

## Chapter 10

### Silver

I stood completely frozen, in shock over what had just happened. Stella's friends cowered together, fearing what is going to happen next while Lucas continues to whimper on the ground.

"Offending the Luna requires punishment," Elliot growled, his eyes glowing yellow. I knew that meant his wolf was close to the surface. I've seen it on my father numerous times and usually, it was directed towards me. Nobody has ever been angry on my behalf before though; not even Gavin.

Elliot's eyes found mine and he scanned my body, noticing the coffee stains and the cup on the ground. A low growl escaped him as he whipped around to face the group once again.

"I will break the hand of whoever through coffee at my wife," he said in a low and threatening tone.

That snapped me back to reality; I couldn't let this go on any longer. I grabbed his arm, stopping him before he advanced.

"Please, don't," I pleaded, keeping my voice low. "It's not worth it. They aren't worth it. I just want to go home." I could still feel Elliot's wolf trying to take charge, but Elliot was stronger, and his body relaxed. Before I could protest, he was scooping me into his arms bridal style. I pressed my face against his chest and inhaled deeply; his scent surrounded me, and my heart thudded rapidly in my chest.

What a strange effect to have on someone you hardly know.

Stella's friends rushed to Lucas' side to help him while Elliot left within his arms. From over his shoulder, I glanced at my paintings hanging on the wall and my heart sank. Stella had altered and ruined them so she could sell them. Now they would never be the same again.

Elliot slid me into the backseat of the car and then he got in as well. Gamma Erik was the one who drove us home.

"Next time, go inside with her," Elliot said in a low and threatening tone. "Your job is to protect her."

"Yes, Alpha."

"I told him to stay in the car," I said quickly, not wanting Erik to get into trouble. "It was my fault. I wasn't planning on staying there long."

"Why didn't you stand up for yourself?" Elliot asked after a long pause.

I glanced at him, feeling annoyed.

"Not all of us have Alpha powers," I reminded him. "I told you, I'm just a weak, wolf less girl."

"And I told you, you might be wolf less, but you aren't weak," he retorted. "You need to grow a backbone and stand up for yourself. I can't have a Luna who allows common wolves to walk all over her, can I?"

My face grew red, and I wanted to argue more, but we just arrived home, and he left the car without another word. I was about to open my car door, but Elliot ran around the side of it and opened it for me, scooping me into his arms once again.

"I can walk," I told him, wiggling in his embrace, though I didn't want him to let me go. I liked the way I felt in his arms, and I didn't want this feeling to go away.

"I know," was all he replied.

He walked within his arms up the stairs and into our bedroom. He placed me on the bed carefully before retreating to the bathroom. I wanted to curl up in a ball and cry. I turned away from the bathroom door, pressing my knees to my chest, and closed my eyes. I just wanted today to be over with.

I didn't realize Elliot returned to the room until I felt his presence behind me. Before I could turn around, he grabbed my shirt and ripped it on my shoulders.

"Hey!" I protested, attempting to turn around and face him, but he held me in such a way that I couldn't move.

My heart hammered in my chest as I thought about Elliot breaking Lucas' wrist and then threatening the others. He was truly a dangerous and threatening man. There was no telling what he would do to me. But then I felt a cold cream being placed on the wound on my shoulder.

I almost forgot that it was there; Lucas dug his nails into my shoulder, keeping me in place while the others taunted me. I didn't think Elliot even noticed but he must have smelled the blood on me.

"What would you have done if I didn't show up?" He finally asked me, after what felt like an eternity of silence. His tone was hard and despite the tingles and shivers I got from his touch on my flesh, I knew he was angry.

I lowered my gaze.

"I would have been fine," I said in a whisper. "Eventually, they would have gotten bored."

"They injured you," he said bitterly, his tone making me flinch. "That's not a chance I would have taken. Why wouldn't you let me punish them?"

My heart skipped a beat; he wasn't angry at me. He was angry on my behalf. I let out a shaky breath. "I've always been treated like that," I confessed. "I'm used to healing on my own." He was quiet for a moment

as he delicately put the bandage on my shoulder. Then he lifted the rest of my shirt over my head and grabbed a new one. It was his shirt. He put it over my head, engulfing me in his scent. He carefully put the shirt on me, and it went down to my knees. Then he walked around the bed to stand in front of me and he took my pants off; thankfully, the shirt was big enough to cover everything. He knelt in front of me, his eyes soft. I could see concern in his gaze, but I could also see anger and maybe a little bit of lust.

"You will never be hurt like that again, got it?" He said, running his fingers down the nape of my neck and cupping my neck firmly to keep me in place.

I nodded my head once.

He leaned forward, just as my eyes fluttered shut, and he kissed me deeply. I breathed him in as my mouth moved against his as if we had done this a thousand times before. He nibbled on my bottom lip, making me smile against his mouth.

My whole body warmed from his touch, and I wanted to get even closer to him. He started to stand slowly, leaning into me with his lips still on mine. I started to move backward to lie on the bed, but pain shot through my shoulder at the sudden movement. I completely forgot about the wound on my shoulder, and I winced from the sensation.

Elliot pulled back quickly, his eyes darting from my eyes to my shoulder.

"We shouldn't continue," he said, running his fingers through his hair. "You are still injured." I bit my lower lip, feeling embarrassed and I nodded.

"We should get some sleep," he told me.

I nodded again, unable to look at him. I couldn't mask the disappointment I felt. I crawled under the covers and turned away from him.

I just wanted today to be over.

I'm not sure at what point I fell asleep but when I woke up, the room was filled with darkness. I blinked a few times, trying to adjust my eyes and I turned around to see Elliot sleeping in the bed beside me. I was surprised that one arm was wrapped around me like he was worried I might disappear on him.

He was sleeping on his stomach with his hair thrown over his handsome face. He looked so peaceful and innocent at this moment. I found myself brushing the hair out of his face to reveal his features and a small smile tugged at the corner of my lips as I stared down at him.

He was my husband.

Sure, it was a marriage built on a contract, but he was still mine and my body hummed in delight at that very thought.

He was such a gorgeous person. My thumb traced his full bottom lip and warmth spread throughout my body. Moon Goddess have mercy.

"I could use him as a model for my painting and it would truly be a perfect work of art," I whispered to myself.

His eyes fluttered open and my entire body stilled. I quickly pulled my hand away from his face and a smirk decorated his lips as he stared up at him. Had he been awake this whole time? "And what would I get in return?" He asked, his voice low and husky, humor lacing it.

With a thudding heart, I quickly turned away from him and shut my eyes, pretending to be asleep.

In the morning, I would simply just tell him that he was dreaming.

This never happened! Thankfully, the next morning, he didn't bring it up and I was relieved by that.

"I have to show you something," Elliot said after we finished eating breakfast in the kitchen. The chef, Mariah, cooked pancakes, bacon, and sausage, my favorite breakfast foods.

Curious, I followed Elliot out of the kitchen and down the hallway, I said hello to some of the maid's passing by and smiled at the gammas who nodded their heads at me. We walked around the corner and entered through another set of doors. I froze at the entrance of the room.

I gasped and covered my mouth with my hands in shock.

"Do you like it?" Elliot asked after a moment.

"Like it?" I asked, still in shock. "It's beautiful!" I was standing at the entrance of my new private art studio.