

## Chapter 17

### Silver

I had to keep looking at him for accuracy and each time I did, his eye would darken just a little.

"How long do you need to be staring at me?" He asked. "Because this is torturous."

His voice was sultry, and my cheeks flushed.

"All night," I answered, my voice dropping to a mere whisper.

He swallowed his Adam's apple bobbing.

"I'm starting to regret my decision," he murmured, his eyes scanning my body before he met my gaze.

My heart skipped a beat and my face felt hot. I turned my attention away from him, trying to avoid his gaze now. He chuckled lightly as I bit my lower lip.

The rest of the night felt like an eternity. The painting started to come together nicely; I just needed to do a few finishing touches. I wanted to really capture the elements behind him, including the curtains placed for decoration. I wanted to somehow incorporate the red curtains with the backgrounds and make them blend with the roses falling at his feet.

"Okay, I'm going to change your position so I can capture the elements of the curtains behind you," I told him as I approached.

He watched me earnestly and just as I reached him, he grabbed my arm and pulled me into his embrace, sitting me on his lap. I gasped at the sudden movement as his arms wrapped around my waist and I was enveloped in his warmth and scent.

"The night is now over. We are already half dressed. How about we do something else instead?" He asked, his voice dark and husky. "I think I deserve an award. Don't you think?"

A hint of gold outlined his blue eyes, and I knew his wolf was at the surface. It made me wonder if it was his wolf that wanted me, or if it was Elliot.

His lips crashed into mine and I melted in the embrace, unsure of what else to do. As soon as our lips made contact, thoughts of everything else disappeared. He kissed me hungrily like he had been starving all night.

I ran my fingers across his smooth body and tingles erupted on the palms of my hands. He moved his hands up the insides of my tank top and I didn't stop him from removing it. Exposed to him, he teased each breast with his lips and teeth, causing them to pebble from his touch.

He removed his pants, kicking them to the side, and then in a quick motion he removed my shorts. My heart raced as he lifted me off the ground, making me wrap my legs around his wide waist, and then pushed me against the wall, his lips never leaving mine.

His kisses were filled with a desire that seemed foreign to me. I had never been ravished in the way that Elliot was ravishing me. It was almost like he couldn't get enough. It was a primal need that almost bound us together and intensified with each kiss.

A low growl escaped his throat, and I knew it was his wolf taking charge of the moment.

I panted and yelled out his name as I came undone around him, falling limp in his arms. My legs shook and quivered as my pleasures skyrocketed

and took me to new heights. My release was enough to push Elliot over the edge as well because soon he was joining me and moaning out my name as his lips found mine once again.

Exhaustion took over soon after and I found it difficult to keep my eyes open. Elliot lifted me into his arms and carried me away from my studio and up the stairs of the mansion.

"I need to finish my painting," I murmured sleepily, my head resting against his shoulder.

"You need to rest," he retorted. "You can finish your painting later. For now, it's time to sleep."

I was too tired to fight him, so I allowed him to carry me into our bedroom and place me in the bed. I closed my eyes, feeling his proximity as he put the blankets over my form and then slid into bed beside me.

He didn't cuddle me though and I couldn't keep the disappointment from surfacing in my chest. I wondered if this was just sex to him, or if there was something more going on between us.

As sleep took over, a small voice echoed in the back of my head saying, "Mark him..."