

Chapter 481- If I die, she' ll die

Denver woke up from what he would call a horrible dream. This was the first dream he ever had in his life, and he could not tell if it was a compensation for his powers going flat. 1 However, there was a high level of certainty that the dream was real. When he woke up, his eyes were blurry, and he did not see anyone in the room, closing his eyes once again.

Like a tornado, the voice thundered again. " Please, if I die, she' ll die." Denver could not see the face of this girl but heard himself asking, " Who are you? What is your name?" " Lon..." " Denver, are you alright?" Grant asked with worry. Denver opened his eyes, cutting him off from the dream and his inability to hear the name clearly.

" What's the problem?" He asked, slightly annoyed, as he had not gotten the full name of whoever needed his help.

The dream felt so real, and he could not brush it aside. His soul was greatly disturbed, and he would not be free until he saw this girl whose face he could not even remember.

" You' ve been talking in your sleep, but we can't make sense of what you are saying," Grant revealed. Denver knew it was because of the dream, instantly asking.

" What's the time? How long have I been asleep?" " You' ve been sleeping for almost five hours, and Gemma is insisting that you escort her to the club," Grant reminded him. Denver knew that for the first time, he would have to break his promise. wWw.NOVelwOr.com

It was not as if he was not going to help her like he promised, but there was just something he had to do first.

" You mean I' ve slept for five hours? It seems like just two minutes." He did not feel rested but rather tired and restless.

" Maybe it's because you were talking in your dream. I guess you are missing Moonlight," Zach said teasingly, reminding Denver of something as he asked him.

" That girlfriend of yours. What's the name of her best friend?" Zach pursed his lips thoughtfully as Sylvia had been disturbing him a lot.

"I was coming to that. She called to remind you of the date." His phone began to ring, making him pause. " She's calling again," he said after checking the caller ID but was surprised by what Denver said next.

" Let me talk to her." He felt there might be a connection between Sylvia and whoever he saw in his dream.

As a leader of his pack, his instincts never failed him, and he was certain that this time was going to be the same. wWw.NOVelwOr.com

Grant gave him the phone as Denver asked Sylvia directly. " What's the name of your best friend?" At the other side of the line, Sylvia was quite surprised to hear that strange voice at the end of the line.

" Denver?" She asked with a shocked expression before composing herself and answering. " It's Megan, but look, the date cannot come on." Denver reminisced over the name, ' Megan.' That was not close to what he heard. He expected something that began with an Lo or something close to that. About to return the phone, he heard her speaking.

" Another friend of hers is in trouble with some of Grant's bodyguards, I want to speak to Grant to help her, though she did wrong. Megan has been crying and refused to come along like I said before." Denver hoped that this friend of Megan was the one disturbing him in the dream and asked, " Tell me, what's her name?" " London," Sylvia said. Denver grew strangely nervous, as if time was running out and quickly asked.

" What did she do?" " She stole jewelry from the Denzel jewelry store where she works and was taken in by Grant's bodyguards a few minutes ago. She called me to beg him and..." Now the dream was clear to him. Indeed, those bodyguards were trained to torture the likes of her, and if she was able to reach his spirit, then she might just be innocent.

"I ll take care of it." He quickly ended the call and returned the phone to Zachary before asking Grant.

" Grant, is there a case of some missing jewelry?" " Yes, but the culprit has been apprehended. I don't think her life would be enough to pay," Grant said coldly, but Denver felt that they were about to make a mistake.

It was a crime to steal, but why did he have the feeling that this girl did not steal with bad intentions?

His expression was as stern as his voice. Due to its thickness and Alpha tone, he needed not speak loudly to be heard, and everything he said came out as a command.

" Tell your bodyguards that if they touch a single hair on her head or if I as much as see a bruise on her, they will pay for it." Grant could not believe what Denver was saying. This was what they were trained to do. It was different if the person was innocent, but this was someone who confessed her crimes but refused to return the stolen items.

" She is a thief, Denver." " Have you seen her?" Denver asked seriously, his anger boiling. Somehow, he feared that what if she turned out to be his mate.

He was sure to not forgive anyone involved if saving her was too late.

" No, but a thief is a thief," Grant responded. Denver glared at him in a way that got Zachary scared.

" Pass the message or don't blame me," he said sternly. Grant shivered slightly, dialing the number without another argument but...

" They aren't answering their phone. She must already be undergoing torture." Denver felt his heart skip a beat as fear sat comfortably in it. These were strange feelings he did not want to entertain but also could not let go.

" Do you know where they are taking her?" He asked. Grant nodded.

"I guess." Denver hastened out of the office. " Let's go. I' ll drive." Grant remembered the last time Denver drove. Even with Moonlight in the car, it was a disaster, and the police were on their tail.

" You?" Denver already snatched the car keys from him as he asked. " What about Gemma?" Grant hoped Gemma would distract Denver from going insane, but with his eyes on the road, he replied.

" Call her and let me talk to her." Grant did as told, activating the speaker. " Here." " Grant, is he coming?" Gemma said as soon as she answered the call. Denver replied.

" Gem, it's me. Look, something very important came up, so let's reschedule." Grant expected Gemma to refuse, but she rather asked. " Are you sure? I have work tomorrow." "I will pick you up after work from the office then," Denver said. Gemma smiled from the end of the line.

" Alright. I will just do something else tonight." " Good." When Denver stepped on the accelerator, everyone in the car had to grab something due to the speed.

" Denver, do you want the cops to pull us over?" Grant was worried, but Denver did not speak until they arrived at the destination.

" There are lots of torture rooms. They could be anywhere," Grant said, hoping the bodyguards would have gotten the jewelry back before Denver stops the torture. wWw.NOVelwOr.com

" Then let's spread out," Denver said, as he began to use his instincts.

The rooms were all soundproof, but his instinct sent him straight to a particular one, which he hastily opened, his heart sinking with it.