

## The Ivory Queen Bonus Chapter

One month later....

\*\*\*Aurora\*\*\*

“Alright, I have you all set for the Presidential suite, Ms. Altamirano,” the concierge smiles, producing a room key for me and sliding it across the counter. “Room 4010, Enjoy your stay.”

I smile politely and walk over to the elevator

“Oliver, I got the key. I’ll leave the door open for you,” I mind-link him as I step off the elevator, searching down the hall for the correct room number. Oliver was parking the car and getting our things.

Finding the room, I eagerly unlock it and shed off my winter coat and scarf. I rush to the windows in the sitting room, watching the flakes of fluffy snow descend from the heavens, covering the earth in a thick white blanket.

Oliver had selected Virginia for our little snow get away. The area had relatively few packs and vast unclaimed territories so we could roam the mountains freely without the fear of running into other wolves during our stay. There was no need to repeat the Idaho situation.

I hear the door open and a snow covered Oliver comes inside carrying our bags. Shedding his layers and tossing the bags to the side, he rushes to me, lifting me in his arms and carrying me to the private bedroom.

Our lips meet and in a matter of seconds, our clothes come flying off, the only fabric I felt being the soft cotton sheets on the bed beneath me. Oliver’s hands explore my curves as his lips devour my own, moving over them possessively. My lips belonged to him and he was determined to claim them.

I pant as his mouth travels along the length of my neck, the ache in my core building up as his kisses ignite my skin with sparks. My back arches and I moan when I feel him nibble on my mark with his canines. His hands reach up and fondle my breasts, my folds growing wet in preparation for him.

“Oliver...” I moan as he stands up and pulls me by my legs to the edge of the bed.

“Let’s play a game,” he murmurs, leaning down over my body so his breath tickles my navel, my skin becoming a sea of goosebumps as I shiver with excitement.

His eyes darken with lust as he sets his gaze on my exposed chest, licking his lips as if hungry for a taste. A small growl ripples through his chest, the pool between my legs growing larger. His fingers dance playfully on my upper thigh towards my throbbing mound and I close my eyes as I anticipate their destination.

“What kind of game?” I hiss as he spreads my thighs apart, two of his fingers teasing my weeping entrance.

“A game that will test our discipline,” he smirks, slapping my a\*s with his free hand, making me yelp in surprise. “It’s very simple,” he grins mischievously, dipping his fingers into my honey pot. A thin film of my juices covers his fingers and he uses it to lubricate his rod. “I won’t penetrate, just tease. All you have to do is have a little self control. First one of us to give in and c\*m, loses.”

“A-and what is the p-prize?” I stammer as I feel him stroke my clit with his swollen tip, moving it up and down slowly along the seam of my lips.

My toes curl in pleasure as my need begins to blossom.

“Winner gets to fulfill one fantasy, whatever it may be,” he says, changing his movement to circular motions. “So what do you say? Wanna play?”

Yes! Reyna howls. Let him win!

I giggle and nod my approval, curious to know what kind of fantasies he had in mind.

His eyes settle on me, mischief and lust swimming in his blue pools. He grabs his hardness, giving my slit a few strokes, euphoric waves of pleasure radiating from my core across my body.

Throwing his head back and moaning, Oliver closes his eyes as he continues to stroke up and down my slit, going a little deeper and taking special care of my swollen bundle of nerves.

After several minutes of this sinful agony, the ache between my thighs builds up to its max and my chest tightens to the point that I find it hard to breathe, hard to think of anything else but the feeling of absolute desire. I need him inside me, I need my release, I need to c\*m.

When he leans down to suckle on my n\*\*\*\*e, flicking his tongue over it, I finally lose it. Digging my fingers in his hair, I yank him up and moan into his mouth.

“Please,” I whimper.

He smirks triumphantly. “Are you sure-“

I seal his mouth with my lips and growl, “Just f\*\*k me already.”

I gasp as he inserts himself inside me with a single thrust, digging my fingers into his back and biting his shoulder. He hisses in pleasure, thrusting in and out slowly and with force.

“f\*\*k!” I moan when he presses down on my pelvis, still pumping his hips and picking up speed.

My hips buck and I slowly feel my legs turn to jelly as I grow closer and closer to the edge, nearing my release.

We explode together, covering each other in our honey while the walls of the room absorb the sounds of our haggard breaths and moans. It takes a while for us to come back down from our high before Oliver pulls out and lays beside me, pulling me to his chest.

“You lose,” he chuckles, kissing my forehead. “But don’t worry,” he smirks. “You’ll pay up later.”

Reyna howls with excitement, eager to please our mate with whatever fantasy he had. We lay in bed for the remainder of the night, making love to each other over and over again until we exhaust ourselves.

When the sun rises, Oliver and I have a quick breakfast at the hotel restaurant before heading out to the Blue Ridge mountains.

I’m practically bouncing in my seat with excitement.

“Calm down, thumper,” Oliver chuckles as he pulls over into an isolated part of the mountain.

I ignore his comment, jumping out of the car and diving into the fluffy clouds of snow, spreading my arms out wide to make a snow angel. Oliver pulls out a Polaroid camera, snapping a photo of me giggling like a maniac on the snow.

I stretch my hand out to him and he takes it. Pulling with all my strength, I yank him onto the snow and roll on top of him, grabbing the camera from his hand and laying his chest.

“Say cheese!” I smile as he and I pose for the camera.

As I’m about to snap the picture, Oliver smashes a small ball of snow on my head, the camera capturing my shock in a small square film.

He takes the photo and kisses it. “This is one for the adventure book,” he grins.

I wipe the snow out of my hair and stare at his eyes for a moment. He gives me an amused look.

“What?” He asks, leaning forward to kiss my nose.

“When will you let Michael back out?” I ask, his face growing serious.

Since defeating Tais and Ira, Oliver had refused to shift, refused to let me see Michael and it saddened me to see him struggle with a part of himself.

“I don’t know,” he replies.

“Oliver, he were under a spell.”

“But he hurt you,” he snaps, taking a few breaths to calm down. “He almost killed Carter and Rosalie. The baby....”

“Your wolf would never hurt me, Oliver. You know he wouldn’t. I trust you two and I don’t fear him,” I say, stroking his face, hoping to comfort him. “He’s my mate too. Reyna misses him,” I plead. “I miss him.”

He stares off into the distance. “What If that spell only unleashed the true Michael... what if he really is a monster. What if I’m -“

I silence him with a kiss. "You and Michael are anything but monsters. Don't you ever blame yourself for what happened," I scold him. "That wolf that attacked me wasn't Michael. It was Tais and Ira..."

Oliver stares back at me, an internal war waging in his eyes. He sighs and shuts them for a moment. When he opens them again, a pair of gorgeous silver pools look back at me.

He whimpers a little and I kiss his cheek. "Hi Michael."

"I-I'm sorry," he responds, his voice small and meek, nothing like the self confident alpha I knew and loved.

"Don't be afraid, Michael," I say, leaning my forehead against his. "It's okay."

His hands slide down to my side where he had bitten me. "I was so angry, I couldn't stop. All I saw was red and I felt a rage so potent... I-I'm sorry. I heard you but I couldn't come back."

"But you did come back," I murmur, kissing his lips ever so gently. "You and Oliver came back to me..."

His body stiffens at first as I deepen the kiss but slowly, he starts to relax, moving his lips in sync with my own. This was my Michael. This was my mate. Not that other wolf with burning red eyes.

"I love you, Michael," I murmur as a Oliver resurfaces. "And I love you too, Oliver."

I lay on his chest a while longer, enjoying his scent and allowing him to speak with his wolf. After a few minutes, I get up and place the camera and photos back in the car when I feel a snow ball hit me from behind.

Oh it's on!

I make a snowball and spin on my heel, expecting Oliver to be there only to find his spot empty. My heart drops to the pit of my stomach and my breathing accelerates. Panicking, I sniff the air and follow the trail of his scent deeper into the woods.

"Oliver!" I call out, on the verge of tears as I frantically search around. "Oliver!"

I feel another snow ball hit my butt and I turn to find Oliver bent over laughing. His stops, however, when he sees the tears in my eyes.

“Hey,” he laughs nervously, taking me in his arms and cupping my cheeks. “Hey, nena. It’s okay. I’m right here. I’m here,” he coos, rubbing my shoulders and resting his chin on my head. “We’re okay.”

I bury my face in his chest, inhaling his scent and counting down until I feel the calm return to me. When the panic subsides, I step out of his arms and smack his chest, getting out my frustrations on him.

“You stupid, stupid i\*\*\*t!” I grunt, the fear now completely gone, replaced with annoyance. “I thought something happened to you!”

He catches my wrists and pulls me into a kiss, pacifying me instantly.

“I’m sorry baby,” he murmurs. “Please forgive me.”

“No,” I pout.

“Please?”

“No.”

He smirks, his hands riding to my sides and tickling me. “Come on, just say it.”

I burst into an uncontrollable laughter as he mercilessly tickles my sides. Squirming and wriggling violently, I finally manage to free myself.

“Catch me first,” I squeal, running deeper in the woods.

He races after me as I dodge around a tree, quickly catching up to me. Suddenly, we hear howling in the distance and we stop in our tracks. The air fills with the scent of several wolves, and Oliver holds me protectively.

“I thought there weren’t any wolves here?” I ask.

His vigilant eyes scan the area, the scent growing stronger.

We were definitely not alone.

“I checked the map,” he says, looking around. “It didn’t mark any territories in this area.”

From the trees, a group of wolves emerge, quickly surrounding us. I wasn't wearing my medallion, and they stare suspiciously at me when they feel the urge to bow.

Oliver pushes me behind him, holding his hands up to stop them from getting any closer. "We come in peace," he says. "We're not looking for trouble. We're just passing by. We'll lea-

He stops mid sentence as two of the wolves growl at us in warning. Reyna doesn't take too kindly to their aggressiveness and she surfaces to growl back, silencing them instantly. A few more wolves appear and Oliver suddenly stops to stare at one of the wolves, the one with a white spot on its tail. The same white spot on his own wolf.

"Adolphe..?"

The wolf tilts his head to the side curiously and straightens, as if recognizing Oliver. Its eyes then fog over as he communicates with the rest of the wolves, all of whom look at us in confusion.

"Who's Adolphe?" I mind-link him.

"He's my uncle. David's brother..."

\*\*\*Check out Lyall's Story by Christy Pfeiffer to learn more about Aurora and Oliver's adventure in Virginia\*\*\*

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ONE MONTH LATER—> FEB 26th

Oliver paces back and forth, grumbling to himself while Evan and I laugh at him.

"Would you quit pacing?" I chuckle, pointing at the floor. "You're going to wear a hole into the damn floor!"

"Why hasn't she come out yet?" he asks, wiping his face with his hands. "It's been hours! We should have heard something by now!"

"Oliver, Rosalie is literally pushing out an eight pound baby ... from her v\*\*\*\*a! GIVE HER A DAMN MINUTE!" Mia snaps, earning her a growl from Oliver.

I throw Mia a look to not push it. Oliver was already on edge since neither Rosalie nor Carter were answering their mind-links. Celina and Javier chuckle at Oliver's reaction, earning them glares as well.

"Carter, any updates?" I ask but receive no response.

"f\*\*k this, I'm going in," Oliver says as Carter bursts from the delivery room wearing blue scrubs and looking like a deer caught in the headlights. There are a few tears tugging at the corners of his eyes.

My heart is practically beating out of my chest. "Carter, is everything alright?"

He turns to Oliver who looks white as a sheet.

"Well?"

Carter rushes to Oliver, pulling him into a hug. "I'm a dad. Holy s\*\*t, I'm a f\*\*\*\*\*g Dad!"

Evan, Mia and I leap to our feet, cheering with joy. Oliver returns the hug and lifts Carter off the ground.

"Oh thank Moon Goddess!" he shouts with relief.

"How is our new momma?" I ask before being pulled into a hug by Carter.

"She's doing great, just resting."

"When can we see her and the baby?" Celina asks eagerly. "I love babies!"

"In a couple minutes. Meghan is just taking some tests and making sure they're both okay."

"So do I have a niece or nephew?" Oliver interrupts, the excitement visible in his deep blue eyes.

"It's a-"

Before he can respond, Meghan comes out in some dirty scrubs and smiles. "They're both ready, only two at a time though. I don't want you guys overwhelming our new momma."

Carter nods and turns to Oliver and I. "Would you like to go-"



Oliver is already dragging me into Rosalie's room before Carter can even finish his sentence and slowly opens the door to her room, poking his head in quietly.

"Ro?"

"Shhh," she chuckles as she waves us over. "Come in."

We tiptoe our way in and sit on the edge of her bed, eager to take a peek at the little bundle of joy resting peacefully in her arms. She adjusts herself a little so we can get a better look and my eyes fill with tears as I look at the pup in her arms.

"Meet Émile Jermain Dupont-Artaud," she beams proudly.

"He's beautiful, Ro," Oliver smiles, kissing his little head.

Little Émile smiles in his sleep, making Ro and I Oooh and Aww at the newborn.

"Can I hold him?" Oliver asks, stretching out his hands.

Rosalie carefully hands Émile over and places him in his arms. "Watch his head," she warns.

Oliver stares down at the boy, the widest smile on his face.

"Hi Émile. I'm your uncle Oli," he says.

Rosalie and I watch Oliver as he fusses over the pup, talking to him about all the things he plans to do with him.

"So when are you going to give Oliver his own pup?" Rosalie whispers.

"Not any time soon..." I sigh, playing with her sheets. "I just got Oliver back and with everything that's happened... I-I'm just not ready to be a mother. I've been on birth control for a while now."

Rosalie wraps her fingers around mine and gives them a good squeeze for comfort. "That's okay, Aurora. You have plenty of time. There's no need to rush this."

I steal a glance at Oliver. He looks so good with a baby in his arms and I know nothing would make him happier than to be a father, but I was simply not ready.

Feeling my gaze, Oliver's eyes fog over.

"I know, nena. I know you're not ready," he mind-links, gently rocking his nephew like an expert. "For you, I'll wait as long as it takes."