

Chapter 116

Elliot

"Shirley has been blowing up my phone all night. Where have you been?" Leo asked as I walked into my palace. It was early in the morning, the sun was just rising, and I was now just getting home. I had been out all night, walking around the streets of my pack. I was both in human form and wolf form, patrolling the area and trying to get my mind off Silver, but it was proven impossible.

Mostly, my wolf just sat in the forest, overlooking the riverbank, and howling out his sorrows. He's never reacted like this towards a woman before and it was a strange feeling. Typically, wolves react strongly only towards their true mates; but Silver couldn't be my mate because she didn't have a wolf. Wolves were drawn to each other, not to the human. So, having her as a true mate wasn't possible, but yet, my wolf didn't seem to get the memo because he's been in agony ever since he saw those divorce papers.

When I returned to the palace, I glared at the papers that remained on the glass coffee table. Silver's signature was scribbled across it, and it only made me angrier. I also noticed that her handwriting was shaky, which meant her hand was shaking when she signed the papers.

There were some moisture stains on it as well, which meant she was crying.

I hated that I wasn't here to be with her and that it had gotten to this point. I hated that I made her feel as if there was no other choice. I hated that she didn't know how I felt about her.

I guess I didn't know how I felt about her until recently.

But I fucking loved her. She was mine... my wolf wanted to claim despite the fact that she was wolfless. She's been doing a terrific job as Luna and slowly winning over a majority of the pack. They were singing her praises and I couldn't have been prouder of her. She was also making actual friends in this pack; Cara and the girls loved her and would do anything for her. My heart was full whenever I saw her socializing with the packmates, helping with the staff, or doing her Luna duties because I enjoyed the fact that she was getting comfortable in my pack and making it her own.

While I was dealing with these rogue attacks, Silver had been silently suffering and I had no idea about it.

Beta Leo was seated on the couch with his leg crossed off his lap. I knew he saw the divorce papers, so I didn't have to explain that part to him. But he gave me a pointed look and his brows raised.

"I was patrolling the area," I murmured.

"You look like shit," he muttered, staring around my face.

I knew I looked terrible; I hadn't been home since yesterday and even then; it was only for a little bit. I left after Marco handed me the divorce papers. I was wearing worn-out clothes from the clothes chest in the forest after I shifted. I probably had dark bags under my eyes too; I was exhausted, but I refused to sleep without Silver curled up next to me.

"Thanks," I muttered, sitting on the couch beside him.

"So, who asked for a divorce? Was it you, or Luna Silver?" He asked.

I was surprised by his question; he knew I would never divorce Silver. So, why would he ask such a thing?

"She did," he muttered.

He nodded thoughtfully.

"Because of Shirley," he muttered; it wasn't a question.

I nodded anyway.

"Yeah," I answered. "I guess Shirley told her that we were true mates."

Leo all but snorted in laughter.

"Are you kidding me?" He laughed. "You and Shirley??"

"Yeah, that's what I was saying," I said, rubbing my face with my hands.

"She won't speak to me. I don't know what to do."

"You give her time," Leo said, putting a hand on my shoulder. "She will come around soon enough. She loves you."

Now it was my turn to snort.

"What makes you so sure of that?" I asked.

"No woman would put up with what you put her through over these last few months," Leo told me, shaking his head. "Plus, I spent a lot of time with her and by the way she speaks about you, I can tell. Her eyes light up whenever she says your name."

I raised my brows and looked at him.

"They do?"

He nodded.

"The same way yours do when you say hers," he said, smirking.

I lowered my gaze and stared at my hands.

"You're a really good Beta, Leo," I told him, and I truly meant that. He was my best friend, but he was also an incredible beta. He did his job professionally and without complaint. He called me Alpha in front of the packmates, but in private, I was just Elliot, and he was just Leo.

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"Yeah, what would you do without me?" He teased.

I want Silver and only Silver.

My phone chimed at that moment, and I scrambled for it. My heart was racing as I looked at the screen, hoping that it was Silver. I had Shirley's number blocked for right now, so I knew it wasn't her. At some point, I'll talk to her Shirley, but not right now. My priority was It wasn't Silver, but it was the next best thing. The only window I had to Silver.

Rebecca: I finally got her out of bed and ate something. She's still a shell of herself and tears keep escaping her eyes when she thinks I'm not watching. But it's progress.

My heart ached for my wife; I wanted to hold her and tell her that it was going to be okay. I wasn't going to let anything bad happen to her or our marriage again. Nobody would ever come between us.

I replied to the text right away.

Me: Do you think she will be ready to talk to me soon?

Rebecca: Maybe. I told her that you and Shirley aren't mates.

Me: I wanted to be the one to tell her.

I couldn't help but feel a bit aggravated that she heard this information from Rebecca and not from me. But I was also relieved that the misunderstanding was cleared up.

Rebecca: Sorry, but she needed to know the truth.

Me: I'm coming over.

Rebecca: Not yet! Give her some more time!

I shoved my phone in my pocket, not bothering to respond any further.

"Leo, get the car, I'm going to Rebeccas," I said with urgency.

"Maybe you should shower first?" He suggested.

I frowned and took a whiff of myself; I winced.

"Yeah, good idea."

I did exactly as my beta suggested and I showered; after I changed my clothes and dried my hair, I went back downstairs feeling like a new man. Leo smiled, approvingly.

"Are you sure you want to storm her apartment building again?" He asked, raising his brows and dangling the keys to the car in his hands.

"I need to see her. I'm done waiting," I said with finality.

He smiled even wider.

"Then, let's go!"

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Silver

I forced the oatmeal down my throat even though I was the furthest thing from hungry had a bit more energy this morning than I did last night though. Especially since hearing that Shirley tied to me. But did that really mean anything? I saw how Elliot was with her; he spent more time with her than with me and as everyone and their mother had told me, I wasn't worthy of being with Elliot. I was wolfless and I couldn't protect the pack like Shirley could.

As much as I loved being the Luna I and taking on more responsibilities these last couple of weeks when it came down to it, I wasn't capable of fighting and protecting my packmates. Shirley was ideal to be with Elliot and everybody knew it.

I wrapped my arms around my body like I was trying to hold myself together. I suddenly couldn't get warm enough and that bed was looking even better by the second. "Shit," I heard Rebecca murmur as she stared down at her phone.

I frowned at her.

"What's wrong?" I asked her.

She looked at me with a startled expression, like she forgot I was sitting there.

"Oh, it's nothing," she said lamely; her cheeks turning pink.

"Rebecca?" I urged, raising my brows at my best friend.

She sighed and ran her fingers through her blond hair.

"Elliot might be coming over."

My mouth nearly fell open.

"What?" I gasped. "Why?"

"He wants to talk to you. If you don't want to talk to him, you can hide, and I'll send him away like I did last time. I can call the pack police and-

"They work for my father; they won't do anything to help me," I said, folding my arms across my chest. Then, I sighed and shook my head

"No, I should talk to him. I want to find out the truth once and for all, and I think the only way I can do that is to speak with him."

"Are you sure about this?" She asked, uncertainty written all over her face. I nodded my head once.

"Yes. Let him come in this time."

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Elliot

"Maybe you shouldn't go in there angry," Beta Leo tried to say just as I pounded on the door of Rebecca's apartment.

"I'm getting her back, even if it's the last thing I do," I said without looking at him.

"I know. But I'm just saying " His words were cut off as soon as the door opened, and Rebecca stood in front of me with her arms folded across her chest.

"Alpha," she greeted, her eyes narrowed. "What can I do for you."

"You know why I'm here, Rebecca," I said through my teeth. "Let me speak with her."

"Didn't I tell you that she needed time? Or did you not look at your text messages after you informed me that you were coming over?" She asked, clearly not happy that I ignored her messages.

"Let's get one thing straight, Alpha. You might be the most powerful Alpha in the world, but this is Stormwind territory, not the Crown Territory. You have no jurisdiction here. You can't just barge into my home like you own the place."

She had her hands on her hips; she was certainly a feisty little thing.

"I apologize," I bit back the urge to growl at her for raising her voice to me. Who the fuck did she think she was? "I didn't mean to be rude. May I please speak with Silver if she's available?" And if she's not, I was going to shove my way into this apartment and wait for her to be available.

I wasn't going to leave until I spoke with her, that's for sure. It was killing me being patient and polite right now when all I wanted to do was rip the door off the hinges and run inside to wrap my arms around my wife. Rebecca stared at me for a moment longer and smirked.

"See? Was that so hard?" She asked almost too innocently. I glanced at Beta Leo who was staring at her with wide eyes. It was almost like he was a mix of terrified and in awe of the small blonde.

"Can you take Rebecca somewhere so I can speak with Silver alone?" I asked him.

He snapped a petrified look.

"What?" He gasped.

"Are you seriously kicking me out of my own apartment?" She asked that fury back in place. "Yes, I need to speak with her alone," I said simply.

Rebecca scoffed and Leo grabbed my arm, attempting to pull me away but with little success. "Are you serious?" He whispered yelled. "She's going to chop my balls off and eat them for dinner." I smirked.

"Are you seriously afraid of a small blonde?" I asked, raising my brows at him.

He glanced over his shoulder at Rebecca who was watching us curiously and slightly annoyed. "Maybe I should leave, Alpha..."

"Please, Leo. I'm asking as a friend, not as an Alpha. Do me this favor," I pleaded with him.

He groaned and sighed.

"Fine," he muttered.

I took a deep breath and turned towards the apartment door. I could smell Silver inside and it stirred something deep inside me. "Good luck," Rebecca muttered as she followed Leo down the hall and out the front door.

I walked into the apartment and shut the door behind me. My eyes scanned the small space until they landed on Silver who was seated on the couch. She was staring down at her hands, tugging at her fingers nervously. I could smell her nerves from where I stood, but I also smelled her incredible signature scent, making my mouth practically water.

She wasn't turning around to look at me, but I knew from the stiffness of her posture that she could sense me standing behind her. I swallowed my pride and with a heart hammering against my chest, I walked around to stand in front of her.

I was appalled by her appearance. In just 24 hours, it appeared that she lost some weight. She had dark bags under her eyes that matched my own, proving that she wasn't sleeping or sleeping well... just like I hadn't been. She wore no makeup, and she was still in her pajamas.

Her legs were tucked beneath her on the couch and even though I was now standing in front of her, she refused to look at me.

My heart cracked at the sight; I could tell she'd been crying because of the redness around her eyes and the tear, stains on her cheeks from when she hadn't bothered to wipe them away. I hated that I had done this to her; I broke her and now it was my job to fix her.

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I knelt in front of her so I could be at eye level with her; my knees hit the ground with a thud. I was about to do a lot of groveling, so I hoped she was ready for it.

"Baby..." I whispered, my voice almost unfamiliar. I had never called her baby before, and her eyes shot at me at the sound. "I'm so sorry for hurting you but please don't shut me out anymore... please talk to me."

She was quiet for a moment as she stared around my face and then her eyes dropped to her lap once again.

I cupped her face in my hands and forced her head up to look into my eyes again. Upon contact, she sucked in a sharp breath. No doubt having the same effect as she had on me every time my skin touched hers. "Look at me, please," I pleaded in a whisper. "I need to see your beautiful eyes on me."

"Why are you here?" She whispered in return.

"Because I needed you to know that I'm so fucking sorry," I said, lowering my own head in shame. "I never meant to hurt you or make you feel unwanted. I was never prioritizing Shirley over you; I was trying to protect our pack. That's all. You have to believe that I would never stray in our marriage."

"I thought..." she paused to gather her thoughts. "Shirley told me that you were mates."

"It's not true," I told her sharply. "She lied to you. I would have told you if it were true."

Tears filled her eyes and I hated myself even more for putting them there.

"I don't know what to believe..." she admitted.

"Believe me... trust me..." I pleaded with her. "I would never lie to you, baby."

She shook her head as tears escaped her eyes and fell down her cheeks.

"Please, don't cry," I pleaded in a whisper as I leaned forward and kissed her tears. She took a deep breath, and I'd like to think she was breathing in my scent and finding comfort in me.

"You confuse me..." she whispered.

"Why baby? Talk to me, please..."

Her watery gaze met mine.

"Well, for starters, you keep calling me baby. You've never done that before," she told me, biting her lower lip. Something in the blush on her cheeks told me she liked it when called her baby. I made a note to call her that going forward. Whatever she wanted, I would give her as long as she didn't leave me.

"I thought you would have been happy about this divorce..."

I was shell-shocked at her words.

"Why the fuck would I be happy about losing my wife?" I asked her.

"Because you can finally be with someone on your level. Not someone wolfless..."

"I already told you; I don't care about shit like that," told her, cupping her face in my hands once again so she had no choice but to look into my eyes. "Whether you have a wolf or not, doesn't matter to me, baby. You are not weak. You are the strongest woman I know and I'm proud to have you as my wife and Luna of my pack."

More tears formed in her eyes.

"This is just a contract marriage," she said in a shaky tone. "These feelings I have for you are confusing and intense, and I don't—" her voice trailed off for a moment as more tears were released from her eyes. Instinctively, I leaned toward her and licked them off her cheeks; her breathing hitched and she let out a shuddering breath. "I don't know what to do..." she said almost breathlessly."

"This isn't a contract marriage for me anymore," I whispered, running my fingers down her cheeks and then down the nape of her neck, making goosebumps form on her flesh and her body tremble. "It's not for convenience purposes, baby. I'm all in. I want you..."

She was dazed by my touches, kisses, and words.

"Why?" She whispered, her eyes closing as she basked in my nearness.

My lips were inches from hers, so close that I could almost taste her sweet lips.

I licked my lips.

"Because I'm fucking in love with you, Silver."

She released the breath she had been holding and I closed the gap between us, claiming her mouth with my lips and taking back what was mine.

Chapter 120

Silver

This whole thing felt like a fever dream. I couldn't believe that Alpha Elliot was kneeling before me, his eyes wet with unshed tears, confessing that he loved me. Holy hell.

Elliot loves me?

Could this really be happening right now?

I wrapped my arms around my body, desperately trying to hold myself together as my vision became blurry with my own unshed tears. I wasn't sure what to say to him or if I could trust him. These last few weeks have been rough on me emotionally. He's been so consumed with Shirley and seemingly taking her side with everything that I wasn't sure if he was being genuine or not.

I knew our marriage was just a contract; it was for convenience. Perhaps he didn't want me to divorce him because of that contract and the effects I have on him while he sleeps.

Elliot takes my hands in his; sparks of electricity coursing between our joined fingers, bringing my attention back to him.

"Silver," he whispered, his voice hoarse with raw emotions. I swallowed the painful lump that formed in my throat, unable to pull my eyes away from him. I didn't realize how badly I was shaking until his hands touched mine and held them steady. "Please, don't give up on me. Don't give up on us..."

"We got married really fast," I finally spoke, my voice coming out strained. "Maybe it was too fast. We didn't know each other and-"

"That might have been true at first," he says, cutting off my words. "But I know everything I need to know about you now. You are beautiful, brave, smart, strong, and fierce. You've proven yourself repeatedly and you make the perfect Luna for my pack. I can't get enough of you... I can't explain it, but I need you in my life. You don't need to tell me you love me back, but I need to know if there's at least a chance for us to make things right. Let me show you how much I love you and want you in my life; not just as my contracted wife, but as my real wife."

My heart was beating so quickly that I thought it would beat right out of my chest. I stared at him, unblinking, for what felt like an eternity. He remained knelt in front of me, his breathing rapid and I knew he was carrying a lot of stress and anxiety as he bore himself to me. I felt the strange urge to put him out of his misery and pull him to me, but at the same time, I was so afraid of getting hurt again that I remained frozen, just staring at him.

"And if you change your mind?" I asked, my voice quivering. "If you find your mate?" The last question came out as barely a whisper.

He brought my hands to his lips and kissed my knuckles gently, sending waves of warmth throughout my body. My breathing hitched from the contact, and I couldn't seem to take my eyes away from him.

"I would never change my mind, Silver," he told me firmly. "Not about you; not about this. Please, trust me..."

His words came out so matter of fact that I found myself trusting them more than I thought I would. I pulled my hands away from his and watched as they dropped to his side. He lowered his gaze, a tear escaping his eyes as he glanced at the ground, defeated. He thought I rejected his proposal, but how could I reject a man that I was madly, head over heels in love with?

I might not be able to say those words out loud yet, but I could show him in every way possible just how strongly I feel for him.

I put my hands on his cheeks and wiped the stray tear away with my thumb, caressing him gently. His gaze lifted and locked onto mine. I gave him a small smile before I leaned in and kissed him on the lips.

At first, he was stunned by the advance; he remained frozen, kneeling in front of me, with his lips unmoving. But then I felt his body relaxing and his lips softening, molding with mine and move together in perfect harmony. I wrapped my arms around his neck just as he wrapped his arms around my waist, pulling me off the couch and into his lap, making me straddle him.

I felt his tongue gliding across my bottom lip, asking permission for entrance which I gladly gave him. As soon as my lips parted, his tongue was in my mouth, licking and tasting everything I had to offer. His kisses sent warmth straight to my core and I felt my desires pooling between my legs as I ground against his very active erection.

I heard a low growl from deep in his throat and I knew he was just as turned on as I was. My cheeks were probably as red as a cherry. He nibbled on my bottom lip, drawing it into his mouth and sucking on it like it was the sweetest thing he's ever tasted. "I want to taste you," he whispered against my lips.

"Not here," I said in return, wiggling out of his hold.

I smiled at his pouting lips as I stood and then I helped him to his feet. I winked at him, pulling him out of the living room and further down the hallway until we reached the guest room I'd been staying in.