

## Chapter 121

### Silver

His brows raised when I pulled him into the room and shut the door behind us.

Elliot was still breathless from our make-out session, but he took in the room around him, checking out the bedding, the dressers, and the vanity on the far side of the room. He admired the artwork on the walls and a couple of my easels on the other side of the room that I've been working on since I've been here.

It hasn't been easy painting without a studio, but it was doable.

While he took in the entire room, I got busy stripping off all my clothes, including my bra and panties. I waited, standing behind him, until he finally turned to face me, taking notice of my nakedness.

His eyes immediately darkened as lust consumed him.

"Now, Alpha. I feel you might be overly dressed," I teased, stepping towards him.

He let out a low growl as he grabbed me by the hips and pulled flesh against him. I giggled as he brought his lips to mine and conquered my mouth with his. He sucked and nibbled on my tongue, bringing it deep into his mouth as he brought his deep into mine. He sucked on my lips until they were nice and swollen, then he pushed me onto the bed, so I was lying on my back and completely exposed to him.

He didn't waste much more time; he kissed my inner thighs, nipping and sucking every corner he could before he completely devoured my center. I gasped as my desires spilled from me; I dug my nails into the bed sheets and panted out his name. My legs were quivering with pleasure as he teased and sucked on my clit. He nibbled the little nub making me explode all over him.

He brought his lips back to mine so I could taste myself on him and I couldn't help but deepen the kiss. I ran my fingers down his body, wanting to strip him of all his clothes. He must have read my mind because soon, he was pulling his shirt over his head and then stripping himself of his jeans and boxers, flinging his erection free.

I licked my lips as I trailed my fingers down his incredible body. I wanted to make him feel as good just as he made me feel good.

I pushed him slightly so he could lay on his back. He put his hands behind his head and watched me as I kissed down his body. I made sure my eyes were locked on his because I knew he liked eye contact when I did stuff like this. Just when I was about to put him in my mouth, he stopped me.

"No," he said, cupping my face with his hands. "Ride me."

I raised my brows.

"I want you to get your pleasure," he further explained. "Tonight is about you."

My heart was touched by the sentiment, but also knew that he would be getting just as much pleasure from me if I rode him anyway. I straddled his waist, and he watched me with a hungry gaze in his eyes. I positioned him at my entrance before I slowly sunk down onto him.

I moaned in pleasure as I threw my head back, feeling him deep inside me. I kept going until he was buried inside of me all the way. He moaned as he jerked his hips, making me take him even deeper if that was even

possible, and hitting such a sweet spot that made my legs tingle with pleasure. He gripped my hips, holding me in place for a moment and when I thought I couldn't handle anymore, he lifted me off him and then released me, making me slam back down onto him.

I moaned with pleasure as I lifted my hips and lowered them again. Once I found my rhythm, he jerked his hips, matching my rhythm. As I rode him, he played with my breasts and touched every part of my body that he could.

I could feel him swelling and twitching inside of me and I knew he was close. A pressure built at my core and I could feel the walls of my center forming and squeezing around his manhood. I knew I was close as well.

"That's it, baby," he gasped as we both quickened our paces. "Keep going. Just like that."

"Oh, Elliot!" I gasped, feeling on the edge like I was about to explode at any second.

He reached between our joined legs, and I felt his fingers pinch my clit gently; that was all that it took for me to come undone on top of him. I let out a cry of satisfaction as I found my release. A couple of thrusts later he was joining me over the hill.

I fell on top of him, both of us gasping for breath.

He held me in his arms, kissing the top of my head and I could feel his exhaustion because it matched my own.

"Thank you..." he whispered sleepily.

"For what?" I asked in return.

"For giving me a chance," he replied. I snuggled closer to him, not wanting to let him go. "I love you, Silver."

I loved him too, but those words terrified me.

## Chapter 122

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"So, just like that, you aren't divorcing him?" Marco asks on the phone while I finish packing the little belongings that I bought to Rebecca's house. "He says some pretty words, and all is forgiven?"

"It's going to take some time for me to truly trust him," I admitted, biting my lower lip. "But yeah, I don't want us to be apart. I love him, Marco. I appreciate all you've done for me, but I'm tearing up the divorce documents."

"Well, only you know what's best for you. I just hope this decision doesn't come around and bite you in the butt," he said, a warning tinging his words.

To be honest, I was hoping for the same thing.

"Thank you," I told him.

Without any other word, I hung up the phone and shoved it into my pocket. I hadn't even noticed Rebecca leaning against the doorframe with her arms folded across her chest.

"Are you going to tell me I'm making a mistake too?" I asked her, raising my brows.

Her brows furrowed.

"No, I would never say that. You can make your own decisions," she said shrugging. "I was just telling you that Gamma Erik is here and waiting for you."

I nodded my thanks to her.

It was the next morning since Elliot came and confessed his love for me; then we spent the entire night making love and holding one another in our arms. Elliot had some Alpha-related issues he had to address this morning and sent Erik over to give me a ride back to the palace.

"But if he hurts you again, I'll chop his balls off," she adds, giving me a sweet smile.

I laughed and hugged my best friend.

"I love you, Rebecca. Thank you for being here for me," I breathed.

"Where else would I be?" She replied, hugging me back.

I pulled away from her and took a deep breath. I finished packing the last of my stuff and zipped my suitcase. Rebecca helped me bring my bags out of the apartment and as soon as we stepped outside, Gamma Erik ran out of the car.

"Sorry, Luna! I should have come up to help you," he said, grabbing the bags from me and Rebecca.

I raised my brows.

"You're back to calling me Luna?" I asked teasingly. Over the months I've been living in the palace, married Elliot, Erik and I became friends. I finally got him to call me Silver instead of Luna, despite Elliot's protests. But now it seemed he was back to calling me Luna. Erik looked a bit uncomfortable but he didn't say anything as he put my things in the trunk. I frowned at him, wondering what was wrong.

I turned to my friend and hugged her one last time.

"I'll call you," I assured her.

"You better," she told me in return. "What should I say to your father? That you returned to the Crown pack?"

I shook my head, not wanting to deal with my father right now.

"Just tell him I left," I told her. "He'll figure it out for himself."

She nodded and hugged me tighter.

"I mean it... if he hurts you..."

"I know," I said, blinking away tears.

I released her and turned back to Erik who had the back door of the car open and ready for me. He motioned for me to get inside. I waved goodbye to Rebecca before sliding into the car. He got into the driver's seat and pulled away from Rebecca's apartment and away from my father's pack.

"Mariah is cooking a meal for your return. The Alpha is also returning home from work early today so he can spend the evening with you. think he mentioned something about going to the hospital and confronting Shirley on her lies," Erik told me.

My chest tightened at his words.

"He wants to confront her?" I asked, dumbstruck.

"Yes, Luna," he answered. "It's not okay that she told you that she was his fated mate. It was a lie, and he doesn't take kindly to lying."

"Erik, can I ask you a question?" I asked, peering at him through the small mirror above his head.

He glanced at me in return before fixing his attention back on the road.

"Of course," he answered, a bit uncertainly.

"Why are you calling me Luna suddenly?" I asked. "You've been calling me Silver these last couple of weeks. Are we not friends anymore?"

He was quiet for a moment as he pondered that question; I could see the unease on his face even from the back seat. He eventually took a deep breath and glanced at me briefly through the mirror.

"Friends don't keep things from friends," he finally said, sounding defeated. "You left and you didn't tell me you were leaving, Luna. You

signed divorce papers without talking to me first. If we were truly friends, you would have told me of your plans and the reasoning behind them. I would have told you the truth about Shirley and Alpha Ellio's relationship and it could have avoided all of this. So, no... I don't think we truly are friends."

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### Silver

It pained me to hear him say this.

"I wasn't thinking clearly," I admitted. "I was rash, I know that. But that doesn't mean I don't think of you as a friend or value your opinions. I'm sorry if I hurt you..."

"You said goodbye to the chef and not to me," he murmured. "It made me feel..." His voice trailed off and a ping of sadness consumed my chest.

I reached over to him and put my hand on his shoulder; he tensed from my touch.

"I cherish you, Erik. Between you and Mariah, you keep me sane in this pack. You honestly are an incredible friend to me. I was a terrible friend to you. I'm giving Elliot another chance to prove himself, I'd like to ask you the same. Give me another chance to prove myself and I promise I'll be an even better friend to you."

He was quiet for a long moment, weighing what I had just said.

"I can't really stay mad at you, now can I, Silver?" He asked with a twinkle of humor in his eyes.

I smiled and leaned back into my seat.

"I mean you could... but I'm very stubborn and I don't give up that easily," I said, winking.

He laughed and shook his head at my admittance.

When we reached the packhouse, Erik brought my things inside and into my room while I walked into the kitchen. Mariah shrieked and ran to me, wrapping her arms tightly around me. The entire kitchen smelled amazing, and my mouth was watering. I loved spending these last couple of days with Rebecca, but we mainly ate takeout. I have been craving a home-cooked meal since I left the palace.

"I have missed you," she breathed, hugging me tightly.

"It's only been a couple of days," I chuckled, patting her back. "And they've been long. Come and tell me everything while I prepare your food."

I sat at the island counter and recounted the last couple of days. I told her how I stayed with my best friend in the Stormwind pack and how my father told me that I only had a couple of days before I needed to leave. Then, I told her how Elliot came to get me and how he knelt to the ground and practically begged for my forgiveness.

"I knew Alpha Elliot loved you," she said winking as she shoved a plate in front of my face.

I blushed at her words.

As I ate, I said, "I guess now I have to get rid of the divorce agreement." Mariah smirked.

"No need, Elliot tossed in the trash already. He was never going to sign that," she said, shaking her head. "I'm glad you are back. You are a

wonderful Luna, even if not everybody sees it yet. Plus, you still have a ton of unfinished projects you've started."

I smiled.

This was true; I did have a lot I needed to do for this pack.

We talked for a little longer about my future plans for the pack and Mariah told me some of her ideas. Not before long, I felt Elliot's presence in the palace before I felt his warm arms around my waist and his face buried in the back of my neck.

I tense at first because it was a strange display of affection, but then I relaxed into him.

"Welcome home," he said, peppering the back of my neck with kisses.

"It's good to be home," I replied.

"Alpha, would you like some food?" Mariah asked. "The palace staff will be here soon to eat."

"No thank you. I'm going to steal my wife for a little while," he told her.

She nodded and then winked at me as she started to plate more food. I held onto Elliot with my hand as he guided me away from the kitchen.

"Where are we going?" I asked as we pulled me towards the front door.

"We are going to the hospital," he told me, and my mind went back to the last time I was in the hospital and Elliot demanded I thank Shirley for saving me even though I'm pretty sure she had something to do with me getting kidnapped in the first place. "We need to pay Shirley a little visit."

## Chapter 124

### Silver

My heart was hammering as we pulled up to the hospital. I stared at the familiar large building in front of me and waves of panic hit me like a freight train. Memories of my time in this hospital consumed me and I thought about the last time I was here. It was right after I was kidnapped by rogues. I suffered from a concussion, and I was unconscious for a while. But when I woke, I was alone. It turns out that my darling husband was with Shirley.

His expectations of me thanking Shirley for saving my life hurt me because I was pretty certain it was Shirley who helped them kidnap me in the first place. She wanted to get on Elliot's good side, so she staged saving me.

Then, when I spoke to Shirley alone, she told me that she and Elliot were actually fated mates and that I was just getting in their way. My heart hurt at the very thought of it but now I know she was lying to me. She just wanted me out of the way so she could have Elliot for herself.

I was glad her plans didn't work, but I wasn't sure why we needed to be here now. I looked up at Elliot who was also fixing his attention on the hospital building. I wondered if he was just as nervous, or if he was angry. Was he going to make me apologize or thank Shirley? Elliot finally spared me a glance and his gaze softened; I could see his wolf in his eyes and his wolf was fighting to take control. I frowned and cocked my head of the side.

""What is it?" I asked him.

"My wolf is having trouble dealing with everything. He's angry," Elliot confessed. He reached out and grabbed my hand, squeezing it and it was reassuring. I found myself smiling at him, wanting to ease his wolf.

It seemed to be working because his body relaxed as we stood side-by-side.

"Why are we here?" I finally asked him, my voice coming out softer than I intended.

"Because we need to talk to Shirley," he answered simply as he pulled me along with him and into the hospital.

My chest tightened even more with each step we made. We reached the third floor, which had no other patients besides Shirley. There were a few gamma warriors in the waiting room along with a couple of nurses at the nurse's station. The gammas stood tall when they saw us approaching.

"Welcome back, Alpha," one of the nurses practically purred. I had to keep from rolling my eyes at her; if I had a wolf, I knew I would be growling all over the place.

"Is Alpha Shirley awake?" Elliot asked, barely sparing her a second look.

"Yes, sir. She's been requesting you for the last couple of days. She will be happy to see you."

Elliot hummed his response; he never let go of my hand as we walked through the waiting room and through the doors that lead to the hospital rooms. As we passed the nurse's station, I noticed the deadly glares that were fixed in my direction, and I found myself feeling uneasy. I kept my eyes downcast as we walked through the doors. We paused outside of the hospital room that I knew Shirley was in. Elliot took a deep breath, collecting himself and probably calming his wolf down. Did he have to do this every time he saw Shirley? Was it because his wolf wanted to claim her, and he was trying to keep that from happening?

I thought they weren't mates.

The thought made me feel sick to my stomach.

Elliot released my hand just before he pushed the door open, and I suddenly felt cold and alone. I took a deep breath and stepped into the room behind him. Shirley was seated on the bed, scrolling through her phone.

She didn't look all that injured besides the cast on her foot and I still wondered why her wolf hadn't healed her yet.

She looked up when we entered, and her eyes widened as soon as her gaze locked onto Elliot.

"Elliot! You've come back!" She purred. "I didn't think I was going to see you today. I've missed you so much..."

"We need to talk about something, Shirley," Elliot said, folding his arms across his chest.

His tone surprised me; he didn't seem happy to see her, he sounded almost angry. I raised my brows but stayed at the doorway; I expected him to force me forward so I could apologize to her or thank her like he wanted the last time.

"We can talk about anything you want, Elliot. But come sit with me. I've missed you so much. I need to be held," she pouted as she patted the spot on her bed that was empty.

## Chapter 125

### Silver

Elliot walked over to the bed, and I could feel my heart cracking from the pain. I knew this was too good to be true. He lured me here so I could see him with his mate; he wanted me to see what I was missing when I divorced him. I felt a part of me slipping away. I was a shell of myself and there was nothing I could do other than stand at the doorway and watch my husband with another woman.

Tears immediately formed in my eyes and my hands started to shake at my sides.

Elliot put an arm on each side of her and brought his face close to Shirley. She blinked a few times and then started to close her eyes, getting ready to kiss him. This was it... I was going to watch him kiss another woman.

"Did you lie to my wife about being my mate?" Elliot said in a low and threatening growl through his teeth.

I heard Shirley's sharp intake of breath before her eyes flew open and fear was evident behind them. I lifted my gaze and looked up at them, noticing for the first time that Elliot's pose wasn't romantic, it was threatening. He was caging her in so she couldn't move, and his wolf was on the edge; not because he wanted to make her, but because he wanted to trip her throat out.

"Wh...what?" She stammered, unsure of what was happening. "What do you mean, Elliot?"

"I'm not going to repeat myself for a third time, Shirley. So, listen to my question carefully," he said slowly and angrily. I could feel his fury rolling

off him in waves and it brought a chill to my body. "Did or did you not, lie to my wife, and tell her that you are my mate?" "...I..."

She couldn't come up with an excuse on the fly and for the first time, she looked utterly terrified. Shirley was a very strong Alpha female, the only female that had her own pack, and she was cowering away from Elliot. She was so confident up until this moment and it was strange to see her like this.

"If you ever disrespect my wife and Luna again, I won't hesitate to rip your throat out with my teeth," he hissed, and then he took a step away from her, uncaging her and glaring down at her with such disgust that my mouth nearly dropped to the ground in shock. This was unexpected.

"Elliot... I'm your friend... one of your oldest friends. I would never-"

"Don't fucking lie to me, Shirley!" He growled, the hospital grounds shaking from the force of his roar, and I had to grab the door for support.

"I'm not lying," she whaled, tears springing from her eyes. "I don't know what she has been telling you but-"

The way she said the word "she" was like a bad taste in her mouth, and she gave me a pointed look at the same time. Elliot didn't let her finish her sentence because he had her throat in his hands, and he slammed her against the wall behind her bed.

"Don't test me," he growled, his wolf surging forward and nearly taking control. "This is your final and only warning. You are no longer allowed in the Crown pack. Our alliances are over. You have until sundown to return to your pack. If you aren't gone by then, my gammas have orders to execute you."

She choked as he held her throat; she struggled to break free until she was blue in the face and then he finally released her. She coughed and gagged, attempting to catch her breath again.

He turned to face me, and I saw the gold in his eyes indicating that his wolf was in control. When he saw me standing shocked at the doorway, I saw a flicker of Elliot's wolf in his eyes and his gaze softened. But it only lasted a moment because he was soon grabbing my arm and yanking me towards him so I could stand next to him.

"Apologize to my Luna," he ordered.

Shirley glared at me; if looks could kill, I certainly would have died immediately.

"APOLOGIZE!" Elliot shouted, making me tremble in place.

"I...I'm sorry..." Shirley stammered, tears pouring out of her eyes.

If she hadn't been so terrible to me, I would have felt bad. But at that moment, I didn't feel anything.

Elliot looked at me and I stood frozen.

"Do you accept?" He asked after a moment.

I stared at Shirley and saw her crying; my heart tugged and for a moment, I hated my conscious.

"Yes," I whispered. "I accept your apology. But Shirley..." I added, narrowing my eyes at her. "I never want to see you in my territory again."