

Chapter 41

Silver

I sighed and grabbed my watercolors. As always, I got lost in the painting, even though I was kind of ruining it. Painting always gave me a sense of belonging. I could push all thoughts out of my mind and just focus on my work.

It took a little over an hour to alter the painting and when I finished, I couldn't help but chuckle. He was going to be so angry.

While I let it dry, I went into the kitchen to see if dinner was ready yet. There were a couple of workers in the kitchen, but there was no sign of Mariah.

"Where's Mariah?" I asked one of the chefs.

"She went to help out at the packhouse," she explained. "Are you hungry? I just finished with the roast beef."

My mouth watered as she took the roast beef out of the oven. It smelled incredible; with it was potatoes and roasted carrots.

"Starving," I admitted.

She piled good onto a plate and slid it across the counter for me. As I ate, I couldn't help but feel a bit sad. Elliot isn't here to eat with me and usually, he's home around now. "Have you heard from the Alpha?" I asked the worker.

She shook her head.

"I have not. He's probably still working at the packhouse. I've heard there have been some rogue attacks that he's investigating."

I nodded, understanding.

The flavors of the food hit my tongue fiercely and I couldn't help the moan that escaped my mouth. The look on the worker's face told me that she heard me loud and clear. "I'm glad you like it," she chuckled.

I wiped my mouth with the napkin before responding.

"It's incredible," I told her.

I continued to eat; the kitchen fell silent, and I was once thrust into my own thoughts. I had a longing for Elliot like no other and I couldn't explain these feelings I was having.

Shaking my head, I ate the last of the food before handing my empty plate to one of the workers. After thanking them, I returned to the studio to check on my painting. It was almost completely dry. Pleased with myself, I took the portrait back upstairs and hung it on the wall. I was so lost in thought, that I didn't even hear the bedroom door opening. I froze when Elliot's presence invaded the room. A warmth spread throughout my body and my heart started to beat even faster.

My breath hitched when he stepped up behind me. I couldn't even look at him.

"What are you doi... "

His voice trailed off when he caught sight of the portrait I was standing in front of. Immediately, the energy in the room shifted I heard a growl emerging deep in his throat.

"What is this?" He asked, his voice low and threatening.

I swallowed the lump in my throat and kept my eyes averted from his. I was too nervous to look at him. I wasn't sure what to expect so I kept my head downward and my back to him.

"I asked you a question. What is this?" He asked again, anger pouring off him in waves.

I lifted my head and looked at the picture, folding my arms across my chest I said, "I thought I would adjust it so it was more accurate."

Anger from him burst forth and he growled loudly, making the hairs on the back of my neck and arms stand tall.

"You think that's accurate?!" He growled.

When I didn't respond, he grabbed my arm and whipped me around to face him. His eyes were blazing, and I could see the yellow tint of his wolf's eyes peering through. His wolf was in control, and he wasn't happy with my little stunt.

Before I could react or say anything in response, Elliot pushed me against the wall, his body pressing into mine. I could feel every curve of his body as he pinned me between him and the wall.

My body shook as I peeked up at him through my lashes; I knew I was blushing from the heat that rose in my cheeks and my breathing was now heavy and I fought to catch my breath. I hated the effect he had on me and my body.

Then his deep and growly words made my knees weak.

"Maybe I should remind you how inaccurate you were."

Chapter 42

All the pain and the anger left me immediately. I stared up at his dark eyes and my mouth was practically salivating. I wanted him and he knew it. From the way his nostrils flared, I knew he could smell my arousal.

He was still growling deep in his throat, so I knew his wolf was still in control. There was a part of me that knew I should push him away. His words from earlier still played in my mind, but at that moment, I really didn't care. His words no longer affected me because of his nearness.

His lips lifted into a smirk when he saw me squirming against him; the arousal pooling between my legs and making me incredibly uncomfortable. I needed some kind of relief; I needed Elliot.

He lowered my mouth to me and when I thought he was going to kiss me, he side-swept my lips and trailed his mouth against the nape of my neck. His tongue glided down my smooth skin and sent a shiver down my spine.

I could feel a smile tugging at his lips from my reaction to him.

"Breathe, Silver," he said in a raspy and growly tone.

I realized I hadn't been breathing the entire time; I sucked in a sharp breath just as he commanded me to breathe. If he wasn't pressed against me and holding me, I would have fallen to the ground from weak knees by now.

His peppered kisses down my neck and across my shoulders, moving my shirt with his fingers as he did so. My heart hammered against my chest, and I found my eyes fluttering shut as his incredible scent invaded my senses, bringing me to life. With every touch and kiss, goosebumps formed in that exact spot.

I stifled a moan as he sucked and bit my neck. He didn't bite hard enough to pierce my skin, but it would definitely leave some kind of mark. It thrilled me to think he was marking my skin; like he was claiming me as his without actually claiming me. He was making it known that I belonged to him and because of that, I was putty in his hands.

He took my earlobe in his mouth and sucked it; I couldn't help the moan that escaped my lips. He wrapped a firm hand around my waist, pulling me even closer to him if that was possible. I could feel his erection through his pants, and I found myself grinding against him, wanting to feel him against me.

His lips traveled around my cheeks until he lightly brushed them against my mouth. My lips trembled with anticipation. His tongue swiped across my bottom lip, sending electric chills throughout my body. That was my undoing.

I closed the gap between our mouths, and I crashed mine against his. I kissed him hungrily as if I was starved and he was the last piece of food on the earth. He wrapped his arms around my body and held me against him as he kissed me with just as much force. His tongue invaded my mouth, licking and teasing every corner of me that he could. My tongue swirled with his; we breathed in the same air, taking one another in as he continued the kiss.

I nipped at his bottom lip, causing a smile to twitch at the corner of his lips.

"Come here," he whispered against my lips.

He pulled me with me toward the bed and I went willingly. It was like my body was on autopilot.

"Take this off," he ordered, motioning for my shirt.

I did as he said, feeling cold from his lack of touch while I quickly discarded of my shirt. By the time my shirt was thrown on the ground, his was joining it. I stared at his incredible body, my fingers twitching because they wanted to touch him.

As if he could read my mind, he closed the gap between us and crashed his lips against mine once again, devouring my mouth and tongue. I moaned against him, loving the feeling of his body against mine without any barriers between us. He undid my bra and allowed it to fall to the ground without a second glance.

Soon, he was lifting me off the ground and my legs wrapped around his broad waist. His lips never left mine as he brought me down on the bed, him on top of me. I ran my fingers through his soft hair, feeling him shudder against me.

He finally broke his kiss from mine and he trailed his lips down the nape of my neck and across my chest until he reached my breasts. I gasped when I felt his tongue twirl around my nipple, and his teeth nipping at me. My nipples pebbled from his touch and goosebumps attacked my flesh.

He continued to tease my breasts with his mouth, teeth, and hands, while he undid my pants, forcing them down my legs until they

were around my ankles. I didn't realize my panties came off with them until I felt his fingers at my core, and I gasped from the pressure.

Chapter 43

Silver

He played with my little nub while he teased and kissed my breasts.

"So beautiful," I heard his hoarse whisper as he continued to please me.

At some point, I kicked my pants off my legs, and they landed on the ground with my panties. My mind was so clouded, that I felt like I was floating.

As the pressure continued to build, I panted out his name, gasping for breath.

He slipped a finger inside of me and I heard him groaning in satisfaction.

He continued to rub my nub with his thumb while he slipped his finger in and out of me. My core clenched around him as the pressure reached its peak and soon, I was falling apart on his hand. I yelled out his name as I dug my nails in the bedsheets.

He kissed down my body and positioned himself between my legs while he growled, "I need to taste you."

Before I could react, he was devouring me, and I was panting once again. He moaned with delight as his tongue slid between my folds and tasted everything I had to offer.

"Oh, Elliot Yes," I gasped as he held my thighs tightly in his firm hands and continued to deepen his tongue. I ground my hips against him, trying to find that sweet release, and then the pressure built once again.

My head was whirling, and dizziness overcame me as I came undone for the second time this evening. He continued to lick up my juices until there was nothing left and once, he was done, he brought his lips to mine once again and kissed me deeply, allowing me to taste myself on him.

I moaned from the taste; I had never been this turned on in my life. I reached for his pants, wanting so much more of him. He told me he wanted to remind me of how inaccurate my portrait was, and I was going to hold him to that.

He grinned against my lips as he undid his pants, pulling them down his masculine legs with his boxers. His manhood sprung to life and my mouth was watering at the size of that thing. He was huge. My heart was racing in my chest at the sight of him.

I wrapped my fingers around him, stroking him gently. He wrapped his hands around mine and adjusted my speed. He kissed me deeply while we both stroked him together. He breathed me in, taking in my scent and the air from my lungs.

"I need to be inside of you," he groaned. I wasn't going to deny him that. Leaning back on the bed, I dared him to continue.

Without delay, he was pressing himself into me and I gasped at the sensation of him. My core clenched around him, swallowing him whole as he deepened himself into my body. He cursed from my tightness despite us doing this before, it felt like it was brand new for the both of us.

He gave me a moment to adjust to him and when I gave him a curt nod to continue, he thrust his hips, pumping into me. I moaned out his name, loving the taste of his name on my tongue. It made him pump even harder, sending me into oblivion.

I was still so sensitive from my previous orgasms that it didn't take long for me to climb to that peak once again. As he nibbled on my nipples and continued to thrust his lips, it was enough to push me over the edge.

It didn't take long for him to fall over the edge as well and we were soon gasping for breath. He fell to the bed beside me, staring up at the ceiling as he worked to catch his breath. I looked over at him, watching his chest rise and fall. I licked my lips at the sight of him; he was so good-looking I thought I was going to die from the sight of him alone.

How was possible that someone like him would want to sleep with someone like me?

I was honestly surprised when Elliot wrapped me in his arms and held me close to him; he rubbed small circles around my pack, sending chills up my spine and I couldn't help but snuggle in closer to him.

My mind immediately went back to this morning when I heard him talking to Shirley and I couldn't help but wonder, if this was only a marriage of convenience, then why did I feel as if he couldn't get enough of me?

Chapter 44

Silver

I decided not to bring up what I overheard yesterday morning. Things were going really well since he returned home last night, and I didn't want to ruin it. He didn't ask me why I altered the painting; I think he just thought I was playing a joke on him.

I woke up early the next morning, surprised to see that he was still there and fast asleep. I took the painting back into my studio and I spent the next hour fixing it, turning it back into its original portrait. By the time I was done, Elliot was leaning against the doorframe, staring at me.

When I turned to look at him, my cheeks flushed when I saw that he wasn't wearing a shirt; however, he was wearing pajama bottoms. But still, he was so hot standing at the door of my studio with all his abs on display, that my mouth was watering again.

How was it possible to be this turned on by someone? It was like there was something inside of me clawing to get out, wanting to go to him and claim him as mine.

I never felt this way about anyone before, not even Gavin.

He looked at the portrait that I had just finished fixing and a smirk was placed on his lips as he looked at me.

"I'm going to be at the packhouse today," he told me, cutting through my thoughts. "I have some business to take care of. Will you be okay here?"

I nodded, biting my lower lip as I forced my eyes away from his incredible body.

"Yeah, I'll be fine," I told him.

He nodded, still looking at me thoughtfully for a moment.

"Was there a reason you were there yesterday?"

The question caught me off guard; I wasn't expecting it. I didn't realize he knew I was there; then again, both his Beta and Gamma knew I was there so one of them probably mentioned it. Heat surfaced around my cheeks, and I suddenly felt incredibly hot.

"I baked cookies and cupcakes for the pack," I told him. "I wanted to apologize for leaving the banquet early. That's not how a Luna should behave."

"You had good reason to leave."

"But they don't know that," I reminded him. "I also wanted to meet some of them. I think I made a new friend."

He cocked an eyebrow.

"And who might that be?"

"Cara," I answered. "She seems really nice. She introduced me to some of her friends. They are interesting."

I thought about her friend Alison; it was going to take some time for her to warm up to me and I feel it'll take time for me to warm up to her too. But Emma at least seemed really nice in her shy way. "Erik's mate?" He asked, raising his brows.

I nodded.

He didn't look displeased by that.

"I'm glad you got to know someone. She's a good choice for a friend," he admitted.

I smiled but I didn't say anything more about it. After another moment, he asked, "Why didn't you come to see me?"

I didn't think he was going to be so forward and ask that question. My heart skipped a beat when I looked up at his face. His eyes poured into me like he could see the answer in my eyes. I swallowed the lump in my throat and kept my eyes on his.

"You seemed busy," I told him, my voice coming out a bit breathier than how I'd like. "Shirley was in your office, and I didn't want to interrupt."

"Leo said you were outside my office door," he said. "Were you spying on us?"

I mentally slapped myself; I should have known Leo would have said something about me snooping outside of his office door.

"I heard voices inside the office, and I turned around to leave," I quickly stated.

Chapter 45

Silver

He looked at me questionably for a moment before he conceded.

"I'll see you later then," he said, turning to leave. "I'm going to get dressed and then I'll be out of here. If you come by the packhouse later, come see me."

I was stunned by this; he wanted me to walk in on him and Shirley? He was gone before I could say anything.

At some point during the day, my phone started to ring. I was busy in my studio working on some other paintings when it rang on my desk across the room. Sighing and wiping the sweat off my brow, I stood from my stool and my way across the room and to my phone.

I frowned at the number displayed on the screen; I didn't recognize it.

"Hello?" I asked, answering the phone.

"Hello, is this Mrs. Silver Crown?" Asked a man on the other end; I was still getting used to people calling me Mrs. Crown.

"Yes, this is her," I said, sitting on my desk chair.

"This is Edmond Wilson calling from Hope's Art Gallery. How are you doing Mrs. Crown?"

My heart leaped in my throat; Hope's Art Gallery was huge in this region. Not as big as Pandora's Bloom; but it was still pretty known. It was also one of the art galleries that I submitted my work to a few weeks ago and it got rejected. I wondered why they were calling me now.

"Please, call me Silver. I'm doing fine; and yourself, Mr. Wilson?"

"I'm doing good; thank you for asking. I'm calling because your portrait at the auction had blown up. I'm the manager at Hope's Gallery and I have been searching for new artwork for our new exhibit. We would like to feature some of your paintings."

My brows rose at his words.

"If you remember correctly, Mr. Wilson. I did submit some of my artwork a few weeks ago but they were rejected," I reminded him.

He was quiet for a moment.

"That was done out of error," he said calmly. "My associate doesn't know great art when she sees it."

My frown deepened.

"Then, why is she working in an art gallery?" I asked.

"She won't be much longer," he muttered. Then he changed his tone as he moved on from the topic of his associate. "I am willing to pay you handsomely for your artwork. We can set a time to meet his week and go over the details in person."

I grabbed my planner and a pen.

"Yeah, we can set something up," I agreed.

"Excellent," he replied.

Elliot's

My wolf was content after the night we had with Silver. It was a strange feeling because he hadn't felt like this in a long time. I slept better than I had in a long time as well. Leaving her today was not something I wanted to do, but with these recent rogue attacks, I had no choice. I had some meetings I needed to take care of.

We needed to figure out why these rogues were targeting not only my pack but nearby ones as well.

Shirley has been helping me investigate a bit further because her pack has been in jeopardy as well. She was already in my office when I got there. She was dressed in a button-down red blouse with her cleavage on display and a short business skirt that hugged her thighs tightly with black studded heels.

It was her normal attire. She was leaning against my desk with her arms folded across her chest.

"You are later than I thought you would be," she said, narrowing her eyes at me.

I froze at the doorway.

"Do I need to alert you when I'm going to be late to my own packhouse?"

I asked her. "Don't you have a pack to run yourself?"

She rolled her eyes.