

# Alpha Damien & His Troublemaker - Hope Is Not Optional – Manuel Flores 219[ 1,192 words ]

## Chapter 219

Evelyn's face turned deathly pale. Her eyes widened in pure terror as she shook her head frantically. "No! I didn't steal! You're lying! I didn't steal anything!"

I cut her off before she could continue her desperate pleas. "Everyone saw you though. So don't lie." I glanced at the guards and ordered coldly, "Alright then. Someone cut off her hands here."

The women around us gasped loudly in shock, exchanging wide-eyed glances and muttering among themselves. They were clearly surprised to hear me order something so brutal right in the middle of the garden. I turned to them with an apologetic smile and said gently, "I am sorry for letting you see such an ugly sight, but there is nothing I can do. I have to do it because of the princess."

The women obviously didn't want to witness something so gruesome, but they all nodded quickly, forcing smiles and trying their best not to annoy me. One of the guards stepped forward with a sharp sword while another grabbed Evelyn's arm, forcing her hand onto a flat stone. Evelyn was shaking violently now, tears streaming down her face as she begged, "No... please no! I didn't steal!"

In the background, Silas was screaming and fighting desperately against the many guards holding him down. Even though he was a strong black wolf, he couldn't break free, my guards were a lot. "Let her go!" he roared, his voice filled with fury and fear.

Avery looked at me with barely contained anger and said firmly, "That is enough. I will punish her myself. I will give you anything, just let her go."

I smiled innocently and replied, "I don't understand what you mean. She belongs to me. I'm just punishing my servant. There is nothing you can do."

Avery opened her mouth to argue further, but her royal maid quickly held her arm and shook her head, silently warning her not to interfere. They both knew that if

Avery pushed too hard and word reached her mother, the Luna, it would put Avery at a disadvantage. No one wanted to get into serious trouble over a mere servant. But I knew Avery well. She wouldn't easily let Evelyn, Selene's precious maid, get hurt.

I looked at the guard holding the sword and nodded. He raised the blade high, preparing to bring it down.

Evelyn was sobbing openly now, her eyes squeezed shut in terror as she waited for the strike.

Avery stepped forward desperately and said, "Sienna, let's talk. Must you do this? If you cut off her hand, you will kill her. Even if she lives, you will destroy her bright future."

I simply shrugged, my smile never fading. "I can do anything I want, Princess Avery. She is my servant. My sister is dead, so she belongs to me. There is no one who can do anything about it." I turned back to the guard and ordered sharply, "Now cut her hands!"

The guard raised the sword high, the blade glinting coldly in the sunlight as it began its downward arc toward Evelyn's outstretched hand. Avery screamed desperately, "No! Wait!" but it was already too late. The sword was coming down fast, and I felt a rush of triumph bloom in my chest. I would get what I wanted again. Everything was going perfectly.

But before the blade could meet flesh, a lazy yet dangerously calm voice cut through the garden.

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"Bullying my people when I'm not around, I see. How bold."

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Everyone froze instantly. The voice echoed through the air, carrying an oppressive aura that made the entire garden tremble. No one dared speak. The women around me looked shocked, their eyes darting everywhere as they tried to figure out who had spoken with such chilling authority. But I didn't need to search. I already

knew. I knew that voice even in my nightmares. It haunted my sleep, whispering promises of revenge. My heart stopped beating for a second.

Impossible.

The guard hesitated for a heartbeat, his knuckles whitening around the hilt of his sword. Sweat beaded on his brow despite the chill in the air, his eyes flickering with unease. But duty, or fear of his masters, won out. He gritted his teeth and raised the blade higher, the steel glinting coldly as it prepared to sever Evelyn's hand in one clean, merciless stroke.

In that moment, a vicious crack split the silence like thunder.

A whip, black as midnight and studded with wickedly curved daggers along its length, tore through the air with blinding speed. It struck first at the guard's sword, wrapping around the blade with unnatural precision and yanking it sideways. Before he could even gasp, the whip continued its deadly moment, coiling around his torso, arms, and neck like a living serpent made of leather.

One brutal tug.

The daggers bit deep. A wet, guttural scream died in the guard's throat as the whip tightened with savage force, slicing through muscle, bone, and sinew in a single motion. Blood exploded outward in a crimson mist, spraying across my face, my chest, and the front of my once-pristine dress. The metallic tang flooded my mouth as droplets landed on my lips.

The guard's body crumpled like a broken doll, collapsing into a twitching, ruined heap on the stone floor. What remained of him was barely recognizable.

For a stunned second, the world froze.

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Evelyn, still on her knees, stared with wide, disbelieving eyes. Silas gasped, while Avery's face drained of all color, her breath catching in a sharp inhale.

I felt my heart hammering against my ribs, dread sinking into the pit of my stomach. Slowly, I forced my body to turn, every instinct screaming at me to run instead.

There she was.

Lounging on an ornate high-backed chair. She sat with laziness, one leg crossed elegantly over the other, her posture radiating absolute dominion. Long white and black hair cascaded over one shoulder, framing a face of sharp, breathtaking beauty that felt both angelic and infernal. Her eyes locked onto mine with predatory intensity, pinning me in place.

A slow, terrifying smirk curved her full lips, revealing the faintest hint of teeth. It wasn't a smile of warmth. It was the smile of a wolf that had just found its favorite prey.

She tilted her head slightly, the whip still dripping blood in her hand, and spoke.

“Well, isn't this a touching little scene? I'm back,” she said softly, her voice dripping with amusement. “Miss

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me, dear sister?”

“97

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Her eyes darkened with clear murderous intent as she continued, “Now, how should I punish you for touching what belonged to me?”

The garden fell into complete, suffocating silence. My heart hammered wildly in my chest as cold fear gripped me for the first time in months. Selene was alive. And she was looking at me like I was already dead.

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# Alpha Damien & His Troublemaker - Hope is not optional manuel flores 220[ 1,163 words ]

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Selene

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Flashback

I looked up at the sky, letting the warm sunlight touch my fair skin and make it sparkle softly in the golden light. My eyes were downcast, almost as if I were sleeping peacefully, but I was more alert than anyone around me could ever imagine. Beside me, Maeve, the Crimson maid assigned to me, gently massaged my shoulders with careful, skilled hands, while her younger sister stood on the other side, fanning me slowly with a delicate ornate fan to keep the air moving around me.

I could hear the voices of people passing by the garden path, their whispers filled with shock and awe as they tried not to stare too obviously.

“Oh my goddess, she is beautiful! She looks like a goddess. Who is she?”

Another voice answered in a hushed tone, “Keep your eyes down. She is the dangerous woman who had the whole pack in shock a few days ago during the warrior rite, the winner of the warrior rite.”

Someone else sounded surprised. “The winner of the warrior rite? I thought it was a man.”

The second woman replied quickly, “A man? Didn’t you watch the full tournament? She is a woman, but she dressed like a man. But that wasn’t even the most

surprising part. The surprising part was that when she fainted, the Alpha caught her just in time before she could hit the floor and carried her away.”

The first person gasped audibly. “You mean it? The same Alpha Damien? The cold-blooded man?”

The second woman nodded. “Exactly. If the Alpha can do something like that, that only means one thing. She is the Alpha’s woman. Except from that, she is obviously a dangerous woman. So let’s not offend her or even look at her if we want to keep ourselves safe.”

The maids whispered nervously to each other as they hurried past. I slowly opened my eyes, my gaze locking directly onto them. They flinched hard, their faces paling as they scrambled away quickly, bowing their heads deeply in fear before disappearing down the path.

I watched them go for a moment before closing my eyes again, letting the sunlight continue to warm my skin. I spoke softly, “Your friends are scared of me, aren’t you?”

Maeve, who was still massaging my shoulders with steady hands, shook her head gently and replied, “Of course not, my lady. My sister and I are not scared of you.”

Her sister nodded quickly in agreement beside her. Maeve had been assigned to me the moment I arrived at the Crimson Pack palace, and she had continued serving me faithfully. Her sister had even asked to join her in attending me. I opened my eyes again and looked at both of them with a small smile.

“You two should take a break. I really do not need all this.”

Maeve shook her head firmly, her voice respectful but determined. “No, my lady. The sun is too bright. You will get hot and your skin will darken. You need to protect yourself from the sun.”

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I tilted my head slightly and looked up at the blazing sun above us. It was indeed bright and strong, yet I didn’t feel any discomfort from it. After awakening more

of my power, normal temperatures barely affected me anymore. The heat felt pleasant, almost comforting, like a gentle embrace rather than something to be protected from.

I nodded slowly, keeping my eyes closed, and asked, “How is the massage coming along, Maeve?”

Maeve smiled brightly behind me, her hands never stopping their careful work as she replied, “It’s good, my lady. Thanks to the small hammer-like item you gave me. It makes everything so much easier and more effective.”

I opened my eyes slightly and glanced at the soft little hammer she was using on my shoulders. The moment my gaze landed on it, I heard my weapon’s grumpy, indignant voice echo loudly inside my head.

“Hey you! How dare you use me, the Devourer, to massage your shoulders? Do you know who I am? This is very diminishing. I might be able to transform into anything, but I have never been used in such a humiliating way.”

My lips curled up into a small, amused smile as I answered him silently. “You were the one who told me to use you for something. I am using you now.”

The sword scoffed dramatically in my mind. “Of course I did! I meant practice fighting or maybe splitting a mountain into two. I didn’t mean you should use me like this. I am higher than most weapons. This is embarrassing.”

I didn’t bother replying to his complaints. A few days had passed since the warrior rite, and so much had changed for me in that short time. My powers had grown even stronger because I trained and meditated with Devourer every single day.

My body had grown accustomed to the new energy flowing through me, and with each passing day I felt myself becoming more powerful. The most noticeable changes had happened to my appearance. I still looked like myself, still carried some resemblance to my twin sister Sienna, but I looked different now. Almost godly. There was an ethereal quality to me that hadn’t been there before. I knew it sounded absurd, but yesterday an old woman almost fainted upon seeing my face, convinced I was a goddess who had descended to the mortal realm.

The mist power I had awakened was clearly far more potent than I had initially thought.

The only thing I was truly happy about was that my hair hadn’t changed. Most people in my position would have wanted their hair to turn fully white, to be

recognized completely as the Moonborn, but I didn't want that. My black-and-white hair was what defined me. I didn't care enough to become perfect in anyone's eyes. I was proud to be different.

And most importantly, another thing that had become very noticeable in these past few days was how much more arrogant my new weapon had grown. Devourer's voice rang in my head again, full of pride and suggestion.

"You're powerful. Really powerful. You should show everyone your powers so they will fear you."

I tilted my head slightly and rested it against my hand that was propped on the arm of the chair, "I don't want everyone to fear me."

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My weapon's voice immediately rang in my head, sounding genuinely surprised. "Huh? But you're a warrior. You should-"

I cut him off before he could finish. "Even if you're a warrior that commands thousands of people, you don't need

everyone to fear you. You just need your enemies to fear you. And my enemies are not here at least for

now."

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