

Wolfless 30

Chapter 30 A Dangerous Game: Tessa's Bold Gambit

At 6:30 PM, Ysabel was heading back to school for evening classes. As she approached the school gates, she noticed Queenie crouched there, her face pale and drawn.

Ysabel didn't want to get involved, but Queenie looked genuinely unwell. Reluctantly, she walked back.

"Queenie, are you okay?"

"Ysabel, my stomach hurts so bad. Can you take me to the hospital?"

Seeing Queenie in such obvious pain, Ysabel hesitated but eventually helped her up and out of the area.

By 7:00 PM, when evening classes started, Ysabel was still absent.

Tessa stepped out to call her.

"Ysabel, where are you? Why aren't you in class?"

"Tessa, it's me. If you want Ysabel to stay safe, you'd better come here right now."

Hearing Queenie's voice on the line, Tessa's expression darkened.

"Queenie, if Ysabel loses even a single strand of hair, I'll make you regret it. Believe me."

Queenie only responded with a cold laugh. "Come alone, Tessa. If you dare bring anyone else, I'll make sure Ysabel's face is unrecognizable."

Queenie hung up and sent Tessa the location from Ysabel's phone.

"You know who I am, Queenie? You're insane to kidnap me!" Ysabel fumed, glaring at Queenie.

"Ysabel, this isn't my fault. Blame Tessa. If it weren't for her, you wouldn't be in this position."

"You're absolutely crazy!" Ysabel shouted, furious.

"Shut her up," Queenie ordered.

One of the werewolves behind Queenie moved forward and taped Ysabel's mouth shut.

Ysabel burned with anger.

These idiots are going to regret this.

"Queenie, do you really think Tessa will come?" Hector Locke, a werewolf mercenary and Queenie's cousin, asked.

"She will, Hector. Trust me," Queenie assured.

Hector had been infatuated with Tessa for years. Tonight, he would finally have her—or so he thought.

Meanwhile, Tessa arrived at the location: an abandoned factory.

She pushed the heavy door open and saw Queenie and her accomplices, with Ysabel ried to chain

Her sharp eyes scanned the room before settling on Queenie.

“Queenie, you’ve really grown bold.”

Queenie smirked. “Save your breath.”

“Let her go,” Tessa said, her voice calm but firm.

“Let her go? Are you joking?” Queenie sucered.

“Queenie, you do realize this is a crime, don’t you?”

“Don’t try to scare me, Tessa. I’m not that casily intimidated. Hector, tie her up. She’s yours. Didn’t you always want her?”

Hector’s eyes raked over Tessa, his infatuation evident,

“Tessa, do you remember me?” Hector asked, his gaze fixated on her.

Tessa’s attention shifted to Hector.

“Hector, tie her up!” Queenie barked impatiently.

But Hector couldn't move. He was spellbound.

"You like me?" Tessa asked, her tone light.

"I do." Hector admitted without hesitation.

"Then tie Queenie up for me," Tessa said, her voice soft but commanding.

"What?" Hector asked, startled.

"If you really like me, you'll do it. Or is your so-called 'like' just talk? Can't even do this one little thing for me?"

Even with her casual tone, Tessa exuded a natural magnetism, her stunning beauty amplifying every word. Queenie's panic grew. "Hector, don't listen to her nonsense!"

Tessa raised an eyebrow. "Is this what you call love? Forget it. Plenty of people like me better than you."

"Tessa, don't play games!" Queenie snapped, her voice tinged with desperation. Why isn't she panicking? Why does she always look so untouchable? I'll tear that facade apart!