

Chapter 13

Silver

I stared up at the dark ceiling, thinking about the auction. I had a week to create the perfect piece. I had to make this count. I was so excited that I was invited to submit my artwork to the Pandora Bloom Art Gallery Auction.

I looked over at Elliot; I assumed he was sleeping, but that didn't stop me from checking.

"Elliot?" I whispered just before pressing my lips together.

Was I being stupid? Should I even bother him with this right now? It was in the middle of the night, and he was probably asleep. Though, it was hard to see because of how dark it was in this room. "Hmm?" He hummed, surprising me.

I stayed quiet, not sure what to say. My heart thrummed in my chest, and I felt him turning his head to look at me.

At this moment, I was glad it was too dark for him to see the blush on my cheeks.

"I have to paint something for the auction," I started to say, hesitating slightly. He remained quiet; his eyes fixed on my dark silhouette. "I was wondering if you'd allow me to paint you..." I held my breath as he continued to stare at me; he was quiet for a moment and then he shifted to his side, facing me. His head resting on his hand and his elbow propping him up.

"And what would you give me in return?" He asked; I could hear the teasing in his tone.

I looked at him, or at least I tried to, but it was too dark to see him fully. But I just knew he was smirking at me. "What is it you would like?"

"Don't you know me by now, my dear Silver?" He asked, mockingly.

I stared at him for a moment longer before taking a deep breath. I leaned in so my face was close to his; he remained still. I took that as he permitting me to continue, so, I did.

I kissed him.

He didn't pull away from me; his lips moved carefully with mine. They were soft and inviting. It lured me in for more as his tongue glided across my bottom lip. All thoughts of everything else left my mind and all that was left was Elliot and me. He trailed his fingers up the nape of my neck, sending goosebumps along my flesh.

I couldn't help but shiver against him which seemed to please him because I felt him smiling against my lips. Before I knew what was happening, he was pushing me onto my back, and he was on top of me. The weight of his body pressed into me, and I could feel everything. He wasn't wearing a shirt, and I was wearing a tank top and shorts, so I could feel his flesh against mine as he deepened the kiss.

I parted my lips, allowing his tongue access to explore me. His hands went up the sides of my body and I wiggled under him. He was positioned in a way that forced my legs to wrap around his waist and his erection was swelling his boxers which were pressed against my center. I ground against him, wanting more of him. I'm not sure where this primal need came from, but I was hot all over and I knew only Elliot could put me at ease.

Just as his fingers went up the inside of my tank top, Elliot was soon engulfed in red. I gasped at the sight of it and then the chaotic lights

flashed through my vision. Pain consumed me as the all-too-familiar headache took place.

I whimpered and flinched away as the lights continued to blind my vision. Elliot froze as I struggled beneath him. I shoved him away, scrambling off the bed, nearly falling over in the process. "Silver?" I heard Elliot calling after me as I ran from the room and locked myself in the bathroom.