

Chapter 91

Silver

"What nerve does that asshole have?!" Rebecca smeared as she folded her arms across her chest and leaned back in her booth. "He lets Shirley staddle him but if roles were reversed, he said he'd kill the dude? He's such a hypocrite!!"

My cheeks blushed at her words; mainly because she was so loud that others were starting to take notice.

"Keep your voice down," I whispered harshly. "The last thing I need is a scandal."

She rolled her eyes and dismissively waved off my concerns.

"You're married to the strongest and richest Alpha in the world; scandals are unavoidable," she said as she grabbed her wine off the table and took a deep sip of the red elixir.

I met up with Rebecca for dinner later in the evening after my encounter with Elliot earlier. I made a complete fool out of myself with his gammas, and I would be lying if I said I wasn't embarrassed. Erik brought me home and I stayed there until I couldn't stand it anymore. I needed someone to talk to. So, I called Rebecca and asked her to dinner while Elliot worked late once again.

I just finished telling her about the fiasco at the Crown Packhouse.

"He can't just tell you that men aren't allowed to touch you when he's allowing Shirley's greasy hands all over him," she said, rolling her eyes. "How is that fair to you?"

"I don't really want other men to touch me," I told her, taking a sip of my own wine. "I only said that to him to get under his skin and it worked."

"Do you think it's possible he has real feelings for you?"

I nearly snorted at her question.

"Not a chance," I told her in response.

Before she could say anything more, the waiter returned without dishes. I got a seafood platter while Rebecca got a cobb salad.

"Is there anything else I can get you ladies?" The waiter then asked.

"I think we are okay," I answered, giving him a smile in return.

He nodded and then went to help other tables.

"Honestly though, why else would he get so defensive over the thought of you with another man?" Rebecca continued to ask. I sighed. I was hoping she would have forgotten about this conversation, but I should have known better. Once Rebecca had her mind on something, there was no changing it.

She was what I'd like to call a hopeless romantic. I tried to tell her that this marriage was nothing more than a contract, but she didn't want to listen to reason. "Because of his ego," I muttered. "Can we change the subject now?"

She was about to say some in response but then something behind me caught her eye and went completely pale. Her mouth gaped open, and her pupils dilated. "Don't look now, but the devil just walked in," she muttered. Immediately, I turned around in my seat, ignoring Rebecca's scowl. "I told you NOT to look!"

My eyes immediately found Gavin standing across the room in a nice suit and tie. My heart fell deep into my stomach. His eyes darkened upon seeing me and a hint of a sarcastic smile appeared on his lips.

"What are you doing here, Gavin?" I asked, pressing my lips in a thin line.

"A friend of mine told me he saw you in here. So, I came in to speak with you."

I raised my brows at him, not sure what kind of game he was playing.

"Don't you have anything better to do, Stalker?" She asked, her brows pinching together.

He narrowed his eyes at her.

"We have nothing to talk about," I said, ignoring Rebecca.

"I have some things to say," he said, folding his arms across his chest.

I sighed and glanced at Rebecca.

"Can you give us a second?"

Her mouth nearly fell open at my request.

"Are you sure that's a good idea?" She asked, hesitantly.

"I'll be okay," I assured her.

She stared at me for a moment longer before turning her scrutiny to Gavin.

"Fine. I'll go freshen up in the bathroom, but if I come back and she's upset, I'm kicking your ass," Rebecca said through her teeth.

She scooted out of her booth before giving me one last look and Gavin a warning look, then she left towards the bathroom.

Gavin sat across from me where Rebecca once sat.

"How are you doing?" He asked, reaching out to touch my hands. As soon as I felt his fingers on mine, I withdrew my hands and put them on my lap.

"I'm not doing small talk with you, Gavin. What do you want?"

He sighed and ran his fingers through his hair.

"Look, Silver. I know I fucked up and I'm sorry. I had a lot of time to think, and I should have treated you better."

I raised my eyebrows at him.

"Are you sorry for cheating on me, or because you got caught?" My voice was dry when I asked that question. I just wanted to hear what he said.

The answer didn't matter, question.

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"Both," he answered without hesitation. "It was stupid. That woman meant nothing to me. She was just a quick fuck. I shouldn't have brought her home and into our bed—"

"You shouldn't have had sex with her at all, Gavin," I said simply, my brows pinching together.

He sighed, rubbing his hands over his face before leaning back in the booth.

"I know I shouldn't have, and I'll do what I must to make it up to you. But I love you, Silver. You can't deny that we weren't good together."

"You said some pretty nasty things to me after the fact," I said, shaking my head.

"I was upset," he told me.

"And you don't think I was?" I asked. "I wanted to spend my entire life with you, Gavin. I was so in love with you that it hurt. When I found you with another woman, in our bed, it felt like my whole heart got ripped out and stomped on. Then, I was practically forced to marry you after I found out about your infidelity. It wasn't fair to me. If it wasn't for Elliot-

"He doesn't love you, Silver," Gavin said sharply, interrupting my words. I clamped my lips shut. "Especially now that Shirley is back in town. Do you really think he's going to stay with you?"

His words shouldn't have hurt, but they did. Especially considering I had seen him with Shirley; despite all the things she had done, like drugging him and lying to him, he still seemed close to her. It hurt to see them together earlier; I couldn't get the image of Shirley straddling him out of my head and Gavin speaking about them so simply just brought that feeling back to full force.

"It's not any of your business," I said, swallowing the lump in my throat and hoping the hurt and weakness weren't evident in my voice.

"He's been waiting for Shirley to return for a while, Silver. He's been infatuated with her for as long as I can remember. Everybody knows he's meant to be with her. Your marriage is just an obstacle for him. You should divorce him so he can finally be happy and be with the woman he loves."

My heart ached from this conversation, and I no longer wished to entertain it.

"I need to leave," I said, about to flag down the waiter so I could pay the bill and walk out. Before I could slide out of the booth, Gavin grabbed my arm and kept me in place. "Let me go, Gavin," I said through my teeth.

"Just hear me out, Silver," he pleaded, his eyes shining with determination. "Divorce Elliot and marry me. I can make you happy can love you like you deserve, and you won't have to worry about Shirley anymore. Then, Elliot can marry Shirley and he can be happy too. Don't you want to be happy?"

"I doubt you can make me happy, Gavin," I muttered. "You broke my trust in you. I loved you once, but I could never feel the same way about you. I don't love you anymore and I refuse to marry you. I know you only want me so that you can take over my father's pack once the time comes. I know he promised you the role of Alpha once the time comes if you were to marry me. This..." I said, motioning between him and me. "Has nothing to do with love or you feeling sorry, or you wanting me. It has everything to do with the power you get once you obtain the role of Alpha. So, stop bullshitting me, and let go of my hand."

He looked stunned by my outburst.

"You heard her, jackass. Let go of her before I kick your ass," Rebecca hissed. I was glad she returned because I was done with this conversation.

"Is there a problem here?" The waiter asked, eyeing Gavin suspiciously before glancing down at me.

Gavin finally released my arm and held it to my chest as he burned me.

"No," Gavin said firmly, his eyes meeting the waiters. "No problem at all. I was just leaving."

The waiter nodded, still glaring at him and waiting for him to walk away. Gavin glanced down at me.

"It was good to see you again, Luna," he said that last part like it was a bad taste on his tongue.

He turned on his heel and walked away.

The waiter made sure we were okay one last time before giving us the check. After we paid, I said goodbye to Rebecca, and I went home. I was too tired to deal with anything further and I just wanted to crawl into bed and sleep.

However, fate had different plans because as soon as I stepped foot into the palace, someone else stood in the front foyer.

"Welcome back, Silver," she spoke in a mocking tone, sending a chill down my spine.

"Shirley."

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Silver

I wasn't expecting to see Shirley standing in the middle of the palace foyer, especially so late at night. I looked around, expecting to see Elliot as well before my eyes shifted back to Shirley's. She watched me like I was her prey, making me uncomfortable.

My heart was hammering in my chest and there was a large part of me that wanted to take a step out of the front door and not look back. But another part of me wanted to show her that she couldn't bully me. I had come to welcome this place as my home, and I was exhausted. I just wanted to go to bed. The sooner I can get Shirley out of here, the better.

I kept stealing glances around, hoping Elliot would just appear so I could slip away. But no such luck.

"If you are looking for Elliot, he isn't here," she said, folding her arms across her chest. It was the first time she had spoken since I arrived and that felt like forever ago. "But he told me he'll be back."

My stomach knotted; so, Elliot knew Shirley was here and he was returning to her. Did he want me to sleep elsewhere tonight so he could sleep with his girlfriend? The thought made me nauseated. He hadn't mentioned anything to be about it, nor has he tried to reach me since I've spoken to him this morning.

I decided to just play nice and plaster a smile on my lips.

"Can I help you with something, Shirley?" I asked with the most upbeat tone I could muster.

She smirked.

"Yes, actually. I was hoping we could chat. Just us girls," she said with her own fake upbeat tone.

"Chat about what exactly?"

"Come into the parlor with me. I'll have one of the maids get us some wine and we can talk." She didn't wait for me to respond; she spun around on her heel and started to walk toward the parlor.

I sighed and followed after her. By the time I reached the parlor, she was already seated and speaking to one of the maids.

"Right away, Alpha. I'll bring the wine to you in just a moment," the maid said, bowing before retreating from the room.

Shirly looked at me and then motioned for the loveseat beside the couch she was sitting on. Clearly, she didn't want to sit near me; or maybe she thought I didn't want to sit near her. Either or, I wasn't going to complain.

We sat in awkward silence until the maid returned with the wine. Without saying, "Thank you," Shirley dismissed her with just her hand. I had to keep myself from rolling my eyes at her. I took a sip of the wine and sat back in the seat, trying to steady my racing heart and keep my indifferent composure.

"So, what would you like to talk about?" I finally asked after what felt like an eternity of silence and wine-sipping.

She took another sip of her wine and swished it around her mouth before swallowing. Then she placed the wine glass on a coaster and leaned forward and toward me, unsettling me. "Divorce Elliot."

I was stunned by her bluntness. My mouth nearly dropped open. "Excuse me?"

She smirked.

"You aren't good enough for him. You aren't good together. Elliot and I have a long history, as you know, I'm sure. It was always our plan to one

day get married and join our two packs together. We are powerful and as a couple, we would be unstoppable. You can't deny the facts, Silver."

My chest constricted from her words, but I tried to make it seem as if they didn't bother me. I glanced downward and swallowed the lump in my throat.

"And if I didn't want to get a divorce?" I boldly asked.

She scoffed at my question and narrowed her eyes.

"Then, you would be making a huge mistake. Do you want Elliot to be miserable?"

"He married me by his own choice. did not force his hand, despite what you might think. Elliot was the one who showed up at the church and insisted we got married," I blurted.

From the shocked look on Shirley's face, I knew I had told her too much information. As far as everyone else was concerned, Elliot and I had a short relationship and then decided to get married. But I made it sound like Elliot arrived at random and proposed upon meeting me. In a way, that was what kind of happened. Except it was me who proposed to him; I meant it as a drunk joke, so I was shocked when Elliot actually showed up.

But Shirley, out of all people, didn't need to know that.

"Are you saying you aren't in love with him?" She asked, her perfectly trimmed brows knitting together.

I fiddled with my fingers, feeling the blush creeping along my cheeks.

"I didn't say that," I murmured.

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Silver

Truth be told, I had fallen in love with Elliot. I knew the feeling wasn't mutual and I'm not even sure when exactly it happened. But he was so kind and tender behind closed doors; he treated me better than anyone has in my entire life. I loved the way I felt wrapped up in his arms after we made love; I loved the way I felt every time he kissed me, whether it was a deep and lingering kiss or a feather across my lips, it made my heart skip a beat every time.

I was in love with Elliot and all I was to him was a contract. It was convenient because for some reason I cured his insomnia, which made little to no sense to me.

"So, you are in love with him?" Shirley asked, raising her brows.

"I didn't say that either," I said quickly, trying to recover myself.

I could feel tears burning in the back of my eyes; I wasn't going to cry in front of her though. I refused to let Shirley see me that weak.

"Look, you have to think about the future, Silver. What about your children?" She asked, making me almost choke on the wine I just took a sip of.

"Our children?"

She nodded.

"You haven't even thought of that, have you?" She asked, raising her brows. "There is a chance that your children won't have a wolf because you don't have a wolf. Elliot's heir needs to be strong; they need to have

wolves. If I had children with Elliot, they would be the strongest wolves in the world. Are you really going to deny him a strong heir?"

I felt numb from her words because the truth of that matter was... she was right. Elliot deserved strong children and I couldn't guarantee that. I stared down at my hands, feeling my eyes pooling with tears. Shirley reached out and patted my hand.

"It's alright," she said with fake compassion. "I know it's a tough pill to swallow. But you must know it's for the best in the long run. You'll all be happier once you divorce and take a step back. You'll see it from the outside prospect. Elliot and I just make sense. I'm sure he has fun with you, but he could never love you. Not like he loves me at least. He knows it and his wolf knows it..."

"His wolf?" I asked, snapping my eyes back up to her.

Her eyes grew large, and she bit her lower lip.

"Oh, I've already said too much. Forget I said that last part," she said. "But seriously... you think about the future and think about how Elliot's feeling."

I drank the rest of the wine in one gulp before I stood up.

"I'll think about it," I managed to say. I was feeling numb, and my eyes were burning with unshed tears. I needed to get out of this room and just go to bed.

I turned around and started to walk towards the parlor door, but it swung open. Elliot stood in front of him, his eyes filled with concern as he looked between Shirley and me. His eyes lingered on me while he asked, "What happened? Are you okay?"

I nodded, not realizing a couple of stray tears escaped. I quickly wiped at them, hoping Elliot hadn't noticed but he grabbed my face and held my head so I couldn't turn away from him. "Silver, what happened?" He demanded to know.

I shook my head; not wanting to relay my conversation with Shirley.

"I'm just tired, Elliot," I whispered. "Please, let me go to bed."

He stared at me for a long while; his eyes searching my face before he reluctantly released me.

"Okay, we will talk tomorrow though," he said it like a statement, not a question.

I nodded my head once and glanced over my shoulder at Shirley who only smirked at me.

"Goodnight, Miss Shirley."

"Goodnight, Silver," replied.

On that note, I turned and walked out of the parlor with a heavy heart. By the time reached my bedroom, I was sobbing. I couldn't seem to stop myself. I figured Elliot would be talking to Shirley for a while, so I didn't need to mask and fight away my pain away. I let myself go and just sobbed until there was nothing left to cry.

I curled up in bed with the lights off and the blanket over my head as my body trembled. I hadn't even thought about Elliot's future children, but the truth of the matter was that Shirley was right.

He did need a strong heir and I don't think I was able to give him that. Plus, children weren't part of our agreement. At what point did he want the contract to end? Was he planning on marrying Shirley once it did end so that he could have that strong heir?

What was I going to do?

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Elliot

"What are you doing here, Shirley?" I asked Shirley as soon as Silver left the room. I had spent all week drowning myself at work and trying to figure out the best attack plan so I could properly lead this team, I hadn't really seen Silver at all.

Part of me felt guilty, but another, much bigger, part of me knew that I had to do what was best for my pack and right now the best thing for them was to find a way to end these rogue attacks. I'm not able to sleep until my pack and the packs around me are safe. I still wasn't sure why the rogues were targeting my pack the most, but I was determined to find out if it was the last thing I did.

Silver didn't deserve to be ignored though. Although, I had been keeping track of the work she's been doing as Luna. The pack has also informed me of some of the changes she's made. She is quickly gaining their respect and mine. I wanted to not just tell her how proud of her I was, but I also wanted to show her.

I've been spending so much time at the office that sometimes I'd fall asleep at my desk. It wasn't a restful sleep because Silver wasn't by my side, but it was a little something to get me through until morning. Tonight, I decided to come home so I could spend a little quality time with my wife.

But what I wasn't expecting was for Shirley to be sitting in my parlor, sipping on wine. A smile tipped the corner of her lips, and she crossed her leg over the other.

"I'm sorry, Elliot. I don't mean to invade your space," she said, sticking out her bottom lip. "I never meant to upset Silver."

"What did you say to her?"

Shirley shrugged.

"I told her the truth," she said simply. "That you need a strong heir, and she would never be able to give you that."

"Who said anything about heir?" I snapped, feeling annoyed with Shirley's interference in my marriage.

"You're an Alpha, Elliot. Your future children should be on your mind because it is them who will take over for you once you retire... or worse," she said, folding her arms across her chest. "Do you really think Silver will be able to produce strong children for you? She's wolfless. Your children with her would probably be wolfless as well."

"That isn't for you to decide, Shirley. Who I have children with is not your business. I'm going to have to ask you to leave."

She looked stunned by my order and I could see the complex emotions running through her eyes.

"But Elliot..."

"I'm serious, Shirley," I told her, pointing towards the doorway. "Do not overstep again or you won't like what I do."

She bit her lower lip, but she didn't argue. Shirley had way too much pride for that. She cleared her throat and stood to her feet, trying to keep her head held high.

"Fine, I'll leave. But don't say I didn't warn you."

On that note, she brushed past me and walked out of the front door. I ran my fingers through my hair for the hundredth time this evening before leaving the parlor and going up the stairs to my bedroom. I was relieved

to see that Silver was in bed and not hiding somewhere in a guest bedroom.

I took off my clothes, leaving myself in just my boxers, and then I climbed into bed beside her. She was upset, that much was clear; her back was towards me, and I knew she wasn't sleeping despite her eyes being closed. She was probably replaying what Shirley had said to her, I didn't want to come on too strong and scare her. But I also didn't want to upset her any further by bringing up what Shirley had said.

I needed to read lightly as I turned so, I could face her, and I put my hand on the small of her back. I felt her tensing from my touch, but she soon relaxed and let me rub circles around her lower back. "I was thinking we could go out to dinner tomorrow night," I suggested.

She opened her eyes and turned slightly to look at me.

"Aren't you working?" She asked.

I nodded.

"I can leave early," I told her.

She raised her brows.

"Really?"

I nodded.

"Would you like that idea? I can make a reservation at one of my favorite places," I suggested.

A smile decorated her lips as she nodded, hope filling her eyes.

"Yes, I'd like that," she agreed.

I decided not to mention Shirley to her and just let it be for right now. If she had questions or concerns, I knew she'd ask me. With that arrangement left between us, we were both able to fall asleep and it was the best sleep I've had all week.

Silver

Elliot wanted to take me out tonight. I had Rebecca over to help me get dressed for the evening. I would be lying if I said I wasn't a bit nervous about going on an actual date with Elliot.