

## Chapter 9

### Silver

Stella opened her own art gallery a couple of years ago and because of her popularity and rank in the pack, everybody knows her and loves her work. If only they knew she didn't paint her work herself. "I'll head to the gallery and see what's going on," I told her.

"Need any backup?" Rebecca asked and I knew she wanted me to say yes, which was exactly why I said no.

"I'll be fine," I said. "If I need help, I'll call you." "Okay," she sighed. "So, how's the married life?" I bit my lower lip and thought about what to say before answering.

"It's a contract marriage," I admitted. "I'm just a bed partner under the guise of a wife." Just then there was a knock on my door. When I opened it, a familiar woman stood at the doorway with a ton of bags and boxes she was juggling. I let her into my room and she scrambled over to my bed, placing everything down breathlessly.

I recognized her as one of the maids in this mansion. There were quite a few of them running around including some cooks who cooked incredible foods throughout the day.

"The Alpha wanted me to bring these things to you. New clothes, jewelry, and shoes. I spent all morning collecting it all." "Thank you," I said to her, not sure what else to say.

"What was that?" Rebecca asked. I forgot she was on the phone.

"Apparently Elliot wanted a maid to get a whole new wardrobe." I opened one of my bags and saw a ton of expensive and elegant-looking blouses, skirts, designer jeans, and pants. There were leggings, and gorgeous shoes of many different styles, and the boxes contained elegant dresses. Way fancier than I had ever worn before.

In another bag, there was a ton of different jewelry.

It truly was a whole new wardrobe.

After I finished my conversation with Rebecca, I dressed in one of the new blouses and put on a pair of designer jeans. They all fit perfectly and showed off all my curves.

I put everything else away in the closet and drawers that Elliot cleared out for me.

Satisfied, I went to the art exhibit to see what Stella was doing with my paintings. Gamma Erik was kind enough to drive me; apparently, Elliot assigned him to be my personal driver and escort when needed. Once I got inside the exhibit, my heart fell into my stomach.

She was selling my paintings! Except my name wasn't on them... it was her name. They were also altered.

I heard some snickering nearby and I looked up to see a collection of people, watching me. I recognized them as Stella's friends, including one of Stella's suitors. Stella had a string of men at her feet and Lucas was one of them.

"Where's your new husband, Silver? Don't tell me you already got dumped," one of the girls mockingly asked. "It's common for someone wolf less and weak to get dumped," another said with a chuckle.

"You didn't honestly think he'd stay with you, did you? Look at you. You're pathetic," the first girl said.

"Where's Stella?" I asked, ignoring their taunting. "I need to speak with her."

"She's too busy showcasing her work of art to deal with someone as insignificant as you," her suitor, Lucas, said with a snarl.

I glared at him.

"These paintings are mine," I told him pointing to the ones on display. "I worked on these for so long and she has no right to take them from me." This made them laugh like I just told the funniest joke in the world.

"And you expect us to believe that?" Lucas laughed. "Someone like you could never create something as incredible as this. Don't flatter yourself."

"I'm telling the truth," I told him.

"Stop lying, Silver. You're just jealous that you aren't your sister. You've always been jealous of her, and I know you've been jealous because she's able to get any guy she wants and you're left getting dumped," Lucas sneered.

My phone started to ring. I grabbed it from my bag, but one of Stella's friends grabbed it before I could see who it was.

"Who would be calling you? You don't have any friends," one of the girls laughed as she tossed my phone in the trash like it was nothing.

Another threw her coffee at me, and it got all over my new outfit. I watched as the cup fell to the ground. "Oops... my hand slipped." I wouldn't cry here. I wasn't going to let them see me break.

I turned to leave but Lucas grabbed my arm and yanked me towards them while another girl shoved me.

"Let go, Lucas," I pleaded, trying to break free from him.

"Or what?" He laughed. "You are weak and there's nothing you can do about it."

I saw his wolf flashing through his eyes as he gripped my shoulder with his claws. I yelled out in pain when I felt his long nails digging into the flesh of my shoulder, drawing out blood. The others laughed. I felt his presence before I saw him.

Elliot stood at the doorway and when his eyes found mine, they darkened.

"Why aren't you answering your phone?" He asked, walking towards me.

Then he noticed Lucas' hands on me.

He reached me before I could blink and he grabbed Lucas' hand, breaking his wrist instantly. Lucas fell to the ground, holding his wrist, and wailing in pain. Stella's friends gasped in shock. Staring down at him, Elliot coldly stated, "Next time you touch my wife, I will break your neck."