

Wolfless 35

Chapter 35 History Would Repeat

“Have you heard of the Bladestorm Mercenaries?”

“Never. Are they famous?” Nathaniel strained to recall but came up empty. The name meant nothing to him.

“Erase them.”

“What? Did they offend you?”

Landon shot him a look. Nathaniel immediately curbed his curiosity and nodded. “Understood, Alpha. I’ll take care of it right away.”

It was just a minor mercenary group he barely remembered; wiping them out was child’s play.

At the crack of dawn, Hector staggered back to the mercenary headquarters, his body battered and bruised.

D*mn Tessa! How dare she actually lay hands on me and humiliate me like this? There is no

way in hell I am letting her get away with it.

His boss, the formidable leader of the Bladestorm Mercenaries, was an unrivaled force. Hector would have him settle the score.

This time, he wouldn’t just make Tessa kneel and beg for mercy. He would break her limbs, reducing her to a sobbing, helpless wreck at his feet.

Just picturing her utterly at his mercy sent a thrill through him. Unable to contain his anticipation, Hector shoved open the headquarters' doors.

"Boss, help me..."

The words died in his throat the instant he took in the scene before him.

Every single mercenary in the Bladestorm Mercenaries including the leader he had once revered, was kneeling on the ground, faces swollen, bruised, and bloodied.

Hector's breath caught. What the...

Instinct screamed at him to retreat, but before he could move, the doors slammed shut behind him.

"Are you Hector Locke?" Nathaniel's gaze locked onto him, his mere presence exuding such crushing dominance that Hector's legs nearly gave out beneath him.

"I'm not." The words tumbled from Hector's mouth without hesitation.

Oh my goodness! Who did we provoke? Why would a werewolf

of this caliber come after us?

"It's him!" The confirmation came from none other than the Bladestorm Mercenaries' leader.

Hector bolted, but before he could take a step, one of Nathaniel's men kicked him

“You’ve got some nerve! How dare you kidnap Mr. Therne?” Nathaniel advanced slowly, his towering frame casting a shadow over Hector, regarding him as one might a cockroach.

“...”

Nathaniel’s men didn’t give him the chance to explain. A brutal strike landed, followed by another, leaving Hector crumpled on the floor, beaten beyond recognition.

“The Bladestorm Mercenaries cease to exist as of today. If I hear this name again, I will ensure every last one of you is obliterated on the spot. Nathaniel’s voice was as cold and absolute as death itself.

With that, he turned and walked away, his men following in his wake.

The moment they were gone, the leader of the Bladestorm Mercenaries rounded on Hector, fury blazing in his eyes.

“Hector, you worthless piece of sh*t! I took you in, gave you a place here, and you repaid me by dooming us all! Guys, get him!”

At his command, the mercenaries descended upon Hector, fists and boots hammering into him relentlessly. Even the leader joined in.

By the time they were finished, Hector’s limbs had been shattered. He crawled home, leaving a trail of blood in his wake.

Through the agony, he cursed nonstop.

That b*tch Tessa! Who the hell is backing her? She’s

supposed to be some exiled teenage wolf from the Frostmoon Pack. How the hell does she have this kind of power?

After being taken to the police station, Queenie poured out exaggerated accusations against Tessa, painting her as a monster.

Watching her sob, the officer reassured her, “Ms. Locke don’t worry. We’ll bring Tessa in immediately. You’ll have justice before the day is over.”

When the police arrived at school to arrest Tessa, Winona happened to witness the scene.

Tessa didn’t even glance at her as she walked past.

But Winona halted in her tracks and turned to the gathered students. “What did Tessa do? Why are the police arresting her?”

“No clue!”

The murmurs of speculation faded into the background.

Winona only knew one thing.

Tessa was being taken away. And if this escalated, Walter would never hand over the Sinclair Corp’s shares to her.

Five years ago. Tessa’s disgrace had enraged the Frostmoon Park foreinme

This time, history would repeat itself.

Winona swore she would ensure Tessa was exiled from Navorit for good.