

Wolfless 52

Chapter 52 An Insistent Pest

“Tessie, let’s go swimming!”

Willow Ridge Resort had everything, and its outdoor pool was top-notch.

“I didn’t bring a swimsuit.”

“They have everything here. Come on, I’ll take you there.”

Ysabel led Tessa onto a shuttle to the swimming center.

Before heading inside, they browsed the shop for swimsuits.

After selecting one, Tessa pulled out her card and handed it to the cashier.

“Tessie, there’s no need to pay. Willow Ridge Resort belongs to Uncle Landon.”

“It’s fine. I can pay for myself.” She wasn’t the type to freeload.

Tessa swiped her card, and the two finally made their way to the swimming center.

Though it was already September, the weather remained sweltering, and the pool teemed with people.

They changed into their swimsuits in the locker room, draped towels over their shoulders, and stepped out.

Both had long legs and porcelain skin. Even in a sea of beautiful women, they stood out effortlessly.

Their entrance turned heads immediately.

Among the crowd, York caught sight of Tessa the moment she appeared.

He had been tied up with basketball tournaments recently and hadn't had the chance to seek her out. He never expected to run into her here.

Despite confessing to her twice and being brutally rejected both times, not to mention having his arm nearly wrenched out of its socket, York wasn't deterred. If anything, his infatuation had only deepened.

A fierce, untamed girl like her was a challenge, and nothing thrilled him more than the prospect of conquest.

Besides, he was convinced that Tessa simply didn't understand him yet. Once she realized how exceptional he was, she would inevitably fall for him, just like Queenie had.

"York, what are you staring at?" One of his teammates nudged him.

"An old friend. I'm going to say hi."

With that, York strode toward Tessa, exuding what he imagined to be effortless charm.

Clad only in swim trunks, he saw this as the perfect opportunity to flaunt his sculpted physique.

He was certain Tessa would be captivated. After all, every woman appreciated a perfectly sculpted six-pack.

“Tessa, what a coincidence! Are you here with a friend? York’s grin was dazzling.

“Who are you?” Tessa’s tone was flat, her expression devoid of interest.

She had turned him down countless times—clear, direct, and merciless. She had even broken his arm as a warning. Yet, like an insistent pest, he kept coming back

York remained unfazed by her indifference. Striking a pose he thought was debonair, he said, “Why aren’t you in the water? Do you not know how to swim? I can teach you. I’m pretty good at it.”

Tessa and Ysabel sat at the pool’s edge, idly kicking at the water. Since they hadn’t dived in yet, York assumed they couldn’t swim.

“No need.” Tessa tamped down her irritation, unwilling to cause a scene on Landon’s turf.

York’s teammates, drawn in by the sight of two stunning women, sauntered over as well.

“Hey, gorgeous, come join us! We can teach you how to swim.”

Tessa could already feel her patience fraying. If she stayed any longer, she might actually lose her temper. She grabbed Ysabel’s hand and stood up. “Not interested.”

York's expression darkened. "Tessa, come on! At least show some respect in front of my friends!" He had already swallowed his pride. There was no need for her to make this even more humiliating.

Tessa shot him an icy glance. "Respect? Do you even have any?" She brushed past him without hesitation.

York's face twisted with humiliation. His hand shot out, gripping her shoulder to stop her.

The moment he touched her, Tessa reacted in a flash, seizing his wrist and flipping him over in a swift, brutal throw.

"Ah!" York crashed onto the ground with a sickening thud, groaning in agony, unable to get up.

"Do you not understand my words?" Tessa's voice was glacial. "Or did you already forget the warning I gave you?"