

Wolfless 321

Chapter 321 No More Mercy

As soon as they stepped out of the boardroom, Tessa looked at Donald in disbelief.

“You’re really giving up the executive president position at Sinclair Corp?” she asked, unable to hide her surprise.

Donald was one of Violette Pack’s alpha heirs. Instead of shining within his own pack, he’d made the unusual decision to come to Frostmoon Pack’s Sinclair Corp, worked his way up the ladder, and endured a long series of tests. All for what? This position.

So why was he suddenly walking away now?

“You heard me earlier, didn’t you?” Donald replied with quiet conviction. “Yes, I’m voluntarily stepping down—because I believe you’re better suited to lead Sinclair Corp.”

Tessa narrowed her eyes slightly. She truly couldn’t figure out what was going through his head.

But in the end, what he thought didn’t matter.

One less rival means one less problem.

At that moment, Yardley approached them.

Donald cast him a sideways glance, contempt gleaming in his eyes. He had no interest in wasting words on a man like Yardley,

Yardley walked up beside Tessa and said in a low voice, “Let’s talk. Just the two of us.”

Tessa raised an eyebrow. What's left to talk about? The outcome was already inevitable.

"Mr. Yardley," Donald said, unable to hold back, "you're a grown man—try not to be such a sore loser."

"This is a family matter," Yardley retorted stiffly. "It has nothing to do with you. Please give us some privacy."

His eyes flashed red with repressed rage, but he didn't dare provoke Donald further. Donald was too strong, too dangerous. He had to swallow his anger.

Donald smirked. "Family? You think of Tessa as your daughter? If you truly saw her that way, you wouldn't be acting like this."

He wasn't afraid to speak the hard truths.

"Tessa, I'm talking to you!" Yardley snapped. "Did you not hear me? This attitude of yours—have you no respect for your elders? No upbringing at all?"

He couldn't yell at Donald, but his daughter? She was supposed to obey him. In traditional werewolf culture, daughters were expected to submit to their fathers.

No matter how capable she was,

she wouldn't dare challenge him... right?

Donald didn't say a word. He simply stood back, watching Tessa—curious how she would handle this.

"Don't do something you'll regret," Yardley warned, his tone darkening. If Tessa didn't have Landon backing her now, he'd never tolerate such defiance.

Tessa frowned.

Was that... a threat?

“Say what you want to say, right here,” she said flatly. She had nothing to hide and didn’t believe in whispering in corners.

Yardley glanced at Donald.

With him still present, there was no way to deliver his message the way he wanted.

Donald leaned against the wall, arms crossed, clearly enjoying the show.

Tessa understood Yardley’s hesitation and turned to Donald. “Mr. Donald, could you give us a moment?”

Donald shrugged. “Sure, your call.”

He turned and left, giving Tessa the space she asked for.

Now it was just the two of them—father and daughter.

Yardley rubbed his hands together, as if trying to appear conciliatory. “Tessa, I know you’re capable. That’s not in question. But if you’re so capable... why insist on taking Sinclair Corp from me? Just give it back to me, okay?”

Desperation clung to his voice. If he weren’t so cornered, he never would’ve resorted to kidnapping the old man.

Tessa’s patience snapped.

“I’m done discussing this,” she said coldly.

And turned to leave.

But Yardley’s wolf flared violently, his fury boiling over. Hair bristled across his arms, his fangs gleamed through curled lips.

“Tessa,” he growled, voice shaking with rage, “I’m telling you—if you don’t step down from this election right now, you’ll never see your grandfather again!”

Tessa froze.

Then slowly turned back, her gaze like a lone wolf standing in the heart of a frozen tundra—cold, sharp, and deadly. a

Her voice dropped to a lethal whisper.

“What did you just say?”

Chapter 322 Breaking the Chains

The moment Yardley caught the subtle shift in Tessa’s scent—sharp, chaotic, laced with suppressed anxiety -he smiled with smug satisfaction.

See? No one was unbreakable. You just had to find the right weakness, and the strongest person would crack.

But that flicker of triumph didn’t last long.

Tessa’s wolf energy surged like a storm. The air turned heavy. The tiled floor beneath her began to fracture beneath the weight of her pressure.

She marched toward him, eyes burning cold.

“You kidnapped Grandpa?” Her voice was low, steady—but the rage was coiled tightly beneath.

This was his last chance.

Yardley, ever shameless, feigned concern. “I didn’t have a choice. If you’d just listen to me, be a good girl, none of this would’ve happened. I’m only doing this for the family. So, for everyone’s sake, why don’t you just step down today?”

His tone was smooth, coaxing, as if he were the victim here.

“In your dreams.”

“You-!” Yardley hadn’t expected such a hard rejection.

“Tessa, I’m warning you. Don’t push me. I can do anything. And to think... after everything, Walter still favored you-”

“A filthy beast who’d kidnap his own father has no right to say his name,” Tessa snapped, cutting him off. Her aura blasted out like an arctic wind, snapping tension into the air.

“If he gets even a scratch because of you, I will pay it back a thousandfold.”

Yardley staggered.

Was he... hallucinating?

That oppressive force—had it really come from her?

No. Impossible.

She'd been declared wolfless at birth. Even the witches had confirmed it. There was no way she could have awakened.

He refused to believe it.

His ego—his so-called pride as her father—couldn't take the idea that this “defective” daughter now stood stronger than him.

But Tessa didn't spare him another glance. With a face like carved ice, she pulled out her phone and called Lina.

“Phantom?” Lina answered quickly, startled. “You never call me first—what's going on?”

“Track down my grandfather. Send someone to bring him back,” Tessa ordered, her tone leaving no room for argument.

Lina immediately understood how serious it was.

“Got it.” She could tell Tessa was barely keeping her anger under control.

But Tessa still wasn't reassured.

She made another call—to Landon.

“Is the meeting over?” Landon answered right away, expecting her call to mean the shareholder vote was

done.

“Mr. Landon, I need your help.” Her voice was cold, but a strain of unease crept through it.

She wanted nothing more than to hunt Walter down herself—but she had made a promise: that she would sit in that boardroom and win.

Landon instantly picked up on the tightness in her voice. “What’s wrong?”

“Yardley took my grandfather. Will you help me bring him back?”

The second she heard Landon’s voice, Tessa felt a bit steadier. Like she could breathe again.

“I’ll take care of it. Personally,” Landon said firmly. “Don’t worry. By the time the vote ends, I’ll have Walter standing right in front of you.”

“..Alright.”

She didn’t trust many people.

But Landon—she believed in him. His strength. His word.

“Leave it to me,” he said gently, his tone carrying a distinct alpha warmth. Even through the phone, his unique pheromones pushed calm toward her. Reassurance. Protection.

After hanging up, Landon stood immediately.

Nathaniel followed suit, concerned by his sudden shift.

“Alpha? What’s wrong?” he asked cautiously.

“Yardley’s crossed a line,” Landon growled. “He kidnapped Walter to force Tessa to drop out.”

The walls of his office groaned under the pressure of his anger. The glass hummed as if it would shatter under the force of his alpha fury.

“What?” Nathaniel’s eyes widened. “That old bastard kidnapped his own father to threaten his daughter? What kind of sicko-?!”

“No more talking. Activate the Nightshade Pack’s tracking system. Find Walter. Now.”

Landon had promised her.

And he would keep that promise—no matter what it took.

“Yes, Alpha!” Nathaniel answered, already moving.

Landon didn’t believe Yardley would actually hurt Walter. The kidnapping was meant as leverage—a tool to control Tessa.

But Landon wasn’t about to gamble on “probably.”

Not when it came to her.

He would bring Walter back.

And once he did-

Yardley’s last hold on Tessa would be broken. Forever.

Chapter 323 The Alpha Awakens

Outside the Sinclair Corp boardroom, Yardley stood waiting—still hoping to bend Tessa with his threats.

“Tessa,” he sneered, “your grandfather loves you so much. You wouldn’t just leave him to die, would you? Just give up this one chance, and I swear he’ll come back unharmed.”

But all he got in return was a cold, lethal stare.

Tessa’s glacier-blue eyes glinted with a dangerous silver sheen. Her nails dug so deep into her palms that blood welled up, dripping silently to the floor. She clenched her fists, fighting the rising surge of White Wolf power—resisting the near-feral urge to tear him apart where he stood.

“You really have the nerve to say that?” she snapped, voice like a blade. “Grandpa gave you everything. trusted you. And you—the son he raised—kidnapped him like a criminal? When this gets out, the entire Sinclair family will be a joke. You’ll drag Frostmoon Pack’s name into the dirt with you.”

Yardley let out a hollow, manic laugh before snarling, “Trusted me? If he really trusted me. he wouldn’t have spent years trying to push me out of Sinclair Corp! You think I wanted to do this? You all forced me into a corner!”

“Yardley, you disgust me.” Tessa stepped forward, her aura exploding outward like claws shredding the very air. “If you dare hurt him, I swear, I’ll drag you into the Werewolf Correctional Court myself!”

The pressure she unleashed was unmistakable—raw, suffocating, and purely White Wolf.

Yardley staggered backward, stunned once again by the power rolling off her.

No—it couldn’t be. She was wolfless. She’d been declared wolfless.

He tried to convince himself the pressure was an illusion, a bluff, a trick—anything but the truth.

But it felt real.

Too real.

And then Tessa spoke, voice cold as death.

“You want to guilt me into giving up Sinclair Corp? You dare use Grandpa as leverage and then accuse me of being a heartless traitor?”

Yardley was losing control. The once-confident alpha was now foaming with rage, his wolf aura surging and collapsing on itself like molten lava.

Just then, Donald appeared.

“The vote’s in. Let’s go.”

He noticed Tessa’s pale, rigid expression and frowned. “You okay? Are you hurt?”

“I’m fine,” she said, voice tight.

She trusted Landon to handle things. There was no reason to drag anyone else into it—yet.

“Tessa,” Donald said earnestly, “I want to be your ally. If there’s anything you need, just tell me. Anything.”

She gave a polite nod. “Thanks. But I’m fine.”

“I mean it. I want to fight beside you, not against you.”

“I understand.”

Together, they began walking toward the boardroom, ignoring Yardley entirely.

That broke him.

He lunged forward, grabbing Tessa’s arm in desperation.

“You can’t just ignore me! What about the old man-!”

It was the last mistake he would ever make.

The moment he touched her, a blinding pulse of silver–white light exploded around Tessa. Her wolf surged free–no longer restrained.

She turned in one fluid motion and slammed her hand around Yardley’s throat, her fingers like iron shackles.

The White Wolf’s power flooded through her body in a vortex of dominance, crackling in the air.

Yardley choked, struggling, panicked. His feet barely touched the ground.

This couldn’t be happening. This was his daughter–the useless, wolfless daughter he had always mocked.

But now...

Now she stood before him as an apex predator, suffocating him with sheer presence.

He tried to summon his wolf, to fight back-

But the moment he reached for it, he felt it-

His wolf was curled in terror, buried in the back of his consciousness, trembling under the might of the White Wolf.

It wouldn't even answer him.

And Yardley—Alpha of nothing—was utterly helpless.

“Tessa, I... I'm your father...” Yardley gasped, clawing helplessly at the steel grip around his neck.

Panic flooded him.

No matter what, he was still her father. And they weren't alone—wolves from other packs were around. Didn't she care what people might say?

But Tessa's eyes had gone pure silver, glowing with the wrath of the White Wolf. Her voice dropped into a guttural growl. “Yardley, you should never have used Grandpa to threaten me.”

Her rage was no longer human—it was primal, her wolf speaking through her mouth, her fury radiating

through her very bones.

She could endure betrayal, lies, and humiliation.

But not this.

Never this.

Yardley thrashed violently, but Tessa hoisted him like a rag doll, her deceptively slender arms now laced with terrifying strength.

His face flushed purple from lack of oxygen. He whimpered as his hands flailed uselessly, his legs kicking the air.

Tessa's fingers pressed tighter, the power of her wolf blazing beneath her skin. She was moments from snapping his throat like a twig.

Even Donald, standing nearby, was stunned silent.

His own wolf whimpered submissively inside him, a response only triggered in the presence of a wolf significantly more powerful.

This confirmed it—Tessa was no wolfless girl. She wasn't even average.

Her wolf was high-rank. Possibly higher than his.

But more than that, it shook him how easily she was about to kill her own father.

What the hell happened in the

past five minutes? What could've pushed her to this edge?

And then-

"Tessa! What are you doing?!"

Lila's voice cut through the tension like a blade.

She had come out looking for them, wondering why they hadn't returned to the boardroom—and walked right into this scene.

Chapter 324 The Final Warning

She froze at the sight of Tessa choking Yardley midair, surrounded by a terrifying silver aura.

Even her maternal instincts couldn't protect her from Tessa's pressure. It felt like standing in a hurricane.

But still, Lila forced herself forward, reaching for her daughter's arm.

Her fingers trembled as she tried to pour the gentle scent of motherly pheromones into the air to soothe her.

"Tessa," she whispered, her voice shaking. "Whatever he did... he's still your father. If you hurt him, you'll regret it for the rest of your life."

Donald stepped forward too. "Tessa, don't ruin your future over someone like him.

He's not worth it."

Tessa's breathing was ragged. Her wolf's instincts screamed to end it—to finish what had begun.

But reason clawed its way back in.

Her expression cold as winter, she finally released him.

Like garbage, she tossed Yardley aside. He hit the ground hard, crumpling with a wheeze.

He gasped desperately for breath, unable to stand. The expensive suit he wore did nothing to hide the disgrace—his legs too weak, his spine too shaken.

“T—Tessa...” he rasped after several minutes, voice trembling.

Was this truly... his daughter?

When had she become this terrifying?

There was no doubt—she had wanted to kill him just now.

She would’ve.

He shuddered, heart still pounding from that brush with death.

His wolf—his proud, arrogant wolf—was still curled in the shadows of his mind, too afraid to even appear.

Then something darker stirred within him.

A hateful aura oozed out, leaking into the air. The shape of a dark, snarling wolf began to form faintly beneath him, etched into the floor like a cursed shadow.

Tessa turned back one last time.

Her voice was ice, unflinching.

“You better pray my grandfather’s unharmed. Otherwise...”

Her silver eyes narrowed. “I will end you.”

Then she walked into the boardroom without another word.

And the door shut behind her, scaling her resolve—and Yardley’s fate.

Chapter 325 The Wolf Unleashed

Lila frowned.

“What did you do? Wasn’t Father at home? Why would Tessa say something like that?”

Yardley shoved Lila, who had been crouched beside him. His canines were fully bared in rage.

“Questions, questions, that’s all you ever do! Look at the kind of daughter you raised! She dared to lay hands on her own father—she’s nothing but a murderer!”

Lila shook her head. “Yardley, I know my daughter. If she did something like that, it’s only because you did something first.”

No matter what, Tessa had always been a calm person.

Unless someone really pushed her past the limit, she never lost her temper easily.

For her to act like this now, it could only mean that Yardley had done something that completely set her off—and it had to do with the old man.

Yardley got up and stormed into the conference room.

Right now, the most important thing was securing the presidency of Sinclair Corp.

At such a critical moment, he couldn't afford to miss it—no matter what.

Everyone returned to their seats. The Council Elder in charge of family affairs took the stage, and in the end, all the shareholders unanimously agreed: Tessa was the most suitable person to lead Sinclair Corp.

“I now declare that starting today, Miss Tessa is officially the president of Sinclair Corp.”

The elder finished, and Donald led the applause.

Everyone was pleased with the result.

Tessa truly had what it took to lead them into a new era.

But Yardley couldn't accept it. He shot up from his seat, the wolf inside him spiraling out of control.

He pointed at the purplish finger marks still visible on his neck and let out a howl of rage.

“Tessa raised her hand against her own father! Someone like that isn't fit to lead Sinclair Corp! I don't agree I absolutely do not agree!”

But not a single shareholder acknowledged him.

If it came down to character, no one's was worse than Yardley's. Tessa's appointment had the full support of the people—it was the will of the majority.

“Look at my neck! The bruises! Donald saw it—he can vouch for me! Tessa tried to strangle me just now!”

Yardley refused to give up. Tessa was still just a high schooler, a minor—how could someone like her possibly lead Sinclair Corp?

But no matter what he said, no one listened. Everyone had already flocked to Tessa's side, pledging their loyalty.

"Don't worry, everyone," Tessa said. "As long as we all work together, I won't pursue anything from the past."

"Of course, of course," the other shareholders chimed in quickly.

It looked like everything was already settled. But Yardley couldn't accept it.

"Tessa, are you really just going to ignore your grandfather's life or death?"

It couldn't end like this. He had done so much for the presidency of Sinclair Corp—how could it all end like this? He refused to accept it. He just couldn't.

Seeing that no one paid him the slightest attention no matter how loudly he shouted, Yardley's rage finally erupted like a volcano.

"Raaagh!" With a deafening roar, his body began to twist and contort. His bones cracked audibly, and thick fur burst through his skin. In a matter of seconds, he had fully transformed into a massive brown wolf.

His eyes glowed blood red, wild and murderous. Slobber dripped from his fangs as he lunged straight at the nearest shareholder without a second's hesitation.

"Aaagh!"

The man had no time to react. Yardley's claws slashed across his arm, blood gushing out as he screamed in pain.

The elder cried out in alarm.

“This is bad—Yardley’s lost control! He’s turned into a mindless killing wolf!”

Chapter 326 The Beast Within

Before the Arbiter Elder could finish speaking, the brown wolf lunged at him, slamming him hard against the wall. The sound of shattering brick and a muffled groan exploded through the meeting room.

Most of the shareholders present were elite figures in the business world—none had ever witnessed such a bloody scene. Screams erupted one after another.

“Everyone calm down!” Tessa’s voice rang out with commanding force. Instantly, the room found its anchor, and the crowd stopped scrambling in panic.

“Donald, shift and hold him off! Everyone else, evacuate in order!”

Even as the command left Tessa’s lips, Donald had already transformed into a wolf, stepping between the rampaging brown wolf and the rest of the room.

His lupine eyes sparkled with excitement. He hadn’t expected such synchronicity with Tessa—no discussion, no hesitation, just instinctive unity.

He knew it. They were meant to be the perfect team.

“Tessa, I’m staying too. He’s my mate...” Lila stared in disbelief at Yardley, now fully transformed, trying to reach him through their mate bond—but it was all in vain.

“Get out! He’s lost control!” Tessa barked.

A fully transformed werewolf was a mindless beast. It attacked indiscriminately, and its strength skyrocketed. Lila's presence would only make things worse.

"She's right. Tessa and I can handle this!" Donald, now a massive gray wolf, stood his ground. The purple sheen in his ear fur marked him as a high-ranking wolf of the Violette Pack.

Even as he battled the brown wolf, Donald kept one eye on Tessa.

He couldn't wait to see her transform. That power hidden inside her slender human frame—what kind of magnificent wolf would it become?

Just thinking about it made his blood race. This was their first time fighting side by side.

"Donald, go for his abdomen." After shoving Lila out of the room, Tessa leapt onto the brown wolf's back, digging her fingers into the pressure point behind his ear.

The brown wolf roared, rearing up in fury as he tried to shake her off. But in doing so, he exposed his vulnerable underside,

Donald seized the moment. Violette Pack's signature violet energy surged around him as he shot forward like an arrow, slamming into the wolf's belly.

"Boom!" The wall crumbled with a thunderous crash. Debris flew through the air as the brown wolf, using the force of impact, twisted and lunged toward Tessa.

In the nick of time, Tessa exploded with blinding white light. Silver wolf eyes shimmered with ancient

She shouted, and a beam of light shot from her palm, wrapping the brown wolf like chains. "Retreat!"

Ancient power rippled through the air. The brown wolf howled in agony, writhing under the searing light. The red madness faded from his eyes.

Before Donald's astonished gaze, Yardley's wolf form began to shrink. His fur receded, and he reverted to human form, collapsing unconscious to the floor.

Tessa had drawn on her white wolf power while still in human form—forcing immense power into a fragile container.

Her temples throbbed, and her body wavered.

Donald, back in human form, rushed to steady her. “Are you okay? Why did you...”

He stopped mid-sentence. Her lips were set in stubborn silence, knuckles pale from the strain. The words “not transform” died in his throat.

Of course he knew. A transformed werewolf could channel their full power. But using that power while still human—was like grabbing molten lava with bare hands.

Tessa had such overwhelming strength, yet she chose to bear the backlash of mental exhaustion rather than show her true form. That secret weighed heavier than her power.

Donald only tightened his hold, giving her silent support instead of questions.

Tessa closed her eyes, taking a moment to regain her focus. When she opened them again, the cold clarity had returned.

“I’m fine. Have Lila take him back to the Tang family. I’ve sealed his wolf—he won’t transform again.”

With that, she walked out of the meeting room.

She didn’t have time for anything else. She had to find her grandfather...

Chapter 327 Safe and Sound

As soon as Tessa stepped out of the meeting room, her phone rang. It was Landon.

She answered immediately.

“We’ve found your grandfather—he’s safe, don’t worry. Nathaniel’s already on his way from Sinclair Corp to pick you up. You’ll be reunited with him soon,” Landon said, keeping his voice low. He had stepped out to take the call, not wanting the old man to overhear.

But Walter already knew. Ever since Yardley’s secretary had shown up from the Sinclair family to fetch him, and now with Landon arriving so publicly, it was obvious. He wasn’t a fool.

And all he felt was bitter disappointment.

He had clearly failed in raising his grandson. If he hadn’t, things never would’ve spiraled this far out of control.

While Landon had been sitting with him, Walter had kept up the conversation, but not once did he dare bring up what Yardley had done.

Now that Landon had stepped away, Walter’s face darkened. He was truly heartbroken.

When Tessa heard Landon’s words, the tension that had been clutching her chest finally eased.

“Thank you, Mr. Landon.” Her grandfather was her greatest concern. If anything had happened to him, she didn’t know what she might have done.

“I told you—don’t ever thank me. Your grandfather and I will be waiting for you.”

“Alright.”

As they spoke, Tessa exited Sinclair Corp. The car Landon had sent was already waiting.

Nathaniel stepped out to greet her himself.

“Let’s go. Don’t worry—he’s safe,” Nathaniel reassured her. He knew her grandfather’s safety was her top priority.

“Thank you.”

Tessa climbed into the car and leaned back, eyes closed, trying to recover.

After sealing Yardley’s berserk wolf form, her mental energy felt like a drained reservoir. Her temples throbbed, and a faint metallic taste lingered in her nose—the telltale sign of using white wolf power.

Thank God her grandfather was unharmed. If he hadn’t been, even at the cost of overexerting herself, she would’ve shattered Yardley’s wolf soul. He would’ve paid.

Nathaniel glanced at her pale face in the rearview mirror, assuming she was quietly grieving.

“Tessa, don’t be sad,” he offered, unsure how to comfort her. Knowing her father had done something like

this to her grandfather... it had to hurt, even if she looked calm on the surface.

“I’m fine.”

Tessa didn’t open her eyes. It was clear she didn’t want to continue the conversation. Since she didn’t want to talk, Nathaniel didn’t push her.

Landon had brought the old man to one of his villas. He didn't visit often, but it was well-maintained and had staff ready to serve.

Knowing Tessa was on her way, the old man stayed seated on the couch, waiting.

"Grandpa, maybe you should lie down for a while. I'll wake you when Tessa arrives," Landon suggested gently. The old man had been through surgery not long ago and must've been exhausted.

"Landon, thank you for always being by Tessa's side." If it hadn't been for Landon, Walter didn't know how his granddaughter would've made it through.

He knew how strong she was.

But no matter how strong someone is, facing family betrayal is never something you can face with complete calm.

"Grandpa, this is what I should do. Don't worry—no matter what happens, I'll always be there for her." His voice was firm, eyes gleaming with determination. Deep in his consciousness, Flex let out a low growl—a pledge of protection from one alpha to the one he had chosen.

He wouldn't let anyone hurt Tessa.

As Tessa followed Nathaniel into the room, she caught the last line of Landon's promise.

Her heart swelled with emotion.

She truly was grateful.

If he hadn't been there...

She really wouldn't have known what to do.

Chapter 328 A Moment of Peace

When Tessa entered, her grandfather's face lit up with a smile.

“Tessa, why the rush? The shareholders' meeting just ended, didn't it? I'm fine, really. You don't have to worry.”

Truthfully, Walter didn't want to bring up what had happened. But this was Tessa—his most beloved granddaughter. And he knew some things couldn't simply be left unsaid.

Even if he had been the one kidnapped...

At this point, he could no longer speak on Yardley's behalf.

Tessa walked up and wrapped her arms around his waist, leaning her head against his chest.

She'd known he'd be fine. But only now, seeing him standing there safe and sound, could she truly relax.

“Grandpa, don't worry. I didn't let you down. I'm officially the new acting CEO of Sinclair Corp.”

She would lead Sinclair Corp to a new era of greatness.

Not wanting to worry him, she masked her exhaustion as best she could, keeping her tone light. But the faint tremble of her lashes gave her away—the strain of having overdrawn her white wolf power still lingered.

“Tessa... I'm sorry. If I hadn't insisted on putting you in that position, you wouldn't have had to go through all this.” This kind of ordeal was hard on anyone.

Tessa held his hand.

“Grandpa, don’t say that. You don’t have to with me. Now come on, you must be tired. Rest here for a while at Mr. Landon’s place, and we’ll head back later. Or if you’d rather not return, you can come stay at my place for a few days.”

“Alright. I really am tired. I’ll take a nap here at Landon’s, and we’ll see after I wake up.”

“Okay.”

After settling him into a clean room to rest, Tessa finally stepped out—only to find Landon already waiting for her.

As soon as he saw her, he walked up, took her hands, and pulled her into his arms.

“It’s over now. He’s fine. You don’t have to worry anymore. From now on, I’ll assign two high-ranking werewolf warriors from Nightshade Pack to protect him. He’ll never be in danger again.”

“I wanted to assign bodyguards for him before, but he always refused,” Tessa said with a sigh.

Her grandfather had once been a powerful alpha, a battlefield veteran. He still believed he could handle anything.

But age, and that major surgery... he just wasn’t the man he used to be.

“Don’t worry. I’ve already talked to him about it. After what happened, he finally understands.”

Leaning into his chest, breathing in his scent of pinewood, she finally felt at peace.

“What happened at Sinclair Corp? You’re not in good shape.”

Walter hadn't noticed anything wrong, but as an alpha of the Nightshade Pack, Landon could sense the emptiness behind her eyes—her spiritual energy as depleted as a moonlit lake gone dry.

Tessa gave him a brief account of what had happened earlier. Then, with rare vulnerability, she wrapped her arms around his waist.

“Mr. Landon... thank you. If it weren't for you, I think I...”

If he hadn't been there, she didn't know what she might've done. She would've lost control.

Landon lowered his head and kissed her trembling lips.

He didn't want to hear her thank him anymore. What he wanted was for her to rely on him—not shoulder everything alone.

It was a slow, tender kiss. His tongue brushed hers, and with it, the pine-scented pheromones unique to a Nightshade Pack alpha flowed into her like a gentle current.

As an alpha of the Nightshade Pack, Landon's pheromones had a natural calming effect on their kin.

But his blood carried something even rarer—a trace of the ancient wolf king. His pheromones shimmered with deep blue energy, seeping into the mind like starlight, rapidly repairing the cracks left by exhaustion.

This gift was almost unheard of among werewolves.

And this kiss—it was already becoming something she yearned for.

There was no doubt. She liked this kiss. It felt real, grounding her in a way nothing else could.

Deep within her consciousness, her wolf, Emma, let out a soft, contented growl. Her depleted spiritual energy began to stir once more, like vines bathed in moonlight, slowly growing back to life.

Chapter 329 Reckoning

Landon didn't let go of Tessa until she was nearly out of breath.

Her lips were flushed and slightly parted from the kiss, glistening faintly. In Landon's mind, Flex wagged his tail wildly, filled with uncontrollable excitement. Landon swallowed hard, his voice a little husky.

"Feeling better?"

Tessa rested lightly against his chest, her breathing soft and shallow,

The way he asked, you'd think the kiss had been nothing more than a spiritual remedy—as if there hadn't been the slightest trace of desire behind it.

"Much better. My energy's recovered a lot. That's your wolf's ability?" she asked, looking up at him.

In Landon's mind, Flex roared with pride: "That's right! I'm awesome! I have so many cool powers I want to show Tessa! I like her so much! I really want to meet her wolf too..."

"Not the time, buddy," Landon replied through their link.

Out loud, he answered gently, "Yeah. And there's more you'll discover—someday."

He paused, then asked, "What are you planning to do about Yardley? If it's too difficult for you, I can help."

After all, Yardley was her father. It couldn't be easy.

“There’s nothing difficult about it. I’ll handle it myself.”

Tessa had never been one to avoid confrontation.

Her eyes turned cold again at the thought of everything Yardley had done.

Of all the mistakes he could’ve made, making their grandfather suffer like this was unforgivable.

She knew her grandfather better than anyone.

Right now, he must still be hurting because of Yardley—and she couldn’t do anything to ease it.

But what she could do was make sure Yardley lost all hope of ever being part of the Sinclair family again.

Landon gently pinched her cheek, his heart aching.

Why did she have to face things like this? She could’ve been living freely, doing what made her happy.

Instead, she had to shoulder betrayal, heartbreak, and responsibility—and she did it all without asking anyone for help.

“Tessa, I’m serious. Let me help. I don’t want to see you struggling with this alone.”

“I’m not struggling.”

There was no reason to be. Not yet, anyway.

“Okay. But if you ever need anything—come to me.”

“I will.” She nodded.

She had come to him—when she needed to find her grandfather.

Walter eventually woke up from his nap and announced he was ready to return to the Sinclair family home.

He didn’t want the rest of the family to worry.

Landon personally drove him back.

When they arrived, the butler was already waiting at the door, visibly anxious. He’d felt terribly guilty since Walter went missing.

The moment he saw him, he hurried forward.

“Sir, I’m so sorry. This was my fault.”

As Walter’s former beta, Louis was ashamed to have failed him.

“This wasn’t your fault, Louis. Don’t blame yourself.” Walter reassured him.

The blame lay in his own failure to manage his family. Louis had done nothing wrong.

“Sir, I—” Louis wanted to say more but didn’t know how to comfort him.

Yardley’s actions had crossed the line—

completely and cruelly.

Louis helped Walter inside. Outside, only Tessa and Landon remained.

“You should head back. I’ll call you later,” she said. There were still matters to deal with, and she couldn’t divide her focus.

“Call me when it’s all done.”

He wanted to go in with her, but she made it clear she didn’t want him to. He respected that.

“I will. Drive safe.”

As long as her grandfather was safe, there was nothing else she was afraid of. She could handle the rest.

Landon pulled her into a hug.

“Don’t forget—you’re not alone. You have me.”

“I know.”

Her eyes sparkled. She truly felt lucky to have met him.

“Go on. I’ll go in after I see you leave.”

Landon nodded and got into the car, driving off.

Tessa stood there, watching gently until his vehicle vanished from sight.

Then she turned toward the house—her gaze instantly turning cold.

Now... it was time to settle things with Yardley.

Chapter 330 Testing the Guardians

When Lila learned that Yardley had kidnapped Walter, she rushed to the living room the moment he returned safely, worry etched across her face.

“Dad, are you okay?” she asked gently.

The whole situation had been terrifying.

Walter only gave her a small nod.

Winona was also there.

“Grandpa... did my dad really kidnap you?” she asked, still unable to believe it.

Lila elbowed her sharply. Does this girl not know

how to speak properly? How could she ask something like that right now? She immediately regretted telling her anything.

“Winona, go upstairs and check if your dad’s awake. This doesn’t concern you,” Lila said, trying to get her out of the room.

But just then, Tessa entered—and the moment Winona saw her, she plopped herself down on the couch.

“Mom, if she can be here, why can’t I? Am I not your daughter too?” No matter what it was, she always had to compare herself to Tessa.

“Winona-” Lila’s voice was sharp with warning. Couldn’t she see their grandfather was already holding it together?

Reluctantly, Winona stomped upstairs, slamming doors behind her. She fumed in her room, feeling like everyone only had eyes for Tessa. Like she didn’t exist.

Tessa walked to Walter’s side and sat down, pouring him a cup of tea herself.

“Yardley’s still not awake?” she asked, looking to Lila.

Having witnessed Tessa’s terrifying strength at Sinclair Corp, Lila couldn’t help but feel a little intimidated now—by the daughter she used to look down on.

“Not yet... I’ll go check,” she mumbled and quickly excused herself upstairs.

Tessa didn’t mind waiting. Yardley owed a debt—and she had every intention of collecting it.

Just then, two new figures entered the house.

They were lean and powerful, exuding the quiet menace unique to warriors from the Nightshade Pack. But outwardly, they looked ordinary—perfect for blending in, making them ideal personal guards.

“Ms. Tessa,” one of them said respectfully. “Alpha sent us. From now on, your grandfather’s safety is in our hands.”

“If you want to protect my grandfather, show me what you’re capable of first.” Tessa

serious.

ne was cool, but

Even if Landon had sent them, she couldn't take any chances—not with her grandfather's life.

“How would you like us to prove it, Ms. Tessa?” the other asked, a glint of challenge in his eyes. “You want to test our claws? Or find out which of us bites harder?”

They were warriors, after all—battle instinct burned in their blood.

“Nothing complicated,” Tessa said lazily. “If you can beat me, that's good enough.”

“..What? Ms. Tessa, are you serious?”

This felt like an insult.

“Ms. Tessa, we're warriors. We don't spar with cubs.”

They were elite Nightshade Pack fighters, trained and tested on the battlefield. The idea of fighting a young girl felt absurd.

“It's fine. I told you to do it. Mr. Landon won't punish you.”

If she was going to entrust them with Walter's life, she had to be absolutely sure.

“Are you certain, Ms. Tessa? What if you get hurt?”

This wasn't just playful sparring. If she got injured, how could they explain that to their alpha?

“Enough talking. Let's take it outside.”

Only strength could speak for itself. If they couldn't prove they had it, she wouldn't risk her grandfather's safety—no matter who sent them.

The two exchanged a glance.

“Well, alright. But don't say we didn't warn you.” It was best to set the terms in advance.

Walter interrupted, his voice firm: “Tessa, don't be ridiculous. These two are elite Nightshade Pack warriors. Even with their wolf aura suppressed, I can still feel the pressure—and I'm an old alpha. You can trust them.”

He already knew Landon's true identity—and he trusted him completely.

Tessa was speechless.

Ridiculous? All she wanted was to be cautious.

“Grandpa, it's fine. I can handle it.”

With that, she led the two werewolves into the courtyard.

It was time to see just how worthy they really were.