

## Chapter 15

### Elliot

"Because she's still my wife regardless of if this marriage was a transaction," I retorted.

"Are you angry with me?" Silver asked after a long pause.

I met her dark green eyes and sighed, shaking my head, I motioned for her spot on the bed.

"Just come here and get some sleep," I told her.

She looked uncertain, but she did as she was told.

I spent most of the next day at the packhouse. I'm able to get more work done in my office here than I can at my mansion.

There was a knock on my office door, bringing me out of my thoughts and then it opened. Leo stepped into my line of sight. He was holding a manilla folder in his hands.

"I have Silver's records, as you requested," Leo said, holding up the folder. "But there's nothing unusual in it. It's just basic information. She's wolfless as she said, and she grew up in the Stormwind pack." I rubbed my face with my hands, feeling annoyed.

"If there's nothing unusual about her, then why does she calm me when I sleep? Are you sure she doesn't have any kind of witch powers?"

Leo furrowed his brows together.

"There's nothing about any witch genes in her file," he answered. "Are you sure she's not your mate? That's the only other explanation I can think of."

"She has no wolf. She can't be my mate," I muttered. "Just forget it. Keep investigating. There must be something about her."

Leo nodded.

"I'll keep you posted on what I find."

He left soon after, leaving me alone with my thoughts. I wanted to know this woman I married and what makes her so special. My wolf and I agree that she's hiding something, and we are determined to find out what it is.

I returned home just before dinner and found Silver in her art studio. I knocked before entering because I promised that the studio would be off-limits to everybody, including myself.

"Come in," she said; she sounded stressed.

I walked into the studio to find her standing in front of a couple of portraits. She was staring at them like they held answers to her biggest questions.

Without looking at me she said, "I'm trying to paint something for the auction, but nothing seems good enough."

The paintings in front of her were gorgeous, so I wasn't sure what she was talking about. Then, in the corner of my eye, I spotted something that irritated me immensely. "What the hell is that?" I growled through my teeth.

She stiffened and glanced at me before following my gaze.

"A portrait that I found in my stuff," she said, biting her lower lip. "Leo dropped off another suitcase that my father gave him to give to me and it was in there."

Fury boiled in me.

The portrait was of Gavin.

Clenching my fists, I turned to look at her.

"Why is it in here?"

She met my gaze and then shrugged.

"He's well known around here and it's one of my better portrait paintings. I thought maybe it could have a chance at the auction," she said as if it was no big deal.

A low growl escaped my throat.

"I refuse to allow my wife to use a portrait of her ex-boyfriend," I sneered.

She looked almost frightened as she took a step back.

"Then, what else should I do?" She asked, eyeing me carefully.

I took my coat off and put it on a nearby chair before stepping toward her, my eyes never leaving hers.

"Paint me," I ordered. "I'll be your model."