

Chapter 134

134 Chapter 134-You do care about me, don't you?

Subconsciously, Valerie stood up and ran to him. Her heart strangely felt pained when she saw the blood dripping on the floor. That was all she saw and had no idea of what exactly happened and where exactly he was stabbed.

She reached him with speed, and before she could go around him to check the injury, his arm circled around her waist, his lips thinning into a smile as he pulled her into his tight embrace. The reaction from onlookers was just interesting.

This was the first time the pack members saw their Alpha displaying a show of love, and his voice was amazingly soft and charming as he asked her, "You do care about me, don't you?"

Her reaction warmed his heart so deeply

that his wolf came alive. All along, he thought Valerie only cared about Alessia and his personality as Ryker, but this showed otherwise. Perhaps she never showed it because she never saw him in a vulnerable state like this before.

Valerie's cheeks turned pink, and she wondered if he didn't care about his injury. He might have an Alpha wolf, but if the injury was too deep, it might take longer to heal when he still had five Alphas to duel.

"Stop fooling around. Let me see," she said sternly, trying to free herself from his grip. All along, she did not see that his right hand was wrapped around her, and his left hand was still hidden behind his back.

He slowly released his hold on her, and when she tried to go around to check, he brought forward his left hand holding the tip of the sword.

Due to the untimely manner of the throw, he feared that dodging it might lead to somebody else getting injured, and rather caught it, but due to the sharpness, it cut through his palms and hence the blood she saw dripping. It had already begun to heal anyway.

Valerie felt as if a blanket of weight had been lifted off her, she sighed with relief, and when she regained herself and saw how all eyes were glued on her with interest instead of Alpha Denzel, she covered her shyness with a forced smile before going back to where she sat before.

Alpha Denzel's soft gaze remained on her, as he thought about how amazing she was. Alessia was smiling like a fool and could not help teasing Valerie when she sat back beside her.

"You truly care about him."

Valerie rolled her eyes but did not deny it.

Alpha Denzel saved her not only from Tristan but also from those rogues Scarlet sent. Even if she didn't love him, she cared enough to ensure that he was okay.

"Did you not care?" She asked Alessia, the latter smiled knowingly.

"I knew he'd catch it. I've seen him do so during wars. He used to catch arrows with his eyes closed," she narrated. That was the reason why even when she didn't know that they shared the same blood, she was already fascinated by Alpha Denzel at a young age.

The revelation that they were related was just the cherry on top of the ice cream. A sigh of relief escaped Valerie, understanding the gazes that pinned on her. Everyone knew the details of Alpha Denzel's strength except her.

The moment Alpha Denzel swirled around to face his attacker, the sword in his hand was flying in the air back to the sender. It happened so fast and without the same warning as when it was thrown at him.

Alpha Farel was not opportune to dodge or catch the sword; it pierced right through his heart, causing him to stagger from shock and pain, the tip appeared in his back. Alpha Farel slowly fell to his knees, his eyes rolled to the back before he fell flat on his face, dead.

Valerie was amazed. Even as a skilled warrior, she knew there was still a lot she needed to learn from Alpha Denzel.

It was as if he was born as a god of war in a sexy male body, and with no shocked surprises on the faces of his pack members, it only meant they had seen better during the wars they fought beside their Alpha.

Alpha Farel's four warriors among the twenty instantly lowered their knees to the maple wood floor. At times like this, they would either surrender to Alpha Denzel or face death like their master. Their actions showed surrender, but it was still up to Alpha Denzel to decide if they needed to be granted pardon.

They remained on their knees as Alpha Denzel addressed Alpha Apollo since he stood next to Alpha Farel's corpse.

"Alpha Apollo, choose your weapon carefully." Alpha Denzel's voice was calm but deadly, and Alpha Apollo did not see a way to win against him.

"What if I choose peace?" he asked as he stared at the dead body on the floor. This was an Alpha he shared a drink with last night, and Alpha Denzel killed him without sweat. Alpha Apollo feared a little.

At the mention of peace, Alpha Denzel was required to drop the war and make amends, but with his woman involved and the fact that he hurt her so much because of these wicked people, the only solution and satisfaction to his hungry soul was vengeance.

"Then you shouldn't have followed your friend here. You are already in, so the only way back is this way." Alpha Denzel picked up his rope and began twirling it in the air like he was ready for a prey.

Alpha Apollo carefully took a step back, seeing that Alpha Denzel was too skilled with the rope. It was more like his strong hold. "What if I don't want a weapon? I prefer my fist," Alpha Apollo said.

Well, the fist was also a weapon, so why not? Alpha Denzel dropped the rope, but Alpha Apollo tried to outsmart him.

Running towards Alpha Denzel, he grabbed a dagger and was about to stab him when Alpha Denzel dodged it. He didn't give Alpha Apollo the time to stabilize and re-attack before kicking the dagger from his hand.

Alpha Apollo's eyes were covered in fear as he saw death in Alpha Denzel's eyes...