

## The Ivory Queen by StephanieLight Chapter 15

### 15. Bowling

\*\*\*Aurora's POV\*\*\*

"What's going on here?"

We both turn to see a concerned Rosalie watching us from the doorway. She makes her way towards me and collects me in her arms. I don't respond, but I let her hold me.

Reyna what am I?

It's not time yet, Aurora. Soon, she whispers.

"Hello, earth to Aurora?" Evan says. "Are you ok?"

I sigh and nod my head.

"What happened?" Rosalie asks.

"Erin was stirring up trouble as usual," Evan sighs.

"Ugh, f\*\*\*\*g b\*\*\*\*h," she groans. "I think I know what can cheer you up!" she says, her face lighting up like a firework.

I give her a shy smile. "W-what?" I say timidly.

"Let's go into the city! We can go to the movies, or go shopping. Oh, I know! We can go bowling. I love bowling!" she says with enthusiasm.

"What do you say, Aurora? Are you up to go out or would you rather stay here?" Evan asks politely.

"Let's go!" I exclaim. I could use the distraction.

Rio barks.

"What about Rio?" I ask, picking him up and cuddling with him. He happily licks my face.

"He can stay with my mom," Evan responds. "She lives just a few houses down."

Rosalie and I head upstairs to grab our things, while Evan drops off Rio at his parent's house. We rush out to meet him as he pulls

into the drive way. He drives us into town and we head for the mall.

"Alright, first thing we have to do is get you a phone!" Rosalie says.

We head into a store and I pick out a phone and a simple white phone case. I'm so excited, I've never had a phone. I have Evan put in important contacts and download a bunch of games for me.

Evan looks absolutely miserable as we drag him inside a Victoria Secret. Rosalie immediately runs to the cute bras on display and

starts searching for matching sets, leaving Evan and I to fend for ourselves in the panties section. I stare uncomfortably at the sea of lacy

thongs and colorful cheeky bottoms. Rosalie bought me plenty of cute underwear, but I was always weary of wearing the sexier panties she'd selected. Oliver and I haven't mated and I was too afraid to be around him in my underwear for it to really matter what

I wore

underneath my clothes.

He'll see you eventually, Reyna chuckles.

Oh hush you horny wolf, I snap.

"You should get some lingerie," Rosalie giggles mischievously when she's done checking out the bras.

I turn beet red and I shake my head fervently. "N-no, I'm fine."

Rosalie pouts. She grabs me by wrist and drags me to the lingerie as I protest. I blush harder when I'm face to face with several mannequins wearing sexy garments.

"Red is his favorite color," Rosalie giggles, pointing at a gorgeous set near the end of the displays. I stare at it, admiring its silky fabric and lacy designs. I imagine myself wearing it and am immediately disappointed. My scars are hideous.

"N-No, I don't-I don't think so," I say deflated.

"Oh," Rosalie sighs, sensing my sadness. "Maybe next time then."

"Can we go bowling now?" Evan whines.

Rosalie makes her purchases and we make our way over to the bowling alley. Rosalie gets our shoes as Evan and I pick a lane.

"Have you bowled before?" he asks as he sets up the game.

"Yes but I was five," I say.

Evan proceeds to give me some tips and tricks when he's suddenly interrupted by the ding of his phone. He checks the message and his face darkens as he replies immediately. I begin to feel uneasy.

"What's wrong?" I ask

"Nothing," he lies, forcing a smile.

"Are you sure?" I insist.

He pinches my cheeks. "Let's play."

Rosalie arrives with our shoes. She seems worried but tries to mask it. I don't like this one bit.

Something's wrong, Reyna whispers. "Guys what's going on?" I ask.

"Don't worry about," Rosalie says. "It's not important."

"Oh," I say sheepishly. "Sorry I didn't-"

"It's okay!" she interrupts. "Thank you for caring. Now let's play!" She turns to Evan.

"You're going down!"

Evan scoffs. "Yeah right. In your dreams!"

I laugh at their interaction, my uneasiness slowly evaporating. Over the course of the next thirty minutes, I somehow manage to be in the lead with Rosalie close behind. Evan, however, is being crushed by us.

It's my turn again and I score a perfect strike.

"Beginners luck," Evan pouts.

"Awe, is the little man sad he's being dragged by two girls?" Rosalie mocks.

"Absolutely not, in case you haven't noticed, I'm letting you win. It's what gentlemen do," he sneers.

Rosalie and I look at each other and burst into laughter.

"Keep telling yourself that," I chuckle.

Suddenly a pain in my right shoulder stops me in my tracks. I groan as it intensifies and fall to my knees. Evan is at my side in a blink of an eye.

"Luna, what's wrong?" He asks.

I gasp and my breath becomes short and labored. The pain spreads, coursing through my veins and setting my chest on fire. The agonizing feeling slices through my torso and I let out a s\*\*\*\*m. Evan lifts me into his arms and rushes towards the parking lot.

Reyna, what's-what-s h-happening?  
pant.

Mate. He's hurt.

Evan gently tucks me into the back seat while Rosalie hops in the driver's seat and starts the car.

Another surge of pain envelopes me and I cry out.

"OLIVER!"

And just as it came, the pain disappears. I'm in a cold sweat, panting and trying to gather my thoughts when Evan's phone rings.

Evan answers and sighs in relief. He nods a couple times before his face darkens with concern.

"OK, got it," he says before hanging up. He turns to me and asks how I'm feeling.

"The pains gone, I just- I don't know. My heart won't stop racing and I'm worried about Oliver."

"Oliver's fine," Rosalie butts in. "We'll be home soon."

We arrive on pack territory and the smell of rotting flesh attacks our senses. Rogues.

We drive by the pack hospital and witness

several injured wolves being carried in by pack members. As we continue to drive, we see several rogue bodies lying on the ground, staining the earth with their blood.

When we arrive at the house, a huge crowd is gathered in the driveway. Several wolves have minor injuries while women attempt

to comfort weeping children. Carter is speaking with several warriors and I recognize a few of them as members of Lluvia Blanca,

Where is Oliver?

We hop out of the car and everyone turns to watch us walk up to the house. There is disdain and hatred in their eyes as they look

upon me. I see my brother among the Lluvia Blanca wolves and my stomach drops. I hide behind Evan and look at me feet as we make

our way to Carter. Rosalie wraps her arms around him, whispering a quick thank you to the Moon Goddess that he's alright. Evan tenses

up at the sight of Salvador and grabs hold of my hand. I can't relax, however, and start shaking like a leaf.

"How is everyone?" Evan asks as we approach Carter.

He lets out an exasperated sigh. "They came out of nowhere. Luckily some of the Lluvia Blanca wolves were here on a training visit

and we were able to team up on those bastards. We had no casualties on our side, but a couple wolves are in the hospital getting treated," he informs us.

My fear becomes overwhelming at the mention of the attack. "Where's Oliver?" I blurt out.

Carter hesitates but doesn't say a word. My anxiety is about to explode so I turn to Evan.

"Evan? Where's Oliver?" | ask.

No response.

Why won't anyone tell me anything?

"Evan!" I plead. My voice breaks and I feel a sob in throat.

Nothing. Frustrated, I pull out my phone and begin searching Oliver's number.

"What are you doing?" Carter asks.

"Calling him!"

I see a battle in his eyes as he struggles to make up his mind. "He'll be fine," he breaks.

"Don't-Don't worry"

"Take me to him," I plead. "I want to see him."

"Aurora, we are under strict orders," Carter says. "We cannot-"

"Now!" I shout. I'm trembling with anger.

"Yes, Luna," Evan responds.

He leads me back through the crowd and toward the truck. I'm filled with dread as we pull up to the pack hospital. We walk down

several corridors, passing by worried mates praying for their loved ones. Finally we make our way to a lonely hallway with a single room

and I smell the familiar scent of honey and green apples coming from behind the door. I brace myself as I walk in.