

## Chapter 8

### Silver

The drive was silent. I remained still, tugging at my fingers nervously. Once we were home, Elliot waited for me to get out of the car first. I quickly walked into the house, carrying some of my bags while Leo carried the others.

Elliot walked inside after us and he gave me a quick look, uncertainty in his face, before he walked up the stairs and out of my view. I was left staring up at him feeling a little crushed by dismissiveness. I thought maybe he would yell at me or say something in regard to the Gavin situation.

But he didn't.

He just blatantly ignored me and, in some ways, that hurt even worse.

"Everything okay?" Beta Leo asked when he came back into the room.

He put all my art supplies in the living room so I could sort through them later. Elliot still hadn't assigned a room for my studio; so until he did, my supplies had no home.

I don't really talk to Leo often, but so far, he's been nothing but kind to me.

"I think Elliot is mad at me," I confessed. "He won't speak to me." He shook his head.

"He's just stressed. He has an important meeting this afternoon that he needs to get ready for. He was coming to see you because apparently you calm him down but when he saw you with your ex..."

"He was jealous?" I asked, my brows raised.

"Not jealous... just not pleased," he said, a bit hesitant on what to tell me.

This confused me even more.

"Trust me, Elliot isn't the monster everyone paints him to be. He has a heart," Leo continued.

My stomach twisted in a knot and a wave of guilt washed over me.

I thanked Leo before walking up the stairs and into our bedroom. Elliot was now dressed in a suit, and he was standing in front of the mirror, attempting to tie his tie. I leaned against the door frame, admiring how good-looking he was and biting my lower lip to keep from speaking my thoughts out loud.

His eyes found mine in the mirror and then he turned around to face me.

"Come help me tie this thing," he ordered, his eyes holding mine.

"Does the big bad Alpha not know how to tie a tie?" I teased.

His eyes narrowed.

"I always had a maid do it for me," he confessed; his voice cold and it only made the knot in my stomach tighten.

I swallowed the lump in my throat and walked over to him cautiously. I knew how to tie a tie because my father used to make me tie his. I was a bit nervous being this close to Elliot though. I took hold of his tie and got to work.

This close proximity made my body hum with delight. The minty scent radiating from him wrapped around me like a warm blanket and drew me nearer.

I cleared my throat.

"Just so you know nothing happened with Gavin," I said quickly. "He saw me in town, and he confronted me—" "I heard him," Elliot said, interrupting me.

My cheeks flushed.

"Are you angry with me?" I asked him, my voice coming out in a whisper.

"Why would I be mad at you?" I shrugged, not sure how to answer that. He put his fingers under my chin and lifted my gaze to meet his.

"I don't want you talking with Gavin anymore. If he bothers you, come find me," he told me firmly, and yet his voice was soft; his eyes were filled with concern.

I managed to nod.

I finished with his tie and was about to step back, but he put his hands on my hips, stopping me. My entire body froze as I stared up at him.

"Give me a kiss," he ordered.

My eyes grew large.

"What?" I asked, breathy.

"As my wife, I expect certain things from you. I want a kiss," he told me calmly.

I stared at him in disbelief for a moment before I took a deep breath. He looked so serious that.

I knew there was no way getting out of this. I wasn't sure I even wanted to get out of this because truth be told, I wanted to kiss him. I stood on my toes and peppered his lips with a kiss before I pulled back. My cheeks were warm and my lips buzzing for more, but I didn't want to overstep my boundaries.

As if he could read my mind, he leaned down and kissed me himself, but the kiss was much deeper this time. His tongue licked my bottom lip and parted them just enough for his tongue to get into my mouth. My heart hammered wildly against my chest as his lips and tongue danced across mine. When he pulled back, I was breathless. But I was snapped back to reality when my phone started to ring.

"I should go," Elliot said, a faint smile on his lips that he tried to hide. "I have a meeting. But I won't be long and then we can spend the evening together." A smile tugged at my own lips and I nodded in agreement.

Once Elliot was gone, I answered my phone, already seeing that it was Rebecca calling. I texted her earlier and asked if she could run by Gavin's house and get my paintings from him, not wanting to see Gavin again myself.

"Hey," I said, trying not to sound too breathy after that incredible kiss.

"Hey, we have a problem," Rebecca said on the other end. "I went by Gavin's house to grab your paintings and he told me that he gave them to Stella. He mentioned something about her wanting to sell them at her gallery." My heart fell into my stomach.

Those paintings were everything I had worked on over the last couple of years. And they were meant to be showcased to different galleries and artists in this region. It pained me that he would give them to Stella after he knew how hard I had worked on them.