

## Chapter 14

### Silver

What was happening? I don't usually transform like this until the full moon. But the full moon had already passed. This should not be happening.

I pressed my back against the closed door. Elliot knocked and though it was a soft knock, at the moment, it sounded way louder, and my head screamed for the noise to cease.

I put my hands over my ears and closed my eyes tightly. The flashing of lights continued; they went from red to white. The outline of Elliot is still the focus as red blended with the white.

I slid to the ground as tears fell from my eyes. I pressed my knees to my chest and buried my face in my lap.

I'm not sure how long I stayed like that, but eventually, Elliot gave up on trying to reach me. The pain lessened only slightly and the chaotic lights in my vision softened enough for me to see my surroundings. I pulled myself to my feet and looked into the mirror, gasping at what I was seeing.

My hair was a silvery white and my skin was incredibly pale. My eyes were a dark silver and when I opened my mouth, I had the fangs of a wolf.

I was a monster.

Elliot could never see me like this. I had to wait until I reverted to my old self again, but how long would it take? Why was I transforming on a night that wasn't a full moon?

Why couldn't I just be normal and shift into a regular wolf and not whatever this thing I turned into was?

I sat back on the ground as the chaotic lights intensified and the pain returned.

At some point, I fell asleep.

I woke up several hours later and the chaotic lights in my vision were gone, as was the pain. I stood and went back to the mirror, relieved to see my old self again.

I splashed some cold water on my face before leaving the bathroom. Elliot sat on the bed, staring at the wall. His lips were pressed in a thin line, and he didn't look pleased at all.

My heart felt heavy as I approached the bed. His gaze snapped to me, and I could see just how unhappy he truly was. It made me freeze in my steps and stare back at him.

"Be truthful with me, Silver," he said, his tone hard as he narrowed his eyes. "Do you not want to be with me?"

Elliot's

"Wh...what?" Silver stammered; her eyes large with alarm at my question.

I wasn't sure what else to think. She rejected my advances on our first night together after we married, and she rejected me earlier this evening. She didn't just reject me this time though; she shoved me off her and ran into the bathroom. She would rather sleep on the cold bathroom ground all night than sleep in the same bed as me.

When I had her pressed against the wall a few days ago, she pushed me off her then too and spent the night in her studio.

"Why do you insist on rejecting me so often?" I asked her, trying to keep all emotions locked away.

I saw her swallowing hard like she was trying to figure out what to say. With each passing second of silence, I grew more irritated.

"I wasn't rejecting you," she finally said, her gaze shifting downward. "I'm just not feeling well..."

"She's hiding something from us," my wolf, Atlas, said deep within my mind.

"It doesn't matter," I muttered to my wolf. "I shouldn't let this bother me. The only thing that matters is the fact that sleeping in the same bed as her helps me sleep."

"Then, why did you secretly send her an invite to your auction? And why haven't you told her you are the owner of Pandora's Bloom?"