

## Chapter 287-I Promise to Be a Good Girl

Valerie could not predict what kind of games her mate was playing and decided to undress herself, only to see Alpha Denzel doing the same.

She furrowed her brow when he took the rope and began to tie their legs together, causing Valerie to panic.

"Denzel, what is the meaning of this?" she questioned.

Ignoring her, their bodies were close, and though naked, Denzel's expression was dark. Her warmth and naked body drove him insane, but he was determined to proceed.

"I would hate for any harm to come to you, Val," Denzel slapped her buttocks hard with the palm of his hand, causing pain to seep through Valerie's body.

However, he gently massaged the spot he hit, and she felt his manhood harden

against her stomach since he was taller than her, squeezing her buttocks tightly.

"Hmmm," she gasped, feeling pleasure as hernipples hardened. The pain lasted for just a few seconds, and she realized that even though she couldn't communicate with her wolf in the human world, she still retained some of her wolfy abilities.

Remaining in a standing position, another spank, harder than the first, reached Valerie's buttocks. Her fingers dug into Denzel's back as she yelped from the pain.

Denzel's voice was a blend of pain, possession, and fear. His greatest fear was losing her and he ensured that after this punishment, she would never make such a mistake again.

"You have no right to get into trouble without my knowledge, do you understand?" he cooed in her ear, a tear falling from her eye as the realization set in.

She could get into trouble as long as he was aware because he would be there to save her, just as he did even when he wasn't *Ww.m0VèlwoRm.Com*

aware.

However, his fear was if he had woken up just a few minutes later than he did. What would have happened?

Denzel could not imagine the rest, only ensuring that it never happens again.

Valerie would be in charge of many things, so after the coronation, they would return without him having to watch out for her all the time. She had a lot to learn, and it had to do so very quickly.

"Yes, Denzel, I promise to be a good girl," she said, her voice filled with pleasure and pain, resurrecting everything Denzel tried so hard to bury, but he endured it all.

"And this last one is to remind you of how I can be your pain and pleasure," he spanked her for the last time, the pain unbearable, her warm tears wetting his shoulders. *Ww(w).n0VèLw0rm.00m*

Valerie wrapped her arms around him, scratching his back with her fingers as pleasure tore through her when his fingers thrust into her wet walls.

It was so deep, and intense, pleasure

rippled through her body. How could one man give her so much pain and pleasure?

Only Denzel would do so. "Arhhhhh Denzel," Valerie moaned from both pain and pleasure, knowing how reddened her buttocks would be by now.

They were just three spanks, but the pain lasted for at least thirty seconds before rapidly dissipating as if they were never there. *WwW.N0VèLw0rm.c0m*

"Are you surprised?" He sat on the bed and untied the rope from their legs, allowing her to relax as she knelt before him.

About to put his phallus in her mouth, he pulled her up, took her nipple in his mouth and squeezed her buttocks again, sending exciting pleasures through her body.

Flipping her around, he pressed her back onto the bed, parted her legs, and got on top of her, kissing the mark on her neck as she squirmed, turning her head to the side to give him more access.

A moan escaped her before he took her lips. Valerie welcomed him hungrily, her body

grinding against his, his hard manhood rubbing against her entrance.

Denzel suddenly pulled away, his eyes filled with passion. "I love you, Val, but don't ever take me for granted, not even for my sister."

Valerie nodded, her understanding of his emotions deepening. Denzel loved his sister but still did not want his mate to prioritize his sister over him, the same way he did with her.

He would never prioritize anyone over his mate. "I understand, Denzel," she moaned as his lips trailed to her chest. "I love you too." *w(w)W.(n)0VèLw0Rm.000*

Denzel kissed her on the lips once again before trailing it to her jaw, then to her neck, and to her nipple, sucking hungrily.

His fingers dug into her walls, and she felt her release approaching. Her moans grew louder, her breathing erratic, her muscles tensing when Denzel suddenly pulled away and stood up from the bed.

"What?" Valerie released a breath she didn't know she was holding as Denzel faced her

with a smirk.

"This is your final punishment. I hope you have learned your lesson."

This was too much for her. It would have been fine if he had just allowed her to have her release. "Denzel, please don't do this."

Denzel smiled at her. As much as he wanted to pleasure her and even get his own release, the lesson he wanted her to learn was more dominant than any desire permeating through him.

"Sleep, Val, I need to make some calls." He went into the shower room with his phone to make a few calls.

Valerie lay down, expecting him to return. Denzel loved sex too. He couldn't just leave her in the middle of the road, right?

Sadly for her, he did, and she realized that he had showered but only pulled her into his arms and closed his eyes to sleep after his return to the bed.

Valerie gritted her teeth as she pulled away and went for a cold shower to cool off her erotic desires.

Denzel punished her for real this time, and it was a lesson she would never forget.

When she returned from the shower room, she lay beside him like a good girl, planning her own revenge for when he would equally upset her.

Their sleep was interrupted by the ringing of Denzel's phone. As soon as he saw the caller, he woke Valerie. "We are going to the arm-wrestling club now."

The sleep cleared from her eyes instantly and she jumped from the bed, ready to take down her two last enemies.