

Chapter 31

Silver

While I was in the bathroom, I grabbed my cell phone from my purse and saw I had a missed text from Rebecca.

Rebecca: Good luck tonight! Remember to breathe. You got this!

I smiled through my tears at the thoughtfulness of my best friend. Rebecca wasn't a part of this pack, so she didn't come to the gathering. She actually worked as my father's assistant and often handled Stormwind pack affairs, which was how she met Elliot briefly that one time. Though she said he was so intimidating she could hardly look at his face.

I thought about texting her back and asking her to pick me up, but soon I would be transformed, and I couldn't let her seem like a monster.

Once the tears stopped flowing, I left the stall and went to the sink. I sighed when I saw that I was a mess. I spent time cleaning the makeup smears off my face; thankfully I brought some makeup with me in my handbag and was able to reapply it, so it no longer looked as if I had been crying.

Just as I finished with the last of my makeup, the bathroom door opened, and I froze when I saw Shirly nearing me with a smirk on her lips.

Shirly walked casually over to the mirror beside mine and took out some lipstick from her purse. As she applied it, I tried hard not to look at her as I finished cleaning up my mess.

"I'm not sure who you are trying to fool," Shirley said, glancing at me through the mirror. "You can put on a fancy dress and wear a little makeup, but you're still the same wolfless girl underneath the surface. It's pathetic that you are pretending to be someone you are not."

"I've never pretended to be anyone," I said quickly.

She froze and turned to look at me.

"Someone like you is not worthy of being married to the strongest Alpha in the world. What makes you so special? You don't even have a wolf. You can't be a true Luna. A Luna must be strong enough to protect her pack and support her Alpha. You can't protect this pack or support Elliot without a wolf."

"Elliot knew before he married me that I don't have a wolf and he didn't mind," I retorted, closing my handbag as I shoved the last of my makeup inside.

"You have played some trick on him in order to get him to agree to marry you, then," she scoffed. "The Elliot I knew would never settle for someone like you."

"Then perhaps you don't know him as well as you thought you did," I shot back.

I wasn't sure where this surge of confidence was coming from, but I was feeling irritated, and I just wanted this conversation to be over. I started to walk around her, but she grabbed my arm, halting me. She spun me around forcibly to look at her.

"I am the Alpha of the Darkwood pack and like Elliot, I'm incredibly powerful. He deserves someone as powerful as me. Everybody knows we were meant to be together and at the end of the day, Elliot knows it too. I'm the only one worthy of him. You should get used to being chosen last. He will always belong to me."

Her words were like a slap in the face. I pulled my arm away from her, feeling scorched. Shirley was right; between a non-wolf and an Alpha, everybody in the pack knew the choice Elliot should make was obvious. I wasn't worthy of him, and I was stupid to have fooled myself into thinking I was.

"Let me ask you something, Silver," Shirley said, folding her arms across her busty chest. "Why hasn't Elliot marked you yet?"

My lips thinned.

"He has," I lied quickly. "It's just under my clothes and can't easily be seen."

I'm not sure why I lied, but I didn't want to give her any more power over me. With those words left in the air, I quickly turned and left the bathroom.

I froze when I saw Elliot walking around the packhouse, looking in all sorts of directions like he was looking for something... or someone.

He stopped a maid who was walking by and asked, "Have you seen Silver?"

My heart swelled slightly.

He was looking for me!

I began to walk towards him, but a flash of red swirled in my vision as it engulfed Elliot. I gasped as I felt the familiar presence of a headache.

Oh no!

It was almost midnight!!

Chapter 32

Just as I asked the maid if she had seen Silver, I felt her presence nearby. My eyes shot in the direction of the bathrooms, and I saw Silver staring at me with wide eyes. Then, she turned to leave only to run into Shirly who was exiting the bathroom behind her.

Silver froze momentarily as she looked up at Shirly and then she turned in the opposite direction and ran from the room.

I furrowed my brows together.

What was Shirly doing in the bathroom with Silver? Had she said something.

Ignoring Shirly's piercing stares, I chased after Silver, running through the packhouse and trying to get a glimpse of her but there was no trace of her to be found.

She was fast.

"Silver!" I called out, hoping she would respond, but I was met with only silence.

I followed her lingering scent and made my way out the front of the packhouse; I stepped onto the front porch, staring off into the dark abyss, and called her name once more, but once again, I was met with only silence.

"Is everything okay, Alpha?" I heard Leo behind me.

I turned to look at him.

"I have you seen where Silver went?" I asked him.

He furrowed his brows together.

"She left? In the middle of the event?" Leo asked, staring off into the distance. "I didn't see."

I let out a low growl that emerged from deep in my throat.

"I need you to find out where she has gone," I ordered my Beta.

Leo nodded.

"Yes, sir," he said, and he left to do just that.

As the Alpha, I couldn't just leave the event. Irritation and restlessness rose deep within me as I walked back inside. I thought about Silver's recent behavior leading up to this gathering. She was reluctant to even come tonight. She tried everything in her power to get out of this event, but I wouldn't let her.

I should have known she would have tried to leave early.

Atlas stirred uncomfortably inside of me, not liking the fact that Silver was out of our sight. I didn't like his apprehension over the ordeal, reminding him that Silver was just our contract wife and nothing more. "Then why can't you keep your hands off her?" Atlas asked in return.

I ignored him only to run into Shirly who seemed to be looking for me.

"Oh, there you are, Elliot. Did I just miss Silver? Had she left?" Shirly asked, looking over my shoulder at the front door.

"She wasn't feeling well," I told her, not wanting to discuss my wife with another woman, even if she was a long-time friend and ally to my pack.

"Ah that's too bad," Shirly said, pouting. But her pout was soon replaced with a smile as she draped an arm through mine and walked with me back to the party on the back patio. "We hardly had any time to catch up. I wanted to tell you that during my travels I discovered there had been minor wars between a few packs all hoping for your support."

Just as we stepped outside, my eyes found Gavin who was speaking with a couple of his friends. Their words drowned out anything Shirly was saying.

"Just saw your girlfriend running out of the packhouse like she was on fire," one of his friends laughed. "What did you do this time, Gavin?"

Gavin opened his mouth to respond and then his eyes flashed to me, and they widened.

"She's not my girlfriend," Gavin quickly said. "She's, my aunt."

"Elliot?" Shirly said, shaking my arm gently to bring my attention back to her. I realized she had been talking and I hadn't heard a word she said.

"Sorry, Shirly. Can you excuse me for a minute?" I asked.

I didn't wait for her to respond. I quickly walked over to Gavin who was still in the middle of his conversation. I grabbed his arm and yanked him away from his friends. His friends scattered out of fear. He followed me and I could practically feel his anxieties.

"I swear, I wasn't telling them she was my girlfriend, Uncle!" He tried to explain.

"Never mind that," I said, waving off his concerns. "Has Silver ever exhibited any strange behaviors? Specifically on the night of the full moon?"

Gavin's brows raised at the question.

"Not that I can think of. But then again, I never saw her on full moons," he said, shrugging. "Silver was always strange though. I assumed it was because she was wolfless."

"She's still your aunt and you'll treat her with respect," I said through my teeth. "I'm only asking because she seemed apprehensive about tonight and now, she left."

Chapter 33

Elliot

"Perhaps it has to do with Miss Shirly," Gavin said, shrugging in response. "She didn't seem too pleased that you were talking to her."

That thought crossed my mind as well and I'm still unsure of what was said while they were in the bathroom together. I didn't bother entertaining the conversation any further as I turned and walked away. I grabbed my phone in my pocket and tried to call Silver's cellphone. However, it went unanswered. I tried a few more times before it started to go straight to voicemail.

Had she turned off her phone?

Worry bubbled inside of me.

I felt a hand on the back of my shoulder, and I turned around only to see Shirly staring up at me with a worried expression on her face.

"I hope it's not my fault that she left," Shirly said, pouting. "I was only telling her the truth in the bathroom. I never meant to upset her, Elliot. You must believe me."

My brows furrowed together as I stared down at Shirly. I knew she said something to Silver while they were in the bathroom. I couldn't hide the irritation on my face as I took a step away from her.

"What exactly did you say to her, Shirly?" I asked, trying to keep my tone under control and not draw unwanted attention.

"I was only telling her that a strong Alpha needs a strong Luna to help him run his pack. She's not a strong Luna, Elliot. We both know it and your

entire pack knows it. She has no wolf. She can't possibly know anything about being a Luna."

"She's the daughter of an Alpha," I said, my jaw tensing. "She knows plenty about running a pack."

"She can't protect the pack though," Shirly told me. "I'm sorry, but it's the truth. She might have a pretty face, but she's still weak."

"Alpha," Leo said, interrupting our conversation. "I just got word from Gamma Erik that Silver returned to the mansion and locked herself in her studio."

I let out a breath of relief knowing that Silver had gone back to our home, and she was safe. It was a little past midnight so the banquet would be ending soon. Most of the pack was either letting out their wolves and going for a run or howling at the moon and soaking in the strong essence of the full moon night.

On full moons, our wolves were the strongest, and most tended to let their wolves roam in their natural state. I would have joined them if I wasn't so wound up about Silver.

As the packhouse began to quiet down, I returned inside, getting ready to leave so I could find Silver and make sure she was okay.

But I was stopped at the doorway by Shirly who grabbed my arm, halting me in my tracks.

"Please think about this, Elliot," she pleaded. "She's not good enough for you and you know it. She could never be a good Luna to your pack. You deserve someone stronger and not someone who is wolfless. Why can't you see that?"

"All I see right now is that my wife isn't here, and I need to make sure she's okay," I said, narrowing my eyes at her. "You had no right or reason to speak with her in the bathroom."

Shirly pouted and folded her arms across her chest.

"I was only looking out for you," she explained. "I don't understand your relationship. She tried to tell me that you've marked one another, but I know that's a lie. You always told me that you would only ever mark your fated mate and she can't be your fated mate because she has no wolf."

"That isn't any of your concern," I said, turning away from her as I walked outside and stepped onto the front porch.

Shirly followed closely behind me.

"Why did you even marry her, Elliot?" Shirly asked, desperation hindering her voice. "It's not like you love her or anything."

I froze in my tracks before I slowly turned to look at her.

"You don't know that I don't love her," I shot back without much thought. "Regardless, Shirly, it isn't your business. If you'll excuse me, I need to be going now."

Without another word, I turned and left Shirly to stare after me with her mouth hanging open in shock.

Chapter 34

Silver

When I got home, I ran into my studio without a word to anyone.

Tears fell down my eyes as pain consumed me. I slid to the ground, burying my face in my lap as the chaotic lights continued to flash through my mind. I remember seeing a glimpse of Shirley as I ran, and she too had red around her just like Elliot did.

They were both incredibly powerful Alpha's, and I had no business being in their presence.

She was the perfect match for him, and I was nothing.

The words Shirley had said to me in the bathroom kept playing in my head and I couldn't get them out. Pain shot through my temples, and I winced in pain.

I undid the pins in my hair keeping it in place and allowing it to fall freely around my shoulders. It was already white, and I knew that I had the fangs of a wolf, and my eyes were most likely silver. I stared down at my arms and saw how pale I was.

I sighed, glad that I made it back to the mansion before anyone could see me. I pressed my knees to my chest and cried heavily, hating the monster that I had become.

Why couldn't I just be normal?

Gamma Erik saw me running past him, but I didn't fully transform until I was hidden away in my studio. As soon as the door was shut behind me, I sank to the ground.

More chaotic lights flashed in my mind. I saw the red surrounding Elliot before I took off, but as I turned and saw Shirly walking out of the bathroom, red outlined her as well. I knew what it meant; I was seeing their scents. It was something that happened every full moon. Whoever I was looking at when midnight approached, their scents would be shown to me.

Different colors meant different things and though I didn't always understand what the colors meant, I knew red signified power and strength.

I'm not sure how long I was in the studio, but I suddenly heard the front door slamming shut and I flinched. I kept the light off and I hoped that Elliot wouldn't know that I was hiding inside of my studio. But my hope was shattered as soon as the studio door opened and Elliot stormed inside, slamming it shut behind him.

"Please, go away," I managed to say, not bothering to lift my head from my lap.

"Are you seriously not going to tell me what the hell happened today?" Elliot asked, sounding almost hurt with a mix of pissed off. "You up and leave an event that was meant for you?"

My head was throbbing in pain and only intensified with each word Elliot spoke. This harshness of his voice made me irritable, and a low growl escaped the depth of my throat.

"You are the Luna of this pack, Silver. Do you have any idea how bad leaving the event made you look?"

I couldn't take it anymore; I lifted my head and glared at him. His silhouette stood over me with his arms folded across his chest and even though it was too dark to see his face, I knew he was frowning at me. "If you are so dissatisfied with me then why don't you divorce me and marry Shirly instead?" I asked, angry tears forming.

"What the hell are you talking about? Shirly is a long-time ally. She's visited various packs and has helped me with diplomatic tasks. I don't see her romantically."

"Does she know that?" I asked through my tears.

"Silver, what is this all about?" He asked, stepping closer to me.

I flinched away, not wanting him to get a glimpse of me.

"I saw your scents," I blurted. "They were both red. Which means she's perfect for you. She's strong and would make a great wife. You don't need me..."

"Saw our scents?" Elliot asked, his voice becoming soft as confusion took the place of his anger. "What are you talking about?"

"Just forget it," I sighed. "Just leave. Please..."

He turned and started to walk away. Just when I thought he was leaving, the light turned on and I gasped as he turned to face me. His arms, which were folded across his chest, fell to his sides when he finally saw the monster that I was.

"Don't look at me," I said, turning away from him.

"Silver... what... what are you?" He asked, his voice coming out breathy as he took me in.

Chapter 35

Silver

Tears fell down my cheeks and I quickly tried to wipe them away.

"A monster..." I whispered.

He stepped closer to me.

"I don't understand..." he said, keeping his tone low. "Explain it to me."

"Can't you see it with your eyes? On the night of the full moon, I become this... this monster!" I yelled. "I'm not normal and Shirly was right, I could never be the Luna that your pack needs. I'm a freak, Elliot. You are better off without me..."

I thought he would have walked away or yelled at me. But what I wasn't expecting was for Elliot to fall to his knees in front of me and look at me with such compassion that my heart nearly exploded in my chest.

"You are not a monster, Silver," he said, his tone firm and yet filled with sincerity. "You are different, but you are not a monster. You are my wife, and you are still the Luna of this pack. I don't care what Shirly said to you. Whatever this is, we will figure it out."

"How can you say that? Look at me, Elliot..."

His image became blurry as more tears filled my eyes.

He grabbed my face in his hands and held it steady as he gazed into my eyes.

"You are beautiful, Silver," he whispered.

I couldn't handle the emotional overload anymore and I broke down completely. I let out the sobs I'd been holding, and my entire body was

shaking as I cried. I felt Elliot's warm arms wrap around my body and pull me into him. His embrace was inviting and made me feel so safe. I let myself cry as he held me, and he said nothing for a long while.

He ran large circles around my back, brushing the damp pieces of hair out of my face and peppering kisses along my forehead. He whispered soft things that made my heart swell; telling me that it was going to be okay and that I was okay.

His words made me feel a sense of security that I wasn't familiar with.

Nobody in my life knew about this secret. I was so scared of others finding out and yet here Elliot was, taking care of me like I wasn't a monster or a freak.

I buried my face in his chest and breathed in his scent, allowing it to calm me.

"How about you draw something for me?" He whispered. "Or you could draw another portrait of me."

I knew he was using my drawing as a distraction, and I appreciated it.

I peeked up at him and nodded.

He kissed my forehead once more before he stood and grabbed my paint supplies. As soon as I left the comfort of his arms, I felt the anxieties and fears returning to me. But it only lasted a moment before he was returned to me with my supplies.

"Can I use you as a canvas?" I asked a little shyly.

I just needed an excuse to touch him and be close to him.

A small smile formed on his lips as he unbuttoned his shirt. I watched with bated breath as he stripped off his shirt and placed it on the ground beside us.

I dipped my brush in the red paint, and I began to paint a rose on his chest. He watched me with dark eyes as I ran the brush across his flesh. His breathing grew heavy and started to match mine.

Once the rose was done, I leaned against him and allowed him to hold me.

"How long does this usually last?" He asked, holding me tightly against him.

"Until sunrise," I told him.

"This is why you've been pushing me off you?" He asked the question as if realization had just dawned on him.

I nodded as more tears formed in my eyes.

"I never meant to make it seem like I was rejecting you," I admitted. "I was just so afraid."

He didn't say anything and for a long while, we remained seated in silence. When the sun began to rise the pain in my head started to subdue.

He looked at me with such wonder on his face for a moment and when I looked down at my hair, I saw that it was back to normal.

He ran his fingers down the side of my face.

With a pounding heart, I leaned up and kissed him deeply on the lips.