

LOVE THE WOLFLESS POWER GIRL AT FIRST SIGHT

Fell for the Alpha-less Queen 1

Chapter I Fate in the Moonlit Shadows

Chapter 1 Fate in the Moonlit Shadows

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The summer nights in Falindale were unbearably hot, with the air seemingly ablaze, stirring a restless uncase.

After the evening classes at school, Tessa Sinclair, as always, waited until most of her classmates had left before heading home on her bike. She took a secluded lley, a shortcut that shaved more than twenty minutes off her commute despite its isolation.

However, before she could exit the alley, her sharp nose caught the distinct, overwhelming scent of blood.

She wasn't unfamiliar with the smell. While another teenage female werewolf might have panicked and fled. Tessa calmly continued pedaling forward.

Sure enough, five minutes later, she came upon a fierce battle deep within the alley.

Ahead, a group of at least a dozen towering, muscular **werewolves** exuding **raw** savagery surrounded a single man with an extraordinary presence.

These werewolves, their muscles taut and eyes glinting with ferocity, growled deeply, their snarling faces illuminated by the moonlight.

The man they encircled was drenched in blood, but he was still valiantly fending off **their** attacks.

Tessa, however, could tell he was badly injured—he wouldn't last much longer.

Well, this is a nuisance.

Balancing one **foot** on the ground and the other on her bike's pedal, one hand in her uniform pocket and the other lightly resting on the handlebars, Tessa let out a sharp whistle, drawing the attention of everyone involved.

The **sound** caused both sides to pause and look her way

This allowed Tessa to clearly see who the injured man was.

He was Landon Thorne, the alpha of the Nightshade Pack, the most powerful werewolf pack on the Montedra continent.

But the Nightshade Pack was based in Navoris—what was Landon, their alpha, doing in an out-of-the-way place like Falindale?

“Unless you want to die, leave now!” barked the leader of the werewolves, **clearly** dismissing her as an unawakened teenage werewolf. Tessa frowned, irritation flashing in her eyes.

“You're blocking my way,” she said flatly.

“Do you have a death wish?” the leader snapped, his patience wearing thin. They had been waiting for the perfect opportunity to attack Landon while he was alone,

Poisoned and **unable** to **shift** into his wolf form, **Landon** was vulnerable. This was their best chance to kill

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him, and they couldn't afford interruptions.

With a sharp glance from their leader, two of the werewolves immediately started toward Tessa.

But before they could reach her, Tessa placed her other foot on the bike pedal and rode straight toward the pack, charging at them with reckless speed.

In a single second, her bike rammed into one of the werewolves, sending him sprawling to the ground.

Tessa used the momentum to push herself off the bike seat, flipping into the air and landing a double kick squarely on another werewolf's face.

The leader snarled at the sight of the girl attacking his men.

"Kill them both!" he barked. They were running out of me. If Nightshade Pack reinforcements arrived, they'd lose their chance to eliminate Landon forever.

Landon, though barely clinging to consciousness, forced himself to rally. He was the alpha of the Nightshade Pack: He couldn't afford to die here.

Tessa hadn't planned to stick around. She intended to teach these werewolves a lesson and leave.

However, as she passed by Landon, her gaze inadvertently locked with his, Suddenly, her heartbeat raced out of control.

At the same time, when Landon's eyes met hers, an intense, fiery sensation ignited in his chest and spread like wildfire.

It felt as if every cell in his body was set ablaze, filling him with renewed vigor and passion. He could no longer see or hear anything else—his world had narrowed down to her alone.

"Mate..." he murmured, the word slipping from his lips as if by instinct.

Chapter 2 The Alpha's Shadowed Fate

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The bike **that** had just shot forward came to an abrupt halt under Tessa's control.

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She had been **ready** to leave, but a gut feeling stopped her. If she left Landon behind, she'd regret it for the rest of her life.

With a sigh, she changed her mind and decided to lend him a hand.

The next moment, Tessa tossed aside her bike, stopped holding back her true abilities, and instantly teleported into the midst of the werewolves.

Without a weapon, she swiftly disarmed two of the werewolves and engaged in hand-to-hand combat against the group.

The leader, watching Tessa's swift and brutal moves, straightened his posture, his expression growing serious.

How can an unawakened teenage female werewolf possess such strength?

But now wasn't the time to dwell on that.

"Kill them both!" the leader ordered coldly.

No matter what, Landon had to die tonight.

Tessa maneuvered past the fray and stopped beside Landon.

"Still alive?"

"Not dead yet," Landon replied, his gaze fixed on her.

At 27, Landon had yet to meet his destined mate. But now, something about this young girl felt... different.

If only I weren't poisoned, he thought bitterly. Fler could confirm *if* she's really my mate.

But his wolf, Flex, had gone dormant after sustaining severe injuries trying to save him. Now wasn't the time to focus on such things.

The remaining werewolves rushed toward them again.

"Look out!" Landon, wounded, managed to call out just as Tessa launched herself back into action.

Her movements were precise, powerful, and effortless, taking on the entire group without breaking a sweat. Each strike was executed with cool confidence and efficiency

When she finally had the werewolves sprawled on the ground. Tessa kicked one aside and turned toward Landon

"Done. You're welcome," she said, mounting her bike to leave.

was almost 11 p.m., and she needed to get home.

Chapter 2 The Alpha's Shadowed