

Wolfless 601

Chapter 601 The Trap

Early the next morning, Landon prepared breakfast and headed to the hospital with Tessa.

He stayed by his father's side for the full round of tests, only letting go once the final report came back, no serious injuries. –

Tessa finally exhaled in relief.

If anything had truly happened to Darren because of her, she knew she would never forgive herself.

Seeing the tension melt from her face, Darren actually smiled. "Don't carry that kind of burden, girl. Life and death—those things follow their own course. If something had gone wrong, it wouldn't have been your fault."

He'd once been critical of her in so many ways. But now, the more he saw, the more he approved. She was the woman Landon had chosen to spend his life with. As an elder, it was his duty to protect her too.

"I should've handled it better," Tessa said, still carrying guilt in her voice.

"It wasn't your fault." Darren gave her shoulder a firm pat. "Since you and Landon have chosen each other, face whatever comes together. That's what matters."

"Thank you," she said softly.

When they left the hospital, Landon drove her to the entrance of the Wolf Medical Organization.

She'd been volunteering there regularly, and Michael had even moved the entire headquarters to Montedra for her. That was a favor she would never forget.

Before she got out of the car, Landon carefully wrapped her scarf around her neck, his fingers brushing her cool cheek. "I know you're busy, but make sure you eat lunch. Got it?"

The Nightshade Pack had their hands full preparing to strike at the Frost Pack, and he likely wouldn't have time to join her midday.

"You too. No matter how busy you get, eat on time," she said, giving him a quick hug before heading inside.

He watched her disappear into the building before turning the car toward the Nightshade Pack's council hall.

Inside, Nathaniel, Hudson, and Cameron were already waiting.

As Landon's beta, Nathaniel stood closest to the head seat. When Landon walked in, he stood immediately. "Alpha, how did your dad's checkup go?"

"He's alright. Just surface injuries," Landon said as he sat down, but his voice turned cold. "But we're not letting Nathan get away with this."

Hudson nodded in agreement. "If you're going to cut weeds, you pull out the roots. He dared go after him next time, he won't hesitate to hit someone closer. We can't let that happen."

Cameron, ever the hothead, took a step forward. "I've already confirmed his location. Let me take a team and end it now. Quick, clean, done. This is our turf—he's not flipping the sky over us."

"It's not that simple," Nathaniel said with a frown. As beta, he excelled at balancing risk and strategy,

"Nathan's not stupid. He wouldn't come without a backup plan. If we push too hard and he lashes out thr if he targets our families?"

Hudson added, "Navoris is our heartland. Our pack, our people, our kin—all here. If this goes awfully and he retaliates, the consequences could be devastating."

All three were core to the Nightshade Pack. They understood too well what was at stake. The room fell into heavy silence.

Landon tapped his fingers on the table, obsidian wolf runes flickering along his knuckles. "Going in headfirst is too risky. We need a plan."

His gaze swept across them, sharp and sive. "Nathan wants to steal her away? Then let's bait him—make

him walk straight into a trap."

The three exchanged looks. It was clear from Landon's tone—he already had a strategy.

"Alpha, we'll follow your lead," Nathaniel said first, stepping forward.

Hudson and Cameron echoed the sentiment. "That's right. Landon, whatever you need—just give the word."

Landon stood and walked to the window, looking out across the land that belonged to their pack. His voice was low, but every word carried weight.

"Get ready. This time, he's not walking away."

Chapter 602 The Tables Turn

Just as Tessa picked up her fork at lunch, her phone rang. It was Landon.

"For the next few days, I'm assigning a few people to shadow you," he said, his voice brooking no argument "Don't pay them any mind—just treat them like air."

He'd made the decision after much deliberation. With Nathan lurking in the shadows, there was no room for chance. Her safety had to come first.

Tessa understood his concern. Though she was fully capable of defending herself, she still responded gently, "Alright."

"After lunch, go lie down in the break room. Don't push yourself." He added a few more reminders before reluctantly hanging up.

Tessa put her phone down and walked straight to Michael's office. Just as she reached the door, she heard a heated conversation inside.

"Master, let me go with you to Yalvaria!" Samuel's voice was urgent. "Last time they imprisoned you—who knows what they'll try next?"

Michael sighed. "I'm going back to settle old debts. You following me would only increase the danger."

"But going alone..."

"I'm going with you." Tessa pushed the door open, her tone calm but firm. "Master, this started because of me. There's no way I'm letting you face it alone."

Michael frowned. "Absolutely not. The Yalvaria Council already sees you as a threat. If you go, they'll use any excuse to target you."

"Then we face them together." She stepped forward, meeting his gaze. "You moved the headquarters to Montedra for me. Now that you're going back to clean up the mess, I have no right to sit back."

Samuel chimed in immediately. "Yeah, the three of us together are a lot safer than you going solo."

Michael looked between the two of them. Their eyes were clear and resolute. In the end, he gave in with a reluctant sigh. "Alright. Tomorrow morning's flight."

That evening, when Landon arrived to pick Tessa up and heard about the trip to Yalvaria, his expression darkened immediately.

"Can't you delay it?" he asked, gripping/her hand tightly. "The Nightshade Pack's annual Elders' Council is the day after tomorrow. It's about power distribution—it's bound by ancestral law. I can't miss it, not even virtually,"

He paused, his voice softening to a plea. "Just one day. Let me finish the meeting, and I'll go with you right after. Please?"

Tessa knew how important the Elders' Council was for an alpha. It wasn't just symbolic—it held real influence over the tribe's stability and power structure. Skipping it wasn't an option.

She rose on her toes and brushed a kiss against his lips. "I know how important it is. Don't worry—I've got Samuel and Master with me, I'll be fine."

"But Nathan... Landon still looked uneasy. The

thought of her stepping into Frost Pack territory made his chest tighten.

"He wouldn't dare," Tessa said, steady and sharp. She traced the wolf rune on the back of his hand with her fingertip. "Master has a stellar reputation in Yalvaria's medical world. Even the Council wouldn't touch him openly—let alone Nathan. With him beside me, I'm safer than I would be here."

"Besides," she continued, her tone hardening, "in Navoris, I'm tied down. I have to worry about civilians, about protecting Grandpa, about him using them against me. But in Yalvaria... that's different

Her eyes flashed with quiet ruthlessness. "That's his turf—and his weakness. If he tries anything, I won't hold back. I'll use everything I've got. The white wolf at full power is more than enough to finish a wounded alpha like him."

In enemy territory, she wouldn't need to protect bystanders. She wouldn't need to fear collateral damage. There, she could strike without restraint.

And this time, she would.

Chapter 603 Into the Lion's Den

Landon froze for half a second, caught off guard by her teasing bite to his throat, before a helpless smile tugged at his lips.

He knew how strong she was. But loving her meant fearing for her. He couldn't help it—not when every moment apart felt like standing on wire over fire.

Seeing the crease still between his brows, Tessa rose on her toes and bit lightly at his Adam's apple—his most vulnerable spot. The one place she knew would make him lose control.

His breath caught, and in the,,t, his

arms closed around her. He kisseri hez, Berce and

unrestrained.

When they finally broke apart, breathless, Landon leaned his forehead against hers, voice hoarse. "You really know how to get your way."

"Then promise me you won't get distracted," she whispered, brushing her fingers over the lines of tension at his brow. "Focus on your council meeting. I'll check in with you every day."

He hesitated, then gave in. "I'll have Nathaniel assign ten of our best guards to watch over you. All of them passed the silver trials—they'll never leave your side."

“Okay,” she agreed without protest.

He pressed a kiss to the top of her head, the weight of his fear slipping into his words. “Promise me. Be careful. I can’t bear another moment like last time—racing to get to you, only to find out I was too late.”

“I promise.” Tessa wrapped her arms around him, her chin resting on his shoulder. “I’ll be waiting for you in Yalvaria. Then we’ll come home together.”

They smiled at each other, and the emotion between them thickened until the air itself turned sweet. When two hearts beat in perfect rhythm, even silence felt warm. Their closeness, their breath, everything pulled them toward one another like gravity.

But miles away, in a luxury hotel suite, Nathan sat alone at the bar. A glass of amber whiskey hung between his fingers, the ice clinking softly against the glass.

He no longer drank wine. Only strong liquor could burn away the restless storm inside him.

Grant stood nearby, watching his alpha silently spiral. The most powerful man in the Frost Pack—brought low by obsession. For Nathan, Tessa was a craving carved into his bones, a wound that never scabbed. The more unreachable she became, the deeper he sank into the madness of needing her.

“Alpha, urgent news from Yalvaria. We need to return immediately,” Grant said, handing over an encrypted document.

Nathan downed the rest of his drink in a single swallow. His throat bobbed as he set the glass down. “Understood.”

Grant hesitated, then added, “Ms/Tessa will be flying to Yalvaria today too. Once she’s on our turf, we’ll have options.”

Nathan’s head snapped up. For the first time in days, his eyes brightened. “Are you certain?”

“Absolutely.”

He gave a low chuckle and drummed his fingers against the bar. “Then let’s go, Letver how long Lando can protect her once she’s in my territory”

At the airport terminal, Ysabel and Rebecca had come to see them off.

“Tessa, let me come with you. I’ve got nothing better to do” Ysabel pleaded, clinging to her hand. The thought of Nathan lurking in Yalvaria filled her with uncase.

Tessa smiled and shook her head. “We’re going to handle business. If you come, you’ll just be at risk. The best help you can give me is staying with Nathaniel and behaving”

“But-”

“Be good.” Tessa patted her hand, then turned to Rebecca. “We’ll be counting on you to look after things here.”

“Go without worry,” Rebecca nodded. Her eyes flicked to someone approaching from the side, and her shoulders eased.

Lina walked up, backpack slung over her shoulder, sunglasses obscuring half her face. “Made it just in time.

“What are you doing here?” Tessa raised a brow.

“Coming with you,” Lina said casually, slinging an arm around her. “If something happens to you, I’ll be there to catch a bullet. If something happens to me, you’ll pull me out. Fair trade.”

Tessa couldn’t help but laugh, heart warmed by the gesture. Some friendships needed no grand declarations.

As the trio walked through the security checkpoint, Ysabel tugged on Rebecca's sleeve.

"Lina's with them. They'll be okay... right?"

"They'll be fine," Rebecca murmured, eyes fixed on the disappearing figures ahead. "Tessa isn't someone you can push around."

Still, Yalvaria was Frost Pack territory.

And this trip—would not be an easy one.

Chapter 604 Baited

By the time their plane touched down at Yalvaria's capital, dawn had just begun to break over the horizon.

Michael led them through the quiet airport with practiced ease, guiding them to a secure safehouse near the regional division of the medical organization—a modest apartment outfitted with state-of-the-art security, personally configured by Lina. Its concealment was flawless.

"Rest for the day. Tomorrow at nine sharp, the council will send someone to escort me to headquarters," Michael said, taking off his glasses and rubbing his brow. "You two will come with me. Lina stays here."

The innermost sectors of the Wolf Medical Organization's HQ were restricted to those with special clearance. Despite Lina's talents, she hadn't been entered into the system's database and lacked the required

access.

Lina just shrugged, completely unbothered. “Perfect. I’ll stay and guard the place, maybe hack into Yalvaria’s surveillance grid while I’m at it. Give you some backup.”

The next morning, Tessa and Samuel accompanied Michael as he boarded the council’s vehicle.

Back at the apartment, Lina remained alone.

Stretching out lazily, she decided to head out for some local breakfast—not out of distrust for delivery, but from habit. Years of surviving in dangerous environments had made her obsessively cautious about sourcing her own food.

The breakfast shop at the street corner had just opened its doors. Lina had barely placed her order when someone familiar stepped inside.

Nathan.

He wore a dark coat, absentmindedly spinning two silver exercise balls in his hand. His eyes scanned the room once—then landed squarely on her.

Her breath caught. She instinctively looked away, but it was already too late.

“Tessa’s friend, right?” Nathan slid into the seat across from her, a faint, unreadable smile playing on his lips. “What a coincidence.”

Lina forced herself to remain composed, raising her water glass to hide her panic. “You’ve got the wrong person.”

“Oh?” Nathan cocked a brow, spinning the silver balls faster between his fingers. “Funny... you’ve got the same fire in your bones she does. I can smell it.”

Then he raised his hand casually.

Outside, Grant stepped in with several men, blocking the entrance.

Lina's instincts screamed. She bolted from her seat and rushed toward the back exit—but Nathan was faster.. He caught her wrist in an iron grip, his fingers digging into bone.

“Let go!” she snapped, trying to use the micro–shock device on her belt. But Nathan easily snatched it away and tossed it to the floor.

“Don't struggle.” He nodded toward Grant, who produced a syringe. “Be smart. Cooperate, and you'll stay in

one piece

The needle pricked her skin. Dizziness hit her like a freight train. Her limbs went slack.

As she was dragged out of the shop and shoved into a black car, the last thing she heard was Nathan voice low and cold:

“Tessa cares about you. If you're with me—she'll come.”

At 10 a.m., while Tessa was navigating political landmines beside Michael in the council chamber, her phone vibrated once.

It was the emergency signal Lina had helped her set up—just one ping before it went dead.

Her chest clenched.

“I need the restroom,” she muttered and stepped out, immediately dialing Lina's number.

“Phone is off,” the voice recording said coldly.

Samuel followed her out and saw her pale expression. "What's wrong?"

"Lina's gone dark." Tessa's fingers were cold. She opened her compact computer, attempting to trace Lina's signal—but it had been wiped clean.

"Her phone's been destroyed."

Michael exited the council room just in time to see their tense faces.

"What's going on?"

"Lina's been taken," Tessa said flatly, forcing herself to stay composed. "And the only one who could make her vanish like that is Nathan."

Sure enough, later that afternoon, her private line rang.

A number she didn't recognize.

"Tessa," came Nathan's voice, smooth and eerily pleased. "It's been too long."

"What do you want?" Her tone was ice.

"Your friend is staying with me," he said lightly. "Very well-behaved."

"Let her go."

"I will," he said, almost laughing. "On one condition."

His voice dropped.

“You come see me. Alone. Just you and me. Let’s have a chat.”

Chapter 605 The Price of Obsession

“Nathan, if you touch a single hair on her head, I’ll tear your entire Frost Pack apart.

“Oh, don’t be so fierce,” he replied lightly, as if amused. “I just wanted to see you. After all... I’ve prepared a rather special gift.”

The call ended with a soft click.

Tessa’s fist clenched at her side, knuckles white. Samuel watched her with concern. “What now? Should we call Landon?”

“Not yet.” Tessa shook her head. Landon was in the middle of the Elders’ Council—he couldn’t afford distraction. “I’m calling someone else.”

She dialed a secured line. The voice on the other end was aged and cautious.

“Tessa?”

“Nathan took my friend,” she said bluntly. “I know you want him to get help. We can make a deal.”

There was a pause on the other end. Jeremy was clearly weighing his options.

“What kind of deal?”

“You release Lina, and I’ll ensure Nathan sees the psychiatrist you’ve chosen.” Tessa’s voice was calm but firm. “You know as well as I do—if this keeps going, he’ll destroy the Song family. You can’t afford that.”

She understood Nathan’s obsession. His mind had fractured the day his former Luna died. Since then, he’d spiraled into a darkness that no one had dared pull him from.

A long sigh came through the line. “Fine. I agree. But you must swear—you won’t harm him.”

“As long as he stops acting like a lunatic, I have no interest in killing him.”

As she said the words, her fingers tapped the edge of the table, cold light still flickering in her eyes.

Samuel, standing silently nearby, understood the truth behind her composed tone. It was a temporary lie- a move to pacify Jeremy.

When she ended the call, he asked in a low voice, “You really plan to spare Nathan?”

“I’ll spare him,” Tessa said with a mirthless smile, her eyes sliding over the Frost Pack’s power structure map on her screen, “but I never said I’d spare the Frost Pack.”

She only agreed not to kill Nathan to secure Lina’s release.

Nathan and Jeremy were two of a kind—one who threatened the Thorne family and used her and Landon as pawns, and one who once sent assassins to take her life. From the start, she had never intended to let either of them walk away unscathed.

Two hours later, Lina was dropped off at the doorstep of the medical organization’s division.

When she saw Tessa, her jaw tightened. “Nathan said even if he let me go, he’d still find a way to keep you in Yalvaria.”

“He

won't get the chance. Tessa caught her as she stumbled, her voice calm but filled with unshakable resolve. “Get some rest. What comes next... we plan carefully.

That night. Landon called.

The video feed showed his face drawn with fatigue from the council meeting, but the moment he saw her his expression softened. “Lina—she's alright?”

“I just got her back,” Tessa said, propping the phone up to show Lina on the couch, sipping porridge. “I struck a deal with Jeremy. He let her go, I promised to get Nathan into therapy.

Landon's brows lifted, instantly catching her meaning. “Nathaniel already sent you the Frost Pack infrastructure files?”

“Mmhmm,” she said, pulling them up again. Her fingers tapped the screen, stopping at a key node. “Their energy mines are tied closely to the council's interests. If we sever that connection—”

“Leave the rest to me.” Landon's voice dropped, laced with steel. The aura of the obsidian crystal darkwolf rolled through the screen. “The council has passed the motion. We're cleared to initiate a purge. As soon as I wrap up here, I'm flying to Yalvaria.”

In their world, a “purge” was never just a formal reprimand.

Tessa met the darkness in his eyes and nodded. “I'll wait for you.”

After the call ended, Lina set down her bowl.

“So... it's time?”

“Yeah.” Tessa closed the laptop. “Nathan will live. Just long enough to watch Frost Pack crumble.”

She had never intended to show mercy. This would be no swift retribution.

Her revenge would be total.

He would lose everything—his power, his name, his family—left trapped in the wreckage of his obsession, doomed to drown in the madness that had once driven him.

Only then would he understand what it truly meant to suffer.

And only with the fall of the Frost Pack would justice be done.

Chapter 606 The Gathering Storm

As the private jet pierced through the clouds, Landon stood by the window, his fingertips sliding across the tablet that displayed Stephen’s interrogation footage.

On the screen, Stephen raged hysterically, and the plan to poison Montedra was laid bare. Buried within his hidden details was even evidence of collusion with Frost Pack’s Nathan.

Landon’s eyes darkened. He hadn’t expected Nathan to be so deeply involved in the poisoning plot against the Montedra wolves.

That only meant he deserved death even more.

“Encrypt this dossier and send it to the International Wolf Alliance database,” Landon said as he turned to Nathaniel. His finger tapped hard on the entry marked Nathan’s involvement in the attempted murder of Landon. “Synchronize it with the forces in Yalvaria. I want the entire wolf race to know exactly how the Frost Pack conspired with executioners.”

Before Nathaniel could finish pulling up the transmission interface, Hudson handed over the map he had compiled of Frost Pack's territorial strongholds. "Alpha, we've triple-checked the defense layout of the mines. The northwest ventilation shaft is the only blind spot, but we'll need someone stationed outside to cover it."

Cameron added, "I've contacted underground factions in Yalvaria. They're willing to cut the mines' external communications if we give them some incriminating material on Nathan's family in return."

Landon nodded. "Send the files. Let them move according to plan."

Just then, his private communicator lit up with an incoming video request. It was Tessa.

The moment he connected, her face appeared on the screen with a faint smile. "I heard you exposed Stephen and the Frost Pack's crimes? The Yalvaria council is in total chaos right now—anti-council factions are staging sit-ins in front of their headquarters. We finally have legitimate grounds to strike Frost Pack."

"Keep the council busy—it'll buy us room to move." Landon's voice softened without him realizing as he caught the weariness in her eyes. "How's your side holding up?"

"Lina's perfectly fine. She's helping me hack into the mine's defense system as we speak." Tessa turned the camera briefly toward Lina on the sofa before focusing back on him, her tone sharpening. "We've also found a weakness in the Frost Pack elders' castle defenses. We're ready whenever you are."

"Three hours at most." Landon's fingertip brushed her face on the screen. "Wait for me."

By the time the plane touched down at a Yalvaria safehouse, dusk had fallen thick.

Tessa stood under the floodlights of the airstrip, waiting. The moment Landon stepped off the ramp with Nathaniel, Hudson, and Cameron at his back, she went forward to meet him. He crossed through the line of assembled warriors and stopped before her, lifting a hand immediately to brush her hair. "You've lost weight."

“It’s only been two days. How could I?” Tessa rose on her toes to hug him, her nose brushing against the cold lingering on his coat. “Lina says the mine’s guards have been replaced with deathsworn, Frost Pack loyalists. They won’t be easy to deal with.”

At this point, there was no reason for Tessa to keep her strength in the shadows.

She gestured behind her. “These are my friends in Yalvaria. They’ll fight alongside Nightshade Pack’s elite.

Landon’s gaze followed her gesture. Behind her stood more than a dozen figures of varying builds, each emanating the hardened aura of veterans.

The man at the front bore calluses across his palm from years of gripping blades, the hilt of a silver dagger glinting faintly at his waist. At his side, a woman’s fingertips shimmered with a pale blue sheen—clearly an adept in poisoncraft.

The air around them held the restrained yet cutting edge of wolf warriors who had seen countless battles. None of them were ordinary.

“All good hands.” Landon’s eyes flashed with approval. Then he clasped Tessa’s hand firmly and said in a low voice, “The mine is treacherous terrain. It hides Frost Pack’s energy core and will be the most heavily defended. I’ll take Nathaniel and the elite unit to bring it down. Hudson and Cameron know intelligence interception inside out—they’ll stay with you. The elders’ castle may be their den, but Lina’s already cracked their defense grid. It’s safer in comparison. Take the rest and hold the castle. Don’t let them escape through the back. Once I’ve cleared the mine, I’ll come to you.”

Chapter 607 The Battle of the Wolf Kings

She tilted her head up at him, worry flashing in her eyes. “The mines are too dangerous. What if we switch?”

“Be good.” Landon lowered his head and pressed a kiss to her forehead, his thumb brushing her cheek. “This isn’t just about you and Nathan. As Montedra’s alpha king, it’s my duty to avenge my people. This kind of fight belongs to me. Guarding the retreat is the greatest help you can give me.”

“Alright.” Tessa didn’t argue further. She knew this battle was tied to the war between two nations.

Before Landon and Nathaniel led their squads toward the mines, Hudson had already uploaded a blueprint: of the elders’ castle to Tessa’s terminal. “Ms. Tessa, we’ve marked the underground tunnels in red. Nathan will likely use them to move the elder council. Cameron will hold the tunnel entrance.” Cameron patted the signal beacon at his waist. “If anything happens, we’ll send a signal immediately. You just focus on leading the search in the archives.”

As night deepened, Landon’s team vanished into the mountains.

Tessa, with Hudson and Cameron at her side, led the remaining Nightshade warriors to the outskirts of the Frost pack elders’ castle.

The mountain winds cut sharp and cold in the darkness. Searchlights from the mines cast harsh beams through the night.

Crouched on the ridge, Landon checked his watch as the hands struck midnight. “Nathaniel, cut the power.”

Darkness swallowed the mine. As the emergency lights flickered on, the Nightshade pack surged in like a flood.

The Frost pack guards were ready, clashing immediately in brutal combat.

Landon led his elite straight toward the crystal vault. The oppressive might of the Obsidian Crystal Wolf radiated from him, leaving Frost pack soldiers weak at the knees, struggling even to maintain their forms.

“Have Hudson jam their comms. Don’t let them call for reinforcements from the castle,” Landon ordered, kicking open the warehouse doors. “Nathaniel, send the vault’s coordinates to the anti-council forces. Tell them this is proof of Frost pack’s dealings with Stephen.”

Meanwhile, inside the elders' castle, Tessa slipped into the archives with her guards, Hudson and Cameron close behind.

Lina's virus had knocked out surveillance on schedule. In the pale emergency lights, rows of shelves revealed the Frost pack's hidden ledgers.

"Ms. Tessa," Hudson whispered, fingers flying over his miniature computer, "Cameron's secured the tunnel entrance. I cracked their comms—Nathan's already trying to move the core records."

Suddenly, footsteps echoed down the hall. Tessa motioned, and her squad melted into the shadows behind the shelves.

"Double the patrols! The alpha said those ledgers mean the survival of the pack. They must not be lost!" Two Frost pack guards passed by, wolf-blade spears glinting.

Once they were gone, Tessa gestured sharply. "Find the rosewood box marked 'Historic Transactions.

"Here!" A guard hefted a heavy box, packed with yellowed

ledgers. On the title page, records listed the Som

family funneling funds to Stephen and purchasing virus materials.

Tessa slipped the ledgers into a waterproof bag, then waved. "Set the fire. Project the pages onto the castle walls."

As flames roared skyward, the battle within the grounds grew fiercer.

The Frost pack fighters clung to the terrain, resisting with desperate ferocity. Tessa's Nightshade warriors, pressed hard, but the stalemate held.

Then from the ridge came a thunderous wolf–howl–Landon had arrived with his strike team, fresh from crushing the mines.

His gaze swept the battlefield, cold as steel. In an instant his true form burst forth, the massive Obsidian Crystal Wolf tearing through enemy lines as he lunged straight for Nathan, who was directing the defense. “Your end has come!”

Nathan, already furious over losing the mines, roared back. Silver–gray fur ripped across his frame as he shifted, claws slicing through the night with a deadly wind. “Landon! You’ll pay for destroying everything I built!”

Chapter 608 The Fall of the Frost Elders

The two giant wolves clashed in a violent storm of claws and fangs, their strikes cracking stone and sending shockwaves that forced warriors on both sides to stumble back.

From the flank, Nathan’s grandfather burst into the fray, leaning on a cane inlaid with wolf bone. With a flick, the hidden silver blade shot out, flashing cold as it drove straight for Landon’s back. “Touch the heir of the Song family, and you die!”

“Your opponent is me.”

A white wolf streaked across the battlefield like lightning. Tessa’s true form slammed into the strike, icy–blue eyes blazing. Her claws met the cane’s blade with a metallic spark. “Stop pretending you’re righteous.”

Nathan’s grandfather recoiled in shock and fury. “You broke the agreement! You swore to spare Siyan’s life!”

“Agreement?” Tessa’s laugh was sharp and cold. She lunged, pinning his shoulder with one heavy paw. “When you sent assassins after me, did you think about agreements? When you let Nathan poison thousands of wolves, did you care about rules?”

The old wolf's throat vibrated with a low growl. His aged frame surged with brutal energy as silver-gray fur tore through his robes. The last Frost alpha's true form unfurled, massive even with the weakness of age. His wolf eyes gleamed with malice. "Insolent girl! I ruled Frost pack for a hundred years. You think you can defy me?"

With a roar, the silver wolf's claws slashed down, stirring a gale that churned the ground into clouds of dust. Tessa's white wolf twisted aside, darting low. Her paw swept for his flank, only to be blocked by one of his thick hind legs. Sparks flew where their claws collided.

"Old fool," Tessa snarled, circling, her icy-blue gaze locked on his weak points. "Did you think your age would shield you?"

She lunged suddenly at his hind legs—the spot every elder wolf feared most. His balance faltered, and he crashed onto his side.

But his cunning had not withered. Using the momentum, he twisted and lunged, fangs aiming straight for her throat. "If I fall, I'll drag you with me!"

The white wolf jerked back just in time. Her paw slammed down on his spine, and with a savage snap she sank her teeth into the back of his neck.

The crack of a spine shattering echoed over the battlefield. The silver-gray wolf convulsed, then collapsed. lifeless. His eyes dimmed into nothing.

Tessa shook the blood from her claws, her gaze cold as ice. Then she wheeled toward the two wolves still locked in savage combat. "Landon, I'm here!"

Outside, the projection blazed across the castle walls—ledgers recording in damning detail: Funds to Stephen for virus research. Experiments using their own warriors. Forbidden blood sacrifice to restore the bond rings.

The Frost pack warriors froze, then erupted in outrage.

“We fought and died to protect this? They’re butchers who poison their own!”

A young soldier’s grip on his blade trembled as memories of his fallen brother filled his eyes

. “He died for

honor... but they traded our blood for profit. This isn’t honor!”

A maniches

“That’s the elder’s handwriting! He signed off on using us as test subjects!” another guard shouted His wolf- blade clattered to the ground. “I renounce the Frost pack! This clan isn’t worth my loyalty!”

“Nathan doesn’t deserve to be our alpha!”

The cry spread like wildfire. Weapons fell to the ground. Packs of warriors turned, not just surrendering but striking at Nathan’s loyalists.

“Down with Nathan’s family! Cleanse the Frost pack’s name!”

Chapter 609 The End of Frost Pack

Nathan’s silver–gray eyes brimmed with blood as he watched his clansmen defect one by one, the white wolf closing in with deadly calm. “Tessa! Must you drive me into a corner? My feelings for you–were they all false?”

“Your so–called feelings are drenched in innocent blood.” Tessa stood shoulder to shoulder with Landon, white wolf and obsidian wolf forming a deadly pincer. “From the moment you chose poison and slaughter, you sealed your fate.”

Nathan howled and lunged, his wolf form a storm of claws and fangs. Landon's Obsidian Crystal Wolf met him head-on, their bodies colliding with a thunderous crack. They rolled across the bloodied ground, locked in a brutal struggle. Just as Nathan's claws slashed for Landon's throat, Tessa's white wolf flashed forward, her paw clamping hard around his neck.

"Get off me!" Nathan roared, thrashing wildly, but Landon seized his foreleg in powerful jaws. Together, the two wolves slammed him to the dirt, pinning him down. Nathan fought like a beast gone mad, his silver fur caked with blood and mud, despair blazing in his eyes. "I won't accept this! Tessa—what right do you have to judge me?"

"By the blood on your hands." Tessa pressed harder, her ice-blue gaze merciless. "By the innocent lives you destroyed."

Landon planted his paw on Nathan's head, voice like steel. "In the name of the International Wolf Alliance, you are under arrest for poisoning, for murder, for betrayal of your own."

As his words fell, the thunder of boots shook the ground. A column of silver-armored enforcers marched into the courtyard, their commander lifting a writ. "Nathan. You will stand trial before the Alliance Tribunal." Chains forged for wolfkind clamped around Nathan's limbs, and with a final, defeated snarl, he was dragged away.

Amid the ruins of the castle, Tessa picked up the bloodied ledgers and handed them to Hudson. "These are enough to bury them forever in the tribunal."

Dawn bled across the horizon. The banner of the Nightshade Pack rose high over Frost pack's keep. Landon walked to Tessa, brushing blood from her fur with a tenderness that defied the battlefield around them. "It's

over."

The white wolf shimmered and shrank into the form of a young woman. Tessa smoothed back her hair, gaze steady as it swept over surrendered warriors and the distant city skyline. "It's not over yet. There's still work to do."

Landon took her hand, thumb tracing the curve of her knuckles, his tone heavy with regret. “Forgive me, Tessa. The bonding ceremony we promised—it has to wait. There’s too much to set right here: Frost pack’s rebuilding, Yalvaria’s corruption, the council’s crimes.”

Tessa tilted her head up, no blame in her eyes. Instead, she rose on tiptoe to embrace him. “It doesn’t matter. This is for life. A ceremony can wait.”

“You deserve better.” Landon held her close, chin resting on her hair. “I’ll finish this quickly. Then I’ll give you a ceremony worthy of you.”

“Alright.”

In the weeks that followed, Landon remained in Yalvaria to oversee the aftermath. With the Alliance, he rebuilt Frost pack’s leadership, cared for the innocent warriors caught in the storm, and gathered evidence

against the councilors who shielded Stephen.

Tessa left her covert guards behind to aid him, ensuring the transition held firm. Then she returned to Montedra, sliding back into her white lab coat, focusing on her medical studies as though war had never touched her.

Between classes, she assisted Michael’s team in wolf medicine, lending her knowledge of both human science and wolf physiology to research treatments for the survivors still suffering from the virus.

Life moved quietly, steadily. And as the weeks turned into a month, the smoke of war seemed to fade into the distance—though both knew the future still held battles of a different kind.

Chapter 610 The Ceremony Approaches

The reorganization of Yalvaria’s Frost pack was finally complete. A new leadership council had submitted its reform plan to the International Wolf Alliance, while the Yalvaria parliament, disgraced for shielding traitors, was under full investigation. Several long-standing lawmakers had already resigned in shame.

That evening, after finishing her shift at the medical organization, Tessa's phone lit up. Landon's video call came through.

On the screen, he stood upon the terrace of what had once been Frost pack's castle, now claimed as Nightshade territory. Behind him, a thousand stars glittered over the night sky. His eyes shone with something even brighter—expectation.

"It's done," he said, his voice steady yet tinged with joy. "Everything here is wrapped up. Our bonding ceremony... it can finally begin."

He had waited so long for this moment—to stand with Tessa before their people, to seal their fate as destined mates, and to brand his alpha's mark on her neck so that all wolves would know she belonged only to him.

Tessa studied him through the screen, her lips curving as her fingertip brushed across his image. "All prepared?"

"Every last detail." His deep voice softened, threaded with a smile though his tone was grave. "Nathaniel has coordinated the ceremony. The venue is set atop Nightshade's sacred mountain, and the Alliance elders have confirmed they will attend." He paused, gaze never leaving hers. "This time, nothing will delay us."

Her heart warmed at the resolve in his eyes. "Good. Then I'll wait for you."

After the call ended, she lingered, staring at a photograph of the two of them together on her phone screen. Her fingertip traced his face in the picture. The summer night breeze drifted in through the lab window, carrying warmth, as though she could already smell the grass and flowers that would blanket the sacred mountain when the day came.

Three days later, Landon returned from Yalvaria.

The duties of integration and the parliament inquiry were left in Hudson and Cameron's hands, their teams staying behind to ensure Frost pack's restructuring held firm. Landon, freed from those chains, poured himself wholly into the preparations for the grand ritual.

The Nightshade elders had already gathered at the castle, holding the records of bonding ceremonies across generations of alphas, debating solemnly over which traditions would set the proper tone.

At the foot of the sacred mountain, bonfires had been burning for seven nights straight. According to ancient rite, the flames purified the ground before any vow could be spoken. Each dawn, Nathaniel and the elders recited prayers, their voices echoing among the cliffs. From the ancient pines that crowned the mountain, ribbons of every color fluttered, and lilies of the valley—Tessa’s favorite—were laid in fresh paths along the stone-paved trails, their petals damp with morning dew.

own hands. He

Landon dismissed nearly every other responsibility, determined to shape this day with his combed through old manuscripts, noting every stage of the rite the dawn offering, the noon witness of the elders, and at last, the twilight exchange of marks. Each step was written on parchment with meticulous notes—and beside them, small wolf paw sketches he had drawn himself.

When Tessa saw the pages over a call, she couldn’t help but laugh softly. “Isn’t it a bit too much? It’s just us. We don’t need so many rules.”

On the screen, Landon stood at the altar, dusted with grass from his day’s work. His expression was unwavering. “It must be done properly. My Luna deserves nothing less. He turned, pointing to the crystal dais at the center of the altar. “See this? It was carved from the energy crystals of Nightshade alphas across the centuries. During the bonding, it will stand between us, anchoring the mark to our souls.

Her heart softened at the reverence in his tone. “Then I’ll come straight after finishing work with the medical team next week. And I’ll choose my dress myself.”

When the call ended, Tessa opened the drawer beside her bed. Inside lay the silver wolf-shaped pendant Landon had given her ahead of the ceremony. She lifted it gently, fingers brushing over the engraving on the back:

“In the name of the Moon Goddess—never apart.”