

Chapter 71

Silver

Charlotte's kind demeanor changed when she saw me and I had an uneasy feeling about that. The smile she once wore, which was vibrant and gorgeous, was not dimmed and slipping from her perfectly shaped lips.

I could tell she was trying to appear chipper still, but she was failing miserably, and it almost appeared awkward.

"Of course," she said, wrapping her arms around me and hugging me as well. "It's so good to finally meet you. Welcome to our little family."

I smiled in return.

"Thank you," I replied.

I wondered if Elliot had told her this was only a contract marriage. I made a mental note to ask him about it later. But for right now, I had a feeling this was not the time.

"Please, come into my home," Charlette said, motioning for us to enter her cottage.

I looked at Elliot who gave me a reassuring grin and squeezed the hand he was holding gently. We walked into the house, and I was met with such a calming and warm scent. I took in the scent and allowed my body to relax.

"I like to burn sage," Charlotte explained, noticing my expression.

"It smells wonderful in here," I told her truthfully. "It's quite nice."

"It keeps the bad spirits away," she said with a wink.

I blanched at her words.

"Do spirits come here often?" I asked.

I raised a brow.

"Not to my home they don't," she replied. "They know better."

We walked into her little kitchen, and she motioned for us to sit at the table.

"So, Char, as I said on the phone, I was hoping you could help us with Silver's full moon condition. Or at least shed some light on it."

"Can you explain to me what exactly happens on the full moon?" Charlotte asked, looking back at me.

I nodded.

"I see scents," I told her. "At least that's what I think it is. I'm not sure how I know, but different scents have different colors, and they mean different things. Though, I'm not entirely sure what all the colors mean, I know red means powers and strength."

I glanced at Elliot when I said that part because his scent is red, as is Shirley's. He encouraged me to continue so I looked back at Charlotte.

"When it happens it's painful and chaotic. I get an insane headache and the lights flash in my eyes. I can see the person and their scents in my mind and it's agonizing. My hair turns white, and it's almost like my body tries to transform into a wolf, but it never fully gets there. My teeth elongate, which contributes to the headache, and I grow claws. I'm stuck like that for the rest of the night until the sun comes up. Then, I'm drained of all my energy."

She listened to me thoughtfully for a moment before she took a deep breath. She held out her hands from across the table.

"Take my hands, let me take a look."

I reached across the table and took hold of her hands. She closed her eyes and hummed a soft tune. I watched her with curiosity for a long while we remained like that. She started to rock back and forth in her seat as she continued humming and her grip on my hands grew stronger.

Her eyes slowly started to open, but I didn't see the normal blue eye color I had seen before, her eyes were completely white. Her eyes rolled back into her head and the sight of it startled me. I gasped loudly as she threw her head back and started to hum a bit louder.

Her body started to complete but she never took her hands from mine. Her grip was strong. My heart was pounding against my chest. I wanted to look at Elliot to see if he was seeing this, but I couldn't bring myself to look away from her.

After what felt like an eternity, she threw her head forehead, and she remained like that for a long while. Her breathing started to slow, and her humming ceased entry. But she kept her hands on mine.

After a deep and unsettled breath, she lifted her gaze, and I was relieved to see that her eyes were back to normal. She pulled her hands back and narrowed her eyes at me.

"You are quite different indeed," she finally said, pulling her hands away from mine.

"What did you see?" Elliot startled me by asking; I almost forgot he was in the room until he spoke.

She glanced up at him before looking at me.

"You can not only see scents, but

you can also alter them. Your

powers are deep within you and because you lack practice, they come out in spurts during the full." moon Even the strongest sorcerer can't keep

their powers locked away during the night of the full moon. If you had practiced, you'd be able to control them better."

"How does she practice?" Elliot asked when it was clear I was too stunned to speak for myself.

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"She doesn't," Char said, giving him a dismissive look. "She never should have existed. She was a mistake, Elliot, and she's going to be the reason for our downfall as a society. Her and the other one that exists on this planet."

My heart fell deep into my stomach from her words. What exactly was she trying to say? I was a mistake? I never should have existed.

Ugh, she sounded like my father.

"Watch how you speak about my wife, Char. I don't care if you are my sister..." Elliot said, his voice turning growly.

"What do you mean there's another one?" I asked, my brows furrowed and my mind stuck on that small detail.

"There's another like you with the same abilities," she explained. "Together, you two are the strongest beings to exist and you could do some serious damage to our world. It's why you shouldn't have existed. You were meant to die as infants, but you were saved."

My heart hammered in my chest.

"We were meant to die?" I asked, my voice coming out breathy. "Who is this other person?"

She waved her hand dismissively.

"None of that matter," she said. "What matters is you didn't die when you were supposed to. Your powers break out of you during the full moon and because they've been locked away and undealt with for a long time, it is a painful and unpredictable process."

"And there's no way for me to train? I don't want to cause any problems or harm anyone," I told her, feeling a bit panicky suddenly.

"You'd have to find a witch who specializes in this kind of thing. I have never heard of one before, but that doesn't mean they don't exist. It's a large world and one might stumble into your lap at the right moment. In the meantime, it's best you protect yourself. Oh, and stay away from Mistletoe."

I raised my brows.

"Mistletoe?" I asked, confused.

"It's used as a sweetener in a lot of drinks. It'll have the same effect on your body as the full moon does. You'll transform in front of everybody and it won't be pretty. It's better if nobody knew about what you are."

I nodded in agreement, suddenly feeling drained.

"Thank you for your help," I told her, offering her a small smile.

"I didn't do it for you," she said, her lip curling in disgust. "If you ask me, I'd say your marriage was a mistake. My brother deserves better than to be stuck with a woman like you. You are a danger to society and it's better if you just stayed away."

"Charlotte," Elliot scolded through his teeth.

"I'm just being honest," she said, folding her arms across her chest and glaring at her brother.

"You should divorce her and start looking for your true mate," she told him. "She is out there somewhere; you can't give up on your search. If you let me, I could tell you where to find her. Just take my hand, Elliott."

I winced at her words, and I stared at her outstretched hand as she attempted to convince Eliot to take her hand.

"I've told you in the past, I'm not interested," Elliot said coldly. "I'm sorry if that disappoints you but who I marry does not concern you."

"Elliott," Char exclaimed, obvious surprise on her face.

Elliott took hold of my hand and pulled me to my feet.

"If you'll excuse us, we need to be going now," he told her.

He didn't wait for her response. He simply pulled me along with him and out the front door. He paused though just as we stepped outside Char had hurried after us and stood only a couple feet from us. When I looked at her, she was staring at Elliott with a hurt expression on her face.

"I'm sorry for overstepping little brother," she told him gently. "I just care so much for you."

He sighed and turned to look at her, giving her a smile in return.

"I know," he told her. "It was really good to see you, Char."

He released me long enough to hug his sister. I didn't bother saying anything as they parted ways. He took my hand again and pulled me

towards his waiting car. Char's

words replied repeatedly in my mind

long after she spoke to them.

The car ride was silent as I got lost in thought and replayed the conversation. I feel even more confused than before we spoke to his sister. I almost wish we hadn't bothered.

I glanced over at Elliot and saw that he was white-knuckling the steering wheel and I took a deep breath.

"Elliot..."

"We aren't getting divorced," he said sharply. "I don't care what she says, you are my wife and I'm not divorcing you so get that thought out of your head."

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Silver

There was someone else out there like me. I wasn't alone and yet I felt more alone than ever. There was no way I could train my abilities because they were a mistake I should have never existed. According to Charlotte, I was supposed to die. I'm a disgrace to this nation and I pose a threat to society.

She doesn't want me with her brother because of how dangerous I am.

My father was truly right about me, and Charlotte confirmed that.

She advised her brother to leave me, but he refused. He's been distant since that conversation and days have passed since then. He's been held up at the office quite often; he doesn't come home until late at night. I'm forced to eat dinner alone with Mariah and the other palace staff.

I try to occupy my time by working in my studio and creating new art pieces for Hope's Gallery. They gave me a deadline of a couple of weeks, so I have a lot of work to do. Rebecca and my new pack friends come over to hang out sometimes. Rebecca finally met Cara and the girl and they hit it off just like I thought they would. Makes me feel good knowing my friends are now friends.

And yet, I still felt so lonely.

Shirley was hanging out with Elliot as if her life depended on it. I hated that she was the one who drugged him and she got into bed with him and yet he acted like it never happened. I wrapped my arm around my body and allowed the pain of reality to sink in. She was a longtime friend and a strong Alpha; she was always going to be in his life. I just wish he wasn't actively pushing me away.

He hasn't snuggled me in bed; he hasn't passionately kissed me since our night together in the hotel. My cheeks flushed at the memory and tears welled up in my eyes.

I woke up alone this morning, which wasn't surprising. He often comes home late and leaves early in the morning.

A knock on the bedroom door is what jolted me awake and I stretched my arms and legs before climbing out of bed and making my way to the door. When I opened it, I saw one of the maids standing before me with a large box.

"Good morning, Luna," she said, bowing her head slightly to me. "Beta Leo wanted me to drop this off, per orders of the Alpha."

I frowned at the box; it was huge. What could possibly be inside of it?

"What is it?" I asked her as I helped her bring it over to my bed and set it down.

"It's a gown of course," she answered.

I opened the box and I gasped at the gorgeous red dress inside. It was the most beautiful thing I had ever seen; I never wore anything this elegant before. "Wow," I breathed.

"Wow indeed," she agreed.

"What's the gown for?" I asked, confused. I couldn't imagine what type of event I would wear this to.

"If I had to guess, I'd say that Alpha ball. It's tonight," she told me.

My mouth dropped open at her words. I completely forgot about the Alpha ball. Well, actually, I've never been invited to go before. My father made it a point to keep me shunned from anything and everyone. I was never allowed to go to such an event in the past. Stella, on the other hand, on been numerous times. Gavin promised me that he would take me this year, but we broke up before he could get the chance. It wasn't even in my mind until this very moment.

My heart swelled at the thought of Elliot taking me to the ball.

Not before long, there was another knock on the door. I hadn't realized the maid had left until someone else entered my room. I turned, surprised to see Alison standing at my doorway with a duffel bag.

"I was called to make the Luna look spectacular for tonight," she told me, her eyes knitted together. "Why do you look as if you had seen a ghost."

"I just wasn't expecting you here. You startled me," I admitted.

She waved me off and stepped into my room.

"I'm the pack's stylist. The Alpha wanted me to help get you ready for tonight," she told me.

I raised my brows.

"You spoke to him?" I asked.

She nodded.

"Yes; he called me personally," she told me.

My cheeks flushed and stared down at the ground.

"He's been so busy lately, I'm surprised he's even bothering," I admitted.

She stared at me like I had just grown another head.

"Well, the Alpha ball is being held in his pack this year so the pack is clustered with different Alphas, not to mention with all these rogue attacks lately, I'm not surprised he's been busy."

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I had no idea the other Alphas were staying in this pack. I'm sure they were all over the packhouse. It was no wonder Elliot's been so busy lately. I felt foolish to think it had anything to do with me. But I wished he would communicate this stuff with me. Instead, I feel as if he's spending all of his time with Shirley.

"Let's get you ready for the ball; it's going to take at least a day," she told me, assessing my current appearance.

I frowned.

"Give me a break, I just got out of bed," I said defensively.

She laughed.

We spent the entire day getting ready for this ball. She was right; it took a lot to get me ready for this evening's events.

By the time everything was put together, the sun was setting, and it was almost time to leave. I would be lying if I said I wasn't nervous about such an event. When I finally put the dress on and looked at myself in the mirror, I gasped at my appearance.

I hardly recognized myself. It was beautiful.

"Wow," I whispered, unable to form real words.

"Wow is an understatement," she said, pleased with herself. "You are going to be the belle of this ball. Now let's go find your prince."

I smiled and nodded as I followed her out of the room. She helped me navigate through the palace with my dress and by the time we reached the front foyer, Beta Leo and Elliot were standing at the doorway. They both turned to look at me as I arrived, and I swear Elliot's jaw dropped.

I could see the desires pooling in his eyes and it made me blush.

"Hey," I said to him, not sure what else to say.

"Hey," he replied. "You look beautiful," he finally said after a long pause.

I blushed at the compliment.

"You don't look so bad yourself," I told him, motioning for his luxury suit that looked extremely expensive and the red tie he wore. I smiled at the thought of Elliot wanting to match me and my dress. He had to have done that on purpose.

He offered me his arm.

"Shall we?" He asked, I nodded and took his arm without hesitation.

After thanking Alison for her job, well done, we followed Leo to the limo that waited for our arrival in front of the palace. My heart was racing the

entire drive to the ball. I wasn't sure what to expect I had never been to an event like this before; it was all new to me.

Elliot kept a protective hold on my hand and kept himself close to me, which I appreciated.

By the time we got to the ball, my head was spinning. It was a huge event and there were so many people entering. There was a camera crew capturing everything and trying to get those entering the ball to answer their questions.

Elliot looked a bit annoyed by this sight.

"Don't answer any of their questions. Tabloid reporters always twist things around," he warned.

I nodded, feeling a nervous pit in the middle of my stomach.

The driver opened our doors, and we stepped out of the limo. Elliot kept a hold of my arm as we walked

through the crowd and towards the front entrance.

The reporters wasted no time as soon as they saw us.

"Alpha, who is your date for the evening? That can't be the Luna!" "Alpha Elliot, why didn't you come to the ball with Alpha Shirley?"

"Alpha Eliot, is it true you are secretly having an affair with Shirley?"

My heart ached to hear that. Elliot tightened his hold on me, probably knowing that the questions of these reporters were getting to me.

"Luna Silver, what designer dress are you wearing?"

"Luna, is it true you came between Elliot and his true love, Shirley?"

I opened my mouth to retort, but Elliot's words from before stopped me I and lowered my gaze as he pulled me the rest of the way into the ballroom.

He took a deep breath as he turned to face me.

"Are you okay?" He asked.

I was surprised by the question, but I nodded.

"Yeah," I told him.

"We will talk about it later," he told me, running his fingers down the side of my face, making me look up at him, surprised by the sentiment.

I nodded my head once.

"If you get a drink, make sure you ask them not to put mistletoe in the beverage. Remember what my sister said?" Elliot warned.

I nodded again.

"I'll remember," I told him.

"Good," he said, taking my arm into his once more and guiding me away from the front entrance.

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Third Person POV (Shirley)

Around the corner, Shirley stood with a wide grin across her face.

"So, the little Miss Perfect Luna can't have mistletoe?" She said to herself after hearing Elliot's wallet's find out what happens if does."

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Silver

"Dance with me," Elliot said, taking hold of my hand.

My cheeks flushed at his words. I looked around and saw that others were dancing with their partners as well. Everybody dressed elegantly and the music was remotely classical.

Elliot pulled me to the dance floor and wrapped me in his arms. I wrapped my arms around him and twirled me around with ease. I smiled up at him as he moved around the dance floor effortlessly. I hardly noticed the gathering crowd until the song was ending and a new one was starting.

They started to clap as I did my own moves once the rhythm grew more upbeat. A smile spread across my lips as he wrapped me back in his arms and held me close to him

He ran his fingers down my cheek, tucking a strand of fallen hair behind my ear. Alison was going to kill me if she found out I ruined my hair within the first hour of my being here.

As I danced, my eyes wandered through the crowd and I almost stumbled when I saw a familiar face glaring at me from the other side of the ballroom.

Stell was glaring at me with her current suitor. Her lips were pressed in a thin line and her arms were folded across her chest. She did not look happy to be here. I knew my father had to be around here somewhere as well.

My stomach knotted at the thought of seeing him again. I hadn't really spoken to my father since the wedding.

"Are you okay?" Elliot asked against my ear.

I nodded.

"Yeah, my sister is here. I'm sure my father is around here somewhere too," I muttered.

"Pay them no attention," Elliot said, rubbing my back gently. "They don't control you anymore."

I smiled at that thought and I felt a little lighter and then I heard his voice from behind us. "Alpha Elliot."

My entire body froze. I slowly turned to see my father staring at Elliot with narrowed eyes. It felt like the wind had gotten knocked out of me and felt sick to my stomach. My father looked exactly the same with his neatly combed dark hair and green scrutinizing gaze.

His right brow was raised as he stared at Elliot, but Elliot didn't seem phased by his presence at all. He was calm and collected; I admired him even more for that.

Then, my father looked at me and his eyes narrowed.

"Silver," he greeted, his face showing nothing but indifference. "You clean up nicely."

"Dad..." I said in return. I really wasn't sure what to say to him, so I chose to remain silent.

My father cleared his throat and then turned to Elliot.

"The rogue attacks are starting to get out of hand. I had two of them this past week. We should start coming up with a game plan. Mind if we discuss some of my ideas," my father asked.

He would choose now to discuss business. I had to stifle an eye roll.

Elliot looked a bit uncomfortable as he gazed down at me as if he were asking permission to speak to my father.

"It won't take long," my father continued. "Silver can handle herself while the men talk."

I scowled at my father's words.

Elliot straightened his stance and wrapped a protective arm around my shoulders.

"I ask that you don't disrespect my wife, Alpha. She is the Luna of my pack after all," Elliot told him, his voice remaining even and unbothered.

My father's brow corked.

"She's wolfless," he snorted. "She's hardly a luna."

"I will say to you what I've said to her numerous times. Just because she's a wolf doesn't make her weak," Elliot told him. "She's the strongest woman I know, and she's driven with passion. Any pack would be lucky to have her as a Luna."