

## **Wolfless 501**

### Chapter 501 No Regrets

Faced with the enthusiasm of the two university presidents, Ms. Tessa was starting to get a headache.

Her expression had clearly shifted toward impatience.

Landon finally stood up and stepped in.

“You two should probably head back now.”

With Mr. Landon speaking up, the two presidents had no choice but to pack up and leave, a bit sheepishly.

“Tessa, I actually think Mr. Oscar’s suggestion wasn’t bad. You could study medicine at the medical university and still keep doing physics research at Navoris,” Ysabel piped up.

After all, Tessa really did have an extraordinary gift for physics.

It would be a shame to throw that away.

“Ysabel!”

Hearing her uncle’s warning tone, Ysabel immediately zipped her mouth shut.

Still, she genuinely thought the dual major idea had merit.

“People only have so much energy. Do what you love,” Landon said gently to Tessa.

Just because someone had talent didn't mean they were obligated to use it. That was exhausting.

"I really do think it's a good idea," Ysabel muttered under her breath, pouting. "Tessa, your uncle's scolding me again."

She clung to Tessa's sleeve, half-complaining.

She wasn't scared of her uncle anymore—not now that she had someone new on her side.

"Alright, didn't Nathaniel come to pick you up? Head to the studio." Ysabel's new album was officially in production, and today they were recording the first track. She was about to get very busy.

"You're not coming with me?" Ysabel looked disappointed.

It was a big day for her. She'd thought Tessa would be with her the whole time.

"You go with Nathaniel first. I'll come by once I finish things here."

Knowing how busy Tessa was, Ysabel could only nod. "You better come, okay?"

After she left, Landon stepped forward and pulled Ms. Tessa into his arms.

"I know how busy you are. But promise me this—take care of yourself. Don't overdo it. And don't worry about what anyone else says. Just do what you love."

She was already juggling too many roles.

Each one required time. Each one drained energy.

"I know."

She wasn't fragile.

"That's all I needed to hear."

"By the way, the Avery band's concert promotions have started. Have you decided if you're going to perform?"

He knew she wasn't one for public attention, so he wanted to ask.

"This might be the band's last concert. When we first formed, performing on stage was a dream we all shared. So no—I really don't want to miss it."

It was true—she didn't like being in the spotlight.

But standing on that stage with them, just this once, would leave no regrets behind.

"I'll do what I did last time—perform wearing a mask."

She had no intention of revealing her identity.

"Then go for it. If you've already made up your mind, don't leave room for regret."

His girl deserved to live without regrets.

Ms. Tessa gave him a quick kiss on the cheek.

"Landon, I never thought you'd be such an obedient boyfriend!" It seemed no matter what she decided, he always supported her.

“What can I say? I fell in love with a girl who’s got a mind of her own.”

And if he loved her, then he’d embrace all of her.

“Oh—and about Mr. Oscar’s offer. Dual majoring actually doesn’t sound bad. Since he’s making things so convenient... and I do kind of enjoy physics.”

Landon’s head started to throb.

What was he going to do?

His girlfriend was too capable. She wanted to study everything. How much time would he even have left with her?

“I’ve decided. From now on, Oscar is my sworn enemy.”

What kind of awful idea was that man feeding her?

Ms. Tessa laughed.

“You know what? You’re really adorable like this.”

“Adorable?”

He and “adorable” didn’t even belong in the same sentence.

Chapter 502 Notes in the Air, Secrets on the Wind

When Landon and Ms, Tessa arrived at TS Entertainment, Ysabel was in the middle of recording. Nathaniel stood guard outside the booth like a loyal watchdog—he hadn’t taken a single step away.

Ysabel was doing well. Her tone was clear, her control excellent—she really did have talent, and her voice was a natural gift.

When she noticed Ms. Tessa had arrived, she waited until she finished recording a segment before pulling off her headphones and stepping out of the booth.

“Tessa! You’re finally here—I thought you weren’t coming!” she said excitedly.

“Why so clingy? Isn’t Nathaniel here with you?”

“How could Nathaniel possibly replace you in my heart? When you’re here, I feel way more grounded.”

“I just got held up a bit.”

Ms. Tessa walked over and tapped a few keys. The segment Ysabel had just recorded played through the speakers.

It was the first time Ysabel had heard her own voice like this. She looked a little embarrassed.

It was only thirty–eight seconds long, but once it ended, she looked visibly anxious.

“So? Was it bad?”

“Ysabel, I knew you had talent! Honestly, this is the best thing I’ve ever heard!” Nathaniel jumped in with over–the–top praise.

Okay, that was a bit much.

“Nathaniel, could you not exaggerate so much? I know where I stand—I’m not clueless.” His compliments were making her cringe more than anything.

“I’m being serious. I don’t care what anyone else says. To me, you’re the best.”

Ysabel’s cheeks turned red.

She was so used to Nathaniel’s sarcastic jabs that hearing him say something like this actually made her uncomfortable.

“Nathaniel, do you have to be like this? It’s weirding me out.”

“What? You’re uncomfortable with compliments? So you want me to go back to being mean?”

He was trying so hard to change for her—wasn’t that worth something?

“You know what? You should just stop talking.”

She didn’t want to hear another word of nonsense from him.

Nathaniel looked utterly defeated.

He’d been standing outside this studio for hours, waiting while she recorded and now, just because M Tessa showed up, she was tossing him aside like nothing. So unfair.

“Tessa, what do you

think? How did I do?”

Landon and Nathaniel weren’t professionals. She needed a real opinion.

“Not bad at all.”

Ysabel had a beautiful voice, and she’d clearly been putting in the effort. Her progress these past few weeks had been obvious.

When Tessa praised her, she finally relaxed.

“Really?”

“Really.”

“You did sing pretty well. When your album’s done, I’ll bring it to your father and let him listen,” Landon added.

“Thanks, Uncle.”

That was a rare thing—her uncle didn’t often hand out compliments like this. He must’ve genuinely meant it.

Satisfied, Ysabel’s confidence visibly lifted.

All her recent hard work hadn’t gone to waste.

“Alright, back to it,” Ms. Tessa said.

“Got it!”

Tessa and Landon stayed to watch for a little while longer. Once they were sure everything was running smoothly, they left the booth.

TS Entertainment was growing fast—with Avery Band, award-winning actress Camille, and soon, rising star Ysabel. The company was on the rise.

“You’re managing TS Entertainment well,” Landon said.

“It’s doing okay,” she replied.

Everything was progressing the way she envisioned.

Camille had been cast in a major new film and was deep into pre-production. Ysabel’s debut album was underway. Avery Band’s final concert was in preparation. Every piece was moving into place.

But for Ms. Tessa, the most exciting news of all was something much deeper:

A new lead had surfaced on the missing pages of the Wolf Codex.

Which meant—she was one step closer to breaking the blood contract that bound her.

Chapter 503 The Codex of the Wolf

Three nights later, after rehearsal wrapped up, Tessa stepped outside and immediately spotted that familiar car parked by the curb.

As she approached, Landon got out and opened the door for her himself.

Once they were both inside, he didn’t start the car right away. Instead, he pulled out an old wooden box, carved with a subtle wolf pattern that gave off an aura of mystery and age.

“What is this...” Tessa took the box, puzzled, a suspicion forming in her mind.

“Found a couple of fragments in the Archives. See if it’s what you’re looking for.”

Tessa instantly lit up. She opened the box eagerly to find two ancient scrolls, yellowed with age, their edges slightly curled, giving off the scent of ink and time.

Her breath caught. She picked one up, hands trembling, and turned to the first page. The ancient script of the wolf clans shimmered faintly under the light.

“It’s the Codex of the Wolf!” Emma’s voice thundered through her consciousness. Tessie, we finally have the complete Codex of the Wolf! We can finally break the Bloodbound!

Tessa’s eyes brimmed with joy. “It’s the remaining two-thirds of the Codex! Landon, thank you so much!”

She threw herself into his arms and kissed him on the lips, again and again.

“As long as it’s the right one.” Landon finally smiled and started the car.

Tessa was already diving into the scrolls, unable to wait any longer.

The wolf-script was complex and archaic, mixed with ancient incantations. Each line seemed to hold a piece of the key to breaking the Bloodbound.

Luckily, Emma was an ancient wolf, able to read the language. Without her, decoding the text would’ve taken ages.

“By the way, books like this are usually restricted, aren’t they?”

“As alpha of the Nightshade Pack, I’ve got a little pull. But the scrolls are one-of-a-kind. If they’re off the shelf for more than 72 hours, it’ll trigger a lockdown spell.”

“I’ll scan them into digital copies tonight. You return the originals to the Archives tomorrow.”

Landon gave a casual hum and asked offhandedly, “Why are you so invested in this? Is it really just about your grandfather?”

“More or less.”

She wanted the Bloodbound broken as soon as possible—and she didn’t want her grandfather to worry anymore.

Her voice stayed light, but her trembling fingers gave her away.

Landon didn’t push. “If you need help again, just say so.”

“I will!”

As soon as they got back to the Wisteria Apartment, Tessa carefully laid out the two scrolls next to the one-third portion she already had, aligning them on the coffee table. She pulled out her phone, opened a high-resolution scanner app, and began recording the pages quickly and precisely.

Landon knew she was keeping something from him, but he said nothing. Instead, he quietly went to the kitchen to make dinner.

By the time the meal was ready, Tessa had finished scanning everything and was poring over the contents on her phone.

“Eat first.”

“Okay!”

She stood from the couch and handed the remaining two scrolls to Landon, completely intact. "Return them tomorrow. The Nightshade Pack elders might get twitchy."

Landon nodded, stored the box safely, and joined her for dinner.

As soon as they finished eating, Tessa went right back to the digital scans, reading deep into the night until Landon reminded her to rest.

After several days of intense study—with Emma's guidance—Tessa finally discovered the way to break the Bloodbound.

But there was a catch: the ritual required one essential medium—Moonstone.

A rare crystal, Moonstone could only be found deep within the sacred mines of Eclipse Hollow, the wolf clan sanctuary in Yalvaria. The gem was milky-white and infused with pure Moonforce, capable of purifying the Bloodbound curse.

Emma's voice dropped low. Eclipse Hollow's been on every major faction's radar. The outer perimeter is guarded by the Yalvaria Council's armed forces, and deep inside are reclusive wolves who've protected it for generations. Getting that Moonstone... is damn near impossible.

Chapter 504 Unshakable Resolve

Tessa's fingertip hovered over the Moonstone diagram in the digital Codex, a determined glint flashing in her eyes. "No matter how hard it is, I will get the Moonstone and break the Bloodbound.

Once the curse was gone, she could finally be with Landon without reservation. She could meet his family his pack, and be marked by him—openly, proudly.

Without delay, she activated the Lightwing Order's intelligence network and dispatched their most elite scouts to infiltrate Eclipse Hollow in search of the Moonstone.

With hope on the horizon, Tessa's mood lifted.

By day, she remained fully engaged at TS Entertainment, overseeing the Avery Band's concert preparations. She also monitored Ysabel's album production and coordinated resources for Camille's film project.

By night, she returned to the Wisteria Apartment and resumed her work with Emma, diving deeper into the Codex of the Wolf to uncover more secrets about the Bloodbound.

Meanwhile, Landon had his hands full with his daily duties and the ongoing absorption of the Morrigan Group.

They were both busy, only able to see each other at night.

But they understood—each carried their own mission. Growing side by side meant more than constant companionship.

Back in Yalvaria, news of Tessa's decision to pursue a dual degree at Werewolf Navoris Hospital and Navoris University rattled Samuel.

"Tessa, what's that supposed to mean?"

He had flown in from Yalvaria just to confront her, and now he stood in her office.

"What are you talking about?"

"Don't play dumb with me. You promised Michael you'd go to the Werewolf Medical Organization! And even if you weren't going into medicine, fine—but now that you are, why not come to Yalvaria?"

"Samuel, I never promised to go to the Werewolf Medical Organization. At most, I said I'd consider it. And just because I'm studying medicine doesn't mean I have to go to Yalvaria, does it?"

“That’s not the same thing! At the Organization, you could accomplish so much more. Are you really planning to settle for just being a regular doctor?”

With her talent, she was clearly meant for research.

“Samuel, this is my decision. I want to stay here.”

“What decision? Let’s be honest, this is all because of Landon!” Samuel shot back, frustrated. “Tessa, seriously—yeah, werewolves live longer than humans. And with your awakened White Wolf, maybe you’ll live an extra hundred years. But your best years are now. Don’t waste them on romance.”

Tessa was speechless.

“Samuel, you really overestimate Yalvaria’s medical scene.”

“I’m not exaggerating. It’s just the truth. Whether you admit it or not, that won’t change.

“Look, you barely come back at all. I don’t want to argue

over this.”

Samuel let out a heavy sigh.

And right then, Michael showed up himself.

Samuel’s phone rang. He picked it up.

“What? Where are you?”

“I’m downstairs at TS Entertainment. Come get me—they won’t let me in,” Michael said, clearly annoyed.

Wherever he went, he was used to being a big shot.

But here? He couldn't even get past the front door.

"You're not half-asleep right now, are you?"

"Samuel, don't test me. I'm in a foul mood. Don't make it worse." Michael's prized apprentice was slipping away. She was supposed to be his successor—how could this be happening?

Samuel glanced at Tessa. "Michael's downstairs. You talk to him."

This was going to hit Michael hard. He'd always wanted Tessa as his successor.

Tessa rubbed her temples.

Why were they all showing up now?

And what did they think they could change?

She had already made her decision. And she wasn't going to change it.

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And what did they think they could change?

She had already made her decision. And she wasn’t going to change it.

Chapter 505 A Price Worth Paying

Samuel went down to bring Michael upstairs.

“Go fetch me a glass of water,” Michael said the moment he entered, clearly flustered from rushing over without so much as a drink.

“I’ll do it,” Tessa offered, standing up.

“No need. Samuel can handle that.”

Samuel rolled his eyes.

Seriously?

He was Michael’s own apprentice—wasn’t he supposed to be treated better?

Still, he got up to get the water. There was no helping it. Michael was Michael. The man had countless ways of making his life miserable if he didn’t obey.

Only after downing a full glass did Michael finally seem to regain his composure. He looked at Tessa intently.

“Tessa, can I ask you something?”

“Of course.” She still respected him deeply, no matter the situation.

“Why did you choose Werewolf Navoris Hospital?”

“Because I think studying medicine is the same wherever you go.”

“Fine. Then why not the Werewolf Medical Organization?” That, after all, was where the best went to learn medicine.

“Because it’s too far. I don’t want to be on a plane all the time.”

Michael fell silent, lost in thought.

“Michael, you okay? Don’t scare yourself into a breakdown over this. If it really comes to it, you can always take your time finding another successor,” Samuel teased, half-joking, half-serious. The man wasn’t young anymore—he couldn’t afford that kind of stress.

“Michael, you don’t have to insist on me, anyway. Samuel’s capable enough to take over.”

Samuel almost choked. “Tessa, what’s your problem? You back out and push me into the fire

thead?”

He had no interest in becoming anyone’s successor. He liked his freedom—traveling wherever he pleased, doing research when he wanted. Taking over meant responsibility, rules, no more doing things on a whim.

Then Michael suddenly spoke. “So it’s just a matter of location? What if I move the Werewolf Medical Organization to Murica?”

Samuel froze, stunned.

“Michael, are you out of your mind?” A massive organization like that—how could it just uproot on a whim

Michael shot him a sharp look. “No one asked you to speak.”

When it came to advancing medical science, Michael would sacrifice anything.

He was a medical fanatic through and through. To him, nothing—not borders, not bloodlines—stood above the pursuit of life’s mysteries.

Even Tessa hadn’t expected that. “Michael, are you serious?”

All this... just because of her?

“You only need to tell me this—if I move the Organization here, will you join? The rest isn’t your concern.”

If he could say it, he had the means to make it happen.

Tessa glanced at Samuel.

And Samuel knew—Michael meant every word.

If Tessa said yes, no matter the cost, Michael would bring the entire Organization to Murica.

If that happened, there’d be nothing holding her back.

“Alright. If that’s really the case, I’ll join.”

She hadn’t planned to negotiate.

She’d never felt particularly compelled to join the Organization.

But Michael... he’d truly moved her.

He’d spent half his life in Yalvaria.

And now, just to bring her on board, he was willing to leave it all behind. She admired that deeply.

“Good. I’ll head back and start preparing. Samuel, you stay here and find a location.”

The Organization covered a huge amount of land.

They’d need to purchase property and build from scratch.

The whole process would probably take two or three years.

But that didn’t matter. If it meant Tessa would join, it was worth it.

“Got it, Michael. Don’t worry—I’ll handle everything here.” After all, he was from Murica.

Bringing the Organization here could only benefit the country.

Michael had already planned to build a branch here and had wanted Samuel to take the lead. Now, with the headquarters relocating entirely for Tessa, he had even more reason to step up.

Chapter 506 Medicine Has No Borders

Tessa spoke up first. “When are you heading back? You should rest here tonight.”

“No need. I’ve made the decision, and there’s a lot I need to take care of.” Michael’s tone was firm. Things in Yalvaria were going to get complicated.

The Werewolf Council would never approve the relocation easily. After all, the Werewolf Medical Organization’s research funding had long relied on the council’s budget.

But the council also controlled the Moonstone mines in Eclipse Hollow—while the Organization held the only known cure for the mine’s radiation–related illness. That delicate balance of power gave Michael the confidence to go against them.

“If there’s anything you can’t handle, tell me. I’ll find a way to help,” Tessa said.

Michael smiled. “No need to worry. Even the president of the Yalvaria Council wouldn’t dare lay a hand on me.” He was prepared to take full responsibility for this choice.

Tessa was genuinely moved.

This old foreigner was willing to give up everything—for medicine.

“Michael, you—” Samuel didn’t even know what to say anymore.

He could only imagine the pressure involved in relocating the entire Werewolf Medical Organization here.

After dinner together, Tessa and Samuel drove Michael to the airport.

“You brat,” Michael said before leaving, “handle things properly here. I want the relocation done as soon as possible.”

It was a massive undertaking.

Coordinating the Organization’s headquarters and resources would take time.

“Don’t worry. With me here, it’ll get done.” After all, he’d worked with Michael for years. He could handle this.

“Alright, I’m off.”

Boarding time had come.

Michael left alone, but they all knew he'd be back before long.

Samuel exhaled deeply. "Tessa, I told you, you're cursed or something. Michael's actually owing the entire Organization here because of you!"

It was easy to imagine just how many obstacles they'd face.

"Yeah, I didn't expect this either," Tessa said. When it came to Michael, she could only admire him. "I finally believe it now—medicine really has no borders."

"Mhm."

"Oh, by the way—I just got back, and I've got nowhere to stay. Didn't you say you had a spare room? Mind if

I crash at your place for a few days?"

He really didn't like staying at hotels. It made everything harder.

"If you think you can handle Mr. Thorne's fury, you're welcome to."

She had no problem with it herself. But Landon was definitely not going to like it.

18 Pearis

"Tessa, honestly—you really do value romance over friendship. If you'd just take my side for

once, what could Mr. Thorne even do?”

“Between you and Landon, who do you think I’d pick?” She raised a brow.

Right. He’d walked right into that one. Probably best not to say anything else.

“If you’re stuck, I still have a villa in Navoris. I’ll have someone clean it up tomorrow. You can move in.

She knew he had a lot on his plate, and hotels weren’t ideal.

That evening, Tessa hosted a dinner party with Landon, the others, and Ysabel.

“Samuel, welcome back!”

Samuel was a rare S+ ranked werewolf healer. Everyone wanted to get close to someone like him.

No matter how strong a werewolf was, accidents happened. And not everything could be healed naturally— sometimes you needed a doctor.

Samuel raised his glass.

“Thanks. I’m back for good now. Though people usually come to me when things go wrong, don’t hesitate to reach out if you really need me.”

He went on, “Tessa and I are going to make history in Murica’s medical world.” With talent like hers, she was destined for greatness.

“Totally! Tessa’s the best!” Ysabel jumped in, clearly sucking up. She firmly believed there was nothing Tessa couldn’t do.

“Tessa, seriously,” Camille chimed in, “our alpha isn’t getting any younger. I’d originally hoped you’d marry him after graduation. But now that you’re studying medicine, it’ll be at least eleven years before you’re able to practice, right?”

The werewolf medical path required ten years of clinical training and an additional year of trial in the Forbidden Zone—where healers had to collect poisonous herbs deep in the sacred lands.

That was why it took even longer to become a werewolf doctor than a human one.

If that was the case, their poor alpha might have to wait eleven years for a wedding.

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Eleven Years and an Unraveling Band

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“Don’t you think you’re being a little too cruel to our alpha?” Nathaniel finally voiced the thought, as Landon’s beta and closest friend, it was his duty to raise the obvious.

Tessa turned to Landon. “Can you wait for me?”

Landon met her gaze directly, without hesitation.

“My life is yours. No matter how long you study, I’ll wait.”

“Alpha, we’re talking eleven years here! Will you even still be able to have kids by then?” Nathaniel asked, a bit too bluntly.

Landon shot him a look.

Nathaniel shrank back immediately.

“Nathaniel! That’s just rude! Are you questioning my uncle’s abilities?” Ysabel jumped in at once. “He’s awakened the Obsidian Crystal Wolf, remember? Eleven years? He could wait thirty–one!”

Nathaniel raised his hands in surrender.

Fine. He was starting to pity the alpha now.

Cameron laughed. “Landon, you were the first among us to find your destined mate, but it looks like you’ll be the last one to actually get married.”

Hudson nodded in agreement. “Still, if it’s someone you truly love, the wait is always worth it.”

After the meal, on the drive back to the Wisteria Apartment, Landon couldn’t help but ask, “Do we really have to wait eleven years to become mates?”

Nathaniel wasn’t wrong. He wasn’t exactly young anymore. Eleven years from now, Tessa would be twenty- nine–but he’d already be forty.

Would she still want a man that old?

Tessa gently cupped his face.

“What are you thinking? Relax. With my abilities, do you really think I need eleven years to become licensed?”

Landon chuckled.

Right. How could he forget? His girl was a genius.

She'd already performed high-level/surgery without formal training—she'd even removed a silver bullet from him once.

As time passed, news about the Moonstone finally came in. Tessa's people were working on retrieving it.

Meanwhile, the upcoming concert was rapidly approaching, demanding more and more of her

rehearsal time, Ysabel's new songs were also in final development.

#### Chapter 507 Eleven Years and an Unraveling Band

Xylia Yale—the veteran music director Tessa had poached with a six-figure salary—was now standing in her

office.

“Tessa, with Ysabel's current popularity, an EP would be more effective than a full album. Launch with three title tracks to dominate the charts, then drop the full album in three months. Classic low-cost breakout strategy.”

With fifteen years of

experience in the music industry, Xylia's advice was always razor-sharp.

Tessa nodded. “Go ahead with your plan.”

Just then, Ysabel walked in. Seeing both of them, she didn't hold back.

“Tessa, something happened!”

“What is it?” Tessa didn’t understand—wasn’t everything running smoothly?

“What do you mean something happened?”

“Look!”

Ysabel thrust her phone at her.

As Avery Band’s number one fan, Ysabel often scrolled through their fan forums whenever she had a moment.

She never expected to stumble upon a viral post claiming that Avery Band was disbanding.

The post had already hit a hundred thousand shares, and crowds of fans were now gathered outside TS Entertainment.

After what happened at SkyEcho Entertainment, fans assumed Avery Band was being mistreated again—this time by TS Entertainment—and that’s why the group wanted to disband.

Now, they were demanding an explanation from the company.

“Tessa, is Avery Band really disbanding?”

The post was well-written, with detailed insider information—it sounded completely credible.

“Ysabel, don’t worry about this. Focus on your own work,” Tessa said, her tone calm but firm. This wasn’t something Ysabel could—or should—get involved in.

“Tessa, just give me one honest answer.” Avery Band had always been her belief, hert. She had never even considered the possibility that they might break up.

“Ysabel, even if you ask, it won’t change anything,” Xylia interrupted. “As for whether Avery Band is disbanding or not... we really don’t know yet. We’re doing everything we can, but no one has the answer right now.”

Ysabel’s pupils flickered with despair.

Her entire belief system felt like it was shattering.

Xylia hadn’t denied it..

Which meant the rumors... might actually be true.

The Last Performance

Right then, Avery arrived.

He hadn’t expected things to spiral this far out of control.

Fans were flooding TS Entertainment’s Twitter, demanding an explanation—or threatening to turn against the company entirely.

When Ysabel saw Avery, her eyes welled up with tears.

“Avery... is Avery Band really disbanding?”

To any fan of the band, the thought was unbearable.

“Ysabel, step outside for a minute.”

This had all started because of him. He couldn’t let anyone else handle it.

Seeing her frozen in place, Xylia had to step in and guide her out.

“Ysabel, I know you’re a fan. But you’re also an artist now. Tessa will handle this. The way you’re acting puts her in a difficult position.”

“I didn’t mean to cause trouble,” Ysabel said quietly. “I was just shocked.”

“Then do what you’re supposed to do. That’s what being a professional is about.”

Her assistant led her away, but Ysabel was completely off the entire day.

She got scolded repeatedly by her manager, Alex.

Ysabel knew she shouldn’t be like this. Everyone was busy, and she was just wasting time.

But for the past three years, Avery Band had been her faith.

Now that it was crumbling, how was she supposed to focus?

It also exposed a deeper issue—her self-control was still lacking.

Meanwhile, Xylia watched as TS Entertainment was being dragged through the mud online. Posts were going viral at lightning speed.

Fans were demanding the company give them answers.

Avery was simply too popular now. Every move he made was scrutinized.

And many fans weren't rational—they just wanted the answer they expected.

Some even fainted outside the company building.

"I'm willing to hold a press conference to clarify things," Avery said firmly. "This situation is disturbing everyone's lives. I don't want TS Entertainment or you to suffer because of me

Chapter 508 The Last Performance

"Alright," Tessa replied. She knew the truth was out.

You could delete online posts—but not the crowds of fans outside.

At that moment, the other members of Avery Band entered the room.

"Avery, we're with you

No matter what happened, they were a band. And more than that, they were best friends.

None of them would back down.

"It's fine. This all started because of me. I'll handle it alone," Avery said. "You all still have careers to

build- don't let me ruin it."

"Avery, what are you talking about?" Steven snapped. "Without you, there is no Avery Band. That's a fact. We'll never accept anyone else as our leader."

"And we're not here to stop you from leaving. If that's what you need, we won't hold you back. But for this last concert, we want to sing together. That's enough for us."

They wouldn't chain him down with guilt.

"Alright," Avery said softly. "Then we'll face it together."

He was deeply moved.

|

Even though it was all his doing, they were still standing beside him. It hurt.

But they were best friends.

Saying sorry would only feel distant.

Seeing the unity between them, Tessa stepped forward and pulled them into a hug.

"That's right. We face it together."

Soon after, TS Entertainment's official site conference for Avery Band.

Their fans went wild.

nounced a press

At the press conference, every member of the band wore matching white suits.

None of them wore makeup that day. Their bare, serious expressions added weight to the moment.

Tessa sat at the center, dressed in a white dress.

came today," she said calmly in front of the flashing cameras and countless "Thank you to all the fans who microphones. "I know everyone has seen the rumors online about Avery's departure. They're true. TS Entertainment never wanted Avery to leave Avery Band. We did everything we could."

She went on, "But in the end, we couldn't change the outcome. For that, we are truly sorry. Due to personal reasons, Avery will be leaving the band. That's why this concert will be the last—Avery Band's farewell performance. On behalf of TS Entertainment, I want to thank all of you for your years of support. And I as that you respect Avery's decision and give him the privacy he deserves."

But Avery's fans weren't ready to listen.

They cried out his name from the audience.

Was their idol being treated unfairly?

Even in their darkest times, the band had never mentioned disbanding.

So why now?

"Avery! Did they force you out?"

"Don't break up! We'll always protect you!"

Some fans shouted, unable to accept the truth.

2.6K

The Final Bow

28 Pearls

The emotions in the room surged like a tidal wave. The fans couldn't absorb a word of what was being said.

"I'm truly grateful for all your love. These past three years—we've come this far only because of you, Avery finally spoke, his voice calm but heavy. "But no celebration lasts forever. In the end, I have to leave

Everyone present today was a diehard fan.

Some of them, Avery even recognized. No matter where the band traveled, he'd always catch glimpses of them waiting at airports, cheering from the crowd. They truly loved Avery Band.

"Avery! Didn't you say we'd play music together until we're old? Why are you leaving now?" one fan cried

out.

They couldn't understand. Things had finally taken a turn for the better—why now?

Even Avery, usually so reserved, had red-rimmed eyes. He wasn't unaffected. He didn't want to leave either.

“If you really love us,” he said softly, “please respect our decision. Even after I go, I’ll always remember your kindness.”

He stood and gave a deep bow to the fans and the press.

The rest of Avery Band rose with him and bowed together.

“Thank you for all the love you’ve shown us,” Steven said, his ever-smiling face now clouded with sorrow. “No matter what, we respect Avery’s decision.”

He was the one who least wanted to see the band dissolve.

But he’d always trusted Avery. Whatever Avery chose, Steven would stand behind it.

“Steven!”

His fans were overwhelmed with heartache.

They knew how much this band meant to him.

He was the last person who would ever want to see it end. And now, he was still forcing himself to smile for everyone’s sake. How could that not hurt?

“I’m fine,” Steven said gently. “Please don’t let your emotions get the best of you. I don’t want anyone passing out again.”

“And so,” Avery announced, “this next concert will be our last. Our farewell performance. As a thank-you for all the support you’ve given Avery Band over the years, there will be no ticket charge. It will be completely free.”

It was the least he could do for the fans who’d given them everything.

“Tessa, I’m sorry. I made that decision on my own, without informing the company. I’ll personally cover all

the costs.”

Concerts weren’t cheap. TS Entertainment couldn’t be expected to foot the bill for a

personal farewell.

Chapter 509 The Final Bow

“Avery

The fans in the crowd burst into sobs.

How could such a good idol, such a kind-hearted artist, just walk away like this?

“You don’t owe me an apology,” Tessa said firmly. “I support any decision you make. And you won’t be paying a thing. You’re part of TS Entertainment. Of course we’ll cover the cost.”

“This final concert,” Avery continued, “I want it to be a spectacular show—both visually and musically. And let me say again: leaving Avery Band is my decision alone. No one else is involved. I hope you’ll all continue supporting TS Entertainment in the future.”

He bowed once more.

The other members joined him again.

“This last show—we’re ready. Are you?” Steven smiled, holding back tears. No matter what, they had this one last moment. At least they could still sing together, one last time.

“Avery! Avery! Avery!”

“Steven! Steven! Steven!”

The crowd erupted with raw emotion, crying out for their idols.

Was there really no turning back?

Was this truly the end?

As Avery turned away, a single tear slid down his cheek.

Tessa saw it.

In truth, he was the one who found it hardest to let go.

He couldn’t bear to walk away.

Coldfang Mercenaries...Maybe it was time she paid them a visit.Maybe it was time she spoke to his father.

2.6K

Threats and Promises.

Thanks to Avery's clear statement at the press conference, the fans slowly regained their composure. The backlash against TS Entertainment faded, replaced by anticipation for Avery Band's final performance

A few days later, Tessa and Landon made time to visit Walter at the Sinclair Residence.

After they left, Tessa closed her eyes for a brief rest. By the time she opened them again, the car had pulled up in front of Thorne Corp.

"Why'd you bring me here?"

"I've got something I need to take care of," Landon said, glancing at her. "Can you just stay with me a

bit? Taking you back first would waste too much time."

"Alright."

"How's the concert coming along?"

"Everything's ready. We're just waiting on final rehearsals." Tessa smiled faintly. Avery Band would always hold a special place in her heart. It was a piece of her youth.

"Do you know how much it hurts to see you so exhausted? And I can't do anything to help. It's a terrible feeling."

She really was brilliant—gifted at everything she touched.

But that brilliance came with a cost.

"I'm sorry, Landon. I've been so busy lately. I haven't spent any time with you."

They were both always swamped. Quality time had been rare.

She couldn't help but feel like she was failing as a girlfriend.

"Don't say that. I know how hard you're working. I'll try to make more time for you, I promise."

He wanted her to chase her dreams. The rest—he'd handle it all for her,

Tessa squeezed his hand. "You're busy too, you know."

If he made time for her, it meant less rest for himself.

"I'll be fine. Once this period passes, things will ease up."

When they arrived at Thorne Corp, the senior executives were already assembled ?

Landon brought Tessa into his office and handed her a blanket.

"Take a nap while I'm in the meeting. I'll come get you afterward."

"You don't want me to come with you?"

waiting

"No. Just rest. You've been sleeping three or four hours a night. Take this moment and catch up.

"Alright. If you need anything, just say the word."

Chapter 510 Threats and Promises

She knew there were forces targeting Thorne Corp lately,

There were always people in this world who didn't know their place.

“Enough of that. Sleep. Don't overthink it.”

If he couldn't handle something this small, he wouldn't be Landon Thorne.

Tessa looped her arms around his neck and pulled him down for a quick kiss at the corner of his lips.

“Go.”

“Wait for me here. Afterward, I'll take you out for dinner.”

“Okay.”

To her, he was all that mattered.

And he loved that about her.

8 Pearl:

When Landon stepped into the conference room, Nathaniel immediately called the meeting to order.

Landon didn't say much. But just the look on his face made the entire room fall silent with fear.

No one dared speak out of turn.

“Alpha, what should we do about this situation?” Nathaniel asked, knowing no one else would dare break the silence.

“If he wants to play, then we’ll play. It’s only tens of billions.” Landon’s tone was calm, cold. “Nathan wants to pick a fight with me?”

That fool clearly didn’t know who he was dealing with.

Landon then calmly laid out a detailed plan of action.

“Everyone understand?” he said, addressing the executives. “If so, then follow my instructions exactly.”

“Yes, Alpha!”

No one had any objections. When it came to Mr. Thorne, they had nothing but respect—and fear.

Once everyone had left, only Nathaniel remained.

“Alpha, I think this Nathan’s targeting Tessa.”

The Frost Pack and the Nightshade Pack had long avoided conflict. But ever since their trip to Yalvaria, Nathan had sent puppets to attack them without warning.

Now, despite the Frost Pack still licking their wounds from the Glacier Pack’s assault, they had the audacity to go after the Nightshade Pack’s economic heart—Thorne Corp.

And this time, Nathan was coming in hard.

It was almost like he wanted mutual destruction.