

The Ivory Queen Chapter 23

Oliver's POV

"I'm terribly sorry for my wife's outburst," Wesley apologizes to Miguel and his Luna.

I feel a low growl in my throat. "It seems your wife is the only other person with sense in this room," I snap. I feel my wolf on the surface and fight desperately for control.

"What did you say?" Wesley snarls.

"I said-

"Are you children done bickering?" Jonathan, who up until this point hadn't said a word, coolly stares back at us. He clears his throat before speaking again. "My Luna Scarlet and I are expecting very soon and would appreciate getting to the bottom of this Rogue situation as quickly as possible."

"I agree with Jonathan," said Patrick, Alpha of the Blood Moon Pack. "I did not come all this way to hear you all bicker over a Luna. There is a grave matter at hand and we must act quickly."

I'm angry that my Luna was disrespected, but Patrick and Jonathan were right. Aurora and Kehlani had already left and we need to get figure our next move against the Rogues. I turn to Miguel and Ximena.

"Don't think for a second that I'm letting this go. You will respect my Luna."

Miguel stares coldly at me but does not respond.

"So let's start with the first major attack. It was against River Moon, right?" Jonathan asks me.

"Yes, we were attacked by 20 or so Rogues," I begin. "At first, it seemed like any other attack, but near the end, they did something unexpected. They used guns."

"They were armed?" asks Patrick with great skepticism.

I nod my head and continue. "I took a silver bullet to the abdomen," I say. "It was laced with wolf's bane. I almost didn't make it, but luckily Aurora healed—"

"Enough about the girl!" Miguel roars, slamming his fists on the table and standing up from his seat.

There is absolute fury in his eyes and he is hyperventilating. I snarl back at him. Ximena quickly pulls him close and whispers something in his ear making Miguel visibly calm down. He slides back in his chair and runs his fingers through his hair.

I glare at him. "Are you done?"

He doesn't reply but gives me a taunting smile. Javier's eyes turn to slits as he glares at me. It's so strange to be at odds with my friends and allies. Wesley, Javier, and I practically grew up together, our parents wanting us to get along since we were all close in age and the next leaders of our packs. Everything changed when I claimed Aurora.

I clear my throat. "As I was saying. I was struck with a silver bullet, but we had no casualties."

"The rogues that attacked us didn't carry weapons," Wesley chimes in. "Their bites, however, were laced with wolfsbane," he shudders. "I've never seen anything like it."

"How do you know their bites had wolfsbane and it wasn't something like a small injection?" I ask.

"Because every wolf on our battle field that suffered a bite wound could not heal properly. It's been almost a week yet we got soldiers still in the infirmary," he replies.

"Any casualties?" Patrick asks.

Wesley holds up a finger. "One, a girl. She was originally from Lluvia Blanca but she mated with one of our soldiers. Poor bastard died of heartbreak in the hospital when he felt her gone."

"We had 7 casualties in our attack," says Jonathan. "But there were a s**t ton of those bastards."

“How many would you say?” I ask.

“About 30-40. Mean old sons of bitches too. Out of their mind crazy. But the thing was,” Jonathan pauses, “I’m almost positive they had a target in mind.”

“What makes you say that?” Wesley asks.

“Well, they went straight for the safe house,” he mutters. “They just kept going towards the house no matter how much we attacked,” he voice breaks a little. “There were so many... We couldn’t stop them all...”

There is a moment of silence as he collects his thoughts.

“A few of them managed to sneak in and- and they killed 4 girls,” he says coldly. “The oldest victim was no older than 20 years old and the youngest was a toddler. Our other casualties were female warriors.”

My stomach drops at the mention of the little girl. Who could be so cruel as to kill an innocent child? A f*****g child?

“My condolences,” I whisper and he nods.

We are all silent for a moment, probably digesting what we have heard and sending silent prayers for the young girls killed in the attacks.

“We lost a few girls in our attack too,” Miguel speaks up. “There were over 50 rogues and they targeted the females. We were lucky enough that the warriors from River Moon and Cerulean Sea were able to come to our aid. We lost 5 girls but I can’t imagine how bad the damage would have been had we been on our own.”

Miguel gives us a quick thank you and we nod in return.

“So it seems to be that females are their main targets,” Patrick says with sadness.

“But why kill all these females? What is their end goal?” I ask.

“Rogues don’t have goals, they just like to cause trouble,” Wesley says coldly. I know he’s no longer taking about the attacks.

“Well regardless of their goals, we need to come up with solution,” Patrick says eagerly. “If the Rogues are following a pattern, then it seems my pack is their next likely target.”

“Well, I propose we issue a curfew for all females. No one is to be out past 5 pm and they must be accompanied at all times,” Wesley suggests. “And we should open up communications between packs at the borders. Any suspicious activity we see, we should send immediate alerts to all packs. This way we can send reinforcements where needed in as little time as possible.”

“We should also set up a system for sharing medics and supplies between packs as well. It seems the Rogues numbers are growing with every attack, meaning more possibility for deaths and injuries. We should be able to send medical staff between packs whenever necessary.” Jonathan mentions. “I know we could have used more medics during our attack,” he adds glumly.

We continue sharing ideas and eventually vote to open up communications, share medical staff and supplies and close our borders every day after 5 pm until the situation is controlled.

“Alpha Patrick, I would be more than happy to place 20 soldiers at your disposal. Given that you’re likely the next target, I’m sure a few extra hands wouldn’t hurt,” I say.

“That is very kind of you, thank you,” he says wholeheartedly.

“Well, if that is all, meeting adjourned,” Miguel dismisses us.

I send Aurora quick text to let her know the meeting is over and I try to mind link Evan but receive no response. As Carter and I exit, we notice Wesley and his Beta, Chris, pacing in the hallway. When Wesley catches a glimpse of us he pounces on me.

“Where is my wife?” He demands, knocking me to the ground and punching me in the face.

I hit him back, pushing him off me. As I try to pin him to the ground, Carter grabs me by the arms and restrains me. Chris helps Wesley to his feet but keeps a tight grip on his arms to keep him from lunging at me.

“Where is my wife? What did that murderous b***h of yours do to her? ” he sneers.

I lose my s**t and begin shifting. He does the same and now even our betas can't hold us back. We lunge at each other, biting and clawing viciously. Blood oozes down my chest while Wesley's shoulder is torn open. I feel a sudden surge of pain between my temples as I pin down Wesley with my paws when I hear Carters voice call out to us.

"I know where they are!"