

Chapter 91

91 Chapter 91-I thought I'd never see you again

Flashback

"Mom, look at the mountains. Isn't it beautiful?"

The mountain Denzel talked about was not what was in front of them but rather what was painted on his painting board. He painted the mountains just as he had seen them to impress his mother.

Denzel was a teenager by then and already a tough warrior, but being with his mother was always like being with Luna Fernanda. He didn't mind being childish and vulnerable to enjoy the security and love of his mother.

As expected, his mother was impressed by

his painting. It was so well done that if not for the fact that it was on paper, one would have thought it was really what was in front of them. "Zel, you paint well."

Denzel was not satisfied with his level of creativity. It only came in items but not in personality. There were things he couldn't paint right, no matter how hard he tried.

"You do better, mom. I want to paint better than you," he said with determination. His mother smiled at his ambition, turning her painting to face him.

"With constant practice, you'll get there. Happy Birthday."

Denzel was bewildered, seeing an image of him painting. Everything on his painting board and how he held the painting brush was captured in the painting. It seemed that no matter how much he tried, his mom was [www.NovelsInoM.com](#)

just too good at this.

He forgot that today was his birthday. No wonder his mother brought him here for them to paint together since Denzel never liked birthday celebrations.

"Mom, you painted me. I'll keep it with me forever, and one day, I'll paint you too," he vowed, making his mother excited, as she couldn't wait to see her son paint a picture of her.

"I look forward to it."

After a short while, they went back to doing a few finishing touches on their paintings, interrupted by some roars. Denzel panicked a little. "What's that noise, mom?"

"There is an attack. Let's go," his mother grabbed his hand, but turning around, they

came face to face with a ferocious man with scar marks on his face.

"Too late," he scowled, being a rogue leader. "Mother and son painting." He walked towards Denzel's mother's painting. "It's been very hard to do the image of the heir. This is perfect."

"Don't touch it," his mother yelled, standing in front of the painting to block its view from the rogue leader. Her arms circled her son protectively, pulling him into her embrace, but then they were surrounded by twenty more rogues.

"What can you do?" The rogue leader snarled. The mother and son fought the rogues, and when they realized they were getting defeated, one of them took the painting and ran away. Denzel's mother, not able to bear her son's image being with the rogues, lost her concentration when she tried to chase after them. [www.novelsinome.com](#)

She lost her right hand in the process, though she never got the painting back.

End of flashback

"That painting was later used for another attack, and I was the target this time. Our enemies were defeated, but mom was never able to paint again, though she was still a skillful warrior."

They had pulled away from the hug and were sitting next to each other. "She was sad anytime I tried painting because she could never do what she loved most. Due to that, I promised her that I won't paint either. It was even better to avoid paintings altogether." [www.morélsjor\(e\).com](#)

He continued to say, "I don't remember how those paints got to that house, but when I saw the painting she had done, it brought

back bitter memories and the promise I made to mom."

Alessia was saddened by the news but was slightly confused. "When was this? I never lived with mom, but the time I saw her, her two hands were intact."

Alpha Denzel smiled a little. It was as a result of that incident that he became familiar with the human world and developed an interest in it. "Those were artificial. Just there for decoration but never having any use. We couldn't get a doctor at the pack because something like this never happened before."

"My father suggested going to the human world, and Las Vegas was where he found a doctor to do that for her."

Alessia was glad to know this but still felt that it didn't justify Denzel's keeping his vow to their late mother. "But Denzel, mom is gone. You can't allow the past to control

you. I believe that mom would not be happy being the reason why Val is sad."

Alpha Denzel couldn't help being saddened. He wanted to make Valerie happy but was also determined to protect her. However, he found himself hurting her emotionally whenever he was himself.

It would have been so easy if they still had the bond, but now, things were different. Winning Valerie's heart was not going to be easy. The moon goddess wanted to punish him, and it seems she indeed got it right.

"When I saw the painting she did, I knew I could do better but also made a promise."

"Promises should be kept to those alive and not to the dead. She's no more, so the promise is broken. Val has nothing, so I'm sorry, but I have to get her those paints. If it worries you so much, then don't enter the

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cottage when you go there. You can sit on the garden bench to talk to her," Alessia suggested, not willing to barge, though sympathizing with her brother.

As Alpha Denzel thought through her words, he had to agree that she was right. "I will think about it, but you can get her the paint."

Alessia smiled finally. "Thanks, and make sure you eat. The food is good, and I'll keep the rest here in your fridge. You can have some tomorrow."

Looking at the quantity of the food, Alpha Denzel could not help but wonder. "Why did she cook so much?"

"She said to forget about everything that happened," Alessia said honestly. Alpha Denzel felt guilty.

When Alessia arrived with the paints, painting brush, and board, Valerie hugged her tightly, feeling emotional. "I'm so grateful for this."

"No need. I believe that very soon, you will have the freedom to do whatever you like. My brother would not stop you from painting anymore," Alessia assured her, but Valerie was slightly disturbed, asking,

"Did you guys fight?"

"No. He explained his reasons for not liking them, and I explained why you needed them. I won in the end."

Valerie was happy to hear that. "Thank you, but if he has a good reason for not liking them..." She was going to return them, not wanting to upset Alpha Denzel if he had a genuine reason for not wanting her to paint, but Alessia cut in and explained,

"It's nothing, really. It's already dark. I will see you tomorrow."

After Alessia left, Valerie was engrossed in her painting, losing track of time when a knock sounded on her door.

She checked the time on the wall clock, and her heart thumped a little, seeing it was close to midnight and hoping it would be who she wanted it to be.

She removed the apron she wore to prevent stains on her clothes before ambling to the door, and at the sight of Ryker, her eyes brightened as she threw her arms around him. "I thought I'd never see you again."