

Chapter 186

Silver

I wished I could contact Elliot and let him know of Scott's plans for tomorrow. Elliot and the others had a pretty good idea about what was going on, but I don't think they understood the extent of it. The battle between packs was only meant to be a distraction; the real danger was Scott and that dagger. He was planning on using it against Elliot.

This meant that getting my hands on that dagger was going to be harder than I thought. There was no way he would allow it to be unoccupied for long, which meant I would need to figure something out.

"I'm going to head to bed," Scott said as he stretched. He stood up from the couch and yawned in the process.

We spent some time getting to know one another. He told me of his adventures growing up with his adoptive mother and how he came to know that he had a sister out there. When he found out the truth about where we came from and the prophecy, he just knew I wasn't dead.

Once he discovered that I was alive and where I was, he spent a long time studying and watching me. I had to admit, I felt creeped out after knowing that fact. But I kept a plastered smile on my face and acted as if it didn't bother me. I had to pretend I was still on his side no matter what.

I didn't have to tell him anything about my life because he seemed to already know, which wasn't surprising considering he'd been watching me.

I internally grimaced.

"I have to get up early to get the ingredients for the spell tomorrow night," he continued. "Will you be okay by yourself?"

I nodded and smiled up at him.

"Yes, brother," I told him, trying to appear playful, like a sister should be. "I'll probably head to bed soon too."

Scott walked over to me, and I froze as his arms came around me and he hugged me tightly.

"I'm glad to have you in my life, sis," he murmured. "This is going to be good in the long run. You'll see."

I nodded, biting my lower lip.

"I believe you," I told him.

He smiled and then left the room without any further words. I stood to my feet and stretched as well; I was pretty beaten after the day I had, but I really wanted to find the dagger that he was planning on using against Elliot tomorrow. I knew I wasn't going to be able to sleep until that dagger was found and used on Scott. I needed to stop Scott even if it was the last thing that I did.

I was about to leave the living room when I heard a grave voice from nearby.

"Where exactly do you think are going?"

I whipped around to see one of the rogues standing by the kitchen, his eyes were yellow and turned into slits. I stepped away from him, unsure of what he was going to do if I were to get too close.

"I was just going to bed," I lied.

He sneered at me.

"I don't know who you think you are fooling, but it ain't me," he hissed, his eyes narrowed in my direction. "I know you did not switch sides so easily."

"And how do you know that exactly?" I asked.

"Little Miss Perfect Silver with the rich husband?" He cackled. "Switching sides for a bunch of rogues. I ain't stupid."

I folded my arms across my chest and furrowed my brow at him.

"I didn't switch sides for a bunch of rogues. I switched sides for my brother," told him firmly. "I understand better than anyone why my brother is so upset with Elliot and his family. I'm here to help him take back what was ours and avenge our family."

This made the rogue laugh even harder; his laugh was like nails on a chalkboard and made me flinch. It sounded forced and strained like he had never laughed a day in his life before and he wasn't sure how it was supposed to sound.

"You might have Scott fooled, but I'll be keeping an eye on you, Silver. You aren't as clever as you think you are," he growled in a low and threatening tone.

He didn't stick around to say anything more, he brushed past me, nearly shoving me into the wall as he walked by me and left the living room.

I stood in the middle of the living room, confused as to what the hell just happened.

I had a feeling he wasn't the only rogue that was going to be keeping an eye on me; this only made my job that much harder.

I sucked in a sharp breath and went towards the room they assigned as mine; the same room they had kept me prisoner in a few days ago. I still felt like a prisoner even though I had free range to the house.

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My nerves were getting the best of me, and I knew I wasn't going to be able to sleep tonight. I wondered if Elliot was sleeping right now; I wondered if he was thinking about me at all. I'm sure he was... I hoped he knew that I was doing everything I could to save him. His life was in danger, and I hated that I was so far away from him.

As the hours ticked by and the house grew deadly silent, I knew this was my chance to explore some other areas of the house. I wanted to find Scott's office and search around to see if maybe he was hiding the dagger in there.

I climbed out of bed and made my way out of the room, opening the door slowly so I wouldn't alert anyone that I was leaving my room. I could hardly hear anything in any of the rooms, which meant they had to have been sleeping. I wondered how many rooms were occupied and how many contained sleeping rogues. How many rogues were in each room?

I swallowed the lump in my throat and continued down the hallway. I found the stairway that led to the second floor; it was incredibly dark up there, but I always had good eyesight, so I was able to navigate my way up the stairs easily.

I wasn't sure where to even begin on finding his office. I didn't want to accidentally stumble upon someone else's bedroom. I wasn't sure how I'd be able to explain myself in that case. I started by pressing my ear to each door, trying to find any signs of life.

I could hear light breathing in one of the rooms and I figured someone was sleeping in there. I moved onto the next door, trying to be as quiet as humanly possible. There was snoring coming from that door.

Letting out the breath I had been holding, I moved on to the next door. I could hear some light talking and I realized I recognized my brother's voice. This was his bedroom? Was he awake? Upon hearing some more of his incoherent words, I realized he was sleep-talking.

I walked to the end of the hall and pressed my ear to the door. I waited with bated breath, trying to listen for any signs of anybody, but there was nothing but silence. I reached for the doorknob and turned it; the door was unlocked.

As soon as I opened the door, I saw a desk on the far side of the room along with some other office-type furniture. This had to be Scott's office.

Relieved that I finally made it to my destination, I slipped inside and quietly closed the door behind me. I didn't bother turning on the light; if anyone walked out of their bedrooms and saw the light on, they would come and investigate. I was good at seeing in the dark, so I navigated through the room with ease. I opened each drawer, but I came up blank.

Aggravated, I walked over to the closet and opened the doors. I froze when I saw a safe attached to the wall.

That had to be where Scott was keeping the dagger!

Excitement filled me; now I just needed to figure out the passcode. I spoke to Scott a lot today and found out different things. Like the day his adopted mother died.

I tried that first and it beeped at the failed attempt. I sighed and tried our combined birthday. It beeped again as it failed.

I thought even harder, wondering how many tries this safe would allow me to have before it locked me out for good. I had to make this next try

count because I couldn't risk Scott being alerted that someone was trying to break into the safe.

I typed in the date of our birth parent's death; to my delight, it dinged, and I heard it unlatching.

I nearly squealed with excitement as I swung the door open only to find that the safe was completely empty.

My entire heart fell deep into my stomach.

"Looking for this?" I heard a voice say from behind me.

I whipped around, shocked to find Scott standing at the doorway, holding the very dagger I was looking for. I felt complete defeated.

Beside him was the rogue who practically threatened me earlier; humor danced in his eyes as he folded his arms across his chest.

"I told you she was up to no good," he murmured. "She was never on our side, and she never will be."

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"You've been lying to me??" Scott asked, a flash of hurt in his eyes.

I stood frozen; I had been caught trying to take the dagger from the safe. I should have known that Rogue would have been watching me all night. I was stupid to think he, like the others, had fallen asleep. He had a smug look on his face and a smirk on his lips. Scott's brows were tilted downward, and he looked utterly crushed that his own sister would betray him like this.

The dagger was held firmly in his hands. I could tell the handle had various different gemstones on it but the largest one in the center was multiple colors of purple and blue. It was gorgeous. I knew from different books that it was the moonstone.

It was the most powerful dagger in the world, and it could kill any creature with just a scratch. He was planning on using it on Elliot. My stomach twisted at the very thought. I needed to get that dagger before it was too late; I couldn't allow Elliot to die. "Do you have anything to say for yourself, Silver?" Scott asked, his brows furrowing. "I thought we were in this together? I thought you wanted to see a better world where we are in control? How could you betray me like this?"

I swallowed the lump in my throat.

"I love him, Scott," I whispered, deciding just to be honest. There was no use in lying to him; he wouldn't believe me anyway. "He's, my husband. I don't want him to die. I thought I'd take the dagger and hide it so you can't use it on him." I also decided not to tell him that I was planning on killing him. That definitely wouldn't look good.

"That was the whole point in all of this, Silver!" Scott shouted. "What Elliot and his family did was wrong, and they need to pay the cost of it all!"

"Elliot was only a boy at the time, Scott. He didn't do anything wrong!" I found myself shouting back.

Scott's eyes grew large at my words as if he just figured something out.

"You never came here to help me," he said, his voice low and threatening. "You came here to stop me. Maybe even kill me yourself. Is that the truth?"

"I told you she was up to no good," the rogue muttered. "I didn't trust her from the beginning and I'm never going to trust her now." He folded his arms across his chest and glared at me.

I wasn't sure what to say, so I remained silent. I feel as if denying the claims would just make things worse for me. I lowered my gaze and bit my lip, hating that I was stupid enough to get caught. I only had one mission, and I completely failed it. Now Elliot was more in danger than ever and there was nothing I could do about it.

"Take her into her room and cuff her to the bed so she doesn't escape," Scott said through his teeth.

His eyes had gone dark and there were no longer any emotions on his face. My entire heart fell into my stomach.

The rogue was so fast, I didn't even see him approaching. The next thing I knew, he was grabbing my arm and squeezing it so tightly that I let out a whimper and fell to my knees. He twisted my arm behind my back like he was some kind of cop and forced me to my feet so I could walk.

"Ouch," I whimpered, trying to break free from his tight hold.

"Shut up traitor," he hissed, kicking me in the back. I heard a crack, and I howled in pain.

Scott just stared at me with zero emotions in his eyes and I hated not knowing what he was thinking. I knew he was pissed though, and I was surely going to pay the cost, maybe even with my life.

The rogue pushed me out of the room, and I struggled to keep walking with the amount of pain I was suddenly in. He did something to my pack and now it was hurting like crazing. We made our way down the stairs, Scott following behind us. Other rogues had poked their heads out of their rooms. I wondered if any of them were sleeping at all, or if they were just acting like they were sleeping so they could catch me.

Shame washed over my face, and I couldn't look at any of them. I wasn't ashamed of betraying them because they were aiming to hurt and kill those I cared about and I was ashamed that I was naive and stupid enough to think that they left me alone without watching me. I was ashamed that I failed my mission and let my pack down. I was ashamed that I let Elliot down.

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I was pushed into the bedroom and then I felt a cold, silver, handcuff wrap around my wrist. I winced at the burning sensation because silver still hurt even though I didn't have a wolf. He latched the other end of the handcuff on the bedpost, forcing me to stick to the bed. "Please don't do this," I pleaded, tears burning in my eyes.

"You should have thought about that before you betrayed me," Scott said, shaking his head with disgust on his face. He turned to the rogue. "Leave us."

The rogue nodded and gave me one last hateful look before dispersing from the room and shutting the door behind him. Scott stared at me, his eyes still dark and his mouth still sealed. I hated not knowing what was going on in his mind. I knew he wasn't going to kill me right now because he needed me in order for tomorrow to be successful. He needed my power. So, what was he planning on doing with me?

"We could have had a good thing," he murmured, shaking his head at me. "We could have been a team and yet you decided to go against me."

"I'm sorry," I whispered, staring at the ground, my cheeks burning.

"Are you sorry for betraying me, or sorry that you got caught?" He asked, his words coming out bitter.

When I didn't reply, he scoffed.

"That's what I thought," he muttered. "It's because of that damn mark on your neck. Once your precious husband is dead, your mark will disappear, and you can find a new and better husband. You don't need him, Silver. When will you get that through your head? He killed our parents!"

"His father killed our parents," I retorted sharply. "And you already killed him. Elliot was only a boy at the time, Scott. He did nothing wrong."

Scott rolled his eyes.

"The apple doesn't fall far from the tree," he muttered.

"But sometimes it can roll away," I said without hesitation.

He shook his head and stared at me like I had just grown another head.

"I'm disappointed in you, Silver. Our parents would be disappointed too. We are after revenge for them. We are taking back what should be ours."

"Our father was the Beta; we would have never had leadership over these packs," I told him.

He let out a dry laugh.

"Our father would have wanted so much for us... including leadership of all these packs."

"You don't know that..."

"Elliot and his family destroyed our lives; the least we deserve is leadership!" He growled, his eyes blazing yellow as his wolf surged forward.

I flinched and clamped my mouth shut, not wanting to say anything that would set him off.

He sighed and ran his fingers through his hair.

"Get some rest because tomorrow is going to be a long day for you," he muttered just before he left the room, slamming the door shut in the process.

I let out a breath I hadn't known I was holding until just now. My entire body shuddered against the bed.

The way my arm was twisted and the position it was handcuffed in, I doubted I'd be able to find a comfortable spot on the bed, but I tried.

I was too far away from Elliot to mind link him and tell him that not only was he in danger, but so was I.

I just hoped that he knew to be careful tomorrow.

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Elliot

Something was wrong. I could feel it. Silver went from feeling upset to feeling nothing at all. I couldn't channel her emotions and because she was too far away, I couldn't mind link her to find out what exactly was wrong.

I spent the entire night trying to sleep, but I only tossed and turned.

"You look like you haven't slept," Charlotte said as soon as I walked into the kitchen.

"I haven't," I murmured. "I can't help but think something happened with Silver last night. I think she might be in trouble."

She frowned and I could tell there was something she wasn't saying.

"Did you have a vision?" I asked her.

She bit her lip and refused to look me in the eyes.

"Char?" I urged. "Tell me what you saw."

She sighed and then finally looked up to meet my eyes.

"You died," she whispered. "I saw you dying Scott is going to use the dagger on you, and you aren't going to make it, Elliot. I'm not sure what happened last night... but whatever it was... it cost you your life."

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It was a sleepless night, and I spent most of the day isolated in the bedroom while my brother did Goddess knows what. My nerves were on high alert. One rogue came into my room at some point during the day to give me some food, but I refused to eat it. I didn't trust anything they gave me. She told me that Scott wanted me to have my strength for later that evening because I would need it, but I told her I wouldn't consume anything they gave me.

Scott came to see me later in the afternoon and he had a smug look on his face.

"My spell is complete and now I just need to cast it," he told me, folding his arms across his chest as he leaned against the doorframe. "We are going to your darling husband's pack in a couple of hours. It'll be the last time you ever see him alive."

My heart fell deep into my stomach. I wasn't sure what to say, so I chose not to say anything for right now. I let my eyes fall to the ground, not able to look him in the eyes. He smirked, taking my silence as a win.

"You should eat something, you'll need your strength," he told me, pushing off the doorframe.

I shook anything.

"I don't trust you," I murmured. "I won't consume anything given to me here."

"You ate when you first got here," he said, folding his arms across his chest.

"Because you didn't want to hurt me when I first got here. Now that I'm a traitor, I'm not sure what you'll do to me."

He scoffed at my words.

"We need you alive for this plan to come together. I need your powers, so we aren't going to hurt you until we need to."

I shuddered at his words, "until we need to."

My chest tightened; I couldn't lift my gaze to look at him. I refused to let him see me break.

He smirked as he stepped through the door to leave the room.

"Suit yourself," he murmured. "I'll see you later tonight."

Without another word, he closed the door, leaving me alone with my thoughts. I finally allowed the tears that I'd been holding in to fall out of my eyes and roll down my cheeks. Elliot... please... keep yourself safe because I am unable to keep you safe.

At some point, I must have fallen asleep. It was either because I was growing weak, and depressed, or maybe I was just exhausted after spending the entire night in panic mode. But I woke up when I felt my hand falling to my side. The silver cuff was still wrapped around my wrist, but it was no longer attached to the bedpost. There were a couple of rogues standing around me, making sure I didn't go anywhere.

I jumped at the sight of them; one of them was the rogue from last night who brought Scott to me. He had glimmer of humor in his eyes as he grabbed me and pulled me out of the bed. My entire body ached from sitting in the same position the entire night.

Once I got to my feet, they started to push me towards the door. None of them said anything and that made me even more nervous.

"W...what are you doing?" I stammered. I was trying to see if I could find a clock, but there were none. Based on the window, it was dark outside,

so I knew it was probably almost time for the takeover. My heart hammered wildly in my chest.

When we walked around the corner, Scott was waiting at the doorway with a wide smile on his face.

"Get her in the car," he said, motioning for the car sitting out front. It wasn't there earlier, and I wondered where it came from.

"Right away, Boss," one of the rogues said as they continued to push me through the door.

"You'll never get away with this," I said through my teeth as I passed my brother.

His smile widened.

"That's where you are wrong, Silver. Because I already got away with it," he laughed humorlessly.

I swallowed the lump that formed in my throat and went with the rogues to the car. They shoved me into the backseat and one of them got into the driver's seat. Scott slid into the passenger's seat and two more rogues sat on either side of me.

"The others will meet us there," Scott announced as we drove away from the rundown shack of a home. This was the first time I had seen it from the outside. We were in the middle of a forest and based on the rancid scent, we were in rogue territory. That wasn't surprising though; my brother was pretty much the rogue king at this point. They all respected and trusted him. It gave me a sickening feeling in the pit of my stomach.