

## Chapter 286-A New Style of Punishment

"D...Denzel, what are these for?"

Valerie's heart thumped when she saw the three items on the bed, and she felt strangely afraid of the man she had fallen crazily in love with.

Then there was also something else. A bottle of whiskey that took her attention and fear from the items on the bed.

"These are for your punishment, so choose," Denzel spoke emotionlessly. Alpha females were stubborn, and he feared that Valerie's stubbornness could land her in bigger trouble if he didn't give her something to remember.

Denzel would hate for her to make another

mistake, and to ensure that, he had to make sure that she received her punishment the hard way. *wŴw.(n)rvE⊙wOɪⓈ.com*

"You mean I should choose between the belt, rope, and whip?" Valerie's voice shook a little. In times past, some Alphas whipped their strong mates into submission, so Valerie did not want to have anything to do with this when her wolf was powerless.

She knew from the onset that Denzel was very upset, and even with that, he had cooked for her and treated her so kindly. She was foolish to think that he forgot about it.

"Exactly," Denzel responded in adomineering voice, which made him different from the person she knew before.

"I choose the whiskey," Valerie said, trying to make light of the matter and was glad

when Denzel smiled. Then his expression suddenly went stoic.

"That is a reward for either of the punishments you choose. No matter what, I would teach you how to drink."

Valerie was slightly confused. If she had known that her punishment was what awaited her behind the bedroom doors, she would have waited a little while before coming in. *wŴw.nⓈvèlŴOr(m).com*

"You mean there is a way to drink?" She asked, shifting the attention to the alcohol on the bed. Since it was all part of Denzel's plans, he responded calmly.

"Yes. How to drink whiskey and not get drunk. It's the same for other alcoholic beverages."

*wŴw.no(v)é⊙Ŵ(Ⓢ)r-m.çòm*

Valerie felt strange, but this was also interesting to her. She already had a taste of the martini and could not deny that back then, she feared getting drunk but got drugged in the end.

"Can I have a taste of the whiskey first?"

"Sure," Denzel readily agreed, making her wonder if he was indeed going to punish her. He gave in too easily.

Denzel poured her a glass, and she gulped it down, frowning in the process. "Water?" Valerie stared at the bottle in his hand. It had the seal and everything, so how could it have been water?

"Exactly," Denzel maintained his smile. "This is the real whiskey." He picked up a bottle of water and gave it to her.

She opened it and poured a mouthful into her throat; it burned from the impact when she swallowed it.

"What is that supposed to mean?" She asked seriously, having drunk too much than she would have, thinking it was plain water.

Denzel explained it calmly to her. "You can switch your whiskey, drink a lot of water in between, or add some ice. You can even dilute the whiskey."

Valerie found it strange that people would do that if they really wanted to drink. Why not rather limit one's capacity than put in all these measures just to drink more? Who were they trying to impress?

"Is that what you do?" she asked Denzel, and he shook his head.

"No." Then he continued to explain. "I have taken it for a long time, so I can drink a lot

without having the lasting effect. I am teaching you this because of where we are going to get Viggo. You might have to drink your way to him."

With this information, Valerie was determined. "Great."

Denzel had more to tell her. "As for Eskimo, we are going to get him at the arm-wrestling club. Use your brains when you get there, and I will be watching out for you."

Valerie was so excited. A place like the arm-wrestling club sure piqued her interest, and she eagerly asked, "When are we leaving?"

Denzel's expression changed instantly. He hadn't forgotten. "After your punishment, you have a good rest, and we can set off." *wŴŴŴ.itovelwOr-m.cⓈ(m)*

"What is the punishment?" Valerie was

eager to take it and move on. There was also the knowing that Denzel's punishments were always sweet.

"You have to choose between the three rods of discipline, Val. I'm serious about this," Denzel's tone carried seriousness. Valerie stared nervously at the three items on the bed once more, with the exception of the alcohol.

"If I take the whip, how many lashes do I get?" She asked, weighing her options. The whip was nothing to her as she had undergone worse forms of training, but coming from someone she loved, it sure made a big difference to her.

"It depends on how fast you learn, Val," Denzel's tone was deep, and his expressions changed with each word. He was certainly going to punish her this time, but Valerie still wanted some clarifications made to her, as she pointed out.

"If I choose the rope, then you are going to tie me up and do whatever you want with me."

"Exactly, and you don't get to have a say in it." Denzel was glad she got that one right.

Valerie could only think about him giving her brutal sex and asked again. "And the belt?" It was obvious to her that he might spank her with the belt and came to a decision.

"I choose the whip."

However, it was not too long for her to realize that she made a mistake after Denzel's next words.

"Then I demand that you undress, and you also have to understand that your wolf

cannot heal you."

The color drained from Valerie's face. Denzel was going to use the traditional punishment style of the ancestors on her.

Valerie would not have had a problem with it if she had her wolf in full function. "I choose the rope." She quickly changed her mind.

Denzel smirked. If she thought it was going to be as he had done to her at the pack, then she was wrong.

"Good choice, but you still have to undress." Seeing her reluctance, he added, "Or, I can do it for you."