

LOVE THE WOLFLESS POWER GIRL AT FIRST SIGHT

Fell for the Alpha-less Queen 3

Chapter 3 The Alpha's Fate: Bonds of Blood and Secrets

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When Landon regained consciousness, most of his injuries had healed.

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Even the severe gunshot wound near his chest **had** been treated, though, being from a Silver Ballet, it wasn't healing as as the rest.
quickly

He immediately turned his head to survey his surroundings but didn't see the girl who had saved him. Strange. Why do I feel... disappointed?

Flex, how are you feeling? Landon asked his woll through Mind Link.

I'm fine now. I didn't think I'd recover this quickly after being hit with Wolfsbane, Flex replied, his voice energetic. Landon let out a quiet sigh of relief

Clearly, the girl hadn't just removed the bullet—she'd detoxified him too.

I'm sure you're eager to meet our savior, Landon remarked to Flex before summoning his beta, Nathaniel Frost, via Mind Link.

Nathaniel arrived at the Falindale University medical lab shortly after. The sight of Landon, blood-soaked **and** battered, nearly stopped him in his tracks. "Alpha, are you okay?" **Nathaniel's** voice was thick with concern.

From the moment Landon went missing, Nathaniel had been plagued by anxiety. Now, seeing him like this, he couldn't hide his alarm.

Landon wasn't just the alpha of the Nightshade Pack; he **was** the most powerful alpha on the Montedra continent. For anyone to **have** injured him so severely. What kind of force are **we** dealing with?

If Landon were harmed any further, it wouldn't just throw the Nightshade Pack into chaos—the entire Montedra werewolf society would be at risk of falling **apart**.

"I'm fine now," Landon said, his tone heavy. "They hired werewolf mercenaries this time—and used a Silver Bullet. Someone is desperate to see me dead."

"You were hit by a Silver Bullet?" Nathaniel's eyes widened in disbelief. "How are you?"

"Someone helped **me** remove it. Find out who saved me." Landon interrupted.

"Yes, **Alpha**."

Once Nathaniel confirmed that Landon's condition wasn't critical, he escorted him back to their temporary residence in Falindale before setting out to investigate their mystery savior.

The next morning, Nathaniel returned with a folder of information.

"**Alpha**, I've found her," Nathaniel announced, handing the documents over.

Landon opened the folder and **skimmed** through its contents, his brows knitting together.

"A 17-year-old student? She hasn't even awakened her wolf?" He paused.

An unawakened teenage werewolf

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took down a team of mercenaries and performed a complex surgery!

"Nathaniel, are you sure this information is accurate?" Landon asked skeptically.

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“Yes, Alpha, Nathaniel replied firmly. “I was just as shocked when I saw it, but I’ve double- and triple- checked everything. It’s definitely her.”

Nathaniel handed over a photograph.

Landon took the picture and froze. The face staring back at him was unforgettable: young, radiant, and stunningly beautiful. But it was her blue eyes—vivid and arresting that held his gaze.

“A 17-year-old unawakened female werewolf who **can** fight mercenaries and perform advanced surgery? Interesting.”

“Should we return to Navoris?” Nathaniel asked tentatively.

They had barely set foot in Falindale, and this attack seemed like a calculated move to prevent them from being here.

“There’s still work to do here. Why would we leave?” Landon replied coolly. “If you’re scared, feel free to go **back** on your **own**

Nathaniel’s jaw tightened. He wasn’t scared—he was just concerned for his alpha’s safety.

“Let’s go meet this girl,” Landon ordered, his eyes lingering on Tessa’s photograph.

Nathaniel found Tessa later that day, surrounded by a group of thuggish werewolves.

“You must be Tessa,” he called out.

Dressed in her Falindale High uniform with her sleeves rolled up to reveal her pale wrists, Tessa ignored him and kept walking

“Boss, she’s ignoring you!” one of the thugs exclaimed indignantly. No one at Falindale High dared to disrespect their leader.

The gang leader, visibly irritated, stepped in front of her.

“I’m talking to you! Are you deaf?” he barked, reaching for her arm.

Tessa finally stopped, spat out her gum, and said coldly “Move.”

Her tone **was** icy, cutting like a blade.

—

“Feisty, huh? You’ve messed with the wrong guy,” the leader sneered, lunging at her.

Before he could make contact, Tessa grabbed him and threw him over her shoulder. He hit the ground. **hard**, groaning in pain.

“Do you **know who I am**? My dad-”

Before he could finish, Tessa stomped on his face, silencing him.

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“Shut up,” she said flatly, her **voice** laced with irritation

The other thugs stared in stunned silence. Isn’t Tessa supposed to be a useless wolf-less girl? What’s going on?

“Call my dad!” the leader screamed, his voice cracking “Tessa won’t survive in Falindale after this!”

Behind her, whispers erupted. Everyone knew Tessa’s story. She had been abandoned by her pack, the Frostmoon Pack in Navoris.

Tessa was the Frostmoon alpha’s daughter, but she had been born weak and wolf-less. A witch’s prophecy had declared she would never awaken her wolf, branding her a disgrace.

The Sinclair family despised her. Rumors painted her as lazy and dishonorable, claiming she associated with Rogues and had even miscarried a Rogue’s child a twelve. Embarrassed by her existence, the Sinclairs had exiled her to Falindale to fend for herself

Unbothered by the murmurs. Tessa walked on.

Not long after, a sleek black car pulled up beside her. The door opened, and a tall, handsome male werewolf stepped out.

“Ms. Sinclair,” he said politely. “I’m Nathaniel. My alpha would like to have a word with you.”

He opened the back door, **and** Tessa saw the refined man seated inside—Landon.

Despite knowing he was the alpha of the Nightshade Pack, Tessa showed no hint of the usual reverence werewolves displayed toward alphas. Instead, she climbed into the car and **sat** beside **him**.

“You lost that much blood and still survived? Impressive,” she remarked casually, her striking blue eyes void of emotion.

This girl has some nerve, Nathaniel, seated in the front, felt his lips twitch. No one in Montedra talks to the alpha like this.

“I’m Landon. Thank you for saving me yesterday,” Landon said, handing her **a** business card. As he did, he silently reached out to Flex through Mind Link. Fler, is she our destined mate?