

Wolfless 25

Chapter 25: An Unexpected Ride

“An uncle, huh?” Luna teased, raising an eyebrow. “Your friend’s uncle must be older. Be careful, Phantom. Sometimes older guys have a thing for young girls like you.”

“I know,” Tessa replied with a smirk.

“What do you mean you know? Never mind, as long as we’re around, no one will dare mess with you. In Navoris, you can strut around like you own the place!”

“Lina, I never realized how cute you were,” Tessa chuckled. How exactly does one ‘strut around horizontally’?

Caught off guard by the compliment, Lina—blushed. “Alright, since your friend’s coming, I’ll head out. I’ll send you the information on Mr. Young’s case when I get back. You’ll need to coordinate with the chief of the Navoris state criminal division.”

“Got it.”

Lina left not long before Landon arrived. Spotting Tessa, he immediately walked over and sat across from her.

“How are you feeling? Should I take you to the hospital he asked, his expression serious.

“I’m fine, Mr. Thorne. Don’t you have better things to do?” Tessa asked, raising an eyebrow.

“I do, but I had to check on you. Did someone bother you?”

“Please, I’m lucky if I don’t end up bothering others. Who would dare mess with me?” Tessa’s words slipped out before she could filter them, revealing more of her true nature than she intended.

“The doctor advised you to rest. You should listen.”

Landon had rushed over, but seeing her in good spirits, he relaxed. Ordering himself a coffee, he asked casually, “How’s it going at Navoris High? Are you settling in?”

“Not bad,” Tessa replied, her tone indifferent. The likes of Queenie and her gang were beneath her notice.

Landon opened his laptop, settling in to work remotely

The café became a scene to behold—two strikingly attractive individuals sharing a table. Landon, with his composed elegance, exuded an aura of innate authority while Tessa’s ethereal beauty and laid-back demeanor caught everyone’s attention. Together, they drew curious glances from passersby.

Though they exchanged only occasional words, Landon’s calm presence seemed to anchor Tessa. For some reason, she didn’t mind him being there.

Midway through a game, Tessa’s phone rang.

“Grandpa? What’s up?” she answered, her tone softening.

“Tessie! I was thinking, why don’t you come home for dinner tonight? You promised to visit once a week, remember?” Walter sounded half pleading, half complaining.

“Tonight?”

“Why, is it too much to ask for one dinner?”

“Alright, I’ll come.”

“Promise? I’m holding you to it,” Walter said firmly before hanging up, not giving her a chance to back out.

“Who was that?” Landon asked, curious to see her rare display of compliance.

“My grandfather,” Tessa replied curtly, clearly unwilling to delve into details about the Sinclair family.

She began packing up her things. The Sinclair family’s estate was over an hour away by car, and she didn’t want to be late.

“I’ll drive you,” Landon offered.

Tessa didn’t object. They left the café together, stepping out to find Landon’s sleek silver Lamborghini parked by the curb. Its elegant lines drew stares from everyone nearby.

When Landon opened the passenger door for her with practiced grace and shut it gently once she was inside, it only heightened the onlookers’ envy.

“I wish I were that girl,” one woman sighed wistfully.

“Dream on. Look at her—young, stunning, and elegant. That face alone makes her a rarity in Navoris,” another said, sounding defeated.

Unbeknownst to them, someone else was watching from a distance—Winona, out shopping with friends. Who's that man? I've never seen him before, Winona thought, narrowing her eyes as the car sped away.