

## Chapter 7

### Silver

"That was thoughtful of you," I told him.

"Make yourself at home; I'm going to hop in the shower," he told me before retreating to the bathroom.

I spent some time unpacking and changing into my pajamas, which consisted of a tank top and shorts. As I looked around the room, admiring the different art on the walls and the big open bay windows that overlooked the gardens in the back of the house, I realized I had been here before.

Last night and early this morning.

I woke up in this bed and snuck out the door while he was sleeping. I was shocked that he brought me back to his mansion last night. I was too focused on leaving this morning that I didn't have a chance to look at my surroundings. But I certainly remembered this bed and climbing out of it.

I left the room and found another bathroom so I could brush my teeth and wash the makeup off my face. I tied my hair in a messy bun before returning to the bedroom.

I noticed the shower was turned off, which meant Elliot would soon be joining me.

With a nervous pit in my belly, I got into bed. I was immediately wrapped in the minty scent of Elliot. My entire body relaxed from the scent alone.

Shortly after, the bathroom door opened, and Elliot walked out wearing nothing but pajama bottoms.

My mouth went dry at the sight of him. His 8-pack abs were evident, and I wanted to run my fingers down each of his pecks. My heart raced in my chest as he grew nearer, his eyes darkening as he took me in. He pulled the covers back and slid into bed beside me. I wasn't sure what to say or do, so I turned my back towards him.

"Goodnight," I said to him, my voice coming out way breathier than I meant.

He turned off the lights and moments later, I felt his arms wrapped around my waist and his front pressed into my back.

His hands traced my belly softly causing goosebumps to form on my flesh.

"It didn't say that we had to do anything in the contract," I reminded him, glad that my voice didn't come out squeaky as it often did when I was overly nervous about something.

I felt a small rumble in his body, and I realized that he was chuckling.

"But don't you want to?" He asked, his fingers tracing the top of my shorts. "It's not like we haven't before." I opened my lips to say something... anything. I wanted to agree and give in to the desires I was feeling. I wanted to touch him in return and have my way with his incredible body. But just as I was about to speak, he withdrew his hands from me.

"I'm not going to force you to do anything," he told me gently as he turned over in bed.

My heart sank with disappointment.

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While Eliot went to the packhouse for business this morning, he gave me his gold card and told me to go shopping in town so I could collect things for my private studio. I initially declined the card, but he insisted.

One of his warriors, Gamma Erik, acted as my personal driver for the day. He wanted to accompany me into the stores as well, as part of his gamma duties but insisted that he stay with the car.

I spent a few hours shopping and getting everything I needed for my studio and just as I was making my way back to the car, I saw a familiar face glaring at me.

"Gavin..." I said, freezing in my steps.

"So, was this your plan all along?" He seethed. "Get with me so you can get close to my uncle? I bet you've been seeing him this entire time." I narrowed my eyes at him, annoyed by his audacity.

"You were the one who cheated on me, Gavin. We could have been happy together, but you threw it all away because you couldn't keep it in your pants." I stepped around him to walk away but he countered my step and blocked my path.

"Do you really think he loves you? If you think I'm bad, where do you think I learned it from? You are going to regret leaving me!"

"Is that so?" A voice came from behind me, making me turn to see who had joined us.

Elliot was standing behind me, glaring at a very pale-faced Gavin.

"Uncle..." Gavin said, lowering his head.

"Looks like I need to send you to the Gamma's for three months of training, so you learn not to hassle your aunt with nonsense, Gavin. You are putting shame on the Crown family name."

"You should start packing," Elliot said dismissively. "I've heard enough from you."

Gavin turned red in the face, and I couldn't tell if it was because of anger, or embarrassment. He stalked away before I could analyze it further.

I looked up at Elliot whose face shined with difference and a knot m formed in the pit of my stomach. He started to walk away but not before saying over his shoulder, "Come here." Fear attacked my gut, and I reluctantly followed him.

Was he mad at me? If so, how would he punish me?