

Wolfless 85

Chapter 85 A Bloody End to a Bomb Day

The bomb squad technician warned, "Miss, it's too dangerous. Run."

Tessa, uninterested in further discussion, pushed him aside and crouched down to examine the bomb before picking up a device nearby.

"Captain Simpson, this is a real bomb."

This is no game. Is this girl not afraid of dying

?

"You guys get out of here," Ethan told the two bomb technicians.

"Captain Simpson--"

With no time left, the bomb technicians quickly ran off.

"Get down."

Tessa commanded Ethan, who was used to giving orders, not receiving them from a young girl. Yet, he complied.

Tessa cut the green wire, then shortened the red one. All the SWAT team members hit the ground, believing the bomb would explode since even the experts couldn't disarm it.

However, ten seconds passed, then twenty, thirty, a minute.

Tessa stood up and walked out. Seeing Ethan still on the ground, the corners of her mouth curled upwards.

Ethan looked up to see her smiling, so dazzling and bright.

“Who exactly are you?” Ethan asked, puzzled by the girl in front of him.

She should be a protected minor, especially since she hasn’t even awakened her werewolf abilities yet. But her hacking skills surpass the police department’s IT experts, and she can disarm bombs!

In the face of danger, she was calm and collected, as if nothing really bothered her.

Such composure and mindset were traits only powerful werewolves usually possessed...

“Just a regular student.”

Tessa wasn’t worried about him checking her background.

“Regular students know how to disarm bombs?” Ethan clearly didn’t believe her.

“I’ve read a few books on the subject.” If it hadn’t been an emergency, she wouldn’t have taken action herself.

“So, are you going to arrest me?” Tessa raised an eyebrow.

“No, I’m just curious about you.”

“Anyway, thank you for today. I owe you a meal.”

“No need. And, keep the reporters away from what did today; they’re annoying.”

Tessa took her bag and walked out of the cordoned area, bypassing the reporters. She still had blood on her, and she needed to clean up—it looked rather unsettling.

Checking her phone, she saw several missed calls from Landon.

She called him back.

“Where are you? I’m out now. I see your car. Stay there; I’m coming over.”

Tessa wanted to leave quickly, drawing no attention

After hanging up, Landon got out of the car to wait and immediately noticed the blood on her clothes.

He rushed over.

“What happened? What did you get into?” He was only gone for a day, and she was covered in blood.

“It’s nothing.”

She didn’t want to elaborate.

“There’s blood all over your clothes, and you say it’s nothing?”

Landon’s aura bristled with a murderous intent, wondering who dared to harm his person.

Flex also felt the urge to transform and tear apart anyone who had hurt Tessa.

“It’s not my blood. I’m not hurt, don’t worry.”

Hearing this, Landon calmed down somewhat, sniffed carefully to make sure it wasn’t her blood, and finally relaxed.

He opened the car door for her, letting her into the passenger seat, and couldn’t help but say, “How do you manage to get covered in blood just by going shopping?”

“Bad luck, ran into some trash.”

She disliked high-IQ criminals the most. With such intelligence, they could do anything, yet they chose to commit crimes.

Back at Wisteria Apartment, Tessa went to take a shower and change. After cleaning up, Landon approached her.

“Let’s go. Nathaniel is hosting Ysabel’s birthday early, and she insisted I bring you.”

Tomorrow was Ysabel’s official birthday, and many were attending mainly for the Thorne family.

Rather than a birthday party, it felt more like a networking event for the packs.

With Ysabel's approval, Nathaniel had decided to celebrate early, inviting only their closest friends.

Currently, Ysabel and the others were at the Golden Sea Club, Navoris' most luxurious five-star club.

As Landon and Tessa got into the car, Ysabel's call came through.

"Tessie, hurry up, everyone's waiting! What's up with my uncle? It's just picking someone up; why is it taking so long?"

"I got held up a bit. You guys start without us; don't wait."

"We're not hungry. Take your time, no rush."

Ysabel hung up, telling those present, "Tessie got held up."

Suddenly, a discordant voice chimed in, "What could a student possibly be busy with? She probably

doesn't even care about your birthday."

It was Charlotte.