

Wolfless 41

Chapter 41 He Lost

The lawyer barely spoke. Tessa single-handedly handled her defense.

She submitted all the evidence to the judge. There was the surveillance footage of Queenie abducting Ysabel, the screenshots of her messages to Hector, and the audio recording of Queenie's threats over the phone.

Clement's expression darkened.

He had no idea there was a kidnapping involved.

"Queenie, what the hell is going on?" If she had told him earlier, he could have prepared. But now, caught off guard, he had no idea how to mount a defense.

"Uncle Clement, aren't you the best lawyer in Navoris? You have to help me! I don't want the death penalty!" She had always believed he could save her.

"You!" Clement was so furious he nearly exploded.

At that moment, Raymond stepped in. "Your Honor, my client is just a 17-year-old student. The plaintiff kidnapped her classmate. She was merely acting in self-defense. If students can get away with kidnapping and making threats, what limits will they have in the future?"

"Landon, this girl is something else!" The speaker was Hudson Jones, Montedra's most formidable werewolf lawyer and a close friend of Landon.

"Looks like she doesn't need you after all. You can go."

“Alright, you’re the boss. Whatever you say.” The case was crystal clear; Hudson had no reason to stay.

Before leaving, he couldn’t help but remark, “This girl was born to be a lawyer.”

Landon didn’t bother responding.

Tessa had many sides to her. In court, she outshone most professionals.

And she was still just a teenager.

The trial concluded, and the judges withdrew to deliberate.

Raymond looked at Tessa in admiration. “Tessie, which university are you applying to?”

“I’m not sure yet.” She had too many options.

“Become a lawyer! You’d be the best.”

“Raymond, you can do it too. You’re just going through a rough patch. Don’t lose sight of why you started.” She knew his struggles; that’s why she insisted he take this case.

“Yeah, I know. I won’t give up.” He had been ready to quit. In a place like Navoris, dominated by power and privilege, someone like him had no place.

But this case changed his perspective.

“If you ever need anything, come to me.”

The verdict was announced. Queenie was sentenced to five years for kidnapping and extortion.

Even as the cuffs snapped around her wrists, she remained in shock.

“Uncle Clement, help me! I can’t go to prison!”

“Uncle Clement...

Tessa, victorious, spared Queenie only a cold glance as he was dragged away.

Five years was the price Queenie paid for abducting Ysabel and slapping her.

Ysabel belonged to her circle now. Anyone who touched Ysabel was making an enemy of her.

Clement stood frozen. I lost? I actually

lost to Raymond. No, I lost to a teenage girl.

Queenie’s desperate screams echoed through the courtroom. She was terrified. She couldn’t go to prison.

Only when the officers escorted her out did silence return.

“You studied law?” Clement couldn’t help but ask Tessa. The fact that he had lost still gnawed at him.

“I read a few books. That’s all.”

Clement still found it hard to believe. Just a

few books?

“If you’re not satisfied, feel free to appeal.”

With that, Tessa turned and left with Ysabel.

The moment they stepped outside, a swarm of reporters rushed toward her.

“Are you the infamous third daughter of the Sinclair family, the one who was expelled from the Frostmoon Pack? May I ask...”

Before the reporter could finish, a dozen werewolf bodyguards in matching suits blocked them.

“Ms. Sinclair, please get in the car.”

Tessa led Ysabel forward, only to see Landon seated in a sleek, silver-gray Lamborghini.

She hesitated for a moment.

Landon? He came to the trial?

Realizing this, warmth stirred in her chest.

This man always followed through on his word.

Even though she could handle everything herself, he was always there, standing silently behind her, ready