

## Chapter 479 - Chapter 479- Pay us our money or die

" You are the first man I've seen who doesn't drink. Dad told me that Uncle Denzel used to drink like a fish and smoke like a chimney before he met Auntie Valerie," Zoe revealed, and Alessia paled. " 1 " Zoe!" She yelled, but Denver only smiled. From how disciplined his father was, he must have been going through a tough time to drink or smoke like that.

Zoe was a sweet soul, reminding him of Moonlight, especially in the way she was gentle with his hair.

" It's alright. I've never had to drink, and I'm not going to start." He needed a clear head to understand everything going on between him and Moonlight, given the way she easily took control of his mind even when they were apart.

Also, his personality was already too strong, and as someone who could easily lose his temper, it was better to stay away from alcohol.

" Alright, but I want to go with you to the pack. I feel like I might just find my mate there," Zoe said, and Denver was glad as it felt like the best news he had ever heard.

" You know you are always welcome." He might just make very good use of her company in calming his demons.

" You are so amazing, Denver, and I'm so jealous of your hair," Zoe said, gathering his hair in a ponytail like she saw Moonlight do the last time.

" Your hair is just like mine," Denver pointed out..

" But yours is longer and thicker." she insisted, knowing it was because everyone in the pack depended on natural means for everything, especially natural oils for strengthening the hair.

" Denver, are you ready to help?" A male voice asked from the entrance, and Denver was confused.

" Help with what?" " There are a few problems at the liquor factory," Grant said as soon as he entered. If not for Denver's long hair, there would not have been a difference between them.

" Sure, I'm in." Denver stood up immediately as Grant said, " Zach is waiting in the car. Let's talk on the way, but you have to endure his talkative girlfriend." Denver frowned slightly, knowing how things worked in Vegas. Their world must not be known, so if someone asked him too many detailed questions, he might just be rude to escape it.

Being Zachary's girlfriend, he didn't want to show her that side of him since they would soon be family.

" Thanks for telling me, but is she his mate?" " Unfortunately, yes, and she's human, so Zachary has cut ties with the pack. You know what I'm talking about. Their wedding is next week, and he will be moving out after," Grant explained.**ww.w.N.vé()wOrM.CoM**

To protect the secret of the pack, anyone whose mate was human would have to fully accept his human side and never set foot in the pack.

In extreme cases where the human accidentally finds out about their secret, then memory loss potions would have to be used.

" And the business?" Denver asked, trying to understand Zachary's role. It was not his fault that his mate was human, so he still deserved his inheritance.

" Mom and Dad already assigned him to one of the branches." All the profit from there would belong to him and his family. Your mom and dad already agreed to it.

" That is cool," Denver agreed. Just a branch would still make Zachary a millionaire if he managed it very well.

Before Denver reached the door, Gemma asked from behind. " Denver, can we go to the club later, at night?" Denver smiled, understanding that she needed his help with his mate and smiled.

" Sure." As soon as they got into the car, somebody screamed from the back seat." Grant, you never told me about your twin brother. Zach, how could you keep something like this from me?" Denver turned around, not smiling or frowning, though he found her voice rather funny. Zach's girlfriend was young and fresh. She was also beautiful, but of course, her scent betrayed the fact that she wasn't their kind.

Their children were going to be mixed breeds, and it would be up to them to decide which side to be on.

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" We are cousins, but I live in Africa," Denver said what his father always taught him to avoid further questions since the ways of Africans were quite different from those of Europeans.

Sylvia, Zach's mate, mellowed instantly. It was not because of what Denver said, but something strange she noticed about him that scared her. " Your voice is strange." His cousins and everyone he knew got used to his voice, but Sylvia's words were a reminder of his Alpha voice, even when he spoke normally.

" Denver, welcome back. We shall talk later," Zachary said. Denver smiled." Let's get going." They arrived at the factory without any bodyguards, so Zach told Sylvia." Please stay in the car and never come out." Denver smiled at her, but she could not help being afraid of him. Due to his presence, she also chose to remain quiet throughout the journey.**(w)©(w).(n)σ-σèL(w)(c)rm.©σm**

At the warehouse, everything seemed normal when they met the six men until the warehouse manager began to explain.

" These men broke into the factory and stole five hundred cartons of various expensive liquors amounting to millions.

The secret camera caught them, and as we organized a search for them, they came back with the same drinks they stole, asking us to buy them, which we seized." " Is what he's saying true?"

Denver asked one of the six men, who seemed to be in his mid- fifties.

The man shivered at the sight of him. Everyone initially thought that Grant was Don Denzel's son, but it was later established that he was Don Godic's son.

Godic, over the years, had climbed to the position of a don and was addressed as such. These men realized that though this man looked like Grant, he sounded like Don Denzel but was even scarier.

" Are you Don Denzel's son?" " Does it matter?" Denver asked in return. The man forced a smile. " It's alright. We apologize for the inconvenience." " What is wrong with you?" A younger man chastised him. " They have to pay us for the items." The older man spoke in a hushed tone." Mark, let's get out of here," but the younger man was adamant." No. Not without the money." " Alright, if you can wait a little, I will check the footage myself. If what our manager says is true, then you won't leave here alive, but if you are right, then we shall pay you any amount you mention. Do we have a deal?" Denver asked. The six men began exchanging nervous glances.

Why was this guy so calm and yet seemed like trouble?**Www.nóve©W.rŘm.co(m)**

Without another word, three of the men behind them removed guns from their back pockets, pointing them at Denver. " Pay us our money or die." **4 2 >wW©.©0vèlw.Rm.coM**