

Chapter 480- My twin sister. She needs me

The security men in the factory were drawing closer upon seeing this, but warning shots were being fired in the air, forcing them to refrain from getting closer. 1 It was up to Denver and his team to surrender." Denver, we don't have guns with us," Grant said in a hushed tone as he was not expecting these criminals to be armed.

They had simply come to resell what they stole, not thinking they would be caught, so why the guns?

" Lower your guns," the older man, Henry said, but the boys refused. Not when they had the upper hand in the whole matter.

" No. Not without the money." The older man never saw Don Denzel defeated, and with this gentleman whom he was certain to be Don Denzel's son, he could not allow himself to be used as a Thanksgiving turkey.

" Then I'm out of here. You are on your own." He gave a slight bow before hastening out of the factory.

The boys were happier, being all in agreement now as one of them said to Denver." Now that he's out, we won't think twice. Tell him to give us the money." " How much?" Denver asked calmly. Mark smiled, feeling that he won as he replied. " Five million." Denver turned to Grant." Give him a check." Grant was about to say something when Mark interrupted." We don't want a check. We only deal in cash." No one knew what Denver was thinking, but if it were Grant, he would give the money and later send some of the bodyguards to track them down to take it back.

" But no one deals in cash these days. We don't keep money in the factory," Denver said with a neutral expression, but his voice was loaded with authority.

However, feeling like they had the upper hand, the young men were not willing to give in, saying." Then you all die together." Denver pushed his cousins behind him, shielding them with his body. He was younger than Grant, but being pack trained, Grant was not half his level in combat.

In Vegas, Grant was seen as the strongest, but should he be at the pack, he would need a lot of training because of how things had changed. [www.novelform.com](#)

It was no longer fellow packs they combatted but underground rogues and Wendigos." If you'll shoot anyone, it should be me," Denver said as he turned around and whispered in Grant's ears. [www.Novelform.com](#)

" Take care of the cameras. Nothing about this should be seen." As Grant was began entering some codes on his phone, the only thing they saw were the five men on the floor with the guns of the three men beside them.

No bruises could be seen on them, but they kept groaning as if in intense pain.

" How did he do that?" Zach asked, the factory manager, and Grant were equally confused. Grant was about playing back the footage, only realizing that Denver had made him pause the cameras before doing what he did.

" If you have the strength, you can leave," Denver said, but the moment the first one stood up, he began coughing blood and fell dead.

Two of them were not even able to stand on their feet, dying in the process, and the last two died after a few more minutes.

" How did you do that?" Grant asked when they were walking back to the car after checking a few things at the factory.

It was clear that Denver had tampered with their organs to cause internal bleeding, but it was just scary how no one saw him do it.

" Life in the pack is different, so I worked on speed. Perhaps, I'm even faster than a vampire," he explained to his cousins.

There were things he could not teach them now because their time together was going to be short. Denver's only reason for being there and accompanying them was to forget Moonlight for a while.

As soon as the certainty of being able to face her without any bitterness whatsoever, he would be able to return to the pack.

Everything began to make sense to his cousins. At first, they thought he must have used his powers, but it did not seem so.

They went to the Head office from there, stopping by a restaurant close by to have lunch.

" Denver right? Are you married?" Sylvia suddenly asked. As soon as Denver dropped his cutlery, he chuckled.

" Why? Do you want to marry me?" Zachary and Grant smiled as this was their first-time hearing Denver cracking jokes like this, but embarrassment dimmed the light in Sylvia's eyes, and once again, silence took over before she spoke again.

" Well, I'm asking because I have a friend..." " No, not her," both Grant and Zachary said together, making Denver curious.

" Who is she talking about?" " Her best friend. She's just like her," Grant said. Zachary smiled. Sylvia was an easy-going girl, and he loved her that way, but also knew that Denver was not interested in whatever she was saying.

" Sylvia, I will drop you home now." " But I want to come to the club with you," she whined, not ready to leave yet. [www.Novelform.com](#)

"I have to show my cousin a few things," Zachary explained softly. There were things they could not discuss in her presence.

" Don't worry, Sylvia, I will meet your best friend later and perhaps, buy her a drink," Denver said. Sylvia was excited. " Thanks a lot. You won't regret meeting her." The cousins wondered about Denver's reason for suddenly developing such a big heart. Usually, when Moonlight was around, they hardly got his attention like this, but this time, it was not only them but also Sylvia.

Still, they did not have the guts to question him. It was better than for him to be cold like before.

At the office, Denver felt the fatigue drawing in, remembering how he hadn't slept for days. Without his wolf, he could not carry on for too long, so after checking some files on the server, he yawned slightly.

"I'll take a nap." " The sofa is comfortable. You can lock the door," Grant said, but Denver hastened to the sofa and without bothering to lock the door or ensure they had left, he closed his eyes and was bombarded by a strange voice. [www.Novelform.com](#)

" Help me, please. They will kill me. My twin sister. She needs me."