

Chapter 122

wvw.mo(v)èlworM.©OM

122 Chapter 122- Barbaric Torture

Alpha Denzel explained it like the calmness of the sea. "Because this pack doesn't have a Luna. A female beta brings the orderliness a Luna brings."

Adam realized the Alpha's reason for choosing female betas too late. Perhaps, he should have aimed for the Alpha position rather than a position reserved for only a female.

"I'm sorry, Alpha." Remorse sounded in his voice, but what he did was unpardonable. He single-handedly kidnapped Alessia with silver and delivered her to the enemy.

In her own pack where she was supposed to be safe, and even as she held the position of a beta, Adam dared to do this.

"It's too late for that, and in case you don't

know, Alessia is my only family. She is my long-lost sister. When she was found, we took her to the Litha Moon Pack to keep it a secret. You bit off more than you could chew, and I would never forgive you."

Adam was screaming, begging for mercy as he was washed with remorse, but the ruthless Alpha turned a deaf ear to his cries. Bit by bit, Alpha Denzel dismembered him before gaining satisfaction.

Burke had seen a lot of horrible things, but entering the torture room to clean up after Alpha Denzel left, he almost fainted at the scene in front of him. Adam was butchered like a pig in a butchery. *wvw.©oVef(w)©rM.com*

It was a subtle reminder that the Alpha could not be trifled with. Now, he wondered what kind of fate awaited those standing against Alpha Denzel.

As soon as Alpha Denzel returned to his room, he went straight to the bathroom after removing his shoes, soaked in blood.

It was good that Valerie was trying to sleep from boredom. The pain medication helped as well, calming her nerves. Alpha Denzel's scent was everywhere, even when he was away, but Valerie somehow found it comforting.

It made her feel like she wasn't alone, even when she was alone. When Valerie heard the running shower, she frowned a little. Why does the Alpha keep having frequent showers? He was a clean freak, but she didn't think he had done anything to warrant showering so much.

But when she saw the bloodstains on his boots, she faintly guessed what he did. When Alpha Denzel stepped out of the shower, he went straight to the closet after disposing of his clothes and boots in the

bin.

Even after that, he went to wash his hands again. His movements were as graceful as a work of art, and Valerie could not help stealing glances all through.

"If you have something to say, just say it," Alpha Denzel said when he walked out of the closet, wearing a new set of clothes but still in shades of black.

Valerie blushed for being caught stealing glances, and since he gave her the opportunity again, she asked naturally, "Who did you kill?"

She had killed numerous people during wars, so it wasn't a big deal for her, except that she hadn't heard of a war. Alpha Denzel wondered what she thought of him, not giving her the answer she expected.

"How did you know?"

Valerie swallowed tightly, knowing she had been caught. "There were bloodstains on your boots." *©(w)(w).mOveO(w)oRm.com*

He smiled a little, liking how smart she was, and responded casually. "A traitor. No more questions."

He saw the list Alessia sent to him, planning ways of getting them through interrogation and eliminating the ones needing it. He wasn't going to entertain traitors in his pack after what happened to Alessia.

What he expected was for Alessia to be kidnapped by non-pack members or rogues like it did Valerie, but rather, their own trusted people who should protect each other, sold her out. Alpha Denzel was no longer taking it lightly.

His gaze was dark as he kept staring at the names. Valerie could feel the coldness through him and complained. "You are a scary one."

Alpha Denzel rose to his feet to find a place to vent his anger or perhaps even smoke a cigar or drink some alcohol. Some of these names were among his most trusted warriors. That was the reason why he was so pained.

He only hoped that they had good explanations; if not, their blood would be used to wash the pack. "I will go to the office for a bit. There are books on the shelf. You can keep yourself busy reading."

He slid open a door close to the closet, which Valerie had not noticed before. "In here is a gym. You can make good use of the facility too." He never used it much as he always joined the pack for training whenever he was around.

Only the gym in his manor in Las Vegas was frequently used whenever he went there. Valerie was more concerned about the room she found herself in and asked,

"Can you buy some light-colored sheets and curtains? These are depressing." She didn't mince words as she didn't know how. She was also a leader, after all.

Alpha Denzel noted her concerns and was saddened to disappoint her. "I can, but not now." The black curtains blinded the light from outside, making it impossible for anyone to see who was in there, even when the window was opened.

He couldn't change it until Alpha Conrad's remains were cremated. Valerie didn't want to add to his problems, taking his first suggestion. *wvw.©ðvEIWo(r)m.CrM*

"Okay. I've slept a lot, so I will read."

Alpha Denzel smiled and retorted, "If you haven't slept before I get back, I will cook for you." Valerie smiled shyly, not daring to let him know that Alessia gave her food prepared by him before.

However, she would have loved to do the cooking, except she was not allowed to leave the confines of the room. It was night anyway.

"You are too busy for that. I had snacks, and I'm fine."

Alpha Denzel didn't argue as he was already tired and famished. However, food was the last thing on his mind, as he would rather have a glass of vodka with a cigar.

He went to his office, about to light a cigar when he saw the fresh notes in Alessia's handwriting. One of them read...