

Chapter 492 - Chapter 492: Chapter 492 – You gave me your hair?

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Grant and London were equally mesmerized by the sight of Denver. “Is this the surprise you talked about?” London asked Grant, looking at the cousins who now looked like identical twins.

Denver went over and sat beside Paris. “You were sleeping so peacefully, so I went out to get you some surprise.” *WWW.N0vél1st.c0m*

Paris kept staring at him with wide eyes, not knowing which of the hairstyles she liked better, the long or short.

“You cut your hair to surprise me?” She asked, her voice almost a whisper.

“Don’t you like it?” Denver asked. Paris pursed her lips together. She had no idea for how long she slept.

“You look stunning, but I’ve always loved your long hair,” she said honestly. Denver smiled and said,

“Then close your eyes.”

Paris was confused but obeyed, feeling her body being adjusted to a sitting position as she felt movement on her head.

“Oh no,” London exclaimed in a teary voice, making Paris panic. But before she could ask, Denver said, “Open your eyes.”

Grant held a mirror in front of her, feeling proud of what Denver had done. Paris looked completely different, but her eyes were moist.

“This is your hair. You gave me your hair?”

“You said you liked it, so I figured you should have it, and it looks good on you,” Denver smiled.

Paris kept admiring herself in the mirror.

Denver had used his long hair as a wig for her, and that was why he left as soon as she fell asleep to get it done.

All this while, Denver felt a resistance whenever he thought about cutting his hair but after meeting Paris, it became clear that it was because of her.

“He never allowed anyone to cut his hair since he was a baby, and now he gave it up for you,” Grant pointed out.

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When Denver told him about it, he thought he would change his mind, but this showed just how much Denver loved his mate, and he was surprised to hear Paris say,

“Can I hug you?”

Denver smiled broadly. “You can use my body at any time, anyhow you want, exclusively.”

Paris smiled shyly as Denver embraced her, her tears of joy wetting his shirt. “Thank you very much. I love it.”

“I wish you’d rather love me better than my hair,” Denver teased, feeling jealous of how much Paris loved his hair rather than him.

He could not blame her. If not for the mate bond, he equally would have taken time to love her to such a degree.

“I got you something else.”

Denver pulled away and picked up the second bag. “I got you nice dresses and makeup.”

He did not care about makeup but just the fact that she was too conscious of her looks. So he hoped this would boost her confidence as he introduces her to his cousins, uncle, and Auntie.

“I think your sister can help you with it.”

“I don’t know how,” London chimed in. “We were always on a budget, so there was never extra money for makeup.”

“Do you mind if I get my cousin over? Her name is Gemma, and she will be of great help.”

Paris shook her head, silently refusing the offer. “Alright. I will get some tutorials for you girls to learn from,” Grant said. They both nodded. *www.N0vél1st.c0m*

Denver had no idea such things existed anyway, as his access to the internet was limited. “London, I got an extra bag for you.”

He gave another pack to London containing clothes and makeup as well, but she was amazed.

“How did you get our sizes correctly?”

“You haven’t tried it on, so how can you be sure?” Denver asked. Grant laughed. His cousin had a weird way of handling issues.

“Anyway, I already told London. Both of them can never return to where they lived before. It’s terrible.”

Denver was saddened by the way his mate and sister lived all these years, wondering why the moon goddess never brought them together sooner.

He had been in Vegas a couple of times but never got into contact with them until late. A few days later, Paris was discharged because Denver refused for her to undergo any more treatment. *www.N0vél1st.c0m*

Also, he refused for the doctors to carry out any more tests on Paris to not expose her. His presence was gradually awakening her supernatural abilities, including her fast healing, but the only problem was why her deformity refused to heal.

It did not concern Denver much, but the fact that it disturbed Paris was the only problem.

Reaching Godic and Alessia’s mansion, Paris coiled into her shell instantly. There were just too many people. Bodyguards, maids, cooks, family, and friends. Megan was there with Sylvia because they both had not heard about the outcome of London being whisked by the bodyguards that day.

Everyone was shocked to see Denver without his long hair, but Megan, who had not seen him before, was the first to speak.

“London, you are fine. I was so worried about you,” Megan said at the sight of London, she smiled.

“Yes, he came in time to save me,” London pointed at Denver, and Sylvia hastened to them.

“Denver, this is my friend, Megan, the one I told you about.”

Denver felt like he owed her gratitude for linking him to Paris and said, “I should thank you for trusting me to save London.”

“It was her?” London asked with a confused expression. Denver had appeared at the right time, and because they had both seen each other in a dream, she did not think about the involvement of others.

“Yeah, after the dream, she called to tell me that a friend to a friend was in trouble with Grant’s bodyguards, so I asked Grant about it, and one thing led to another.”

London was filled with gratitude. “Thanks a lot, Sylvia.”

“Don’t thank me. I was trying to hook him up with Megan when she told me about your predicament, so since everything is fine, he and Megan can go on that date.” She turned to Denver. “You will love her.”

Denver turned to the side and saw Paris’s head lowered. The hair of his customized wig covered her entire face, and he knew she had intentionally covered her face with the hair.

“Well, thanks Sylvia, but I already have a fiancé,” he said. Paris shivered but soon felt his warm arms around her as Sylvia asked.

“Who is this fiancé of yours? I brought Meghan here because of you.”

“My fiancé is beside me and very shy. I will take her to my room first.” Denver did not welcome any more questions, lifting Paris in his arms, but confusion intensified the atmosphere as Meghan asked.

“London, where is Paris?” *www.N0vél1st.c0m*

As it was made clear to her that no one recognized Paris, London was reluctant to reveal it because of how Paris was constantly rejected. What if they made her uncomfortable?