank you. Your project was impressive too.” Tessa’s compliment was just as honest.

Donald really was competent—and this time around, he’d handled his side of the competition admirably.

“Feels kind of pointless for us to just stand here complimenting each other, huh?” Donald grinned.

“But honestly, Tessa—I admire what you pulled off. Bringing Beauty Lux back from the dead? That takes guts.”

Tessa arched a brow. “Believe me—skill has nothing to do with gender.”

Chapter 317 Breaking the Rules

“Alright, I take it back.” Donald chuckled. “Still, there aren’t many girls in all of Montedra who are as impressive as you—and you’re not even an adult yet.”

What made her remarkable wasn’t that she was a girl. It was that she had such capability, such strategy, at such a young age.

Thanks. Tessa replied simply, accepting the compliment.

Watching her. Donald felt his interest deepen.

Tessa. I have to say—you’re very much my type,” he said, his voice full of implication.

As he spoke, he released a faint trace of his pheromones—a subtle signal among werewolves used to express attraction.

He hadn't found his destined mate yet, and if Tessa was interested, he wouldn't mind seeing where things might go.

Even if nothing came of it romantically, they could still be allies. He had no doubt the two of them, working together, could carve out a whole new empire in the business world.

Tessa, of course, noticed the gesture—but socializing had never been her strength, nor her interest.

Without acknowledging his words or his scent, she simply said, "Heading to the conference room," and turned to leave.

Her sharp, chilly aura surrounded her like a silent warning. Keep your distance.

The primal instinct within Donald—the wolf beneath the man—was stirred for a moment... then subdued.

He followed her inside without another word.

The other shareholders were already there. Lila was present as well.

She didn't go out of her way to greet Tessa. She already knew—when Tessa set her mind on something, there was no talking her out of it.

And truthfully, it didn't matter much to Lila who became the executive president. She was just here to collect her dividends.

Whoever could bring Sinclair Corp profit was good enough.

Harper arrived just ten minutes before the meeting started, holding a folder of documents in hand.

“Tessa, you can relax. This quarter, our revenue doubled—again.”

With results like that, there was no question. Tessa would win the executive presidency today.

Tessa accepted the folder, flipping it open.

“Excellent work. Thank you for all the effort you’ve put in,” she said sincerely.

“Tessa, getting to work with you is an absolute privilege.” Harper replied with emotion.

Tessa had not only treated them well, but had also shared the rewards generously.

“Harper, once you’re back. I’m giving you ten percent of Beauty Lux’s shares.”

“Tessa?” Harper blinked, stunned.

In werewolf society, high-ranking wolves controlled nearly all resources. Someone like her—with no powerful bloodline or backing—no matter how hard she worked, would usually remain just another cog in

the machine.

But Tessa was willing to break those rules.

She had just turned a regular employee into a part-owner of the company.

It was no wonder even someone like Camille—Phantom’s successor—followed Tessa so loyally.

Tessa... really was worth following.

“Alright, head back for now. There’s nothing more for you to do here.”

“Okay. I’ll get going then. And Tessa—good luck. I know you’ve got this.” Harper smiled with confidence.

Everyone would see soon enough—Tessa was a genius in business.

The shareholders’ meeting was about to begin. Everyone had arrived-

Except Yardley.

“Ms. Lila, could you please get in touch with Mr. Yardley? Everyone’s waiting,” one shareholder said impatiently. “We all have important schedules. We can’t just sit around like this.”

Most of the people present weren’t just Sinclair Corp shareholders. Their time was valuable.

“Sorry, I’ve been trying to contact him,” Lila said helplessly. “But there’s been no response.”

Not just his phone—even the mind—link between mates was silent.

If they hadn’t come to Sinclair Corp together this morning, she might’ve thought something had happened to him...

Chapter 318 The Boardroom Battleground

“Mr. Yardley really must be very busy,” one of the shareholders sneered. “Even a meeting this important couldn’t make him show up on time. If he doesn’t even care about Sinclair Corp, why insist on clinging to the executive seat?”

“Exactly,” another chimed in. “If he’s late to something like this, makes you wonder how often is he late the rest of the time? Does he even care about our interests as shareholders?”

They hadn’t invested in Sinclair Corp to be toyed with. This was business, not a joke.

Lila stood awkwardly, unable to offer any reasonable explanation. She genuinely didn’t know where Yardley had gone or what had happened to him. Feeling everyone’s eyes on her, she turned toward Tessa.

“Tessa, do you know where your father went? We’re a family! You can’t just let these people bully your mother!”

Alone in the room and clearly overwhelmed, Lila was scrambling to find any ally—even if it meant pleading with Tessa.

But Tessa’s expression didn’t waver.

“If you can’t handle this environment, then you shouldn’t have come. This is a company, not a living room. I’m not going to take your side just because we’re related.”

She made her stance perfectly clear.

“You!” Lila snapped, her frustration boiling over into accusation. “You’re just afraid your father will win the vote and stay in power, aren’t you? You must’ve done something to him—kept him from coming here!”

Her nails lengthened slightly—an instinctive display of aggression unique to werewolves.

Tessa had always known what kind of person Lila was. Spineless, dependent, easily swayed. But even so— she had once respected her, if only because she had given birth to her.

But today?

Today she had truly crossed the line.

Was this really something a mother should say to her daughter?

She had no evidence—none—and yet she was ready to accuse her and even attack her.

Disappointment chilled Tessa's heart, deeper than she expected.

"I'm not like you," she said coldly. "You're willing to hurt your own family for status, power, and resources.

I'm not."

Don't assume everyone is as shameless as you are.

Donald, who'd been listening silently, finally spoke up—unable to stand it any longer.

What kind of circus family does this girl have

to deal with?

"Ms. Lila, I'm sorry, but even I can't let that slide. I saw Mr. Yardley earlier today. If he's not here yet, it's not because he's afraid of losing. Either way, the outcome won't change. Let's just start the meeting."

No need to waste time on a man who couldn't even show

up on time.

“You-!” Lila glared at Donald, but the moment his sharp, dominant gaze swept over her, she immediately shut her mouth. She didn’t dare say another word.

Everyone here was terrifying. She had no place in this world of alphas and boardroom wolves.

Just then, the door swung open.

“Mr. Donald, you sure are quick to judge.” Yardley strode in, full of confidence.

His steps, however, were slightly unsteady, and a flicker of werewolf–gold shimmered deep in his pupils.

He’d had... a small incident earlier. His wolf had momentarily broken free and taken control of his body, forcing him to spend time regaining his human form.

But he’d recovered.

And more importantly—he’d received Liam’s message: Walter had been taken. The old man was out of the picture.

Relief flooded him.

Today, without a doubt, he would win. He would retain his seat as Sinclair Corp’s president. No one—no one—would be able to take it from him.

With a slight smirk, Yardley took his place at the table.

At last, everyone was present.

The shareholders’ meeting officially began.

Chapter 319 Victory in the Spotlight

The presentation began with Donald.

His numbers were rock solid—under his leadership, a severely underperforming company had made an impressive turnaround.

Slide after slide, the data laid out a clear trajectory. Growth. Recovery. Profit.

And Donald himself was poised and articulate. Even Tessa found herself glancing at him more than once.

This Donald... when he's serious, he actually looks like he knows what he's doing.

When he finished, the room erupted into enthusiastic applause.

“Well, that’s it for me,” Donald said, stepping aside with a relaxed smile. “Next, I’d like to invite Mr. Yardley to present.”

He was saving Tessa for last—because he, too, was eager to see her shine.

Yardley nodded at Liam to start the slideshow.

Liam had done all the prep work—Yardley hadn’t even looked at the report ahead of time.

Normally, it was just a formality. But now? It showed.

The moment Yardley began to speak, it became clear that his spoken figures didn’t match the slides behind him.

Still, he pressed on, pretending nothing was wrong.

From beside her, Donald leaned in to whisper to Tessa, “Are you sure you’re really this guy’s daughter?”

“I mean no offense. I’m just amazed. How does someone that unimpressive end up with a daughter like you?”

Even Donald had to admit it—Tessa’s talent was undeniable.

Yardley struggled through the rest of the presentation, ignoring the murmurs rippling through the room.

His face was tight, his aura frayed.

“Was I really that bad just now?” he asked Lila under his breath.

Lila frowned. “What were you doing last night? You didn’t even memorize the key data.”

He hadn’t come home at all.

“Don’t bother me about that. I’ve still got the votes. That’s all that matters.” His fingers scratched at the table, leaving faint claw marks as he tried to mask his nerves with bluster.

Tessa was the real threat. As long as she withdrew, everything would be fine.

“And now,” Donald announced, “Miss Tessa, please take the floor.”

The room fell quiet in anticipation—not just Donald, but every shareholder was watching her closely.

As Tessa rose and made her way to the front, Yardley’s aura suddenly shifted, flaring with disorder and a sharp, almost savage undercurrent.

He wasn't worried about her skills. He had the old man in his hands. And he knew exactly what mattered

most to Tessa.

She wouldn't dare go too far... right?

Tessa stepped onto the stage with perfect calm.

She connected her presentation herself and began.

No flowery words. No excessive flair.

Just data—clean, powerful, and undeniable.

One comparison after another, each more striking than the last. Every slide felt like the scent of prey—sharply catching the attention of every werewolf in the room, triggering their innate hunger for profit and growth.

“And that concludes my report,” Tessa said clearly. “I believe everyone here is a rational investor. You've put your money into Sinclair Corp because you want to see a return—and I, Tessa, can make sure you get exactly that.”

Each word landed with weight, firm and unwavering.

Her confidence wasn't showy—it radiated from her without effort, like gravity.

She didn't strike poses. She didn't have to.

Yet standing there, she shone brighter than anyone in the room.

The shareholders' eyes

lit

up.

Yardley's expression darkened.

When I spoke, all I got were doubts. But her—just a few words, and they're already ready to follow her.

Donald was the first to clap.

"To be honest," he said, standing up, "you all know me—I don't usually admire anyone. But today, Tessa? You have my respect."

There was no ego in his tone, only sincerity.

That brief, clean presentation had shown everyone the truth of Tessa's capabilities.

She wasn't just good. She was exactly what Sinclair Corp needed to move forward.

3:00 pm S

"As for the role of executive president," Donald added with a grin, "I'm officially withdrawing. And I'd say doing so gracefully is its own kind of victory."

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"Donald?" His assistant stared at him, stunned. This wasn't the direction anyone expected things to go.

After everything they had worked for—he was just... giving up?

Donald's gaze was calm and firm.

"I'm withdrawing because I genuinely believe Tessa is the better choice to lead Sinclair Corp. Rest assured, I'll give her my full support." His voice rang out clear and steady—one alpha acknowledging another.

He hadn't left the Violette Pack's protection and come to Sinclair Corp on a whim. He had seen the company's potential from the beginning.

If it weren't for a certain someone clinging to power without the ability to lead, Sinclair Corp wouldn't have fallen from grace in the werewolf business world.

But the foundation was still strong. And now, with someone like Tessa at the helm, its future looked brighter than ever.

The other shareholders nodded, pleased by Donald's words.

Donald's strength and judgment in Montedra's business scene were well-known.

And if even he supported Tessa's appointment as executive president—if he was impressed by her ability— then there could be no doubt that Tessa was the real deal.

"Donald," Yardley growled, his aura fraying with unstable wolf energy. His claws pressed beneath his cuffs. "Even if you're backing out, I haven't. I still hold the most shares, don't I?"

Donald gave him a dry look.

"Mr. Yardley, don't mistake our silence for stupidity. You're the only one here who still thinks numbers are legitimate. Every person in this room knows the truth."

He couldn't understand why Yardley insisted on embarrassing himself.

your

"What are you implying?" Yardley snapped, canines just barely showing. "Every number in my report is real!"

A heavy silence followed. The shareholders shifted uncomfortably.

Just because Yardley was clueless didn't mean they were. They could spot cooked numbers a mile away.

Lila, seated to the side, didn't even dare look up. She felt the secondhand shame burn through her skin.

Last night, he hadn't even come home—and this morning, he couldn't even keep his data straight. How was he still trying to compete?

She was truly disappointed in him.

"You're accusing me of fraud—where's your proof?" Yardley barked, refusing to back down. It wasn't his first time faking numbers. Without evidence, what could they do?

"You want proof? I'll make sure you get it."

Donald nodded to his assistant, who placed a thick folder on the table.

Inside was every scrap of evidence exposing Yardley's manipulated reports.

Yardley's face drained of color as he flipped through the pages.

He had not expected to be called out so cleanly, so publicly.

“Donald, you’ve always had a problem with me, haven’t you?” Yardley snapped. “But even if you don’t like me, accusing me of fraud in front of the board is crossing a line! This is defamation—I can sue you!”

Donald leaned back, unbothered. “And you really believe your own lies? You want to take this to court? Go ahead.”

Yardley seethed, his rage near boiling.

“If you keep making a scene,” Donald said, his voice now hard, “we’ll have no choice but to bring in the Werewolf Tribunal for a full audit.”

He had no interest in arguing anymore. Reasoning with someone like Yardley was a waste of breath.

“You-” Yardley wanted to roar, but even he wasn’t foolish enough to let the Tribunal get involved.

Tessa stood, finally speaking.

“This farce has gone on long enough. I believe everyone here already knows who’s most fit to be Sinclair Corp’s executive president.”

She swept her gaze across the room, calm and confident.

“Now, the three candidates will step out. You may begin voting.”

Without waiting, she turned and left the room.

Donald followed, leaving without hesitation.

Yardley, on the other hand, hesitated.

He didn't want to leave—he wanted to watch, to try to sway things even now.

“Mr. Yardley,” one of the elders from Sinclair Corp’s arbitration council interjected. “For fairness, we ask you to step out as well.”

The pressure in the room was heavy, every gaze on him.

Unwilling, but unable to refuse, Yardley finally rose.

Now, he had only one move left.

He had to speak to Tessa-

No matter what it took.