

Chapter 86

Silver

"I'm looking for volunteers to help clean the park, are you ladies interested?"

Cara looked at the others with a frown before looking back at me. Her nose was wrinkled, and she looked utterly disgusted by the idea.

"You mean clean trash and get dirty?"

I frowned and folded my arms across my chest.

"Yes, exactly. The park is disgusting, and the children don't have a safe place to just hang out and play. I want to make the park that safe place," I told them.

"But rogues tend to hang out there," Alison told me, her nose also wrinkled.

"It's pack territory," I reminded them. "Elliot already approved to have gammas keep guard of that area and once a couple of gammas are assigned, we will go there and start cleaning up the place. It's for the children," I told them. When they didn't say anything, I sighed. "Look, I'm the Luna and I need people to help me. I was hoping I could count on you guys."

Cara sighed and ran her fingers through her short blonde hair.

"Fine," she finally relented. "We will help you. I'll try to get some others as well. When do you want us there?"

"I was thinking we could get started on Saturday at noon," I told them.

They all gasped and looked almost horrified; it was almost comical.

"Why a Saturday?" Cara whined.

I shrugged.

"Because most are available on Saturdays," I told her.

After a moment she finally groaned out her agreement.

I smiled.

"I knew I could count on you ladies," I said, winking as I turned and walked back to my office.

I spent most of the day in meetings with different packmates. I thought it would be a lot harder to win them over and get them to trust me, but honestly all they really wanted was for someone to listen to their problems and offer themselves.

Most of them were pretty kind towards me; probably because they worried what Elliot would do if they weren't, but I was expecting the worst.

Some were a bit hostile, but after spending an hour with me in my office, they started to warm up to me. I only want them to trust me; everything else I will figure out as I go.

I had lunch with Cara and the girls in the community dining hall and I could hear chatter all around the area of people enjoying their meals and liking the new menus that have been provided. Even Mariah seemed happier with the new meal choices. I tried to give a different variety of foods for those with different tastes and I also planned for healthier dishes as well. Mariah was more than happy to get her staff on board and start creating the dishes I've recommended.

One by one I was able to check things off my to-do list and make some actual progress, along with gaining the trust of my packmates, especially

the women. I knew once the women trusted me, it wouldn't take much to get the men to trust me, especially because most of these men were mated to these women.

As the day went on, I started to get a bit of cabin fever. I yawned tiredly and leaned back in my seat. I looked back at the clock and saw that it was almost supper time.

I stood from my desk and left my office; I hadn't seen Elliot all day today and I wanted to see if he'd like to have lunch with me. But as I walked toward his office, I paused when I heard voices inside the door. It wasn't just Elliot in his office; Shirley was there too.

My stomach twisted. I knew he spent time with her while training earlier, but did he really have to spend time with her in his office?

I knocked on the door and their talking seemed to have stopped.

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"Yes?" He asked.

I opened the door slightly and poked my head in.

Shirley was sitting on his desk with her leg crossed over the other and Elliot was seated on his chair, facing his computer. He barely looked up to see me.

"Well, look who it is. Is Luna work too much for you?" Shirley asked mockingly.

I pressed my lips together in a thin line. I expected to see Beta Leo in here as well, but he wasn't. It upset me knowing that Elliot had been locked away in this office alone with Shirley. "No, it's actually going great," I told her as I looked at Elliot.

He paid me no attention and that irritated me.

"I came here to see if Elliot was hungry," I said, talking to Shirley but looking at Elliot.

He looked up at me.

"Shirley and I just finished eating a bit ago. Have you not eaten yet?" He asked, narrowing his eyes at me.

His words were like a punch in the stomach, and I had to keep from flinching.

"No, I haven't," I murmured. "I've been so busy I hadn't had the time. I'll go eat now."

I was about to leave when Shirley said from behind me, "We are going to work a lot this evening, so don't bother waiting up for him."

That time I did flinch, but my back was turned toward them so neither of them saw. At least, I hoped they didn't.

"Noted," I muttered before leaving the office.

What hurt wasn't what Shirley said, but the fact that Elliot didn't deny it.

She was also right because he didn't come home until almost 2 in the morning. I pretended to be asleep when he got into bed. I didn't want

to speak with him or start any arguments about why he was strolling into the room so late at night. I was too exhausted mentally and physically, to speak up. So, I just closed my eyes and tried to sleep.

Elliot was gone by the time I woke the next morning, and I felt a ping of agitation. I got dressed, ate my breakfast and this time I spent a bit of time in the art studio working on my latest painting. Watercolor always put my mind at ease and made me think more clearly. Once I was done, I went straight to the packhouse to get some work done there.

Later in the afternoon, I found Beta Leo and asked if Elliot had finished his training for the day.

"You just missed him; he took Shirley into town for some shopping," he told me. "He told me to tell you that he'll be late again this evening and not to wait up."

My stomach twisted into a tight knot, and I managed a nod. However, Beta Leo could see the hurt evident on my face.

"It isn't what it seems; Shirley needed some new equipment and-"

"It's quite okay," I said, holding up my hand and stopping his words. "I'm not worried about it."

He nodded, but the look on his face was unconvinced.

Elliot didn't return to the packhouse, and he didn't return home. Throughout the last couple of days, it's been about the same. I would just miss him at the packhouse, and he would return home late. He would spend most of his time with Shirley or some of the other Alpha's for training, but no time would be left for his wife.

I suppose I was just a contract wife, but I thought we had made some progress in our relationship since the banquet. I guess I was wrong.

I heard chuckling in his office as I walked by and I paused outside the door, knowing I shouldn't be eavesdropping but unable to help myself. I knew the chuckling was coming from Shirley.

"This necklace is beautiful, Elliot. Thank you so much for buying it for me," she said, her voice almost flirtatious.

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"It was no big deal. It was the least I could do. You've been a huge help lately. I'm not sure what I would do without you," Elliot replied, his tone casual like he was talking to a normal friend. "You'll never have to find out," she said lovingly. "We make quite a pair, you and I. It's no wonder everyone thinks we are a couple. You know those in my pack had voted us this year's "It" couple?" I held my breath, feeling as if someone punched my stomach when I heard Elliot's laughter.

"Is that so?" He asked, playfully.

Shirley giggled and I couldn't hear anymore. I turned and ran to my office just before the tears that burned my eyes moments ago spilled down my cheeks. I'm not sure how long I stayed in my office, but I was feeling like a ghost of myself by the time the sunset and I returned to the palace.

"It is late, why are you now just getting home?" Elliot startled me by asking.

I looked up at him, hoping he didn't notice the puffiness around my eyes from crying.

"I wasn't expecting you to be home," I told him, wrapping my arms around my body like I was holding myself together.

"Why wouldn't I be?"

I narrowed my eyes.

"You haven't been all week," I reminded him.

"I've been working late, but I've been coming home," he told me, seemingly confused. "Are you upset with me?"

I shook my head, unable to look him in the eyes.

"No, of course not," I lied. "I'm just tired. It's been a long day."

I started to walk past him, but he grabbed hold of my elbow, stopping me in place.

"I don't like you coming home this late. It's dangerous wandering around at night without security. Please try to return to the packhouse before sundown going forward," he ordered.

It took everything in my power not to lash out at him for his audacity but all I managed was, "Yes, sir."

Without another word, I went upstairs and crawled into bed. Per usual, Elliot was gone the next morning before I even had the chance to wake up. My stomach twisted once again, and I really wasn't feeling well.

I sat at my desk, rubbing my aching temples when there was a knock on my door.

"Come in," I said, knowing my voice sounded strained.

A woman walked into my office, and I recognized her as one of the packmates, Theresa.

"Hello, Luna. I was wondering if you had the chance to speak with the Alpha about gammas training for the women. I and some others are eager to get started."

"I have and he said he's willing to give it a chance," I told her.

The excitement in her face spoke volumes and I couldn't help but smile.

"Can we go there now and get started?" She asked. "I could gather the others."

I looked at the clock and knew that Elliot would be there right about now. I nodded and stood.

"Sure, and I'll come too," I told her.

It didn't take long to gather the ladies who wanted to train and make our way to the training grounds. I froze entirely when I saw the gammas all training.

Elliot was sparing with Shirley, and she managed to tackle him to the ground. I felt nauseous when she straddled his lap as he lay on the ground, she pinned both his hands over his head and hovered over him as if she were about to kiss him.

The position was far too intimate, and I lost my cool immediately. "Get your disgusting hands off my husband, you bitch!!"

Chapter 89

Silver

I was seeing fucking red!

Seeing Shirley on top of my husband was the last thing I expected to see upon arriving at the training grounds and it was the last thing I wanted to

see. I knew this marriage was all about convenience and a contract, but did he seriously disrespect me so much that he would openly allow Shirley on top of him like this?

I felt a mixture of pain and fury at the sight of them and the only thing I could think to say was, "Get your disgusting hands off my husband, you bitch!"

As soon as Elliot heard my voice, he was quickly standing to his feet, and I heard him huffing out my name. Shirley went straight into the dirt from the speed of him standing to his feet. He didn't even look sorry that she fell to the ground, but I noticed how red Shirley got in her face and the flash of anger that went through her eyes as she glared back at me.

"Silver, why are you coming here and causing a scene?" Elliot barked, loud enough for everyone to hear. I felt myself shudder from his coldness, but I stood my ground, not willing to back down from this fight. I have a pretty long to-do list today and catching my husband with another woman was not on it.

"How could you let her on top of you like that?" I asked him through my teeth, my lips curling up in disgust as I stared at him. I couldn't hide the hurt in my tone and in my eyes; I knew he could see it but all that was revealed to me in his end was indifference.

It hurt me more than anything.

He wasn't even sorry for having been caught. I felt so pathetically stupid at this moment.

"We were training," he said, narrowing his eyes at me. "What business do you have here?"

I pressed my lips in a thin line and glanced over my shoulder at the ladies who accompanied me.

"These are the women who want to start training," I told him.

The women all looked between the two of us nervously until one of them stepped forward and bared her neck to the Alpha.

"We would like to train with the warriors," she said, keeping her head lowered.

Elliot stared at her for a moment longer before looking over the other women. His face was expressionless as he pondered his options. The other warriors were watching us warily, unsure of what was going on. I wondered if Elliot had told them that the women wanted to start training as well, or if this was a complete shock to them.

I got my answer as soon as Shirley opened her big mouth.

"Are you kidding me? They aren't strong enough to fight alongside us. Whose idea was this?"

"We have been talking about this for a while, Alpha Shirley," one of the ladies spoke up. "We believe that we can be just as strong as the men if given the chance to train and prove ourselves."

"Oh, is that so?" Shirley asked, her tone darkening, and I could hear the mocking behind her words.

The women all paled, unsure of what to say in response.

"That's what I thought-" Shirley tried to say, but Elliot held up his hand, silencing her.

"Very well; you ladies can start training and prove yourselves. Not all of you will make the cut but consider this your probationary period you work hard and show me that you can fight just as well as my male warriors, and I'll let you join the Gamma Force."

Excitement lit up their faces and I had to fight the urge to smile my appreciation. I haven't forgotten the fact that I'm still angry and upset about what I had just walked into. Shirley practically straddling Elliot will haunt my mind for a long time.

"Go partner up with one of the gammas," Elliot ordered the ladies standing behind me.

They looked amongst one another for a moment before joining the men on the training grounds. Shirley continued to glare at us with her normally plump lips pressed into a thin line. Elliot's eyes remained on mine.

"It wasn't what it seemed," he finally said, breaking the silence between us.

"No? So, another woman wasn't just straddling you?" I asked, a bit louder than I intended, and I obtained unwanted attention from the other warriors.

Elliot cursed under his breath before his hand wrapped around my wrist. He started to pull me away from the others and away from the training ground, but I put up a fight. "Let me go, Elliot," I ordered.

"Don't make me carry you," he said under his breath as he continued to drag me away.

My face reddened at the thought of Elliot holding me in his arms and carrying me away while others watched. I stopped fighting him and walked with him. He didn't release his hold on my arm until we were in front of the packhouse. His arms folded across his chest as he stared down at me; there was nobody else in the area, so we were free to speak privately.

Chapter 90

"What were you thinking, making a scene like that?" He asked, clearly irritated with my actions.

"How was I supposed to act?!" I asked, my voice rising with dismay.

"Appropriately. You are the Luna of this pack, Silver. You were acting like a child. We were only training. Regardless of the reason behind our marriage, you should know I would never be unfaithful to you." His words shocked me, but I tried to keep my face neutral.

"How would you have felt if it was me?" I asked him. His eyes darkened.

"What?"

"If another man was straddling me. Training or not... how would you feel?" I wasn't sure why I was asking or what I thought I'd be getting out of this conversation, but there was a deep-rooted voice telling me to ask and desperately wanting to know the answer.

His nostrils flared at the question, and I could see the rage that crossed his dark eyes. His pupils dilated so much that his eyes were practically black. My breathing hitched as he grabbed my hips firmly with his hands to a point where it was almost painful, then he pushed me until my back was pressed against the exterior of the packhouse.

He used his body to pin me against the building. My body shuddered from his closeness, and I hated how weak he made me feel. I put my hands on his chest to push him away so I could get some space from his unexpected nearness, but he wouldn't budge. He stared down at me, his eyes casting over my face and dropping over my lips. His breathing was rough and there was a low growl that emerged from his throat with each exhale. I knew his wolf was more in control than Elliot was, and the thought terrified me just as much as it excited me.

"I'd skin him alive without even blinking," he said in a deep and chilling tone. "As long as you are my wife, nobody is allowed to touch you, Silver."

Suddenly, I had forgotten what we were fighting about. His lips were only inches from mine. We were breathing the same air, soaking one another up. If I leaned in just a little, our lips would touch. I couldn't help but lick

my bottom lip which seemed to have caught his attention because he was now looking at my lips with a hunger in his eyes that was nearly my undoing.

He swallowed hard, his Adam's apple bobbing.

"Erik," Elliot said in a low tone, bringing my head back to the present moment.

"Yes, Alpha."

My entire body froze upon hearing

Erik in the background. I glanced over Elliot's shoulder and saw Gamma Erik standing by looking a bit awkward. He was wearing his workout clothes, so I knew he just came from training.

I knew Elliot must have mind linked him, but I was still wrapping my head around the fact that he was standing right there.

"Take my darling wife home," Elliot said, pushing himself off the wall and away from me. He turned his back to me, and I suddenly felt cold and more alone than ever. I wrapped my arms around my body, hoping to get a little warmth.

"Will do," he said.

"Then return so you can continue your training," Elliot added.

Erik nodded and motioned for me to follow him. I stared up at Elliot in shock. Was he really forcing me to go home? I couldn't with his audacity.

"Don't argue with me, Silver," Elliot warned, I sighed and then conceded.

I stepped around him and started to

walk by, but he grabbed my arm firmly with his hand and whipped me around to face him. His other arm went around my waist, pulling my flesh against him and his lips smashed into mine. His tongue parted my lips and I immediately obliged. I was weak when it came to Elliot; my heart

hammered against my chest, and I melted against him as he explored my mouth as if his entire life depended on it.

He sucked on my tongue, forcing it deep into my mouth before his teeth grazed my bottom lip. When we pulled apart, I was breathless and in a daze. He gives my lips another soft kiss before releasing me.

"I meant what I said," he said, his tone still deep and cold. "If another man touches you while you are married to me, I will kill him. Don't test me."