

## Chapter 106

### Silver

"Are you sure this is a good idea?" Rebecca asked as she sat cross-legged on my bed. She was watching me warily as I roamed across the room. When my phone was at a decent charge, I called her and told her that I had gone home. I completely forgot she was at the hospital, probably wondering where I was.

She came over right away once I told her where I was.

"Shirley told me that they were mates; I'm not sure what else to do," I muttered, giving her a pointed look.

Once I was alone in my room, I cried all that I could. I only stopped crying once Rebecca showed up and even now, my eyes were puffy and filled with moisture. I just felt so numb and out of it, I wanted this pain to stop already.

"But what if she was lying?" She asked, her brows pinched together.

"And if she wasn't?" I asked in return. "I don't want to be the reason to come between them. I feel stupid enough to be put in this position. He's been hanging around her so much lately that this is the only thing that makes sense. He will barely touch me, Rebecca. Do you have any idea how that makes me feel?"

"Oh, Hun," Rebecca said, standing to her feet. "I'm so sorry."

I nodded and gave her a sad smile as I grabbed some more of my clothing and took it to the suitcase that sat on my bed.

"Are you sure that you don't mind if I crash with you?" I asked her.

She gave me a strange look.

"Of course not; but I live in your father's pack. Are you sure you're okay with that?" She asked.

I nodded and licked my lips.

"I'll have to be," I muttered. "I don't really have a choice right now. The worst part is I'm going to have to tell my father about this if I want to stay in his territory for the time being."

She nodded and wrapped her arms around me, pulling me in for a tight embrace.

She glanced at her phone, and I could see the worry lines creasing in her eyes.

"My cousin, Marco, will be here any minute. Did you tell the guards that we were expecting him?" She asked.

I nodded; a nervous pit filled my stomach.

Marco was a lawyer, a very famous and talented lawyer. Even though he technically lived in my father's territory with his family, he was used amongst different packs. Rebecca called him on my behalf earlier asking him for a huge favor.

As if on cue, there was a knock on my bedroom door. I looked at Rebecca who gave me a reassuring and yet kind of sad smile. I nodded at her and took a deep breath before walking to the door and opening it.

One of the maids stood before me; she kept her head lowered like I was some prized possession that she couldn't even look directly at. I didn't let it bother me though; I stood and waited for her to tell me her message. "Luma, your guest has arrived. He's waiting downstairs, being screened by the gammas," she announced.

I smiled my thanks to her and motioned for Rebecca to follow me out of the room and down the stairs.

Walking down the grand stairs, I saw Marco standing in the middle of the foyer being searched for by the gamma warriors.

"He's all clear,' one of them said as he stepped back.

"Marco," I greeted as I took the last step.

He gave me a painfully handsome smile, revealing the dimples in his cheeks. The family resemblance between Marco and Rebecca. They both had the same silver eyes and freckles around their noses. Marco had dark hair and olive skin though and Rebecca had blonde hair and fair skin.

Marco was once married and had two kids with his wife, but he got divorced a couple of years ago and now has joint custody of the kids.

"Silver, it's good to see you again,"

Marco said, dosing the distance to give me a tight hug. I missed this; Marco was always like a brother- me, and was grateful for his protection and friendship. He glanced at Rebecca and smiled. "Becky," he greeted.

She groaned at the nickname he used for her.

"Don't call me that, Marco. You know I hate that," she muttered, folding her arms across her chest.

This only made him laugh as he released me and pulled her into a hug.

"I've been so busy with work lately that I barely got time to see you," he murmured, hugging her even tighter. "I missed you, Cousin."

## Chapter 107

### Silver

"You're about to squeeze the living hell out of me," Rebecca complained, but she was chuckling. "So, what did you two want to discuss with me?" Marco asked.

The nervous knot formed in my belly once again and I suddenly wasn't feeling too well. I wasn't sure I could go through with this. But I knew if I didn't, I would end up getting hurt way worse than I had already. Elliot found his true mate and there was nothing I could do about that. Shirley was always going to come between us, and he was always going to let her. This was nothing more than a contract marriage, there wasn't supposed to be love or feelings involved. "Come sit down in the parlor," I suggested. "There's wine and cheese."

He nodded and we walked into the parlor. Marco sat on one of the cushioned seats and poured himself a glass of wine while Rebecca and I took the couch. Marco took the liberty of pouring Rebecca and my glasses of wine as well before setting the bottle on the new glass table that was just purchased seeming the other one was broken.

"So, is everything okay?" He asked.

"If I tell you something, will you promise to keep it between us?" I asked him. "Like client/lawyer confidentiality?"

He raised his perfectly groomed brows at my words.

He put the wine glass down and leaned back in his seat, watching me curiously.

"Of course," he answered. "Even as a friend, I would never spill your secrets."

I nodded, thankful for him.

"My marriage with Alpha Elliot is a sham," I blurted.

His mouth nearly fell open at my words as he stared at me, trying to find any hint of lying.

"What do you mean it's a sham?" He asked, hesitantly.

"I mean, I met him at a bar after I caught Gavin with another woman," I told him.

Marco knew I had been dating Gavin for a couple of years and he knew how important that marriage was to not only me but my father as well. My father wanted that alliance between our packs, and he thought the best way for that to happen was for me to marry Gavin. It was initially a setup, like a blind date, falling in love with Gavin was not part of the plan. But because we were both still so young and Gavin was working his way through college, we agreed to not get married until he graduated.

I never got the chance to go to college because my father disapproved. I wasn't good enough to attend college. All the skills that I've learned I have taught myself.

At one point, Marco had questioned Rebecca about my random marriage to Elliot.

"I thought she was marrying Gavin?" He had asked her.

"Gavin's scum and fucked another woman in the same bed they shared," Rebecca told him in return.

"So, how does she know Alpha Elliot? Why marry someone the day after she finds out her fiancé had been cheating on her?"

"I guess they've known each other for a while and rekindled the romance," Rebecca simply replied.

Rebecca was a good friend for that, but now it was time that I came clean and told Marco the truth.

"You met him the day before you married him? Marco asked, his eyes flickering to Rebecca who glanced at her hands. I'm sure he was remembering their past conversation when she lied to him and then his eyes landed back on me. "Are you out of your mind??"

"Apparently," I muttered, wrapping my arms around my body like I was trying to desperately hold myself together.

"You barely even know him, and you married him," he said, shaking his head and tisking at me. "What were you thinking?"

"I was drunk when I proposed to him

and I didn't think he'd actually show up at the wedding," I confessed.

"Plus, my father was forcing me to marry Gavin regardless of this alliance. There was no other way. At least, not at the time."

"And now?" He asked, raising his right brow.

"And now, I don't think this alliance is worth it," I told him, tugging at my fingers nervously.

"Are you saying what I think you're saying?"

I took a deep breath and nodded my head once.

"Yes," I told him. "Elliot found his true mate and now it's time for me to move on. I can't keep being a doormat for him to walk all over again. This is the only thing I can think of."

He nodded.

"Okay, then I can write you up a divorce agreement and end this marriage once and for all."

## Chapter 108

### Silver

I never thought that at a young age, I would be requesting a divorce from my husband. I had to explain to Marco that this was a contract marriage and he asked for a copy of the contract to see if there was any clause that prevented me from divorcing him.

Luckily, Elliot hadn't thought about me leaving him and there wasn't anything listed that said anything about it. It only listed what each of us would get out of this agreement. Once he went through the contract, he pulled out his computer from his briefcase and started on the divorce agreement. My heart was in shambles the entire time and I could hardly even lift my head to look at either of them. "What do you want from this divorce?" Marco asked, his eyes never leaving his computer.

"Peace," I told him, almost sleepily.

He smirked and finally glanced up to look at me.

"I meant money," he said. "How much money and what materials do you want? Do you want a house? Maybe a boat? Both? You could get a nice chunk of land and maybe half his assets. Obviously, you'll get to keep everything he's ever bought you and-" "I don't want anything," I blurted, mortified that he even thought that I would.

Marco raised his brows, confused.

"What?" He asked, clearly shocked.

"I don't want any of his things or his money. I want to leave with the clothes I had when I got here and with nothing else," I told him with finality.

He glanced at his cousin who only shrugged one shoulder.

"I tried to tell her earlier that she could get a lot out of this divorce," Rebecca chimed in. "But she was adamant about not wanting anything." Marco shook his head and laughed under his breath as he continued with the agreement.

"Shortest agreement ever," he muttered. "He's filthy rich; you should be getting something out of this."

"A life lesson," I muttered in return.

Rebecca chuckled and hugged me from the side, resting her head on my shoulder, she sighed.

"It's going to be okay, girl," she breathed. "I'm here and I'm not letting you get hurt like this again."

Tears formed in my eyes as I thought about Elliot. Once, he had told me that he would tell me when he wanted to divorce. It was only a matter of time before he did. However, he also told me he'd tell me if he found his fated mate, and he had yet to do that. How long had he known that Shirley was his mate? Why hadn't he just told me the truth; I would have stepped away from him. I wouldn't have been sitting here and waiting for him like an idiot for all these weeks.

I had money from my job at the gallery to get my own place and make a comfortable life for myself. I could find a nice apartment and settle in within a month. But the thought of leaving Elliot still left me feeling uncomfortable.

Would he be upset when he returned to see that I was no longer here? J

Marco's portable printer came to life and soon, it was printing the divorce agreements. It stated that I was leaving with nothing per my wishes and this marriage would end on the given date. All I had to do was sign along the dotted line and file it at the courthouse and it would be all set.



"And if he refuses to sign the papers, we can sue him," Marco explained, bringing me back to the present moment. I blinked at the tears that were in my eyes.

"What?" I asked him, my voice breathing.

"We can sue him for a divorce. It won't be easy because he comes from money, and he has connections. But they force you to stay in this marriage Silver. The only way you would be stuck with him is if you were marked by him. Seeming you are unmarked; you can get away and start a new life away from him.

"He'll sign the papers," I said, biting my lower lip. "He has to if he wants to mate and marry Shirley."

Marco gave me a sympathetic look.

"All you need to do is sign along the dotted line," he said, pointing at the second page where the signature should go. Beneath my signature line would be where Elliot needed to sign.

I took a deep breath and grabbed the pen from him didn't realize how badly my hands were shaking until I went to sign along the line. This was harder than I thought; with each new step towards this divorce, my heart cracked a little more. My lower lip started to tremble, and tears blurred my vision. I hated myself for being this weak; I hated that I couldn't keep myself together even for a little bit.

My heart hurt so badly that I wanted to curl up in a ball and just cry my eyes out. Rebecca wrapped her arms around me and held me close to her. She rubbed my back with the palm of my hand, trying to soothe me and provide me with some sort of warmth. I was shivering like I was freezing.

I felt so empty at this moment, and I finally allowed a sob to escape my lips. My marriage was ending, my heart had been detonated, and the man I thought I was falling in love with was mating another woman.

## Chapter 109

### Silver

How had this become my life?

"Are you sure you want to do this?" Marco asked, his voice soft and understanding as he watched me.

I let myself grieve for a moment longer; I let my body shake and quiver as I sobbed. But now it was time to become stronger and a better version of myself. I straightened myself and forced a smile on my lips as I nodded my head. "Yes," I answered, more confidently than I felt. "I just needed a moment. I'm ready."

He pushed the divorce agreement across the coffee table and towards me; his eyes showing nothing but sympathy. I took a deep breath and with a shaky hand, I managed to sign along the dotted line.

Once the deed was done, I dropped the pen and sobbed into my hands.

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### Elliot

"There isn't a probable reason why her leg isn't healing, Alpha," the doctor said, his face pale after I confronted him about Shirley's condition. "Her wolf is Alpha and very healthy. She should have been healed a couple of hours ago." "Well, something is wrong because she's feeling severe pain still. Run more tests and find out why she isn't healing properly," I said through my teeth.

"Yes, sir," he said, walking away quickly.

I walked back into the hospital room where Shirley sat. She immediately straightened her posture and gave me a soft smile.

"Elliot, you've returned," she said batting her lashes. "Have you spoken to Silver? Is she well?"

I ran my fingers through my hair. I hadn't spoken to Silver since a few hours ago when she was here. I was planning on driving her home, but something happened with Shirley, and I got a bit distracted. By the time I returned to Silver, I was told that Gamma Erik had already taken her home.

I tried to call her a couple of times, but it went straight to voicemail. I was assuming her phone was probably dead, or maybe she lost it when she was taken. The thought of anything happening to her sent a pain in my chest. I'm not one to scare easily, but it was terrifying when Erik told me she had been taken by my rogues.

I was beyond grateful to Shirley for saving my wife's life. I owed her more than I could pay. I owed it to Shirley to make sure she at least recovered after getting hurt in this battle. But I also didn't like the fact that Silver was out of my sight.

"I'm going to return home so I can see her," I informed both Shirley and my Beta. "Will you stay here with Shirley?" I asked Beta Leo.

"Yeah, of course," Leo said, nodding his head.

"What?!" Shirley gasped. "You're leaving?? But..."

"I need to see my wife," I said, my eyes blazing. My wolf was in perfect agreement that we needed to return home to Silver and spend some time with her. We needed to know for sure that she was actually okay. I needed to touch and feel her, I needed to smell her. Most importantly, I needed to taste her.

My wolf practically purred at the thought.

"But I'm hurt," Shirley pouted. "I got hurt saving your wife. Shouldn't you be tending to me?"

"Miss Shirley, I'll be there to-"

"It's Alpha Shirley," she snapped at Leo.

"I apologize, Alpha," Leo said, lowering his gaze.

I stepped between them before anyone got hurt and I put my hands on her shoulders.

"I will be back in the morning; I promise," I assured her. "But I need to see my wife. She's been through a lot too."

Shirley sniffled but then nodded.

I smiled and looked at Leo. He gave me a head nod, understanding that I didn't want him to leave the hospital until I returned tomorrow. On that note, left the hospital and called one of my drivers to bring me home.

It didn't take long for me to get home, but as soon as I walked into the palace, something felt off.

Silver's scent was faint, like she was once here, but now she's not. The atmosphere had changed as well; it almost seemed dark and gloomy around here when it was otherwise filled with light, laughter, and love.

Love.

That word again.

Why did I associate that word with Silver so often? Could I truly be falling in love with my wife?

I walked into the parlor, and I froze when I saw a familiar face sitting on the couch. Mariah was standing at the entrance of the kitchen, and it was clear she'd been crying.

"Marco?" I asked the lawyer, who also happens to be a good friend from a different pack. He noticed me for the first time and stood up, giving me a sheepish smile as he shoved his hands in his pocket. "Hey, man," he said, almost awkwardly.

"What the fuck are you doing here?" I asked, not meaning to sound rude, but it made me nervous that a fucking lawyer was sitting in my palace and my chef was crying in the corner.

"We need to talk. You should sit down...."

## Chapter 110

### Elliot

"Why is my head chef crying, Marco?" I asked, ignoring his request to sit down.

"Because you chased her away!" Mariah sobbed. "How could you hurt her like this? She was so sweet, and she did nothing wrong."

My blood went cold from her words. What was Mariah talking about? Chased who away. I looked around the room and I felt a chill creep up my spine. She couldn't be talking about Silver, could she? Panic consumed my chest, and I was finding it difficult to breathe.

"Marco," I said, my tone warning. He better start talking and he better start talking now.

I've known Marco since we were young and though we don't talk as often as we used to, he still knew me well enough to know that I'm not very patient and that he had better start talking quickly.

He sighed and ran his hands through his messy hair. That was another thing about Marco, he didn't like to dress up even though he was a lawyer. He never puts gel in his hair, and he'll wear jeans more often than not. His shirt was always half unbuttoned, showing his pecks, which he says is for the ladies. Since his divorce, he's gotten around. He doesn't just date women in his pack, but others as well.

"Look, Man. I'm saying this as your friend, you fucked up," he said, looking up at me from the couch.

"What the fuck are you talking about?" I asked through my teeth, my patience running out completely.

He grabbed a set of papers that I hadn't noticed on the coffee table and handed them to me. The papers were upside down in his outstretched hands and I stared at them like they were on fire or something.

"I don't know exactly what's going on between you and Shirley, but your wife seems to think it's more than you're saying. So much so she wants to walk away, Elliot," Marco said.

My hands pathetically shook as I grabbed the papers from him and flipped them over. Before I glanced down at the words, I knew were going to destroy my life, I met Mariah's eyes. She had never looked at me as coldly as she was at that moment. Mariah had been my family chef for as long as I could remember; she is pretty much a part of my family and isn't afraid to slap me across the head and call me an idiot.

It was no secret that she had gotten close to Silver over the months we'd been married, and Silver had gotten close to her as well. I knew the look she was giving me right now was on Silver's behalf and my heart cracked at the thought.

I finally spared the papers a look and just as I thought, my entire world fell apart.

I nearly dropped the papers as if they scorned me.

I stared at the big bold words, disbelieving what I was reading.

Divorce Agreement.

Silver had filed for a divorce?

Why?

"Where is she?" I asked, my voice barely above a whisper.

"She packed up and left," Mariah spoke as coldly as she looked. "She didn't want to leave without saying goodbye, so she gave me a hug, grabbed her suitcase, and took off with her friend."

"What friend?" I asked, glad that my voice was shaking like I knew my body was.

"My cousin Rebecca," Marco answered.

I knew Rebecca was Silver's best friend, I didn't realize she was also Marco's cousin though. That was interesting news but also unimportant right now.

"Did she say why?" I asked, feeling numb.

"You spent more time with Shirley than you did with her," Mariah said, folding her arms across her chest. "She felt neglected, Alpha."

"Shirley had been helping me figure out these rogue attacks," I said, fury bubbling inside of me. "That was all. You know I've been working closely with the nearby Alphas."

"We know that you've been held up in your office all night and nearly every night," she shot back. "Do you have any idea how that made your wife feel?"

She was only my contracted wife; we had an agreement. That was all... wasn't it?

No. Of course that wasn't all. I was stupid and I took her for granted; now she wanted to leave. Silver was leaving me.

"Was it true?" Marco asked, breaking

the silence that fell between us. I looked at him, my vision turning red with anger. I knew I shouldn't be angry with Marco because he was only doing his job as a lawyer. But I couldn't help but hate him; he was the one who drew up these stupid divorce papers. He was representing Silver and because of that, I hated him with every burning passion inside of me.

"Is what true?" asked through my teeth, trying desperately to not claw his eyes out. My wolf was furious at the situation and desperate to break free from me. He wanted to go out there and find Silver more than he wanted his next breath.