

Chapter 482 - She's My Mate

Torture tools were scattered everywhere, each one of them looking well-used. 1 It was disheartening to see two brutes torturing a helpless girl with all these tools, making Denver wonder what kind of monsters these humans were.

Denver was a monster himself, but not towards a thief. If they could do this to her, then what would they not do to a murderer?

The bodyguards in charge of the torture were excited as they stared at him, mistaking him for Grant before they noticed the length of his hair and remembered him from the previous year.

"Denver, you..." A punch sent him to the floor, his vision blurred, and he tasted the metallic tang of blood in his mouth. Not only that, he could feel the loss of some teeth in his mouth, and the pain was unlike anything he had ever felt before.

When the next bodyguard was about to speak, Denver grabbed him by the throat. "How dare you do this?" He was thrown against the wall so forcefully that he could not feel his limbs, but his mouth moved.

"She stole from us, admitted it but refused to return the items. We did the right thing." If Denver so much as hit them twice, it would result in their death, and with Grant's understanding far from his, he could not do anything until the latter saw things from his perspective.

Staring at the half-naked woman on the floor, his heart ached as he felt a strong connection to her, similar to what he felt for Moonlight, but Moonlight's bond was still a little stronger.

Could it be a mate bond? He removed his jacket, covered her half-naked body, and lifted her in his arms. Her eyes opened drowsily.

"You are real?" She slipped back into unconsciousness after saying that. Denver did not wait for his cousins; he gently placed her in the back seat and drove to the hospital. [www.nov\(è\)l\(w\)0m.com](#)

Grant came out immediately and screamed, "Denver, where are you going?" "Must be to the hospital, but we have to get our boys to the hospital too. Denver attacked them. He must be upset," Zach said, looking around for the keys to some of the cars at the torture house.

"Over a girl he doesn't even know? That's ridiculous," Grant frowned, wondering what had come over Denver.

Since when did he begin to take an interest in any female who was not Moonlight? "Let's get the key for any of the other cars and take the boys." By the time they arrived at the hospital, Denver was seated alone on the hospital bench, looking desolate.

Zach went to wait on the bodyguards as Grant went to sit beside Denver. "Denver, those were our men. They are allowed to torture anyone who steals from us," he chastised. Denver scoffed.

"Torture or kill?" He asked, looking upset. "They would have killed her if I hadn't arrived, and would her corpse have gotten back the jewelry?" Grant fell silent after hearing Denver's reasoning but asked again, "So, what is so special about her?" "I don't know, but she appeared in my dream, and I have some kind of bond with her. It's similar to what I have with Moonlight." Grant's eyebrows raised as he mumbled, "She's human." "No, she's not," Denver shook his head. "She's been masking her scent. I want to know everything about her." Grant had no idea who the lady in question was. "I haven't even seen her before. I mean, we only deal with the managers, and I would not have gotten involved in this if you had not mentioned it. All that matters is for them to get the jewel back." Denver shook his head, displeased with Grant's careless words and laissez-faire attitude. It seemed like all he cared about was the money and not the employees. [www.nov\(è\)l\(w\)0m.com](#)

Denver was a man who would die for his pack members and did not like to see their employees treated unfairly.

"Did you think about her reason for stealing the jewelry? Are they worth her life? It was not as if she even committed murder. A few million aren't worth her life," he educated, but Grant did not agree with him.

"Denver, are you saying this because she's a woman? I don't think you would behave this way if it was a man." Denver knew he would but did not have to prove it to him. His heart was heavy because, in a pack where violence dominated their lives, pack members enjoyed great protection, but in a peaceful place like Vegas, people were secretly suffering.

"No. Certain things must change. She's a staff for goddess's sake, and some investigation should be done instead of killing her." "It was torture," Grant corrected, but Denver shook his head.

"What I saw was death, and if she dies, those boys would not live. I would not allow it because you know what? They are also our staff." Grant could not say anything more, seeing how serious Denver was. His authority was also greater than that of his father Godic, but what he failed to realize was what Denver was thinking.

It seemed to him that there was more to this torture than met the eye. Hours passed before the doctor came out, looking tired. "Patient's family." "I am," Denver stood up and said. The doctor was surprised. Seeing Grant, he did not know how to address Denver.

"Grant, is he..." "My cousin, Denver. Don Denzel's son. Tell us what is wrong with the patient." He wanted this girl to be discharged so his bodyguards would be saved from Denver's wrath.

"The patient was tortured badly, and though out of danger, we would have to monitor her for a few days." "What is the extent of her injury?" Denver asked, just so he'd know the kind of punishment to mete out to the culprits.

"Broken bones, lungs, and..." the doctor paused, contemplating the rest.

"And what?" Denver asked. The doctor feared a little. It's been over three years since Don Denzel visited, but his son made it feel as if he was addressing Don Denzel.

"Well, we found some pre-cum in her inner thighs, and her vulva was swollen. However, her walls have not been stretched. I think it was a case of attempted rape and torture, so I don't know if you want to get the police involved." Now Grant was beginning to understand things from Denver's perspective. Those bodyguards tried to rape her, which was not in their torture rules. It must be the reason they almost killed her because they failed at it. [www.m0\(è\)l\(w\)0m.com](#)

"Can I see her?" Denver asked so calmly, it scared Grant, considering he seemed upset a while ago.

"Yes, you can, and after she regains consciousness, we shall move her to a general ward." "She should be in a VIP ward with high-level care," Denver said seriously. The doctor nodded.

"As you wish." This hospital was company-owned, so he had to agree to whatever instruction Denver gave.

Denver went to the ward with Grant trailing behind him, but as soon as Grant saw the girl, he froze, and his body shivered. "Denver, she's my mate." [www.nov\(è\)l\(w\)0m.com](#)