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Paris knew she felt something strange for him from the moment she laid eyes on him, but as to what, she could not tell.

“I’ve always been afraid to love you because I’m afraid you’ll leave me one day,” she said honestly. Everything about this man blew her mind in different directions.

He was so hot and yet mysterious. “That will never happen. The mate bond is something we respect a lot. If the moon goddess made us mates, then you are all I need.”

“But...” Paris was nervous about something. From movies, she had seen things and wondered why things were different with Denver.

“What?” Denver asked softly. Paris lowered her head shyly and revealed. “I don’t think I can satisfy you.”

“How?” Denver asked, looking confused as he saw how her cheeks pinked altogether.

The words felt heavy in Paris’s mouth, but she boldly let it out. “Sexually. I’ve never done it before.”

“Hahaha,” Denver laughed. “Well, that makes two of us, but I will wait until you put on some weight. But don’t worry. You will understand everything better when we get to the pack. The food will be cold. Eat up, and I will introduce you to my Auntie and her husband.”

She-wolves were usually slim and tough, but Paris was nothing like that. Her BMI was lower than average, and Denver feared that if she got pregnant with that weight, it would affect her.

His father never encouraged protection in the pack as they wanted more members, so using one was not an option. He’d rather wait. [wWw.NoVel1st.c0m](#)

Paris seemed satisfied by the answer as she stole a glance at him. “I want to eat myself.”

“Okay, but tell me how it tastes,” Denver gazed at her. She twirled the fork inside the pasta and lifted it to her mouth.

“Hmmm. This is the best pasta I ever tasted, and this sauce, it’s just delicious, much better than what I ate at the hospital, and I thought that was the best.”

Denver smiled as she pressed the fork into the pasta again, wrapping the pasta around it. Thinking she was going to eat it, she brought it to his lips. “Taste it for yourself.” [wWw.NoVel1st.c0m](#)

Denver opened his mouth to welcome her gesture, and only after having the pasta fed to him did he confess. “I cooked this myself.”

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Her priceless surprised expression made him laugh. “How did you learn to cook?” She asked with a shocked expression, and Denver nodded.

“My whole family cooks. My mom, dad, everyone, and my dad never allowed maids or chefs to cook for him, so I grew up enjoying home-cooked meals. And as a fast learner, I began cooking by four.”

Paris was stunned by his words, but it made her feel as if she was very late in life. “You are so talented, and me...”

“You are perfect, my love,” Denver cut in. He leaned over and pressed his lips against hers but quickly withdrew, afraid of being unable to stop himself if he proceeded.

“Let’s eat, and then you can meet my cousins, Aunty, and uncle. Don’t worry. London is here too, okay?” He assured her after seeing how tensed up she was.

“Okay, but I’m free to cover my face with my hair, right? It’s my greatest possession.” She pulled the tip of her hair playfully, and Denver had no regret going to such lengths for her.

She really appreciated the wig, but, “I should be your greatest possession, and in case you don’t know, I’m very jealous and possessive.”

Paris seemed to like that, especially the way he said it, and was slowly beginning to accept that he was indeed hers.

“Denver, I love you,” she said, hoping she wasn’t making a mistake by having too high hopes, but Denver’s smile was the exact confirmation she needed.

“This is the best thing I have heard you say,” he said and kissed her once more. When she was about to deepen it, he quickly pulled away.

Paris did not notice how hard he was trying to hold it in. They ate in silence after that, and when Denver returned the unwashed dishes to the kitchen and returned to the room, he was not alone.

However, Paris was ready, though her head was lowered throughout the time Denver spoke.

“Paris, meet my Aunty Alessia and her husband, Uncle Godic.” Paris lifted her head shyly and peeped at them through the strands of her long wig.

Denver smiled and continued. “These here are my cousins. You already met Grant, but his twin sister is Gemma. This is Zachary, Grant’s junior brother, and his twin sister is Zoe. This is Sylvia, Zachary’s fiancé, and Frank, Gemma’s fiancé. We shall be attending their wedding.”

“Are we going to get married too? I mean, I’m not ready,” Paris blurted out and lowered her head.

Denver had proposed to her, and she knew the next stage would be marriage, but her behavior caused everyone, including London, to laugh.

Denver replied. “No. We’ll be leaving soon and will get married there. I prefer a tattoo like my aunt’s.”

The mark from their markings looked like a tattoo when faded, for which reason Denver termed it so for easy understanding.

“I prefer the same,” London chimed when she saw the mark, and Grant smiled. “We shall leave with Denver and come back after a few weeks.” It would be nice to get mated in the pack.

“Splendid. I get to be with Paris,” London exclaimed excitedly, calming Paris for the fact that she was going to be there too. [wWw.NoVel1st.c0m](#)

“Don’t forget me, Denver, I’m coming too,” Zoe said. Everyone laughed as Alessia’s attention focused on Paris.

“Welcome home, Paris. I just want you to know that you are very beautiful. No need to hide it.”

Paris smiled shyly and removed strands of her hair from her face, expecting to see changes in their facial expressions, but there were none.

“Thank you, Aunty Alessia,” she finally said, happy that everyone was welcoming of her.

“Hey, come hang out with us and leave the hunks alone.”

“Okay,” Paris said to Denver’s stun, but he was happy she was finally getting along with everyone but issued a warning.

“Please don’t give her alcohol. I can’t stand the scent.”

After everything settled, he left with Grant and Zachary to the torture house to meet the bodyguards who almost raped London. Stanley and Curtis.

At the sight of Denver and Grant, the bodyguards who were chained with their heads hanging down panicked.

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