

Chapter 176

Silver

I wasn't entirely sure what I was asking for. But I knew I needed to feel that connection with Elliot once again. I wasn't prepared when he marked me the first time, but I was prepared now, and I was ready for him. Even though I couldn't mark him back just yet and I didn't fully have my wolf with me, I still wanted to feel that connection in every possible way.

I had a feeling a war was coming soon and there was no telling what was going to happen during or after this war. I was scared for the pack, but most importantly, I was scared for Elliot. He was the main target; he was the one Scott was going after.

His hands on my body felt so good. I couldn't help but close my eyes and take deep breaths as I felt his fingers roaming across my breasts and tugging at my nipples. The soap was lavender and relaxed every single one of my senses. When we reached my core and I felt his fingers pushing inside of me, I gasped at the sudden intrusion but then I welcomed him.

He pressed his body into me, and I found myself pinned between his hard abs and the shower wall. I looked up at him and saw the dark look in his gaze. He was staring down at me with such lust that I couldn't help myself. I ran my fingers across his washboard abs, loving how he felt under my touch. A slight tremble coursed through his body, and it made me smile knowing that I had the same effect on him as he had on me.

He brought his lips down to mine and I kissed him with just as much passion, if not more. Now it was my turn to seek refuge inside of his

mouth. My tongue swiped across his bottom lip. Asking for permission to access, which he immediately granted. As he parted his lips, my tongue entered his mouth, and I felt the softness of his tongue embracing mine. I moaned into his mouth, my skin lighting up from the sparks of electricity that danced off my flesh.

I ran my fingers down his torso until I reached his lower half. His erection was huge and ready for me. My mouth watered at the very thought of it having him inside of me; of feeling that sudden connection and being one with the love of my life.

I started to stroke him gently as I kissed him; his kisses became lazy, and his breathing intensified as I pleased him with my fingers. The soap made the perfect lubricant as I continued to stroke his length.

"Fuck, Silver," he whispered against me.

I kissed him again deeply as I felt him twitching in my hand.

"I don't want to finish like this," he said almost hoarsely. I didn't stop though; I wanted him to finish for me. He's always careful to make sure I finish first, but this time, I wanted him to be the one to finish first. I wanted to take care of him like he always took care of me.

"Silver..." he tried to protest but by the time he finished saying my name, it came out like a moan, and I felt his warm seed spraying into my hand and on the ground of the shower. I smiled in satisfaction knowing that I made him lose himself just with my hand.

He growled as he kissed my lips deeply and I chuckled. I wrapped my legs around him as he carried me back under the water. The hot water soothed my skin and relaxed my body. I watched the soap leave our skin and wash down the drain by our feet. His lips found mine and we kissed each other hungrily and greedily.

His cock found my entrance without his lips ever leaving mine and with one quick motion, he thrust inside of me. I inhaled sharply from the

intrusion but immediately relaxed as pleasure overtook the sudden shock. I moaned as he thrust himself inside of me over and over again.

He kept me pinned against him and the wall of the shower as he slammed him inside of me. He pulled himself completely out before slamming himself back into me. His movements were so perfect that he continued to hit that perfect spot that made me call out his name repeatedly until I was breathless, and my voice came out as a whisper.

"Mark me again," I begged him for the final time. "Please..."

He slammed back inside of me, and he remained like that as his lips broke from mine and he trailed down the nape of my neck. I could feel my core throbbing with pleasure, begging for that sweet release. He found that spot on my neck that he had once marked and he sucked and licked, sending shivers throughout my entire body.

I closed my eyes, feeling his pulsating inside of me; his cock pressing against my G-spot and making my core clench with need and want.

"Mine," he growled, and I knew it was his wolf in control. His wolf was calling out to my wolf, even if he didn't fully know it yet. They were mates; they were destined to be together and someday soon he would see that.

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I felt his canines piercing my flesh, deepening the mark that was already there. I let out a howl, something that I didn't know I had inside of me until this moment. He deepened his canines as he continued to thrust slowly inside of me. The sharp pain turned into intense pleasure and waves of it shot through my body. My legs began to tremble as my orgasm came in full force.

As he retracted his canines from the nape of my neck, I came undone, allowing my body to feel every rush of pleasure he provoked. With a few thrusts more, he came undone with me. I felt his warm seed spraying inside of me, coating my insides and branding me in every way possible, declaring that I was his and only his.

We remained like that for several minutes. We shared passionate kisses while he remained inside of me, holding me up and keeping me pinned between him and the wall. After we both got our bearings, he slowly slid out of me, his seed sliding down my legs in the process.

He kissed my forehead before he took some soap and a washcloth. He started to wipe my inner thighs until they were clean. Then, he turned off the water and took hold of my hand.

He wrapped a towel around my body first before he put a towel around his waist and then he kissed me sweetly.

As we left the bathroom, I quickly put on my pajamas, and he pulled on a pair of sweatpants. Both of us were quiet and lost in our thoughts. I was thinking about what was about to come in the unforeseen future. I worried that my brother to try and take me away again; I worried he might do

something with my memory for the second time. I felt a fear like no other creeping up my spine and suddenly, I felt as if I was being watched. I glanced at the window with a frown; it was dark out and I knew there was no one there. This pack was safe, and Elliot would make sure that nothing bad happened to me. But then why did I feel so unsure?

The knock on the door brought me out of my thoughts. Elliot opened it and greeted the maid who was sent to bring us food. She put the trays of soup down on the table on the far side of the room before leaving. "You should eat," Elliot told me.

I nodded and was just about to walk over to the table and do just that when a sharp pain in my temple stopped me. I cried out in pain as I fell to the ground, clutching my head as if it might explode.

I could see flashes of lights in front of my vision and my entire body trembled in agony. It didn't make any sense; it wasn't the full moon yet so why was this happening to me all of a sudden?

"Silver!" I heard Elliot yell as he rushed towards me. I felt his warm hands around my body, trying to provide me with soothing comfort, but the pain was too much. Tears burned in my eyes as more lights flashed in my vision.

This was different though; usually, I could see the scents of those I was looking at or those I had looked at. But this one was different, it was like I was seeing someone else's scent. Someone who wasn't here in front of me.

This scent was dark red, a color I had never seen before. It was almost maroon. If red meant power, I wondered what maroon meant.

The colors began to shift as it continued to flash through my vision, and it turned into the face of a man that stood in front of me. It was almost ghostly.

I let out another whimper as I tried to focus my attention on the man, trying to figure out who or what it was.

He bent down and reached his hand out to me, and I screamed in horror at the sight.

What was happening to me??

"It's time for you to come with me, Silver," the voice said in a deep and very familiar voice.

I gasped as the lights became blurry again and then went away. I realized I was on the ground with my knees pressed to my chest and tears were streaming down my cheeks.

The lights in my vision were gone and my head was no longer aching. Elliot kept his arms wrapped around me as he whispered soothing things to me. He lifted my head off the ground and peeked up at him through my tear-filled eyes.

"Elliot..." I cried. He held me loosely and kissed the side of my head.

"I'm here; it's okay," he whispered, holding me close.

I shook my head as I sobbed.

"No, it's not," I cried. "It's not okay."

"What's wrong? What is it?" He asked, concern evident in his voice.

"It was Scott..." I sobbed. "It was my brother. He's coming."

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My brother came to me in a vision and told me that it was time for me to go with him. But how did he get into my head like this? Was it some kind of twin thing?

The thought of it made me sick; was he able to do this before? If so, why hadn't he reached out to me sooner? Elliot left to grab me a glass of water; he tucked me into bed for the night so I could rest. Despite the pain dispersing, I still had a slight headache, and I was lightheaded. Everything happened so quickly, and I feared for the fate of my mate.

When he returned, I released the breath I hadn't known I was holding. He helped me take a steady sip of the water and I sighed as I felt it going down my throat. He kissed the top of my head and held me in his arms the entire night. He was kind enough to not ask me any questions while I rested.

At some point, I fell asleep and when I woke up, I felt Elliot's soft lips on my cheek. I sighed contently at the feeling of him close to me and when I opened my eyes, I saw him smiling at me.

"Good morning," he said sweetly as he nuzzled his nose against my face.

I smiled at him and sat up, looking around the room. The sun was desperately trying to peer through the window.

"What time is it?" I asked him.

"Almost 10. You slept for a while," he told me. "Mariah is cooking breakfast as we speak, and I just got off the phone with my sister. She's going to be coming over soon."

I nodded and bit my lip.

"I'm going to have to tell her everything, aren't I?" I asked.

"Only tell her what you are comfortable with. But if we want to defeat Scott, we are going to need her help. She might be able to see something that we can't."

"I understand," I told him as I slid out of bed.

He kissed me lovingly as he helped me to my feet.

"When will she be here?" I asked.

"Soon," he answered. "I'll head downstairs. Come down when you are ready."

"Okay," I said, kissing him one last time before he left the room.

Sighing, I went over to the closet and grabbed a pair of jeans and a crop top, along with some undergarments, before retreating into the bathroom. When I looked in the mirror, I noticed how worn out I looked. I crinkled my nose as stared at my lifeless bedhead and dark circles under my eyes. It looked as if I hadn't slept in a long time.

I turned on the water faucet and splashed some lukewarm water on my face, trying to wake myself up a little more. Then I ran a brush through my knotted hair before pulling it back; I left it half up and half down.

I stripped off my clothes and I gasped when I saw the hickeys around my cleavage and the fresh mark on my neck. I was completely branded and marked as Elliots. My cheeks grew pink as I stared at the markings on my flesh and then a smile tipped the corner of my lips.

I quickly dressed, slipped on some comfortable flats, and then left the bedroom to go into the kitchen. I heard some light chatter as I near the kitchen, and I immediately recognized the sound of Marian's voice. She was speaking to a couple of different people, but I couldn't make out the other voices.

As I stepped into the kitchen, I completely froze when I saw who was there. "Rebecca?" I asked. "Emma?"

They both looked at me and smiled.

I hadn't seen Emma since I told her not to take that drug in the hospital. It felt like ages ago. I can't even remember the last time I saw Rebecca, but I immediately felt guilty for not reaching out to her sooner and updating her on what was going on.

As quickly as she smiled, she soon frowned and put her hands on her hips.

"Why am I hearing that my best friend got kidnapped and her memory was wiped from someone other than my best friend?" Rebecca asked, narrowing her eyes at me.

I bit my lip and rushed towards her.

"I'm so sorry," I said, grabbing a hold of her arms. "I never meant to keep something like this from you. It all happened so fast, and I just got my memories back yesterday. Please, don't be mad at me." "Are you kidding me?" She asked, her eyes wide. "I was worried about you."

She wrapped me in her arms and hugged me closely.

"Can you maybe stop giving me a panic attack?"

I chuckled as tears filled my eyes.

"I'm sorry. I'll try my best," I assured her.

She pulled away from me and stared at me at arm's length.

"Are you unharmed?" She asked.

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"As far as I know," I told her.

I looked at Emma and saw her watching us with a faint smile on her lips. I pulled away from Rebecca so I could hug Emma.

"How are you feeling?" I asked her.

"I could be a lot worse," she told me, shrugging. "Thanks to you, I wasn't harmed like the others."

She fell silent as she stared at the ground.

"How is everyone else at the hospital?" I asked.

"We lost some she-wolves," she told me, and my heart landed directly in my stomach.

"Oh, Goddess," I whispered.

She nodded.

"Their wolves weren't strong enough to overcome the wolfsbane," she explained. "But most everyone else is recovering. Some are in critical conditions, but the doctors are optimistic that they will make a full recovery." I nodded, relieved to hear that.

"How are Alison and Cara?" I asked. I knew the two girls were in critical condition from the beginning. Alison was in a coma after being attacked by a rogue and Cara had to have surgery because of her extensive injuries after protecting Alison. "They are both awake and doing well," Emma surprised me by saying. "They have no idea about what happened though.

I didn't tell them, and I figured it would be better to not tell them while they are recovering."

I nodded in agreement.

"You are right. It's better if they didn't know right now. I'm just glad they are okay and I'm glad you're okay," I told her, putting my hand on her shoulder.

She beamed at me.

"Thanks to you," she said, nudging me.

"Girls, breakfast is ready," Mariah said, motioning for the plates she put on the counter.

The scent of food filled my nose, and my mouth watered; I couldn't remember the last time I had a real meal. It couldn't have been that long ago. My stomach was growling angrily and I knew if I didn't get food in me soon, I was going to lose my mind. Thankfully, Rebecca and Emma seemed to be feeling the same way because they were rushing towards the counter with hungry eyes. I chuckled at my friends and sat with them at the counter.

"So, what's been going on with you, Rebecca?" I asked her. "It feels like we haven't spoken in a while."

"Well, you've been so busy doing your Luna duties you barely check in with me," she said, batting her lashes. "I've been fine. Your father is still being a dick."

"Are you ever going to quit being his assistant?" I asked her. She's been my father's assistant for years and he always treated her so badly. I felt bad and I wished there was something I could do. She shrugged.

"It's good money," she told me as she took a bite of her bacon.

"Money isn't everything," I reminded her.

"Says the girl with a rich husband," she teased.

I rolled my eyes at her and started to eat my own food.

"Oh, I should tell you, Stella is at it again with her antics," she muttered.

I raised my brows and looked at her.

"What do you mean?"

"She's claiming you plagiarized her paintings. I know you've been kind of awol lately, so you haven't seen the headlines. But she's made it this big scandal. Everyone is saying you are stealing her work and slapping your name on it."

My mouth dropped from her words.

"Excuse me?" I gasped. "I did not steal anyone's work. If anyone is the thief, it's her!"

"You don't need to tell me that," she said, shrugging.

"Who is Stella?" Emma asked.

I forgot that Emma and I don't talk that often because she's a new friend. She doesn't really know much about me or my family.

"My sister," I muttered. "She's always up to something."

"Stella Stormwind?" She asked, her brows raised.

I nodded. I wasn't surprised that Emma heard of my sister; she was very well-known around these packs.

"Are you saying her paintings are actually yours?" She asked, surprised.

"Some of them," I admitted. "She's always been known for her tricks. I'm not sure what to do about it."

"Your husband is the strongest Alpha in the world. You have all the power. Use it," Emma reminded me. Rebecca nodded.

"I like her. She's quiet but direct," Rebecca praised, making Emma- beam also agree with her. "Use the power that your husband gives you. Take back your art."

I thought about it as I continued eating; Mariah was silently observing our conversation and nodding along with whatever was being said.

A voice in the hallway brought me, out of my thoughts and I recognized it as Charlotte. She was talking to Elliot who was trailing behind her.

Not before long, the door of the kitchen swung open, and Charlotte walked in with her hands on her hips.

"I know what your brother is planning, and I know how to stop it."

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We all stared at her dumbfounded. She looked so confident, and I had to admire her for that. I couldn't believe what she was saying though. She must have had a vision about what my brother was planning, and she knows how to put a stop to him? ""Are you serious?" I asked her.

"Yes," she told me as she made her way into the kitchen. Elliot was trailing behind her, looking a bit apprehensive. I could tell he didn't like what she was about to say. I walked over to him and put my hand on his arm to soothe him. "Is everything okay?" I asked him.

He met my eyes and gave me a small and very forced smile.

"I'm not entirely sure," he said. "She insists that you hear her out, but I don't really like the plan she came up with."

"How about you grab a plate of food," Mariah suggested as she piled more food onto a couple more plates.

"Don't mind if do," Charlotte said, sitting at the counter. "I'm starving. My vision was tough, and I woke up with such a headache."

I pulled Elliot with me towards the counter and took my seat, while Elliot wrapped his arms around my waist and rested his head on my head, his front to my back.

"So, what exactly is this plan?" Rebecca asked through a mouthful of food.

Charlotte frowned at her; the look of distaste on her face as she narrowed her eyes.

"And who exactly are you?" Charlotte asked.

Rebecca put her fork down and turned to face Charlotte.

"Rebecca," she answered, holding out her hand for Charlotte to shake. "Silver's best friend and confidant."

Charlotte sized her up before turning and ignoring her outstretched hand.

"Interesting," Charlotte murmured.

Rebecca only scowled and then looked at me; I only offered her a shrug, not really sure what else to say.

"So, are you going to enlighten us with this plan?" I asked; picking up a piece of bacon and bringing it to Elliot's mouth. I smiled when I felt him take a bite.

"Yes," she answered simply as she took a sip of the coffee Mariah placed in front of her. "Great coffee, Mariah."

"Thanks, dear," Mariah beamed.

"Char, focus," Elliot scolded, yet his tone was casual.

Charlotte rolled her eyes.

"Oh, fine," she muttered. "Y'all are no fun."

"Maybe we'd be more fun if our lives weren't in danger," I suggested; I was unable to hide the aggravation in my tone.

Charlotte turned to me.

"I had a vision," she told me. I couldn't help but roll my eyes at her.

"Obviously," I murmured. "What happened in this vision?"

"There was destruction," she told me. "He changes everyone's scent. All the high-ranked wolves. Not just in this pack though; in every pack. Everybody is fighting one another and it's pretty much a blood bath." She paused to take another big bite of bacon.

"He doesn't just want this pack; he wants all the packs. However, he wants us dead more than anything so he can avenge his family. He tries to convince Silver to join him so they can rule together."

"And I said no, obviously. Right?" I asked, raising my brows.

She shrugged.

"I saw two outcomes. One where you say no, and one where you say yes," she answered.

My mouth almost fell to the ground. In what world would I agree to go along with my brother's plans? Why would I say yes to something like that? Something didn't add up and an uneasy feeling formed in the pit of my stomach. I looked behind me at Elliot and his eyes were dark.

"Silver would never go along with anything like that," Rebecca said, shaking her head. "There has to be a mistake or something."

Charlotte glared at Rebecca, her lip curling in disgust.

"There's no mistake," Charlotte murmured. "I saw what I saw. Silver was pretty evil, and she was doing terrible things alongside her brother. She was fully committed."

"Did you see why I would say yes to something like that?" I asked.

"Destiny is never set in stone; it's the reason why my visions aren't always accurate. They can change at any moment she explained. "But in this timeline, something happened where you started to believe that maybe your brother was right. Maybe it would be better if you two were in control."

"Blackmail," Emma whispered.

We all looked at her; Emma was typically the quieter of the bunch, so hearing her speak just now immediately drew our attention.

"What did you say?" I asked her.

She looked at me and I could see she was working out something in her head.

"What if you were being blackmailed? Miss Charlotte mentioned that all the high-ranked wolves got their scents changed and everybody was attacking everybody. So, what if Alpha Elliot was in danger, and the only way to ensure his safety was to go along with your brother's plans?"

I was stunned; could that really happen? Could I go along with Scott's plans to protect Elliot?

"That's a possibility," Charlotte agreed.

"So, how do we stop him and prevent Elliot from getting hurt?" I asked, my voice rising.

"Protecting me isn't what I'm worried about," Elliot said, putting his hands on my shoulders. "My concern is protecting you and my pack."

"Then let protecting you be my concern," I said, looking back up at him. He sighed and I knew he wanted to argue more, but he didn't. I looked back at Charlotte and asked again, "What do I need to do?"