

## **Wolfless 53**

Chapter 53 She is wonderful!

Ysabel couldn't suppress the urge to scream.

Tessie is so wonderful!

She had never realized before how naturally she fit the role of an obsessed fangirl.

York's friends rushed over and hauled him to his feet.

"York, are you alright?"

His face was ashen with rage. He never would have imagined that, as a six-foot-three man, he'd be humiliated in front of a crowd, by a female without a wolf, no less.

Last time, when Tessa had snapped his arm outside the school gates, no one had been around to witness it, so he had swallowed his pride.

But now, with so many eyes on him, his behavior was an unforgivable disgrace.

Tessa and Ysabel turned to leave, but a group of men immediately blocked their path.

"Do you think you can just walk away after hitting someone? Do you take us for dead?"

Tessa glanced over her shoulder, her gaze landing on the man in blue swim trunks.

“What do you want, then?”

“Don’t try anything stupid! If you keep making trouble, I’ll have you thrown out!” Ysabel spoke up, trying

to sound more confident than she felt.

Each of these men was well over six feet tall, their muscular frames exuding raw strength. If they tapped into their wolves’ power, the result would be terrifying.

Tessa was skilled, but she lacked a wolf. Ysabel couldn’t help but worry that she was at a disadvantage.

“Throw us out? Who the hell do you think you

are?”

“You!”

“Kneel and apologize to York. We don’t have any ‘no-hitting-women’ rules here.” The man in blue trunks sneered, his voice laced with smug contempt.

Tessa adjusted the towel draped over her shoulders, a dangerous gleam flickering in her icy gaze.

Fighting in a swimsuit wasn’t ideal, but if they insisted on causing trouble, she had no problem accommodating them.

Her voice was lethally cold. “Looks like I’ll have to teach you the lesson your parent you’ll never understand that there’s always someone stronger than you.”

ver did. Otherwise,

The man in blue trunks scoffed. “Save the big talk. Just don’t start crying when things don’t go your way.”

York had been caught off guard the first time, but now they were ready. There was no way she’d get the swipe.

“Are you sure about that?” Tessa gave him one last chance.

“Come on, then! Someone needs to teach you a lesson. Girls shouldn’t be this cocky.”

The moment the words left his mouth, York’s friends underwent a startling transformation.

A sickening chorus of cracking bones filled the air. Their eyes glowed an eerie green as their nails extended, hardening into razor-sharp claws that gleamed under the poolside lights.

They shifted into their half-wolf forms, fanning out in a tight semicircle to encircle Tessa and Ysabel. Deep, guttural growls rumbled from their throats, vibrating through the air with an unmistakable threat.

The man in blue trunks bared his fangs, glaring at Tessa. “Now you’ll learn what happens when you cross us.”

With a single command, the werewolves lunged.

Tessa shoved Ysabel behind her, her gaze sharpening. But before she could make a move, two streaks of motion cut through the night like lightning.

Landon and Nathaniel had arrived.

They didn't hesitate. In a blur of movement, they extended their claws and launched themselves into battle.

The pool water churned violently as towering waves crashed against the edges, driven by the sheer force of the fight. Landon's claws slashed through the air with a deafening crack. As the alpha of the Nightshade Pack, his fully transformed right arm swept out with devastating precision, his razor-sharp claws carving crimson arcs wherever they struck.

Nathaniel moved like a shadow, slipping between opponents with terrifying speed. As a beta, his agility was unparalleled. A silver-gray blur, he spun mid-air, his kick shattering an attacker's kneecap with a sickening crunch. In the same breath, he latched his claws around another's throat.

"Move, and I'll paint the floor with your artery."

Landon, however, was a force of pure brutality. In the face of overwhelming strength, resistance was nothing but an illusion.

With one hand, he clamped down on the man in blue trunks' throat and lifted him off the ground. His claws drove into the werewolf's shoulder blade, the splintering of bone echoing in the stunned silence.

"Ah!"

The agonized scream tore through the night.

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Alpha pheromones flooded the air like an invisible vice pressing down with suffocating remaining werewolves collapsed onto their knees, their bodies trembling involuntarily. The ceramic tiles beneath them groaned under the pressure, spiderweb cracks splintering across the floor.