

Wolfless 511

Chapter 511

“Don’t let Tessa find out about this.”

“But...” Nathaniel had barely said a word before catching the warning in Landon’s eyes. Reluctantly, he swallowed the rest and replied, “Alright. Got it.”

After the meeting, Landon returned to his office.

There she was—Tessa, sound asleep on the couch.

He didn’t wake her. Instead, he just watched quietly from the side.

What exactly was the relationship between Tessa and Nathan?

No matter what Tessa said, he would always believe her.

But even so, he couldn’t bring himself to ask.

Whatever connection Nathan thought he had, it didn’t matter. Tessa was his—and only his.

And if Nathan dared to try anything... Landon wouldn’t show mercy.

When Tessa stirred awake, the first thing she saw was Landon, still standing there, silently watching her. She had no idea how long he’d been like that.

A sleepy smile bloomed in her bright blue eyes.

She stood and walked over to him, wrapping her arms around him from behind.

“The meeting’s over? Why didn’t you wake me?”

“You looked exhausted. I wanted you to sleep a little longer.” His voice was low and deep—rich and smooth, almost intoxicating.

“We said we’d go eat together, remember? Ysabel’s been down lately. Let’s bring her along.”

Ysabel was a true Avery Band fan. And with everything happening lately, she’d been understandably emotional.

“I don’t want to bring that third wheel. If she’s upset, let Nathaniel deal with her. Tonight, I just want time with you.”

It was rare enough for him to get time alone with her. Why should Ysabel always tag along?

Tessa hugged him tighter.

“Alright. Since you insist, we’ll keep it just the two of us.”

She could talk to Ysabel another time.

“That’s more like it. Tessa, remember—I’m the most important person in your life.”

Nothing and no one else mattered.

Tessa smiled sweetly. “I remember. Don’t worry—if you say it, I’ll remember it.”

Her eyes sparkled like starlight. Ever since being with him, she’d smiled so much more.

Landon brought her to a renowned hot spring resort nestled in the Navoris mountains, famous for its healing waters.

He knew she hadn't been sleeping well lately, and once he learned about the springs' therapeutic properties -especially beneficial for wolves—he bought the entire resort.

In her name.

“From now on, let's make time every week to come soak in the springs,” he said over dinner.

“What's with the sudden romantic streak?” she teased. “We're both so busy. Do you really think we can come here every week?”

“These springs draw from an underground river connected to the Eclipse Hollow mines. The Moonforce in the water repairs mental fatigue in wolfkind—it helps with sleep and restores energy.”

Tonight, Landon wore a black dress shirt—simple, elegant, different from his usual sharp suits.

But he was still the same dangerously handsome man.

And this dangerously handsome man had done all this... just for her.

He knew she had trouble sleeping, so he brought her here.

“I bought the resort under your name. Later I'll show you around. If anything feels off, we'll renovate it.”

He really had bought the whole place.

“Landon, if you keep this up, you're going to spoil me.”

“You’re mine. I want to spoil you. This is just a hot spring resort. If it’s good for you, I want you to have it.”

Tessa wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him gently.

“Landon, I love you so much.”

He deepened the kiss, his hands already wandering along her back...

Chapter 512

A Night Just for Us

Landon’s kiss deepened, brimming with the primal wildness and tender devotion unique to wolfkind. Tessa’s heart pounded like a drum, her breath tangling with his as their lips met again and again.

In the softly lit restaurant of the hot spring resort, candlelight flickered gently across their entwined forms. Outside, moonlight spilled across the cobbled garden path, while tall cedars whispered in the night breeze, adding a touch of quiet romance to their secluded moment.

Tessa pressed her hands lightly against his chest, cheeks flushed rose. “Landon... we’re in the restaurant...” Her voice trembled slightly with embarrassment, but her protest was cut short by his low, husky chuckle.

He leaned close, his breath warm against her ear. “No one’s going to interrupt us.”

His voice was rich, magnetic, sending a shiver down her spine.

His hand slid from her back to her waist, pulling her even closer. Through the thin fabric between them, she could feel his heat—intense, steady, enveloping her.

“Let’s go to the hot spring.” Landon’s tone was gentle, yet left no room for refusal. He took her hand and led her through the oak doors, down a stone path strewn with smooth pebbles, deeper into the resort grounds.

Tessa followed, footsteps light, though her mind wandered. The Moonforce from Eclipse Hollow's underground river... could it truly share the same origin as

Moonstone, like the Codex says?

She wasn't sure. But whatever secrets the energy held, she would think about them later.

Right now, she wanted to stay in this moment with him.

The spring was hidden deep within the cedar forest, surrounded by high stone walls. At its center, a pool of clear water steamed beneath the moonlight, mist curling like silver ribbons above the surface.

By the pool, wrought-iron benches waited with neatly folded white towels. A brass incense burner smoldered quietly beside them, releasing a soft lavender scent that drifted on the cool air—calming, pure.

Landon released her hand and lit the crystal chandelier hanging by the pool. Its warm golden light softened the darkness, casting gentle shadows that traced the lines of his tall frame.

Tessa stood at the edge, the steam rising to meet her, already easing the fatigue she'd been carrying for days.

She glanced up and caught Landon in the act of undoing his black shirt, revealing the defined muscles of his chest. In the pale light, his skin gleamed with a healthy glow, exuding a quiet, raw power born of his Obsidian Crystal Wolf bloodline.

Her face flushed immediately. She turned away, voice low and flustered. "I... I'll go change."

She slipped behind the glass sliding door into the changing room, heart thudding. Why am I still blushing like this? We've been together so long..."

Inside, she changed into a simple white swimsuit, tying a sheer robe loosely around her waist. The soft sash hugged her figure, the thin fabric drifting with every step. She took a deep breath, opened the door, and stepped barefoot onto the warm stone path.

Landon was already half-reclined against the smooth stone edge of the spring, his dark hair damp and tousled, water beading on his skin. His gaze locked onto her with a smoldering intensity that made her breath hitch.

“Come,” he said, his voice low and hoarse, gentle but commanding.

Tessa stepped closer and untied the robe, letting it slide from her shoulders. Her figure, slender and graceful beneath the moonlight, seemed to shimmer like polished ivory.

She entered the spring, the warm water wrapping around her in an instant, coaxing a sigh from her lips.

Landon reached out and gently took her wrist, pulling her into his arms. Water splashed as she stumbled against his chest, her long hair soaking instantly.

“Landon!” she scolded softly, glaring at him—but he only held her tighter.

He lowered his head and kissed her forehead, trailing down her temple to the corner of her mouth—each movement gentle, possessive.

“It’s just us here,” he whispered, voice like the hot spring itself—warm, slow, and utterly consuming.

Chapter 513 18+ Content – Mature Readers Only

Tessa’s final layer of restraint melted away. Wrapping her arms around Landon’s neck, she deepened the kiss herself—lips and tongues entwining with unrestrained heat and longing.

The steamy mist of the hot spring, mingling with the pulsing Moonforce in the air, seemed to ignite every nerve in her body. Each touch from him sent flames rippling through her, wild and impossible to suppress.

Landon's palm traced the curve of her waist, his warmth seeping through the thin fabric of her swimsuit. His fingertips slowly slid up her spine, making her shiver with a soft moan that slipped into the night, laced with delicate seduction.

Blushing deeply, she buried her face in his shoulder, whispering, "Landon... not here, be gentle..."

He chuckled low in her ear, Obsidian Crystal Wolf glint in his eyes—feral, possessive. "Only I get to see you like this."

With a fluid motion, he pinned her gently against the smooth gray stone at the edge of the pool. Ripples broke around them, dampening her long hair, which clung to her flushed cheeks like silk threads, adding a hint of wild allure.

"You're mine," he growled, voice hoarse and commanding.

Tessa met his gaze, eyes burning with affection and desire. She reached up and cupped his face. "Always yours. Only yours."

Her words struck like a flame to dry tinder. Landon kissed her again—fierce, hungry. His mouth traveled down from her lips to her neck, then to her collarbone. He nipped at her ear, sending jolts of heat through

her limbs.

His kisses drifted lower, grazing her skin just along the edge of her swimsuit, teasing her with every light brush. Her body trembled uncontrollably, soft gasps escaping her lips, unable to hold back anymore.

His fingers found the knot at her swimsuit and tugged gently. The fabric slipped away, revealing the pale curves of her shoulder and chest.

Under the moonlight, her skin glowed like porcelain, her silhouette blurred by steam and waterlight, radiating irresistible temptation.

She gasped and instinctively tried to cover herself, but he caught her wrists and raised them gently over her head. "Don't hide. I want to see every inch of you," he whispered, voice like velvet wrapped around fire.

His lips trailed lower, brushing against her most sensitive places. His tongue danced, his teeth grazed, sending deep tremors through her.

Tessa's breathing quickened, her moans broken and full of longing. Her body arched into his touch, digging into his shoulders, leaving faint red marks behind.

Landon growled softly, desire burning in his gaze. His hand slid beneath the water, along her thighs, fingertips tracing their way toward the most sensitive center of her being. He touched her with gentle pressure, teasing her edge.

Tessa's body jerked in response, tightening with sensation. "Landon..." she gasped, voice trembling, half-plea and half-invitation.

The spring water lapped between them, Moonforce threading into their very bones, awakening something

deep and ancient.

Tessa felt the stirring of her White Wolf bloodline, pulsing with Landon's Obsidian Crystal Wolf aura-together, awakening a power both primal and forbidden.

Her senses sharpened to a knife's edge. Every kiss, every graze of his fingers sent her floating. She clung to him, needing more.

He lifted her effortlessly, scating her in his lap. Water splashed around them, steam curling up as Moonforce magnified every movement, every emotion, every breath.

Tessa tangled her fingers in his hair and pulled him into another kiss—hungry, urgent. Their tongues met, danced, seduced.

Landon groaned, gripping her hips, guiding her closer, firmer, until nothing separated them. The last piece of fabric slipped away beneath the water.

The heat between them built like a storm.

Tessa gasped, her face flushed, her body trembling. Her moans rose and fell with the movement of the water, lost in the rhythm of something far deeper than just desire.

Chapter 514 18+ Content

Mature Readers Only

“Tessie... you’re beautiful,” Landon whispered, his voice hoarse, filled with affection and uncontrollable desire.

He gently pressed her back against the warm stone edge of the spring, his hands exploring her body, igniting a blaze along every inch of her skin.

His fingers lingered between her thighs—gentle, but precise. Every stroke made her tense with heat building inside her, surging toward an edge she couldn’t hold back from.

Tessa’s moans came out in trembling fragments, her hands gripping his shoulders, nails digging deep and leaving vivid marks.

Landon growled lowly, kissing from her lips down to her neck, then gently biting her shoulder, leaving shallow teeth marks—as if claiming her.

The water around them rippled violently with every motion. Under the moonlight, their bodies twined together like a living painting.

The resonance of Moonforce magnified their connection. Tessa's White Wolf blood roared in response, fusing with Landon's Obsidian Crystal Wolf lineage. It wasn't just physical—it felt like their souls had merged.

Tessa closed her eyes and let go completely. Every touch from him sent waves of trembling through her. The Moonforce lit her from within, awakening a pleasure she had never known.

Landon grew fiercer, his hands roving freely. His fingers traced her sensitive places with a shifting rhythm, teasing her nerves until she writhed.

Her breathing grew ragged, her soft cries urgent and aching. Her body opened to him completely, welcoming every movement.

His kisses slid lower, trailing to her chest. His tongue circled and teased her sensitive peaks, drawing out a pleasure so intense she could hardly bear it.

She whispered his name—broken, pleading, beautiful. And he responded with equal hunger, growling, "Tessie... you're mine. Only mine."

He held her close, their bodies pressed tightly together, immersed in the heat of the spring and the glowing Moonforce, which sharpened every sensation.

Tessa's hands slid over his back, fingers tracing his taut muscles, feeling the strength he held barely in check..

With a low growl, Landon lost that last thread of restraint. The wildness of his blood surged, and he drove her to the very peak of sensation.

Her body shuddered in response to the Moonforce pulsing through her, each cry echoing with its rhythm. Under the moonlight, they looked like part of some ancient, sacred ritual—filled with fire and forbidden tenderness.

Time became meaningless.

When his movements finally slowed, his kisses softened, becoming gentle and lingering. He whispered into her ear, “Tessie... I love you.”

Tessa collapsed against his chest, face flushed, breath still unsteady from the aftermath. Her body trembled lightly in his arms, a soft smile curving her lips.

“Landon... like this, I really won’t be able to go to TS Entertainment tomorrow...”

Landon chuckled, kissing the top of her head. “Then take a day off.”

She shot him a mock glare, but snuggled closer, basking in the warmth of his arms, the water, and the soothing flow of Moonforce.

As it coursed through her body, it felt like a blessing—like holy springwater from a sacred place. Deep within her, the Bloodbound shifted—just barely—but it brought a lightness she hadn’t felt in so long.

If just the

Moonforce from this spring could do this, she thought, then the Moonstone, pure and concentrated, must be far more powerful.

She couldn’t wait for her people to retrieve the Moonstone—so she could finally break the Bloodbound... and be with Landon with nothing left between them.

Sensing her drifting thoughts, Landon lowered his head beside her ear and murmured, “What are you thinking about? No daydreaming.”

Tessa giggled and gave him a playful shove. "Just thinking about you. Happy now?"

He smiled and pulled her tighter, eyes brimming with affection.

"No matter what you choose to do... I'll be right there with you."

Her heart warmed. She reached up and kissed him again, whispering, "With you by my side, I'm not afraid of anything."

But just then, a sharp ringtone shattered the moment- The sound of a phone, shrill and urgent, broke through the still night.

Chapter 515 One-Sided Obsession.

Tessa picked up the phone from the low table beside her it was a specially customized wolf-tribe model Landon had commissioned just for her. The device could convert all call audio into mental waves only perceptible to the owner, ensuring total privacy.

Given the amount of business Tessa handled, having a highly secure phone was essential.

"Tessa, it's me! You really don't give me any face at all. Look what you've reduced me to!"

Nathan's voice rang out the moment she answered.

Tessa frowned and hung up without hesitation.

Damn Nathan. Like a ghost that refuses to leave.

"Who was it?"

Landon, sensing her silence, asked with suspicion.

“Wrong number.”

Why doesn't that Nathan ever get

the message? Was the last lesson still not enough for him?

Landon had a feeling she wasn't telling the truth.

But he didn't press. If it was something she didn't want to say, he wouldn't force her to.

Seeing him let it go so easily made Tessa feel a little guilty.

She felt like she was sneaking around behind his back—especially with Nathan's Bloodbound still active inside her.

But she wanted to wait until it was broken before telling him everything. He already had enough on his plate; she didn't want to burden him with her mess too.

“You okay?”

She didn't want him to be angry... or hurt.

Landon didn't answer directly. He simply pulled her into his arms and pressed a gentle kiss to her forehead. “I'll always respect your choices. But please, if you ever need help—come to me.”

Warmth flooded her chest. Tessa leaned into him. “I will.”

Later, after they returned from the hot spring resort, Landon went to his study to handle some urgent work. Tessa took the chance to call Nathan/back.

When Nathan saw the familiar number, the corners of his lips curved into a smile.

“Tessa, aren’t you being a little cruel? If I hadn’t called you, would you have ever called me? Were you planning to forget me altogether?”

It had been so long since he’d heard her voice. He truly missed her.

“I miss you. I want to come to Navoris and see you. Is that okay?”

In that moment, Nathan seemed to forget everything that had happened before. He sounded like a fover like someone who had simply been apart for too long and needed to see her again.

“Nathan, wasn’t the last lesson enough? I told you—don’t come into my life again. I will never love you.

“Why not? I met you first! How could you fall for someone else? Do you know how much this hurts me Nathan’s voice grew frantic, borderline hysterical.

He met her first—so what? That didn’t mean anything anymore.

“Nathan, if you’re sick, go see a doctor. But stop having meltdowns at me.”

With his background, she couldn’t exactly kill him outright.

But if not for the lingering Bloodbound... she truly might have.

Her patience was gone.

“You’re right—I am sick. Love—sick. I haven’t stopped thinking about you since you left.”

Tessa inhaled slowly, trying to stop herself from throwing the phone.

“Heh. Nathan, stop fooling yourself. If you don’t want things to end with one of us dead, then stay out of my life.”

If this continued, one of them wouldn’t survive.

“Tessa, are you threatening me now? You know I hate being threatened.”

Why did she have to be so heartless?

“I’ll give you anything you want. Anything. Just come back to me. Otherwise, I don’t care if we destroy each other—I won’t let go.”

Nathan was utterly obsessed. He couldn’t tolerate the idea of her being with anyone else.

Tessa scoffed.

There’s no point talking anymore. He won’t listen, no matter what I say.

Fine. Let him lose his mind. If it really came to mutual destruction-

Well, who said she’d be the one to lose?

Tessa hung up.

Then she powered on her computer and changed her phone number—this time registering someone else’s identity.

She didn’t want to hear that lunatic’s voice ever again.

Chapter 516 The Last Dream on Stage

After Nathan's brief disruption, Tessa threw herself right back into work.

At last, the day of the concert arrived.

Tonight's venue was a massive stadium—capable of holding 100,000 fans.

And Tessa kept her promise: not a single ticket was sold. Every one of them had been given out for free.

As the final countdown began, all six of them stood backstage together—for the first time since they'd split.

They had waited far too long for this reunion.

Avery stood and extended his hand.

“Let's cheer the old way—like we used to.”

No matter what, they had always been a team.

And tonight, they would stand on stage again, as one.

Steven and the others stood and placed their hands atop his. Tessa smiled and joined them.

Yes. No matter what tomorrow held, this concert—this night—was a dream come true.

And since it was, why not enjoy it to the fullest?

Forget what comes next. Tonight, rock lives on.

On the main screen, the final countdown appeared.

The fans below started counting along:

“Five.”

“Four.”

“Three.”

“Two.”

“One.”

As the countdown ended, all five members of Avery Band rose from beneath the stage on the platform lift.

The crowd erupted into deafening screams—even though the show had only just begun, many voices were already hoarse.

The five stood onstage, gazing out at the vast sea of lights and color, overwhelmed with emotion. The road that brought them here had been long, messy, and far from easy

They had stumbled their way forward—but never once had they regretted it. They just never imagined they would one day have to say goodbye.

At the back of his neck, the Coldfang Mercenaries brand glowed faint red. His hot tears carried a streak of

crimson—the sign of a wolf whose emotions had gone completely out of control.

As he turned to wipe his face, the stage lights caught the veins bulging on his hand from the effort of suppressing his wolf strength.

This was his decision.

No one else's. Which meant he had to carry it alone.

Seeing him like this, the fans below couldn't help but cry with him.

Then the chants began:

“Avery! Avery! Avery!”

Wave after wave of voices rose, crashing through the stadium like a tide of devotion.

Avery steadied himself.

This wasn't how he wanted to look tonight.

“Thank you, everyone, for coming to our concert,” he said. “We've come a long way—and it was your support that kept us from feeling alone. I never imagined I'd be the first one to leave.”

He continued, “Yes, it's true. There's a lot I'm reluctant to let go of. But that's life, isn't it? Every beginning has an end. Every reunion leads to parting. Tonight, I just hope to give you a concert you'll never forget. I hope you enjoy it. And wherever life takes you—I hope you're well.”

Avery had never spoken this much during a show.

He was usually cool and quiet on stage.

But tonight... he couldn't hold it in.

Steven came over and slung an arm around his shoulder. The other three followed, wrapping him in a silent. show of unity.

Their bond—start to finish—had never changed.

“Avery,” Steven said, “even if we can't play music together anymore, our hearts will always be together. Nothing will change that.”

“They were best friends—now and always.

Avery nodded silently.

“Avery Band! Avery Band! Avery Band!”

The fans, moved by the unbreakable bond between the five, shouted with everything they had. Even if it meant losing their voices by the end of the night-

Tonight, they weren't holding back. Not for anything.

Chapter 517 The Unseen Sixth

“And now,” Avery said, “we'd like to introduce a very special member of our team. She's always been part of Avery Band. Even if she didn't debut with us, in our hearts, she's always belonged to Avery Band”

As soon as Avery finished speaking, Tessa rose from beneath the stage on the lift platform.

The crowd erupted.

“Taz?!”

“Yes! That’s Taz!”

“Her performance at the last concert was insane!”

Everyone in the crowd tonight were hardcore fans, so the moment they saw her, they knew.

The way Taz played the drums was unforgettable.

Wearing her signature mask and dressed in neutral, androgynous clothing, Tessa stepped onto the stage and stood alongside the others.

“Finally, our Avery Band lineup is complete,” Avery said with a rare smile—one many fans were seeing for the first time.

No one really knew why Taz hadn’t debuted with the group originally.

But that didn’t matter now. What mattered was that she was here—at this

concert—and every member of the band was genuinely happy.

Seeing their joy, the fans had nothing more to ask for.

“Taz, would you like to say something to everyone?”

Tessa shook her head. She had nothing to say. The music would speak for her.

“Alright. Enough of the emotions and speeches. Let’s give you what you came for—our favorite kind of rock. We hope you love it.”

The fans weren’t here for sentimentality. They were here for music.

The six members returned to their positions. Tessa sat at the drum set, and—as always—it was she who started first.

They opened with “Unleashed,” a song Tessa had written and composed.

Wherever Tessa was, she became the center of attention.

With every strike of the drumsticks, a flash of white-wolf power rippled through the air. When stick met drumhead, bursts of ice-blue energy sparked and shimmered.

The fans in the front row suddenly felt a strange, overwhelming resonance in their blood—an instinctual reaction to the presence of an ancient White Wolf, radiating authority that couldn’t be hidden even behind

a mask.

By the end of the first song, the stadium had erupted.

The audience broke into a roaring sing-along.

And when the chorus hit, the resonance wristbands worn by wolf-kin fans began to glow in unison—triggered by the ultrasonic warcry frequencies hidden within the music.

Everyone was swept up in it, waving glow sticks and shouting at the top of their lungs.

No one wanted to go home tonight.

Avery's voice was made for rock, and each member on stage was pouring their entire soul into the performance.

Song after song—nonstop.

And the fans never stopped either.

Avery Band performed a full set of fifteen songs without a single break.

Landon, however, was growing worried.

Even with her White Wolf bloodline awakened, playing drums took immense stamina—and Tessa had already been playing for over two hours straight.

But as long as she was still up there, he couldn't say anything.

Beside him, Ysabel was screaming just like the other fans.

Tears streamed down her face from start to finish.

Her favorite band. Her favorite kind of rock. Was this really how it all ended? Was there really no other way?

Seeing her cry like that, Nathaniel felt a pang of sympathy and quietly handed her a tissue.

“Alright, stop crying. They’re all still in Navoris. It’s not like you’ll never see them again. Is this really necessary?”

If she kept this up, her eyes would be swollen by tomorrow.

Ysabel took the tissue and wiped her face. “You’re not a fan of Avery Band. You wouldn’t understand this kind of feeling.”

“No, I’m not,” Nathaniel admitted. “But I still don’t want to see you like this. If you keep going, how are you going to show your face tomorrow?”

Chapter 518 One Last Song

“What does it have to do with you? Can you just stop interfering?” Ysabel snapped.

Tonight, she just wanted to scream, cry, and let it all out with the other fans.

This was their last farewell to youth.

They had loved Avery Band for so long.

Another powerful rock anthem erupted from the stage. Tessa’s body was drenched in sweat—but it had been so long since she’d felt this alive.

She had joined the band in the first place because she genuinely loved the music.

And now, to be able to perform this final concert alongside the other five members-

She was truly happy. And she gave it her all.

This concert was unprecedented—absolutely unforgettable..

The fans loved every second of it.

So when the show finally ended, no one wanted to leave. They stayed in place, shouting Avery Band's name over and over again.

How could they walk away? Once they left tonight... they'd never see Avery Band together again.

"Avery Band! Avery Band! Avery Band!" the chants echoed through the stadium.

Even Landon and the others were moved by the scene.

None of them had expected a band to wield such incredible power over people's hearts.

"Thank you so much to everyone who came tonight," Avery said. "This was our final concert. I hope we'll all meet again someday—and I wish you all well."

No matter how hard it was to say goodbye, the moment had come.

Tears streamed down from fans across the stadium.

Seeing them cry so hard, Avery's own emotions broke through—his tears falling again.

"Avery, don't cry! We'll always be with you! Even if you stop singing, we'll still love you!"

How could they bear to see him this sad?

This was the idol they had loved for three whole years.

For him, they would do anything.

“Thank you again,” Avery said, voice thick with emotion. “Please continue supporting the rest of the members moving forward.”

His departure shouldn’t stop the others from continuing down this path.

They all loved music deeply.

Whether as solo artists or together in new ways, he hoped they would keep going.

“Avery, that’s enough,” Steven stepped in. “You don’t have to worry about us. Ever since Avery Band was formed, you’ve always led the way. No matter what happens next—we’ll always be best friends.”

None of them blamed him. They were only grateful.

Avery clapped Steven on the shoulder.

“I love you guys.”

He truly loved every member of Avery Band—with his whole heart.

The fans still stood there, unwilling to leave.

“Avery! Avery! Avery!”

They couldn’t bear to see him in pain either.

“But it’s just so hard to let go.”

“Thank you again, everyone,” Avery said gently. “Please be careful on your way out. Don’t push, don’t get hurt. I don’t want anyone to be injured because of this concert.”

“Avery...”

The fans cried even harder. They didn’t want to make it harder for him, but their hearts simply refused to

move on.

Even though they knew it was over, they couldn’t bring themselves to leave.

“Please, go home safely,” Avery said again, his voice hoarse and breaking.

He’d already anticipated this kind of standoff.

The fans were grieving—so of course they didn’t want to go.

“..Alright,” he finally said. “One last song. The first song we ever released when we debuted. This will truly be the final one.”

Chapter 519 The Final Goodbye

Because this last song hadn’t been rehearsed, Tessa had to pull out the sheet music.

But nothing could ever truly stump her.

Even after she'd left the group, she'd continued to follow Avery Band's every move. She'd heard this song before.

It was their debut track—the very first one they'd ever released.

Some newer fans might not have known it.

But most of the audience tonight were longtime fans.

So even though this song hadn't been a hit back then, the crowd still joined in, singing at the top of their lungs in a massive chorus.

But no matter how much they didn't want it to end, five minutes later—the song was over.

And once again, it was time to say goodbye.

“Please head home, everyone,” Steven said, stepping forward. “Don't make this any harder on Avery.”

There was no undoing any of this. The longer they stayed, the harder it was for Avery. The sadder he became. That wasn't what anyone wanted—right?

“Thank you, truly. But please... don't put Avery in a difficult spot.”

Steven had always been the bright, sunny type.

But even now, he couldn't hold back his tears.

Seeing their idols like this—how could the fans bear it?

Eventually, someone in the crowd took the first step and began to leave. And once one person moved, others slowly followed.

But no one walked fast.

They didn't want to burden their idols. They didn't want to add to their sadness.

But even knowing they had to leave... they still couldn't let go.

It took more than an hour for the 100,000 fans to exit the stadium.

And for that entire hour, the members of Avery Band stayed on stage.

They stood there silently, watching their audience slip away one by one.

A grief too deep for words settled in all their hearts.

After tonight, there would be no more Avery Band in the world.

"Avery... are we really breaking up?" someone asked softly.

It had been over five years since Avery Band was formed. Reaching this point had been anything but easy.

It was their shared dream that kept them going all this time.

And now... was it really all over?

Seeing Steven like that, Tessa gently patted him on the shoulder.

“Alright, everyone’s exhausted tonight. Go home, rest up, and don’t think too much about it.”

They had promised to hold a farewell concert—and they had delivered.

In every sense, the concert had been a huge success.

And yet... they still couldn’t change the outcome. That was the one thing that hurt most.

“Yeah... let’s rest,” someone murmured.

“I have some other things to take care of tonight,” Avery said. “I won’t be heading back with you. Just make sure you all get home safe.”

“You’re not coming back with us tonight?” Steven frowned. “Did something happen? If it did, you have to tell us. We’ll handle it together—like we always have.”

He couldn’t believe Avery truly wanted to leave the band. There had to be another reason behind all this.

“Steven,” Avery said, “Don’t ask. I’m just tired. I want to rest. Tessa—since someone’s waiting for you, I won’t be seeing you off.”

She was the only girl in the group—the one he’d always worried about the most.

“I get it,” Tessa said quietly. “If you’ve got something to do, go ahead. Don’t worry about me.”

Avery was the first one to walk away.

He couldn’t stay any longer—if he did, he knew he’d lose control.

He couldn't risk any of them getting hurt. So now... now was the time to go.

As he stepped outside, he saw his father's people already waiting to pick him up. Avery took a deep breath.

He had always known this day would come. He just didn't expect it to come so soon.

Chapter 520 The Road Back

He stood there for a long time without moving.

Inheriting the Coldfang Mercenaries—this was his responsibility, not his choice.

At last, he walked forward. One of the attendants stepped out and opened the car door for him.

“Mr. Avery, Mr. Xavier is here as well.”

Avery got into the car and saw his father seated in the back—his presence sharp, commanding, and suffocating.

Avery frowned. “What? You're that afraid I'll run off, so you came here yourself?”

“You were crying,” Xavier Marson said flatly. It wasn't a question—it was a statement.

Avery didn't respond.

It wouldn't matter what he said. His father would never understand. In Xavier's world, there was only strength, only the Coldfang Mercenaries.

He'd already agreed to return and take over the mercenaries. That was enough. There was no need to say anything else.

"Avery, I gave you five years. During those five years, you did what you loved. Now it's time to come back. So you can't blame me."

As a father, giving him five years—that was already a rare kindness.

"I understand. Let's go." Avery closed his eyes, exhaustion weighing down his voice.

He understood his duty. He knew Xavier had held out for five long years. Even if it wasn't what he wanted, he couldn't live selfishly anymore...

Xavier opened his mouth to say something more, but when he saw the fatigue etched into Avery's face, he fell silent.

"Let's go," he finally told the driver.

Back on the stage, Steven was still standing there, unwilling to leave.

This was the stage he loved most in the world.

He would've done anything for this stage.

But tonight... it was all over.

"Steven, it's time to go," Tessa said gently. Landon was still waiting for her down below, but she couldn't leave Steven alone.

He'd worked so hard for this concert, rehearsing nonstop, never once complaining.

Even tonight, he had stayed calm and composed.

But it was that composure that worried her most. That's why she had stayed behind.

Steven nodded.

"Tessa, you go on ahead. Don't worry about me—I'm fine."

He really was fine. Or at least, that's what he told himself.

"I'll take you back. Don't overthink things."

Suddenly, Steven crouched down and kissed the stage.

Tessa's heart sank at the sight.

Steven finally stepped down and walked to her side.

In her eyes, he saw worry.

Steven smiled.

"Alright, stop worrying. I'm really okay. I just... can't bear to let go, that's all. You know how much I love Avery Band."

Tessa was younger than him, yet she always ended up being the one to worry.

“Okay. As long as you’re alright. Avery’s biggest concern right now is probably you, so you have to take care of yourself.”

“Yeah. Don’t worry. I promise not to be a burden.”

Tessa brought Steven to meet up with Landon.

Once they were in the car, Steven didn’t say a word.

He was unusually quiet the whole ride.

When they arrived back at the Avery Band villa, Steven got out of the car.

“Tessa, you’ve had a long day. Go get some rest.”

“You too. Don’t overthink things—get a good night’s sleep.”

Steven nodded and turned to go inside.

“Landon, you’ve had a long day too,” Tessa said softly. He’d been there the entire time.

Landon took her hand in his.

“Compared to you? I’m not tired at all.” He had only been sitting there—how could that be hausting?
“Let’s head home.”

“Yeah.”

After everything tonight, Tessa was truly worn out. For now, she didn’t feel like talking at all.