

Chapter 11

Silver

I spent time in my new studio, putting my art supplies away. Elliot left a little over an hour ago to go to his mansion office once Beta Leo arrived. Drowning myself in my work was exactly what I needed to forget about how awful yesterday turned out to be.

There was nothing I could do about the paintings Stella stole, but I could move forward from it and create even better works of art. The problem was, it took me so long to create the paintings she stole.

I had a lot of work cut out for me.

My phone rang, bringing it out of my thoughts. I placed my phone on the glass desk that sat on the far side of the room, so I had to walk across the room to get to it. Once I had it in my hands, I smiled at the name that went across the screen.

Rebecca.

"Hey," I said, answering the phone.

"Silver!" Rebecca cried on the other end. Her voice sounded distraught and almost pained. My entire body froze at the sound of it.

"Rebecca? What's going on? Are you okay?"

"Silver, help me," she whimpered. "I went to the art exhibit last night and Stella's friends assaulted me when I called Stella out for stealing your paintings."

"What?" I gasped.

"Where are you?" "I... I don't know," she breathed. "I woke up in this dark place. I was tied up and I got untied but I think my foot is broken. I crawled around and found my purse. My phone is going to die soon...I don't know what to do. I think I'm alone... but-" Her voice trailed off.

"Rebecca?" I asked, panicked.

"Somebody's coming," she said hoarsely.

"Just hang tight; I'm going to come find you," I assured her.

I didn't wait for her response, I quickly hung up and rushed out of the room and across the palace. I went down the hallway that led to Elliot's office and I paused when I saw that the office door was ajar. Voices inside the office kept me from walking in right away.

"Make sure you keep the most beautiful model for me, Leo," Elliot said.

"Okay, she will be delivered to the mansion tonight," Leo responded.

I gasped at their words; my entire heart fell deep into my stomach. A model? Elliot was getting a model tonight? The words of Gavin replayed in my mind when he said that Elliot was worse than he was and that Elliot had a trail of women at his feet.

He was incredibly handsome; I shouldn't be surprised that he would spend his time with models. I knew that infidelity wasn't a clause in the contract, but it still hurt just the same.

Anger and hurt rose in me, but I couldn't think about this right now. Rebecca needed me and I needed to stay focused for her sake.

The door opened and Leo stood in front of me, his eyes wide as if he had just been caught with his hand inside the cookie jar.

Elliot sat at his desk, staring at me.

"What are you doing lurking outside my office door?" He asked, his brows furrowed together.

I didn't want to tell him that I was listening to his conversation, or how to hurt about what I had heard. I bit my lower lip and then swallowed my emotions like I have done for so many years living in my father's house.

"I need your help," I told him, proud that my voice come out stronger than I felt. "Rebecca was assaulted and taken by Stella and her friends. She's not sure where she is, but she's hurt. We need to help her." Elliot stood to his feet.

"Let's head to Stormwind."

The first place we checked for Stella was her art studio; it was in the middle of the day so the likelihood of her being home was slim and plus, I really didn't want to run into my father. Leo left to search the pack for any signs of Rebecca while we spoke to Stella.

The exhibit only had a few people inside of it and then I saw Stella standing at the front with some of her friends. The friends she was with were amongst the ones who taunted me yesterday. I walked over to them, not caring that I was interrupting their conversation. Stella turned to look at me and her lips pressed in a thin line.

"What are you doing here?" She asked, folding her arms across her chest.

"Where is she?" I demanded to know.

Stella narrowed her eyes at me.

"I don't know who you are talking about," she said a little too innocently.

"Rebecca," I said, trying to settle my calming nerves. "I know you took her somewhere. Where did you bring her?"

"Oh, you mean the bitch who was running her mouth at my exhibit and then tried to steal my artwork?" Stella asked, her lip curling up in disgust. "The criminal being dealt with properly."

"Rebecca is not a criminal. Release her, now," I ordered.

"You have no right to interfere with my business," Stella sneered. "She did a crime and now she must do the time."

"As a Luna, I have authority over you, Stella. Release my friend before things get ugly," I demanded.

"Is that a threat?" She scoffed.

"It's an order."

"You might be a Luna, but you are not my Luna," she hissed. "Get out of my gallery!"

"Not until I have my friend back!"

"If you won't leave then I'll make you," she hissed, she was about to hit me, but Elliot stepped around me and grabbed her wrist, making her gasp and stare up at him with wide eyes. "If you touch her, I will break your wrist next," he told her coldly.

Stella's face paled and her friends took long strides away from us, fearing what Elliot might do. They witnessed a taste of it last night; they'd be stupid to go against him now.

"Tell us where she is before I need to get involved," he continued, his voice never changing.

He released her wrist and within a heartbeat, she was pulling out her phone and telling whoever it was on the other end to release Rebecca to whoever comes to collect her. She reluctantly gave Elliot the address. Without

another word, Elliot pulled out his phone, called Leo, who was already patrolling the pack, and gave him the address.

I glared at Stella the whole time and I watched as she shrunk into herself.

Elliot turned to me.

"Leo will take her to the hospital. We can meet them there," he told me.

I nodded, pulled my gaze away from Stella, and walked with Elliot out of the gallery. It didn't take us long to reach the hospital and I was relieved that Leo was already there, which meant Rebecca was being looked at as we spoke.

"She was banged up badly and her ankle is broken. But the doctors say she's going to be fine. They are putting her foot in a cast for now, but it'll take a few days for her wolf to heal her fully," Leo explained. I sighed, relieved by this. I just wanted to see Rebecca and make sure she was okay with my own eyes.

30 minutes later, Rebecca was walking out of the emergency room with crutches. She had scratches and bruises all along her face and shoulders and she was pale. My heart shattered for her. I hated that it was my sister who did this to her, or at least it was my sister who ordered this to happen to her.

I rushed over to her and threw my arms around her without thinking. She winced at the forceful contact, and I stepped away quickly.

"I'm so sorry," I rushed out. "This should have never happened." She shook her head.

"It's not your fault," she assured. "I'm just glad you guys found me before they did anything else to me. When they saw I got free and had my phone, they broke my phone and kicked me in the stomach." "Let's get you home," I said, wrapping an arm through hers. I looked up at Elliot and suddenly the memory of earlier rushed into my mind.

"Make sure you keep the most beautiful model for me, Leo."

Those words would forever haunt my mind and weigh heavily on my heart. Anger coursed through me again, I felt so stupid for fawning over somebody like that. Of course, I knew what this marriage was. There was no commitment or love... I honestly don't even think he likes me all that much other than the fact that he likes my scent and warmth in bed. Gavin was right; I couldn't trust him.

Then again, I couldn't trust Gavin either.

"I'll stay with you tonight," I told Rebecca. "You shouldn't be alone." "I have family who can help care for me," Rebecca reminded me, patting my arm gently. "I'll be okay." I looked at her, pleading with my eyes for her to let me stay with her.

"I would feel better if I was with you," I told her, keeping my eyes on hers.

It clicked in her that I wanted to get away from the mansion for the night and she opened her mouth to agree, but Elliot cut her off.

"I would prefer it if you slept at home tonight. As part of our agreement." I glared at him, disbelieving in his words. So, he would like to spend time with his model and then sleep with one once he's done? He was truly sick.

Releasing my hold on Rebecca's arm, I folded my arms across my chest.

"I would prefer to sleep elsewhere tonight. Besides, you should be home having company and certainly don't need me there," I said with aggravation lacing my tone. Elliot raised his brows and glanced at Leo as if he had all the answers in the world. Leo looked back at him, equally confused, and then at me.

"It seems she might be misunderstanding something," Leo murmured to Elliot as if I wasn't right there.

I huffed at their ignorance.

"Your beautiful model will be arriving at the mansion this evening, so it's better if I just stay away. Don't you think?" I asked, giving him a pointed look.

He opened his mouth to say something, but then immediately closed it. He was stunned speechless, probably by my boldness to confront him about the matter.

I heard Leo chuckling and that only irritated me even more. I grabbed Rebecca's arm and was about to help her out of the hospital, not wanting to look at these two any longer but just as I passed, Elliot grabbed my arm and stopped me from moving any further. "Perhaps we should return home so you can see this model for yourself," he said calmly, his eyes darkening.

I stood frozen, staring up at him.

Was he seriously that confident? "Fine," I said with finality, curious about how he would explain himself once he faced the facts laid out in front of him.