

Wolfless 441

Chapter 441 The Unshakable Threat

With the “Veilstone” pendant Landon had given her hanging securely around her neck, Tessa had no fear of revealing her white wolf form. She freely unleashed Emma’s power without restraint.

White wolf energy gathered in her palms. Her lily-of-the-valley pheromones sharpened into invisible blades, slicing straight through Nathan’s frost-laden aura.

Nathan’s eyes shimmered red, beast markings flashing. His claws, wrapped in icy-blue energy, met hers midair. Their strikes collided with a shattering explosion of crystalized frost, spiderwebbing cracks across the café floor.

Their movements were as fast as lightning. Wolf claws clashed and swept. Nathan formed a frost shield from his snow-laced pheromones, but Tessa shattered it with a single powerful punch.

The two of them had been trading blows for a while now. On the sidelines, Grant stood frozen, unsure of what to do.

No one was allowed to harm the Alpha’s chosen mate.

So now, with Alpha and Tessa battling each other, none of them dared to intervene.

But this Tessa—after years apart—had grown frighteningly strong. She could match Nathan blow for blow.

Someone this powerful posed a threat to Alpha’s future.

So the question was... how could she be eliminated?

That was the task the old Alpha had given Grant.

While Grant pondered, several more brutal exchanges passed between Nathan and Tessa.

Suddenly, Tessa's phone began to ring—it was the special ringtone she'd assigned to Landon.

What

was he calling for now?

Tessa hesitated. That single moment of distraction was all Nathan needed—his claws shot toward her throat.

But just before they could touch her, he forcefully pulled back his wolf energy.

That hesitation gave Tessa the opening she needed. Her leg shot up, and she slammed her foot into his abdomen with full force.

Nathan staggered back several feet before regaining balance.

“Alpha!”

Seeing Nathan take a hit, Grant immediately moved to signal the Frost Pack warriors to surround Tessa, but Nathan shouted, “Don't touch her!”

Grant had no choice but to rush to Nathan's side and help him up.

“Alpha, are you alright?”

Tessa shot a glance at the circling warriors. She didn't take them seriously at all.

“What, all

of you want to join in now? If it's a fight you want, then come on. Don't waste my time."

Landon had called earlier, and she hadn't answered.

Knowing him, he was probably already on his way here.

And if Landon and Nathan came face-to-face... the consequences would be catastrophic.

"Tessa, why are you doing this?" Grant said accusingly. "Alpha treats you so well. Why can't you appreciate it?"

Nathan had practically bent over backwards for her—he'd even gone so far as to defy the old Alpha.

To Grant, she was simply ungrateful.

"Alright, everyone calm down," Nathan said with a smile as he dusted off his clothes. He turned back to Tessa, gaze steady. "I'll leave for now. But think carefully about what I said. You know I'm not the type to give up. No matter what it costs, I'll do whatever it takes to make you mine."

Tessa looked at him like he was completely unhinged.

What was there to say to someone who'd lost his mind?

But now wasn't the time to keep fighting.

She needed to get back quickly—before Landon got too worried.

"Tessa," Nathan called out one last time, voice quiet and low. "I mean it. Even if the person in your heart is Landon—I'll kill him if I have to."

"Try laying a hand on him and see what happens," she snapped. She never tolerated threats.

Without another word, Tessa turned and walked out of the café.

She reached for her phone to call Landon back—only to look up and see his car already parked just outside. And there he was, walking toward her beneath a black umbrella...

Chapter 442 The Kind of Love He Can't Have

Rain poured down like a falling galaxy, drumming hard against the café's windows—but not a single drop left a trace. The protective barrier surrounding the building didn't just block sound—it swallowed every physical impact.

Landon gripped the umbrella handle. He could still smell the lingering lily-of-the-valley scent in the air... but no trace of Nathan's frostborne pheromones. The barrier was scaling them in.

Tessa stood still, unmoving. Nathan was still inside.

If the two of them saw each other now, everything she'd done—all the restraint, the decisions, the sacrifices -would be for nothing.

That lunatic Nathan... surely he wouldn't walk out now. Right?

Landon walked up to her, quietly closing the umbrella and stepping under the protection of the awning beside her.

"If it's a friend, why didn't you just bring them to the villa?" he asked softly. "We've got everything at home. No need to come out in weather like this."

And really—what kind of "friend" meeting needed to happen in a café surrounded by a barrier like that?

Landon was curious, of course. But more than anything, he respected Tessa's privacy. If she didn't want to say, he wouldn't press her.

“It’s nothing. Just a regular friend. I didn’t feel like bringing him to the villa,” she replied casually.

“Your friend already left?”

“Yeah. Let’s go. Time to head back.”–

“Alright. I’ll carry you. The water on the road’s too deep.”

Before she could protest, Landon had already crouched in front of her.

Seeing that, Tessa couldn’t bring herself to refuse. She climbed onto his back, wrapping her arms around his neck. Landon stood up, opened the umbrella, and carried her out into the storm.

Inside the café, Nathan saw everything.

His wolf power surged violently, turning every surface inside the room to frost.

Beside him, Grant also saw what had happened—but with the Alpha’s fury pulsing in the air, he didn’t dare so much as breathe.

“Grant,” Nathan said coldly, “answer me honestly.”

“Yes, Alpha?” Grant’s voice was careful, submissive. The last thing he wanted right now was to trigger Nathan’s wrath.

“If you were a woman... would you like someone like Landon? Even as the Alpha King of Montedra, he lowers himself just to care for his mate. Every little detail, every gesture—he does it all.”

The truth was, Nathan was the Alpha of Solara's most powerful pack—the Frost Pack. He had every right to

contend for the title of Alpha King. In status and strength, he was Landon's equal.

But never—not even with his former Luna—had he treated a woman like that. If anything, it was Joanna

who had cared for him more.

And yet Landon, in front of Tessa, was willing to do anything.

"I think I'd still prefer you, Alpha," Grant said, lying through his teeth.

Nathan shot him a sharp, cold look.

"Grant. I said tell me the truth."

"I..." Grant scrambled for an answer and finally squeezed one out. "Alpha, not every woman likes the same type. Some go for gentle men, some like cold ones, some like bold and dominant alphas. Love doesn't have a universal standard, right?"

Nathan didn't respond. His blood-red eyes stayed locked on the shrinking figures of Tessa and Landon, and the cold radiating from his body only intensified.

Grant couldn't hold it in anymore. "Alpha, maybe... maybe you should let her go. Tessa's been so firm in rejecting you. Every time you see her, you get hurt. What's the point in chasing her like this? There are plenty of beautiful, strong females around you. Whatever kind you want, I can find her. And they'd be yours -devoted, loyal, obedient."

Honestly, aside from looking like the deceased Luna, Grant couldn't figure out what made Tessa so special.

"My business doesn't need your opinions."

It was exactly because she was like this—so different, so defiant—that Nathan found it impossible to let her

go.

What use were those simpering women, flattering him for his status and power? He hated them.

They didn't care about him. Only his title.

Once, maybe, he'd liked Tessa because she looked like Joanna. But now?

Now he knew the truth: he couldn't get her out of his system because she was the only one who had never bowed to him.

The only one who dared to speak the truth to his face. The only one who'd ever fought back with her claws. And the more he saw of her...The more hopelessly addicted he became.

Chapter 443 Preparing for War

When Tessa and Landon returned to the villa, the old butler had already prepared lunch.

Nathaniel was still out handling affairs at the branch office and hadn't returned yet.

"Mr. Landon, Ms. Tessa—you're back! Lunch is ready. Would you like to eat now?" the butler asked respectfully as he waited by the door.

"Let's wash up and eat. You probably didn't have much at the café," Landon said gently. The place might have offered desserts, but he knew Tessa didn't care for sweets.

"Mm." Tessa nodded and went to wash her hands.

When she returned, Landon pulled out her chair for her and helped her sit.

“Do you have anything planned this afternoon?” she asked.

“Nothing urgent. Nathaniel can handle it. I’ll stay here with you,” he said. He didn’t want work to come between them.

“Landon, it’s okay. If you’ve got things to do, go ahead. You don’t need to stay here for me. I can take care of myself.”

“Why? Are you meeting another friend this afternoon? I can join too. I’d like to know more about the people in your life.”

“No,” she replied instantly.

What a joke. The last person she’d want him to meet was Nathan.

Calling Nathan a “friend” was laughable. Enemy was more like it.

“Then I’ll stay with you and we can rest a bit.” They were heading back to Navoris tomorrow. He’d planned to take her out today, but with the bad weather, staying home was best.

“This trip was too rushed anyway,” Landon added. “Once your exams are over, I’ll bring you back here properly. We’ll make it a real vacation.”

Where they went didn’t matter—as long as she could relax.

Tessa nodded and passed him a piece of pork rib. “Let’s eat.”

After lunch, they sat in the living room for a while before heading up to her room together.

“Take a nap,” Tessa urged gently.

She herself had woken up late, so she wasn’t tired.

“Then stay with me,” Landon said, pulling her hand.

“But I’m not sleepy. I want to read for a bit.” She’d already said what needed to be said to Nathan today.

As for what he would do next, she couldn’t predict it.

All she could do now was prepare. No matter what Nathan planned, she wouldn’t back down.

Yes, Yalvaria was his home turf. That did make things more complicated—but not unmanageable.

Just then, Landon’s phone rang. It was Nathaniel.

He wouldn’t be calling now unless it was important.

Landon answered the call with Tessa right beside him.

“What is it?”

“Alpha, we’ve identified who attacked us—it was Nathan!”

“Nathan...” Landon narrowed his eyes dangerously.

“Surprised, right? We had our suspicions, but for the past few years, Nightshade Pack and Frost Pack have stayed out of each other’s way. No one knows why he suddenly snapped this time.”

They’d found the perpetrator, but not the reason.

“I see.”

“What do you want to do about it?” Nathaniel asked.

This was Yalvaria–Nathan’s domain. If he really wanted to make a move, the odds of success were high.

“If he wants to play games,” Landon said with a cold smirk, “then we’ll play. He sent five puppets. We’ll return the favor.”

“Yes, Alpha!” Nathaniel instantly understood. “You keep enjoying your time with Tessa. I’ll take care of it.”

They didn’t hold the same power in Yalvaria as Nathan, but they weren’t defenseless either.

They had a research base here–not for creating unnatural puppet–hybrids like Nathan, but stocked with advanced tech: mechanical werewolves designed with precision engineering. Resistant to cold, heat, and shock, each unit came equipped with titanium alloy claws that could shred even Nathan’s frost armor.

Perfect for dealing with him.

“If you run into trouble, let me know.”

“...Alpha,” Nathaniel said dryly, “did you just doubt me?”

“If you can’t handle this, then maybe you’re not fit to be my beta.”

“Hey now!” Nathaniel huffed. “Who are you underestimating here? If I can’t take care of something this minor, I’ve got no business being by your side.”

“Just be careful. Nathan’s never played clean,” Landon warned. “If you’re going up against him, you need to be even dirtier—more ruthless. Otherwise, you’ll end up the one bleeding.”

“I got it, Alpha. Don’t worry.”

Chapter 444 A Line Has Been Crossed

After Landon hung up the phone, Tessa could tell from the name alone that he now knew who was behind the ambush.

And honestly—good.

Now that he was aware, he could stay vigilant.

No matter how deep Nathan’s roots ran in Yalvaria, Landon wasn’t someone to be underestimated. Once he understood the situation, she believed without a doubt that he’d handle it all.

He always did.

Landon tossed the phone aside, eyes narrowing. “Nathan.”

He hadn’t expected it. That bastard really had the nerve to challenge him like this.

Tessa came to his side.

“You need to be careful. That man’s a complete lunatic.”

“You know him?”

Her warning was right on point. But she’d spent most of her time in Murica—how would she know Nathan?

Not wanting to reveal her past with him, Tessa lied casually, “I heard about him from Samuel. Just... be cautious, okay? I don’t want to see you hurt. Not even a scratch.”

“Don’t worry. It’s just Nathan.”

“Come on, let’s lie down for a bit. Even if you’re not tired, rest for a while. We’re heading back to Navoris tomorrow—better start shifting your schedule or your exams will be a mess.”

“It’s fine. Exams are just a formality for me.”

She wasn’t worried at all. With her grades and overall ability, any university in Murica would welcome her with open arms.

Landon raised a brow, teasing affection in his voice. “Pretty confident, aren’t you?”

“As I should be. Besides, the International Werewolf Medical Organization is still waiting for me.”

“You want to join the Werewolf International Medical Organization?”

That would mean she’d have to attend university in Yalvaria.

“Mm.” Tessa nodded.

She'd thought it over for a long time and had finally accepted Samuel's offer. She wanted to join the organization. Saving lives sounded a lot more meaningful than taking them.

Even though Yalvaria was Nathan's stronghold, he wouldn't dare lay a hand on the medical organization. It housed the world's top werewolf healers and focused on researching rare and forbidden diseases. Any attack on them would be a declaration of war against the foundation of werewolf society itself.

By the time she joined, it would be years down the line. She was confident she'd have figured out how to break the blood contract by then.

And when that time came—if Nathan still dared come after her, she'd kill him without hesitation.

Landon was already calculating. "Then I guess I'll need to slowly shift more of my operations to Yalvaria."

He wanted to be there with her. Always.

There was no way he'd leave her here alone.

"Don't give me that look. If you're really that touched, then the only acceptable thank-you is marrying me," he teased.

Tessa leaned forward and placed a soft kiss on his lips.

"I must've done so many good things in my past life... to be lucky enough to meet you in this one," she murmured.

"Then I'd better start doing good deeds now, so I can find you again in the next."

Landon bent down and kissed her.

His kiss was unlike hers.

It burned with intensity, filled with raw desire—an unspoken promise.

And Tessa... responded with the same fire, no longer holding back.

After their kiss, Landon pulled her into his arms, and they lay down together. Tessa drifted off, safe in the curve of his body.

Once he was sure her breathing had grown soft and steady, Landon gently slipped his arm out from under her and rose to leave.

Outside the bedroom, Nathaniel was already waiting.

“Alpha,” he said, “what exactly do you think Nathan’s trying to do? I can’t make sense of it.”

“Doesn’t matter. Just make sure we’re ready. And while we’re at it, we may as well test the new mechanical werewolves we’ve developed.”

Nathaniel grinned. “Already on it.”

That night, as Nathan made his way back to the Frost Pack under the veil of rain, five flashes of metallic light tore through the storm.

The Nightshade Pack’s newest creation—mechanical werewolves—had arrived.

Chapter 445 Claws and Consequences

The moment the five mechanical werewolves launched their attack, ice spiked from Nathan’s palm, forming a shield in an instant..

The lead werewolf's claws screeched across the surface, the sound piercing, metallic. Nathan caught the scent of leaking oil from its joints—no trace of sorcery. These were pure mechanical creations, forged by the Nightshade Pack.

“Just scrap metal,” Nathan sneered.

With a surge of force, his ice shield expanded outward, smashing two of the wolves into the roadside rock face.

Grant leapt in at the same time, his claws tearing into the third, slicing through its shoulder plating. Gears shattered with a metallic pop, revealing a glowing core pulsing in its chest—Nightshade's signature energy

stone.

The fourth mechanical wolf suddenly took flight. Its titanium—alloy tail drove down like a drill.

Nathan dodged to the side, but landed in a puddle—each assault was calculated to drive him back toward the roadside edge.

Then the fifth came at him from behind, its razor claws slicing through the air, ruffling his hair.

“You're looking to die.”

Nathan's wolf power exploded. A wall of ice a hundred meters wide rose from the earth.

The werewolves crashed into it with full force. Their bodies shattered into flying debris, but one jagged claw, riding the force of the impact, spun straight toward Nathan.

It grazed his forearm.

He glanced down. A thin line of blood emerged—slow, persistent.

Unusual.

Even his accelerated werewolf healing couldn't close it.

He frowned. Upon closer inspection, the blade had tiny barbed hooks—pulling his blood out by design.

“Alpha! They're extracting your blood!” Grant yelled, hurling an icicle that shattered the last werewolf's head.

But just then, every piece of mechanical wreckage began to glow.

Nathan's eyes widened. He grabbed Grant and leapt toward the trees.

A second later, the five mechanical wolves exploded in unison.

Fragments wrapped in electrical surges tore through the rain and sliced open Nathan's back, burning through half his coat.

“Alpha, are you alright?!” Grant caught him, quickly examining the wound. The gash from earlier still hadn't healed. “Those claws were laced with wolfsbane extract. We have to get to a hospital—now!”

But while Grant panicked, Nathan simply let out a low laugh.

“Fast. That bastard found us faster than I expected.” He touched the torn edge of his coat. “And what a petty man. We sent five stitched-together puppets. He sends five mechanical werewolves. Not letting a single debt slide, huh?”

In the distance, the Frost Pack's guard wolves howled in response to the explosion.

Nathan let out a loud howl, ordering them to stand down.

This wasn't an assassination attempt. No one followed up the attack. The mechanical wolves were a message, not a death sentence.

Just retribution.

"Alpha, seriously—you have to get this treated!" Grant pressed urgently.

"Alright, alright."

In the end, Nathan allowed himself to be taken to the best werewolf hospital in Yalvaria.

But the incident didn't go unnoticed. Word of it reached Jeremy—the former Alpha of Frost Pack and Nathan's father.

When Jeremy stormed into the ward and saw his son lying in bed, fury burned in his golden eyes.

"In Yalvaria—your territory—who the hell could possibly hurt you? Was it that girl again? Tessa?"

Jeremy knew his son too well. It didn't take much to guess.

"I've told you over and over—Tessa is nothing but trouble! She looks like Joanna, and that's it. Joanna was gentle, kind, always put you first. Tessa is rebellious, arrogant, always fighting you! If you stay involved with her, you'll only get hurt."

Just hearing her name made Jeremy's temper boil.

Nathan didn't even look at him. "Old man, this is my business. Stay out of it. And if you dare lay a finger on Tessa, we're done."

The moment he said it, Jeremy's fury ignited. Wolf energy surged around him like a storm.

"You're unbelievable! You'd threaten your own father over some irrelevant woman? You're the Alpha of Frost Pack! If you keep putting yourself at risk for her, if she endangers you again—then I'll kill her myself!"

He wouldn't let anyone cloud his son's judgment. And he definitely wouldn't allow anyone to destroy his future.

Chapter 446 The Lines We Cross

The moment Nathan heard his father's words, he shot up from the hospital bed, eyes cold as ice. "I've already told you—don't lay a finger on her."

It didn't matter who it was. Anyone who tried to harm Tessa... was his enemy. Even if that person was his own father.

Jeremy's expression twisted in fury. "That depends on whether you start listening or not," he snapped. "Don't forget—my patience isn't endless."

Seeing that Nathan's injuries weren't life-threatening, Jeremy didn't linger. He had no desire to waste another second on this love-obsessed, rebellious son.

For Tessa, Nathan would do anything—no matter how reckless. It was only a matter of time before this woman drove him to ruin.

After Jeremy left, the tension in the room thickened. Nathan's wolf aura was suffocating.

Grant, standing by, swallowed hard before speaking up cautiously. "Alpha... maybe we should just let this go. We sent puppets after Landon. He retaliated with mechanical wolves. Fair's fair, right? If you push it any

old Alpha won't sit quietly. It'll only get worse,"

further—especially over

Tesse

And Landon... Landon was terrifying.

This last attack was a warning. If Nathan provoked him again, who knew what would follow?

Nathan's glare pinned him in place. "What are you saying? You think I'm not a match for Landon? He dared take what's mine—he will pay for it."

Grant fell silent immediately.

Ever since Tessa faked her death and escaped, Nathan had never been the same. His rationality was breaking down. Every move he made became more impulsive than the last. If this went on... it was only a matter of time before it all blew up.

While Landon was away on business, the weather in Astrovia had been abysmal—nonstop rain for days.

That morning, Peter came by the villa looking for Nathaniel. As he stepped into the living room, he ran into Tessa just waking up and coming down the stairs.

She gave him a polite nod of greeting.

Peter remembered her, but they'd never spoken much. He returned the nod silently.

The moment Landon saw her, he lifted a hand and waved her over.

Tessa obediently made her way to him and sat down by his side. He immediately wrapped his arm around her waist.

“Nathaniel, take Peter to the study,” Landon said calmly.

Nathaniel got up right away. “Understood. We won’t bother you two.”

“Let’s go,” he said to Peter, already heading upstairs

Peter had come with a list of questions for Nathaniel, but Nathaniel also needed to inspect the airport perimeter later.

They’d just given Nathan a warning last night. Who knew what that lunatic might try next?

With their return to Navoris scheduled for today, Nathan’s most likely move... would be at the airport.

Back downstairs on the sofa, Landon nuzzled Tessa’s cheek affectionately. “Why didn’t you sleep a little longer?”

They were flying out today. No matter what Nathan or anyone else tried, he wouldn’t let anything disturb her before her exams.

“The rain was too loud. I couldn’t fall asleep.” The downpour had gone on all night. Having such sharp hearing had its drawbacks—like this.

“Mm. We’ll be back in Navoris today.”

Across the room, Peter watched the two interact, admiration glowing in his eyes.

Mr. Landon really treated that girl like a treasure.

Just then, Nathaniel turned and realized Peter hadn't followed him. He doubled back and barked, "What are you staring at? You came to ask me something, didn't you? Let's go."

Peter snapped out of it and looked away.

"Ms. Tessa is really lucky," he said quietly. "I really envy her."

"She is lucky," Nathaniel agreed. "Alpha's crazy about her. So here's a bit of advice—stay away from her. If you value your peace, don't even think about crossing her."

Tessa wasn't just Landon's mate.

She was his weakness, his soft spot, his everything. Anyone who touched her would live to regret it. If they lived at all.

Chapter 447 The Warning

Of course not. Why would I ever provoke Ms. Tessa? I respect her too much for that, Peter said quickly trying to hide her embarrassment.

Nathaniel gave her a pointed look. "You're smart, Peter. Focus on your career. Tessa is Alpha's fated mate. There will only ever be one woman by his side, and that's her."

He wasn't stupid. He saw how Peter looked at Landon—with admiration, awe, maybe even obsession. But really, who could blame her? Landon was the Alpha King of Montedra, young, powerful, devastatingly handsome, and the CEO of Thorne Corp. Money, power, looks—he had everything.

Peter laughed awkwardly. "I didn't mean anything by it. I just admire how close they are."

Nathaniel didn't confirm or deny. "Just remember this: if you want to stay around Alpha, your only option is to do your job and do it well. That's the only thing you'll ever get from him."

"I wasn't trying to—" she began.

"No need to explain, and no need to deny. I'm only telling you this to save you from disappointment," he said flatly.

"I understand. Let's head to the study," Peter replied, keeping her head down.

"Good."

Nathaniel led her upstairs. As their footsteps disappeared down the hallway, the villa returned to a quiet calm. Tessa, now curled up against Landon's shoulder, had started to doze off. Seeing her like this almost made Landon laugh. It was the first time he'd seen her look so adorably sleepy. She looked soft, harmless, a little disoriented—and entirely lovable. He wanted to pull her into his arms and just hold her.

But just then, her phone rang.

Tessa frowned, clearly irritated. Who the hell was calling her now?

Seeing her face, Landon reached over to turn it off, but she took it first.

"It's fine," she mumbled, keeping her eyes closed as she answered. "Who is it?"

"Tessa, do you still remember me?"

The voice on the other end made her pause. She sifted through her memory until it clicked. Jeremy-Nathan's father.

“If Nathan got hurt last night, that was your doing, wasn’t it?” he said coldly.

“Oh? So he got hurt?” Tessa replied dryly. “Must’ve been his own fault. A guy like him probably has more than a few people out for his blood. What’s that got to do with me?”

She had no patience for Jeremy—this man who had tried more than once to kill her. She didn’t even bother to pretend to be polite.

“Then why the hell did you come to Yalvaria? I warned you, didn’t I? I told you not to go near Nathan again. Why didn’t you listen? Do you really want me to use force to make you obey?”

Tessa let out a cold laugh. “Why can’t I come to Yalvaria? What, does your Frost Pack own the entire region?”

Her voice sharpened. “Let me warn you too, Jeremy. Stay away from

me. I can’t promise I’ll stay nice the next time we meet

So what, you planning to kill me now?” Jeremy sneered. “Let’s see if you’ve got what it takes

“Sure. Let’s test it. Let’s see who the real loser is.”

Tessa didn’t wait for a reply. She hung up without hesitation.

On the other end of the line, Jeremy stared at his now-disconnected phone, then crushed it in his hand.

“She’s getting out of control.”

He’d always known Tessa was a wild wolf—unruly, dangerous, impossible to tame. But now she was bolder than ever. And worst of all, she had his son wrapped around her finger, driving him to irrational extremes.

“I can’t tolerate this anymore,” he growled.

“Don’t be angry, sir,” one of his subordinates said calmly. “This is Yalvaria. Making a girl like her disappear won’t be hard. We’ve got our ways.”

Jeremy’s eyes narrowed. “Good. Handle it. Don’t let her leave Yalvaria alive.”

“Yes, sir.”

Chapter 448 Just the Right Kind of Trouble

Seeing the way Tessa had answered the phone just now, Landon frowned.

“Who was it?”

“Some grumpy old man I don’t like!”

“Jeremy? Nathan’s father?” He hadn’t meant to eavesdrop. But he was standing right next to her how could

he not hear?

“Yeah.”

Since he’d already heard, there was no point in denying it.

“How do you know him?”

“I don’t, not really. We just don’t like each other. He doesn’t like me, and I don’t like him either.”

“Then do you know Nathan?”

“I’ve met him.”

Tessa admitted again.

Landon didn’t ask anything more. There were still plenty of secrets in her past.

But no matter how many secrets she had, it didn’t change how he felt about her.

“Don’t worry. I’m here now. I won’t let anyone hurt you.” So what if it was the alpha family from the Frost Pack? He couldn’t care less.

“Landon, I didn’t get with you to cause you trouble. I can handle this myself.”

Landon tapped her nose lightly.

“What are you talking about? How could you ever be trouble? Even if you were, you’d be the kind I’d like. You’re only allowed to bother me, no one else. Got it?”

This was exactly the kind of trouble he liked.

Tessa kissed him on the cheek.

“How do you make people melt like this?”

He made her heart soften to the point of no return.

She didn't even feel like the person she used to be.

Peter came out of the study just in time to see the two of them being affectionate again. Her eyes never left Landon.

Nathaniel stood nearby watching, letting out a sigh.

This girl really had talent.

If she focused on her career, she'd definitely go far

But if she kept getting wrapped up with alphas, she'd end up with nothing.

Peter

Peter snapped out of it, a little flustered.

She really didn't mean to be like this.

But as long as Landon was in the room, her gaze would involuntarily follow him.

She couldn't control it.

"Nathaniel, I'll head out. I don't want to disturb them." Peter practically fled.

She'd always thought she was good at hiding her feelings.

Little did she know, a single glance was enough to give her away.

As she rushed out, Nathaniel had a servant hand her an umbrella and asked the driver to take her.

Alphas really were a menace.

Already had a girlfriend and still managed to stir things up with the other girls around him. That took skill. Nathaniel didn't want to third-wheel this situation.

But they were heading back to New York tonight, and some things needed the alpha's attention.

"Alpha, I—"

Landon shot him a side glance.

This Nathaniel really had no sense of timing.

Nathaniel looked aggrieved but didn't dare talk back. He could only look pitifully at Tessa for help.

Tessa couldn't help but laugh.

Nathaniel was actually kind of cute. He and Ysabel might just be a good match.

Knowing they had business to discuss, Tessa stood up on her own. "Go ahead. I'll make a call in my room."

Once Tessa was gone, Nathaniel finally sat down.

"Nathan's still trying to play games. He's already planning how to get back at us."

As soon as they got down to business, Landon sobered up, letting out a cold chuckle. "If he wants to play, then we'll play. What, does he think we can't keep up?"

"And also... I feel like Nathan's after Tessa. Alpha, have you asked her? Do they have some kind of history?" Nathaniel guessed.

Otherwise, there was no reason for Nathan to take such a huge risk just to attack them.

Chapter 449 Borrowed Blades and Hidden Flames

Landon's eyes narrowed dangerously.

"What are you trying to say?"

"Alpha, I didn't mean anything by it! I'm just guessing here... What if Tessa's hiding something from your

He really was just looking out for his alpha. Did Landon have to look so scary?

"Nathaniel, I trust Tessa. I won't question anything about her

That was the end of it. If Tessa said something, he believed her.

"I'm not saying she's lying. I've spent enough time around her to know she'd never hurt us. I'm just speculating about Nathan's motive for the attack."

Landon ordered, "Fine to say it to me. But don't bring this up to Tessa."

If Tessa wanted to talk, he'd listen. But if she didn't, he wouldn't let anyone pressure her.

"Got it," Nathaniel said. "Whatever Nathan's after, I've already arranged full security."

“Good. Wrap things up here fast. We’re flying back to Navoris tonight.”

“Yes, Alpha!”

The rest of the day, Nathaniel stayed busy handling the branch office.

Landon was also tied up with thorny issues. By the time everything was dealt with, it was already 5:00 p.m.

They returned to the villa together.

Dinner was already prepared.

“Landon, Nathaniel, welcome back. I’ll go call Ms. Tessa down for dinner right away,” the butler said with a cheerful smile.

“No need. I’ll go.”

Landon shrugged off his suit jacket and handed it to the butler.

Nathaniel, meanwhile, headed straight to the table.

“Alpha, better hurry. We still need to catch our flight,” he said. Who knew how long it’d take if he went up. himself? People in love were always so hopeless.

“Nathaniel, honestly, if you kept your mouth shut, no one would mistake you for mute. Why are you always full of nonsense?” Clearly, the last lesson hadn’t sunk in.

Nathaniel instantly shut up.

“Fine, fine. I won’t say a word.”

But truthfully, he was a little concerned. That Peter girl really was impressive.

Borrowed Blades and Hidden flagén:

In just under two days, she’d already gotten the hang of so much

If she stayed focused on business, the Yalvaria branch would be in excellent hands.

But her ambition was a problem. She knew full well that Landon and Tessa were fated mates and his can had her eye on Landon.

If she

could keep her feelings in check, great. But if she lost control, who knew what kind of trouble shed stir up?

Just thinking about it gave him a headache. Not that he’d told the alpha any of this yet.

Mostly because Peter hadn’t actually done anything wrong.

You couldn’t exactly ban someone from having feelings.

While Landon was heading upstairs Tess was in the middle of hacking into the Frost Pack’s defense system.

Once she secured access to several core files, a wicked smile tugged at her lips.

Nathan wanted to keep provoking her?

Then he'd better be ready to pay the price.

Otherwise, he might really think she was an easy target.

After masking her identity, Tessa sent those core files straight to the Frost Pack's enemies—Glacier Pack.

Sometimes, it's better to let someone else pull the trigger...

Once the files were sent, she stood up

and stretched.

She'd been working on this all afternoon.

The Frost Pack's defense wasn't just digital. It was a complex blend of encrypted data, dark magic wards, and an ice-scented pheromone matrix.

Cracking it had taken everything—her White Wolf power, her hacking skills—just to steal a portion of the key intel. But that would be more than enough for Glacier Pack to find a weakness.

Nathan would have his hands full now.

He wouldn't have time to bother her or Landon for a while.

She had to take advantage of that gap to find a way to break the blood bond.

Once the bond was severed, she'd finally be free to take down that twisted bastard Nathan with no strings attached.

Chapter 450 The Knife Turns in the Dark

Meanwhile, Nathan had already gathered Frost Pack's elite warriors and was preparing an ambush for Landon at the airport,

But before they could even leave Frost Pack territory, Glacier Pack's alpha suddenly led a massive force of werewolf soldiers in a full-on assault.

No one could figure out how the normally impenetrable Frost Pack barrier had been breached so quickly. The moment the defenses fell, the battlefield erupted right on Frost Pack's home turf.

Glacier Pack was the only pack in Yalvaria that rivaled Frost Pack in size and power. With two massive packs clashing head-on, casualties were catastrophic in just a matter of moments.

By the time Nathan and his forces managed to drive the invaders out, it was already 7 p.m.

He stared coldly at the blood and corpses strewn across the ground and turned to Grant.

"If we go after Landon now, what are the odds we succeed?"

Grant paled. "Alpha, now really isn't the time. We've already lost too many men. If we charge out to kill Landon now, we'll definitely lose."

"Damn it!"

Nathan couldn't hold back his fury. "Find out why Glacier Pack attacked us all of a sudden! And how the hell did they breach our defenses so easily?"

"Yes, Alpha! I'll get on it right away!"

Even now, Nathan still had no idea who was behind this.

The not-knowing made it worse.

Who the hell hated him this much?

He was already miserable enough just thinking about how Tessa was flying back with Landon, while he was left here, battered and humiliated. The rage was suffocating—and he had nowhere to put it.

At that exact moment, Landon and the others were already at the airport.

And already on the plane.

Nathaniel had been sure that they'd run into an ambush on the way, but from the drive to boarding, nothing happened. It was too calm—unnaturally so.

This wasn't like Nathan at all.

“Alpha, did you do something behind my back? Nathan didn't show up at all? That's not normal!”

They'd prepared for every possible attack. And Nathan never came.

All that effort—wasted.

Landon frowned. “Have someone look into it.” He'd been ready to give Nathan a hard slap, and now it felt like they hadn't even lifted a finger.

Yes, Alpha.

Nathaniel immediately contacted Nightshade Pack's branch in Yalvaria for Intel. After he got off

the call he noticed Tessa sitting nearby, completely unbothered, calmly scrolling on her phone.

He couldn't help asking, "Tessa, aren't you the least bit curious?"

Not even a flicker of curiosity—wasn't that a little too weird?

Did she maybe know something?

"What's there to be curious about? You that cager for someone to show up and try to kill you?" Tessa looked up and gave him a withering glance. "Nathaniel, are you okay in the head?"

Nathaniel pointed to himself.

"I'm the one with the problem? What problem? Any normal person would be curious, right?"

If she didn't care, fine. But did she have to act like he was the weird one? That was just rude.

Landon shot him a look of disgust. "Enough. If you're so normal, go sit over there."

Don't just sit here playing third wheel and bothering him and Tessa.

Nathaniel was speechless.

Of course. On this plane, he was always alone.

They were a team. He was just a tagalong.

He couldn't win the argument. Couldn't win in a fight. His life was one big tragedy.

Seeing how pitiful he looked, Landon couldn't help but chuckle.

“When we get back, go chase Ysabel properly. Then you won't be alone anymore.”