

The Ivory Queen by StephanieLight Chapter 13

13. Trust II

Aurora's POV

"I felt your pain," he says.

My pain?

"What-What do you mean?" I ask.

He's quiet for a moment, collecting his thoughts.

"I mean that I felt your pain through our bond," he says with sadness in his voice. "My wolf, Michael, was having a panic attack. He said you were scared. Then I felt this searing pain spread across my chest and over my head. And then I—" his voice breaks and tears—

stream down his face. "I felt what he did to you."

He felt the attack...

A sob escapes my throat. "No," I whimper. "No. Please tell me you're lying! He didn't hurt you! He didn't—" My head is reeling and my heart is racing. I can't breathe. All this time I thought I was alone with my pain, but Oliver felt everything with me.

"This is all my fault. If I had only been stronger, he wouldn't have hurt you too!" I cry.

"No. Don't you ever blame yourself for what he did to you. To us. This was not your fault," he says sternly. "If anything, it was my fault for not accepting you as my mate and taking you home with me that night. You would have been safe, and he..." his voice cracks.

"He wouldn't have—"

I can't take it anymore. I put the puppy down and I kneel down beside Oliver, pulling him into my arms. I feel his body tremble with every sob and I hold him tighter. His arms wrap around my waist and he buries his head in my chest. We sit like this for a while, holding each other. I stroke his hair and hum quietly until I feel his body relax.

"I forgive you," I whisper, kissing his forehead.

He pulls back and stares at me with shock.

"What do you just say?"

I smile at him and kiss his lips. "I said I forgive you. I forgive you for everything that happened on the night we met."

His eyes fill with tears and he shakes his head in disbelief. "I don't deserve it. He-he hurt you because I rejected you. I should of"

"I don't' blame you for what Andrew did. You couldn't have known... But I forgive you for hurting me that night. I know you're trying to make up for it and I appreciate it more than you could know. It's been a long time since I've felt loved and it might take a while for me to accept it but if you're willing to be patient, then I'm willing to give you a second chance."

There is turmoil in his eyes so I lean forward, pressing my lips against him. I feel him relax into the kiss and move his lips against

mine. Those little sparks cause my heart to flutter as he pulls me closer.

Feeling deprived of attention, my puppy squirms his way between us and licks Oliver's face. Oliver and I burst out laughing and

release each other.

"We-uh-we should get ready for bed," Oliver finally says, wiping his tears. He reaches his hand out and pulls me up. We walk to the closet and Oliver hands me one of his t-shirts. I give him a puzzled look and he explains.

"It smells like me, so it might help ward off the nightmares," he says. "I noticed last night you slept better when I held your hand and realized it was because of our bond. I know you're not ready to share the bed with me so I figured this would be the next best thing."

"Oh," I blush. "thank you."

He smiles at me and my heart starts racing. He grabs his PJ's and changes in the bathroom. I change into the t-shirt and some cozy shorts. I look down at my legs and realize that several of my scars are exposed and quickly change my mind about the shorts. I take them

off and rummage through my drawers for some pajama pants when I hear Oliver enter the closet.

I turn around and see he is shirtless, only wearing some checkered PJ's bottoms. I'm just in his t-shirt and I notice his eyes go straight to the many scars on my legs. I gasp and try to cover myself with a random shirt on the rack. His jaw clenches but manages to regain his composure and walks out of the closet. I quickly put on some pajama bottoms and head out to the main room where I find Oliver sitting on my bed play fighting with the puppy. I smile at the sight. Timidly, I walk to up the bed and stand beside Oliver. He doesn't speak.

"Oliver, about what you saw, 1-"

"I've seen your scars before, Aurora," he says quietly, not looking at me.

I step back, shocked by what he said.

"You've seen me nak

"Oh no, not like that!" he defends himself. "I meant the scars on your arms and legs. In the hospital, you wore a hospital gown and your arms and legs were exposed," he adds.

"Oh! Right," I say. Of course that's what he meant dummy!

"I also know about the other ones too, but only because Meghan told me. I've never seen them."

He stops playing with the puppy and reaches out his hand for me to take. Little sparks shoot up my arm as he kisses my fingers lightly. He flips my wrist over and runs his thumb along the sea of little horizontal scars I created during my darkest hours. He kisses each one while tears stream down my face.

"I'm sorry you ever felt like this," he whispers.

"It's err-I'm ok now," I say forcing a smile through my tears. "I survived."

I lean my forehead onto his and brush my lips gently against his. Butterflies dance in my stomach as he deepens my kiss, pouring every ounce of love into it. I gently trace my hands along his jaw and up into his hair, entangling my fingers in it. He wraps his arms around my waist and pulls me closer, forcing me onto his lap. I feel his aroused member

on my thigh and I gasp a little. I feel his smile against my lips and my face burns red. I pull away and get off of his lap, very embarrassed.

Oliver laughs and pulls me back into his arms. Our lips meet briefly before Oliver gets up and off my bed.

“Buenas noches, nena (Good night, baby),” he says gently, grabbing a pillow and blanket. “Sweet dreams.” I love when he speaks Spanish. The puppy barks excitedly at Oliver.

“Good night puppy,” he says.

“Good night, Oliver,” I say sheepishly.

Oliver walks over to the couch and sets himself up for the night. Meanwhile, I place the puppy in his little bed and turn the light off.

I crawl under the covers and bury my nose in his t-shirt. Smelling the apples and honey, my muscles relax and I fall asleep instantly.

The licks on my face wake me up. It’s 7 am and I’m exhausted. Our little puppy was very active during the night, crying and wanting to play. It wasn’t until I pulled him into bed with me that he finally settled down. I giggle as the puppy showers me with kisses.

“Ok, I’m up,” I whisper, pulling the puppy from my face and rubbing his tummy. He stretches happily underneath my warm hands and lets out a loud bark.

“Shhh, you’ll wake up daddy,” I giggle.

“Daddy’s awake,” I hear Oliver groan in his husky, sexy voice and shift on the couch.

“Oh, I’m sorry,” I say.

Oliver gets off the couch and walks over to the bed. He stretches, letting out a big yawn, before plopping on the bed. The puppy immediately goes to Oliver and says hello by showering him with kisses.

“Good morning, little man,” he laughs trying to push the puppy off his face with his arm.

The puppy takes this a challenge and starts nipping at his fingers. The two boys start a tug-o-war over Oliver’s fingers.

I watch them play. “Good morning, Oliver.”

“Good morning, beautiful,” he responds. He sits up and places the puppy in his lap.

I hand him a chew toy and the puppy is instantly distracted. We laugh as we watch the puppy play lazily in his lap.

“Have you come up with a name for him yet?”

“I was thinking River,” I say timidly. “Like the River Moon pack...”

Oliver is silent and I instantly regret my suggestion.

“Never mind, it’s stupid,” I add quickly.

“No it’s not,” he says gently. “You just gave me an idea. How about Rio?”

“That’s perfect!” I grab little Rio out of Oliver’s lap and kiss his little head. “Hola Rio!”

Rio barks in approval of his name.

Speaking of names...

“Oliver, I’ve been meaning to ask,” I say sheepishly. “Why do you go by Oliver?”

He laughs. “What do you mean? That’s my name!”

“No silly, I mean why do you go by Oliver instead of Olivier? That’s the name you said when you umm... rejected me.”

“Oh,” he blushes. “Well, no one really calls me Olivier, not even my parents. When I was in school, people would tease me about it. They’d call me a snob for having such a French name, so I just started going by Oliver.”

"I prefer Olivier," I smile at him. "It suits you. You're a little French boy living in a little French house, being a little French snob."

I burst out laughing and Oliver mocks me before sticking his tongue out and making a farting noise.

"Oh, did the little French boy get his little French feelings hurt?" I pout.

Oliver gets on all fours and starts slowing crawling across the bed. There is hunger in his eyes and I giggle as I watch him come closer. I bite my lip in anticipation as he crawls within an inch of my face. His lips hover over mine and I close my eyes, waiting for them to meet.

He sticks his tongue and makes a farting noise again. I open my eyes to see him laughing hysterically and clutching his stomach. Rio barks at the commotion and starts licking Oliver's face. My face is burning with embarrassment.

"You little-"

"French snob?" He roars into another fit of laughter.

"I hate you!" I yell. I get out of bed and throw a pillow at him before heading toward the bathroom. I hear him laugh even harder at me.

I shower and brush my teeth. From the closet I grab a white long sleeved peplum shirt, some dark cuffed jeans and a pair of brown booties. I grab the hair dryer and walk into the main room.

Oliver looks me up and down and smiles brilliantly at me. "You look beautiful."

I purse my lips and shake my head in disbelief.

Oliver's face turns serious. He walks over to me and wraps his arms around my waist.

"Hey, I mean it. You're beautiful."

I blush and pull myself away from him with a small smile. "Whatever," I whisper.

I plug my hair dryer into an outlet near my bed and blow dry my hair. The sound scares Rio, so he jumps off the bed and heads toward the couch. When I finish, I grab Rio's bowl of food and water and bring it to him. He eats happily as I sit on the couch and watch

TV.

Twenty minutes later, a handsome Oliver walks out in a tailored black suit. He's frowning.

"Wow," I gasp.

"I forgot I have a board meeting today at 10 and several other business duties to attend to, so I won't be around for most of the day. You get to spend the day with Evan and Ro today."

I'm not paying attention as I'm too busy fantasizing over Oliver. He looks incredible. His deep blue eyes stand out against the dark suit and his hair is nicely combed. I think of running my fingers through it as I kiss him passionately. He catches me staring and smiles

mischievously at me. His dimples make me blush.

"Did you hear what I said?"

"Mhmm. Every last word," I lie.

He chuckles softly and leads me out of the room with Rio at our heels.

