

Chapter 181

"Scott has a dagger in his house or layer. Wherever he's planning this stuff," she said, glancing at me. "That dagger is the Moon Dagger. It holds a moonstone and makes the dagger powerful. It can kill any creature easily. If you want to kill your brother, you need to use that dagger on him." "The Moon Dagger?" Emma gasped. "How did he get possession of that? The only one that I knew existed disappeared decades ago."

"My vision doesn't lie. He has the dagger," Charlotte confirmed. "But the thing is... not just anyone can use it on him. Only Silver can. It's something with her powers combined with his. If she wants to inherit his powers, she's going to need to be the one to stab him." My stomach tightened and I suddenly felt incredibly sick. Elliot tightened his hold around me, sensing my unease.

"And how am I supposed to get this dagger?" I asked, my voice coming out breathy. I had a feeling I already knew the answer to this question. But I needed her to confirm it first.

She glanced at me again and took another bite of her bacon before smirking.

"You need to go with him and pretend to help him. You need to get close to your brother," she answered.

I was afraid she was going to say that. It explained why Elliot wasn't too pleased with this plan of hers.

"There has to be another way," Rebecca said, shaking her head. "We can't just give him Silver."

"Well, if you have a better plan, I'd love to hear it," Charlotte said with a sneer.

"I'll find something else," Elliot said firmly.

If I don't do this... Elliot could end up putting himself in danger. I had a feeling my choices were starting right now, and it tipped either way depending on my current decision. I couldn't let Elliot or anyone else put themselves in danger. I needed to put an end to my brother before it began.

I pressed my lips together and stood to my feet.

"I'll do it," I said firmly. "I'll go with my brother, find the dagger, and then I'll end his miserable life before he hurts anyone."

They all stared at one another before looking at me, each of them silent.

"How do we know this isn't the outcome where she says yes to his plans and becomes evil with him?" Rebecca asked, folding her arms across her chest.

"Because in my vision, she wasn't faking it," Charlotte answered, rolling her eyes. "This would just be staged."

"But what if that jerk does something to her that makes her evil?" Rebecca countered.

"I have antidotes for everything pretty much," Charlotte shrugged. "I'm sure we can reverse whatever he does to her. But I really don't think he will do anything. I didn't get the impression she was under some kind of spell or drugged in my vision."

"It does seem dangerous though," Emma said softly. "Is it a chance we are willing to take? I mean, this is Silver's life we are talking about."

"I would risk my life if it meant saving everyone else," I said, looking around at my friends. "I'm the Luna; it's my job to protect everyone."

"There has to be another way," Elliot protested.

I shook my head and looked at him.

"There isn't," I said, putting my hands on his arms. "Let me do this for you and for this pack. Let me protect this pack, Elliot." "She's right," Charlotte said. "Let her do this, Elliot. I told you this was the best plan."

"If I lose her-"

"You won't," I said sharply. "I need you to trust me, not just as your wife, but as your Luna as well. Can you do that?" I asked him.

He looked at me for a long while and I could see the turmoil in his eyes before he finally relented and nodded. He pressed his forehead against mine.

"You better be right about this, Char," he murmured, loud enough for her to hear.

I kissed him before looking at Charlotte.

"When do we do this?" I asked.

"Elliot already mentioned that your brother came to you last night," she said, shrugging.

"Wait, what??" Rebecca said, glaring at me. "You didn't tell me that."

I shrugged.

"It's a long story," I admitted.

"So, he's probably already waiting for you. I would say go into the forest and wait for him to find you," she said.

I looked at Elliot who still seemed uncertain. But with a short head nod, I smiled.

"Okay, then let's do this."

We finished eating our lunch and then I said goodbye to Rebecca and Emma, telling them to remain safe and that if we needed them, we would reach out. Charlotte stayed behind and Elliot walked me to the border.

"Come back to me," he said to me as he wrapped me in his arms, holding me tightly against his chest and never wanting to let go. I felt the same way; I didn't want to let go of him either.

I kissed him deeply and smiled against his embrace.

"I will," I assured him.

After another long hug and kiss, we finally parted ways. I thanked the guards at the border before I descended into the forest.

It didn't take long to hear the twig snap behind me. I closed my eyes and braced myself from the impact.

It was showtime.

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"You don't need to knock me out," I said firmly as the footsteps closed in around me. "I'm here out of my own free will and I will go with you to see my brother."

"What made you change your mind?" A raspy voice asked from behind me.

I wrapped my arms around my body, appearing vulnerable.

"He's my brother," I said, turning around to face the few rogues that were surrounding me. I recognized a couple of them from when I was captured the first time. I glanced at them before staring at the one in front of me. From the way he was holding himself higher than the others, I assumed he was the leader of the bunch, so I focused most of my attention on him. "I want to at least hear him out."

The leader looked at me for a long while and then nodded.

"We can't let you know where we are stationed though," he said in a gruff tone.

I was expecting as much. One of the rogues stepped around him and I noticed he was holding a sack in his hands. Before I knew what was happening, he was throwing it on my head and tightening it so it wouldn't fall off. I was completely enclosed in the darkness that surrounded me and I gasped at the sudden shock of it.

Another rogue grabbed my arms and started to thrust me forward. I nearly stumbled over my feet as I continued to walk with the rogues through the forest. The entire walk was silent and I'm not sure how long we walked for. My feet were aching, and I definitely received some scratches and cuts along the way. His hands were tight around my wrists, and I just knew I would have some bruising. But he didn't seem to care. He continued to manhandle me until I could no longer walk.

I eventually fell to the hard ground with a thud, gasping for breath and begging to rest my aching feet.

"We only have a little while longer," the leader barked. "Keep walking."

I struggled to get back to my feet but once I did, I was once again trusted forward. After what felt like an eternity, we finally made it to the destination. The rogues greeted someone at the front entrance before shoving me through a door.

I was encased in silence before I was thrown into a room. I fell to the ground, letting out a whimper as I let out a loud whimper. The bag was ripped off my head and winced at the sudden motion.

"Wait here," the leader ordered just before he left the room, slamming the door behind him.

I sighed and took a look at my surroundings was in the same room they shoved me in before. This was the from where they took my memories. This was the room where my brother told me the reasoning behind him wanting my husband dead.

I wasn't sitting there alone for long because soon the door was opening and my brother walked into the room. He raised his brows at me.

"I had to see it to believe it. I couldn't believe when they told me my darling sister returned out of her own free will," he said, folding his arms across his chest. "What changed your mind." I pulled myself to my feet and narrowed my eyes at him.

"You are my brother, Scott. You have a good reason behind wanting Elliot and his family dead. I'm angry too because they took our parents from us. I suffered so much in this life. because of that family. They were the reason I had to live with that cruel Alpha and that awful sister. I would like to join you and take back my life."

I even sounded convincing to myself. I was proud of myself for performing so well; now I just had to hope that Scott believed every word I was saying.

He raised his brows at me and studied me for a long while before he finally spoke.

"I'm glad you came to your senses," he told me, holding out his hand for me to shake. "We are going to make the perfect team, Sis."

I smiled, hoping that it didn't feel too forced.

"You can count on that," I agreed.

"Come, let me give you a tour of the place," he said, motioning for me to step out of the room. I nodded and followed him out of the bedroom and into the hallway. I wasn't surprised to see that it was a basic house wasn't sure how many floors, but I knew we were on the first floor. There weren't many rooms on this floor, but he guided me around and we walked into the living room area where a few other rogues were occupying the space.

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As soon as we entered, they both stood to their feet quickly and bowed to my brother. I raised my brows, surprised by their level of respect. "Guys, I'd like you to meet my sister," he introduced. "These guys have been pretty much like my family since my mother died."

I gave him a sad nod and smiled at the rogues.

"It's nice to meet you. I'm Silver," I introduced myself.

They looked at me warily for a moment before one of them stepped forward.

"I'm Ronald," he said, bowing his head at me.

"And I'm Leroy," the other one said.

I looked around and noticed the one I considered the leader to be missing. "Doug is outside smoking," Leroy explained as if he could read my mind. I nodded thoughtfully.

"Come with me," Scott said, pulling my arm along with him. I followed him down a hallway until we reached a doorway. He opened the doorway, and I noticed it led down a dark stairwell. I hesitated before following him, not sure exactly where he was leading me. He noticed my hesitance and he smiled.

"It's okay. I won't hurt you," he assured me, motioning again for me to follow him.

I swallowed the lump in my throat and nodded at him as I followed him down the steps. As we reached the bottom, he turned on the light and I was amazed to see an open space that looked like it was used for magic. There were potions on shelves along the wall and a ton of books on shelves that made the space look almost like a library. There were comfortable couches and cushioned seats as well.

It made the area look like a lounge almost. I was impressed by the amount of effort it took to create such an area.

"Wow..." I said, amazed. "This place is incredible."

"This is where I practice my magic," he said with a shrug. "I recently created a potion that will put everyone under my control." My mouth dropped at his words.

"Put everyone under your control?" I asked him, dumbfounded.

He nodded; humor clear on his face.

"Yes, I'm going to change the scents of all the higher-ranked wolves and then I'm going to force everyone else to fight them, he said, a sickening smile spread across his thin lips. "Once they are all fighting, it'll be the distraction I need to kill Elliot and his sister once and for all. Plus, as an

added bonus, I'll be able to take over everyone's packs once the Alpha's are dead. Of course, I'll need your help ruling over the werewolf community," he added that last part with a wink and I felt my stomach twist.

I kept the disgust off my face though and swallowed down the bile that rose in my throat.

"You're still with me, aren't you?" He asked, staring at me with a questionable look. I blinked a few times and smiled.

"Yes, of course," I said, trying to sound convincing.

"Good," he said with a widening smile. "Because in order for this potion to work. I need your blood."

"You need my blood?" I asked, my brows raised.

He nodded.

"I needed my blood as well, but to complete the spell, I also need your blood. I'm distributing it like a curse. Nobody will ever see it coming," he said, laughing like it was the funniest thing he had ever said.

"And when exactly are you going to do this?" I asked him.

"Tomorrow night. It's the full moon," he told me. "Everything will be stronger tomorrow."

My heart dropped into my stomach; tomorrow was a full moon? That meant I was going to turn into a monster. I suddenly felt nervous and jittery.

"This time tomorrow; we are going to rule everything," he said with a broad smile. "And you will have everything you deserve."

"I see," I said, staring at the mess of potions on the counter.

He put his hand on my shoulder as if

he was trying to reassure me but then his eyes spotted something that made his eyes darken and the look of fury rose on his face as he glared at me.

"What the fuck is that?" He asked through his teeth.

Confused, I asked, "What?"

"On your neck," he hissed.

Instinctly, I reached my head up and touched my neck, and then I froze. Why hadn't I thought about covering this up? What was wrong with me? "You let that murdering asshole mark you??"

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I instinctively reached up and touched the mark on my neck. I hadn't thought about covering it up, but at that moment, I regretted that decision. I bit my lower lip and glanced at the ground. I could feel Scott's eyes on me and my cheeks burned as I thought about what to say.

"Yeah," I murmured. "It wasn't in my control."

His brows furrowed as he continued to burn his eyes into my face.

"What do you mean it wasn't in your control?" He asked, folding his arms across his chest.

"He marked me without getting my permission," I told him, shrugging casually. "It's okay though..." I tried to add.

He scoffed and shook his head as he took me in.

"No, it's not okay, Silver. This is exactly why that asshole needs to die. Someone like him and his father don't deserve to live and by tomorrow night, his family will no longer exist."

I had to swallow the bile that rose in my throat upon hearing his words. I was starting to feel sick to my stomach. I glanced at the ground again and nodded my head. I knew that being here and pretending to be a part of Scott's circle was going to be major turmoil for me. But I still did it because my pack needs me; my mate needs me.

Scott grabbed my arm and pulled me into his arms, holding me tightly and rubbing my back soothingly. I knew he was trying to act like a big brother, but I just felt uncomfortable being this close to him. However, I remained still, not wanting to give him any reason to be suspicious of me.

"He will never hurt you again, Silver. You have my word. I will do everything I can to protect you. He won't take anyone else in my life. That's a promise."

My entire body felt numb, and I wasn't sure what to say in response, so I only nodded. He released me and looked at my face, giving me a broad smile.

"Come on, we should have dinner and then we can prepare for tomorrow," he told me, pulling me along with him.

We walked past the front room and the stairs that led upstairs. I glanced up at the stairway as we walked; there were no lights on, and I couldn't help but wonder what was on the second floor. Perhaps it was his office?

Is that where the dagger would be? I needed to find that dagger if I was to defeat him once and for all. I'd like stab him with it before he does something harmful to those I love. The thought of anything happening to Elliot left an unsettled feeling in the pit of my stomach.

As we reached the kitchen, there were a few others piling food on their plates before leaving the room. Some of them spared me quick glances, but none of them said anything to me. I wondered what they were thinking.

I felt a bit out of place and uncomfortable. They were all rogues, and had never been around this many of them before. I've only heard bad things about rogues; was always told they were not the ones I should ever be around. Now, I stood in a kitchen full of them and I wasn't really sure what to do about that.

My own brother was one of them for crying out loud.

"The food smells good," Scott said to one of the cooks who gave him a polite smile.

"It's your favorite," she told him, "Chicken pot pie."

My stomach growled at the mention of food. I wasn't sure when I last ate and all I wanted right now was to dig my teeth into some of the pot pie.

I grabbed a plate and helped myself to some of the food. I waited for Scott to grab some food as well and then we walked together into the front living room, where it was mainly empty. A couple of the rogues were just leaving as we entered. I sat at one of the tables on the far side of the room and Scott joined me.

"Whenever we accomplish our mission tomorrow night, you can choose whatever pack you want to take over. You also have the say on what we do with your 'father'," Scott said as he took a bite of his food.

I thought about my dad and how cruel he's been to me my entire life. He grew even crueler when I turned 18 and failed to shift for the first time.

I grabbed my fork and stabbed a piece of chicken; I didn't respond to him as I placed the chicken on my tongue and slowly chewed. The flavors burst in my mouth, and I could taste every piece of seasoning placed in the pie. I couldn't help the moan that escaped my lips.

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This food was so good.

I closed my eyes and continued to eat, letting the flavors dance off my taste buds.

"Do you enjoy chicken pot pie?" Scott asked curiously.

I could tell he was trying to get to know me.

I nodded and cleared my throat as I swallowed the food.

"Yes," I answered. "It's always been a favorite dish of mine."

"Mine too!" He nearly shouted. "I guess we have some stuff in common."

I nodded and forced a smile as I took another bite of the pie.

"So, what exactly is the plan for tomorrow?" I asked him, needing to know for certain what he was actually planning to do.

He looked up at me and assessed my face for a moment; I tried to keep it as neutral as possible.

"We have to wait until midnight," he explained. "That's when the full moon rises to the highest point in the sky. That's also when we are the strongest. I have a spell that'll help us expand our abilities to every pack and cause all the wolves to go mad. We'll be able to change the scents of every high-ranking wolf. They'll be fighting each other in no time."

He laughed as he said that last part, giving me a nasty feeling in the pit of my stomach. I swallowed the vomit that desperately wanted to spill out of my mouth. I grabbed a glass of water and took a long sip of it. As I put it down, I took a deep breath and leaned back in my seat. "And what about Elliot?"

He scoffed at the mention of Elliot as he took another large bite of his food. He chewed thoughtfully for a long while before setting his fork down and wiping the corner of his lips with a napkin.

"Elliot is mine," he said, his tone dark and unfamiliar.

I looked up at him, confused.

"What?" I asked.

"He took so much from me, and I won't allow him to take any more. I promised my mother I would avenge her death and that's exactly what I'm going to do. With everyone preoccupied with fighting each other, they won't even notice me killing their precious Alpha."

"And do you think Elliot won't try to fight you?" I asked, raising my brows.

Elliot was incredibly strong, and I doubted someone like Scott could defeat him, even if Elliot didn't have a backup.

Scott laughed, sending a chill down my spine.

"I have a secret weapon that'll get rid of him quickly," Scott murmured. "All it'll take is a scratch."

My heart fell deep into my stomach; was he talking about the same dagger that I came here to find?

"Does that upset you?" He asked, putting his hands on the table. "Are you capable of truly helping me, Silver? Or are you playing games?"

My eyes widened; I couldn't let him be onto me. At least not yet.

"No, of course not," I said quickly.

"Trust me, Scott. I want to avenge for both our parents and reclaim my life. I'm proud to be standing by your side while we restore what was rightfully ours to begin with.

He smiled, but it didn't reach his eyes.

"Perfect," he said, reaching over and touching my arm gently. "That's what I like to hear. We are going to be a great team."

I nodded, but then another thought occurred to me.

"Tomorrow night, I might not be myself," I admitted.

He furrowed his brows.

"What are you talking about?"

"I can't control my powers, Scott. The night of the full moon, at midnight, I will be hardly coherent. I'm not sure how much help I'll be." His smile widened.

"You don't even need to be awake for tomorrow," he told me. "All that matters is that you're by my side. The rest is just details. Don't worry about a thing. I'll be there every step of the way. The question is... will you be there, Silver?"

I stared at him for a long while, the hopefulness and joy on his face made my heart squeeze. He was formed and developed to be this way. He wasn't born a monster but somewhere along the way, he turned into one.

I felt sick pretending to be on his side, but I had to do this. I needed to find that dagger so I could put an end to him once and for all.

I smiled at him and resumed eating my chicken pot pie.

"Yes," I answered. "I'll be there."