

Wolfless 179

Chapter 179 Does It Matter?

“Winnic, are you okay? Did you get hurt? Tessa did this on purpose, didn’t you all see? She couldn’t get Connor, so now she’s targeting Winnic.”

“Tessa, how shameless are you?”

“Someone who hung out with Rogues at the age of 12, do you even have the face to speak? You’re so desperate that you couldn’t even hold yourself back in the school’s lab, doing such things, it’s downright disgusting.”

“It’s so embarrassing for a century–old school like Navoris High to have students like this.”

At that moment, all the girls in the cafeteria were united in anger, wishing they could throw Tessa out of Navoris High right then and there.

Ysabel was completely stunned. Tessa was clearly standing beside them, not doing anything.

It was clearly her who bumped into Winona, yet these people, without any reason, blamed everything on Tessa, and their words were so harsh.

“If you don’t need your eyes, maybe donate them to someone who actually does!” Ysabel couldn’t hold back any longer and shot back sarcastically, “I’m the one who bumped into Winona, not Tessa. You’re just using this as an excuse. Honestly, I’m starting to think those posts came from you guys.”

Besides, Winona had already awakened her wolf, so her senses were much sharper than someone who hadn’t.

Although Ysabel had accidentally bumped into her, based on Winona's reflexes, she could have easily avoided it.

Ysabel felt that Winona was intentionally standing still, trying to stir up anger.

Clearly, she succeeded.

"Does it matter who posted it? It's still the truth," one of the girls beside Winona spoke up.

"Does it matter? Once I find out, you'll wish you hadn't, Tessa sneered. These people really thought they could provoke her and walk away without consequences.

Normally, she ignored them because she thought it was beneath her to argue with them.

But these people actually thought she was afraid. That was laughable.

Winona's lips couldn't help but twitch. Even now, she still won't back down? Her reputation's tanking by the minute. Who's

actually going to accept her at this point?

Tessa glanced at Winona.

One look at that smug expression, and she knew exactly what Winona was thinking—she probably believed Tessa had nothing left, that she was powerless now.

Does she really think I'm still the same person I was five years ago? The one everyone could walk all over?

looking at her made Winona feel uneasy.

But then, she thought, there were no traces of her on the posts or the comments. Tessa couldn't do anything to her.

She didn't need to be afraid, because none of this had anything to do with her. She could just stand by and watch.

"Tessa, why are you looking at Winnie like that? Doing something so shameless yourself, and now you still dare to glare at people? Who do you think you are? There are so many people here, do you want to fight all of us?" Winona didn't need to say anything. Others spoke for her. She just needed to stand there, playing innocent, as she always did.

"Don't say it's just you guys here. Even if fifty more came, none of you would be a match for me. But fighting you would just dirty my hands," Tessa said coolly.

"Heh, you're just a worthless person without a wolf, who gave you the courage to say such things?"

"Just you? I could knock you down with a single finger!"

"Want to try?" Tessa lightly lifted her eyes, and an invisible pressure spread from her, as though invisible hands were gripping their throats, leaving them unable to speak.

Images of the previous scene flashed in their minds—a few girls from their class had been taught a lesson by Tessa when Nico had caused trouble, and they had been utterly helpless.

At the time, they mocked those girls, thinking that getting beaten by a powerless person without a wolf was an exaggeration, laughing at how useless they were.

But now, with the chilling aura surrounding Tessa, their doubts began to fade. They started to believe that Tessa really did have the ability to deal with all of them and could easily defeat them.

“Move.”

As soon as Tessa spoke, the people blocking her path automatically made way.

The few girls exchanged glances. Why are we listening to someone without a wolf, a so-called “nobody”? Is it just instinct?