

The Silver Hope

Chapter 12 Road Trip

I hurry back to the room. The seamstress was already there waiting to assist me. She helps me out of my gown and places the gown in a huge box and then gives it to Oliver and tells him to give it to Alexander's mother.

After she closed the door behind her, I put on one of my track suits. Well, Alexander did say to dress comfortably for the trip.

He knocks on the adjoining door and walks in. He looks handsome in blue jeans and a black shirt. Well, he looks handsome in anything without even trying. How is that even possible? Ugh.

"Hope, you ready?" He gives me that smile of his. I feel my legs buckle underneath me.

I check my bags and see if everything is there. "Sure. Let's go."

*Don't worry. If you forget anything, the staff will ship it to us. I own this hotel."

"You own the hotel?" I said shocked.

"WE own the hotel. What is mine is yours and what's yours is mine."

"Sorry. I didn't mean it that way. I just didn't know you own a hotel...ah...this hotel."

He takes my hand, "I know what you meant, my love. Come. The car is waiting. If you need to visit your former pack's lands, we need to do it when there is still daylight."

He puts a possessive arm around me and leads me out of the hotel to a Rolls-Royce. Oliver was already waiting with the door open.

"We are driving in a Rolls-Royce?," I squealed.

"Yes, my love. Why?"

"Can I drive? Please. Pretty please. I have never driven a luxury car. I'll be careful. I promise." I beg Alexander.

"Darling, you can drive all the luxury cars on the territory. Just not now. Stay with me in the back. Please. I still have to tell you about the mating ceremony." He gives me an "end of discussion" look.

I pout. I give Oliver a "I tried" look which makes him laugh, but he was immediately silenced by Alexander.

I get in the car. Even the interior smells like luxury. The leather was so smooth and soft. It was so spacious inside there was space to stretch my legs. I let out a whistle. My mate owns a Rolls-Royce. How rich is he?

It's not like we, the Alarie's, were poor. My parents could afford nice things once in a while but a Rolls-Royce? Not even close.

Alexander gets off his phone, steps inside the car. Oliver closes the door after. Alexander then scoops me up to sit in the middle of the car while he sat near the window. He then put on my seatbelt as well as his. "Oliver, partition up please." "Yes, Alpha." A partition starts to slide down in the middle of the car, separating us from those at the front of the car.

"Alexander, I didn't see my parents."

"My love, they flew with my parents in the helicopter. They should be there at the Pack's lands within the hour."

"Thank you for flying them there."

"Of course. I want our parents to bond. We are all one big family now. Are you tired? Here, rest your head on me." He positions me with my head on his chest. Then he strokes my arm and kisses the top of my head.

"You always smell so good," I say aloud, gasping. How embarrassing! I actually said that out loud. Hope, dear, he feels the same way too," Opal said, reassuring me.

He smiled, "And you always smell so delicious. It's like I want to eat you."

"Really?" I look up at him, daring him to.

"Oh yes." He pulls me up and starts kissing me. Slowly, licking my lips, nibbling, teasing me. I whimper in protest, wanting more. I move my hands across his chest, feeling the muscles tense underneath his shirt. I feel a surge of confidence from his reaction and move my hands down... past his stomach, towards his...

He suddenly pulls away and I feel embarrassed. Did I do something wrong? I have never done this before.

He sees the look on my face and starts to kiss away my fears. First, my forehead, then my cheeks, then my nose but not my lips.

"Hope, I'm not a saint. I can hardly resist you as it is. I want your, our first time to be perfect. Not at the back of a car."

"This isn't just any car. This is a Rolls-Royce. Imagine losing your virginity in a baby like this."

He laughed at my enthusiasm. "So you like cars. Any car in particular?"

"A cherry red Ferrari." It was the first car that popped into my mind.

"Ok. Your wish is my command."

"What do you mean? No. You aren't going to get me a Ferrari...right? Or are you?"

"You deserve a wedding gift."

"A wedding gift? Yeah, maybe a house, a TV or a refrigerator. You know. Something practical."

“A Ferrari can be practical. If you put it to good use.” He argues.

“Only rich people talk the way you do. How rich are you? I should know. I am your wife, mate... You know what I mean.”

He takes one of my hands, places his nose in my palms and inhales deeply. He rolls his eyes like he was on drugs or something. I giggle at his expression.

“My beautiful wife, my net worth is close to half a billion dollars. I have businesses here and abroad. I take care of the Pack. I build them houses, schools and a hospital. You will see what I have done over the years as Alpha to my pack and as a businessman. Whatever I have, my darling mate, half is now yours.”

“You make me sound like a gold-digger.”

“You aren’t a gold-digger. I found you, remember?”

I looked into his eyes. His eyes twinkled with amusement.

“That doesn’t sound too reassuring.” I pouted.

“How about this, my love. There is no one else in the world I would rather be with than you.”