

Chapter 51

Silver

"You... you did this on purpose." It wasn't a question, but I was too stunned to say anything more.

She gave me a humorless laugh.

"Obviously," she said, rolling her eyes. "Did you honestly think someone like you could purposely hurt someone like me? I'm an Alpha and you are wolfless. Don't flatter yourself."

"Why would you do something like that?" I asked her, shaking my head as realization dawned on me.

"Isn't it obvious?" She scoffed. "To prove a point. Elliot will always take my word over yours. He will always choose me over you. You are nothing to him and I am everything. I've been his friend and ally for a long time. I'm the obvious choice for him. I know it, he knows it, and now you know it."

I stepped towards her, suddenly feeling a surge of anger.

"He's, my husband. He married me. If he wanted you, he would have married you long ago. So, with all due respect, Alpha, back off my marriage," I said through my teeth.

Anger flashed through her eyes and then she grabbed my hand, hanging me towards her. I lost my footing and fell onto her bed. I was too stunned to react when she started screaming and crying. Within seconds Elliot was running into the room with Beta Leo trailing behind him.

"Shirley!" Elliot exclaimed as he caught wind of the situation.

Shirley was still gripping my arm, keeping me on top of her as I struggled to get off the bed.

"Elliot! Help! She's attacking me!" Shirley whaled. I caught the glint of mischief in her eyes though. My body was shielding her face from Elliot so only I could see it. Anger coursed through me at the sight of it. Elliot grabbed my arm, just as Shirley released me. He ripped me off the bed and I went stumbling away from them, hitting the wall with force, my wrist getting the worst of it. I yelled out in pain, gripping my wrist.

The sound of my impact and whimper of pain alerted Elliot and he turned to look at me, alarm clear on his face. His eyes blazing yellow as his wolf came to the surface.

His eyes went to my face and then to my wrist. I could see the flash of regret on his face, and he opened his mouth to say something but then Shirley cut in, stopping him. "Elliot! It hurts," Shirley cried. "Why would your wife do this... why?"

Elliot turned back to Shirley.

"It's okay, Shirley. Just calm down. It'll be okay," he assured her, his voice ringing with high emotions. He glanced over his shoulder at Beta Leo who was standing nearby, staring at the scene unfold before him. "Bring Silver home."

Beta Leo paused for a moment as both his and Elliot's eyes glazed over. Then they returned back to normal. Leo nodded his understanding before turning to look at me.

"Luna," he said, motioning for me to follow him.

I stared at Elliot who was no longer paying me any attention. His sole attention was on Shirley and my heart shattered at the sight of them. Pressing my lips together, I followed Beta Leo out of the room. We walked

into the waiting room and just when I thought we were going to the Elevator, Beta Leo B-lined to the receptionist.

"Can we get a doctor to look at Luna's wrist, please?" Leo asked.

I frowned.

"What are you doing?" I asked, confused by the gesture.

He glanced at me over his shoulder while the receptionist spoke on the phone with an available doctor.

"Alpha's orders," he explained. "He sent me a mind link and told me to get your wrist looked at."

I raised my brows, that uneasy feeling lifting off my chest only slightly.

"He did?" I asked.

Does Elliot truly care enough about me that he would have Leo get my wrist looked at? Maybe that remorseful and concerned expression was genuine.

Soon, a doctor appeared in the room.

"Hello, Beta. You requested service?" He asked.

"Yes, for the Luna. She injured her wrist. Can you take a look at it?"

The doctor glanced at me briefly before nodding and motioning for us to follow him. I did so, but once we got into the room, I turned to them and said, "It's not necessary. I'm fine." "I'll be the judge of that, Luna," the doctor said, patting the hospital bed.

I sighed and sat down on the bed. He took my wrist in his hand, and I winced at the pain. I don't have a wolf, so I take longer to heal.

After a short exam and an X-ray, he finally stated, "Just a small fracture. Nothing to be concerned about. I'll give your wrist a shot of pain medication and then wrap it in a bandage." "Thank you," I said to him.

He nodded in response before leaving to get his supplies. Leaving me alone in the room with Leo, I sighed and looked up at him.

"Elliot really asked you to get my wrist looked at?" I asked.

He nodded.

"He sounded distressed in the mind-link," he told me.

"Probably because his beloved Shirley was hurt," I muttered. I didn't really mean to say that out loud, but I did, and Leo heard me loud and clear.

His brows raised as he stared down at me.

"Despite what you might think, Shirley has never been anything more than a friend to the Alpha," Leo told me. "You don't need to be resentful towards her."

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His meaning was clear; he was telling me I didn't need to go as far as pushing her down the stairs or attacking her in the hospital room. I didn't bother giving him an explanation. I bit my tongue and remained silent.

Thankfully, the doctor returned before any more words were exchanged. He gave me a shot in the wrist, making me wince, but it didn't take long for the pain to cease. Then he tightly wrapped my wrist in a black bandage.

Once he was done, he dismissed us.

Beta Leo took me home after the doctor wrapped my wrist. The car ride was silent, but it was comfortable. I wasn't in the mood to really speak to anyone; I couldn't stop thinking about Elliot and Shirley. I couldn't believe he took her side, and yet he still cared enough about me to make sure my wrist was looked at. I wondered what they meant.

Perhaps he truly did care for me?

Elliot's

"Elliot, why are you so distracted?" Shirley pouted, peeking up at me through her lashes.

I held up my finger to hush her for a moment while I finished speaking to Beta Leo throughout mind-link.

"Is she home?"

"Yes, Alpha," Leo answered immediately. "I just dropped her off."

"How's her wrist?"

"She has a minor fracture but nothing to be concerned about. The doctor gave her a shot of pain meds and wrapped it," he answered. "Okay, good," I said before ending the link and turning back to Shirley.

Shirley was an Alpha so it wouldn't be long for her wolf to heal her injuries, but Silver had no wolf, she wouldn't heal as quickly. I shouldn't have been so careless with her; my wolf had been pissed the minute he heard Silver whimper in pain.

I felt like shit seeing the hurt expression on her face and it took everything I had not to wrap her in my arms and hold her close to me. But with Shirley in pain because of Silver, I couldn't bring myself to do it. Silver was my responsibility and Shirley was my friend, which meant anything Silver did was my problem. I'm now obligated to make sure Shirley gets treated and cured by my pack's specialists. I can't imagine Silver would do something like this; she doesn't seem to have a mean or malice bone in her body. But it wouldn't make sense for Shirley to lie or throw herself down the stairs; that wasn't in her nature either. I knew Shirley longer and to be honest, I don't know Silver all that well.

We met the day before we married. For all I know, Silver could have a mean streak.

I quickly shook the thought out of my mind; I wasn't going to make any decisions about her until I spoke to her and got her side of the story. For right now, I needed to care for Shirley and make sure she got taken care of.

Silver would just have to wait until later.

I sat and talked with Shirley for several hours. The doctor came in and out, examining her injuries and making notes on her recovery speed. Shirley kept clinging to my arm, making it impossible for me to go anywhere.

I lost track of time and didn't realize it was past midnight until Shirley finally fell asleep from the medication the doctor had given her. I finally pried my arm out of her grasp and excused myself before she could wake up to protest.

I called Beta Leo to return and take me back to the palace. He was quieter than usual as we drove through the night and towards the palace.

"Why are you quiet?" I asked him, glaring at my Beta and oldest friend.

He shrugged.

"Your wife was quite upset earlier. It'd be wise if you cleared up any misunderstandings," was all he said.

I furrowed my brows at him, not sure what he was talking about. But I chose not to reply to him. As he parked the car, I got out of the car.

"I'm heading back to the packhouse for the night," he informed me. "I'll see you tomorrow."

I nodded and waited until he was gone before I went into the palace.

I paused at the doorway; we had servants and other staff members living in the palace, not to mention guards who walked in and out all throughout the day and night. But for some reason, the atmosphere felt different. It felt almost dense, and it was quiet... very quiet.

"Good evening, Alpha," one of the gammas said as he made his rounds. "Everything okay?"

"Is my wife home?"

"Last I saw she was going to her room to sleep."

I nodded and went upstairs and into our bedroom. But I froze when I saw that it was empty. My brows furrowed together.

Where the hell was she?

After finding the bathroom empty, I let out a low growl of aggravation. I left the room and pulled my wolf forward; he had already committed her scent to memory, so I knew he'd be able to find her easily if she was still in the palace.

Sure enough, her floral scent invaded my nose, and I followed the trail further down the hallway, pausing outside of one of the guest rooms. I let out another low growl before opening the door, not bothering to knock.

I froze when I saw her curled up on the bed.

Why was she sleeping in the guest room?

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I waited hours for Elliot to come home and when it became midnight, I figured he wasn't going to come home anytime soon. Sighing, I grabbed my phone and left the bedroom, unable to stand being in this room any longer. If he wasn't going to be in here to share the bed with me, then I wasn't going to stay in here. I only slept in this room because he insisted my presence helps him sleep. There was no point in me sleeping in here without him.

I walked down the hallway and into the guest room. I wasn't sure I'd be able to get any sleep after the day I had, but I was determined to try anyway.

I curled into bed, checking my phone to see if Elliot had reached out to me, when I saw that he hadn't, I sighed and put the phone on the nightstand. I pressed my knees to my chest and squeezed my eyes closed tightly. I just wanted to shut out the world and pretend that this awful day never happened. I wondered what tomorrow held; I wondered if it was going to be just as bad as today.

Just as I was about to fall asleep, the door burst open. I remained still, already knowing who it was before he approached the bed.

He stood at the bedside for a moment, staring down at me. I could feel his eyes scanning my body as I hid myself under the blanket. He let out a frustrated sigh.

"I know you're awake, Silver," he said, his voice sounding irritated and gruff. I winced at the tone, but I didn't say anything. My heart was racing in my chest, and I thought I was going to get sick. "What you did earlier

wasn't okay. What were you thinking? This could put the whole pack in jeopardy if she decides to pull our alliance. Do you have any idea how strong her pack is?"

Anger consumed me as I whipped around to face him; my eyes blaring with rage.

"I did nothing wrong. But of course, it doesn't matter. You won't believe me anyway," I said through my teeth.

My sister had pulled the same shit with my father numerous times during our lives. She would blame me for something, and he would blindly believe her. I've done this song and dance before; Shirley was no different than Stella.

"Well, she seems to think that you did."

"She's lying," I countered without missing a beat.

He folded his arms across his chest as he stared back at me. He searched my face as if he was searching for all the answers and then he sighed and ran his fingers through his hair, almost defeated. Maybe a bit confused. I could practically see the stress pouring off him in waves.

"Next time you see her, you need to apologize," he finally said.

I stared at him in shock; I couldn't believe what he just said.

"I'm not apologizing for something I didn't do," I said, pressing my lips firmly together as I glared at him.

"It doesn't matter, Silver. She is a guest in our pack, and she was injured under your watch. As the Luna you need to take responsibility-"

"Take responsibility for someone who deliberately threw herself down the stairs?!" I asked, cutting off his words.

"Do you hear yourself? Why would a strong female Alpha hurt herself on purpose?" He asked, his brows pinched together.

"Because she wants you," I blurted without much thought.

He was quiet for a moment while he processed my words.

"Is that what this is all about? You are jealous?" He asked.

My mouth nearly dropped open at the audacity.

"I have no right or reason to be jealous," I said, folding my arms across my chest, fully aware that I had just pushed my breasts up and put them on full display for him to gawk at. Which he did; I felt a sense of pride when his eyes dropped and landed on my breasts, the desires pooling in his eyes almost made me weak.

I would have been putty in his hands if I wasn't so upset about this conversation.

"I was just stating a fact," I added.

He scowled at me, his features darkening.

"She's a friend and an Alpha. She doesn't want me. She has nothing to gain from me."

"Maybe she simply just likes you," I muttered.

"You would be wrong about that," he countered.

I was too tired to argue about this any further, so I simply said, "Fine, Elliot."

A low growl escaped his lips.

"Why are you sleeping in here?"

The subject change took me by surprise, and I didn't answer him at first. I furrowed my brows, remembering that I was in the guest room, not our bedroom.

Chapter 54

Silver

"I didn't think you'd come home tonight," I admitted. "And I didn't feel comfortable sleeping in there without you."

"I thought I made it clear that you are to sleep in my bedroom. It's part of the contract."

I narrowed my eyes at him.

"I think given the events of today, I should just sleep in here tonight," I told him firmly, not willing to give in to him.

His nostrils flared and I knew he wasn't happy with me. Instead of arguing, like I thought he would, he just took off his shirt and pants, wearing only his boxers and he started to get into bed with me. I held up my hand to stop him.

"What are you doing?" I asked him, hating that my voice sounded breathless and weak.

"Getting into bed. If you aren't going to come back to our room and sleep, then I'll just sleep in here with you," he told me.

I lowered my hand and he slid into bed, throwing the covers over his body.

"You are going to apologize to her, and I don't want to hear anything more about it," he said after a short pause. "Now, get some sleep."

With those words left in the air, he turned away from me and turned off the lamp.

I spent most of the day in my studio trying to forget about my argument with Elliot last night. He was gone before I woke up this morning, so nothing got resolved. We hadn't spoken since last night and I had a nasty feeling in the pit of my stomach because of it.

I also made a point to call Rebecca and tell her about the last couple of days.

"Shirley is such a bitch," Rebecca growled. "I can't believe she did that!"

"I know, me neither, I was taken aback," I admitted.

"And Elliot wants you to apologize? Has he lost his mind??"

I sighed.

"Yes," I muttered. "He thinks as Luna I should be taking responsibility."

"That's ridiculous," she huffed. "He should be on your side. He's your damn husband."

"By contract," I reminded her. "It's a marriage of contract. Not a real marriage. He's not obligated to take my side."

"But still," she murmured.

I knew she was right, but it didn't make a difference. He was going to think what he wanted to think. I had things I needed to get done in preparation for tomorrow and I couldn't be bothered with whatever drama Shirley was dishing. According to Elliot, she should be discharged from the hospital today and I was planning on keeping my distance from her even though he wants to apologize. There was no way I was going to do that.

After we finished our conversation, I hung up and continued working on my paintings. I captured pictures of each one as well and put them in a portfolio to showcase in the meeting tomorrow. I would be lying if I said I wasn't excited about this meeting. This was a huge opportunity for me.

Hearing the front door closing brought me out of my thoughts. I looked at the clock and saw that it was just after 5 pm.

Was Elliot home already?

He was earlier than usual. Maybe he returned home so we could have dinner together. Maybe he wants to actually have a conversation about what happened last night. I hated this back-and-forth we were having; I didn't want things to be awkward between us.

It's been over a week since we shared a meal together. I quickly cleaned up my mess in the studio and made my way to the front foyer where I heard voices.

"Make sure the restaurant is still reserved for tonight," Elliot said.

"Yes, Alpha," Beta Leo replied. "I still need to pick up the flowers for Alpha Shirley. I purchased the biggest bouquet, just as you requested."

"Perfect," Elliot replied.

My heart fell deep into my stomach.

"I'm going to put on a suit. I told Shirley we'd pick her up at 6:30 so we need to be quick," Elliot said, his voice getting smaller as he made his way up the stairs.

Beta Leo remained in the foyer. I peeked around the corner and saw that he was on the phone now.

"Yes, this is Beta Leonardo. I'm calling to check on the reservation for 7 tonight," he said into the phone. He paused as the other person spoke.

"Yes, the reservation is under the Alpha's name." he paused again.

"Perfect; thank you so much."

He hung up without another word.

I leaned against the wall, feeling a heaviness in my chest.

First, Elliot took Shirley's side; and now he was taking her on a date?

Chapter 55

Silver

Elliot was finishing getting dressed when I went into our bedroom. I had my arms folded across my chest as I watched him put on his best suit and fix his hair in the full-length mirror. He looked at me in the mirror and then turned to face me.

"Can you help me put this tie on?" He asked, holding out his maroon tie for me.

My body felt numb; I was on autopilot as I walked toward him and took the tie from his hands. I wrapped it around him and started to tie it just as my father taught me to do when I was young. He always told me it was my womanly duty to help men with their ties, so I made it a point to learn how to tie one.

"Are you going out this evening?" I asked him, knowing it was a stupid question.

"Hmm," he hummed, not giving me any other indication of what he was up to tonight.

Why would he? It's not like he would openly tell his wife that he's taking another woman out on a date. Even if I am a contract wife.

"Where are you going?" I found myself asking. I had to focus to keep my hands from trembling as I finished with his tie.

He was staring at my face indifferently and it made me uncomfortable under his scrutiny. I hated this tension between us.

"The Water Grove Restaurant," he finally answered.

My heart fell into my stomach again; the Water Grove Restaurant was the fanciest and most expensive restaurant in the region. The fact that he's taking Shirley there hurts more than anything. I knew the restaurant was inside of a really elegant hotel owned by the Crown Pack. So, not only was he taking her to a fancy restaurant, but technically, he was taking her to a hotel too.

Once I finished with the tie, I dropped my hands to my sides and lowered my gaze.

"Don't wait up. I'm not sure how long I'll be out," he told me, turning back to the mirror to finish getting ready. "Mariah will make one of your favorite meals tonight. I arranged for her to do so myself." I lifted my gaze to look at him, but he was fixated on his reflection.

"You did?" I asked him, surprised by the sentimental gesture, especially after our argument last night.

"Surprised that I'm making sure my wife eats dinner?" He asked, now he was looking at me through the mirror and I felt my face warm.

"I didn't think you cared that much," I muttered.

"I guess you don't know me that well," he said, his voice hardening.

I was left speechless and staring at the ground. After a few awkward moments, he turned to look at me.

"I'll be leaving now. Try not to get yourself into any trouble," he told me.

I pressed my lips firmly together.

"I'm not a child," I said through my teeth.

He walked past me and reached the door; he froze before opening it.

"Then stop acting like one," he murmured just before he swung the door open and left the room.

Later, I went into the kitchen to see Mariah. The entire kitchen smelled delicious, and my mouth was watering at the different scents swirling around me. She turned when she saw me, and a smile lit her face. "Good evening, Luna," she said, motioning for the bar stool. "Dinner is almost ready. I made your favorite."

"It smells great," I told her honestly.

She beamed at the compliment.

The oven dinged and her face lit up as she turned to retrieve the dinner from the oven. She placed it on the stove for it to cool before piling it onto a plate for me.

"This is delicious, Mariah," I praised as I ate.

"I'm glad you like it," she beamed.

We talked mindlessly while I ate. Just as I was finishing the last bite, my cell phone started to ring.

I glanced at the clock and frowned; it was almost 9 pm. Who would be calling at his hour?

When I saw the number flashing across the screen, I recognized it as Beta Leo's.

Oh boy.

I swiped the green answer button and pressed the phone to my cheek.

"Hello?"

"Luna, It's Beta Leo," Leo said, and I could hear the urgency in his tone.

"Is something wrong?"

He was hesitant for a moment.

"It's the Alpha. He's requesting that you get here right away," he said, shocking me. I raised my brows.

"Is now?" I asked. "Why is that?"

Just as I asked that question, I could hear the growl of Elliot's wolf. I gasped at the sound.

"Leo, what's going on?" I asked, quickly standing to my feet. Mariah watched me curiously with a worried expression on her face.

"Just get here as soon as you can, Luna. It's urgent." Without another word, he hung up the phone.

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Third Person POV (Shirley)

"Flower? For me? What on earth are these for, Elliot?" Shirley asked, batting her lashes at Elliot as he stood before her with the largest and most beautiful bouquet she had ever seen.

He bowed his head to her.

"An apology for your injuries. I'd like to apologize on behalf of my wife and myself," he stated. "And an early birthday present."