

Chapter 494 - Chapter 494: Chapter 494 - I Will Never Let You Go

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London felt nervous as Grant explained to his parents, "I'm in love with London, but she hasn't agreed to marry me yet."

They smiled, understanding that London could not feel the mate bond, more like being dominated by her human side. This often happens to those who have never visited the pack.

Denver had already informed Godic that the twins were not fully human, so they did not dwell on the matter to avoid putting pressure on her.

"That reminds me. Frank and Zachary have agreed on a joint wedding," Godic announced. Grant was taken aback by the news, unaware of the improved relationship between Gemma and Frank.

"That's wonderful. How did Gemma manage to win him over?" He asked, and Gemma glanced at him in annoyance.

"Denver helped out. Grant, shame on you," she scolded Grant before turning to London. "Come over here. Make yourself at home."

London joined her on the couch, and the two chatted as if they had known each other for a long time.

"Denver, are you going to introduce your fiancée anytime soon?" Alessia asked Denver, who was busy in the kitchen, while Grant, Zoe, and Zachary were already helping.

"Maybe," Denver answered from the kitchen, adding, "If she's ready."

His mate needed time, and he did not want to pressure her. Meeting her finally was the most important thing.

To everyone's surprise, Denver had cooked for everyone but could not share a table with them. He carried his and Paris's food upstairs on a tray.

Paris was watching some comedies on TV and seemed excited about it. "The bed is so cozy, and this room is so nice. It must have cost a fortune to have a place like this."

She hugged the giant teddy bear Denver bought for her, and he smiled, seeing her genuinely happy.

Denver set the meal before her and sat opposite her. His voice and gaze were very soft.

"Paris, you no longer have to worry about prices, comfort, or luxury. You can have anything you want, and as soon as you are ready, I will give you a card of your own."

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Paris did not feel delighted by the news, as it made her feel like a gold digger. "But it won't be right. I have to work," she argued. Denver smiled, not intending to argue and choosing

peace.

"Then I could loan some money to you, and whenever you start working, you can begin paying it back."

The suggestion made Paris happy, even though Denver did not mean it. "That's good. Thank you."

"Are you still interested in being a scientist?" Denver asked, as Paris's attention had gone back to the LED screen. Her head lowered, no longer taking interest in the comedy she watched before.

"It's too late. It takes twelve years to become a scientist. I was the smartest in my class but ended up being a high school dropout."

Denver knew there was nothing interesting about Paris's past, so it was pointless to dwell on it. The future was brighter, with great opportunities.

"It doesn't mean you stopped being smart. I will arrange for home tuition for you, and as soon as you grasp the basics, we can leave for the pack," he hinted.

Now that he had found her, he felt pressured by the pack responsibilities, worried about any impending underground rogue or Wendigo attack.

"How is the pack like?" Paris asked with interest, no longer wanting to be away from him.

Denver smiled at the recollection of the pack. "It's so beautiful. We love nature, so sorry you won't see skyscrapers there, but trust me, you will love it, and everyone will love you. My parents are desperate to meet you."

He hadn't told them because he knew the amount of pressure his mother would mount on him. She might end up in Las Vegas to see Paris if Denver refused to return on time.

"They will be disappointed," Paris lamented, covering her face with his strands of hair as Denver removed them from her face.

"Trust me, you will feel safer and happier with them. My dad is just like me, and my mom, she's the sweetest soul."

For some reason, her trust in him sprang up, and she hung on to every word he spoke. "Alright, I will think about it."

Denver did not stop there but went on to reveal, "My cousins will be having a joint wedding. I hope you'll attend with me."

Her shyness kicked in once again, making her politely reject the offer. "There will be a crowd."

But this time, Denver did not let her off the hook. "But I'll be by your side. Imagine other women looking at your man inappropriately. Do you want that?" He asked, piercing her jealousy bubble.

If she loved him, then she wouldn't want other women who were not related around him, right?

Well, Paris still felt undeserving of him, asking once again, "Are you really mine?"

Denver felt as if she still did not believe him and asked her, "How can I make you believe that I love you?"

Paris pondered over the question before saying, "If you can tell me why you love me aside from love at first sight."

To her, love at first sight was something overused, and she wanted to be sure if he really loved her or was just pitying her.

Denver explained honestly, "Alright. For our kind, we don't fall in love the natural way. Who we end up with is already designed by the Moon goddess. You are my mate, and that is why I love you and will forever love you."

Paris was only believing in this mate thing because her mother mentioned it in the diary but had a concern. "And if you get tired of me one day?"

Denver shook his head. Only if she knew the million things he wanted to do to her. "That will never happen. Perhaps you might be the one who gets tired of my love, but even if you try, I will never let you go."

The possessive tone in which he ended the sentence made her both excited and afraid. "So, you truly love me?"

"I do, but do you love me?" He asked seriously.