

## **Wolfless 571**

### Chapter 571 The Rules Break Here

Meanwhile, Ethan had successfully captured S. But after an entire night of interrogation, the man had said a single word.

Simon stood behind Ethan, sweat beading on his forehead. "Captain, the virus is still spreading. If we can't get the location of the release or any clue about the antidote, more werewolves are going to die

Ethan rubbed his aching temples—he and the rest of the special ops team hadn't slept in three days

As the enforcement arm directly under the Werewolf Council, they had their own procedures for interrogations. But this time, they weren't dealing with a normal suspect. S had resistance skills far beyond what they'd expected—standard methods were useless.

Just then, Landon entered with Nathaniel behind him.

"Mr. Landon," Ethan stood and saluted, surprise flickering in his eyes.

The Alpha King of Montedra rarely got involved in judicial matters. What was he doing here?

"Hand S over to me," Landon said plainly, eyes flicking to the one-way glass of the interrogation room.

"That's against protocol," the deputy captain protested immediately. "Mr. Landon, we answer to the judicial branch of the Council. You're the Alpha King of the administrative branch. We're not supposed to interfere with each other—that's the long-standing rule..."

Landon didn't even look at him. His eyes locked on Ethan. "You've been at this all night. What've you learned?"

Ethan said nothing.

“Rules are dead. People aren’t.” Landon’s tone dropped, cold and sharp. “By the time you finish your protocol, half of Montedra’s wolves will be dead.”

Ethan drew a deep breath.

He knew Landon’s reputation—and even more so, he knew the situation. The judicial and administrative arms might have been separate, but they were two pillars of the same house. At the edge of survival, there was no room for stubborn formalities.

“You can take him. But only for eight hours,” Ethan said, turning to the deputy. “If something goes wrong, I’ll take the fall.”

“Ethan!”

“That’s an order,” he snapped, then turned back to Landon. “Mr. Landon, I trust you wouldn’t risk Montedra’s safety.”

Landon gave a tight half-smile but/said nothing.

Nathaniel moved immediately, taking S from the room without touching any of the recording equipment- a silent gesture of respect toward the Council’s authority. Both sides understood the unspoken boundary they were now crossing.

Once S was gone, the deputy growled, “You’ve just thrown yourself into the fire! If the Council d

answers-”

That’s better than watching our people die to this virus; Ethan replied, staring out the window

the Alpha King. No one fears for Montedra more than he does.

Simon came over quietly. "Ethan, want us to rotate out for a few hours? We'll come relieve you after the eight.

"Go. Let everyone rest in shifts." Ethan nodded. "But don't go far. Stay reachable."

"What about you?"

"I'm going to see the Council's oversight officer," Ethan said, grabbing his coat. "I need to cover the paperwork for this 'transfer' before it officially turns into insubordination

He had to buy Landon time while also preserving the integrity of their legal system. Balancing both? That was on him.

Simon watched Ethan walk away, heart heavy.

They'd joined the special forces to protect their kind. Now all they could do was watch the virus spread and interrogate a prisoner who wouldn't crack. This helplessness was worse than staying up three nights straight.

Just as Ethan stepped out of the building, Nathaniel's call came through.

"Come to the underground vault at Nightshade Pack. The Alpha wants you there."

Ethan's pulse quickened.

The underground vault—Nightshade Pack's most classified interrogation site. Only high treason or core-level threats were brought there. Most didn't even know it existed.

If Landon had called him there, this was no longer standard procedure.

When he arrived at the vault's entrance, Nathaniel was already waiting. "Go on in. Mr. Landon said to let you watch. Don't just stand around."

Inside, the vault was more austere than he'd imagined. Cold lights embedded in stone walls lit the corridor. The air was heavy with the scent of disinfectant and metal—sterile, brutal, and final.

Through the one-way glass of the interrogation chamber, Ethan saw Landon seated at the table, calmly spinning a pen between his fingers. S was strapped into a reinforced chair across from him, still wearing that smug, defiant look.

"Don't waste your breath," S sneered, legs crossed, voice laced with mockery. "No matter what you ask, I won't say a word. Your special ops guys didn't dare touch me—what, you gonna go rogue now?"

Landon raised his eyes, gaze sharp as ice. "In the special ops unit, you were under the Council's rules. Here? The rules are mine."

#### Chapter 572 Break the Rules, Save the Bloodline

Landon rose and stepped in front of S, lightly tapping the armrest of the interrogation chair with his fingers.

Tiny silver studs were embedded in the chair's armrest—precisely aligned with the spinal pressure point most sensitive in werewolves. S's body tensed instantly, a flicker of panic flashing in his eyes.

"When Yalvaria sent you here, did they forget to mention what happens when you piss off the Alpha King of Montedra?" Landon's voice wasn't loud, but it came down like a crushing weight. "Give me the antidote formula. Tell me the other release points. Talk, and I'll let you die quickly."

S gritted his teeth and stayed silent, but uncase churned in his gut. They said Landon was ruthless—now he could feel it in the marrow of his bones. This man was far scarier than the rumors.

Landon didn't waste words. He nodded toward the door. Nathaniel entered carrying a tray of custom tools: syringes laced with liquid silver, neural stimulators calibrated to werewolf sensitivities—every single one crafted to target their biological weaknesses.

“Ethan, you're really going to stand there and let him torture me? This is illegal! It's abuse!” S shouted toward the one-way glass. “You work for the Council! Aren't you going to do something?”

Ethan's fists clenched. His voice was low and steady. “If it gets us the antidote and saves our people, then yes -I'll take the heat for this.”

Landon cast a sidelong glance at Ethan, then turned back to S with a cold smile—one that never reached his eyes. “You had your chance. Let's start with the silver.”

The needle pierced skin. S screamed.

The werewolf body's rejection of silver wasn't just biological—it was agony on a level no standard pain could touch. Ten times worse than a normal punishment.

“Talk,” Landon said calmly, his voice echoing through the chamber.

S trembled, soaked in sweat, but still clenched his jaw. “I... I don't know anything...”

The next hour was filled with howls of pain.

Landon's methods were brutal yet calculated. He pushed S to the brink of collapse—then stopped just short. Then he started again, with a new tool, a new method, always keeping the pressure just below the breaking point.

Ethan watched from behind the glass, chills running down his spine. This wasn't just an interrogation—it was the slow, surgical dismantling of a man's will.

After less than two hours, S finally snapped.

Tears and snot streaming, he broke down completely. “The antidote... it’s in a Yalvaria lab... The mastermind is...”

Landon nodded for Nathaniel to record it all. When S finished, Landon turned to Ethan.

“Take him. Log it as a voluntary confession.”

Ethan nodded, watching S get dragged away with a tangle of emotions. He knew: without Landon smashing

protocol to pieces, more werewolves would have died before this truth ever came ou

Once

Ethan was gone, Nathaniel asked, “Alpha, are we heading to Yalvaria now?”

“Prep the jet,” Landon’said, grabbing his coat. “We’re not just getting the antidote. We’re bringing Michael back.”

Michael—the one man who could crack a werewolf–targeted virus—had to be brought in, no matter the

COSL

And more than that, Landon needed him to see Walter. Even if there was only a sliver of a chance, he had to keep the old man alive just a little longer.

He’d promised Tessa—he would bring her back to see her grandfather.

The vault doors closed behind them, sealing away the screams and blood.

Outside, the night wind carried a faint scent of metal and smoke.

A new journey was about to begin.

Back at the hospital, Tessa and Samuel had failed another trial.

Samuel slumped onto the couch. A top-tier S+ werewolf physician, now looking utterly drained. He had poured everything into this—his skill, his strength, his hope. And nothing had worked.

“What now?” he asked, lifting his head to meet Tessa’s eyes. The frustration in his voice was hard to hide.

Tessa took a deep breath, fingers pressing against her aching temples.

She had never felt this defeated before either. “The infections are still rising. Some are already mutating at the genetic level... If we delay any longer, it won’t just be more werewolves getting infected. The entire genetic chain of Montedra’s wolves could be contaminated.”

Collapse and Resolve

“Are we really going to give up?” Samuel murmured, pressing a hand to his throbbing forehead. The nonstop, high-intensity work was finally breaking even him.

“Take an hour to rest. I’ll keep watch,” Tessa said, giving him a light shove. “We’ll hold out in shifts. Better than both of us dropping.”

Samuel wanted to argue, but her eyes stopped him cold.

She was right, and he knew it. So he stood. “I’ll relieve you in an hour.”

Tessa lay down on the makeshift hospital sofa almost instantly.

and fell asleep

But not even an hour later, she jolted a deep sense of dread gripping her.

She bolted to the lab.

pounding,

The moment she opened the door, her pupils shrank in horror—Samuel had collapsed beside the workstation, his face tinged with the sickly gray—blue hue unique to virus infection.

“Samuel!” Tessa ran to catch him, her voice trembling.

Even an S+ level werewolf medic had fallen. This virus was far more aggressive than they’d ever imagined.

Samuel forced his eyes open, weakly pushing her away. “Stay back... I’m infected... Don’t touch me.”

His voice was faint. Though his healing ability was leagues above other werewolves, it wasn’t enough to stop the virus from invading.

Tessa snatched up his phone. “Get Dr. Samuel to the isolation unit—maximum containment!”

As he was wheeled away, a group of doctors surrounded her, faces pale as death.

“Ms. Tessa... if even Dr. Samuel’s infected... is there really anything we can do against this virus?”

Samuel had been their anchor. Now that he’d fallen, panic rippled through the team.

“You’re giving up just because you’re scared?” Tessa’s glare swept across them like shards of ice. “You’re going to sit back and watch this virus destroy Montedra’s genetic future? You think that white coat you wear is for

show?”

The doctors lowered their heads in shame, none to speak again.

Outside, the council’s defense squads stood guard. No one was allowed in or out. They couldn’t run even if they wanted to. But staying meant risking infection.

“I’ll stay with you.” One woman stepped forward. Her nametag read “Rosa.” “I’ll be your assistant.”

She shot a scornful glance at the others—backing out now was a disgrace to everything their profession stood for.

“Good.” Tessa nodded and turned back into the lab.

Rosa followed closely, moving efficiently through the prep work. Every task Tessa assigned was handled with precision, saving time and energy.

Chapter 573 Collapse and Resolve

Eventually, Tessa

lifted her head from the microscope. Her

“I’ve extracted the pathogen.”

eyes gleamed.

Rosa's heart skipped. She stared at the writhing genetic strand under the lens in awe. "That's incredible. The gene sequence is insanely complex. I studied it for three days and couldn't figure it out."

"Just borrowed from what I had," Tessa said calmly, fingers flying over the keyboard. "Samuel had a werewolf genome map in his notes. I used it to find a weak point."

What she didn't mention was that she'd spent hours translating those advanced medical terms while running experiments in real-time—tearing through that wall with sheer grit.

Rosa watched Tessa's focused profile and finally understood why Samuel had trusted her so deeply.

This first-year med student carried a composure and resilience far beyond her age. No matter how heavy the sky got, she could stand under it and hold it up by sheer force of will.

estate.

While Tessa was piecing together the cure with blood and willpower, chaos had broken out at the Sinclair

Yardley stormed toward Walter's bedroom with Lila, Winona, and a lawyer in tow.

The head of the security detail stepped in front of the door. "Apologies. Before leaving, the Alpha gave strict orders—no one enters without his permission."

"What the hell do you mean?" Yardley's voice rose. "This is the Sinclair home! That's my father in there! Landon might be the Alpha King, but he has no right to interfere in family matters!"

The guard stared him down coldly. "If you've got the guts, take it up with the Alpha. But right now, you either walk away—or don't blame us if things get ugly."

The men Nathaniel sent were Nightshade Pack's, elite. They weren't about to back down to a bunch of opportunists.

#### Chapter 574 Bloodlines and Betrayals

Just then, Louis emerged from the bedroom, temples streaked with gray. Clearly, he hadn't slept in days

"Louis!" Yardley rushed over like a drowning man grabbing a lifeline. "Please, talk to them. We just want to see Dad. That's all!"

Louis looked at Yardley, disappointment written deep in his eyes. "Sir, Mr. Walter is unconscious. Even if you go in, there's nothing you can say. And besides-

His gaze slid to the lawyer standing nearby. "Bringing a lawyer to visit a dying man? That's not going to look good, is it?"

Lila's face stiffened.

"What's that supposed to mean?" Winona snapped. "We brought a lawyer just in case-"

"In case the old man passes and you get nothing from the will?" Louis cut straight through the pretense. "Relax. He already finalized it while he was still lucid. The notary has been here. Every detail's clearly written out."

He paused, then spoke more heavily. "Mr. Walter loved his family more than anything. Can't you let him have some peace at the end?"

Yardley froze, throat dry. Louis had hit the mark—and hard. He had no reply.

The lawyer, sensing the tension, wisely stepped back. This water was far too deep.

Louis didn't say anything else. He turned and gently closed the bedroom door behind him.

Inside, the monitor beeped steadily. Outside, Yardley and his group stood frozen, faces burning with shame and silence.

At that same moment, deep in the emergency tunnel beneath the Nightshade Pack vault, a shadow moved quickly along the stone wall—Grant.

His presence here had been made possible by a mole planted by Nathan three years ago in the Nightshade Pack logistics team.

Three days ago, the mole sent word: S had been transferred to the underground vault. Inside his collar was a magnetic card designed to bypass three layers of the security system.

It was the only shot they'd ever had. The vault had been locked down tight for years. No cracks, no windows -until S arrived.

Beep- Grant swiped a temporary clearance card provided by the mole, opening the access door—and walked straight into two patrolling/guards.

He sidestepped with inhuman speed, pulling a tranquilizer needle from his coat and striking before either could react.

With the hallway cleared, he rushed toward the prison cell where Nathan was held.

The timing was perfect—S had just been moved. During the brief switch, the mole approached under the pretense of equipment inspection, recovered the magnetic key from S's collar, and passed it to Grants ventilation system.

Grant placed the key on the lock. The door clicked open.

Nathan sat against the wall, head jerking up at the sound. His eyes gleamed with the fury of someone cared for far too long.

When he saw Grant, he sneered. "Took you long enough. Another day down here and I'd have rotted into dust."

Weeks of confinement had stripped him of patience. His voice was sharp and brittle.

Grant lowered his eyes, voice deferential. "Alpha, we couldn't move until S was caught. The key only works for ten minutes. We have to go—now."

Nathan stood, cold wind swirling in his wake. The iron shackles had left deep, bloodied grooves on his ankles, but he pushed through the pain like it didn't exist.

He glanced at Grant, voice like frost, "Lead the way."

Grant obeyed, navigating the route with confidence. The mole had already provided a full map of the vault and patrol schedule.

When they finally emerged into the night air, Nathan tilted his head back and inhaled deeply. His chest surged as rage clawed up his throat.

"Back to Yalvaria," he ordered.

Every word carried a chill that could freeze bone.

Grant had already arranged for a private jet. He silently guided the way, the aircraft's engine howling as it split the darkness and left the underground nightmare far behind.

They touched down at Frost Pack without issue. Freed from the vault's enchanted restraints, Nathan's Alpha vitality surged back. His wounds were healing, scabbing over.

He had barely rested half a day on the furs when Grant returned, bowing low.

"Alpha, Landon's plane just landed at the Yalvaria capital."

He hesitated, then added, "Shall we make our move-?"

Nathan's eyes opened slowly, twin glaciers churning with fury.

"He took Tessa. He let me rot in that dungeon."

His fingers clenched tight, knuckles ghost-white.

"This time... he doesn't leave alive."

## Chapter 575 Storm Over Yalvaria

Meanwhile, Landon had arrived in Yalvaria, accompanied by his most trusted lieutenants—Nathamel Hudson, and Cameron.

This wasn't just a diplomatic trip. It was a mission that could determine the survival of Montedra's entire werewolf population. That's why Landon handpicked the three:

Nathaniel, his unwavering beta and personal bodyguard, had never once failed him; Hudson, his intelligence chief, ran a network vast enough to cut through Yalvaria's tangled fog; And Cameron, the seasoned diplomat, knew how to navigate even the deadliest political currents.

Each brought something essential to the mission.

They took residence at the same estate where Landon and Tessa had once stayed.

The old steward rushed forward upon seeing Landon. His eyes swept the group, then paused, visibly puzzled. Not seeing a familiar face, he asked Nathaniel, “Sir, Ms. Tessa isn’t with you? Things back home aren’t exactly calm—why didn’t Alpha bring her along?”

Nathaniel offered a polite smile. “She’s got urgent matters to handle at home. Don’t worry—Alpha’s watching over her. Nothing will happen.”

While they spoke, Hudson had already located their target.

“Alpha, Michael is being held in a military prison on the outskirts of the city.”

“Nathaniel, you’re with me. You two stay and guard the estate,” Landon said, rising. He gave Nathaniel a meaningful glance. “The prison will be heavily guarded. I need you with me.”

“As you wish, Alpha.” Nathaniel gave a crisp nod.

Hudson added, “We’ll hold the fort and be ready to support anytime.”

That night, shadows flickered around the prison’s perimeter.

The elite assassins Nathaniel had deployed earlier had already neutralized the outer guards. Landon and Nathaniel slipped in like twin phantoms, cutting straight to the heart of the facility.

Nathaniel used a specialized tool to breach the iron cell door. Inside, Michael was pacing in agitation. When he saw Landon, his eyes lit up.

“You!”

“This place isn’t safe. Come with us,” Landon said simply. Nathaniel had already scanned the area, confirming no traps or hidden ambushes.

Once the helicopter lifted off, Michael finally exhaled and exploded in frustration. “All because I said I’d move the International Medical Institute to Montedra, the Yalvaria Council threw me in prison! Did they forget who cured their werewolf genetic defect? Who developed the only antidote for Eclipse Hollow radiation sickness?”

He vented for another minute before calming down. Then he turned to Landon, his eyes sharp with understanding. “Alpha, you came here yourself. This isn’t just about rescuing me, is it?”

He knew Landon too well. The Alpha King of Montedra didn’t risk crossing borders without a damn good

reason

Landon

nodded and laid it out: the viral outbreak, the genetic mutations, even Samuel an S ranked physician—now infected. And finally, Walter, Tessa’s grandfather, hanging by a thread

Michael’s expression turned stormy. He clenched his fists in fury. “Those lunatics actually used a genetic weapon?”

His gaze burned as he stared out over Yalvaria’s glittering night. Then he looked back at Landon, urgency rising in his tone. “Get me to Montedra. Now. That virus is probably mutating by the minute. Every second we lose is another life we can’t save. And...”

He paused. His voice softened. “That girl, Tessa... her grandfather matters most to her. I need to be there For her. For both.”

His dual concern—for the epidemic and for Tessa’s heartache was what made him not just a scientist, but a true healer.

“It’s arranged,” Landon assured him. “There’s a private jet waiting at the neighboring airport. If you leave now, you’ll reach Montedra by morning.”

Nathaniel had already secured the flight route through encrypted channels to ensure zero interference.

Once Michael was on his way, Landon and Nathaniel returned to the estate.

Hudson and Cameron met them at the gate. Hudson handed over a fresh report. “Ethan’s also investigating the virus’s origin. But it’s well hidden. He hasn’t found the source yet.”

Landon sat down, fingers tapping the table rhythmically. “One objective down. Now we focus everything on tracing that virus.”

“Use every resource. No matter the cost.” His voice dropped to a chilling calm. “They dared poison Montedra’s land. They’ll pay for it.”

“Yes, Alpha!”

## Chapter 576 A Race Against Time

While Landon and his team continued scouring Yalvaria for the virus’s source, Michael had already landed. in Montedra. The moment his plane touched down, Nathaniel’s local contacts—stationed and ready- escorted him straight to the hospital.

Walter’s condition had taken a turn for the worse. Sensing the urgency, the guards Landon had left at the Sinclair estate had already transferred the old man to the hospital for specialized care. As soon as Michael stepped into the room, he went directly to the bedside and placed two fingers gently on Walter’s pulse.

After a moment, he slowly shook his head.

Louis, watching from nearby, felt his heart sink. He recognized Michael—he'd been the chief physician during Walter's previous surgery. If even he was shaking his head... things were truly grim.

"The best we can do now is buy time," Michael said solemnly, putting away his stethoscope. "Walter's only wish is to see Tessa. We have to give them that much."

He pulled a small bottle from his medical kit. "Half a tablet per day. It'll keep his vitals stable for now. But....."

"I understand." Louis took the bottle, his voice trembling. "Thank you."

Michael didn't linger. He turned immediately and headed for the virus research center. "Tessa's waiting. Montedra can't afford delays."

At the lab, Tessa was hunched over a microscope studying viral samples, while Rosa stood beside her, diligently recording data. When Michael entered, Tessa looked up briefly. "You're here."

"First, we see Samuel," Michael said, already donning protective gear. His tone brooked no argument. "He's an S+ class werewolf. The virus mutation path inside him is the most valuable data point we've got."

Rosa eyed the white-haired yet sharp-eyed man curiously, then hesitantly asked, "Are you... Mr. Michael from the International Medical Guild of Werewolves?"

Tessa nodded. "Yes. He's Samuel's mentor."

Rosa froze.

This was the Michael—the living legend of the medical world, idol to every student who ever wore a white coat. She never dreamed she'd see him in person, let alone during such a critical crisis.

Michael, however, didn't even glance at her. He followed Tessa straight to Samuel's isolation chamber. Inside, Samuel sat upright, still dutifully tracking his physical stats. He looked up with a wry grin. "Any later and I'd have become the virus's first display sample."

"Smartass," Michael muttered, shooting him a glare. He flipped through Samuel's notebook, brow furrowing. "Even an S+ body can't withstand this... This virus isn't just aggressive—it's surgical."

He placed a hand against Samuel's carotid artery, eyes closing briefly as he concentrated. "It's targeting your werewolf gene chain. Your regenerative ability's the only thing holding it back—it's bought us a narrow window."

"Good." Samuel exhaled with relief, then turned to Tessa. "You found the pathogen?"

"Yeah," she nodded. "We're working on a neutralizing agent now."

"Call me

if you need anything. He lifted the notebook. "This covers my body's changes over the past few days. It should help."

Michael took it from him, then turned to Tessa. "Let's go. Back to the lab."

On the way back, Michael casually mentioned Landon's operation in Yalvaria. Tessa's steps halted mid-stride.

"I need to make a call." She leaned against the corridor wall and dialed Landon's number. The faint electric buzz in the receiver tapped steadily against her heart.

Sunlight streamed through the hallway window, pooling over her tightly clenched hand. Her fingertips turned pale from the pressure.

"Hello?" Landon's voice finally came through, taut despite the calm he tried to project.

Relief washed over her—only to be replaced by tension.

“You went to Yalvaria?” she said sharply

Yalvaria. Nathan’s domain. Just thinking of it made her chest tighten.

agreed I’d handle the virus. Why did you go?”

Chapter 577 Bound by Vows, Driven by Purpose

Landon chuckled softly, his voice warming. “You really think I’d let you shoulder all this alone?”

He paused, then spoke with firm gentleness. “Don’t worry. I’ll take care of myself. You do the same don’t take off your suit, and do not touch the virus samples.”

“Got it.” Tessa’s voice softened. She shifted the phone to her other hand, her fingers unconsciously picking at the wall. “Landon... I miss you.”

There was a beat of silence on the other end before Landon’s deep voice came through, low and steady. “I miss you too.”

His grip on the phone tightened. “Once I’m back, I’ll take you to see your grandfather.”

“Okay.” Tessa sniffled quietly. “You’d better—mean it. If you get hurt, I’m not going to forgive you.”

“Same goes for you,” Landon said with a warm laugh. “If you dare take risks, you’re going to answer to me.”

A thousand words crowded her throat but in the end, she only said, “I should get back to work.”

“Okay. Hang up now.”

Tessa ended the call and leaned her head back against the wall, closing her eyes for a moment.

They both worried for each other.

But with so much at stake, neither of them could afford to back down.

All they could do was give it their all—while protecting themselves, so the other wouldn’t have to suffer.

Landon stared at the darkened screen, worry still heavy in his chest.

Hudson, seeing his expression, clapped a reassuring hand on his shoulder. “Don’t stress. Tessa’s one of the smartest people I’ve ever met. She’ll take care of herself.”

Landon exhaled.

Words weren’t enough anymore.

The only thing that would help Tessa now... was finding the one behind all this.

Everything else was meaningless if the real culprit remained in the shadows.

It had been years since the four of them had tackled something together—but when they did, nothing was impossible.

“By the way,” Hudson added, his tone tightening, “Nathaniel just reported in—Nathan’s escaped.”

“He’s back in Frost Pack.”

Landon's eyes darkened.

"After everything he suffered in that-vault," Hudson said grimly, "he's not going to let it go. We need to bolster our defenses."

"Let him come," Landon said, tapping the table with two fingers. A cold glint flashed in his eyes. Its me b and I settled this-

once and for all."

Hudson nodded. "That said, Frost Pack runs deep in Yalvaria. It's his turf. Even a strong dragon can t outmatch the local snake. We'd better tread carefully."

"Yeah."

Back in Montedra, the capital city of Navoris had erupted into full-blown panic.

News of the virus could no longer be contained. People on the streets whispered in fear. Hospitals were flooded with possible cases.

Thankfully, more medical experts were arriving by the hour. And when they learned that the legendary Michael himself was heading up the research, they fell in line immediately-willing to follow his every instruction.

Inside the lab, for the first time, there was rhythm, order, and hope.

After several days working closely together, Michael was more and more awed by Tessa's talent.

He'd always known her as a surgical prodigy-but he never imagined she would excel at genetic sequence analysis too.

His decision to relocate the medical organization to Montedra felt more right with each passing moment.

He handed her a cup of warm water, concern flickering in his eyes as he noticed how pale she looked.

Tessa accepted it quietly. "Thank you."

"Tessa," he said, his tone solemn, "you're extraordinary."

"At your age, most girls are still living carefree lives. But here you are—in the middle of a crisis, calm and composed, holding everything together. That's rare."

Tessa took a sip of the water. The tension that had gripped her for days finally began to ease with the recent progress in research.

She smiled faintly. "I'm not extraordinary. I just believe in myself. And I believe Montedra's people can survive this."

That belief that quiet, immovable certainty—was the reason she hadn't left this place, not for a second.

## Chapter 578 Web of Fire

"You're only eighteen, and you've already endured storms most people won't face in a lifetime, Michael said sincerely. "Everything you've experienced... it's more than enough to earn your name a place in medical history."

Such talent at such a young age—it was hard not to be moved by the promise of her future.

"I'm not interested in that," Tessa replied softly. Fame meant nothing to her.

Michael exhaled, his voice shifting. "Tessa, I know how capable you are. But some things... some things are beyond human control."

He thought of Walter's condition. His tone grew heavier. "Life and death are part of our nature. You should start preparing yourself."

Tessa took another sip of water.

"When all of this is over," she said quietly, "can you check on my grandfather? There's something wrong with him."

She was studying medicine—of course she could tell. But Walter had gone to great lengths to hide it from her, so she'd pretended not to know.

The moment she mentioned Walter, Michael's hand hesitated.

If she knew Walter was already on the brink... would she still be able to continue working? Her involvement in the research was critical. So Michael decided—he wouldn't say a word.

"What's wrong?" Tessa asked, always sharp. She hadn't missed the flicker in his expression.

"You saw my grandfather, didn't you? Is he okay?" Her eyes narrowed in suspicion.

Michael shook his head. "Of course not. I came straight here after landing. Haven't even had the chance to check on him."

"Really?"

Michael had seen enough in his lifetime to recover quickly. After a brief pause, his expression smoothed over.

“Really. Why would I lie? His last surgery was a success. You know that better than anyone.”

“Okay. Got it. I’ll get back to work then,”

There were still countless people depending on their results. She didn’t have the luxury of chasing shadows right now.

At the same time, in Yalvaria, Landon and his team had just uncovered the mastermind behind the v none other than the Speaker of the Yalvaria Council—Stephen.

The air in the room turned glacial.

“He dared to strike at Montedra’s very foundation,” Landon said, tapping the map in front of them with his

fingertip. The pressure of an Alpha King radiated from every word. “Tomorrow’s the Council election, n going to make sure he doesn’t even make the candidate list.”

Nathaniel’s voice dropped. “Stephen’s built his power over years. His roots in Yalvaría run deep.

Charging in head-on could alert him.”

“No need for brute force.” Hudson pulled up a document. “I found proof that he diverted military funds to support rebel factions.”

Cameron added, “I can get that evidence into the hands of the opposition anonymously. If a scandal breaks the night before the election, he’ll be finished.”

The four men shared a glance—and in that moment, everything was decided.

These four cornerstones of Montedra's power, united in purpose, could tear apart even the most intricate schemes.

Inside Stephen's mansion, firelight flickered across his angular, sinister face.

A secretary stepped in with a report. "Tomorrow's election schedule is finalized. You're ahead by three percentage points."

"And Montedra?" Stephen swirled his wine, lips curling into a smug smile. "The virus—has it started working yet?"

"It's out of control. People are panicking, fleeing. The Werewolf Council is barely holding things together." The secretary hesitated. "Landon is in Yalvaria. Should we—"

"Landon?" Stephen's gaze darkened as he traced the rim of his glass. "The Alpha King of Montedra dares to come crawling into my yard?"

He slammed the glass down.

"Contact Nathan. Tell him I'll take care of Landø. In exchange, Frost Pack backs my election bid."

The secretary blinked. "But... Nathan just escaped the underground vault. He reportedly hates Landon with everything he has."

"Then let that hate burn hotter." Stephen's voice dripped venom. "I want Landon dead in Yalvaria. I want Montedra leaderless. I want Montedra—sealed in my fist."

The fire crackled in the hearth, reflecting his madness and ambition.

But outside, in the shadows beyond his grand windows, a net was already weaving itself shut around him— silent, certain, and deadly.

## Chapter 579 The Alpha King's Reckoning

Nathan had barely returned to Frost Pack when Stephen's call came through.

As the Alpha of Frost Pack, Nathan held a powerful position in Yalvaria's intricate werewolf hierarchy enough to speak as an equal with the Speaker of the Council.

And when Stephen laid out his proposal, Nathan didn't hesitate.

The enemy of my enemy is my ally.

That very night, he stepped into Stephen's mansion personally.

"Alpha Nathan, your presence confirms what I hoped—our goals are aligned," Stephen said, signaling his secretary to uncork a vintage bottle of wine. He raised his glass. "At tomorrow's election, if Landon dares show his face, he'll leave Yalvaria in a coffin."

His fingers were white against the crystal glass, eyes burning with fanatical hunger for power.

Yalvaria and Montedra had been locked in a cold war for years. If it hadn't been for Landon's rise, Stephen would've already swallowed Montedra whole. The Alpha King had always been the immovable stone in his path.

He hated Landon—not just as a rival in politics and strategy, but for what his bloodline represented. That Alpha lineage had crushed every attempt Stephen made to seize control.

"As long as he lives, Yalvaria will always kneel beneath Montedra," Stephen spat, downing his wine in a single, vicious gulp. "This time, I'll cut the head off the snake. I'll turn Montedra into Yalvaria's hound."

Nathan accepted the offered glass and raised it toward him. "I just want him dead."

The crystal clink of their toast rang with cold, bloodthirsty resolve.

That night, both sides moved swiftly.

Landon's forces gathered in the shadows like coiled predators. Stephen and Nathan spun a web of soldiers and traps. The outcome would be decided by sunrise.

At 8 a.m. sharp, Landon woke from a brief rest.

Sunlight filtered through the curtains, brushing across his face. The fatigue in his eyes was gone—only the glint of an Alpha King remained.

"Alpha, let me go in your place," Hudson offered at breakfast. "You coordinating from behind the lir safer call."

"No." Landon bit into a slice of bread. "Stephen has to be taken down by my hands. I want him to watch me tear down everything he built."

At 8:30, the election grounds were already swarming with Yalvaria's power players.

Stephen stood atop the grand stage, flanked by elite guards and Frost Pack warriors. A smug smile tugged at his lips.

Then came the sound.

Rotors.

A tremor ran through the skies.

Ten armed helicopters cut through the clouds like hawks, circling the plaza with military precision.

“He’s here.” Stephen clenched his fists, his eyes narrowing.

At the helm of the lead chopper stood Landon—dressed in full camouflage combat gear, exuding the feral authority of a true Alpha King. His presence alone shifted the air.

“Go.” His voice cracked through the comms like a whip.

Ropes unfurled. Landon dropped to the ground like a panther, landing without a sound.

“Alpha Landon,” Stephen called out with mock bravado, his voice booming from the stage. “Come to offer congratulations?”

Landon brushed dust from his coat, eyes sharp as blades. “Not congratulations. A summons.”

He tossed a sheaf of documents into the air—evidence, cold and damning. “You funded rebels to engineer a genetic virus. You used Montedra’s people as your lab rats. Time Yalvaria’s Council saw what their ‘Speaker’ really is.”

Stephen’s smile evaporated. “Lies! You’re trespassing on sovereign soil—you want to start a war?”

“I’m not here for Yalvaria,” Landon said, voice carrying through the plaza via loudspeaker. “I’m here for you. People of Yalvaria—will you truly follow a man who weaponized disease against innocents?”

Before the crowd could answer, Stephen’s guards surged forward, clashing with Landon’s team.

Gunfire and wolf howls tore through the air.

Landon charged into the fray, claws flashing, muscles coiled. He tore through two armed guards barehanded, Montedra’s Alpha strength on full display. The air itself seemed to shatter around him.

“Stop him!” Stephen screamed, retreating in panic.

But another sound rose above the chaos.

A second wave of helicopters.

Nathan descended from the sky with Frost Pack warriors at his back, surrounding Landon in a tight ring.

“Landon!” Nathan’s eyes were bloodshot, his body already half-shifted. Fangs glinted in the sun. “Your end is now!”

#### Chapter 580 The Fall of Tyrants

“You think you can stop me?” Landon’s cold laugh echoed through the chaos, and with a burst of Alpha dominance, his presence alone forced Nathan’s warriors to retreat a half step.

All around them, Landon’s forces fought like a disciplined pack—synchronized, relentless.

Stephen’s guards were falling fast. Realizing the tide had turned, he made a break for it, dashing toward an armored vehicle parked at the edge of the square—only for Nathaniel to step into his path.

“Where do you think you’re going, Councilor Stephen?” Nathaniel grinned as he pulled the trigger. The bullet punctured the vehicle’s tire with a deafening pop, sending it lurching uselessly to one side.

Across the plaza, Landon and Nathan clashed in brutal hand-to-hand combat.

Nathan’s frost-coated claws lashed out, biting through the air—but Landon ducked, swift and lethal.

“You won’t take Tessa from me. And you’ll never beat me.” Landon’s fist crashed into Nathan’s chest with thunderous force.

“Guh-!” Nathan spat blood and staggered backward.

Without pause, Landon stepped forward, grabbed him by the throat, and lifted him effortlessly off the ground. The look in his eyes was pure, merciless winter.

“Get out.”

His voice held the full weight of an Alpha King’s spiritual command—Nathan’s blood churned with pressure, and he collapsed, unable to muster even a flicker of resistance.

“Alpha!” Grant bolted from the sidelines, catching the barely conscious Nathan. “Retreat! We’ll get you to the private clinic!”

As Nathan’s warriors scrambled to retreat with their broken leader, Stephen’s face drained of color.

He tried to shift into his wolf form to flee—but Landon’s boot crashed into his side, sending him sprawling. Nathaniel stepped forward and grabbed the fallen councilman by the collar, dragging him across the floor like a disgraced mutt.

Nearby, Stephen’s secretary had collapsed in terror, snot and tears streaming down his face. “Don’t tell me anything! Details on the virus plan, secret Council accounts—just don’t kill me!” Stephen whirled on him, eyes blazing. “You think betraying me will save you, you worthless rat?”

“It’s better than dying with you!” the secretary sobbed. “Half of Yalvaria’s already sick of your dictatorship.. You’re finished!”

Nathaniel gave the man a hard kick. “Then start writing. Everything you know.”

He turned to Landon. “Alpha, what should we do with them?”

“Take them both.” Landon nudged Stephen’s face with the toe of his boot. “We’ll put him in a Montedra prison—let him reflect on what kind of leader he really was.”

Stephen shrieked and flailed. “I’m the Speaker of the Yalvaria Council! You have no jurisdiction over me!”

“You’ll learn who holds the power soon enough.” Landon didn’t spare him another glance. Into his

communicator, he barked, “Hudson, we’re ready for extraction.”

“Copy that. Chopper’s waiting east of the city. We’ve evaded the military’s radar

Nathaniel snapped special handcuff’s onto both prisoners and motioned for his team to clean the site—claw marks, bullet casings, even the scent of blood in the air was neutralized with special compounds.

“Move out.” Landon led the way to the helicopter.

As it lifted off, he glanced out the window—toward Montedra.

Tessa... I’m coming back.

Back in Montedra, inside the hospital research center, Tessa carefully placed a final label on a vial of luminous green serum.

The antidote was ready.

Only the final clinical trials remained.

Michael watched her with pride and concern, eyes lingering on the dark rings beneath hers.

“Girl, there aren’t many who can match that fire in you.”

These past days, he'd seen her battle through genetic data so dense it could break minds. Again and again, she crashed against failure—then rose, sample in hand, to try again.

Even with her awakened white wolf bloodline, which gave her strength and stamina beyond that of any ordinary werewolf, the past seven sleepless days had left her pale and visibly drained.

“Leave the rest to me and Rosa.” Michael gently pressed down on her clipboard—holding hand. “Go sleep. Four hours. I'll send you live updates from the clinicals.”

Tessa didn't argue.

She finally allowed herself to rest. Because the antidote was real.

Because Montedra had hope again.

And because Landon would be coming home.