

Chapter 322 – Fellow

Alpha

"Alpha, I hardly dream, but if I do, then they are bound to happen. That is the reason why I was scared right now," Alice said honestly. Denzel understood that the Moon goddess was just giving them a reminder. [1wWw.©Orëlur©m.©om](#)

As always, she would find a way to speak to them, even if she could not come in person.

Ashley was greatly disturbed for her sister, but upon hearing Alpha Denzel's words, she was greatly relieved.

"Alright, we create our own destinies. I can't wait for my mate to get pregnant, and when she does, we shall protect the baby together. I think everybody needs to rest. No one is missing training tomorrow except Dad."

He paused and asked, "Burke, did you send the letter to Scarlet and Tristan?"

Preparations for the coronation and the invitations were the only things the packs were talking about now.

For the largest pack in Northern America, no one would dare to miss such an event, though the timing was short.

Burke was glad to have done his part and was happy that Alice's fear was just a dream and nothing Alpha Denzel and Luna Valerie could not handle.

"Yes, Alpha. I had it delivered."

"Okay. Good night, everybody." Alpha Denzel's voice was warm, but his words were unrefusable, so everyone obeyed, retiring to their rooms.

Valerie wanted to speak with Ashley, but just as Denzel said, it was very late, so she decided to hold off until tomorrow.

Feeling ashamed, her head lowered when she went to the room with Denzel and wanted to apologize, but Denzel went to the bathroom without inviting her like he usually would.

She went to join him, but the door was locked. He had kept up a good image downstairs, but now, he had nothing to hide.

"Denzel, open up. We have to talk," Valerie spoke behind the door, but he only responded coldly.

"Not tonight. I also need to rest for training tomorrow."

This was the first time he rejected her, and it was not sitting well with her. She waited in front of the door until he came out with a towel wrapped around his waist.

Valerie gulped. The man looked so delicious even when he was upset. It was really an interesting sight she could not resist, but when she tried to touch him, he dodged her.

Valerie's hand froze in midair as she asked with a confused look on her face, "Denzel, what is going on?"

Denzel did not speak to her, having realized that his previous ways of punishment before only encouraged more misbehaviors and was certain that after this lesson, she would change for the better.

He also hoped that she would begin to wholly trust him. By the time she came out of the shower, he was fast asleep. This was strange, or could this be the punishment he talked about? Valerie began to think about everything going on.

Her expectancy of another punishment awaited her was to be another excessive BDSM way of punishment but not the cold war kind of thing. It was more painful to take.

She went and laid beside him, resting her head on his chest, but he did not hold her like he usually would. Nevertheless, he did not push her away.

Since he already fell asleep, she allowed the matter to rest. However, Valerie could not sleep through the night, as Astrid kept disturbing her. Brutus had withdrawn, and she wasn't liking it.

"You made him upset. You should apologize."

I told you he wasn't cheating on us, but you went ahead to cause trouble.

Valerie wholly agreed with her wolf this time and was greatly remorseful. "I would apologize as soon as he wakes up."

Astrid ensured to steal Valerie's sleep, making her wake up earlier than usual for training. She dressed in her training outfit and laid beside Denzel, waiting keenly until his eye snapped open.

"Good morning, my love," Valerie beamed, but Denzel's expression was cold, and he did not respond.

About to lift himself from the bed, Valerie pressed him down. "Darling, I'm in the wrong. Please forgive me."

Denzel stared at her. It wasn't the first time. Her insecurities were going overboard, and he feared that if things were not set right, they could destroy their relationship.

Still, he could not get over her trying to leave him earlier. She would have run away if he had not arrived when he did.

What would he have done without her? Even if she did not trust him anymore, then what about the coronation? He was doing it for her, and she should have known by now that he was nothing close to Tristan.

His gaze was neither cold nor warm. "Earn it."

Valerie pursed her lips, lacking ideas. "I don't know how."

Denzel shrugged but did not say anymore, as he went to the washroom to freshen up for training.

At the Yellow Stone Pack, a mail arrived for Alpha Tristan. "It's from the Evergreen Pack," the warriors said to Alpha Tristan, who sat in his swivel chair, trying to take care of some urgent matters. [Ww.w.m\(©\)Elur\(©\)rm.co@](#)

There hasn't been peace at the pack ever since Valerie left, and he was losing sleep every day because of it.

"Go ahead," he said to the warrior without lifting his head to meet his gaze as the warrior began to read what was written on the invitation.

"Greetings, fellow Alpha Tristan and Luna Scarlet, the Evergreen Pack is having the happiest time of its existence, as we invite you to celebrate with us the coronation ceremony of our extraordinary Luna, Valerie Lawn." [w\(w\)WnOrëlW©Rm.cOm](#)

"This ceremony would also be an opportunity for business partnerships, and every pack would be given equal opportunity at this time. It would only be your loss if you refuse to attend. With partnerships like this, we insist that every Alpha attends with their Luna. Your Fellow Alpha, Denzel."

Tristan wanted to see Valerie again, but not when she was getting coronated. It would only confirm to him that he lost her forever.

"Is it a good idea to attend?" He asked his beta, Hugo. The latter agreed.

"I think it is. All packs Alphas and Lunas would be there."

Recalling all the humiliation he suffered, Tristan analyzed the circumstance and revealed. "But there is a problem."

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