

Wolfless 331

Chapter 331 The Alpha's True Strength

"Sir, if Ms. Tessa insisted on this, then she must be confident, right? Besides... don't you want to see what she's really capable of?"

The butler's words struck a chord.

Tessa had told her grandfather the truth—that she had awakened her wolf. But after all these years of believing she was wolf-less, Walter hadn't quite been able to shift that image in his heart.

"Let's go have a look," he finally said, a trace of curiosity lighting his expression.

Louis helped him outside.

In the courtyard, Tessa stood calmly before the two warriors.

"So, will you come at me one at a time... or both together?" Her voice was direct. All she wanted was to measure their strength.

The two exchanged a glance. Suddenly, the pressure around them surged—their wolf aura flaring in instinctive response to her provocation. Was this girl looking down on them?

"Ms. Tessa, you may be important to our alpha, but isn't this a little insulting?"

"Cut the talk. You're werewolves. Let your strength speak."

"You go first," the stockier one said to his blond companion.

The blond warrior stepped forward. Standing more than a head taller than Tessa, he hesitated, worried he might accidentally knock her across the yard with one punch.

But when he didn't move fast enough, Tessa made the first move.

She darted forward, and her punch cracked through the air with a deafening boom—an attack imbued with the sonic force characteristic of high-ranking wolves.

In that instant, the warrior realized—this girl wasn't playing around. She deserved her arrogance.

Their clash ignited.

Each blow shook the courtyard. The impact waves bent grass and toppled flowers. The air shimmered with the lingering energy of two high-level werewolves exchanging force.

Walter was stunned.

My God.

This is my Tessa?

She moved with such grace and speed that her footsteps left translucent wolf-claw imprints in the ground-

a sign of power manifestation only possible for advanced wolves.

His Tessa... wasn't just awakened. She was a high-ranking wolf.

His eyes grew moist with emotion.

Yes, he'd been right about her all along. Among all the Sinclair children, only she had inherited his legacy.

The warrior facing her had changed too. Gone was the doubt. Now, his expression was focused and respectful.

Tessa moved with precision. Her breathing matched the rhythm of the fight perfectly, guided by the instinctive battle prowess gifted by her white wolf bloodline. Her stamina was impressive—even hardened warriors trained in wolf power would struggle to keep up in a drawn-out battle.

On top of that, her movements were unpredictable—there was an ancient cadence to her strikes, as if she had inherited the forgotten techniques of old. Even in human form, the ferocity of a wolf was unmistakable.

“Sir... Ms. Tessa is incredible...” Louis couldn't help it—his wolf ears flicked out from under his hair, trembling slightly with awe.

Was this really the same girl who once had been the most overlooked member of the Sinclair family?

What had happened in Falindale?

What had transformed her so completely?

Walter didn't know the answers to those questions. But his heart swelled with pride.

Among all his descendants, only she had truly taken after him.

The blond warrior had given everything he had, but still couldn't keep up. Just when he thought he'd be knocked flat-

Tessa stopped.

The soft silver glow around her faded as she withdrew her aura.

She hadn't fought to show off—only to evaluate. And from what she'd seen, they passed.

“Good,” she said calmly. “You two will do.”

Chapter 332 Cast Out

The blond warrior who had sparred with Tessa looked a little ashamed.

Even though she had ultimately pulled her punches, it was clear—he wasn't her match.

“Are you really sure you want to entrust your grandfather to us?” he asked, a hint of uncertainty in his voice.

“I'm sure. But if either of you lack confidence, you can leave now. I'll speak to Mr. Landon myself.”

“No, we want to stay.”

Both warriors dropped to one knee—an open sign of submission in werewolf tradition.

Aside from Alpha Landon, they had never bowed to anyone. But this Ms. Tessa... she'd earned it.

“Then I'll leave my grandfather in your hands.”

Tessa had already gauged them carefully. The more powerfully built of the two had a stronger wolf aura than the blond one and was likely even more skilled.

If she approved of the blond, she approved of them both.

They truly were elite among high-ranking wolves. She could rest easy knowing her grandfather was in good hands.

“Ms. Tessa, may I ask you something?” the blond warrior ventured.

“You can ask. I probably won’t answer.”

There were some things even Walter couldn’t get her to talk about.

“... Then I’d rather not ask.”

At that moment, Lila came rushing downstairs. “Mr. Walter–Yardley’s awake!”

Walter and Tessa sat side by side on the living room couch, their expressions grave.

Yardley stumbled in, his head low, and fell to his knees with a loud thump.

“Dad, I was wrong!”

Tears streamed down his face as he slapped himself hard across the cheeks. “I’m not fit to be your son. I can’t believe I did something so unforgivable.”

He crawled forward, forehead smacking against the marble floor. “Dad, I really know I was wrong! I lost control to my wolf instinct—I’d never have done this otherwise!”

“If you don’t believe me, ask Tessa. When I transformed, I wasn’t myself. I didn’t even know what I was doing until I woke up...” he cried, clinging to Walter’s pant leg, begging for forgiveness.

“Lost to your wolf?” Tessa lounged against the couch, tapping her fingers lightly on the armrest. The sharp rhythm echoed like claws scraping against stone.

“If I remember right, you kidnapped Grandpa and used him to threaten me while in human form”

In human form, the human will was dominant. That was fact.

Her blue eyes narrowed, a blade of silver light slicing across Yardley’s hunched shoulders.

“Don’t blame the wolf. It can’t speak to defend itself.”

Yardley’s face turned ghostly pale. Cold sweat streamed down his brow.

Walter lifted a hand. The veins bulged across his knuckles as he gripped his cane tightly, and the aura of a former alpha surged from him without restraint.

“Enough. As of now, you are expelled from the Sinclair family.”

His voice was cold and final.

“You will receive only the basic monthly allowance, same as a common member of the Snowmoon Pack. All other assets are frozen. When you truly understand what you did wrong—then you may come back and apologize.”

“Dad! I’m your son!” Yardley looked up in panic, a flicker of red flashing through his eyes before fading just as fast.

Walter turned away and began to climb the stairs, his back hunched like brittle branches in autumn wind.

“If I hear you blaming your wolf again—if you still refuse to understand your own actions—then don’t come back at all.”

With that, he disappeared upstairs, not looking back once.

“Dad!”

Yardley screamed, anguish in his voice. But no matter how he pleaded or shouted, Walter didn’t stop.

Yardley clenched his fists and slowly stood. Without another word, he turned and walked out of the Sinclair

estate.

As he stepped past the threshold, a glint of hatred lit his eyes—red, simmering with fury.

It’s all Tessa’s fault. Everything he had title, his family, his power—was because of her.

Because of her, he had been stripped of his place as CEO. Cast out like a stray.

He wouldn’t accept this. He couldn’t.

One day... he’d take it all back. Everything that was rightfully his.

Chapter 333 A Place Beside Her

Tessa narrowed her eyes as she watched Yardley’s retreating figure.

She had only just sealed away his wolf—yet now, a faint surge of wolf aura was radiating from him again.

If he couldn't keep his emotions under control... he would eventually lose himself completely. At that point, he'd become nothing more than a beast—no hope of ever returning.

And when that day came, he'd be put down like one.

From upstairs, a long, weary sigh drifted down. Tessa turned and headed for her grandfather's room.

"He's gone?" Walter asked.

Tessa nodded. "Yeah."

"Good. Actions must have consequences. His vision was too narrow. All he could see was Sinclair Corp's resources... maybe losing everything will force him to reflect."

Tessa gently smoothed a trembling hand over her grandfather's shoulder. She knew—some wounds could be healed with the finest medicine. But others... only time could mend.

"Grandpa, if you don't want to stay here anymore, I have a villa in New York. Why don't you move there?"

If being here only brought him pain, then it was time for a change of scenery.

"No need, Tessa. I'm too old to be moving around. Just come visit me often. That's enough for me."

"Grandpa, I'll always stay by your side."

Walter took her hand firmly in his own.

“Tessa, you don’t need to do anything special for me. I know you’re destined for great things. The International Werewolf Medical Organization has been after you for years. You should go. Do what you want with your life. Don’t let anyone else dictate that—not even me. And don’t trouble yourself too much with Sinclair Corp.”

Everything followed its own course. Forcing it would only make things worse.

“I know, Grandpa.” She understood. She really did.

But still, she wanted to stay by his side a little longer.

Time was no longer something he had in abundance.

“Alright, off you go. I’m tired. Time for some rest.”

Walter truly looked worn out.

“Okay. I’ll let you rest.”

Tessa stayed until he fell asleep, then quietly left the Sinclair estate.

The moment she stepped outside, she was stunned to find Landon’s car still waiting out front.

He hadn’t left?

All this time—and he hadn’t called or disturbed her once.

As soon as he saw her come out, Landon stepped out of the car, opened the door, and waited for her to get

in.

“You alright?” he asked, eyes scanning her from head to toe.

Seeing nothing wrong, he finally relaxed.

Tessa shook her head. “I’m fine. Have you been waiting here the whole time?”

She’d told him to go. Why had he stayed?

“I couldn’t relax,” he said simply. “I didn’t want to leave you.”

“What’s there to worry about?” she muttered. “Didn’t I say I could handle it?”

Landon took the wheel with one hand and held hers with the other.

“I know you can. But I still didn’t want you to face it alone. Even if I’m just sitting nearby... I still wanted to stay.”

Tessa was deeply moved. Words wouldn’t come.

Instead, she leaned in—and kissed him.

Landon lit up. The moment he felt her lips against his, he stopped the car and pulled her close, deepening the kiss with his hand gently cradling the back of her head.

It was a kiss full of heat and tenderness.

Later, he drove her back to Wisteria Apartment.

“You’ve had a long day. Get some rest. Once you’ve had a nap, we’ll eat.”

He could see the exhaustion in her face.

“Let’s sleep together,” Tessa said quietly.

“..What?” Landon blinked, eyes going wide. His pupils sharpened, glowing faintly with excitement.

“..” Her cheeks flushed a deep red. Did she just say that out loud?

“That’s not what I meant! I just meant—you should rest too!”

But Landon wasn’t about to let her take it back.

“Well, since you’d be lonely alone... I’ll stay right here with you.”

Without giving her a chance to object, he swept her into his arms and carried her princess-style into the bedroom.

Then he laid her gently on the bed—and began to help her out of her clothes...

Chapter 334 A Quiet Night, A Warm Goodbye

As Landon undressed her, Tessa’s heart pounded so fast it felt like it was going to burst out of her chest.

But all he did was slip off her coat—then, like a perfect gentleman, he stopped.

“Sleep,” he said.

To keep his thoughts in check, Landon didn't even take off his own clothes. He simply lay beside her, fully dressed, one hand gently wrapped around hers under the blanket.

"Mr. Landon—"

"Shh. Don't talk. Just sleep."

Holding her like this required more willpower than he cared to admit. If she said anything else, he wasn't sure he could keep his self-control intact.

So Tessa shut her eyes, pretending he wasn't there. But his presence was far too overwhelming to ignore.

Landon gently patted her shoulder, like he was soothing a child to sleep.

Tessa didn't say anything more. She simply lay still, eyes closed, telling herself it was just rest.

At first, she was sure she wouldn't be able to sleep.

But before long, wrapped in his arms and breathing in the calming scent of his pinewood pheromones, she drifted off with surprising ease.

Landon watched her sleep, a soft smile tugging at his lips.

Just lying beside her, watching her like this... made him feel inexplicably happy.

By the time Tessa woke, it was already past 8 p.m.

The moment she opened her eyes, Landon stirred as well—his instincts razor sharp.

“Hungry?” he asked right away.

“Mm. Yeah, I am.”

“Then let’s go. Ysabel and the others should still be at Silvermoon Estate. We can join them for dinner.”

Originally, they’d all planned to eat together. But after everything that happened, he hadn’t shown up. The others had probably eaten by now.

“Let’s not go,” Tessa said. “They’ve probably finished already. And it’d feel weird having them watch us eat.”

She never liked being stared at while she ate.

Right as she finished speaking, Ysabel called.

“Tessa, what are you doing? I’ve called you, like, ten times!” Ysabel sounded like she was losing her mind. It hadn’t even been that

long since the holidays started—how had Tessa suddenly become unreachable?

“I was napping. What’s up?”

“Napping? Is my uncle there?”

Tessa glanced at Landon beside her. “Yeah, he’s here. Why? Do you need to talk to him?”

“So... you were napping with my uncle?”

Tessa froze. She wanted to explain that nothing had happened, that it was all perfectly innocent. But at this point, even if she did explain, she doubted Ysabel would believe her.

Landon reached over and took the phone from her hand.

“What? You have a problem with that?”

“No, no, not at all!” Ysabel replied quickly. “Uncle, come on! Tessa’s leaving for Falindale tomorrow. We’re all over at Merry’s place at Silvermoon Estate. Bring her here!”

Just the thought of not seeing Tessa for a few days made Ysabel miserable.

Tonight’s dinner was their way of giving Tessa a proper send-off.

“You haven’t eaten yet?” Tessa leaned over and took the phone back.

“How could we? The guest of honor isn’t even here! Hurry up, will you?”

“Alright, alright.”

After she hung up, Landon said, “They’re all waiting at Silvermoon Estate. But if you really don’t feel like going, we don’t have to.”

Tessa had just wanted to avoid keeping everyone waiting.

But now that she knew they hadn’t even eaten, she couldn’t let them wait any longer.

“Let’s go. I’m leaving for Falindale tomorrow. I should see them before I go.”

This trip... she didn’t know how long it would last.

Hopefully, everything would go smoothly—and she could make it back before Christmas.

Chapter 335 Before We Part

By the time Landon and Tessa arrived at Silvermoon Estate, it was already 8:30 p.m.

The moment Ysabel spotted her, she rushed over.

“Tessa! You’re finally here! I missed you so much. First time I’ve ever hated being on break—I don’t get to see you at all.”

School had been better. Back then, she could see Tessa every day. Now, just getting a glimpse of her felt impossible.

“Well, would you look at that,” Nathaniel teased. “Ysabel actually misses school”

Ysabel shot him a glare. “Nathaniel, mind your own business. What if I do miss school?”

Just wait. Once she finished her college entrance exams, she was leaving New York. Then they’d be the ones scrambling just to see her.

Tessa sat down next to her. “Didn’t we just see each other?”

“I still missed you. Want me to come with you to Falindale tomorrow? I’ve got nothing to do here, anyway.”

Tessa shook her head. “This trip isn’t for fun. I’ve got things to take care of—it wouldn’t be convenient to bring you. Next time, okay? I’ll take you when I go back to visit.”

“Is it dangerous?” Ysabel asked, her brows furrowing in concern.

There had to be a reason Tessa didn’t want to bring her. Dangerous was the only explanation.

Seeing how anxious she looked, Tessa gave her a smile. “Dangerous? Come on, what kind of danger could a high school girl like me possibly get into? Don’t worry.”

“But that’s just it,” Ysabel muttered. “You don’t seem like a normal high school girl at all...”

Nathaniel leaned back and sighed. “Finally. Our dear Ysabel’s brain is working for once.”

Tessa? Normal? Not a chance.

“You’re overthinking it.”

As Landon and Tessa took their seats, the waitstaff began bringing out dishes.

The food had been ready for a while.

“Let’s eat,” Tessa said, steering the conversation away. This trip to Falindale was meant to settle old matters -there was no place in it for Ysabel.

Ysabel pouted but gave up. “Fine...”

Midway through dinner, Cameron glanced over and asked, “Landon, you’re really not going with her?”

Given how protective Landon was, it was hard to believe he’d let Tessa face danger alone.

“No,” Landon replied simply.

He was too busy quietly adding food to Tessa's plate, having already memorized everything she liked.

"..." Cameron didn't believe it—but Landon said nothing more.

"By the way, Evan's gone completely quiet," Nathaniel said, excitement in his voice. "He got wrecked by Shadow this time."

"Yeah, it was bad," Hudson agreed. "I don't know what Evan did to tick off Shadow, but it's like he's being toyed with."

"Think it's revenge?" Nathaniel asked. "Maybe it's because Evan stumbled on Wings of Light's main base last time? Could be Shadow paying him back."

While the others continued chatting, Tessa remained quiet.

It didn't matter to her what Shadow's reasons were. Evan being silent just meant one less problem for her to deal with.

After dinner, Landon's driver took him and Tessa back to Wisteria Apartment.

Landon personally walked her to the door.

"Go in and get some rest," she said. "No need to come to the train station tomorrow."

She was taking the train to Falindale this time.

Compared to flying, she preferred trains—no delays, no sudden changes. Just steady, punctual travel.

"Alright. You rest too." Landon didn't ask to go upstairs.

He didn't trust his self-control anymore.

He'd had a few drinks tonight. And if he stayed around her any longer, he wasn't sure he'd be able to let her

go.

But he hadn't forgotten—he still had her eighteenth birthday to plan. Her coming-of-age celebration.

“Tessa...”

She had just turned to head inside when he called out.

“What is-”

She didn't even finish her sentence before he caught her hand and pulled her into his arms.

“Hurry up and grow up, will you?” he whispered, voice low and magnetic, sending her heart into overdrive. “I don't think I can wait much longer.”

He pressed a kiss to her forehead before finally letting go.

“Go on. I'll stay here until I see you get in the elevator.”

“Okay.”

Tessa turned and walked away, still looking calm and composed. But only she knew how wildly her heart was racing.

She didn't breathe easy again until she was far enough away from him.

With her eighteenth birthday approaching, Landon's presence was affecting her more and more...

Chapter 336 Tracks in the Dark

Tessa didn't wake until eight the next morning.

Though she was headed for Falindale, she didn't pack much—just a sleek black backpack slung over one shoulder and a black baseball cap pulled low over her eyes. The look was cold, clean, and effortlessly cool.

She took a cab to the train station. But before she could step inside, her phone rang. It was Samuel.

The moment she answered, his anxious voice burst through the speaker.

“You're going to Falindale?”

He was panicking.

Why couldn't she just stay put for once? What was she thinking, heading straight to

Falindale again?

That man had already traced her to Falindale—and she still chose to go back? Was she trying to hand herself over?

“Yeah. What's the problem? I can't go?” Tessa replied casually. It was just a trip to Falindale. Was that really worth losing his mind over?

“Tessa, I'm serious. That man has never stopped looking for you. You're safer with Alpha Landon. Just stay with him.”

Samuel sounded exhausted.

He knew how skilled she was—but this situation wasn't something skill alone could solve.

“Alright, enough. Aren't you some hotshot S+ doctor? Shouldn't you be curing rare werewolf diseases or saving lives or something? Why are you wasting time on this nonsense?” Tessa's tone turned impatient. This really wasn't a big deal—what was he so worked up about?

“Tessa, I mean it. Anything that affects your safety is not a small thing. Stop brushing it off!”

She was always like this—reckless, unbothered, completely unaware of how dangerous she really was to certain people.

“I'm heading into the station. I've got to go. Just take care of yourself, that's all I ask.”

She ended the call and turned her phone off before he could try again.

Sure enough, Samuel did call again—only to hear the cold, robotic This phone has been turned off.

He nearly threw his phone across the room.

Why couldn't that girl ever stop making trouble?

Did she not know the Montedra werewolf council had issued a kill order on that man?

Meanwhile, in Yalvaria—the heart of Montedra—a man who had been chasing Tessa for years finally caught wind of her heading to Falindale.

The moment he heard, he got up to leave.

“Alpha... you’re really going?” his beta asked, hesitation clear in his voice.

The beta’s gaze fell to the bite wound still visible on the man’s neck—a mark left five years ago by Montedra’s own Alpha King, Landon Nightshade.

“Yes.”

After all this time, he finally had a lead on Tessa. There was no way he wouldn’t go himself.

“This time, I’m going to bring her back with my own hands,” he said coldly. “And once I have her—she’s never leaving again.”

The beta’s expression tightened. “Alpha, returning to Montedra now is too risky. Have you forgotten what you did there?”

Montedra was crawling with wolves who wanted him dead. Especially now that he was about to step onto the land ruled by Landon Nightshade himself. This wasn’t just reckless—it was suicidal.

“I don’t care.”

When it came to Tessa, he couldn’t stay calm. He never could.

“Alpha-!”

“Enough. The plane’s about to take off.” The man cut him off.

Because he was sneaking into Montedra, he hadn’t used his private jet. Instead, he’d opted for public transport—quiet, untraceable.

No matter the risk.

No matter what it cost.

He was going to take Tessa back.

And this time, she'd never escape him again.

Chapter 337 Quiet Tracks, Hidden Signals

At the same time, Tessa had already boarded the train.

She'd booked a business-class seat—spacious and quiet. As soon as she sat down, she pulled out her phone and began remotely managing a few matters for Wings of Light. So focused was she on her screen that she didn't realize who was sitting beside her.

Not until she glanced up did she see the familiar face: Ethan

Behind them sat Simon and a few other Navoris Special Response Team members.

As soon as she finished what she was doing, Simon grinned and leaned forward. "Tessa! What are the odds of running into you here?"

Simon was one of the few people who knew Tessa well. Anytime his team ran into complex situations, he'd be the first to reach out to her for help. Naturally, he was excited to see her.

"Yeah. What a coincidence," Tessa replied flatly, meeting his boyish, sunny grin with a calm, composed tone.

"Sit down," Ethan cut in coolly, glancing at Simon, who was still half-standing in the aisle.

Simon dropped into his seat but kept talking. “Hey, Tessa, are you heading to Falindale? I heard you used to go to school there.”

“Mm.”

“Then let’s grab a meal together once we get there!”

“I’ve got other things to handle in Falindale. I probably won’t have time,” she replied politely.

“Simon, shut it. Ethan’s getting annoyed!” one of the teammates whispered from behind. They all knew Ethan didn’t get many chances to see this girl—and now Simon was yapping nonstop?

Simon finally noticed their captain’s icy expression and mimed zipping his lips, staying quiet from then on.

Both Ethan and Tessa heard the comment—but neither reacted.

Ethan glanced sideways at the girl next to him. She had closed her laptop and now stared ahead, perfectly composed, clearly not in the mood to make small talk. In fact, she seemed even more aloof than he was.

“Business in Falindale?” Ethan eventually broke the silence. “If you need help, just say so. We’re headed there for work anyway.”

Though his team was on assignment, it didn’t matter—Tessa had helped him countless times before. If she needed anything, he wouldn’t hesitate.

“No need. I’m just a high school student. Can’t think of anything I’d need Ethan for.”

“..Right.”

Most of his work involved major cases—murder, smuggling, high-risk operations. Not exactly the kind of thing where a student needed backup.

“That’s not what I meant,” he added, a bit awkwardly.

“You’re someone who handles the big stuff,” Tessa said, a faint smile forming. “Just focus on your duties. No need to worry about me.”

Ethan nodded.

He’d always been the golden boy—top of every class, clite of every squad—but when it came to talking to girls, he was hopeless.

The two-hour ride passed mostly in silence. Tessa was busy with her laptop again. Ethan stared out the window now and then—though more often than not, he looked at her.

This girl... she was full of secrets.

And yet, when he’d tried to look into her—he’d found nothing.

Too little information was just as suspicious as too much.

For someone living in the modern world, Tessa’s records were too clean. Too tidy. That in itself was a red flag.

A high school girl with hacking skills beyond his tech team and bomb-disarming experience? Anyone would be curious.

When they arrived, Simon tried once more to invite her to dinner. Tessa politely declined again.

She hailed a cab and headed straight to her old apartment. The lease hadn't expired, so the place was just as she'd left it—untouched.

After digging through her belongings, she found a small glass vial, slipped it into her backpack, and took one last look around.

Then she turned and walked out.

The moment she stepped through the door, the ring on her finger pulsed faintly with light once again...

Chapter 338 The Shadow Beneath the Moon

As the faint glow of the ring on her finger faded again, textcash

“You really want me to come back that bly?”

That damned man. Why couldn't he just let things gré Keerything was the the way*ww.

“Too bad you're stupid. You want me back? Let's see if grat're even expe

She ignored the ring entirely, flagged down a cat, and headed to a rover alley took eating, she sat in the dim light for a while, waiting until the scheduled case. Then, de citer mother c this time to Falindale's infamous Black Street.

Falindale's Black Street was a true no man's land among werewolves, Sether the comme

my

pack held jurisdiction here. A forgotten zone filled with smugglers, back marker der, befees, wh rebels—every shade of outlaw lurking in the dark.

The street's flickering neon lights pulsed with werewolf pheromones. Monsted fines willed from for so drains, weaving dense, scent-shielding webs across the walk-blocking all spiral testing

When Tessa arrived, someone was already waiting for her.

"You finally decided to come back?" The voice came from a strikingly beautiful young woman in her twenties. She wore a short, sharply tailored dress, and silver wolf-whinde earring membership in the Night Guild.

Tessa tossed her black backpack into the girl's arms.

"So? Anything happen while I was gone?"

This trip was mainly for the Night Guild.

The woman, Dream, pouted as she caught the bag

insignia of

"I thought you weren't coming back!" she grumbled, full of mock indignation. "You just danged the entire Guild on me, a delicate little girl!"

"I'm here now, aren't I? Cut the drama, What's going on?"

The Night Guild was a werewolf underground organization Tessa had inherited—one that took on cases even the elite Navoris Special Task Force couldn't handle.

It had been founded by a retired high-ranking, werewolf warrior—one of the rare few who had audered ancient wolf blood. He had recognized the same unique aura in Tessa, which was why he had personally chosen her as his successor.

He had worked long and hard to get Tessa to take the reins, though the outside world remained unaware of

her role.

“By the way,” Tessa said as they walked deeper into the shadows, “Ethan’s in Valindale too. If he needs help with anything, give him a hand.”

They arrived at the hidden base of the Night Guild—a massive underground fortress carved into the some. The entrance walls were etched with ancient runes resistant to silver bullets. Above them, a vast moonstone dome simulated full–moon cycles to help werewolf members regulate their powers.

Chapter 339 Dressed to Kill

Dream was speechless.

“You’ve been gone four or five months, and you still have the nerve to say you came to see me? Tessa, we had a deal, remember? I’m just watching over Night Guild for you temporarily!”

Tessa was also speechless. She couldn’t even remember who it was back then who had cried and begged to join Night Guild.

And now she was tired of it?

After the two of them left Night Guild, they took a cab to the safehouse the organization had built inside a repurposed abandoned subway station.

Tessa had just opened her laptop when a video call from Samuel came through.

“Tessa, you’re unbelievable! I’m just looking out for your safety, and this is how you act? You actually blocked me? I’m warning you—hurry up and unblock me or else—Forget it. Let’s get to the point. Nathan went to Falindale.”

“Oh,” Tessa replied, sounding irritated.

“What, shocked? You thought just because the North American Werewolf Council issued a kill order on Nathan, he wouldn’t dare set foot in Montedra? You seriously underestimated how possessive he is over you.”

Samuel was exasperated. He didn’t even know how many times he’d warned her, but she just wouldn’t listen. And now? Nathan had gone straight to Falindale. Let’s see what she’d do about that!

“You’re overthinking it. You really think I’m scared of Nathan?”

So what if that man was ruthless? She wasn’t exactly someone to mess with now, either.

He better not show up in front of her—if he did, she’d make sure he never forgot it.

“Tessa, don’t be reckless. Even in the whole werewolf world, Nathan’s power is nothing to scoff at. If you really piss him off, you’re not gonna like the outcome. Look, he’s not in Yalvaria right now—take this chance and fly over here. With the support of the werewolf medical organization, he won’t dare lay a finger on you.”

“No,” Tessa refused immediately.

“Why not?” Samuel screeched. Even Michael had to show Nathan some respect—nobody dared take him head-on.

Did she really not understand how terrifying Nathan was?

“I know everything you’re saying. If I do run into him, I’ll be careful. That’s it. I’m taking a shower. Bye.” Tessa hung up the video call and went to the bathroom.

She hadn’t brought any clothes with her, so Dream had prepared something for her.

But the moment she saw the ultra–short dress, Tessa regretted it.

Dream was a total skirt fanatic–she wore them year–round.

With that kind of woman, was there any hope of finding normal clothes?

Tessa really didn’t want to wear it, but there was literally nothing else. She had no choice but to put on the silver dress and step out.

She opened the door. Dream was already waiting and let out a whistle the moment she saw her.

“Seriously, the second I saw that dress, I knew it was perfect for you. And now that you’re wearing it–my taste is impeccable.”

“Alright. What are we eating tonight?”

“When you’re dressed this good, obviously we’re going out! Come on, I’ve already got heels ready for you.”

Dream pulled out a shoebox. When Tessa saw the heels inside, her head started to hurt.

“Come on, don’t be like that. You want to wear sneakers with a dress? Besides, those heels have hidden mechanisms that fire wolf–poisoned darts–perfect for combat!”

Tessa couldn't argue with Dream. In the end, she put on the heels. If she was going down, she'd go down in style.

"Smile, will you? Don't look so serious." Dream linked arms with her and they headed out.

Dream drove them to a restaurant that had been all the rage lately.

Both of them were dressed to kill, each with her own unique charm. The moment they walked in, they drew every werewolf's gaze in the place.

Seeing the reaction, Dream was extremely satisfied. This was exactly the effect she wanted.

Her Tessa—absolutely stunning.

"Dream, are we really just here to eat?" As soon as they stepped inside, Tessa picked up on something off.

Even though everyone seemed to be casually enjoying their meals, they kept sneaking glances at the entrance and around the restaurant. The air was thick with werewolf pheromones radiating vigilance...

Chapter 340 A Taste of Poison

Dream gave her an approving look.

"That's right! But let's eat first—it's not that big of a deal."

Tessa clearly didn't believe her.

Dream linked arms with her affectionately.

“Relax! Big sis would never hurt you.” She tugged Tessa over to an empty table and called for a waiter.

Beautiful women were just like that—every move they made, even flagging down a waiter, was effortlessly charming.

“Hey gorgeous, we haven’t eaten either. How about we join you?”

Before the waiter even arrived, a few young men in custom-tailored suits surrounded them. Faint, unhealed bite marks peeked out from under the gold chains at their throats—classic nouveau riche werewolves, the kind who got rich trafficking human organs on the black market.

Since their real business for the night hadn’t even started yet, Dream didn’t want to make a scene. She gave a subtle smile, releasing a trace amount of her confusion-inducing pheromones. “Sorry, boys—we’re already meeting someone.”

“Come on, don’t be like that...” One of the men leaned in, the cheap tequila scent of his pheromones barely masking the stench of blood in his bones.

Tessa frowned slightly.

The moment Dream saw her expression, she knew Tessa was running out of patience.

If she didn’t deal with these guys now, Tessa would do it herself—and that would ruin the night.

Dream immediately shot a glance toward the corner. Two stray werewolves stepped forward, each wearing a silver collar and branded on the neck with the word “Tamed” in spellscript. They grabbed the young men. like they were kittens.

“Hey! Where are you taking us?”

“You said you wanted to eat, right? Let’s go together...”

Their protests were cut short as the bodyguards bared their shimmering wolf claws. The men were dragged to a distant table, seated beside several battle-scarred warriors with pointed ears—the veteran enforcers. Night Guild kept around for cleanup.

Dream shook her head. “You’re still the same.” So impatient with everything.

Tessa just wanted to eat in peace. “You’d better hope your surprise is actually worth it,”

Hearing that, Dream immediately swore, “Don’t worry. It definitely will be!”

Sure enough, they were only halfway through the meal when a plain-looking man walked in, carrying a password-protected briefcase.

The moment Dream saw him, she pulled out her phone and showed Tessa his picture.

“See him? That’s the guy. The one every werewolf in Montedra has a bounty out for. Codename: S. Even the International Werewolf SWAT team can’t touch him.”

Tessa frowned.

She knew it—there was no way Dream called her here just to hang out.

So that’s why Ethan and the others were in Falindale too—because of this drug lord.

In the werewolf world, drug lords were the lowest of the low—vermin to be crushed.

The drug they trafficked, Heartrot Resin, was made using taboo moonshade herbs and refined through black sorcery. It twisted werewolf instincts into something monstrous.

On full moon nights, a dealer only had to mix their saliva into the resin. Anyone who ingested it would have their gene chain corrupted by dark magic, identifying the dealer as their “one and only Alpha.” In extreme cases, they’d enter a frenzy and rip their own kin to shreds.

Worse, the howls of the afflicted carried embedded commands—dark incantations that spread like a plague, luring more werewolves into the bloodbath.

Once, a tribal chief had used Heartrot Resin to grow his power, unleashing the “Three Nights of Blood”: hundreds of manipulated werewolves awoke from the frenzy to find their claws soaked in the blood of their own pups. They hurled themselves into silver mines in collective suicide. Trust within the werewolf race was shattered beyond repair.

Now, the Werewolf Council enforced the Silverfang Decree—anyone caught dealing Heartrot Resin would be skinned alive and have their nerves ripped out.

But still, some were willing to gamble everything for power. To them, no sacrifice was too great—not when there was an empire to build. Every spilled drop of blood was just dust on the road to glory.

Any normal werewolf loathed this drug. Tessa was no different.

She despised drugs—and she despised the scum who would gamble the future of their race on them even

more.

Now that she knew the drug lord’s whereabouts, there was no way she’d just stand by and do nothing. But the Night Guild couldn’t afford to expose itself in public.

Tessa licked her lips dangerously. “Does Ethan know that guy’s here?”