

Wolfless 341

Chapter 341 Bounties and Suspicions.

“Forget Ethan.” Dream leaned in. “Tessa, listen up—this drug lord’s worth a hundred million! The International Werewolf Council put out the word: whoever catches him gets the reward. No questions asked.”

Tessa felt something was off. “So?”

Dream gave a sheepish smile. “Well, Night Guild’s running a little low on funds. I figured, why not catch him ourselves? Take out a menace to society and earn a hundred million!”

Tessa stared at her, unimpressed. “So that’s why you’ve been begging me to come back? Because you’re broke?”

This wasn’t some easy target. Even Ethan couldn’t handle him.

They were talking about the number one most-wanted werewolf in the world. A man so dangerous, even elite werewolf SWAT teams had been torn apart by the packs he’d manipulated using Heartrot Resin.

Still, at least Dream had some sense. She hadn’t gone after him alone—she’d dragged Tessa in instead. Otherwise, if anything had gone wrong, Tessa would’ve been picking up her corpse right now.

Dream grabbed her hand. “Tessa, come on! This guy’s an SSS-level fugitive! If you catch him, your name’ll be everywhere!”

Just imagine how many people would be lining up to curry favor with them!

Just the thought of it was intoxicating.

“Sorry. Not interested.” Tessa spoke flatly, pretending she didn’t care.

The man was far too dangerous. She didn't want Dream getting involved.

If she got the chance, she'd take him out herself.

"You don't want to be like Shadow? Admired by everyone?"

"No."

While they were talking, the drug lord was just about done eating. He stood and walked out with the briefcase in hand.

Dream wasn't in a rush. She'd already mapped out his routines over the past few days. She knew exactly where he was going—no need to panic.

"Seriously, Tessa. You act like you don't care about anything. What do you care about?"

Tessa was a total enigma.

But she honestly hadn't expected to run into Ethan and his team here again.

So they were after the drug lord too?

Ethan spotted her the second he walked in. At first, he thought he was seeing things. But after a few more glances, he was certain—it really was that cold, distant girl.

She'd always been the hoodie—and-T-shirt type. He never imagined she could look this stunning in a dress.

Simon was completely stunned.

Holy crap. Ethan. Are my eyes playing tricks on me, or is that really Tessa?"

He'd always thought that whole "goddess descending from the heavens thing was just exaggerated nonsense. No woman could really be that beautiful

But now, he finally got what people meant

Yeah, that's her." Ethan confirmed. "Go find a seat. Don't blow our cover."

Tessa knew them, and they were here on a mission. The last thing he needed was for them to be exposed.

"Yes. Ethan

Simon rushed of to regroup with the others. As much as he wanted to gossip about Ethan and Tessa, this was work. He shoved all his nosy thoughts to the side.

Ethan walked over to Tessa's table and asked politely, "May I sit here?"

The moment Ethan entered. Dream had clocked him.

She picked up on the official authority pheromones he carried. She was just about to decline when Tessa gave a slight nod

"What—wait, you two know each other?" Dream's curiosity flared instantly.

Tessa gave her a look.

"Ethan

“What? You’re Ethan?” Dream was floored. So this was the guy Tessa had already mentioned twice—barely a day since getting back to Falindale.

“Do I know you?” Ethan raised an eyebrow. He only knew Tessa. The woman sitting across from her? Not a

clue.

“Nope. Don’t know you.”

And from the look on Tessa’s face, she didn’t seem like the type to be romantically entangled with a man

like him.

Fine. She’d interrogate Tessa later. For now, with an outsider present, her job was to play it cool and back her girl up.

“What a coincidence, running into you here.” Ethan’s gaze returned to Tessa.

Again and again, he kept bumping into her in places like this.

He didn’t believe in coincidence anymore. A minor like her, with bomb—defusal skills, showing up here, of all places, now—how could she not be connected to their target?

As the captain of the Navoris State Werewolf SWAT Division, Ethan was a master at hiding his emotions.

Even though suspicion had taken root in his mind, his pheromones didn’t fluctuate at all.

But Tessa wasn't just anyone. As someone who had awakened the blood of the ancient white wolves, her emotional sensitivity far exceeded that of a typical werewolf.

From just one look in Ethan's eyes, she already knew what he was thinking.

Still, she didn't see any reason to explain herself.

To her, Ethan wasn't much different from a stranger.

"Are you done eating?" Tessa asked.

Dream nodded immediately.

"All done. Let's go!" She glanced at Ethan a few more times before leaving.

Once they stepped out of the restaurant, Dream immediately started interrogating her.

"Tessa, you better tell me the truth—what exactly is going on between you and that Ethan guy?"

No matter how many ways Dream asked, Tessa gave the same flat answer every time: "Nothing."

Dream lost interest instantly.

And really, Tessa looked at him the same way she looked at any stranger.

Maybe a little better than a stranger—after all, she had let him help her.

But it definitely wasn't the look of someone in love.

Changing the subject, Dream brought the conversation back to the drug lord. “But seriously, Tessa, you really don’t want to get involved in this case? I think it’s super interesting. We could make a ton of money and take down a bad guy! If you manage to catch him, you’d be a hero in the werewolf world. Come with me, okay? I can’t do it alone.”

Dream knew her own limits. That’s why, the moment she got intel on the drug lord, she started reaching out to Tessa and begged her to come back.

“Dream, you can’t handle him. Stop thinking about it.”

“What, are you scared? I’ve never heard of you being afraid of anyone.”

This girl standing in front of her wasn’t just anyone.

She was the one known as Lone Blade—the white wolf warrior who once tore through silver shields with her bare hands.

She’d survived situations a hundred times worse, faced enemies a hundred times stronger. What did she have to be afraid of now?

“Enough. It’s over. Ethan and his team are already here to arrest him. We don’t need to get involved.”

Chapter 342 Wolves on the Hunt

If the official authorities were already on the case, why wade into the mess?

“That’s different! We’re talking about a hundred million!”

Just thinking about someone else walking away with that money made Dream physically ill.

“Dream, are you seriously this desperate for money?” Tessa stared at her in disbelief.

If she remembered correctly, Dream came from a prestigious werewolf noble family—she was their only daughter. She got whatever she wanted.

“I am desperate! Totally desperate. You know my accounts are all frozen—I have to rely on myself for everything now.”

Dream was the strongest werewolf of her generation in their pack. Even though she was a girl, the elders and her parents wanted her to succeed as the next alpha.

But she refused. So the elders teamed up with her family and froze all her cards and accounts.

“You have no idea how pitiful I am right now.” Dream’s voice wobbled like she was about to burst into tears.

Tessa rolled her eyes.

“Dream, you know what? I think you’d be great at acting,” she said, exasperated.

The two of them returned to Dream’s place.

“Just rest. Don’t think about anything else.”

Dream really was a handful.

“Don’t worry. I’m super cautious, okay? That drug lord kills without blinking, and he’s got Heartrot Resin that messes with werewolf minds. You think I’m not scared of dying?”

If she truly wasn’t scared, she wouldn’t have kept calling Tessa for help.

“If you really need money, I’ll send you some tomorrow.”

Dream wasn’t equipped to face someone like that drug lord. If she went after him alone, she’d be dead for

sure.

“Dream, I’ve got a question. Why would the drug lord show up in Falindale?”

There were so many international werewolf agents hunting him down—was it really worth the risk for him to be here?

And Falindale was in Montedra. It fell under Landon’s jurisdiction. His Silverfang Code was even harsher than the Council’s laws.

“Oh, that? I haven’t figured it out yet.” Dream sounded a little defeated.

As someone from Night Guild, she couldn’t believe she still hadn’t cracked that part.

At the same time, in the Nightshade Pack council hall in Navoris-

“Alpha, we just confirmed S is in Falindale!” Nathaniel reported urgently to Landon.

A holographic bounty poster glowed red on the wall behind him. The blood-colored words “Heart-Eater” stood out stark and furious.

They’d been after this fugitive for a long time—his Heartrot Resin had once wiped out three entire packs in Montedra.

Landon frowned. “Falindale?”

That drug lord had been hiding in Yalvaria, throwing the entire region into chaos. Why the sudden move to Falindale?

“Get ready. We’re heading to Falindale tonight,” Landon ordered.

No matter what it took, he wouldn’t allow the bastard to run wild on his turf.

“Yes, Alpha!”

Chapter 343 Stormbound at Dusk

Ethan led the SWAT team to meet up with the Falindale division. Each operative had a silver cartridge etched with a wolf-head insignia strapped to their waist.

They’d been preparing for days—for this exact moment.

Before the operation began, Ethan looked over his 12 team members. Each one had a moonshade patch on the back of their neck—emergency equipment designed to suppress berserker symptoms from Heartrot Resin exposure.

“That drug messes with our instincts,” Ethan said firmly. “I brought you here in one piece—I’m taking you back the same way.”

“Understood, Ethan!” the team echoed.

Silver bullets gleamed from their holsters, every round soaked in wolfbane extract.

“Move out!”

At the same time, Landon and Nathaniel arrived in Falindale.

“Alpha, should we call Tessa?”

Tessa was in Falindale too. Now that they’d arrived, Nathaniel figured Landon would be dying to reach out.

“No. I’ll call her when this is over.” Landon knew—if Tessa found out they were in danger, she’d come charging in, no matter the risk.

“Understood. Should we go straight for the target?” Nathaniel asked.

He had already arranged their men.

“We wait. If Ethan’s team can take him down, we’ll let them handle it.”

After all, it made sense for the official SWAT team to be front and center on this.

“Got it.”

Outside, several modified black sedans were parked and ready.

Landon got in. Nathaniel shut the door behind him before taking the front passenger seat.

This was going to be a tough fight. He just hoped Ethan could pull it off.

Back at the Night Guild safehouse-

Dream was still pestering Tessa. “Tessa, are you sure

you don't wanna go? This could be our one and only shot."

"Besides, fighting a drug lord this dangerous could really boost my combat experience!"

Tessa couldn't shake her off.

She had originally planned to find the drug lord alone, but clearly, there was no leaving Dream behind now.

"Let's go."

Tessa stood up.

The moment she said it, Dream jumped to her feet and enthusiastically fetched a combat suit for her.

It was custom-made by Night Guild—near indestructible, with scent-blocking tech to avoid tracking.

Tessa and Dream both changed. Clad in all black, caps pulled low over their heads, they looked like shadows themselves.

Dream tossed her two guns loaded with silver bullets.

They were dealing with a drug dealer who wielded Heartrot Resin—firearms weren't optional.

Tessa caught them, checked the magazines, holstered both guns, and put on a pair of dark shades.

Seeing her like this again—Dream couldn't help but feel awestruck.

It had been so long since Tessa looked this cool.

That slim-fit black combat gear hugged her figure perfectly, and her long, straight legs made heads turn.

“What’re you staring at? Let’s move.”

“Tessa, maybe wear a mask too?” Dream handed one over. “You’re way too eye-catching. That’s dangerous.”

Tessa took it and stared at the mask, unused for so long. A flicker of emotion crossed her face.

The drop point was by the sea. As Dream drove them there, she glanced over and said, “Tessa, it’s been a while since your last mission, right? Be careful tonight. Don’t get hurt.”

“You should worry about yourself. Just don’t come begging me for help.”

All the big names in the werewolf world would be at this scene tonight—every one of them an elite fighter,

“Hmph. I’ll have you know, I’ve leveled up big-time lately. You’ll see what I mean soon enough.”

They arrived at the deal location.

Dream couldn’t help but mutter, “Seriously, this guy’s guts are something else. He dares to show up on Alpha Landon’s turf? Has he never heard of the bounty Landon placed on his head behind the scenes?”

At the mention of Landon, Tessa paused slightly.

She had no idea what he was doing right now.

They were supposed to video call every night—but he still hadn’t reached out...

Chapter 344 Blood Moon Pursuit

The world lay silent, and the blood moon's faint glow cast a dark red sheen over the dock.

Two factions had gathered—on one side, S's loyal followers; on the other, the buyers of Heartrot Resin.

Tessa and Dream were stationed on the abandoned lighthouse nearby. Tessa's vision, far keener than a normal werewolf's, allowed her to clearly see the exchange below—S's people were using werewolf-specific Morse-style hand signs to communicate.

Finally, a man in black leather and a helmet came roaring in on a heavy motorcycle.

The tires screeched against the asphalt as he pulled off a sharp turn and brought the bike to a halt right between the two parties.

S's arrival instantly stirred excitement among his crew.

Their boss was about to make them rich—again.

S took off his helmet.

“Money.”

His words were clipped, to the point.

The buyers immediately presented several briefcases and opened them for inspection.

Inside weren't stacks of cash, but rows of neatly arranged gemstones.

Satisfied, S gave a curt nod and lifted a black case from the motorcycle's rear seat. The box was engraved with intricate markings, and the moment it opened, a swirl of purple-black mist seeped out, carrying a cloyingly sweet stench.

The lead buyer glanced at the contents, confirmed it was the latest batch of Heartrot Resin, and nodded.

Both sides moved simultaneously—payment for product, product for payment.

Just as the deal was about to close, Ethan led the SWAT team through the perimeter breach. Each officer's badge pulsed with an alert light.

"S, you're under arrest!" Ethan shouted, aiming his custom pistol. Behind him, his team had already locked down the perimeter.

S licked the corner of his lips, a flash of malice flickering in his eyes. "Last time in Yalvaria was fun. How about we switch roles this time—let you be the prey?"

In one motion, he whipped out a syringe hidden in his sleeve. The dark red fluid inside sprayed outward.

Nearby buyers instantly lost all reason. Their eyes turned wild as they turned on everything in sight.

"Ethan! They're losing control!" one agent yelled, though their grip on their firearm never wavered.

In the chaos, S leapt onto his motorcycle. The rear storage compartment popped open, launching four smoke grenades.

"Think you can catch me? In your dreams!" He let out a chilling laugh as the tattoo on the back of his neck pulsed with eerie red light.

Seeing S make a run for it, Dream dropped her binoculars.

“You’ve got to be kidding me! He’s running?”

She bolted to give chase, but Tessa grabbed her arm. “Put on your mask!”

Even if what they were doing wasn’t exactly criminal, exposing their identities was a bad idea.

“Right!” Dream immediately slipped the mask over her face.

Tessa did the same and headed to the car with Dream.

“I’m driving,” she said as they climbed in. In a situation like this, speed was everything.

Meanwhile, Nathaniel turned to Landon. “Alpha, looks like Ethan can’t take him.”

Landon had already seen the route S was escaping along.

“Let’s go.”

This punk had the audacity to stir up trouble on his turf? There was no way Landon would let him get away.

Otherwise, he wasn’t worthy of the title Alpha King of Montedra.

Just as S thought he’d gotten away clean, a sleek black car drifted into position and blocked his path with perfect precision.

Inside, two masked women stared him down.

S’s lips curled into a bloodthirsty grin.

So now women wanted in on the action too?

What, did he look easy to beat or something?

He raised a hand and beckoned mockingly, a glint of purple–black Heartrot Resin residue sparking at his fingertip—a blatant challenge.

“Oh, hell no—this bastard!” Dream’s rage triggered her claws to extend involuntarily, but Tessa held her back.

The next second, Tessa gunned the engine and slammed the car straight toward S’s motorcycle.

As the engine roared, her pupils lit with the silver glow unique to white wolves—a sign that the battle instincts of her bloodline had awakened.

Chapter 345 Fire and Fangs

S hadn’t expected her to be so aggressive. Just as the sports car was about to ram into him, he leapt from the motorcycle, reaching for the silver pistol holstered at his back—a weapon loaded with custom bullets laced with Heartrot Resin.

“Courting death!” he snarled, pulling the trigger. The bullet tore through the car’s windshield, grazing Tessa’s ear.

She twisted the wheel, and the car flipped with the fluid agility of a wolf in mid–leap.

Tessa pushed off the ground one–handed and vaulted from the car, the wolf–head emblem on her boot sparking against the pavement.

In the same motion, she raised her gun and fired back.

The bullet struck S in the shoulder. Purple–black blood splattered onto the ground, hissing into vapor–side effects from long–term Heartrot exposure.

Clutching the wound, S bolted into a nearby warehouse.

Tessa and Dream exchanged a glance and moved in pursuit.

“Be careful,” Tessa said sharply. In a situation like this, she could only look out for herself. She couldn’t guarantee she’d always be able to protect Dream.

Dream gave her an OK gesture. “Relax! I’m not the same Dream I used to be!”

Tessa nodded and entered the warehouse with her gun raised.

“Alpha, there’s a third party involved besides Ethan’s team. Who are they?”

Landon and Nathaniel had just arrived on the scene in time to witness the chase.

“They’re two women, and they’re seriously skilled,” Nathaniel added. Wonder if they’d be interested in joining Nightshade Pack.

“Let’s go see for ourselves.”

Whoever they were–didn’t matter. Now that they were here, there was no way S was getting out of this.

“Yes, Alpha.”

Tessa and Dream entered the warehouse with full caution.

Their ears twitched slightly, picking up on faint breathing from the shadows.

The moment they stepped inside, Tessa knew something was wrong—the scent of gasoline molecules irritated her nostrils. Her enhanced werewolf senses instantly detected danger.

“Don’t fire!” she whispered sharply, pupils flickering with a subtle silver glow in the darkness. “This place is full of flammables. One shot and we’re all dust.”

That meant one thing—this would have to be hand-to-hand.

Dream caught on quickly and nodded.

“What now? I feel like we’ve just walked into a mess...” she mumbled. And the worst part? She’d asked for this.

When it came to marksmanship, Dream was more than capable. She’d gone through rigorous training and tough evaluations to earn her place in Night Guild.

But close combat? That was another story.

“Tessa, maybe we should bail?” Dream whispered, her voice trembling. “If this place blows, we won’t even leave behind a single hair!”

Tessa shot her a glare.

Saying that now? Did she really think they could just walk away at this point?

“Shut up. Stay close.” Tessa dragged her behind a fuel tank. Suddenly, a rotten-sweet whiff of moonshade hit her nose—the stench of Heartrot.

The warehouse door slammed shut with a loud bang. The lights cut out. Darkness swallowed the room whole.

Dream's hand gripped Tessa's tightly.

Tessa pulled her behind a large oil drum and whispered, "Stay here. Don't make a sound. No matter what happens, don't come out."

Without waiting for a reply, Tessa stepped forward into the open.

Hiding wasn't her style.

The Heartrot mist hung thick in the air, blocking their night vision—werewolves' greatest advantage. That left only one thing to rely on: sound.

Suddenly, a hand clamped onto Tessa's shoulder. She spun and lashed out with a chokehold, but only grazed his arm.

"Nice reflexes, sweetheart," S hissed, his breath hot against her ear. He raised the syringe filled with Heartrot Resin, aiming it at her neck. "Be a good girl and become my puppet. I'll let you watch as your own claws rip your friend's throat out."

"Talk too much," Tessa growled—and launched her attack.

Chapter 346 Combustion Point

The warehouse was packed with highly flammable oil drums. Tessa couldn't afford to use her wolf powers- if she unleashed her high-tier pressure here, the chain reaction would blow everything sky-high.

She had no choice but to fight S in human form, relying on pure physical strength.

Tessa's attacks were sharp and brutal. But as an internationally wanted drug lord, S's combat skills were just

as savage.

Every strike landed with force. When Tessa swung an elbow, the air split with a low-frequency vibration- almost like a wolf's howl echoing through the dark.

"Not bad. You can take a lot of hits," S sneered, licking his lips. His pupils narrowed into vertical slits in the darkness-an instinctive werewolf response to excitement.

Tessa didn't answer. Her nails dug into her palm hard enough to draw blood, forming a crescent shape like a wolf's claw. She aimed a brutal kick at his wounded shoulder.

S grunted as the blow connected. Purple-black blood oozed from the injury, reeking of the rot of Heartrot Resin.

"You're a wild one. I like that." S laughed darkly. "Tell you what-come with me. Whatever you want, it's yours."

A woman like her would be a massive asset to him.

"Or better yet-take off your mask. If you're my type, maybe I'll keep you."

His gaze slithered over her body-particularly those long, toned legs. Tempting enough to make any man's blood run hot.

Tessa couldn't be bothered to respond. She launched another vicious kick. S barely dodged it and immediately dove into the shadows to hide.

She couldn't rely on her vision in here. But luckily for her, S couldn't track her scent either. They both

ked one another silently through the maze of towering oil barrels.

her dared let their guard down.

was no pushover. And he knew—neither was she.

But then, S spotted another figure hidden among the tanks. His grin turned twisted.

Dream had thought she'd hidden well—but S had found her.

Now that she was exposed, she had no choice but to fight. Though it was painfully clear... she wasn't going to win.

S clearly intended to use her as leverage against Tessa.

They clashed. In under a minute, Dream was knocked to the ground with a brutal kick.

Lying there, winded and humiliated, regret surged through her.

I shouldn't have brought Tessa here. Worse, now he's using me to threaten her

—that's unforgivable.

She tried to crawl away, but S grabbed her and held a dagger laced with wolfsbane to her throat.

By the time Tessa heard the scuffle and rushed over, Dream was already in his grasp.

S looked at her smugly. "So tell me—how should we settle this little score?"

“Let her go. I’ll go with you,” Tessa said coldly. “I’m the one who shot you. Take it out on me.”

“No, Tessa! He’ll use the resin to control you!” Dream cried, shaking her head.

Even if she had to die here tonight, she wouldn’t let S take Tessa.

Tessa was Night Guild’s successor—personally chosen by the founder. If anything happened to her... Dream would never forgive herself.

“Shut up!” S barked and slashed Dream’s neck with the blade.

“Let her go!”

The scent of Dream’s blood hit the air—carrying her pheromones—and Tessa’s pupils contracted violently.

Silver light surged across her body as her wolf power erupted.

In that moment, she forgot about the oil drums. Forgot about the danger.

She only wanted to destroy the threat in front of her.

The oil barrels groaned under the pressure of her unleashed aura, trembling on the edge of explosion.

Just then—“Bang!”—the warehouse doors burst open.

Landon stepped in, and with him came a blast of crisp cedarwood pheromones that sliced through the rot of Heartrot Resin like a blade.

Chapter 347 Shadows in the Moonlight

A silver mist, thick with the scent of pine pheromones, swirled around Landon. His steps were so steady, it was like he was walking on solid moonlight. Not a trace of his presence leaked out a stealth technique unique to the Shadow pack.

He seized the instant S got distracted, darting forward like a bolt of lightning. The runes on the soles of his boots sparked blue-violet lightning against the ground as he slammed a kick straight into S's chest.

This was a blow from an alpha king. It hit S's wolf soul directly, making him let out a pained grunt.

The moment S let go of Dream, Tessa yanked her back and pressed her hand to the wound on Dream's neck where the wolfsbane-laced dagger had cut her. A silver-white glow flowed from her fingers like moonlight, instantly healing the injury.

But Tessa's eyes never left Landon. Wasn't he supposed to be in Navoris? Why was he here in Falindale?

Landon and S clashed again. The crisp crack of bone meeting bone rang out between snarls only a wolf could make.

Landon fought like a wolf king on the hunt – precise, ruthless, and clean. Every strike targeted the weak points in S's joints. S, on the other hand, fought like a rabid stray, each move laced with the madness of someone corroded by Soulrot Venom.

Realizing he was completely outmatched, S jumped back and dodged the next strike, raising his gun as he moved toward a fuel drum.

“This place is filled with gas. Try me – I'll pull the trigger and take us all out!” His voice was harsh,

threatening, but the hand holding the gun trembled slightly under Landon's cold, dark stare.

“You’re welcome to try.” Landon stepped forward. The wolf–head totem on his sleeve caught the moonlight, flashing with a chilling gleam. “But I promise you, your head will hit the ground before the bullet does.”

He hated nothing more than being threatened

—

“We need to go,” Dream said. She was afraid S really would pull the trigger and by then, it’d be too late to run.

“Yeah.”

Just as they were about to leave, Nathaniel stepped in to block their path.

“Sorry, ladies, but you’re not going anywhere yet.”

Who these women belonged to, why they were here tonight, and whether they were involved with the Soulrot Venom they had to find out.

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Landon tilted his head slightly, his eyes flicking to Tessa.

Tessa wore a mask, but she still feared he might recognize her. She quickly avoided his gaze.

“Who we are is none of your business,” Dream snapped, grabbing Tessa to run.

Tessa still hadn’t said a word. She’d hidden her scent and her face, but the moment she spoke, both

Landon and Nathaniel would know exactly who she was.

Seeing them make a run for it, Nathaniel rushed in to stop them.

Tessa frowned. It looked like they weren't getting out of here without a fight.

Fine then. Let's fight.

S' didn't actually want to die either he didn't dare shoot. Instead, he threw himself back into another fight with Landon.

No matter what happened, as long as he wasn't dead, he'd keep fighting. He was never the type to give up.

Nathaniel was beyond curious about the two women. Every move he made was aimed at tearing off their masks.

Once she realized his goal, Tessa became even more focused on keeping her mask in place. If it slipped now, they'd be in serious trouble.

Nathaniel might look like a carefree joker most of the time, but when it came down to it, he fought with sharp precision.

He was a beta from the Shadow pack, Landon's right-hand man – definitely not just some pretty face.

Dream caught on to his intent too. What a damn unlucky day.

Meanwhile, S spotted an opening and pulled out a Soulrot Venom injector. The purple liquid shimmered wickedly in the moonlight.

Just as Landon swung a punch at him, S risked everything and lunged into the attack, aiming the needle straight at Landon's wrist artery.

If he managed to inject the venom, even the strongest alpha would fall under his control!

Chapter 348 Silver Blades and Loyalties

Landon's pupils shrank sharply. He was just about to dodge when Tessa, like a leaping white wolf, launched herself into the fray.

She raised her leg and kicked at the injector in S's hand with precise force.

Clang! The injector flew from S's grip and clattered to the ground. Landon seized the opportunity, slamming him down and locking a firm hand around the back of his neck. The crushing pressure of an alpha's dominance bore down like something tangible, preventing S from summoning any wolf power and ensuring he couldn't make a desperate move like blowing up the fuel drum and taking them all with him.

Seeing S firmly subdued, Tessa immediately raised her gun and aimed it straight at Landon's head.

This was the first time anyone had ever pointed a gun at Landon's head. This girl really had guts.

"Alpha—" Nathaniel tensed up, staring in disbelief at the scene.

But even with a gun loaded with silver bullets pressed to his skull, Landon didn't flinch. Instead, he let out a low, amused laugh. "Interesting."

That laugh made Tessa's eyelid twitch.

She'd always known just how dangerous Landon was.

As the alpha of the Nightshade Pack – the Alpha King of Montedra – the legend of the “Silverblade Core-Gouger” echoed throughout the werewolf world.

And this was the first time they had ever faced off like this.

Gone was the gentleness he usually showed her. Now, his presence crashed over her like a thunderstorm tearing across a frozen plain.

Landon turned and fought the gun-wielding Tessa head-on. The clash of fists echoed with the low-frequency rumble unique to alphas. Each blow carried the cold pressure of pine-scented pheromones.

The person happiest to see them fighting was, unsurprisingly, S. As long as they were caught up fighting each other, he might just have a shot at escape.

But the moment he tried to get up, the man and woman – despite being locked in combat – each landed a synchronized kick to his chest.

Taking two kicks to the chest at once, S nearly coughed up blood on the spot.

Seriously? Even while fighting each other, they hadn't forgotten about him?

“Just keep fighting, pretend I'm not here,” S muttered pitifully.

To think that he, S, a drug lord whose name struck fear across the werewolf underworld, would one day end up like this.

Even the elite werewolf SWAT team in Yalvaria couldn't touch him handed to him like this?

—

and now he was gettins ass

What kind of monsters had he run into today? This was ridiculous.

“We caught him first. He’s ours,” Nathaniel said, eyeing the restrained S.

“Bullsh*t! We found him first, and we’re the ones who hurt him!” Dream snapped. She knew Tessa didn’t want to speak, so she stepped up instead.

“I don’t care who you people are. S is wanted by the Night Guild. We’re taking him with us”

As for what came next

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they’d deal with it once he was in custody.

But these two people... who were they, and what did they want

with S?

Was this just one pack of dogs biting another? Or were they actually fighting for justice?

“Night Guild?” Nathaniel blinked. He hadn’t expected that. Everyone in Montedra knew the name.

The Night Guild – a mysterious organization, cloaked in shadows. But everything they did was on the side of justice.

They hunted the criminals even the werewolf SWAT teams couldn’t catch. Like silver-fanged judges walking in moonlight, they upheld the law of the wolf with claw and tooth.

“That’s right. So hand him over. You can rest easy knowing he’s in our hands.”

Dream was pleased with the look on his face.

The Night Guild's reputation had exactly the effect they'd hoped for.

"S is my target too," Landon said bluntly. "Why the hell should I hand him over to you?"

His gentleness belonged to Tessa alone. As for other women – hesitate.

Chapter 349 Lines That Can't Be Crossed

"You-" Dream had expected this wouldn't end so easily. Everyone after S wanted to be the one to bring

no one wanted to come up empty-handed.

him in

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"We of the Night Guild arrest people for two reasons: to rid the world of threats, and to collect the bounty." Dream raised an eyebrow. "But judging by your attitude, I'm guessing you're not in this just for the money."

"Bounty?" Nathaniel arched a brow and eyed the two of them. "You're saying the Night Guild needs money?"

Dream shot back immediately, "No one's short on cash – but who ever complains about having too much? Besides-" she nudged the S lying on the ground with her boot, "this bastard's ruined countless werewolf families. Using the bounty to compensate the victims' families is better than letting it end up in your pockets, isn't it?"

“I’ll pay you double. We take him,” Landon said, his tone leaving no room for debate.

“Excuse me? Do I look like someone who needs your money?” Dream’s temper flared. She, of all people, had never been short on cash – not once in her life.

“Then what do you want?” Landon finally asked. His patience was clearly wearing thin.

Patience had never been his strong suit.

Dream leaned in close to Tessa and whispered, “What now? Can you take him?”

She’d meant to back Tessa up, but now it felt like she was the one dragging her down. She couldn’t beat either of them in a fight.

“No.”

She had thought that awakening the White Wolf bloodline would allow her to fight on even ground with the Alpha King of North America.

But when they clashed earlier, even Landon’s casual blows were cloaked in the unique spatial suppression of an alpha’s domain. Every strike she landed had felt like it hit a cushion of air.

If it weren’t for her self-healing and agility as a White Wolf, she wouldn’t have lasted this long against him

at all...

So this was the true strength of an Alpha King. The gentleness he usually showed her was nothing more than snow resting on thunder.

“Fine. Two hundred million. Wire it directly to the Night Guild. Don’t even think about pulling anything – unless you want to make enemies of the entire Night Guild.”

Hearing that Tessa couldn’t beat him, Dream agreed without hesitation.

She knew when to back down. And hey, two hundred million for free? Not a bad deal.

Tessa and Dream left.

As they walked away, Landon’s gaze stayed fixed on them.

More specifically, on Tessa.

She had masked her scent and hidden her face, but still, she felt familiar....

“Alpha, what’s with that look? Don’t tell me you’ve got your eye on those two hotties?”

Noticing Landon’s lingering stare, Nathaniel nudged him with his elbow.

“You’ve already got Ms. Tessa, and you’re moving on that fast?”

Now that the mission was over, Nathaniel was back to his usual laid-back self.

Landon shot him a cold glare. Nathaniel shut his mouth instantly.

“Take him back to the underground dungeon in Falindale. Get the answers we need, then hand him over to Ethan.” Landon passed S over to Nathaniel.

A wanted fugitive by the Werewolf Council – best to let Ethan handle it through official channels.

“Got it! What about you, Alpha? You going to look for Tessa now? It’s late- do you even know where she is?”

Falindale wasn’t that big, but it wasn’t that small either. It’d still take some time to track someone down.

“What are you babbling about?”

It was already late. What would be the point in bothering her now? No matter how much he missed her, he could wait until morning.

Meanwhile, Tessa and Dream had already gotten into the car. This time, Dream was driving.

She deliberately avoided Ethan and the others, taking a detour before rejoining the main road and heading straight to the Night Guild’s safe house.

As soon as they arrived, Tessa started packing.

Seeing this, Dream was confused.

“What are you doing? Okay, I get it, I messed up. I swear I won’t pull something like this again.”

It was late. She should just take a shower and get some sleep. What was all this fuss about?

“Good. Just don’t act recklessly like this again. I’ve got things to take care of — I won’t be staying here.”

Now that Landon was in Falindale, there was no doubt he would come looking for her. And if he found out she was with Dream, there’d be no explaining her way out of it.

After all, as the Alpha King of Monfedra, Landon was the enforcer of the law and the Night Guild operated outside it...

Chapter 350 The Gift at the Gate

Dream grabbed Tessa's hand. "So you're really not mad at me?"

That was important. Sure, she'd acted on her own this time – but S was a target the Night Guild had seriously wanted to take down.

"I'm not mad. You know what kind of person I am." Tessa gave her a firm look. "But next time I'm not around, you need to be more careful. Don't go provoking people you can't handle, got it?"

Since Dream had called her in just for the S operation, and that was done, it was time for Tessa to head back.

Christmas was around the corner. She'd promised her grandfather she'd spend the holidays with him – and if she broke that promise, he'd definitely start worrying again.

"What? You're leaving already?" Dream looked a little disappointed. "You just got here!"

"I really want to go back with you." She sighed. But the Night Guild needed people. Dream couldn't leave even if she wanted to.

Tessa tapped her on the cheek.

"Be good, okay? If something comes up and you can't handle it, go straight to Master." The Night Guild was his own creation – time for him to take responsibility for it.

"Okay!"

After giving a few final instructions about Night Guild affairs, Tessa left the safe house and took a cab to the Falindale Grand Hotel.

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so she hacked into the Once she checked in and got to her room, she worried about being tracked hotel's system and changed her registration info before finally relaxing and heading to the shower.

Elsewhere, Landon also arrived at the Falindale Grand Hotel.

He was still sweaty from the earlier fight. He needed a proper shower and a change of clothes before going to see his girl.

Nathaniel, meanwhile, had already handed S over to their contact in the Falindale underground stronghold and was personally handling the interrogation.

By the time Landon was cleaned up, Nathaniel was back. He handed over the file.

“Alpha, this is everything we got out of S.” To keep it secure, he'd done the questioning himself.

Landon flipped through the documents, his expression growing darker with every page.

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That damn S had set up multiple drug labs across Montedra and had even hidden the main base inside a pup breeding facility. No wonder Landon's full-force crackdowns had never touched the heart of the operation.

“Should we hand him over to Ethan now?” Nathaniel asked.

“Yeah.” Ethan was known for his integrity — fair, impartial, never swayed by power or interest. Landon

I wouldn't mind pulling him to his side if he got the chance.

"All right. I'll have our people deliver this little gift to Ethan. Hopefully, he won't disappoint us."

Nathaniel had heard plenty of stories about Ethan, but he also knew it wouldn't be easy to win him over. Ethan belonged to the special ops division directly under the Werewolf Council the highest judicial authority in the werewolf world.

The Council wrote the laws, settled disputes, and its special forces operated independently of any regional power answering only to the Council.

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As Montedra's Alpha King, Landon had to report to them. Ethan's unit was both a partner and a watchdog

a delicate balance of cooperation and oversight.

Meanwhile, on Ethan's end, the entire team was in low spirits. After the operation, they'd failed to capture Sand one of their own had been seriously injured, unable to heal, and was now in Falindale's werewolf hospital.

This had been their best shot at catching S, and they'd blown it. Now that he'd escaped, he'd only get more careful. Who knew when they'd get another chance?

Just as the frustration was setting in, a black, unmarked car pulled up outside the special ops headquarters and tossed a burlap sack at the entrance before speeding off.

One of the werewolf guards approached cautiously and opened the sack – and what he saw inside had him rushing inside to report.

Ethan came out quickly with a team – and found S, hogtied and beaten so badly his face was swollen beyond recognition.

Simon blinked in disbelief. “That’s really S? The guy our whole unit couldn’t catch? Who the hell took him down?”

“Enough. Get him inside.” Ethan ordered.

They’d finally caught S. The priority now was to dig into his entire network – upstream, downstream, every lab and dealer connected to him.

As for who delivered him to their doorstep... they’d deal with that later.