

# LOVE THE WOLFLESS POWER GIRL AT FIRST SIGHT

Fell for the Alpha-less Queen 8

## Chapter 8 The Return of the White Wolf Tessa's Reckoning

The next morning, Mr. Widter personally took Tessa

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Education He was a bucy man, not someone easily able However. Me

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oder carted weight, and the two waited in the principal's for his arrival

I wasn't until after 11 am that Mr Lambert finally entered his office Seeing

visitors waiting for him, he immediately had his assistam invite them in After

Hing to Teser's ration. Me Lambert looked troubled

With these grades, imot post Navors Tick-sation holder wher

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turned

"Mr. Walter. I've never named down a request from you but this time, I really

can't help. Mr. Lamber sud hesitantly. "You know Navoris High is one of the ut

elite schools, with students aiming for ly League universities. With grades like

these, it's just too difficult. I suggest you try vocational schools or other regular high schools, but I doubt even they **will** take her

Tessa had never wanted her grandfather to beg for her. She stood up and walked out without a word.

Knowing her pride, Mr. Walter quickly followed.

But before they reached the door, Mr. Lambert received a phone call from Nathaniel.

"Mr. Walter, please wait," Mr. Lambert called after them once the call ended.

"I accept Tessa into Navoris High," he said, his tone suddenly changed.

Even someone as seasoned as Walter was surprised by the principal's abrupt shift in attitude. What happened!

"Mr. Lambert, did I hear **you** correctly?" Walter asked, his **voice** cautious

"You did. Mr. Walter. I'll arrange for Tessa to join a class right away," Mr. Lambert assured him. He immediately called the academic director to handle Tessa's enrollment

Tessa didn't refuse, but she knew there had to be more to this sudden reversal.

The academic director placed Tessa in the school's lowest-**ranking** class, gave her a uniform, and introduced her to the twelfth-grade **Class 8** homeroom teacher.

"Mr. **Hamilton**, please **take** care of Tessa," the director said politely.

"Of course, sir. You **can** leave her to me," Mr. Hamilton replied with a practiced smile. At a prestigious school like Navoris High, the parents of students were often powerful figures—teachers knew better than to offend them

The third period was Mr. **Hamilton's** class. He brought her to the twelfth-grade Class & classroom.

"Everyone, we have a new **student** joining us today," Mr. Hamilton announced. "Please **give** her a **warm** welcome."

1

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Tessa walked to the blackboard and, with bold, fluid strokes, wrote her name:  
Tessa Sinclair

"Hello, everyone. I'm Tessa," she said simply.

The murmurs started immediately.

"Isn't she the Tessa who got expelled five years ago?"

"Yeah. I think so! She used to be in my class,"

"Didn't she elope with a Rogue at twelve? **And** wasn't there something about an abortion?"

"It's true! I heard-

s

"Alright, settle down!" Mr. Hamilton's voice cut through the chatter.

"**Tessa**, there's an empty seat in the back. Please take it."

Tessa walked to the last row, ignoring the disdainful stares from her classmates.

Class 8 was a general track class, home to students from influential families who couldn't make it into the school's honors track. These students weren't afraid of causing trouble.

After the third period ended, Queenie Locke, one of Winona's lackeys, approached Tessa.

"Tessa! It really is you! I can't believe you had the audacity to come back to Navoris. If I were you..." Queenie sneered.

Queenie had been Winona's sidekick back in the day, often helping her torment Tessa.

"Queenie, shut your filthy mouth," Tessa snapped, her tone sharp. She was still sleep-deprived from tossing and turning in an unfamiliar bed the previous night, and now she had a pounding headache.

"Who do you think you are, **talking** to me like **that?**" Queenie sneered, undeterred. "You're just a useless nobody without a wolf. I could crush you with one **hand!**" She grabbed Tessa's wrist, **assuming** she was still the meek, defenseless girl from five years ago.

But Tessa's eyes narrowed dangerously, a spark of menace flashing in **her** gaze.

With a flick of her wrist, she reversed Queenie's grip, twisting her arm backward.

"**Ahh**—Queenie shrieked in pain.

Tessa **hadn't** even **used her** wolf's strength.

"I told you, I don't want trouble, but I'm not afraid of it either, Tessa said coldly, her voice steady but **menacing**, "Queenie, remember this—I'm not the **same** Tessa from five years ago. No one steps on me anymore.

She leaned closer, her grip tightening just enough to make Queenie squirm.

"And don't forget: everything you did to me back then. I'll **make** sure you pay for it. Slowly. One by **one.**"

**Tessa** let go and shoved Queenie backward. Queenie stumbled and fell to the ground, too stunned to react.

Queenie was frozen in disbelief. *How* can she be this strong? *She* hasn't even awakened her wolf! So how could she

Chapter 8 The Return of the White Wolf: Tessa's Reckoning

overpower me so easily?

The way Tessa looked at her—it wasn't human. It felt like the gaze of a predator locking onto its prey. the first time, Queenie felt fear.

I can't let Tessa stay in Navoris. *If* she digs up that Winona and I did to her back then, we're finis

As Queenie sat there, trembling, her mind