

Wolfless 561

Chapter 561 A Wager in Silence

Reginald let out a sigh.

After all this, Tessa's personality actually suited him-she was direct, unyielding. But still....

"Tessa, you're not right for Landon. You should understand that."

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"Whether we're right for each other isn't for anyone else to decide," Tessa replied calmly, her voice firm and unwavering. "Just because you don't approve doesn't mean I'll walk away"

"Then what will it take for you to leave?" Reginald's face darkened. "Wealth? Power? Name your price-I'll give you anything."

Tessa smiled. She'd always thought scenes like this-trying to buy someone off-only happened in TV dramas. She never expected to experience it firsthand.

"No matter what you offer, I won't leave," she said, slow and steady. "Landon and I are fated mates. We love each other. From the moment I chose to be with him, leaving was never an option."

"You-" Reginald choked on her stubbornness, then said coldly, "If you're that determined, then let's see whether you truly have what it takes to stand beside him."

Words alone wouldn't impress him.

Tessa had done her homework. She knew the woman he favored was the daughter of the alpha family of White Pack.

She leaned in slightly, her tone sharpening. "I know Mr. Reginald favors the young lady from White Pack. You also know White Corp is the financial backbone of White Pack. Meanwhile, Sinclair Corporation's SolarFlare Initiative currently holds exclusive access to Montedra's new pharmaceutical research pipeline. Both corporations are the primary economic arteries for their packs."

She paused, eyes steady and clear. "Business may not draw blood, but it's still a battlefield for pack dominance. Ms. White sustains White Pack through White Corp. If I can raise the SolarFlare Initiative's market value above White Corp's within three months, wouldn't that prove that I have the strength not only to protect Landon, but to support half of Nightshade Pack's financial foundation? Would that make me qualified to stand by his side?"

Reginald's fingers stilled.

-He truly did value the White family's heiress-not only for her alpha bloodline, but because White Corp's annual contributions to White Pack were enough to fund three full-scale military campaigns. But Tessa's words struck a chord: strategic maneuvering in the business world was simply an extension of pack warfare. If she could outmatch the White family in the capital arena, that would speak volumes about her vision, her skill, and her value to the pack.

"Is that so?" he asked, his tone more serious now, an eyebrow raised. "Then I'll wait and see. If you fail, leave Landon."

"And if I succeed?" Tessa pressed/

Reginald studied the certainty in her eyes and allowed himself the faintest smile. "If you succeed, I'll acknowledge that you're worthy to stand beside him."

He hadn't sealed the deal completely-but in his heart, he thought: if she truly could surpass the White

family in the business world and prove she had the means to drive economic growth for the pack, then he'd give her one more trial-this time, in the battlefield of strength.

After all, the Luna of Nightshade Pack couldn't just command resources-she had to fight beside the alpha... king. If she couldn't even

pass the business trial, then the rest wouldn't matter. No need to waste anyone's

time.

Tessa gave a slight nod and said nothing more.

Some things didn't need words.

If he wanted proof of her power-then she'd show it to him with her own hands.

Chapter 562 Proof Through Presence

When Landon returned to the apartment near the university, Tessa was typing away at her computer, working on a paper. The takeout container on the desk sat empty-it looked like she hadn't eaten properly

She glanced up when she heard the door open, her expression calm as if nothing had happened that day. "You're back? Have you eaten?"

Landon sat down beside her, eyes sweeping over the open stack of academic articles-each page filled with dense notes in her meticulous handwriting. "You're only a freshman. Do you really need to push yourself this hard?" He closed the laptop gently, his fingers brushing her cool hand.

Tessa smiled and snatched the mouse back, her fingers flying over the keyboard. "Of course I do. The sooner I graduate, the sooner I can..." She paused, her ears turning red. "The sooner I can stand openly by your side."

Her strength was more than enough to walk beside him-what she lacked was the title. The right to stand beside him, openly, with the full recognition of Nightshade Pack.

Landon pulled her into his arms, holding her close. "No rush." He nuzzled the top of her head, his voice soft. "Take your time with school. No need to hurry the bond either. Don't wear yourself out-I'll worry."

As long as she was by his side, what did a title matter-today or tomorrow?

"I'm kidding. I'm really not tired," she said, turning to look at him. Her eyes sparkled. "Honestly, I really like my life right now. It feels grounded. Fulfilling."

"Mhm." Landon nodded, but he still reached over and gently pinched her earlobe. "As long as you're sure the person beside you is me, I'll wait however long it takes."

"I'm sure," Tessa said, slapping his hand away. Her tone was firm. "This isn't some cliché melodrama. I'm not * leaving you over a bunch of random nonsense."

When you love someone, you stay planted at their side. No one knew that better than she did.

Landon was quiet for a moment. Then, suddenly, he cupped her face, his thumb brushing along her jaw. "My father came to see you, didn't he?"

Tessa blinked, then smiled. "Yeah. We talked a bit. But it wasn't anything I couldn't handle."

She'd already accepted the truth-she wasn't a coin. Not everyone was going to like her.

"What did he say to you?" Landon's tone dipped slightly, an edge of guilt in his eyes. "He gave you a hard time, didn't he?"

"Not really." Tessa held his wrist, speaking seriously. "Don't argue with him for my sake. I don't want that. Besides..."

She paused, and something sharper lit up in her eyes. "I'll prove it-prove that I'm the only one who can stand beside you. Whether it's defending Nightshade Pack or building new ground side by side, I'll be the one who matches you, supports you, and fights shoulder to shoulder with you."

Landon's chest burned with warmth. He leaned down and kissed her forehead. "You never have to prove anything to anyone. To me, you've always been the one who belongs at my side."

"I know." Tessa smiled, her eyes crinkling. "But I want to make things easier for you. If he never comes around, it's you stuck in the middle."

"If I get to be with you, there's nothing hard about it." Landon pulled her fully into his arms, resting his chin on her head. "What other people think doesn't matter. What matters is us-being okay. That's everything

"Tsk, ts. Who knew our Mr. Landon was this easy to please?" Tessa teased, nestling into his chest.

"Easy?" Landon tightened his arms around her, voice tinged with quiet emotion. "Not at all, Out of all the people in the world, I met you-and you turned out to be my fated mate. Do you know how small that chance is?"

If fate hadn't intervened, he'd probably still be alone, burdened by the weight of leadership-never knowing what it felt like to be cherished, to be chosen.

Hearing the low rumble of his voice, something in Tessa stirred.

She turned, standing on tiptoe to press a gentle kiss to his lips. "Landon, thank you... for always choosing me."

No questions. No conditions. Just pure, unshakable loyalty.

Landon slid a hand to the back of her neck, deepening the kiss until they both broke away, breathless.

He rested his forehead against hers, his gaze impossibly tender. "Why are you thanking me? Loving you-caring for you-has always been what I wanted."

“Mhm.” Tessa curled into his chest, listening to the strong rhythm of his heartbeat. Suddenly, everything felt simple.

All those tests and judgments from the world... they were just stepping stones.

She had never been afraid of proving herself. She only cared because it was him. And for him, she was willing to face them all-one by one.

Chapter 563 The One She Cares About Most

After sending off the finalized proposal for Sinclair Corporation’s new initiative, Tessa stretched her arms, her fingertips gliding across the performance projection chart on the screen.

Reginald had asked her to surpass the White family within three months. But with Sinclair Corporation’s current pace of expansion—paired with its exclusive access to the werewolf pharmaceutical pipeline via the Aurora Project—that was hardly a challenge.

After all, from the moment she took over, her goal had been to raise Sinclair Corporation to a level where it could stand toe-to-toe with Thorne Corp.

She flipped casually through a few pages of a reference book when her phone suddenly buzzed. The name “Louis” flashed on the screen.

“Ms. Tessa,” came an anxious voice on the other end, “the old master says his chest feels tight. He refuses to go to the hospital, and I just can’t talk him into it...”

Tessa’s heart clenched. She snapped her book shut, grabbed her jacket, and rushed out. “I’ll be there right

away.

When she arrived at the Sinclair family estate, the old man was slouched on the sofa, wheezing, his face flushed in an unhealthy red. As soon as he saw Tessa, he straightened up, trying to appear composed. "Tessa, you're back? I'm fine. Just an old issue flaring up. A little rest will fix it."

"Grandpa, you're coming with me to the hospital." Tessa didn't waste words. Half guiding, half supporting him, she helped him toward the door.

On the way, the old man didn't stop muttering. "Louis is getting more and more out of line... A little thing like this and he goes running to you..."

"Grandpa, Louis is doing it for your own good. If you're not feeling well, of course you need to get checked out!" How could he keep avoiding doctors?

With Tessa, the old man had no room to argue. When she scolded him, he nodded immediately.

"I know you're right. But I know my body. It's really nothing."

"You don't get to decide that. The doctor does." Tessa's tone was firm.

At the hospital, Samuel personally oversaw the examination.

When it was over, his expression didn't look good.

"Grandpa," Samuel said, frowning, "how many times have I told you—if you're feeling off, come to me. Why keep it to yourself? Even if you didn't want to worry Tessa, you could've told me privately. You know how much she cares about you. If something happens, she'll be devastated."

"That's exactly why I didn't want to say anything." The old man grasped Samuel's hand, his voice serious. "So, Samuel—don't tell her the truth. Just say everything's fine."

Samuel stared at him, clearly disapproving.

“But if something actually goes wrong, she’ll take it the hardest.”

Walter let out a slow sigh. “That’s just how it is when you get old. Your organs start to fail. What else can you

do?”

As a doctor, Samuel understood. There were things medicine could fix—but natural aging wasn’t one

of them.

All anyone could do was accept

it.

“Either way, if you’re not feeling well and don’t want to tell Tessa, then tell me. I’ll bring your meds to the Sinclair estate later. Just make sure you take them on time.”

Some things couldn’t be changed.

But at the very least, they could slow them down.

“Alright, I got it. But remember—you

ustn’t let Tessa find out.” That was the one thing he insisted on.

“You can count on me.”

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When they stepped outside, they found Tessa still waiting. She immediately rushed over when she saw

them.

“How is he?” she asked, full of concern.

“He’s fine. Just the usual problems that come with age.”

Tessa didn’t buy Samuel’s words but nodded anyway. “Alright, I’ll take him back first. I’ll check in with you later.”

She was studying medicine—of course she could tell something was wrong.

“Go on, then.”

Samuel had surgery coming up and didn’t walk them out.

On the way back, the old man was still smiling.

“Didn’t I tell you? I’m fine. Why won’t you believe me?”

“I do believe you.”

She just couldn’t help worrying.

He was the person she cared about most. Of course she worried about everything concerning him.

“Tessa,” the old man said quietly, gazing out the window. “Let me tell you something real. When people get old... there’s always that day. When it comes, don’t be too sad.”

“Grandpa, I don’t want to hear that.” Tessa turned away, her fingers curling slightly. She knew the truth—but hearing it from him still made her heart clench.

The old man sighed.

Tessa eventually turned back, her tone gentler. "I understand. But until then, you need to listen to the doctors. Take your medicine. Go to every follow-up. No exceptions."

"Alright, alright. I'll do what you say." The old man chuckled, eyes shining. "I'm still waiting to hand you off

to Landon with my own two hands. Can't go kicking the bucket just yet."

After dropping him off at the Sinclair estate, Tessa turned around and headed back to the hospital.

There were some things she had to see for herself.

Chapter 564 Late-Stage Bonds

Tessa waited in Samuel's office for two hours until he returned from surgery.

Seeing her asleep on the couch, Samuel quietly took off his jacket and draped it over her. But the moment he settled it, Tessa stirred awake.

"Surgery's over?"

"Yeah." Samuel rubbed his brow, his voice worn out. "The dean caught wind I was back in the country and saved a pile of tough cases for me. I couldn't say no."

Tessa sat up and handed his jacket back to him. "Don't push yourself too hard either."

"You've been waiting this long for Grandpa's results, right?"

“Yeah.” Tessa met his eyes directly. “I’m studying medicine—I don’t need sugarcoating. Let me see the scan data.”

Samuel was silent for a moment, then pulled the report from a drawer and handed it to her. “Werewolf hearts already carry a heavier load than human ones. His cardiac function is deteriorating faster than expected, and the sluggish blood flow is showing up more and more often...”

“Got it.” Tessa flipped through the report, her fingers faintly cold. She understood the science—werewolves had impressive healing powers, but once they entered old age, their vitality ebbed even faster than humans. Still, seeing it spelled out in numbers made her chest feel heavy.

“So... spend more time with him while you can,” Samuel said gently. “In a werewolf’s twilight years, medication doesn’t do much. What matters most is having people around who care.”

Tessa didn’t respond. She simply folded the report and slipped it into her bag.

Watching her tight-lipped expression, Samuel let out a sigh. “Don’t dwell on it too much. You came back to Navoris for him, didn’t you? At least now you’re here—this was what you wanted.”

“I’m fine.” Tessa took a deep breath. When she looked up again, her emotions were back under control. “When you bring the meds, don’t let him know I saw the report.”

“Don’t worry. I understand.”

That pair—grandfather and granddaughter—òne doing everything to hide the truth, the other pretending she didn’t already know. Yet both read each other like an open book.

That evening, when Landon arrived at the apartment, he found Tessa standing by the window, absentmindedly tracing circles in the condensation on the glass.

He walked over and wrapped his arms around her from behind, resting his chin atop her head. “What’s wrong?”

“Grandpa’s health... isn’t good.” Tessa’s voice was soft. “Samuel said werewolves lose vitality faster than humans at this age. And Grandpa was injured before...”

Landon tightened his hold around her. “I’ll go visit him with you more often.”

“Okay.” Tessa nestled closer to his chest, her nose brushing against the pine scent on his shirt. “He keeps saying... he wants to live long enough to see me bond with you...”

“He will.” Landon kissed the crown of her head. “We’ll make sure he does.”

Silence lingered in the air. Then Tessa turned to face him and tiptoed to kiss his lips.

It was a familiar kiss, one full of the trust she always showed him, but tonight it clung a little longer—like she was trying to draw strength from him.

Landon’s hand followed the curve of her waist, fingers brushing bare skin. Both of them shivered at the

contact.

Their breathing grew heavy. He pinned her against the door and deepened the kiss until her hand caught his wrist. Only then did he snap out of it, pressing his forehead against hers, panting.

“Sorry,” Landon rasped, his voice hoarse. His thumb brushed over her flushed lips. “I...”

“It’s okay.” Tessa rested her cheek against his chest, listening to his racing heart. “I started it.”

She knew why he stopped—it wasn’t because he didn’t want to. It was because he cared too much. Right now, while she was upset over her grandfather’s health, any overstep would feel like taking advantage. Landon let out a rueful laugh and ran a hand through her hair. “Tessa, you’ve got to stop—tempting me.” “I’m not.” She looked up at him, eyes still dewy. “I just wanted to hold you.’

“Well, you can’t.” Landon pinched her chin, his tone low and helpless. “If you keep going, I might actually lose control.”

They’d been intimate before, but in this moment, the worry in her eyes was like a thorn. No matter how much he wanted her, there was no way he could indulge himself when her heart was somewhere else.

Chapter 565 The Second Test

Tessa suddenly laughed and booked her arms around his neck. “When did Mr. Landon become such a gentleman?”

“I’ve always been this way—with you.” Landon lowered his head and kissed the corner of her eye, kissing away the lingering wetness. “Once you’re feeling better...”

“Once Grandpa’s better,” Tessa finished for him, lightly tapping his Adam’s apple with her finger. “Alright.” Landon gave in, though his arms around her didn’t loosen. “Let me hold you a bit longer.”

The light from the living room lamp stretched their shadows long across the floor, entwined and inseparable.

It was a while before Landon finally lo

go. He smoothed her ruffled collar and said, “Take a shower and go to bed early. I’ll go with you to the Sinclair estate tomorrow.”

“Okay.”

After getting ready for bed, Tessa fell asleep in Landon’s arms.

In the days that followed, Tessa ran like clockwork.

She buried herself in textbooks at the medical university by day, then spent her afternoons at the temporary Sinclair Corporation office, tweaking the Sundawn Project's data streams. Rain or shine, she carved out two afternoons a week to visit the Sinclair estate, where she sat with Walter in the garden, listening to his stories about roaming the werewolf territories in his youth.

Walter always clasped her hand and chuckled, "Our Tessa's a real busybody now—busier than your brother, the Frostmoon Pack's alpha."

Tessa would peel an orange and place it in his hand with a smile. "Better to be busy. If I keep this up, you'll see me and Landon living a steady life soon."

Walter would laugh until his eyes watered, never knowing that the performance charts on her office desk were surging upward at a dizzying pace. With the exclusive license to Montedra's werewolf pharmaceutical pipeline and a capital trap laid squarely against White Corp's soft spots, it took less than three months for Sinclair Corporation to firmly outshine the White family.

That afternoon, just after her anatomy class, Tessa was summoned to the dean's office.

Tessa was summoned to the dean's office.

She opened the door to find Reginald sitting on the sofa, holding an unlit cigar between his fingers..

"Sir." Tessa closed the door behind her, her tone calm and composed.

"Sit," Reginald said, gesturing to the chair across from him. "I read Sinclair Corporation's report."

"Mm."

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“You beat my expectations by a full month.” He looked up at her, and for once, his gaze held less d. and more scrutiny. “White Corp’s overseas operations have been thoroughly disrupted. Your methods are ruthless.”

“Business is war. Mercy toward the enemy is cruelty to oneself.” Tessa’s response mirrored her answer in the car when he’d asked how she would handle an assassination attempt.

Reginald chuckled, this time with a trace of genuine approval. “Consider that your first pass. He paused

before cutting to the chase. “Next. I’ll have someone walk you through Nightshade Pack’s core security protocols—border patrol strategies, rebel dossiers. This is the second test on your way to becoming Luna

Tessa looked up. “I accept.”

“But let me make this clear.” She spoke again before Reginald could continue. “I’m not doing this to prove I’m ‘qualified, and I certainly don’t think I lack the ability.”

She met his eyes without flinching, her voice composed and steady. “I’m doing this because of Landon. He’s Nightshade Pack’s alpha. I’m his mate. His burdens are mine to share. But that doesn’t mean I’ll depend on anyone.”

Reginald paused mid-flick of his cigar, then casually tapped the ash that wasn’t there. “Interesting.” He rose to his feet. “You set the time. When you’re ready, come to the estate.”

“Alright, I’ll see you out.” Tessa personally escorted Mr. Reginald to the gates of the medical university.

Just as she reached the entrance, her phone buzzed. Ethan’s name flashed across the screen.

The moment she saw the caller ID, she knew—this guy was in trouble again.

“What is it?” Tessa answered directly.

Chapter 566 Code Name S

“Where are you? I’m on my way to the medical university—need a favor. Is this a good time?”

“I’m at the front gate. I’ll wait for you there.” Tessa said before hanging up.

Mr. Reginald’s driver had stepped away to use the restroom, so Reginald got out of the car to wait by the curb.

Ethan arrived first, driving a military-grade off-road vehicle. The license plate caught Mr. Reginald’s eye. He squinted, trying to place it—and finally recognized the man’s identity. What was his relationship with Tessa? Why were there so many promising young men hovering around her?

As Ethan’s vehicle pulled up, it immediately drew attention from the university students nearby. Girls in particular were quick to notice—military men already carried a natural allure, but Ethan had a distinct, rugged charm that made him stand out even more.

Ethan stepped out, long legs unfolding as he strode over to Tessa. “Ms. Tessa, I know I shouldn’t be bothering you, but this really is an emergency.”

Mr. Reginald raised an eyebrow. A werewolf special ops commander, asking Tessa for help? Was this man trying to court her?

Tessa let out a silent sigh—he always said it was an emergency.

“Let’s go, then. Sorry, I won’t be able to wait with you,” she said to Mr. Reginald, then turned and followed Ethan.

Ethan, clearly focused on the task at hand, didn’t notice Reginald at all as he led Tessa away.

Watching her climb into the car, Reginald stood there dazed for a moment. Just then, his driver returned.

“Sorry, sir. My stomach was acting up-”

“Enough. Let’s go. We’re going to find Landon.” He had just started to accept Tessa—and now she ran off with another man?

By the time Reginald reached Landon, he was still in a meeting. Reginald chose to wait in his office rather than leave.

When Landon returned and saw his father still there, he asked, “Dad? What’s going on? Something urgent?” He set his file down and sat across from him.

“Landon, do you really have to be with this Tessa?” Reginald’s tone was unusually serious.

Landon didn’t answer, but the unwavering look in his eyes said everything.

Seeing that, Reginald didn’t argue further. He just added, “I went to see her earlier—watched her leave with Ethan.”

Ethan again? What now?

Landon’s chest tightened. Trouble always seemed to follow Ethan. If she was with him, some

dangerous was bound to be involved.

involved.

He reached for his phone, but a message came in before he could dial.

Tessa: “Something urgent. Don’t worry

Still uneasy, he called her anyway, only to hear that her phone had been turned off.

“What’s wrong?” Reginald asked, unable to stay quiet.

“Dad, have the driver take you home. And don’t go looking for Tessa again. She’s the one I’ve chosen. I only want her as my mate.”

With that, he dismissed his father and immediately began sending people to locate Tessa.

He was worried—something didn’t feel right.

At that moment, Ethan had already brought Tessa to the base. When Simon saw her, he finally let out a breath of relief.

“Tessa, this is a critical situation,” Ethan said gravely, pushing a classified folder toward her. “This operative code name S—if we don’t track him down and neutralize the threat, it could jeopardize the entire Montedra werewolf alliance.”

Tessa didn’t ask for further details.

State secrets weren’t for her to pry into. Her task was simple: pinpoint the target’s location.

“They’ve got elite werewolf hackers shielding them,” Simon said, visibly frustrated. “I’ve tried everything- nothing’s worked. After all the training I’ve had with you... and still...”

Tessa didn’t respond. She simply moved in and took over his workstation.

As the top-ranked hacker in the werewolf world, she hadn’t expected this to be much of a challenge. But the moment her fingers touched the keys, she felt it—layers of resistance hidden in the data stream.

“There’s more than one. Multiple top-tier werewolf hackers are working together.” Her brows tightened. “Whoever S is, he’s clearly dead set on causing chaos in Montedra.”

Chapter 567 Cyber Siege

“What can we do to help?” Simon asked urgently. Their tech wasn’t bad—but compared to elite hackers, they were clearly outmatched.

Tessa powered on her laptop without hesitation.

“Ms. Tessa, you can’t turn that on here!” one of Ethan’s subordinates rushed to remind her. “It’s against protocol—”

“Let her,” Ethan cut in, his gaze fixed on Tessa’s focused expression. “If she’s doing it, there’s a reason.”

The screen lit up with a string of missed calls—all from Landon. Tessa glanced at them but didn’t respond. Instead, she called Lina directly.

“I need you to bring the Lightwing Order for cover.” Her voice was clipped and urgent the moment Lina picked up.

“Got it. We’ll be in position within ten minutes.” Lina didn’t waste a single breath—if Phantom was calling, for backup, the situation had to be dire.

She ended the call and immediately dropped instructions into the encrypted team chat. In less than ten minutes, the Lightwing Order core members were all online, patching into Tessa’s system through secure channels.

“Everyone follow my lead.” Tessa opened the comms and began typing at lightning speed. “Team A, block their trace programs. Team B, punch through their firewall. Lina, take Team C and stabilize the main

server..."

A stream of rapid-fire instructions cut through the silence as cascading lines of code began pouring down her screen like a digital storm.

Simon stared in awe—he'd never seen Tessa go full throttle like this. Clearly, the threat was serious enough to demand the full force of the Lightwing Order.

Ethan didn't understand much about hacking, but the sharp line of Tessa's jaw told him everything he needed to know.....

This was the first time she had ever called for backup. Which meant whoever was backing S was far more dangerous than anyone had guessed.

The entire base fell silent, save for the rhythmic tapping of keyboards. A war with no smoke, it was being fought just as fiercely through strands of light and data.

no blood—but

At that same moment, the lead hacker on the opposing team noticed the sudden surge in resistance. A smirk tugged at his lips. "Heads up, everyone. Our opponent's no joke."

"Relax, boss," one of his crew scoffed. "Who could actually challenge us? Even if Phantom herself showed up, she wouldn't beat all of us alone."

"Confidence is good. Getting cocky? Not so much," the leader said coldly. "If we lose this, none of us are walking away."

"Please, we've done this a hundred times. Our synergy's untouchable."

No sooner had the words left his mouth than a flood of hostile data came crashing in like a digital tidal

or had the

wave. If they'd hesitated for even a second, S's location would've been compromised.

The laid back attitude evaporated instantly. Everyone's nerves were on edge now—yet

their eyes lit up with excitement.

“Finally, a real fight. This is gonna be fun,” a younger hacker said with a cocky whistle.

For hackers at their level, weak opponents were nothing but a bore.

The digital war ignited instantly on both sides.

“Who the hell are these people? Their skill level's she hammered at her keys.

e” Lina muttered a

“A team of elite hackers working together. Stay sharp,” Tessa replied, cool and efficient.

“Hah. They picked the wrong target. Let's show them what real top-tier hackers look like,” Lina snapped back.

After all this time under Tessa's wing, every member could hold their own. Their names carried real weight on the werewolf world's cyber leaderboard. Together, they had nothing to fear.

“Stay focused. Every second counts,” Tessa reminded them.

If Ethan had brought her in personally, this S was no small threat.

“Understood.”

Everyone locked in, unleashing every ounce of skill they had.

Finally, Tessa broke through their last defensive wall.

“Shit! It’s over—get in touch with S now! Tell him to relocate!” the enemy team leader barked.

“Boss, we can’t reach him! All comms are down!” a team member paled.

“What?” The leader’s pupils shrank. “Who the hell are we up against? Even our communication lines are jammed?”

“Alert Leo now! This can’t go wrong, or we’re all dead!” he growled.

Leo was ruthless. If this operation failed, none of them would be left breathing.

Chapter 568 Outbreak

At that moment, Tessa had already completely locked down the enemy’s communication channels..

“You have thirty minutes.” She tossed an address to Ethan. “S doesn’t know his location has been exposed yet. But once he realizes he can’t reach his team, he’ll get suspicious—and most likely try to flee.

“Tessa, I really owe you for this one,” Ethan said seriously, taking the address. “I’ll treat you to a proper meal next time.”

“No need. I’m pretty busy.”

“Alright, we’ll talk later!” Ethan didn’t dare linger and immediately took his team and left.

Once the situation was under control, Tessa stepped outside to call Landon and let him know she was safe.

But before she could dial, Samuel’s name flashed across the screen.

“Where are you right now?” Samuel’s voice was urgent.

“What’s wrong?” Judging by his tone, something serious had happened. What was going on today? Why was everyone acting so tense?

“Tessa, come to the hospital right now. I have a patient here I can’t handle alone—I need you to take a look!” Samuel never said things like that lightly.

“Okay, I’m on my way.”

If even a top-ranked S+ doctor like Samuel was stumped, then it had to be something truly critical.

On her way to the hospital, Tessa finally called Landon. He answered immediately, his voice filled with concern.

“Where are you? I’ll come pick you up.”

“I’m going to meet Samuel for something. Don’t worry—once I’m done, I’ll come find you.”

She didn’t know exactly what was going on with Samuel yet, and couldn’t say how long it would take. Medical issues weren’t like hacking—they couldn’t be solved with speed alone.

“Alright, where are you two? I’ll come find you.”

“Don’t. It’s complicated, and I don’t know how long this will take.”

“I’m here now, I’m going in. Don’t worry!” She ended the call before he could respond.

As soon as she reached Samuel’s floor, a nurse handed her a set of protective gear.

Her heart sank. That kind of suit—did it mean the illness was contagious?

She didn’t ask questions. She suited up quickly and went to find Samuel. He was still poring over charts, clearly frustrated. When he saw her, he finally stopped.

“This is the tenth one. All with/identical symptoms. I’m convinced it’s something in their systems.

”

Tessa understood what he meant and immediately went to examine the patients.

“Did you call Landon yet? You probably won’t be going home tonight.” He looked worn out. They were all helpless against this virus, which was why he’d called her in.

“Yeah. Now fill me in.”

Meanwhile, Landon had already had Nathaniel trace Tessa’s location and investigate the situation.

“Alpha, the patients are infected with a virus designed specifically to target the Montedra werewolves. Highly contagious—and potentially lethal...” Nathaniel said grimly. “The victims aren’t just common folk—some are senior members of the Montedra Werewolf Council.”

Landon’s face changed instantly.

This had Yalvaria written all over it.

Recently, Montedra's protective barriers had been repeatedly breached. Major corporations were being sabotaged by foreign powers. Traces of every incident pointed back to Yalvaria. And now, this virus specifically targeted Montedra werewolves—and had dragged Tessa into the fray.

Was Yalvaria trying to start a war?

“I'm going to the hospital.” Landon stood and made for the door, his tone brooking no argument.

Nathaniel grabbed his arm. “Alpha, the hospital's under full lockdown! If you go now, you'll only make things harder. With so many council members affected, we need you to keep things stable outside.”

“Tessa is in there. So are our people.” Landon's voice was ice-cold as he shook Nathaniel off and moved to leave.

“You're the Alpha King of all Montedra packs!” Nathaniel's tone hardened. “Your safety isn't just a personal matter. Tessa has Samuel. The others have the medical team. But out here—without you—if Yalvaria makes a move, Montedra will fall into chaos.”

Landon froze mid-step. His hands clenched tight, veins bulging under the skin.

After a long moment, he closed his eyes. When he opened them again, they were dark with restrained fury.

“Have the medical team send me real-time updates. Triple the guards at the hospital perimeter.”

Nathaniel nodded. It was the only compromise Landon could make—shouldering the crown without abandoning the woman he loved.

Just then, Yardley's name flashed across Landon's phone.

His brows furrowed as he answered, only to hear her choked voice on the other end.

"Mr. Landon, can you reach Tessa? The old man... I don't think he's going to make it!"

Landon's heart sank like a stone.

Why now—why all at once?

Chapter 569 The Last Wish

"Where are you? I'm heading over now." Landon grabbed his coat and stood up. Tessa was trapped at the hospital—he was the only one who could hold the situation together for now.

"Alpha, where are you going? What happened?" Nathaniel immediately followed after him.

"Mr. Walter's in trouble."

Nathaniel's chest tightened. Of all times—why now? Everything was piling on at once.

If

Tessa was still in quarantine. If really happened to Walter, she'd fall apart when she got out.

Landon drove straight to the Sinclair family estate. Yardley was already waiting at the gate. When he saw Landon arrive alone, his voice shot up. "Where's Tessa? Grandpa just wants to see her one last time! What could possibly be more important right now?"

Landon didn't answer and headed straight inside. Louis met him halfway, eyes red. "Mr. Landon, where's Ms. Tessa? Mr. Walter doesn't have much time—he's been holding on just to see her again..."

"Is the doctor still in there?" Landon asked grimly.

"Yes, but... there's probably no saving him now." Louis let out a heavy sigh. "He's old. That day comes for all of us. It's just... before he goes..."

"Tessa's caught up in an emergency. She can't leave yet," Landon said, voice rough. He knew exactly how much Tessa loved her grandfather. If she had any choice, she'd never miss this.

Winona scoffed nearby. "He loved her the most, and now that he's dying, she won't even show her face. Just wait—once Grandpa's gone, she won't care about any of us!"

"Shut your mouth." Landon shot her a look, his voice like ice. Winona immediately fell silent.

He walked to the door of the hospital room and asked the doctor standing guard, "How much longer does he have?"

"Three days at most," the doctor said, shaking his head. "His organs are failing. Forcing him to hang on will only make the pain worse."

"Do everything you can to keep him going until she gets here," Landon ordered firmly. "She's handling a viral outbreak targeting the werewolves. She can't leave yet, but she'll come. I swear she'll come."

The doctor hesitated, then nodded. "Understood."

When Landon stepped into the room, the old man was struggling to keep his eyes open. He scanned the room, but when he didn't see the person he was hoping for, the light in his eyes dimmed.

Landon walked over and took his frail hand. "Grandpa, hang in there a little longer. Tessa's caught up with something important. She'll be here the second she's done."

The old man blinked and moved his fingers slightly, as if responding.

“Don’t worry. I’ll take care of her.” Landon squeezed his hand gently, voice soft. “No matter what happens from now on, I’ll always be by her side. I won’t let anything happen to her.”

A single tear rolled down the old man’s cheek. He tried to lift his hand to touch Landon’s face, but didn’t

have the strength.

Landon understood. He leaned down so the old man’s fingertips could brush against his cheek

.

“She’s stubborn—puts up a front, but she’s soft on the inside,” Landon continued, half promising to the old man, half to himself. “Once she’s finished handling things, I’ll bring her here. You’ve got to hold on until then, okay?”

The old man’s breathing grew shallower, but he forced his eyes to stay open, like he was clinging to his last bit of hope.

After exchanging a few more words, Landon stepped out of the room. Nathaniel was waiting for him outside.

“Alpha, what now?” Nathaniel asked, voice strained with worry as he looked at Landon’s tense profile.

If Tessa came back and missed Walter’s final moments, she’d never forgive herself.

Landon pressed his fingers to his brow and pulled out his phone. “Call the medical team at the hospital. Find out what’s going on over there.”

The call connected quickly. The team lead on the other end sounded exhausted. "Alpha, the doctor is analyzing the virus's genetic sequence right now. She can't take any calls. The hospital's been sealed off by the Werewolf Council's security team. They say it's to prevent the virus from spreading—only medical supplies are allowed in. No one is allowed out, and no one's allowed in."

Landon's expression darkened. The council had acted fast. And this lockdown—just happened to trap Tessa inside.

Chapter 570 A Night Without Rest

Is she safe over there? Has she come into direct contact with any patients?"

"She's wearing the highest level of protective gear. She's okay for now. But the virus is mutating rapidly, St and Dr. Samuel are racing against the clock..."

"Tell her to focus on the virus. She doesn't need to worry about this side," Landon cut in. "Report to me immediately if anything changes."

He hung up and turned to Nathaniel. "The council's security team has sealed off the hospital. She can't leave -even if she wanted to. If she brought the virus out with her, the consequences would be catastrophic

Nathaniel nodded. "What about our people stationed there?"

"Have them work with the council's team. Guard the perimeter. Make sure no one tries to pull anything near the hospital," Landon ordered. "Yalvaria's people are still lurking. We can't give them any opening

Once that was settled, he turned and glanced toward the hospital room. A flicker of conflict passed through his eyes. Tessa was trapped in a building full of infection and—soldiers. Walter was waiting for her at the end of his life. Landon was caught in the middle—his only choice was to carry the weight of both sides.

“Post another team around the Sinclair estate,” he added. “Especially near Winona and Lila. Don’t give them the chance to stir up trouble.”

“Already done,” Nathaniel said, prepared as always. “One team is watching the room. The other’s stationed around the estate. We’ve covered everything.”

Landon didn’t respond. He simply stood at the end of the corridor, staring out into the heavy darkness.

A virus crisis at the hospital. A dying grandfather at home. Yalvaria circling like vultures.

Tonight would not be a peaceful one.

Back at the hospital, Samuel and Tessa had already tried several methods—none of them worked.

Both of them looked exhausted. Especially Tessa—she had just finished a grueling digital battle with elite hackers and had jumped straight into virus analysis without even catching her breath. Now, dark shadows spread beneath her eyes.

“Take a break if you’re tired. I’ve got this for now,” Samuel said, worry in his voice as he watched her pale face.

Tessa shook her head, fingers moving across the virus sample analysis report. “This isn’t simple. I just helped Ethan capture S. These virus/samples... I have a bad feeling they’re connected to the rebel faction in the Southern continent—Yalvaria.”

Montedra was the heart of the werewolf clans. And for years, the Yalvaría core in the south had seen it as a thorn in their side.

They didn’t dare start a war outright. But covert attacks never stopped.

Samuel nodded grimly. “This is clearly a genetically engineered weapon—specifically designed to target Montedra werewolves. If we don’t crack it in time, it won’t just be the infected who suffer. The whole

Montedra defense line could collapse. And that's exactly the window Yalvaria's walding for!

"Did you get in touch with Professor Michael!" Tessa asked suddenly.

Hadn't he always wanted to come to Montedra? If he could make it, maybe they could finally make some headway.

"No luck." Samuel shook his head. "Most likely intercepted by Yalvaria. They'll block anyone who might help

us."

Tessa exhaled slowly, then remembered something. "You still have your phone?"

Because of the sensitive nature of this work, hers had been confiscated at the door.

"Yeah. They didn't take mine." Samuel passed it over. His position made it untouchable. "Who do you need to call?"

Tessa took the phone, hands trembling slightly as she dialed Landon's number.

"It's me," she said the moment it connected. "I can't leave for now. Are you... okay?"

"I'm fine. Don't worry about me," Landon's voice came through, calm but a little too even. "Take care of yourself. Don't take off your suit."

"I know." Her voice softened. "Can you go check on Grandpa for me? I can't shake this feeling something's wrong."

Landon's heart clenched, his hand tightening around the phone. "I'm heading over now. Focus on the virus. I'll take care of him—nothing's going to happen."

He stared in the direction of the Sinclair estate, a subtle heaviness seeping into his voice.

How badly he wanted to tell her the truth.

But with the hospital sealed tight, no one allowed in or out, telling her would only distract her and spark panic at the worst possible moment.

Better to let her concentrate fully on solving the crisis. On his end, he'd do everything he could to keep Walter alive—if only for one more minute—just long enough for her to make it out.

"Okay, I'll hang up now," Tessa said, not noticing the strain behind his tone. She quickly ended the call and turned to Samuel. "Let's try one last approach. Use the werewolves' core energy to neutralize the virus. Maybe..."

She didn't finish the sentence, but the fire in her eyes was enough to make Samuel feel hope flicker back to life.