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"Or we could eat first," Paris countered, afraid that whatever was in the diary might make her lose her appetite.

London smiled and removed the pasta. "You always wanted to taste real Italian pasta, so Grant helped me get this from an Italian restaurant."

"I can't wait to taste it," Paris's eyes widened with expectation, and Denver took note of what she likes when London brought the food over.

About to feed Paris because of the still-connected IV on her hand, Denver took it from her. "I will feed her."

After feeding her the soup, Paris was comfortable with him and did not refuse his

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London smiled as she watched Denver's gentle ways towards Paris. Her eyes turned moist.

If Denver would remain like that, then she would have nothing against his relationship with Paris if

This was the first time she saw anyone caring for her sister like that, and it touched her heart deeply.

he was for real.

"Promise me that you will always treat her like this."

Denver paused his actions and stared at her. Feeding his sick mate was nothing. If only they knew

the things he had planned for her, they might not have the mouth to say it.ww $\mathcal{W}.n_o\mathbf{v}\mathcal{E}/w_0r_{\mathfrak{M}}$.©om "This is nothing. I can't wait for her to be discharged. I have to take her shopping first."

Hearing about clothes, Paris was saddened. Number one, she was too skinny, and number two, she

"I don't want to go out. I don't want anyone to see me."

Saddened by her refusel. Denver caked "Why?" He know she hear't been up and going and were

Saddened by her refusal, Denver asked, "Why?" He knew she hasn't been up and going and was ready to take her around a few places before the pack.

in the pack?

anymore.

was self-conscious because of her deformities.

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"I don't even have hair on my head," she complained. Denver paused and whispered something into

If she wasn't comfortable around the environment she grew up in, then how will she be comfortable

Paris ate until her stomach ached. The food was too good to reject. "Thank you. I love it."

Grant's ears. He nodded and smiled before Denver continued feeding Paris without saying

Denver tasted a bit of the pasta and chuckled. "I will make you a better one when you are discharged."

stunned Paris as she stared at him with wide eyes, feeling that it was because she failed to warn him the first time.

"You can cook? I forgot to remind you to use a different cutlery. You used that one to feed me, and

He ate her leftovers since he was hungry, even though it was not made to his taste. His actions

also, there is more food, so why are you feeding on my leftovers? They should be thrown away."

She meant to say kept in the fridge to be reheated for her later, as they never wasted food but said it

Eating someone's leftover could only happen if you were intimate with the person. It was normal between her and London but Denver?

His response stunned her even more. "I prefer to eat from the same plate with you so that in case you are poisoned, we can both die together."

Grant and London laughed, amazed by Denver's sense of humor.

"You..."

Paris was about to say something when Denver cut her off. "And yes, I can cook better than this."

the opposite way.

He was not boasting. He could indeed do it.

"What can you not do?" Paris asked, hoping for some form of weakness in him, but his response

"Force you to love me?"

Everyone laughed as Grant gave the diary to Denver. He and London had finished eating as well.

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Denver.

you don't need her powers."

as they read the incantations.

question.

only earned her laughter.

They opened and recognized the signs in the diary. It was the sign of the moon.

Grant began to read the text on the first page of the diary because the rest were locked.

'London and Paris, I'm sorry I never got to see you grow, but I wrote this throughout my time of conception. Don't consider yourselves fully humans, but the details are in the remaining pages.

Unfortunately, only your mates can flip the chapters. If they can't, then they aren't your mates.'

"Denver, have you seen this before?" Grant asked, referring to the sign of the moon since he was

"Yes, I guess their mother was a hybrid," Denver said thoughtfully. Paris and London frowned.

"Half human, half wolf, half witch."

not as conversant with the ongoings in the pack like Denver.

"What?" London asked. Denver began to explain it to them.

Their late mother's ability to lock the chapters of the diary with her two daughter's mate bond was what gave Denver the hint that witchcraft ran through her blood.

"And she mentioned being bitten by a vampire," Paris reminded him. Denver pursed his lips thoughtfully.

No wonder he could not at once discern what they were from their scents when he met them the first

"If she wasn't cured, then that gene could also be dominant in both of you since it happened during her time of pregnancy."

we read the rest?"

Denver placed his hand on the mark of the moon, saying to Grant. "Place your hand on mine."

The revelation increased their interest in knowing what was in the diary, so Grant asked. "So how do

As soon as Grant did so, the book glowed, and the pages loosened.

The twins were stunned. Now they were interested in what the mate thing was as Paris asked

"So, it means you are our mates. What is that supposed to mean?"

Per pack rules, no one was supposed to know their mates by saying but rather had to wait for the

mate bond, but in this case, the twins were hybrids, meaning they could never feel the bond unless dominated by their wolfy side.

As such, Denver had to tell them since they already had clues. "Your fated husbands, I guess."

Denver began to tear the pages of the book. If he left it for them, they might be possessed as soon

Seeing the confusion on their faces, he went on to explain. "Your mother was a powerful witch, but

"So, what are we?" Paris asked, feeling confused about the whole thing.

"Hybrids, but I will help you to subdue your witchy and vampire side. Then you can have your

As such, their witchy and vampire sides had to be subdued for their wolves to emerge at the right

The more Denver explained, the more confused they got as Paris asked. "Packs?"

wolves and fit into the packs."@ww.ño(\lor)e(\lor)w@(r)m.Com

Paris yawned, and as soon as she closed her eyes, she fell asleep. She was indeed tired because of the medications, but by the time she woke up, Denver was not there.

"Where is Denver?" She asked Grant and London, who seemed too reluctant to answer her

"That's where I come from. I will take you there after you are discharged, but now, you need rest."

"Please tell me. Where is he?" She asked desperately before she heard his calm voice. "Here."

Shock registered in her eyes. "What...what happened to you?" she stammered.