

Wolfless 591

Chapter 591 A Pact in the Light, a Threat in the Dark

They returned once again to the Silvermoon Estate, and once again to the same private dining room as last time. But this time. Reginald was already waiting inside—and the change in him was visible.

The old Alpha, whose face had always been stiff with scrutiny, actually stood to greet her. His gaze, once wary and harsh, now carried something closer to admiration.

“Tessa, have a seat,” Darren said, gesturing toward the chair and personally pouring her a cup of tea. “I was too narrow-minded before. I treated you poorly. Don’t take it to heart.” He paused, then continued solemnly, “You handled the virus outbreak brilliantly. Not just for Landon—every wolf in Montedra owes you a debt.”

Tessa hadn’t expected him to be so direct, and the sincerity caught her off guard. “I only did what needed to be done.”

“Facing that kind of pressure and still thinking of the bigger picture... not everyone could’ve done that.” Darren looked at her, a newfound respect in his eyes. “Looks like Landon’s judgment was better than mine.”

Then his tone shifted. “Since you two are fated mates, it’s time—by custom—for both families to meet and decide on the day of the bonding ceremony.”

In the werewolf world, bonding wasn’t just a wedding—it was a sacred ritual that bound blood and soul. The date had to be agreed upon by both families and aligned with tradition.

Tessa’s fingers tightened slightly around the teacup. Her voice dropped. “The only family I acknowledge is my grandfather.” But he was no longer here.

Silence settled over the room for a moment.

Darren clearly knew the Sinclair family’s story. He sighed. “I wasn’t thinking.”

He glanced at Landon with a subtle signal, then turned back to Tessa. “Then we’ll leave the bonding ceremony up to you two. What timing feels right to you?”

“Anytime is fine,” Tessa said with a soft smile. “I’m not particular.”

Landon took her cool hand in his, letting his warmth seep through. “No rush. We’ll take our time picking.”

He knew the ache she carried. Her grandfather had wanted nothing more than to see her bonded. But now...

Landon was determined to make the ceremony perfect. She would not be left with another regret.

Watching the two of them with their fingers entwined, Darren’s stern face softened a little. “Next month, there’s a full moon. Traditionally, it’s a good day for bonding—strong star alignment.”

He pulled out his phone and brought up a lunar chart used by the wolves—something like an old almanac. “Take a look.”

Tessa leaned over, and Landon’s head tilted next to hers, their hair brushing as they studied the chart together.

“This one looks good,” Landon said, looking at her with a quiet question in his eyes.

Tessa nodded. “Yeah. It’s nice.”

Sunlight slanted through the windows, casting a warm glow over the three of them. Darren looked at the pair in front of him—such a fitting match—and thought of how wrong he’d once been about her. “From now on, the Thorne family is your family. If you ever need anything, come to me.”

A warmth bloomed in Tessa’s chest. She murmured, “Thank you, Uncle.”

As they left the restaurant, Landon held her hand as they walked along the lake.

“When that day comes, I want the entire Montedra pack to witness it,” he said, bending down to kiss the top of her head. “I’ll never let you face anything alone again.”

Tessa looked up at him, the autumn sunlight catching in his eyes like scattered stars.

If her grandfather were watching now, she knew exactly what he’d say: “Our Tessa finally found someone who loves her.”

The wind stirred the lake’s surface, sending ripples across the water—just like the gentle waves swelling in

her heart.

News of the Montedra Alpha and his mate’s upcoming bonding ceremony spread like wildfire, flying across the werewolf world on invisible wings.

Far away in Yalvaria, inside the Frost Pack’s towering castle, Jeremy crushed a wine glass in his hand. Blood- red liquid slipped between his fingers, staining the luxurious carpet in dark, spreading blotches.

In a specialized recovery pod nearby, Nathan still lay unconscious. Even after extensive genetic treatment, the chest wound hadn’t healed beyond the surface. That single blow from Landon—laced with the sheer dominance of an Alpha King—not only shattered ribs but injured his core wolf bloodline.

“Landon... Tessa...” Jeremy stared at his son in the pod, a storm of fury brewing behind his eyes—rage only a Frost Pack alpha could hold. “You dare harm my son and plan your ceremony like nothing happened?”

He turned sharply toward the shadows, where a black-clad guard knelt.

“Go,” he ordered coldly. “Send Landon and Tessa a ‘wedding gift’ from us.”

Chapter 592 The Silver Oath and the Silver Bullet

After meeting with Darren and settling the bonding date, Tessa threw herself back into campus life..

Lecture halls filled with anatomical diagrams and microscopes became a quiet refuge—a place where, for a moment, she could shed the burdens she’d been carrying.

Meanwhile, the new antiviral drug—after successful clinical trials—began rolling out across Montedra. Infected werewolves gradually received treatment, their fading strength returning bit by bit. The choking fear that had once haunted the streets began to lift, replaced by whispers of hope.

But the political climate told a different story. Relations between Montedra and Yalvaria had hit rock bottom.

Stephen’s arrest still sent ripples through both nations. Border tensions escalated by the day, a powder keg waiting for a spark.

Michael took the opportunity to relocate the core division of the International Werewolf Medical Association to Montedra’s capital, Navoris..

While Landon spent his days navigating high-stakes diplomacy with the Montedra Council, he had another priority taking up his heart—preparing for the “Claiming” ceremony.

In werewolf tradition, the Claiming was a vital prelude to bonding. It was the public declaration: She is my fate

mate.

Unlike the soul-binding ritual of the actual bonding, the Claiming was closer to a formal human proposal. Before witnesses—tribal elders and key members of the pack—the Alpha would offer a gift marked with his own scent. In turn, he would accept her presence into his marked territory, formally welcoming her into his domain.

Landon had chosen a ring of shadowed silver, the surface etched with fine, dark patterns. Embedded in its face was a shard of his own wolf fang—an intimate promise that only an Alpha could give, symbolizing the sharing of his strength and protection.

He personally oversaw its forging, and made sure the Nightshade Pack sanctuary was perfectly prepared. It had witnessed generations of Alpha Claimings—and it was where Tessa had completed her coming-of-age ceremony. The significance wasn't lost on him.

Tessa, meanwhile, was buried in the rebuild of the werewolf medical network alongside Samuel.

With Montedra and Yalvaria at odds, nearly all Yalvarian resources were locked away. Equipment, lab data, medical archives—everything had to be rebuilt from the ground up. Even the personnel were divided: some loyal to Michael followed him to Montedra, others remained behind and formed a rival faction.

“Navoris' new location is set in Queen's Quarter,” Samuel said, unrolling a blueprint on the desk. “Spacious, far from the political chaos downtown. The only headache is the medical equipment—we have to route imports through overseas. Yalvaria's clamping down too hard.”

Tessa nodded, flipping through a stack of recruitment files. “Mr. Michael compiled a list of top werewolf medics around the world. We'll start sending invitations one by one. Not many Yalvarian elites are coming, but a few of his old contacts overseas already wrote back. They're willing to help.”

The two of them worked late into the night from their makeshift office.

Samuel rolled his shoulder with a wince, half-laughing. “Once we're up and running, I'm taking a long break. But first, your Claiming ceremony—I'm giving you the most epic opening performance you've ever seen.”

Tessa chuckled. “Focus on finishing your antibody research first. Don't pass out on me again.”

It was past midnight by the time they stepped out.

The late autumn wind nipped at the edges of the city. Samuel walked beside her, coat pulled tighter.

“Wait here. I’ll go get the car and drive you back,” he said. “It’s too late for you to be out here alone.”

“No need. Landon’s on his way.” Tessa checked her phone. “We planned this.”

“Alright then.” Samuel raised an eyebrow. “I’ll head out before I turn into a third wheel.” He gave her a wave and headed toward the parking lot. “Call me if anything happens.”

She watched his car disappear down the street, then turned to dial Landon—only for her phone to ring first.

“You done?” Landon’s voice came through the speaker, low and steady, a faint hum of his engine in the background. “I’ll be there in ten. Wait inside—it’s cold out.”

“Got it.” Tessa stepped under the eaves of the temporary office. “Drive safe, no need to rush. And hang up- don’t talk and drive.”

“It’s fine, I’m on Bluetooth,” he said with a quiet laugh.

She was just about to respond when her instincts flared.

Without thinking, she threw her weight to the side-

A silver bullet ripped past her cheek, slamming into the wall behind her in a puff of smoke and dust.

Chapter 593 Blood and Vows

Tessa's eyes turned icy cold. "Can't talk now. I've got something to take care of:

Landon was still ten minutes out. For now, she was on her own.

"I'll be there soon!" he replied, still unaware of the date attacker had used a silenced pistol. Hanging up, he focused on the road. His gaze fell on the bouquet,

spread across his face.

Meanwhile, the assassins stepped out from the s

of roses in the passenger seat, and a soft smile

of them, elite-ranked across the werewolf

At the sight of them, something ancient stirred within her. The blood of the white wolf surged through her veins, and a savage grin tugged at the corner of her lips.

It had been too long since she'd indulged in a real fight. Ever since she met Landon, she hadn't unleashed the primal power that once defined her.

"Who sent you?" she asked, standing still, utterly calm. A faint pulse of white wolf dominance radiated from her, enough to make the killers' movements stall for a moment.

The blond man leading them gave a low chuckle. "Does it matter who paid? All that matters is your life's worth enough."

"You want my life?" Her grin turned sharper. "Then let's see if you've got the balls to take it."

Before the last word left her mouth, she launched forward from the building's shadow—fast as lightning. In a flash, she was on the smallest of the five, a woman named Keiko.

Her fingers locked around Keiko's wrist, twisting it brutally. Bone cracked with a sickening snap. The silenced gun clattered to the ground.

Tessa drove her knee into Keiko's ribs and flung her to the

pavement.

The remaining four raised their guns, but she'd already rolled behind the corner of a wall. Her fingers wrapped around the gun and she fired.

The hiss of a silenced shot. A silver bullet punched cleanly through the temple of the man on the far left.

"John!" the leader shouted, shock and panic flaring in his eyes.

These were top-tier assassins. But Tessa moved like nothing they'd ever seen. Her reflexes, her control over silver—it was monstrous.

"She's not a normal werewolf! She's awakened a rare wolf spirit!" someone cried out. No ordinary wolf could fight like this.

Tessa checked the mag: seven silver bullets left.

More than enough.

She moved like a shadow, senses razor-sharp. The white wolf blood gave her an edge over everything sound, scent, motion. She could hear their breath, taste their fear.

The leader was trying to organize a three-way pincer move—but he didn't see her flanking

Another soft hiss. A bullet struck Keiko square between the eyes. Her lifeless body slumped, eyes

still wide

“Fuck!” The leader slammed a fist against the wall. Two down in ten minutes—that had never happened before. “Spread out! Burn her ammo!”

But just as they moved, Tessa dropped down from

above.

White wolf dominance surged. The moment’s hesitation it caused was all she needed.

One shot—clean to the throat.

Another assassin dropped.

The last three were trembling now, nerves unraveling fast.

And then—a screech of tires tore through the night.

Landon’s car hadn’t even fully stopped when he burst out. The scent of blood and silver hit him like a punch to the chest, his heart stuttering in his chest.

He spotted Tessa standing in the shadows.

In two strides, he was in front of her, hands on her cheeks, fingers trembling as he scanned her face. “Are you hurt? Let me see!”

She pressed his hands down gently and shook her head. “I’m fine. Not even a scratch.”

He confirmed it with his own eyes—no wounds, no blood. Relief rushed in—only to be swallowed instantly by rage.

He turned.

The three surviving assassins were frozen in place.

Then it hit them—a tidal wave of pressure as the ancient black obsidian bloodline of the ink-crystal shadow wolf exploded from Landon's core.

It was heavier, darker, more suffocating than the white wolf's force. A sheer, devastating power rippled through the air like liquid nightfall. The three assassins collapsed where they stood, unable even to lift their heads.

"Fools," Landon said, his voice cold and sharp as glass.

In the blink of an eye, he was in front of the blond leader.

Chapter 594 Retaliation

Before the man could even react, Landon reached out and gripped his neck. With a sharp flex of his fingers, the sound of shattering bone

rang out clearly. The man's eyes bulged wide as his body went limp and collapsed in silence.

The two remaining assassins were scared out of their minds. They scrambled to flee, but Landon kicked them down before they could get far.

He didn't use a gun—just stomped on their joints, one brutal blow after another. Each sickening crunch was followed by screams of agony.

As a obsidian crystal darkwolf, Landon's strength was enough to tear through steel. Against lower-tier werewolves like these, he didn't need finesse. Pure brute force was more than enough.

Moments later, the alley fell completely silent.

Landon clapped his hands together, as if brushing off dust.

He reached out to Nathaniel through their mental link, instructing him to handle the aftermath.

Six assassins had died in the heart of Navoris, the central megacity. No matter how brazen they were, someone still had to clean up the mess.

Once the message was sent, he turned back toward Tessa. The rage in his eyes had faded, leaving only a tender, lingering fear.

He took her hand and gently rubbed his thumb along her fingertips. "Still in the mood to go out for dinner? What do you feel like eating?"

"I'm in the mood. It was just a few irrelevant people who died—doesn't affect me at all."

"Good. That's good."

Of course. His girl was always different from the rest.

Once they left the building and got in the car, Landon buckled her seatbelt for her and kissed her on the forehead.

"Dummy. Someone tried to kill you. Why didn't you tell me?"—

He was still shaken just thinking about it.

If something had actually happened... what would he have done?

“You were driving at the time. You wouldn’t have been able to get here immediately anyway. Telling you would’ve just made you more anxious. I figured I could handle it on my own.”

“You...”

Still, thank god she could protect/herself.

“It’s over now. Everything’s fine” This man.... he was seared. Scared she might really get hurt.

After getting Landon’s message, Nathaniel rushed over to clean up. When Ysabel found out what had happened to Tessa, she ran straight to the apartment to wait for them.

She’d been standing outside for a long time. Even her nose had turned red from the cold.

When Tessa and Landon got back from dinner, they saw her still waiting out there.

“What are you doing here? It’s freezing! How long have you been standing out here?” Tessa quickly helped her up.

Seeing Tessa return safely, Ysabel immediately jumped up and pulled her into a hug.

“Tessa, thank god you’re okay!” Ysabel hugged her tight.

“Alright, it’s too cold out here. Let’s go inside.”

Landon opened the door.

“Why didn’t you go in? You know the code, don’t you?” Tessa brought Ysabel inside.

“I panicked and forgot it. As soon as I heard there were assassins, my brain just stopped working.”

“Landon, get Ysabel a glass of hot water.” Tessa wasn’t sure how long she’d been out there, but her whole body felt frozen.

Landon didn’t interrupt their conversation. He quietly fetched a glass of water and brought it over.

Ysabel held the warm glass between her trembling hands.

“Who the hell were they?” she asked, her fingers still shaking. “This is Nightshade Pack territory. And they dared to make a move here? They’ve got some serious nerve!”

“Don’t worry about it,” Landon said coldly. His eyes burned with a black, seething fury.

He’d held back against Frost Pack before, trying to avoid a war between two major packs from different countries.

But clearly, they didn’t know when to quit.

Now they’d gone so far as to send assassins after Tessa—that had crossed the line.

Since that’s the case, there was no longer any reason for the Frost Pack to exist.

Chapter 595 The Breaking Point

That night, after Nathaniel finished handling the cleanup, he came to take Ysabel home.

Only Landon and Tessa remained in the apartment, curled up together on the couch. The warm amber glow of the lamp spilled across their intertwined hands.

"I've decided," Landon said quietly, "it's time to make a move on the Frost Pack. This wasn't something he could keep from her.

Tessa nodded, her fingertips brushing lightly across the back of his hand. "I know." The Frost Pack had crossed too many lines. This time, they had tried to kill. If they didn't put an end to it now, it would become a threat they could never ignore. "We'll do it together."

She wasn't about to let him face this storm alone.

"Alright. Together." Landon squeezed her hand. Taking down Yalvaria's long-established Frost Pack meant setting an airtight trap. They were deeply rooted in their territory—touching one thread could set off a war. One slip, and it would be chaos between the two packs.

Landon began planning that very night. Once Hudson, Cameron, and the others heard, they didn't try to stop him. Instead, they quickly joined in. The core forces of the Nightshade Pack began moving in silence.

Meanwhile, at the Frost Pack's fortress in Yalvaria, Nathan had just regained consciousness. When he heard what Jeremy had done, he completely lost it.

"I told you to stay out of my business! Why the hell won't you ever listen to me?!" he shouted, still weak and propped up by his not-yet-healed body.

Jeremy hadn't expected him to wake up so soon, much less find out what had happened. He had hired one of Montedra's top six assassins, and they had all been wiped out. That failure alone was enough to enrage

him.

"Nathan, anyone who dares harm our family—I won't let them off easy!" Jeremy growled, his tone brooking

no argument.

“Then go after Landon! Why did you go after Tessa?!” Nathan’s face twisted in fury. Pain radiated from his chest wound, but he didn’t care. “If you ever lay another hand on her, I swear I’ll disown you! I’ll protect her with my life!”

“You’re completely blinded!” Jeremy shook with rage. “That woman doesn’t love you! You keep throwing yourself into danger for her, and she’s going to destroy you!”

Tessa’s life... how was it this hard to take?

“Then let her destroy me!” Nathan’s eyes were red. “If I die at her hands, so be it!”

“She and Landon are about to bond! They’re even preparing the formal ceremony!” Jeremy finally dropped the harshest blow, hoping to shatter his son’s delusions. “How are you still not letting go?!”

“Impossible!” Nathan clenched his fists so hard the knuckles turned white. “She’s mine in this life—no one else can have her!”

Jeremy looked at his son’s twisted obsession and felt despair sink into his chest. “Fine. I won’t touch her again. But you need to stay away from her. There are plenty of women in this world. Whatever kind you want, I’ll find them for you.”

He just wanted his son to be safe.

“My life is not yours to manage.” Nathan turned away, his voice as cold as ice. No matter how

many women there were in the world, his heart had always held only one.

She was a brand burned into his bones—something he couldn’t carve out or grind away. Just thinking of her hurt so badly he could barely breathe, and still, he couldn’t quit this pain.

“For now, I’m sending you to a recovery facility,” he said suddenly, his voice filled with unshakable finality. “I’ll handle Frost Pack business. You’re not to interfere again.”

“You’re trying to lock me up?” Jeremy snapped his head up, eyes wide in disbelief.

Before he could object, Nathan barked for the guards. “Take him away. Until I say otherwise, he’s not to step a foot outside that facility.”

“Nathan! You dare?!” Jeremy roared, livid and stunned. “Everything I did was for you! And you’d do this to me—for a woman?!”

Nathan didn’t turn back.

Tessa was safe.

If anything had really happened to her, he would’ve buried the entire pack—himself included—alongside her.

The guards dragged Jeremy out, still shouting, and silence returned to the room. Nathan walked to the window, staring out at the frozen plains stretching beyond.

His eyes churned with wild obsession.

A bonding ceremony?

That should’ve been with him.

“Tessa,” he murmured, his voice quiet but deadly resolute, “I’ll make sure you come back to me willingly- even if it costs me everything.”

Chapter 596 A Bond for Life

At last, the day of the bonding ceremony arrived.

Early that morning, Tessa returned to the Sinclair family estate.

While wolf bonding rituals weren't as elaborate as human weddings—there was no formal custom—they did hold firm to traditions. She wanted her grandfather to see this with his own eyes, as if he had never truly left her.

The Sinclair estate had been thoroughly cleaned, inside and out, by Yardley.

He hovered anxiously over the servants, sweat beading at his temples. When he saw Tessa walk in, his voice was laced with nervous anticipation. “Tessa, take a look. Is there anything out of place? The Thorne family will be here soon—we can't afford to show any disrespect.”

Ever since he learned that Tessa and Landon were bonding, Yardley had cast aside every trace of discontent he once held toward her. Now, all he wanted was to win her favor again—and with it, a connection to the Nightshade Pack's powerful Thorne family.

Tessa didn't even glance at him. She walked straight to the ceremonial hall and stopped in front of the urn at the center.

The urn gleamed from a fresh polish. The characters “Walter Sinclair” etched into its surface glowed softly in the candlelight.

“Grandpa,” she said gently, her fingers brushing along the edge of the urn, “everything's ready. You always hoped I'd find somewhere I truly belonged. Now you don't have to worry anymore.”

Ash from the incense drifted silently down to the altar, like the quiet nods he used to give her when she spoke—always listening, always steady.

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Lila sat on the couch, watching with a cold smirk. “You can put all the shows you want. She’s not going to thank you

for it.”

“Today is Tessa’s big day. If you’ve got nothing nice to say, keep your mouth shut,” Yardley snapped, frowning. “Don’t want to be here? Go upstairs. No one’s begging you to stay.”

Lila clammed up, sulking as her fingers twisted at her hem. There was no place for her in this house anymore. Even Winona had vanished—on a day like this, it felt like she was the only “outsider” left.

Not long after, Samuel and Michael arrived bearing gifts.

Wolf bonding required the presence of trusted friends as witnesses. They carried beautifully wrapped boxes -inside was a rare thousand-year snow lotus and a set of surgical tools engraved with wolf clan runes, priceless blessings for a healer.

“Need a hand with anything?” Samuel asked, scratching his head. He had no idea how these ceremonies worked.

“No,” Tessa replied, shaking her head as her gaze drifted toward the empty space beside the urn. “Just star and watch.”

At precisely eleven o’clock, the sound of synchronized engines echoed in the distance.

Twelve black luxury cars pulled up in a perfect line in front of the Sinclair estate. The matching license

plates gleamed under the sun—Landon’s doing. According to wolf tradition, the groom had to show tribal sincerity” on the day of bonding. In modern times, a grand motorcade stood in for the ancient tribal procession.

Neighbors gathered behind the fence, whispering in amazement. “What kind of big shot is the Sinclair family tied to now?”

“Didn’t you see who got out of that last car? That’s the alpha of the Nightshade Pack! I heard he’s bonding with the Sinclair family’s eldest daughter today!”

As they spoke, the Thorne family began stepping out of the vehicles.

Darren, leaning on a cane carved with a wolf’s head, was guided by Rebecca and for once wore a gentle expression. Ysabel, in a light lavender dress, skipped ahead excitedly. And Landon... Landon wore a deep gray suit the very one Tessa had gifted him last year. He had never worn it before. Today, it was immaculately pressed, without a single wrinkle..

His eyes swept over the crowd and locked instantly onto Tessa standing at the entrance. A soft smile spread across his face.

As per tradition, the bonding ritual was held before the ancestral altar of the bride’s family.

Landon led the core members of the Thorne family into the hall. When he saw Walter’s urn on the altar, he bowed his head slightly in respect—a gesture of honor toward her ancestors.

Yardley hurried forward to welcome them, but Darren waved him off. “Let’s do this by the book first.”

Landon stepped up beside Tessa and took a velvet box from his pocket. As he opened it, a silver ring shimmered under the candlelight. Its dark-etched surface bore a fragment of a wolf fang that glowed faintly with an obsidian hue—the aura of a dark crystal alpha wolf. It was his highest pledge as an alpha.

“Tessa,” his voice was calm, but the look in his eyes burned with conviction, “in the name of the Nightshade Pack, and by my blood, I vow to bond with you. From this day forward, we share all joys and sorrows. Life and death as one. Do you accept?”

Chapter 597 Bound by Blood

Tessa looked into Landon's eyes and saw her reflection there. She thought of her grandfather's dying wish, and of the storms they had weathered together. Slowly, she nodded. "I do."

Landon gently lifted her hand and slid the silver ring onto her finger.

In wolf tradition, once the bonding ring was worn, it connected the couple's auras. As their fingertips touched, a faint current seemed to spark between them—that was the resonance of blood recognizing blood.

Darren, watching the scene unfold, turned to Yardley and said, "According to tradition, after the bonding vow, we pay respects at the memorial hall."

Yardley nodded quickly, his eyes crinkling with a smile he couldn't contain.

Only Lila sat in the corner, staring at that silver ring like it was blinding. This daughter she had never taken seriously had grown into someone she could never reach.

At the memorial hall, Yardley lit a ceremonial cigarette and handed it to Landon and Tessa.

Together, they stood before Walter's urn in solemn silence.

In the drifting smoke, Tessa could almost see her grandfather nodding with a gentle smile. Her vision blurred with sudden heat.

After they offered incense, Landon took her hand. "Let's go. To the Sanctuary."

The Sanctuary of the Nightshade Pack was the final stage of the bonding ritual, where the blood seal would be completed under the witness of elders and kin.

It had already been prepared. The ancient stone walls were inscribed with sacred wolf runes, and torches bathed the space in a warm, reverent glow.

Hudson, Cameron, Nathaniel, and the other core members stood along both sides. Darren and the Thorne family were seated up front. Michael and Samuel were there too, as well as Tessa's other friends—members of the Avery Band, Camille, Lina, and more.

Even the three most respected elders of the Nightshade Pack had come in person.

As Tessa and Landon stepped into the sanctuary, the room fell silent.

The eldest of the elders, his hair snowy white, rose to his feet, holding a bronze tray. Upon it lay two bone tokens etched with intricate wolf patterns.

“By ancestral law, the bond must be sealed with blood,” he said, his voice aged but unwavering. “Blood as witness, the contract as proof.”

Landon stepped forward first. With a quick slice of his fingertip, a drop of blood fell onto the token and melted into the carved wolf sigil.

Tessa followed. As her blood touched the second token, a silvery glow shimmered across it, intertwining with the inky black of Landon's mark.

“Blood united. Fates aligned,” the elder declared, stroking his beard with solemn reverence. The Nightshade Pack recognizes Tessa as the future Luna. From this day forward, she and Landon shall lead the

pack as one!”

Applause thundered through the sanctuary. Ysabel jumped up, clapping excitedly. Samuel and Michael exchanged proud smiles. E

Darren couldn't help but let a rare, satisfied smile crease his face.

Landon clasped Tessa's hand, leaning close to whisper in her ear. “From now on, you're never alone.

Tessa looked up at him, the torchlight flickering in his eyes. Her heart burned with warmth.

Outside the sanctuary, Nathan stood hidden in the shadows like a statue carved from stone.

He knew exactly what was happening inside—Tessa and Landon’s bonding ceremony.

That was why he had come, against all reason or restraint. The girl who lived in the depths of his heart was about to bind herself to someone else. And he could do nothing but watch.

In the car, Grant sat in a panic.

He knew how dangerous this moment was. But their alpha remained rooted in place, refusing to move. There was nothing Grant could do.

The longer they waited, the greater the risk. If anyone inside came out and spotted them, the consequences would be dire.

Despite his fear of Nathan, Grant gritted his teeth and got out of the car.

“Alpha, it’s time. We need to go,” he said, stepping up beside him, voice tight with nerves. “They’re almost done inside. You can’t let them see you here.”

Nathan didn’t move.

“Alpha, let’s return,” Grant urged, swallowing hard. “You’ve already made preparations, haven’t you? This bond... it might not hold. Tessa will be yours in the end.”

It was only a bonding, not a true bloodmate contract. Even if they sealed the bond, there were ways to undo it. Now wasn’t the time to act rashly.

Only then did Nathan slowly turn around, his eyes swirling with fury and bitter darkness. His voice was low and cold. "Make sure everything's ready. On the day of their true bond, I'll make Tessa leave with me—willingly."

"Yes, Alpha!"

Chapter 598 Blood in the Mist

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After the bonding ceremony concluded, the guests gathered in the banquet hall beside the sanctuary for dinner. They lingered long after the meal, chatting and laughing, before finally beginning to say their goodbyes.

"Dad, let me take you home to rest," Rebecca said, helping Reginald to his feet. She knew he was exhausted after a full day on his feet—his back already too stiff to straighten. "Landon and the others still have things to handle. We'll go ahead."

Reginald nodded and patted the back of Landon's hand. "You two should rest soon too. Don't overdo it."

Landon personally walked them to the car and opened the door. He leaned toward the driver with a final reminder. "Drive slow. The fog's thick tonight."

"Of course," the driver replied with a smile, starting the engine.

Inside the warm car, Reginald leaned back in his seat. As he recalled Tessa and Landon standing side by side in the sanctuary, receiving the blessings of their pack, a smile tugged at the corners of his mouth. The Nightshade Pack finally had a Luna worthy of standing beside Landon. Now, even his old heart could rest

easy.

But across the street, hidden in the shadows of a black car, Nathan's wolf eyes gleamed faintly in the dark. He rolled a custom-made silver bullet between his fingers—its core laced with forbidden wolf-pack poison, enough to paralyze even a high-tier alpha for a time.

"Alpha... that's Reginald, the former alpha of Nightshade. He's not someone to mess with," Grant said tightly, clutching the steering wheel, tension in his voice.

Nathan sneered, lips curling to reveal sharp fangs. "Precisely why he needs to feel this."

He threw the door open and sprang out like a phantom, his Frost Pack explosiveness unleashing into the night. In a flash, he had climbed a roadside tree.

Through the scope of his rifle, he tracked the Thorne family's car as it approached, then aimed at the tire.

He pulled the trigger.

The shot cracked through the night.

Boom!

With a thunderous blast, the rear left tire exploded. The car veered out of control, skidding violently across the road in a wide, erratic S. Reginald, ever the seasoned alpha, tensed instinctively. Just before impact, he threw himself over Rebecca, shielding her with his body.

"Dad!" Rebecca cried out, barely registering the sickening jolt in her back before everything went spinning.

The car rolled violently, landing on its side with a heavy crash. Airbags deployed. Shards of glass scattered across Reginald's suit. He grunted in pain, his left arm wedged under the crushed door, bones grinding out of place. The force of the impact/had awakened old battlefield injuries—this time, he could barely hang on.

“Dad! Are you okay?” Rebecca scrambled upright, a gash bleeding at her temple. She reached to pry the door loose. “Help! Please!”

The driver, bleeding from his forehead, had already crawled out of the front seat. Seeing the chaos behind

him, he rushed to the rear door. “Sir! Miss!”

Inside the car, Reginald gasped for breath. When he saw Rebecca’s bloody forehead, panic flooded his eyes. He slapped the interior of the door. “Get out! Don’t worry about me! The car could blow at any second!”

“I’m not leaving you!” Rebecca shouted, her voice shaking. “We leave together or not at all! Just hold on- I’m calling Landon!”

In the distance, Nathan watched from the shadows of the trees, unmoved. He lowered his rifle and walked back toward Grant’s car. “This is only the beginning.”

Grant’s hands trembled as he started the engine. “Alpha... Landon will know it was us. He’ll find out fast.”

“Let him,” Nathan said, his eyes fixed on the disappearing crash site in the mirror. A wicked smile curled across his lips. “He needs to learn—if he dares steal what’s mine, he’ll pay for it.”

Back in the flipped car, Rebecca finally managed to dial Landon. Her voice was shaking so hard she could barely speak.

“Landon... something happened... We were on the way to the hospital... Dad, he...”

In the sanctuary, Landon had just ended a security call with Nathaniel when his phone rang again. One look at Rebecca’s name and his heart dropped.

He turned pale in an instant.

Tessa, sensing the shift in him, grabbed his hand. "What's wrong?"

"My father and Rebecca were in an accident," Landon said, his voice sharp and frozen. He snatched up his coat and bolted out the door. "We're going to the crash site!"

Chapter 599 A Message in Blood

Ysabel was completely shaken.

The driver had worked for the Thorne family for over a decade, his driving steady as stone. How could there have been a crash?

She stood frozen, fingers ice-cold, until Nathaniel draped his coat over her shoulders. Only then did she jolt back to reality.

"Don't be scared. We're heading there now," Nathaniel said, steady as a rock, holding her arm with reassuring calm.

Tessa grabbed Landon's coat and quickly followed. By the time she climbed in, Landon had already swung the car around, engine roaring as they tore into the fog-drenched road.

She clenched her fists, repeating one thing over and over in her mind—Rebecca and Reginald had to be okay.

Headlights pierced the thick mist at the crash site. The flipped car was still spewing white smoke. Landon leapt from the vehicle, his alpha strength carrying him to the wreck in seconds. With bare hands, he wrenched open the crumpled door.

Tessa was right behind him. The white wolf's instincts helped her dodge shattered glass with ease as she reached in to help the trapped Rebecca.

“Rebecca, can you move?”

“I’m fine... Help Dad first!” Blood streamed down Rebecca’s forehead, but she still shielded Reginald with her body.

With the others’ help, they managed to pull the two of them free. Reginald’s left arm was bent at an unnatural angle, his breathing unsteady. As a former alpha, his healing ability should have surpassed most- but his age and the accumulation of old wounds had left him pale and barely conscious.

Rebecca had abrasions on her forehead and back. Thanks to the wolf’s accelerated healing, scabs had already begun to form. The injuries looked worse than they were.

The ambulance howled away into the night. Landon climbed in after them, while Tessa and the others followed by car to the hospital.

Under the harsh white lights of the ER corridor, Tessa held Landon’s icy hand. She felt the tremors he couldn’t hide. Even an alpha who faced armies without flinching was vulnerable now.

“They’ll be okay,” she whispered, letting the white wolf’s aura flow through him, gently soothing the storm of emotion beneath his surface.

Landon squeezed her hand back. “Yeah.”

When the doctor emerged, his expression was calm. “Mr. Reginald has a fractured left arm. The old wounds make it more complicated, so he’ll need time to rest. Ms. Rebecca only has superficial injuries—she’ll heal

on her own.”

Inside the hospital room, Reginald leaned against the headboard, pale but sharp-eyed as ever.

When Ysabel rushed in with tears in her eyes, he patted the edge of the bed. "What're you crying for? I'm

tougher than I look. This scratch is nothing."

Ysabel nodded, sniffling, as Nathaniel gently led her out.

Tessa stayed behind in the hallway. Just as she turned to step away, her phone buzzed. A strange number flashed across the screen.

"Tessa, it's me."

Nathan's voice came through the speaker, laced with a mocking smile.

Tessa's chest tightened. "What do you want?"

"Got my gift?" he said lightly. "Big day like your bonding—you didn't invite me. So I had to send something myself."

"You caused the crash?" Her voice dropped to a deadly chill. The white wolf's killing intent poured from her body, dimming the hallway lights with its presence.

"Just a little lesson," Nathan replied, his voice twisting with fanatical obsession. "You went and bonded with Landon after everything? I told you—you're mine."

"Nathan, you're insane!" Tessa's hand clenched around the phone, knuckles white. "If anything had happened to them, I swear I'd drag you to hell myself!"

"To hell?" Nathan chuckled darkly. "As long as it means I get to keep you by my side, who cares?"

Then his voice turned cold, venom dripping from every word. “Here’s a warning—cancel the mating. Or next time, it won’t just be a broken arm. Tell me, Tessa... how many more ‘accidents’ can someone Reginald’s age survive?”

“You bastard!”

“Go ahead. Let’s see if you think I’m bluffing.” His voice held unshakable certainty, like he had already won. Tessa ended the call with a sharp snap, the cold/fury in her aura freezing the air around her.

Without hesitation, she dialed Lina.

Her voice trembled with suppressed rage. “Track Nathan down. Now.”

This time, she was going to kill him.

In the hospital room, Landon watched as his father deliberately sent Tessa out. He couldn’t help but shake his head. “Why can’t you say it in front of her? She’ll overthink if you act like this.

Reginald shot him a stern look, his voice full of paternal authority. “You haven’t even completed the mating bond, and you’re already this biased? I’m doing this for her. Some things she’s better off staying out of

He paused, then said in a low voice, “You think that was just a normal accident? Someone shot out the

rear tire. It was planned.”

Landon’s eyes darkened instantly.

No wonder the car had lost control so suddenly. With that driver’s skill, it never should’ve happened. His fingertips tensed as dark crystal wolf runes shimmered faintly on his skin. He fought back the rising fury in his chest. “I understand. You get some rest. I’ll find out who did this.”

“Be careful. Whoever it is—they’re coming for us.” Reginald’s tone turned grim. “No need to stay here tonight. Let the driver keep watch.”

When Landon stepped out, he saw Tessa sitting alone on the bench in the corridor, her fingers absentmindedly rubbing the silver ring on her left hand. In the harsh hospital lighting, her profile looked even more delicate.

He walked over and sat beside her, gently taking her hand.

“My father said it was no accident. Someone shot the tire on purpose,” he said quietly, holding nothing back. “They were targeting us.”

Tessa looked up at him, the frost in her eyes still lingering. “It was Nathan. He called me just now and admitted it.”

Landon’s grip tightened. The obsidian aura of the dark crystal wolf exploded outward, making the hallway lights flicker as if recoiling from his wrath.

“He’s asking for death.”

“I want to kill him.” Tessa’s voice was soft but resolute. The savage edge of the white wolf flashed through her eyes. “He’s gone insane. Keeping him alive will only lead to disaster.”

Landon was silent for a moment, then reversed his grip and passed his energy into her palm, steadying her. “We’ll do it together. But we have to be smart. Nathan is the alpha of the Frost Pack. If we make a reckless move, it’ll spark a war between our packs.”

Tessa nodded. She understood the stakes. Still, every time she thought of Reginald’s twisted arm, the fury bubbled up again.

When they returned to the villa, Lina’s message came through—Nathan’s current hideout in Navoris, location attached.

Tessa stood in front of the floor-to-ceiling windows, staring out at the heavy night. Her fingers clenched so tightly they turned pale.

Landon stepped out of the shower and saw her still standing there. He walked up behind her and wrapped his arms around her waist.

Chapter 600 The Final Line

What are you thinking about?"

"That it's time to end this," she murmured, leaning into him. "From the moment he tried to force me with underhanded tactics, it should've ended. Maybe then... it wouldn't have come to this."

"It's not your fault," Landon said firmly, cutting off her guilt before it could settle in. He lowered his head, resting his chin gently on her hair. "Don't worry. Leave it to me. He'll be dealt with—soon."

"Alright."

He didn't explain the plan, and she didn't ask.

Some things didn't need words—they already understood each other.

Landon kissed her gently on the forehead. "Get some sleep. Tomorrow will be busy."

He carried her to the bed and lay on the outside, letting her curl into him like a human pillow.

Tessa nestled against his chest, listening to the steady rhythm of his heartbeat. The tension that had knotted inside her began to ease.

She'd spent years braving storms alone. But in his arms, she finally understood what it meant to face the world side by side.

Landon stared at her sleeping face, eyes dark with resolve.

Nathan had crossed every line—first Tessa, then his family.

This time, there would be no mercy.