

## Wolfless 611

### Chapter 611 The Luna's Arrival

Before dawn broke, laughter had already risen from the sacred mountain, rolling down the slopes as the Nightshade wolves prepared for the great day.

In the Sinclair family villa, however, the atmosphere was hushed with anticipation. Tessa sat before her mirror, dressed in a pale moon-white gown embroidered with silver wolf patterns. Her long hair had been braided intricately, adorned with pearls and feathers. She looked every bit the Luna she was about to become.

“Nervous?” Lina asked, smoothing the folds of her skirt.

Ysabel, clutching a spare veil, beamed brightly. “I’m going to stand right up front for the ceremony! Uncle was so nervous last night he messaged me at midnight to ask whether the Luna’s ribbons should be tied in a bow or a knot. I laughed at him for hours.”

Heat crept up Tessa’s cheeks. She gave Ysabel a look. “Stop teasing. Just call me the same as always.”

“No way!” Ysabel’s grin widened as she twirled the veil. “After today you’ll officially be my aunt, and I can’t mess that up. Besides, if Uncle hears I didn’t call you right, he’ll punish me by making me copy the pack laws.”

Camille chimed in, laughing. “For her sake, Tessa, you’ll just have to accept it.”

Their chatter dissolved the tension that had been coiling in the room.

The light mood faltered when Yardley and Lila entered. Their smiles were too forced, too rehearsed.

“Tessa,” Yardley said quickly, rubbing his hands together, “once you’re bonded, you’ll be Luna of Nightshade. With this union, the Sinclair family will rise in Navoris. You’ll put in a word for us with the alpha, won’t you?”

“Yes,” Lila rushed to agree. “Your grandfather always dreamed you’d have a fine match. Now that you’re marrying into Nightshade, it brings honor to the whole family.”

Tessa didn’t turn. Her fingers brushed the wolf pendant at her throat as she replied evenly, “This bond is between Landon and me. If the Sinclairs want to stand tall, it should be through their own strength, not by clinging to a marriage.”

She rose and crossed the room to the photo wall. There, her grandfather’s portrait hung in traditional wolf garb, his smile warm and kind.

Softly, she whispered, “Grandpa, today I’ll bond with Landon. He’s good to me, and he’ll protect me all my life. Don’t worry. I’ll be happy.”

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A beam of sunlight broke through the window, casting gold across the frame, as if in silent blessing.

The doorbell rang. Camille rushed to open it, her laughter spilling down the hall. “Mr. Thorne is here!”

At the threshold stood Landon, dressed in a dark formal suit, the wolf-shaped insignia pinned to his chest matching the one at Tessa’s neck/Behind him, Nathaniel and the Nightshade guards waited in formation.

The moment he saw her, his composure faltered, tension betraying itself in the faint flush that touched his ears. But he straightened anyway, extending his hand. “I’ve come to take you.”

Ysabel skipped forward and tugged his sleeve. “Doesn’t my aunt look beautiful today?”

Landon’s gaze lingered on Tessa, so tender it seemed it might overflow. He nodded once, firmly

. “The most beautiful.”

Her heart fluttered under his stare. She nudged his arm, embarrassed.

Yardley and Lila crowded forward to exchange pleasantries, but Landon only gave them a polite nod, his focus unwavering. He did not breathe freely until Tessa placed her hand into his, and then his voice dropped low. "Let's go."

The convoy pulled away from Sinclair territory toward the sacred mountain.

Through the car window, the passing landscape blurred into light and shadow. Landon's hand closed tightly around hers, his thumb brushing over her knuckles. "When I saw you at the door just now, I thought I was dreaming."

Tessa leaned into him with a smile. "So did I."

To him, her hand felt like the very heart of the world. He held it as though it might vanish if he let go, guarding this long-fought, hard-won joy as though even the wind might try to take it from him.

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By the time the motorcade reached the mountainside, sunlight had already spilled across the pine forest.

A red carpet stretched from the parking grounds all the way up to the altar. On either side, the spectator seats were already filled.

The members of Avery Band, dressed in matching silver-gray suits, were tuning their instruments. Sinclair Corporation's Donald sat in the front row with his executives, holding a gift etched with wolf totems. Harper from Beauty Lux adjusted her elegant gown with her sisters fussing nervously at her side. Samuel leaned close to Michael in quiet conversation, while Rosa lifted her camera, eager to capture every moment of the sacred day.

From every corner of life, friends had gathered for this celebration.

The Nightshade wolves turned out in full force. The elders of the Thorne family sat in the place of honor at the very front. Landon's father, always a stern presence, now wore the most solemn ancient robes of the pack. For once, even his strong gaze shimmered, eyes reddening as he looked toward the red carpet.

On the right, representatives of the newly reformed Frost Paek sat respectfully, with crystals of power glowing softly before them – both as gifts and as pledges of allegiance.

Hand in hand, Tessa and Landon walked the carpet. Along the path, wolves rose in unison, bowing and sending blessings that rolled like waves.

Lina and Ysabel flanked Tessa, fussing with her gown, while Camille followed closely with a small case of cosmetics, ready at a moment's notice.

Sunlight filtered through the pines and scattered over her skirts, the silver wolf patterns shimmering as though alive, mirroring the subtle designs woven into Landon's dark attire.

"So many people," Tessa whispered, fingers tightening slightly.

Even after all she had endured, nerves struck her in this moment.

Landon squeezed her hand and bent closer, voice low against her ear. "Don't be afraid. Just look at me."

At the foot of the altar, they paused for a moment of rest. Elders from the Thorne family stepped forward, their expressions warm.

"Good girl," Darren, the family's representative, said with a smile, offering a brocade box. "From this day, -you are one of us. This heirloom of the Thorne family is yours. May you and Landon be bound forever."

Tessa accepted it with a courteous nod, passing it back to Lina for safekeeping.

Then the bell of the Nightshade high/priest tolled, announcing the arrival of noon.

“The bonding ceremony begins!” the herald’s voice carried across the mountain, magnified for all to hear.

Landon clasped Tessa’s hand once more, and together they ascended the altar.

Beneath their feet, the ancient stone slabs shimmered with faint golden light, stirred by the weight of their wolf auras. In the center, the sacred flame burned high, stretching their shadows long against the stones.

A hush swept the crowd. Only the whisper of wind in the pines and the faint stirrings of instruments

remained.

At the altar stood the Nightshade high priest alongside an elder of the international wolf council. Raising the bone scepter passed down through countless generations, the priest’s voice rang out, aged yet filled with

power.

“In the name of the Moon Goddess, before the ancestors of the Nightshade Pack, we bear witness to the bonding of Alpha Landon and the White Wolf, Tessa.”

will you, by blood oath, vow to protect her for life,

He turned to Landon. “Landon, Alpha of Nightshade honor her as light, and never bind her in chains of status?”

Landon raised his right hand, and the aura of the Obsidian Crystal Wolf burst forth. At once, the crystals of the sacred mountain ignited, weaving a brilliant band of light across the altar.

“I vow it! To her alone – in life and in death, never apart!”

The priest then turned to Tessa, his tone softening. “White Wolf Tessa – will you, by soul’s bond, vow to stand at his side, trust him as your light, and share with him both the shadow and the glory?”

Her gaze lingered on Landon. The unwavering strength and tenderness in his eyes kindled warmth in her chest. Blue–white energy gathered in her palm, forming a small glowing orb.

“I vow it! To walk with him, until eternity.”

At her words, Avery Band’s music swelled gently, carrying the emotion to every corner of the mountain.

Now came the most sacred moment

–

the exchange of marks.

## Chapter 613 The Eternal Bond

Landon lowered his head toward the curve of her neck, his nose brushing gently against her skin with the tenderness of a man cradling fragile treasure.

His fangs pierced delicately, injecting the pure force of his alpha power into her veins. A golden wolf-shaped mark slowly bloomed against her skin, radiating with a warm glow.

“Your turn, my mate,” he whispered, voice husky, tilting his head to bare his gland to her.

Tessa rose on her toes. The energy of the White Wolf flowed through her fangs, seeping into his blood. An ice–blue sigil took form at his neck, weaving with the obsidian mark that had long been there, the two flowing together like a living canvas.

When both marks shone in unison, the crystal dais at the altar erupted in light. The ancient pines showered needles in a hushed cascade, as if the Wolf God from above had bent low to give them blessing.

“It is done!” The high priest struck his staff hard against the stone, voice booming. “From this day forth, Tessa is Luna of the Nightshade Pack, and with Alpha Landon she shall share both honor and burden!”

Landon immediately clasped Tessa’s hand, his gaze sweeping across the mountain before thundering out: “Tessa is not only my Luna. She is the brightest light of my life, the comrade who fought by my side! In Nightshade Pack she holds equal power with me; in every decision she has equal voice. She may rule with me if she wishes, or follow her own dreams if she chooses—whether in medicine, or any world she wishes to walk.”

He looked down at her, his voice firm, his eyes full of tender gravity. “She will always be Tessa, unique and unbound. Not chained by the title of Luna, not changed for anyone’s sake. Nightshade Pack is honored by her existence—and I, I am only fortunate to walk at her side.”

Applause and howls erupted like thunder. Warriors struck their staffs to the earth in rhythm, echoing blessings through the pines. Guests rose to their feet, their clapping swelling into cheers that rolled across the mountainside.

Landon pulled her close, his voice trembling low against her ear. “I love you, my mate.”

She clung to him, smiling through tears. “And I love you, my alpha.”

By dusk, flames blazed at the base of the altar.

Wolves circled the bonfire, dancing their war dance with wild joy, drums and howls weaving into a triumphant symphony.

At the altar’s edge, Landon drew her into his side, shielding her from the breeze that brushed her tender mark. His fingers rubbed lightly over the glowing sigil, his voice rough with concern. “Does it still hurt?” He bent, kissing the spot, unable to mask the ache in his heart.

Though he had been as gentle as possible, the moment his fangs pierced her, his palms had still sweated with fear.

Tessa shook her head, resting against his shoulder, eyes on the revelry below. "Look, the Frost wolves are louder than your Nightshade ones."

By the fire, Frost's new alpha raised a cup in toast, and warriors of both packs—once locked in bitter

enmity—now clasped shoulders and sang the ancient wolf songs together, faces bright in firelight with unguarded laughter.

Nathaniel strode up with a grin, Hudson and Cameron at his side, each holding cups brimming with clear mountain liquor. "Alpha, Luna—this one's for you!" Nathaniel's eyes sparkled as he handed them their cups "Brewed from the springs of the sacred mountain. Drink it, and you'll have good fortune all your lives.

Landon accepted. He and Tessa twined their arms, drinking together.

The taste of cool spring water and wild fruit spread sweet across their tongues, warming their hearts as much as their throats.

Night deepened. The stars above the mountain blazed, the star burning brightest of all. Landon held Tessa close, chin resting on her hair, fingers brushing her mark. "The nights here always felt too cold. Tonight I finally know—it was because I had no one to warm them."

Tessa lifted her face and kissed him, her tongue tracing his lips. Her voice was steady, soft but firm. "Every night from now on, I'll be here. I'll fight beside you. I'll share your honor. I'll walk through the years with you."

The fire painted their clasped hands in red glow, while the golden and blue sigils at their necks glimmered like twin flames beneath the stars.

This was never an ending. It was the prologue to their rebirth.

Whatever storms or battles awaited, they would face them like this—back to back, light to light, vows unbroken, turning their love forged in war into a legend that would never fade.