

Chapter 498 - Chapter 498: Chapter 498 – You lied to me

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Since Cairo and Moonlight were there because of him, as his mother had said, he decided to clear things up between them. He caught up to Cairo and blocked his path.

“She chose you over me, remember?”

Cairo pursed his lips, his eyes red with pain. “She did, but she was never able to get over you.”

In other words, he had Moonlight and the mate bond, but not her heart. Denver was confused at this point. “What do you mean by that?”

“Have you seen any mark on her neck? She’s still in love with you,” Cairo said directly. Denver knew it wasn’t the kind of love Cairo thought it was, but how could he make him understand?

“You are her mate, and I found mine. I’ll talk to her, but don’t make this even more difficult by being upset with her. I will talk to my mate first.”

Hearing about Denver’s mate calmed Cairo deeply, causing him to have a change of mind.[\(w\)Ww.no©©łwo©\(m\).cOm](#)

Denver left, and when he reached his room, his heart broke. Paris was curled up under the sheet, sobbing.

Rushing to her, he sat beside her on the bed, halting before his hand reached her. “I thought you’d be scared of my monsters, but it doesn’t seem so,” he tried to joke, but Paris was not in the mood.

She woke up in a strange room among monsters, thinking she was in a jungle or a five-star hotel. She couldn’t tell which because the room seemed divided into two.

Feeling disoriented, she went out to see what was happening. Perhaps it was another dream, but the moment she stepped out of the door, she realized she was in yet another mansion, different from what she saw in Vegas.

Not only that, another woman was hugging and even kissing her man on the cheek, and he did not stop her.

Her heart broke with the realization that she could never compete with this woman. She was too pretty, making Paris jealous and self-conscious once again.

“You lied to me. You don’t love me,” she lamented under the sheets. Denver forced a smile and removed the sheet before pulling her into his arms.

She tried to struggle, but it was no use given how frail she was. “It’s a long story, and I will tell you everything later,” he said after a little thought, but Paris was curious.

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She had never heard any of Denver’s cousins mention his involvement with any woman, and Denver never mentioned anything of that sort either.

“Do you love her?” she asked, but instead of an answer, Denver’s lips met hers. It was not the gentle kisses he used to give her in Vegas, but a deep, passionate one that left her breathless.

He knew she was jealous, which confirmed how much she loved him. With a click of his finger, curtains rolled down, covering the views of the monsters.

“I want to see them,” Paris requested. Denver smiled, glad they did not scare her. As his mate, she had to embrace both his softness and the darkness in him.

“As you wish,” Denver removed the curtains before the realization dawned on him. He did not even know he could do that before now.

If he did, he would not have been worried, using this option whenever his parents or Moonlight wanted to come to his room.

Perhaps finding his mate cleared his thinking as well. “You still didn’t answer my question,” Paris reminded him, and he answered after a brief pause.

“That’s because there’s no time. Everyone wants to meet you, so I’ll tell you about her later.”

He did not want to leave any detail out, for which reason he did not mention Moonlight at all. If anything at all, he would have to start from the beginning, and that would take a lot of time.

“But I want to know now. You are going to leave me, right?” Paris asked with tears in her eyes, afraid of the worst. He had given her so much and would just leave her like that.

Denver was slightly disappointed by how her thoughts of him were all over the place, about to say something when they heard a knock on the door. “I’ll get it,” he said and went to the door.

“I want to see her,” Moonlight said. Denver shook his head. “It’s not a good time.”

It would be better for him to explain things to Paris before introducing them. He knew that Paris was feeling the same thing he felt when Moonlight found out that Cairo was her mate.

“I don’t have much time anyway. Please let me see her,” Moonlight insisted, but Denver was still reluctant, blocking the entrance with his well-toned body.

“You don’t understand. She’s very shy.”

“I want to talk to her too,” Paris said behind him. Denver turned around and asked gently. “Are you sure?”

Moonlight was slightly jealous, being the only one who used to enjoy this part of Denver.

“Yes. You won’t tell me, so I will find out myself. Please come in,” Paris said to Moonlight, but as soon as she stepped inside, she screamed.

“Goddess, what are these?” She could not believe anyone would sleep with such monsters, even if they were in glass cages and quite a distance from the position of the bed and closet.

Denver clicked his finger as the understanding for the magic curtains to roll down, just as the understanding sank in from the look in Moonlight’s eyes when she saw those monsters.

She was never the one and would have never been able to withstand the darkness inside of him. Denver was fearless, loving to explore, find the solutions he needed, even if he had to sleep on the same bed with the monsters he created.[Www.m0vè©W©Rm.cOm](#)

After dropping the magic curtains, he asked Moonlight. “Is it better now?”

Moonlight was still afraid, somehow remembering from the time Denver began to restrict anyone from coming into his room.

He was just a kid, a three-year-old, so how could he be like that at such a young age? “So, this is where you keep all those organs you harvested? In your room? How do you even sleep?”

Paris did not like that Denver was being judged, as she seemed to enjoy his hobby. “From the looks of it, he’s using them for research, and by the way he keeps them, they can’t harm anyone.”

Denver was marveled, smiling at her as he asked. “You are not scared?”

Paris shook her head and smiled at Moonlight before responding to Denver. “No.” Her hand stretched towards Moonlight. “I’m Paris.”

Moonlight slowly understood why she was not paired with Denver. She did not think she could stand that darkness inside him, but Denver found the right person to accept him for who he was.[wWw.n0vèłW©rM.Cóm](#)

“I’m Moonlight. Denver and I are very close. We grew up together, and my parents told me that he even named me. We were deeply in love, and we both waited for our eighteenth birthday to be mated to each other, but we were never destined to be,” Moonlight began to narrate as Paris walked her to the large couch.[Www.Novełwôrm.Cóm](#)

There was just one couch in Denver’s room, a three in one, very comfortable and luxurious. “I found my mate a month ago, and Denver couldn’t take it, so he left. I couldn’t leave because I was worried about him.”

Paris understood that these two shared something very special, but only one question weighed heavily on her mind, and she was not sure if it was right to ask.

“Can I ask you both a question?”