

Chapter 26: Silver

Sam

Right now we were on our way to eat somewhere for lunch and I was with Chloe, Zander, and Xavier.

Xavier has been really odd during this car ride. He seems so unfocused and he isn't talking which is very strange because he is never this quiet.

"Xavier?" I asked. But it came out muffled because he has my face pressed into his neck.

"Yes?" he asked.

"Why are you so quiet?"

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"You're never this quiet. Hell, you are never quiet period."

"Is it a bad thing?" he asked teasingly.

"Well no," I started with a smile. "You never shut up." I laughed and I got a good look of his face. Priceless.

"Well then. Love you too."

"Love you, Xavier." I said before pulling him in for a quick kiss.

I pulled away and looked at him.

"Some more questions," I said.

"Okay," he said for me to continue.

"One, why is my face smashed into your neck? And second, what's wrong?"

"Nothing's wrong."

But I could tell he was lying because I felt his heart pace quicken.

I grabbed his hand and got it off my head and sat up crossing my arms.

"Bull," I accused.

"Sam. Honestly nothing is wrong," Xavier said trying to deny it.

"Why is your heart racing?" I smirked. His face fell.

"Because you look so beautiful."

"Thank you, but nice try." I smiled. "What's wrong?"

"Nothing," he said quickly.

"Xavier."

"Just drop it," he said irritated.

What crawled up his butt and died?

"Tell me," I ordered.

His eyes darkened. "Don't use that tone with me."

"I don't care," I told him.

He growled so loud. "I'm not playing Sam."

"Neither am I. Why won't you tell me? I want to see if I can help get rid of the problem."

"Trust me. You couldn't get rid of it," he said pulling me closer.

Is that what he really thought? Just because I wasn't a werewolf, he thinks I can't do anything? I knew it. I knew he would rather have a werewolf mate.

I got out of his hold and moved across to the other seat and buckled the seatbelt. I leaned back in my seat and looked out the window.

I watched all the traffic pass before Xavier spoke.

"Sam." He sighed running a hand down his face.

Silence.

"Sam," he groaned.

Silence.

"Sam," he growled irritated.

Still silence.

"Sam!" he yelled.

I turned and glared at him. "What? Is it because I'm human and not a werewolf like you guys? Is it because I'm a girl? I'm the alpha female you know, and I deserve to know what's going on."

"Sam baby," Xavier said pulling me into his lap once again. "I don't care that you are human. It's fine. I love you for you. And I'm sorry for not telling you. I just don't know how you will take it," he admitted.

I placed my hand on his cheek and watched how his eyes closed and he leaned into my touch.

"Just tell me," I said so loud.

He opened his eyes again and nodded. "Well. Your grandfather. He makes silver bullets."

"So?" I asked chuckling.

What's the big deal?

"Silver can kill us werewolves." I instantly stopped laughing at what Xavier had just said.

"What? Can you repeat that?" I asked not believing what he just told me a second ago.

"Silver is one of the many things that can kill werewolves."

"How do you know? That he makes the silver bullets and stuff," I asked quickly.

"When your father asked to talk to me, I saw one of his rifles leaning up against the wall."

"Oh yeah. That's the Ruger No. 1 Varminter K1-BBZ. My grandpa handed that gun down to my dad."

His eyes widen. "You know guns too?"

"Don't underestimate me. There's a lot of stuff that I know will surprise you. I'm a daddy's girl. You'd be surprised," I smiled smugly.

He rolled his eyes and continued his story. "Anyway, he handed it to me and it felt a lot heavier than normal. He then continued to tell me about how your grandpa makes his own bullets for it and they were made out of silver. I didn't know at the time but when he handed it to me, it burned right where it touched me. So I instantly knew it was silver."

"Oh wow," I gasped.

"So since you know this," he paused and looked at me. "I was wondering while your grandpa is here if you could do a little spying," he explained.

"What do you mean?" I asked not following him.

"Like look around his room and stuff. Find all the guns he has and check if he has any books, knives, any sort of weapons, journals, and information you can find."

"And if I find any?" I asked.

"Call me right away," he told me sternly.

"We're here," Zander said turning off the engine.

I look up and saw Starbucks. This is my place bitches!

I hopped out and ran inside to order my drink and get a snack.

I made it to the stable before everyone else and now they are just getting here.

"Bout time," I smirked.

Xavier stuck his tongue out at me and sat next to me in the chair. "I was thinking."

"You actually thinking? That's a scary thought. You never think," Chloe smirked.

Xavier growled before turning back to me. "As I was saying before I was rudely interrupted," he paused. "I was wondering if you wanted to go on a date with me?" he asked, hopeful.

I looked at him and a huge grin made its way to my face. "I would love to."

He pulled me into his side. "Great. I'll pick you up at six?"

"Sounds perfect."

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