

Chapter 12

Silver

Leo took Rebecca home, while I went with Elliot.

I knew I had no right to be upset over who Elliot spent his time with. But I thought as his wife, he would have a little bit more respect towards me than that.

My stomach knotted at the very thought of Elliot's hands on someone else.

Once he parked the car, he offered his hand to help me out of the vehicle, but I declined it, walking past him and into the mansion. I expected to see a half-naked girl lurking around somewhere but was surprised when I didn't see any.

I turned to face Elliot who was watching me with uncertainty at the doorway.

"What am I supposed to be seeing?" I asked him after a beat of silence.

He furrowed his brows.

"Come with me," he ordered, walking past me and up the stairs.

I sighed and followed him towards our bedroom. My entire body felt paralyzed. Did he seriously have another woman in our bedroom? Was he going to have sex with her in the same bed we slept in? Flashbacks of my time with Gavin invaded my mind; the moment I caught him cheating on me in the same bed we shared together.

I suddenly felt sick.

He looked over his shoulder at me just as he pushed the door open, and he frowned.

"Are you coming?" He asked, watching me almost warily.

I took a deep breath and nodded, trying to hide my unease.

I walked into the room with him and paused when I saw that it was empty. Frowning, I looked at him, expecting him to say something. But his eyes flashed over to a shelf and when my eyes followed his gaze, I nearly choked on my own saliva.

Those were not there this morning.

They are little toy cars.

No; they were model cars.

Models... not a model.

Shame and embarrassment slammed into me like a sledgehammer.

Oh, Moon Goddess. I made such a fool out of myself. I looked at Elliot briefly and saw him still watching me but this time, his right brow was arched. He was waiting for me to say something, but I had nothing to say. I was humiliated and I just wanted the earth to open and swallow me whole.

"I should call Rebecca and see how she's doing," I said in a rush, pointing at the doorway. I wanted to run out of the room and hide.

Before I could retreat from the room, Elliot grabbed my arm and pushed me against the wall, pinning me with his body. I sucked in a sharp breath as I looked up at him. My face was probably as red as a cherry and my heart hammered wildly in my chest; I wondered if he could hear it.

"Why were you so upset when you thought I was meeting with a model this evening?" He asked, his voice sultry and making my knees weak.

"I... uh..." I stammered, unable to pry my eyes away from his. He had me in a captivated trance; his heat and scent consumed me.

"Were you jealous?" He asked, a smirk now playing on his lips.

"No, of course not," I lied; my breathy tone gave away my emotions though.

His eyes trailed down to my lips and I felt heat forming on my lower abdomen. He got closer to me, pressing his hard body into mine, and just as his lips brushed across mine a bright light slammed into my vision, and pain shot through my head.

I gasped and shoved him away from me as I shielded my face.

Oh no! Not now, not yet! I heard Elliot say my name as I ran from the room. My vision returned just as I stepped into the hallway, but the pain remained. Panic consumed me and I continued to run until I reached the bottom of the stairs, then I ran into my art studio, slamming the door shut behind me and locking it.

The bright white light returned to my eyes, and I fell to the ground, pressing my back against the wall, I pulled my knees up to my chest and buried my face in my lap.

I whimpered in agony as pain consumed me, but I tried to muffle the sounds with my hands.

There was a knock on the door.

"Silver?" I heard Elliot calling out to me. "Are you in there? Open the door." "I'm okay," I mustered.

He knocked again just as the lights in my vision turned chaotic. My whole body shook, and I heard Elliot saying my name no more.

"Please, go away!" I demanded, my voice coming out louder and firmer than I had ever heard it before.

The knocking stopped and I heard him retreating from the door, much to my relief. But that relief only lasted a moment when I saw my hair, which had come loose from my ponytail, and draped over my arm. It had gone white.

Staring down at my hands, I saw how pale I was.

I truly was a monster.

This was something Elliot could never find out about.

ha be morning.

I closed my eyes and lowered my head to my lap, desperately trying to ignore the shooting pain in my temple. Tears welled up in my eyes as the chaotic lights and colors continued to flash in my eyes. I'm not sure what time it was when I finally opened my eyes, but once I did, I saw that my hair was back to normal, and my skin no longer looked pale. I let out a shaky breath, knowing Elliot was probably so upset with me for pushing him away last night. But he couldn't know the truth about me.

I pulled myself to my feet and made my way back upstairs and into our bedroom. Elliot was sitting on the bed and when I entered, his gaze landed on me. He didn't look angry, but there was definitely concern in his gaze.

Briefly, I wondered if he had been up all night.

Was he upset because I rejected him? I nervously approached him, fearing that he would question me about what happened last night.

"I'm tired," I told him quickly. "I'm just going to go to bed." I was surprised when he didn't argue. Instead, he waited for me to slide into bed and turn away from him. Then, he wrapped his arms around my waist, pulling me close to him, and held me while I slept.

A few days had passed since that night and thankfully, Elliot still hadn't brought it up. I mainly spent a lot of time in my studio though, trying to recreate the paintings that Stella destroyed and sold in her exhibit. My plan had always been the same. Find an art gallery that will partner with me and have them display and possibly sell my artwork. Living in Stella's shadow made that dream difficult. But with the artwork I had worked so long and hard on, I thought I could finally achieve my goals until she stole them and ruined everything.

Because of my sister's stunt, finding a gallery that would accept my work has been even more difficult. Most around the area had already seen the same work being displayed at Stella's exhibit, and they have accused me of plagiarizing the paintings.

Rebecca, who was now fully healed, was kind enough to accompany me around the town and surrounding towns to showcase my paintings to different galleries. They all but laughed in my face.

It was nothing but rejection after rejection and at the end of the day, I was emotionally drained. Rebecca and I sat in the kitchen of the mansion sipping on tea that a maid prepared for us and eating some food that Mariah cooked.

"Don't give up," Rebecca said, grabbing my arm and giving me a little shake of encouragement. "How about Pandora's Bloom? We haven't tried that one yet." I almost laughed at the mention of Pandora's Bloom. That was one of the most exclusive galleries in the world. It didn't just have art, it also had beautiful handmade jewelry and other trinkets that people had designed.

"I've been rejected by low-class galleries all over the region; there's no way Pandora's Bloom will want my art in their gallery," I told her, taking a sip of my tea.

"I heard their auction will be opening soon. You could try and get your paintings to be displayed at the auction and really wow them," Rebecca suggested.

I shook my head.

"It's invitation only," I told her.

"Don't give up, Silver," Rebecca said, giving me a side hug.

She only stayed a few minutes longer before she left for the evening.

The next day or so was the same. I spent time in my art studio, creating new watercolor designs and trying to keep my mind off things. That is until my phone chimed and when I looked at it, I saw that I had an email. I opened the email, and I nearly dropped my phone at what I was seeing.

It was an invitation to submit my art for the auction this weekend at Pandora's Bloom! How was this even possible?! I squealed excitedly and I couldn't help but jump up and down.

Then I gasped; I needed to make sure I had the perfect artwork for this auction for the rest of the day, I worked tirelessly at creating new watercolor paintings. At the end of the day, I joined Elliot in the dining area for dinner. I couldn't seem to shake the smile on my face as I walked into the dining room.

Elliot stood in front of me with his eyebrows raised.

"What's got you in a good mood?" He asked, eyeing me carefully.

"I received an email this morning," I told him. "I was invited to submit my artwork for the auction at Pandora's Bloom."

Elliot studied me for a moment; I didn't think he'd ever seen me quite this happy before and could tell he wasn't sure how to react. But then a smile spread across his face, and he looked genuinely delighted.

"Congratulations," he said. I blushed at the praise, and I stood on my toes to kiss him lightly on the lips.

"Thank you," I whispered to him.

He looked stunned for a moment and his eyes met mine.

"You already found out?" He asked in a whisper.

I stepped back, confused.

"I'm sorry?" I asked him.

His eyes widened and he cleared his throat. He turned to the table that our food was on.

"Nothing, never mind. We should eat," he said, changing the subject.

I stared at him for a moment before conceding and joining him at the table. But throughout dinner, I kept stealing glances at him, wondering what it was he meant.