

Wolfless 39

Chapter 39 I Will Always Be Here

“That’s right! I’m so mad!” Flex bellowed in Landon’s mind, his voice brimming with frustration. “Tessa doesn’t trust us at all! She never confides in us when something happens! I’m livid!”

Yet, on the surface, Landon remained composed. He merely said, “No,” in a detached tone, without even glancing at her.

That only solidified Tessa’s suspicions. He was mad.

After dinner, Ysabel retreated to her room to shower, leaving only Tessa and Landon in the living room. “Why are you mad?” Tessa genuinely couldn’t understand.

“I want to be the first person you think of when something happens,” Landon said, his voice low but firm.

Tessa was utterly clueless when it came to relationships. If he hadn’t spelled it out for her, she probably never would have realized.

“Alright, I understand.” Though, in truth, she had long since grown accustomed to handling everything on her own.

-Landon let out a quiet sigh, exasperation flickering in his eyes.

Suddenly, his large hand enveloped hers.

His grip was firm, his palm warm. The unexpected contact sent an involuntary jolt through Tessa’s body, her heartbeat quickening against her will.

His touch had an undeniable effect on her, filling her with a sense of security, as though no matter what happened, he would always be there to shoulder the burden.

Her gaze trailed upward until she met Landon's deep brown eyes.

In that instant, the world around her faded away. All she could hear was the steady pounding of her own heartbeat, growing louder and louder, drowning out everything else. In her eyes, in her heart, there was only him.

"I'll always be here," Landon said, his voice unwavering. You can trust me, always."

Tessa held his gaze, then gave a small nod, this time with more sincerity. "I'll try to get used to that."

A satisfied smile played at the corner of Landon's lips as he reached out and ruffled her hair. "Good."

At the sound of movement from the bedroom, Landon knew Ysabel was about to come out. He rose to his feet. "I should go. Get some rest."

"Alright." Tessa responded, standing to walk him to the door.

She didn't summon Emma until Landon's figure had completely disappeared.

"Emma, my feelings for him are different."

Emma's voice was gentle, tinged with warmth. "That's wonderful. Enjoy this experience."

nothing less than the best this world has to offer.”

A soft smile curved Tessa’s lips. “Thank you, Emma. Once I’ve taken care of everything, I’ll let you out to meet his wolf.”

Emma let out a quiet hum of approval. “I look forward to that day.”

The long-awaited court date arrived, and Ysabel accompanied Tessa as a witness.

As soon as they stepped outside the courthouse, they spotted Queenie and her uncle, Clement.

Upon seeing them, Queenie let out a derisive scoff. “Uncle Clement, these are the ones who attacked me. You have to get revenge for me.”

Clement’s sharp gaze swept over the two girls. Both were undeniably beautiful, their striking features impossible to ignore. But beauty was meaningless in the werewolf world. Neither of them had awakened their wolves. They were weak, powerless, and insignificant. He couldn’t fathom how his niece had been bested by two nobodies.

He barely spared them another glance before turning away, his expression filled with disdain, as if they were something filthy.

“Don’t worry,” he said with a smirk. “I never lose.”

“Uncle Clement, go inside first,” Queenie urged, her confidence unwavering.

Once he disappeared into the courthouse, she turned back toward Tessa.

“Did you see that? That is my uncle. Tessa, you’re finished today.” No matter how long it took, she would see to it that Tessa ended up behind bars.

Tessa let out a quiet, mocking laugh.

“What? Are you too scared to talk now?” Queenie’s irritation flared at the sight of her calm expression.

“You hurt Ysabel. I was never going to let you off the hook,” Tessa said coolly. “Now that you’re strutting around so arrogantly, I’ll make sure you get exactly what you deserve.”

Some people healed too quickly and forgot the pain. If that was the case, Tessa had no problem carving a wound so deep it would never close.

“Still talking big, huh?” Queenie sneered. “I’ll personally watch you get locked up.” With a haughty flick of her hair, she turned on her heel and strutted into the courtroom.

Tessa and Ysabel remained where they were, waiting for their lawyer.

The moment Raymond Grant stepped out of his car and spotted Tessa, he quickened his pace, jogging

over.

“Sorry, I’m late.”

“You’re not,” Tessa replied smoothly. “You’re right on time.”

With that, the three of them entered the courtroom.

The moment Queenie noticed Tessa had brought a lawyer, uncase flickered across her face. She immediately turned to Clement.

“Uncle Clement, do you know who her lawyer is?”

Clement lifted his head, his sharp eyes landing on the man beside Tessa.

The instant recognition struck; his hand, previously flipping through documents, froze mid-motion.

“So, it’s him,” he muttered under his breath.

Queenie frowned. “What’s wrong? Is he that good?” For the first time, a sliver of doubt crept into her voice.