

Chapter 18

Silver

I spent the rest of the next day editing the painting. I didn't need Elliot with me to do the finishing touches though. I wasn't sure if I could handle being alone with him so soon after our heated passion early this morning. My cheeks flushed at the memories of his hands on me and his lips against mine.

I thought about that mysterious voice I heard in my sleep last night and I classified it as a dream. It was odd though; why would I hear the words, "Mark him,"? I wasn't even a wolf so marking Elliot would be impossible.

Why would I want to mark him anyway? This marriage was only a contract. He helped me get out of marrying Gavin and I helped him sleep at night. It's a marriage of convenience and nothing more. But then what was this morning about? Why had Elliot wanted to be inside of me and touch me so badly?

I shook the thought out of my mind and took a step back from the portrait, admiring my work. I painted Elliot in a black shirt, almost blending into the night, resembling a wolf that roams in the darkness. I made sure to keep Elliot's face out of the portrait for privacy reasons.

"You did well," Elliot's voice sounded behind me, making me turn to look at him.

"Thanks," I said, wrapping my arms around my body as I peeked up at him. "It's almost a shame to sell it. I think this is the best one yet."

"Then keep it."

I let out a low laugh.

"What would be the point of that? I painted this for the auction," I reminded him. "I'm calling it 'Nothing but Dangerous.'"

He cocked an eyebrow at me before looking back at the painting.

"Or how about you call it, 'Nothing but Love.'"

My heart swelled and my cheeks burned like they were on fire. Something stirred inside of me that I couldn't explain. It was how I would imagine a mate bond to feel, but that was impossible. I nodded in response.

"I like that."

The day of the auction arrived quickly, and I was beyond nervous. I wore a simple black dress and gave myself a French braid. I applied a little makeup before feeling satisfied with my appearance. Elliot was in the kitchen when I arrived and when he saw me, something flashed in his eyes that made my chest tighten.

Was it lust? Desires?

I cleared my throat.

"I'm about to leave for the auction," I told him. "Will you be joining me?"

"I have business affairs to take care of today," he informed me.

I tried to mask the disappointment I felt by plastering a smile on my lips.

"You should eat before you leave," Mariah said, handing me a plate of pancakes.

My stomach was in knots from the nerves, and I politely declined her offer.

"If I eat, I'll probably throw up," I admitted. "I'm so nervous."

"You're going to be great," Mariah assured me. "I saw your painting and it was incredible."

I blushed at the compliment.

I cleared my throat and pointed out the door.

"I should go," I said.

Elliot watched as I left.

Gamma Erik drove me to the auction and instead of waiting in the car, he went inside with me, probably fearing what would happen if something were to happen to me again.

I didn't need a babysitter, but I appreciated him watching out for me, especially because I knew Stella would be here.

Sure enough, not even 20 minutes into the auction Stella approached me with a couple of her friends by her side, including Lucas.

"I'm surprised you actually showed up to this event," Stella said, folding her arms across her chest. "Isn't this a little out of your league?"

"I heard she got rejected by every art gallery in the region," Lucas said with a smirk.

I pressed my lips together as I glared up at him.

"How's your wrist, Lucas?" I asked mockingly.

He scowled.

"You're lucky I don't press charges," he said in a growly tone.

Before I could respond, Stella interrupted by saying, "I've noticed you've been here for like 20 minutes and you haven't made any bids. Is it because you're too poor? I thought your new husband would have given you money by now, but it seems he doesn't really love you."

Stella gave me a fake pout as her friends laughed at my dispense.

"That's enough," Erik said, stepping beside me.

Stella raised her brows.

"What's this? You have another man by your side? Are you seriously that big of a whore that you are cheating on Alpha Elliot?" Stella asked. "That's low, Silver. Even for you."

I wasn't going to justify that with a response, I was nervous enough as it was. Without a word, I stepped around her and walked closer to the front of the auction just in time for the auctioneer to say, "The next painting we have is called 'Nothing but Love.' Painted by Silver Stormwind."

Everyone fell into hushed whispers as they presented my painting and then I heard audible gasps once it was revealed.

To my utter shock, someone started the bidding at a million dollars, and it kept going up from there. I didn't think I was worth that much; maybe a couple thousand. But millions?

Everybody rushed around me to get a closer look at the watercolors, and they eagerly continued to raise the bidding price. I honestly thought a fight was going to break out over the piece.