

Chapter 19

Silver

My heart was racing as the price continued to increase.

I glanced over my shoulder at Stella and her friends who were gawking at the frenzy in front of them. Stella was red in the face and furious, but her mouth was hung open in shock. I turned back to the bid just as the auctioneer was speaking to another employee.

He then turned his attention to the bidders.

"Our VIP Anonymous buyer just called and purchased this piece for the high price of 50 million dollars. He's asked for us to continue raising the price, if necessary," the auctioneer announced.

I gasped at the sound of that, and I covered my mouth to stifle an alarmed scream. Disappointed murmurs erupted around the room.

Excitement slammed into me; I didn't even stop to wonder who this VIP was.

Elliot's POV

"Nothing But Love' will be delivered to your office this evening," Leo said, stepping into my office.

I nodded, not taking my eyes off my computer. I was watching the security tape of the auction, feeling satisfied that Silver was getting the recognition she deserved. I was also glad that Erik was there with her to keep her safe and was able to stop Stella and her friends from doing anything stupid.

"May I ask why you'd want to purchase a portrait of yourself?" Leo then asked.

I looked up at him.

"I don't like the idea of someone else having a portrait of me in their home. Even if my face isn't revealed."

"And because she was reluctant to sell it," my wolf, Atlas, reminded me.

I ignored him.

Leo was quiet for a moment before he said, "You should know... I found something out about Silver's birth—"

My phone rang, stopping his words. When I looked at the screen, Silver's name flashed across and my wolf stirred with contentment.

"Hello," I said into the phone.

"Elliot?" Silver asked. "Something incredible happened! My painting was purchased for 50 million dollars! I can't believe this!!"

She sounded happy and that resonated deeply with me.

I smiled.

"Congratulations," I said. "We should celebrate with dinner later. I'll have Mariah prepare your favorite meal."

I hung up the phone shortly after the conversation and looked back at Leo who shifted awkwardly.

"Was there something you needed to say? I need to get home and speak with Mariah about meal preparations this evening," I said, standing on my feet.

Leo shook his head.

"It can wait. I'll do more research, so I have all the details ready for you," he answered.

I nodded.

"Keep me posted."

Without another word, I left the packhouse and went straight home. Thankfully, I got there before Mariah started dinner.

"Do you happen to know what Silver enjoys eating the most?" I asked, sitting on the barstool.

"I believe her favorite meal is lasagna, sir," Mariah answered. "Shall I prepare that this evening?" "Yes, and get the best wine as well," I ordered.

She looked at one of her workers and they nodded as they went to fetch the wine in the cellar.

As one of my maids walked by, I stopped her in her tracks.

"Prepare the dining room for a romantic dinner for this evening," I ordered.

"Yes, Alpha," she said before scurrying away.

I texted Leo to pick up some new watercolors; the rarest and best colors he could find.

I heard some light giggling coming from the front parlor and when I went to see who was making the sound, I froze when I saw a couple of my maids staring at their phones with wide eyes.

"I don't pay you to be on your phones," I said coldly, making them freeze.

Their faces flushed.

"Sorry, Alpha. But the Luna is all over the news," one of them informed me, showing me her phone. Sure enough, Silver's face appeared on the screen along with the picture she painted of me. "Everybody is in awe of her work and is wondering who this mysterious model is."

"It's too bad his face was cut off," the other one said. "He's such a sexy and captivating model with an aggressive allure."

"That's enough," I snapped. "Get back to work."

They shuffled away without saying another word.

Not before long, Silver was rushing into the mansion, and she looked panicked.

"I'm so sorry," she breathed. "The painting blew up and it's all over the news. But your face isn't in it, so nobody knows it's you."

"It's fine; this internet changes rapidly and this will soon pass," I assured her.

She looked relieved by my words.

"I've had a lot of offers after the auction. Everybody wants me to paint them a picture using the same model," she told me. "But I declined them."

I raised my eyebrow at her, feeling amused by this, I stifled a smirk.

"Why would you refuse? I'm sure they are offering a fair wage for your work."

She blushed and then nodded.

"Yes, but you are my exclusive model. I don't know how I feel about every female in the area having a painting of you. Even if they are paying me," she admitted, biting her lower lip as if that was something she should be ashamed of.

I felt warmth spread in my chest and Atlas practically purred with satisfaction.

"Well, it is my pleasure," I told her, meeting her eyes.

A small smile formed on her lips as she visibly relaxed and then I bent and kissed, wanting to taste her lips once again.

Feeling her against me was nice.

Could I possibly like her more than I realized?