Wolfless 20

Chapter 20 Court of Confrontation: The Alpha's Rising Flame.

The door opened, and Tessa saw York walking in, holding a bouquet of vibrant red roses.

She frowned. What is he doing here? Haven't I made my denterest clear enough?

"Ms. Sinclair, remember me? I heard you weren't feeling well, so I came right over to check on you. Are you okay?"

York had taken Queenie to school carlier when he overheard her mention Tessa being in the hospital. Immediately intrigued, he dug up Tessa's location.

Despite her tarnished reputation and lack of a wolf, her beauty was undeniable.

That face, that figure… She's exactly my type. I have to have her.

"And you are?" Tessa asked coldly, She didn't even want to waste energy pretending to be polite,

"I'm York! From the national basketball team,

" York said proudly. "I couldn't stand the thought of you being here alone, so I took the day off to keep you company."

That's unnecessary. You can leave now. Tessa's tone was sharp. Someone who was with Queenie couldn't possibly be worthwhile.

“Tessa. it was love at first sight! Please, give me a chance I’ll prove my sincerity to you, York said, attempting his most charming smile.

This man is revolting. Tessa’s frown deepened.

“Aren’t you Queenie’s boyfriend? How can you say something like that to me without feeling ashamed?”

“Queenie is just clingy. You wouldn’t believe how desperate she can be. Don’t worry–I’ll set things straight with her,” York replied smoothly. Compared to Tessa’s elegance, Queenie seemed plain and unremarkable.

“That’s your problem, not mine.”

“Tessa, I’ll show you how much I care.”

“You can go now,” Tessa said, her patience wearing thin

Her dismissiveness only fueled York’s interest. She’s got fire. I love a challenge.

As soon as York left, Landon returned, his sharp gaze immediately landing on the bouquet of roses on Tessa’s bedside table.

“Someone came by?” he asked, his tone neutral but probing

Trash. Tessa replied bluntly. Her disdain for York was unmistakable.

“Hmm.” Landon picked up the roses, walked over to the trash can, and dropped them it without hesitation.

Tessa didn’t object.

By noon, Tessa convinced the doctor to discharge her.

Landon, noticing how much she disliked the hospital, personally handled the paperwork and drove her back to Wisteria Apartment.

Once alone, Tessa summoned Emma, her wolf, and quickly healed herself fully.

That afternoon, now completely recovered, Tessa insisted on going to school with Ysabel

When they arrived, Queenie was waiting at the entrance with a group of her friends, glaring at Tessa like she was public enemy number one.

Tessa, stop right there!” Queenie yelled, her voice trembling with anger.

Earlier, York had broken up with Queenie, saying he was in love with Tessa and couldn’t continue their relationship.

Queenie was both heartbroken and furious.

It must be that shameless Tessa’s fault! She seduced York and made him leave me!

Tessa ignored her, walking past with Ysabel. Her indifference only infuriated Queenie further.

Fuming. Queenie grabbed a basketball and hurled it directly at Tessa.

“Tessie, watch out!” Ysabel shouted, instinctively stepping in to shield Tessa.

Tessa reacted quickly, pulling Ysabel aside as the basketball narrowly missed her and bounced away.

Tessa turned to face Queenie, her expression cold and unamused.

“Queenie, are you insane?”

Queenie’s face twisted with rage. “I warned you, Tessal Stop trying to steal my boyfriend! You’re the one who started this!”

“Tessa, you’re so shameless! How could you go after Queenie’s boyfriend after they’ve been together for a month?”

“She’s just like that–always going after men!”

“Yeah, with looks like hers, it’s all she’s good for.”

Tessa’s lips curled into a smirk. “Queenie, you’re on the basketball team, right?”

“What’s it to you?”

“You’re looking at our team captain!” one of Queenie’s friends boasted.

“Perfect,” Tessa said, her voice calm but cutting-

“What’s that supposed to mean? Are you challenging her? You? A wolf–less loser who probably doesn’t even know how to dribble?”

“Exactly. All you know is how to throw yourself at me. You’re in no position to compete with us.

Tessa bent down, picking up the basketball Queenie had thrown.

“Five of you. Let’s play,” she said, her tone dripping with quiet confidence.

She had planned to ignore them entirely, but Queenic had nearly hurt Ysabel. Now, Tessa decided they deserved a lesson.