

Chapter 284-Don Denzel was the target

Don Commander was expecting Denzel, but not the woman he desired for so long for her resilience, grace and nobility. The ruthless way she stabbed him made it clear that she intended to kill him.

Rumors of Don Denzel's return had reached Don Commander. He attributed Denzel's fast healing to his wolf and was preparing to escape, but his private jet had a malfunction.

While waiting for repairs, he decided to have some fun, but he wondered where his bodyguards were.

How could they have missed Valerie, even allowing her into his presidential suite? Blood was oozing from his stab wound.

Valerie averted her eyes as the man lay naked before her. She quickly put her sunglasses back on, but the door closed behind her before she could react.

The four girls had fled, fearing for their lives after witnessing what Valerie had done to a Don.

Valerie checked the time. She had four minutes. "I'm glad to see you again," she said as she sat on the nearest sofa, crossing her slender legs. Her stunning beauty seemed to numb Don Commander's pain.

The last time they had met was at the pack, but now they were in a completely different world. Was Don Denzel even aware that his Luna was in his hotel room?

Don Commander found it hard to comprehend, but his priority was to escape the hotel alive, then he could deal with this woman.

"What do you want? There are cameras, and I have bodyguards," Don Commander tried to intimidate her, unaware that the hotel's security had been compromised.

Valerie smiled. "Your life."

Don Commander couldn't let a woman scare him, despite the excruciating pain from the stab wound. He tried to reach for

his gun to intimidate her, as killing her was not part of his plan.

"Come on," Don Commander struggled to sit up, enduring the pain. "You can be my Luna. I never intended any harm."

"Never meant me harm? You hired those thugs to kill me and my man," Valerie's voice dripped with pain and bitterness, referring to Denzel as her man, which made Don Commander envious.

Denzel had everything every man desired -wealth, strength, power, glamour, and a woman every Alpha coveted.

"Don Denzel was the target, not you," Don Commander explained as he inched towards the nightstand to retrieve his gun, but Valerie remained unfazed.

"He got injured protecting me because I was the one who almost got shot," Valerie clarified, Don Commander frowned at the unexpected turn of events.

"That is unfortunate, but my offer still stands. Be mine and come to my pack."

Disgust flashed in Valerie's eyes as she cursed him. "You disgusting creature."

Don Commander continued to crawl towards the nightstand, but confusion clouded his mind when he found no gun.

Then he tried to reach for his phone but before he reached it, Valerie spoke. "Looking for a gun to shoot me, huh?"

Valerie stood up, approached him, and stabbed his other foot, causing him to scream in pain.

Annoyed by his cries, she slapped him hard. "Stop shouting. Your screams are irritating."

Don Commander attempted to punch her, but she swiftly kicked him. The pain immobilized him, and his gun was nowhere to be found.

Valerie removed the bed linen, throwing it on him to cover those ugly things she didn't want to see.

"Even if you could stand, you wouldn't stand a chance against me. In this part of the world, we are mere humans, but I was trained to be the best"

Don Commander was still puzzled. Trained by the best meant she was trained by Denzel himself.

"So, Don Denzel sent you to seek revenge on his behalf? Has he grown weak? Or has the paralysis affected his strength?"

Despite the pain, Don Commander tried to maintain his composure and was taken aback by the response he got.

"Does he seem like that kind of man? I love him and insisted on having the chance to kill the fool who tried to take my man from me."

Valerie sounded so possessive that Don Commander feared for any woman who would try to take Denzel from her.

He also couldn't deny the determination in Valerie's eyes and voice. She was a woman on a mission, and at that moment, a sexy assassin was more terrifying than a cold one.

"Please, don't kill me. I will give you whatever you want."

Valerie checked the time, not caring about

his words. One minute remained. "It's too late for that. I would have asked you to bring him back, but he has already survived."

Her urgency frightened Don Commander as she leaned over him. Before he could plead, she plunged a third knife into his heart, causing blood to gush out. With the remaining ten seconds, Valerie made her escape.

The fatal wound to Don Commander's heart proved to be too much, and he succumbed to it, dropping dead. The same man from earlier appeared at the door as Valerie exited and escorted her out as if they were a couple.

Valerie got into the car, but Denzel was not there. She anxiously looked around, about to step out to search for him or ask the man who brought her when he suddenly appeared and sat beside her.

"Good job."

"Where did you go?" Valerie asked, removing the sunglasses he had given her.

Denzel sighed, gazing at her with admiration. Valerie never failed to take his breath away. She could be gentle one moment and ruthless the next.

An embodiment of good triumphing over evil and a passionate lover. "Did you think I would leave you alone? I had to watch out for you somewhere."

He didn't disclose how he had backed her up, but he was impressed.

Valerie was deeply moved and kissed him passionately. She was touched by the fact that he would always be there to rescue her, even if she made mistakes.

Pulling away, she inquired, "Who's next?"

She was determined to send all three Dons to their graves that day, but she was taken aback by the worried expression on Denzel's face. "What's wrong?"