

## Chapter 6

### Silver

A gold-digger? The last thing I wanted Elliot to think was that I was a gold-digger.

"I'm sorry for my family," I told Elliot later that evening while we were in the car and driving home. "I only wanted to get a rise out of them. Our relationship is... complicated." Elliot didn't respond.

We remained quiet until we arrived at his luxurious mansion right in the middle of his pack. It was huge and there were a bunch of guards outside the front gate that greeted Elliot as we drove through. Beta Leo was the one driving the car and he stopped right outside of the front doors. We remained silent until we got inside the mansion. We were greeted by a man in a suit, who I assumed was the butler. He bowed to Elliot and then he bowed to me. I smiled at him, feeling a bit awkward.

I was intrigued by all the beautiful artifacts inside of the home. He had paintings hung up on his walls that I found myself drawn to. I ran my fingers down the delicate frames, smiling at the beautiful drawings. Elliot watched me curiously. I hadn't even realized Beta Leo entered the room until Elliot spoke to him.

"Did you create the contract like I asked?"

"Yes, Alpha," Leo answered, handing him a piece of paper and a pen.

"A contract for what?" I asked him as Elliot looked it over briefly and then signed it.

"I am a businessman, Silver. Not a philanthropist," he told me, his eyes studying my face. "This marriage is strictly for convenience. I had my Beta create a contract for us both to sign."

I was stunned by this, but I shouldn't have been. Of course, he wasn't marrying me because he loved me. He didn't know me; we just met last night.

"I don't have anything to offer," I confessed, staring at the ground sheepishly. "I'm wolf less and I'm weak. There's nothing I can offer you in trade."

"As I said last night, you might be wolf less, but you are not weak. Even so, it doesn't matter. I'm the strongest and richest Alpha in the world. Who I marry won't change my ranking and I don't need to marry for gain," he casually explained.

"Then, why marry me?" I asked him, my brows knitting together.

"I have my reasons," he answered.

He handed me the contract and I stared at it, puzzled.

"You want me to sleep in the same bed as you?" I asked him, looking at the first line before glancing up at him. "Why would you want to sleep with me?"

"I like your body, your scent, and your warmth," he answered.

I blushed at his words and continued to read the contract.

"I have to attend events with you?" I asked him.

"As my wife, it's expected," he explained.

"And you want me to learn Luna's duties?"

"Also expected. My marriage to you isn't a secret, Silver. The pack will expect you to be their Luna." I nodded and I quickly signed on the dotted

line, right beside his name, but as I did, I said, "If you ever meet your fated mate, you must tell me." For a moment, Elliot looked puzzled.

"I'm not looking for anyone else, Silver," he told me.

I looked up at him, my eyes meeting his. Gavin had said those words to me before and I'm not going to be foolish enough to believe them a second time. Especially considering this is a marriage of convenience and not love.

"I need you to agree," I told him.

He gave a curt nod.

"Alright," he answered. "But what would happen if I did find my fated mate?"

"Then we would get divorced," I answered simply. "I won't get in the way of true mates."

He stared at me for what felt like an eternity; his Adam's apple bobbing as he studied my face.

"If I ever wish to get divorced, I promise I will tell you," He finally said.

I let out a shaky breath and nodded.

"Do you have any other requests?" He asked with bemusement in his expression.

The question took me by surprise.

I looked around the huge mansion before looking back up at him.

"Would it be possible to get a private art studio here?" I asked him. "A space off limits to everyone?" He raised his brows at my request.

"You are an artist?" He asked me.

My cheeks reddened.

"I enjoy watercolor," I admitted. "It's the only thing that I really have that's my own."

"Like the watercolor in your dress? You've gotten a lot of compliments on it tonight." He had noticed? My heart lurched with pleasure at the recognition, and I found myself grinning up at him.

"I designed it," I told him.

He looked surprised by this, but then the surprised expression turned into what seemed like admiration. At home, I wasn't given that look. That look was always only given to Stella.

"A private studio it is," he agreed.

"Thank you," I said, before handing him the contract.

His fingers brushed across mine as he took the contract from me and for a moment, my heart stilled I felt the electric currents race through me, and I jerked my hand away as if he had just burned me. "Let me show you to our room," he said, breaking the silence that consumed us.

I nodded and I went with him up the grand stairs and towards the bedrooms. He brought me to the end of the hallway and into a large suite. It was so big it looked like an apartment. I was surprised to see that my suitcase was on the side of the bed and when Elliot saw that I noticed it, he said, "I had Leo bring your things here."