

Wolfless 22

Chapter 22: The Reckoning

The whistle blew, signaling the continuation of the game.

Five players encircled Tessa, their movements calculate and aggressive, but she remained calm, effortlessly maneuvering through their attempts to trap her.

Queenie shot a glance at her teammates, her eyes filled with malicious intent. If skill couldn't win the game, they would resort to underhanded tactics.

"Target her legs. Make sure she can't walk out of here," one of the teammates whispered, her voice dripping with malice.

Tessa instantly recognized their intent, and a sharp chill settled in her gaze. They wanted to play dirty? Fine. She wasn't one to back down.

As Queenie lunged forward with a vicious kick aimed at Tessa's shin, Tessa leapt gracefully into the air, her body soaring as she executed a flawless layup.

The crowd erupted.

"Did you see that? Her jump is insane!"

"She's like a pro!"

The ball swished through the hoop, and Tessa landed effortlessly, meeting Queenie's shocked gaze with an impassive expression.-

Over the next ten minutes, the match became a one-woman show. Tessa dominated the court, weaving through her opponents with ease and scoring relentlessly. The school's basketball team, which had prided itself on its prowess, was humiliated.

When the final whistle blew, the scoreboard read 50-0,

The silence around the court was deafening.

Queenie and her teammates stood frozen, their faces red with embarrassment. The crowd's murmurs felt like jeers, driving the humiliation deeper. They had never lost so badly, let alone to someone they had dismissed as a "wolf-less waste."

Ysabel sprinted onto the court, throwing her arms around Tessä.

"Tessie, that was amazing! You could totally make the national team!"

Tessa gently pushed Ysabel away, her composure unchanged.

"It's not that big of a deal," she replied, brushing off the praise.

Queenie clenched her fists. How had Tessa become this strong? She couldn't believe how thoroughly she had been humiliated.

"Queenie, let's go," one of her teammates whispered, eager to escape the crowd's scrutiny.

"Go? Already?" Tessa's voice was light, but her words carried a weight that stopped them in their tracks. "Queenie, don't tell me you've forgotten our bet."

The crowd stirred, their attention sharpening.

“Tessa, don’t push it. We’re all classmates. There’s no need to take things so far,” one of Queenie’s teammates tried to reason.

“Yeah, let it go.”

Tessa raised an eyebrow. “Integrity matters. Queenie, you made the terms yourself. Or are you saying you’re the kind of person who doesn’t honor their word?”

Ysabel scoffed, stepping in. “Funny how they only talk about letting it go now. If Tessie had lost, do you think they’d show the same mercy?”

Queenie bit her lip hard, tears stinging her eyes. The thought of kneeling and begging for forgiveness in front of everyone was unbearable.

“What’s the problem, Queenie? Weren’t you full of confidence just a moment ago?” Tessa’s voice remained detached, but her piercing gaze demanded compliance

Queenie’s pride crumbled under the weight of the crowd’s judgment. Slowly, she sank to her knees.

“I’m sorry,” she muttered, her voice barely audible.

“Speak up. I can’t hear you,” Ysabel demanded, her tone cutting.

“I’m sorry!” Queenie shouted, her voice cracking as tears rolled down her cheeks.

At that moment, Winona appeared, her expression cold and disapproving. She rushed to Queenie's side, pulling her to her feet.

"Tessa, you've gone too far."

Queenie clung to Winona, sobbing uncontrollably.

"I'll take care of this, Queenie. Let's get you back to class," Winona said, her voice soothing as she escorted the humiliated girl away.

Tessa, unfazed, watched them leave, her indifference unwavering.

As the scene unfolded, York approached the court, having witnessed everything.

Queenie saw him and, in a burst of desperation, ran to him.

"Yorkie, you saw it! Tessa—she's a monster! She humiliated me in front of everyone!"

York looked at her coldly, stepping back to create distance.

"Queenie, I already told you. This has nothing to do with Tessa. I like her. Stop bothering her, or I won't hold back next time."

The words hit Queenie like a slap, her sobs turning into a choking silence as York walked away, his eyes,