

## Chapter 67

67 Chapter 67- Faking it with Conrad

Alpha Conrad has always been smart. Holding his phone, he quickly typed something and showed Denzel an unsent text message on his phone. "I was doing so as soon as I met your absence."

Alpha Denzel faked a smile, pretending he hadn't seen what Alpha Conrad just did, wondering for how long his trusted friend had taken him for a fool. "I don't want to be disturbed. I need to rest."

Alpha Conrad was tensed up. To loosen the tension, he proposed, "I will cook for us to eat first."

He knew that Alpha Denzel would take at least three hours to wake up, and he could have food delivered to both of them. It wasn't as if he liked being in the kitchen,

and this was not the first time he was caught up in the situation to use this excuse. It always worked.

"Whatever, I will sleep first." Alpha Denzel went to his room. He activated the secret cameras, had a quick shower, and as soon as his body touched the bed, sleep stole him. He was that tired.

Waking up, it was already 8 pm, and the aroma of steak drew him to the kitchen. It was obvious that the food was from a restaurant. Denzel always loved to cook his meals, and Conrad knew it, for which reason he pretended to have cooked it.

"You are still here," Denzel said when he saw Alpha Conrad cooking with his back turned. He had actually just disposed off the packs and was warming the food.

"Do you want me to go?" He turned around

and asked, feigning offense. The information he needed from Alpha Denzel was quite critical.

"I thought you had work," Alpha Denzel pointed out, checking the secret cameras' captions on his phone.

The general cameras could be seen, but the secret ones were well hidden. Assured that Conrad had not done anything to raise his suspicions, he relaxed a little.

"Well, we haven't even talked." Conrad pushed a plate of steak and veggies towards him. Denzel squinted at the content. He already guessed it wasn't going to satisfy his taste buds.

He helped himself with the steak and made himself comfortable in the living room, pouring himself a glass of vodka and dropped the plate of steak on the center

table.

The thought of Valerie crossed his mind, and he was already thinking of shopping for some female clothes to keep for her. He would definitely bring her back to Las Vegas again after the dust cleared.

If Conrad was the one behind his predicaments, Denzel already planned the kind of death to give him.

"Aren't you eating it?" Conrad stepped out of the kitchen with another plate and asked. Denzel casually switched on the TV with a remote to watch the news.

"I will. I just miss hard drink." He sipped his whisky as Conrad sat beside him, placing his plate beside that of Denzel.

"Too many problems in the pack?"

Denzel delayed in his response, but thanks to his indifferent nature, Conrad did not suspect anything off as Denzel responded, "Yes. A lot of problems."

"Do you need my help?" He quickly asked, ready to hear about the problems and how he could take advantage of them. Denzel suddenly recalled how he never told Conrad about the happenings in his pack.

Those matters were only between him and Adira. It was obvious that since Adira was out of the pack, Conrad was trying to get information from the horse's own mouth.

"Alessia is doing a good job," Denzel said casually, his eyes glued to the news. He was thinking about Aurora. Was it possible that she could be of help in confirming if the culprit he's been looking for was Conrad?

"More than Adira?" Conrad asked curiously,

chewing down on his food. He ate heartily like he had been hungry for ages. When Denzel went to sleep, he also slept but woke up before Denzel.

He dared not pull any stunts when Denzel was around, as it felt as if Denzel had eyes everywhere. Those eyes were unknown to anyone, his secret cameras.

"I won't make that comparison. Everyone is unique."

Denzel began to eat the steak slowly. It wasn't to his taste, so he kept sipping more vodka.

"How is it?" Conrad asked, referring to the steak. He didn't cook it and hoped he wasn't caught this time, as Denzel had caught him a few times before.

"Terrible," Denzel said honestly, but his expression was blank, as if he wasn't the one who spoke.

Conrad faked being hurt and asked him, "I like that you are honest, so how is Luna Valerie?"

Denzel glared at him, and Conrad could not make out what he saw in Denzel's eyes. Even as they were close, it was still hard to read Denzel's emotions, and if Adira had not messed up, Conrad would not have come to do this by himself.

"I'm I supposed to say that she's fine? She's meant to suffer." Denzel spoke with bitterness of heart, but his face carried no expressions. Ever since letting out the truth about his feelings to Luna Fernanda, denying it for good or bad reasons caused a painful ache in his heart.

"So, you kept her in the dungeon?" Conrad asked. The things he heard about Valerie

had given him a lot of interest in her, but Alpha Denzel was realizing that Conrad's interest in Valerie was strange.

If Conrad was in love with Valerie, then he just dug his own grave, as he would not be able to kill her. Denzel smiled internally at the thought. After getting his confirmation, it would not be just Conrad but the whole of his family.

Sadly, his sister already committed suicide, so it would only be his parents and sick brother.

"What do you think?" Alpha Denzel winked, but his glare on Alpha Conrad made the latter uncomfortable.

"Why did you choose Alessia over Adira?" Conrad quickly changed the topic. He wished to read Alpha Denzel's mind, but it was just impossible.

Alpha Denzel equally knew that his response shouldn't show any hint of his relationship with Alessia. The two Alphas glared at each other, drowned in a mind battle.