

## Wolfless 11

### Chapter 11 Shadows of the Past: Tessa's Awakening

After finishing her assignment, Tessa sat on her bed and began playing a game.

A knock at the door interrupted her. She got up and opened it.

"Tessa, it's me," came her grandfather's voice.

Hearing him, Tessa stepped aside to let Walter in. "Grandpa, what's wrong?"

Walter leaned on her for support as he entered the room.

"Tessa, tell me what really happened five years ago. You're my granddaughter, and I won't let those who wronged you go unpunished."

"Grandpa, you don't need to worry about it. I can handle it myself." Walter was already old; there was no need for him to stress over her troubles..

"I know you've been hurt," Walter said with a heavy heart. "Five years ago, I wasn't here to protect you. But now that I'm back, no one will dare bully you. Focus on your studies and leave everything else to me." He handed her a card. "Take this. If you need anything, buy it. If the money runs out, I'll give you more. Don't let yourself suffer, understand? A girl your age should enjoy dressing up and being happy."

Tessa's throat tightened at the warmth she hadn't felt in so long. Even someone as strong as her couldn't help but feel touched.

"Thank you, Grandpa."

Although she was already far wealthier than the entire Sinclair family combined, she couldn't bring herself to refuse his kindness.

That afternoon, as soon as Tessa arrived at school, Lina called her yet again.

Finding a quiet corner, Tessa answered.

"Phantom, did you offend someone recently?" Lina asked.

"I offend people every day," Tessa replied dryly. Even if she didn't provoke anyone, trouble always found

her.

"Do

you

know Thorne Corp? They're looking into you. It's all over the Lightwing Order."

"Thorne Corp?" Tessa's tone remained nonchalant. "Got it."

"Be careful. Thorne Corp isn't someone you want to mess with. In Montedra, no corporation is more powerful than them. And their CEO, Landon, is the alpha of the Nightshade Pack—the strongest werewolf on the continent

"I know." Tessa still didn't seem fazed. "Don't contact me for a while."

Before Lina could respond, Tessa hung up.

For her grandfather's sake, she wanted a few peaceful, ordinary days.

Returning to class, Tessa noticed the odd looks from her classmates but paid them no mind.

Queenie smirked when she saw Tessa. Whether it was five years ago or now, Tessa always managed to

irritate her.

After the first class ended, Tessa got up to head to the restroom. A girl from the row ahead followed her.

"Tessa, hi! I'm Ysabel Thome," the girl said cheerfully. She was petite, with a cute demeanor and large, sparkling eyes.

Tessa acknowledged her with a brief nod but didn't stop walking.

"Wait. Tessa!" Ysabel called, struggling to keep up with Tessa's longer stride.

"What is it?" Tessa asked, sensing no malice from the girl.

"They posted photos of you fighting on the school forum. You looked so cool!" Ysabel's face lit up with admiration.

"Photos?" Tessa asked, narrowing her eyes.

Ysabel handed her phone over.

“Can I follow you? Please?” Ysabel asked with a grin.

“No.”

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Tessa scanned the photos, seeing the forum filled with discussions about her past—accusations of her being unruly and shameless.

“Tessa, don’t let it bother you. These people are just gossiping—they don’t know anything.” Ysabel said earnestly.

“Go back. Don’t hang around me,” Tessa replied curtly.

“Why not? I really like you!” Ysabel wasn’t deterred by Tessa’s cold demeanor.

Tessa found herself unable to dislike Ysabel, who seemed harmless and genuine. She shrugged and let the girl tag along.

“Tessa, will you teach me how to fight?” Ysabel asked with wide, hopeful eyes. “I don’t have a wolf either, but I want to be as cool as you!”

“No.

“Why not?” Ysabel pouted. “Do you not like me?”

“No.”

“Why not? Am I not cute enough? Ysabel teased, flashing a playful smile.

When Tessa didn’t respond, Ysabel continued undeterred. “It’s okay. You’ll like me once you get to know me better.”

Meanwhile, in the classroom, Queenie watched the pair with disdain.

“Queenie, look! Ysabel is hanging out with Tessa,” a classmate pointed out.

“Hmph, that Ysabel. She needs a lesson to learn who’s in charge of this class,” Queenie said coldly. “I’ll make sure everyone isolates and bullies Tessa until she forced to leave Navoris.”

“Got it. Anyone who hangs out with Tessa can’t be any good,” another girl chimed in. Many resented Ysabel’s beauty and academic success, which were wasted on someone without a prestigious family background—or a wolf.

When the bell rang, Ysabel followed Tessa back into the classroom. Tessa sat in the last row, while Ysabel, being shorter, was seated in the third row, As Ysabel walked to her seat, someone stuck out a foot, tripping her.

Ysabel stumbled forward, but before she hit the ground Tessa turned swiftly and caught her.

“Who did that?” Tessa’s sharp gaze swept the room, silencing everyone instantly.

Ysabel, still shaken, glanced around nervously. She knew many in the class disliked Tessa, but she hadn't expected them to target her so soon.

Tessa, I'm fine," Ysabel said quickly, hoping to prevent a confrontation.

The girl who had tripped her, Yara Zane, hesitated but then stood up, trying to look defiant. "She tripped herself. What does it have to do with me? What, are you going to fight me?"

Tessa helped Ysabel stand before walking toward Yara with slow, deliberate steps.

"Apologize," she demanded, her voice icy and commanding.