

## Wolfless 37

### Chapter 37 Talk to My Lawyer

“Do you really think you’re in the right after hitting someone?” Marilyn’s anger flared once more.

Tessa ignored Marilyn and stared straight at Queenie. You have no problem saying I broke your nose, but do you dare to tell everyone why I hit you?”

“Why did Tessa hit you?” Walter firmly stood by Tessa’s side.

“How would I know why you hit me? Weren’t you expelled from Falindale’s school for fighting? Tessa, do you even know what kind of person you are?”

Queenie was sure Tessa had no evidence to prove she was behind Ysabel’s kidnapping.

“Well, I gave you a chance to tell the truth.”

Tessa let out a cold scoff, took out her phone, and handed a recording to the police.

The officer pressed play, and Queenie’s threats against Tessa played loud and clear.

Queenie’s face instantly turned pale.

She never expected Tessa to have recorded everything.

Marilyn stared at her daughter in disbelief.

"I was simply rescuing my friend. Queenie committed kidnapping and assault. Right and wrong, severity and consequence, I trust the police will deliver a fair judgment."

"Mom, I didn't..."

Tessa handed over a USB drive.

"All the evidence is in here."

Even the officer hadn't expected such a twist.

"Queenie, if you have anything to say, tell the police! I'm not accepting any settlement."

The officer checked the evidence and immediately changed his attitude toward Tessa.

"Ms. Sinclair, I apologize. Now that we understand the situation, you're the victim here."

"It's fine. Queenie, if you have any questions, talk to my lawyer." Tessa handed Queenie a business card.

"If there's nothing else, may I leave now?" Tessa spoke politely to the officer.

"Ms. Sinclair, thank you for your cooperation," the officer responded just as courteously.

Tessa walked over to Walter.

“Grandpa, let me take you home.” She stepped forward to support him.

Walter still carried himself with strength and authority but Tessa could tell he was fai

He was holding on, refusing to show his age, bearing the weight of the Sinclair family alone, guarding against those who wished to take advantage.

“Thank you all for your effort,” Walter expressed his gratitude to the officers before leaving.

“Mom, what do we do? Queenie was on the verge of tears.

Marilyn slapped her across the face.

“Queenie, are you stupid? How dare you do something so shameless and still act so righteous?” The evidence was in their hands now.

Queenie clutched her stinging cheek, unwilling to accept defeat. “She stole my boyfriend! I just wanted to teach her a lesson!”

“She is just a useless, wolf-less waste, and you thought she was worth teaching a lesson? Now look at what you’ve done. She’s fine, and you’re about to go to jail! Marilyn was furious.

She didn’t mind her daughter punishing people, but she was livid that Queenie had been careless enough to leave behind evidence.

“I don’t want to go to jail! If anyone should, it’s Tessa!” Queenie suddenly thought of something and immediately grabbed her mother’s arm. “Mom, isn’t Uncle Clement the best lawyer in Navoris’ werewolf community? Have him defend me! I’ll be fine!”

Marilyn took a deep breath, regaining her composure. You're right. We'll find him immediately. If she has the audacity to cross you, I'll make sure she spends the rest of her life behind bars!"

As they left, Queenie tossed Tessa's business card into the trash.

"It doesn't matter who Tessa hired. No one can touch me with Uncle Clement on my was absolute.

side. Her

arrogance

To them, Tessa was nothing more than a forsaken werewolf, cast out by her own pack. Aside from Walter, no one spared her a second thought.

As a useless, wolf-less outcast, she had languished in Falindale for years, far beyond the reach of any reputable lawyer.