

The Ivory Queen Chapter 61

*** Aurora's POV***

I get up on my feet and Celina embraces me in a hug.

"I'm so proud of you!"

"There is still one more thing you must come to terms with, but this is something you must do with your mate..." Moon Goddess says.

I know exactly what she means and nod my understanding.

"Do not fear opening up to Oliver. There is a reason I picked him for you. He will understand," she reassures. "Now, it's time for Celina to face her guilt."

Before Celina and I can question her, Moon Goddess grabs our hands once again, the flash of white light blinding us instantly.

We find ourselves in a pretty pink bedroom filled with toys, books and dolls.

"Where are we?" I ask.

"My old room..." Celina smiles, sitting down to touch a small rag doll on the bed. "Why would Moon Goddess send us here?"

"It's your therapy session, not mine!"

We walk out of her house and towards the porch to find little 6 year old Celina sitting in Valentina's lap as she reads to her. They look so happy together, pointing at the pictures and giggling as they read 'Don't let the Pigeon drive the Bus'.

They fade away and we are transported to a rainy day on a soccer field. In the crowd, Valentina, Danny and Diego cheer and shout as 12 year old Celina scores the winning goal for her team. She and her team mates run across the field and slide across a large puddle of mud, rolling around and laughing uncontrollably. Diego runs in and joins them, grabbing fist fulls of mud to throw at the squealing girls..

The scene morphs again into a beautiful forest where 12 year old Celina and tia Valentina are waiting patiently in silence. I sense Celina's uneasiness beside me and hold her hand to comfort her.

"Celina?" I ask. "What is it you have to face?"

She stares at her feet in shame. "Just watch."

Suddenly tia Valentina holds back a sob and sinks to the floor, her thoughts playing like a record in our ears.

"He's really dead.... Oh, Moon Goddess no! Not my brother! Not again!" She whimpers, cupping her mouth with her hand to keep from crying out. "I'm all alone now."

Younger Celina looks at our tia with confusion. "Mom? What's wrong?"

Valentina takes a few deep breaths and calms herself down. "Celina, mija. I need to tell you something."

Valentina pulls out the box containing the letter and medallion for Celina to open. As she reads, tears stream down her face before a look of absolute betrayal washes over her. We listen as tia explains the war, the death of our birth parents, my existence and the purpose of the meeting.

"You're not my mother..." Younger Celina mumbles, her bottom lip quivering. Suddenly her face hardens. "You've lied to me this whole time? You've lied to me! How could you do this to me? How could you keep all of this a secret? What right did you have to keep me from my sister?"

" Celina we were just trying to protect you. Both of you-"

"Protect me?" She scoffs. "No, you've never cared for me, you're just a liar-"

"Celina that's enough! I am still your mother-"

"Don't you ever say that word to me again. I am nothing but the goddamn niece you were burdened with! A stupid charity case!" Younger Celina screams. "You lied to me! You never cared! You should have left me! You should have left me to die with my real parents!"

The white light flashes again and we are back at the stream with Moon Goddess. Celina crashes to her knees, staring blankly ahead with a few unshed tears in her eyes. I sit down beside her and pull her into my arms.

“Celina, you were just angry. You can’t beat yourself up about what you said that night. I’m sure she understood you pain,” I say, rubbing her back.

“That’s not the only thing I did, Aurora,” she whispers. “I haven’t called her Mom since that night. I can’t bring myself to say it anymore. I shut her out. For five years, I shut her out. She lost her entire family because of us and I had the balls to be angry with her! How f*****g cruel could I be?”

She holds back her sob but Moon Goddess scolds her.

“Don’t run away from you feelings now, you’ve been running from them since that night. Let it out, my child,” She encourages. “You must face them.”

Celina pants as her heart begins to accelerate and she starts to gasp for air. Finally a sob ripples through her body and she cries furiously into her hands, shaking her head.

“You lived carefree all those years until you read that letter and you’ve carried the guilt of living ever since. You believed you didn’t deserve all that love and adoration from Valentina. You thought the price that was paid for your life was too high. All the blood-shed, all the years your aunt could not live with her family... it tore you up inside. To this day, you can’t even look Valentina in the eye without wishing you had been taken.”

Celina wails grow louder and she plants her hands into soil to keep her body steady as she cries out her sorrows.

“Valentina made her choice willingly, Celina. She’s loved you from the moment she held you in her arms. Nothing in this world could have stopped her from becoming you mom. Nothing. She chose to give you a shot at a happy life and you have every right to enjoy the love she wants to give you.”

Celina gives a final cry before she starts to grow quieter. She pants, desperately trying to find the strength to breathe. A few more tears fall down her cheek before a calm trickles into her eyes and she sighs with relief.

“I love you mom,” she whispers.

Celina turns to me and we wrap our arms around each other. "We did it," I murmur. "We faced the past."

"And now," Moon Goddess smiles, "you are ready to receive your gifts." She twirls her finger and the pink and purple orbs fly down in front of us, just within our reach. "The gifts I am bestowing upon you are to be used to help you fight against the slaughter of your race. You shall share some gifts but some of your powers will be different and will complement each other. Alone, you will be strong, but together, you will be unstoppable."

Celina and I glance at each other before taking deep breaths and reaching out to touch our respective orbs. My body is filled with warmth and light, the purple flames engulfing me slowly. The flames burn across my skin, traveling towards my chest before seeping into it. I look down at my arms and realize my scars are gone, smooth golden skin replacing them. On my palms, I find gorgeous, geometric sun tattoos.

I step back and gasp when I see Celina's transformation. Her long black hair is gone, now flowing white and silky while her eyes gleam violet and pink. She gasps when she sees me and I know I look the same.

"Holy s**t!" Celina squeaks and Moon Goddess frowns at her.

"You have freed yourselves from the chains of your past and have received your gifts. Unfortunately, there is a war on the horizon and I'm afraid the time for peace is at its end. But do not fear for I have given you the tools to fight and protect your kind. I will guide you every step of the way but remember you have each other and you are each other's strength. Go now my daughters. You are ready to complete your shift."

We thank her and say our goodbyes before Moon Goddess reaches out to touch our foreheads.

We awaken curled up together in the freezing snow, our medallions no longer on our necks but in our hands. Valentina and her clones are pacing back and forth, keeping guard while Oliver stares back at me in awe. My white hair and tattoos must be freaking him out. Celina grabs my hands, snapping me back to our task.

"Its time for our shift," she says, taking a deep breath. "Ready?"

“Ready,” I reply. A jolt of energy runs between us and Reyna’s voice comes forward.

Just relax, Aurora, she soothes before a pain begins to radiate from my temples. It intensifies as it spreads across my face and down my neck.

The pain shoots down my spine and I double over on all fours as my bones begin to break, elongate, and rearrange. My skin feels like it’s on fire as white fur begins to sprout across my body and my neat fingernails become long white claws. There’s a ringing in my ears and itching at my nose as my senses become hypersensitive.

After a few moments, the pain begins to evaporate and I look down between my paws to see my white tail wagging. I lift my big head to see a gorgeous white wolf staring back at me with glowing pink and purple eyes.

Celina’s wolf howls and Reyna joins her. Valentina’s clones morph into one and she jumps around excitedly, yipping and howling. Valentina runs up to us and bows. Celina licks her face and rubs noses with her. They both begin to kick the snow at each other before taking off in a run together. I glance back at Oliver and make my way towards him. He has the biggest smile on his face, making him look absolutely adorable. He bows before me and chuckles when I lick his face.

He grabs my head and leans his forehead on mine. “Estas hermosa {You’re beautiful},” he whispers.

I want him to shift. I want Reyna to meet Michael. I start to whine and push his shirt up with my nose. He seems to understand because he starts to undress, his beautiful blue eyes fading to silver as Michael takes over. I crouch down in a play bow as I wait for him to complete his shift before pouncing on his wolf. We roll around on the snow together and he pins me down with his paws and licks my face lovingly.

I sit back and watch as Reyna and Michael get to know each other. She growls playfully and pushes him off. As she stands next to him, I realize my wolf is exactly the same size as his. We truly are equals.

Reyna nips at his ear and takes off. I hear him run after us and she picks up the speed. Michael is fast, however, and somehow manages to pounce on me. He pulls at my ear and takes off while Reyna chases after him. After a few rounds of tag, we catch up with Celina and Valentina for a little group run.

It feels incredible, running at full speed whilst dodging past trees and bushes until our lungs burn.

We make our way back to our pile of clothes as the sun begins to peak through the trees. The four of us shift back to our human forms, allowing us to finally examine the changes to our bodies.

My palms and wrists contain geometric sun tattoos and while I can't see my back, judging by Celina's body, I know there's a sun and moon tattoo resting between my shoulder blades. The long black hair I once had is now white, almost glowing against my tan skin. The biggest changes, however, are my scars. They're gone.

I blink hard as I get dressed, unsure of what to make of the flawless skin now covering my body. For years I had been ashamed of my scars and now...they're gone. I wipe at my eyes to ensure I'm not dreaming. Celina gives me a sympathetic look.

"Are you happy they're gone?" She asks.

I shake my head in disbelief. "I used to be disgusted by them and now ... you're going to think I'm crazy but ... I actually miss them," I admit, holding back a sob. "What's wrong with me?"

"Nothing," Oliver says, wrapping me up in his arms. "You just learned to love yourself as you were. I'm proud of you. This will just take some getting used to. I'm sure Moon Goddess just wanted you to have a clean slate after everything you've been through," he says, kissing my forehead. "By the way, I like the tattoos and the hair," he whispers in my ear, effectively making me blush.

Celina yawns and we all erupt into a symphony of tired moaning and groaning. The adrenaline from the shift has worn off and I'm completely exhausted.

"I can drive, mom. You look exhausted," Celina offers nonchalantly as we make our way back to the car.

Our tia stops dead in her tracks and a smile spreads across her face. "What did you call me?" She asks, her voice trembling.

"Mom," Celina answers, her voice small. "C-can I still call -"

She doesn't even finish her sentence as Valentina wraps her up in a hug. "You don't have to ask. You've never stopped being my daughter, mija."

"I'm so sorry mom! I didn't mean to hurt — I just— I was so—"

"I know mija. I know," Valentina interrupts, squeezing her tightly. "I love you so much."

"I love you too, mami."

My heart fills with happiness as I watch them hug and my thoughts shift to Emiliano. No matter what, Emiliano will always be my dad.

I did it, Dad. I shifted. I just wish you were here.

I wipe at the tear threatening to fall and force a smile.

Celina and Valentina chat happily in the front seat while Oliver and I sit together in the back. He drapes his arm across my shoulder and I lean into him, inhaling his intoxicating scent. He starts to play with my hair, wrapping it around his finger and massaging my scalp and I struggle to keep my eyes open.

We pull up to the hotel and I feel Oliver carry me out of the car. I curl up to his chest and fall asleep before we even make it to our room.

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Oliver's POV

Aurora is sleeping blissfully in my arms as I carry her to our room.

"I'd like a moment to speak to both of you if that's alright. I just need to put Aurora down," I say as Valentina inserts our room key in for me.

"Sure, I guess. What's this all about?" Celina asks, yawning.

"Nothing serious," I reply, opening the door. "See you in five?"

They agree and I bring Aurora inside and set her down on the bed. I take her shoes and jeans off so she can sleep more comfortably and tuck her in. Even as she sleeps, I can feel the powerful aura around her.

Celina answers the door and I notice she and Valentina as now dressed in some warm, fluffy pj's.

"So what did you want to talk about?" Celina asks.

"Well I know Aurora already invited you guys to come for her ceremony on Friday but I was hoping you guys would be willing to come a few days earlier, like Wednesday. I'm sure she'd love to be able to spend some quality time with you. She'll be pretty busy Friday getting ready for the ceremony."

We start to plan the surprise for Aurora and agree they'll arrive Wednesday morning and stay for two weeks.

"There's something else I wanted to ask you Valentina," I say tentatively. "Aurora once told me that her biggest wish was to see the secret cave Emiliano used to play in as a kid..."

This brings a smile to her face. "La Cueva Altamirano," she chuckles. "It's what we called it when we found it. We used to swim in it all the time."

"I want to know where it is. Aurora has no idea what part of Mexico she's from and I'd like to give that to her. I'd like to take her to the place her father was happiest."

"Tamaulipas. We're from Tamaulipas. We grew up in Ciudad Madero where we lived pretty much our entire childhood. The sea was unlike any other, just gorgeous. Sofia was from Ciudad Mante. Now that I think about it, there were some caves there as well that Mateo and Emiliano loved in a place called El Nacimiento, 'the birthplace'. The water was crystal blue and there lots of tunnels and caves. Mateo loved to explore those when he wasn't busy being King."

"How did mom and dad meet?," Celina asks, intrigued by the information.

Valentina's smile widens. "Sofia was a princess at the time and had come to visit the coastal packs of the kingdom when she was just 17. She had gone out to the beach for some alone time, probably overwhelmed by the responsibilities she had. Her mother, Queen Ana Lucia was not the easiest person to deal with and had a lot of high expectations. Anyways, Mateo happened to be swimming at that same beach and their paths crossed. It was hate at first sight, Sofia couldn't stand him," Valentina chuckles. "They were complete opposites. Mateo was a free spirit, charismatic, and a rule breaker

while Sofia was careful and calculated, everything you'd expected from a soon to be Queen. But somehow, Mateo tore down her walls, he was stubborn like that, and she fell for him. I don't think she ever opened herself up to anyone else like she did with Mateo. They had to overcome a lot of adversities but they somehow just knew they were meant for each other."

"That's an adorable love story," Celina giggles. "Unlike yours!" She scoffs at me. "I can't believe you actually rejected her!"

"I'll always regret that for the rest of my life..." I whisper. "I'll never forgive myself for what I did but I'm grateful she gave me a second chance."

"As much as I hate to admit it, I'm glad she forgave you. You make her happy. That's obvious from a mile away," Celina sighs. "But you're still on my list though, so don't push your luck with me. One more wrong move and I will personally kick your a*s. Got it?"

I nod, knowing she's very serious and excuse myself to go check on Aurora. I find her awake sitting by the windowsill watching the snow fall.

"I couldn't sleep without you," she murmurs, turning to look at me with her big pools of honey. My heart skips a beat as she bats her eyelashes at me and tilts her head a little. "Are you going to bed?"

I nod, glancing at the clock. It's only 7am and I'm exhausted. I slip off my shirt and jeans, leaving me just in my boxers and plop into bed. She climbs in with me and I turn on my side to face her, reaching out to caress her face gently. Scars or not, Aurora will always be the most beautiful girl I've ever laid eyes on. Celina looked just like her but Aurora was the only one I saw.

A lock of hair falls on her face and I tuck it behind her ear, making her blush. I lean forward and kiss her nose before I find my way to her lips. At first I'm gentle, savoring the sweet taste of her lips but grow hungrier with every passing second. I deepen the kiss, suddenly needing her more than I need air and pull her into my lap.

"I want to meet your wolf," I pant when she pulls away. "What's her name?"

"Reyna," she replies, smiling like a fool. "She wants to meet you too."

Reyna, huh? A name fit for a queen.

Her right eye begins to glow purple while the left glows bright pink. I'm mesmerized by her. Aurora and Reyna have the most incredible eyes.

"Hi beautiful," I say, kissing her cheek.

"Mine!" She growls, grabbing my face and kissing me passionately. I move my lips against hers and she bites my lower lip. She's definitely more aggressive than Aurora. I feel her roll her hips against the growing lump in my boxers and I know I need to stop this before it goes any further.

I pull away from her lips and hold her steady. "Slow down, baby," I say, reaching up a hand to play with her hair. "I loved seeing your wolf form by the way. You're so beautiful."

Reyna blushes at the compliment.

"This is my true form," she says, twirling her silky white hair around her fingers. "Do you like it?"

"The white suits you," I smile at her. "But let me be perfectly clear. I've always thought you were beautiful, scars and all. Don't forget that. I loved you before the changes just as much as I love you now." I manage to steal a kiss from her and she giggles. "Can I see your tattoos?" I whisper in her ear.

She shows me her palms and wrists and I trace my fingers along the black designs. She then lifts her hair up and turns around so I can see the tattoo between her shoulder blades. I kiss it, loving how it looks against her dark skin.

"I love you, Reyna and I can't wait to spend the rest of my life getting to know you and Aurora. I know I'm not as strong or as powerful as you are but I promise to protect and love you always," I murmur.

She gives me one last kiss before her eyes turn to honey. Aurora rests her head on my chest and I wrap my arms around her to keep her warm. She sighs and before I know it, she slips into oblivion. Content, I let the darkness take me too.

I wake up to the sound of Aurora's stomach growling.

This girl is always hungry!

I open my eyes and see Aurora scolding her stomach silently and I burst into laughter. She turns bright red when she realizes I'm watching and tries to get out of bed but I hold her tightly in my arms and refuse to let her go.

"You're too adorable for your own good," I chuckle into her ear. "Let's get you something to eat."

We shower and get dressed before packing up for check out. Celina and Valentina meet us in the lobby and we find a little diner nearby.

As we walk in, I sense at least 6 werewolves inside. They watch us as we get seated in the corner booth and I know they're communicating our presence to their superiors. A waiter comes by to take our orders and I have to fight with Michael for control as the waiter makes googly eyes at Aurora and Celina. Aurora seems completely oblivious to the attention she's getting from the waiter and several other males in the diner, including those stupid wolves.

She gives me a confused look and scolds me. "Why are you frowning?" She asks.

She can't be this dense, can she?

I grunt an answer when the waiter leaves. "The waiter was practically drooling all over you and Celina and I had to fight back the urge to strangle him."

Aurora's cheeks heat up and she shakes her head in denial while tucking a strand of hair behind her ear. "N-no he wasn't. He was just being polite," she shrugs.

Does she actually not know how gorgeous she is?

"No mija, that's called flirting," her aunt chuckles and Celina bursts out laughing. Aurora effectively blushes harder.

When the waiter returns with our food, Aurora ignores him completely, her eyes glued to her plate. The waiter tries to hit on Celina and she puts him in place immediately.

"I ordered curly fries. Maybe instead of flirting with me, you should actually just do your job," she snaps.

I almost choke on my coke as the waiter's jaw drops. He forces a smile and apologizes for his mistake before quickly scurrying off to get her fries, probably wishing he could stop existing.

I hold back laughter as I watch Celina and Aurora eat. They have the same eating mannerisms. They both do a little dance in their seat before digging in. Since they both stand at no more than 5 feet tall, they swing their feet happily as they bite down on their food. When I try to steal a fry from Aurora, both of them glare at me. It's adorable and terrifying.

As they eat, I'm still mindful of the wolves watching us from their table when suddenly three more wolves come walking into the diner. I can sense that one of them is an Alpha and a particularly strong one at that. He and his wolves walk right up to our booth and the alpha pulls out a chair and plops down right in front of us. He and his two minions bow before Celina and Aurora, looking completely entranced by them.

"I had heard we had some visitors, but no one told me they were this beautiful," he grins, eyeing Aurora and Celina. Aurora's heart quickens and a warning growl ripples through my chest, making his grin widen. "Care to state your business here, Alpha?" He asks.

Before I can respond, Celina beats me to the punch.

"It's none of your concern," Celina snaps, causing one of the wolves to snarl at her.

"Don't worry, Gregory. She doesn't know who I am," the alpha says, waving the wolf off. "Allow me to introduce myself. I'm Logan Moore, Alpha of the Dark Moon pack and King of Boise." He gestures towards the table. "And you are?"

I sense something off about him and shoot Valentina and Celina a warning look to not reveal themselves.

"We were just passing through. Don't worry too much about us. We're not looking for trouble," I reply, tightening my grip on Aurora's waist.

"Well if you weren't, Alpha, you would have had the decency to announce your visit to my territory, now wouldn't you?"

“He’s not to blame, it was my fault. I thought this town was on neutral territory,” Aurora explains, her voice filled with false confidence. “I’m sorry if we offended you.”

“Well the town is neutral, my dear, but Boise is not and you did trespass. All is forgiven, though. It’s not often you’re in the presence of a mighty silver wolf and the legendary Ivory twins ... your Majesties.”

Aurora and Celina tense up when he acknowledges their kind. He laughs at our shocked reactions and reaches out to touch Aurora’s hair. Aurora’s heart races with fear and I grab his wrist and stop him from laying a finger on her. Both of his wolves snarl at me but I could care less. They posed no threat to me.

“Don’t. f*****g. Touch. Her,” I warn. He chuckles lightly and lifts his hands in surrender.

“My apologies,” he grins. “So what brings members of a royal family to my kingdom.

I want to scoff when he’s says kingdom. He’s no King, just an ambitious Alpha.

“Like I said, it doesn’t concern you. Now leave us alone unless you want to witness what a real Royal can do,” Celina mocks him.

His smile falters a little but he quickly composes himself and turns to Celina. “Right, well I don’t want to take up too much of your time. I’m sure wolves of your caliber are very busy. Please feel free to visit anytime you please, I’d be more than happy to host you at my estate. Have a lovely meal.”

There is a hint of bitterness and annoyance in his voice. He gets up to leave and I notice his fists are balled up at his side. Celina’s comment must have hit a nerve. As he and his minions exit the building, I call the waiter over and pay the bill.

“I don’t know about you guys but something felt off about Logan,” I say as we grab our things to leave.

“Yeah, no kidding. He called himself King of Boise. He’s not even a Gold wolf,” Celina scoffs.

“I’m more worried that he already knows what you guys are,” I say, still very uneasy about the whole thing. “I know his type. Power hungry Alphas are as delusional as they are dangerous. Something tells me this won’t be the last that we’ll hear of Logan Moore.”

I have Aurora and Celina put on their medallions to mask their scent and we discover that it masks some of their power as well. We hop in the car, keeping a look out for anyone possibly following us and finally arrive at the airport car rental to return the car. We make our way through the TSA agents and head for our terminal.

Our gates are at opposite ends of the terminal and my heart breaks a little when I see Aurora shed tears as she hugs Celina and Valentina goodbye. They’ll see each other soon enough, but the twins have already become quite attached and are reluctant to part ways. Valentina literally has to drag Celina away before they miss their flight, leaving a very teary eyed Aurora in my arms.

“It wasn’t enough time,” Aurora weeps. “I needed more time!”

“I know, nena. But you guys will be together soon enough” I say, rubbing circles on her back.

We wait another half hour before our plane starts boarding. Aurora takes the window seat and stares quietly at the landscape below us. It’s not until we’re 10,000 feet in the air that I realize Aurora never got her snowball fight. We were too busy or too tired to go out. I make a mental note to take her sometime in the near future. She deserves a good snow day.

I reach over and remove her medallion from her neck. She looks back at me with confusion.

“I miss my Queen’s scent,” I smile. She walks over to me and curls up in my lap. “I love you, Aurora.”

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Logan’s POV

I knew instantly that the white haired beauties in front of me were the legendary Ivory twins, the power emanating from them was intoxicating and unmistakable. I’d heard the legends but I was in awe of the raw power I could

sense within them. I even felt the urge to bow before them. I don't bow before anyone. I noted the silver wolf's presence as well, though her power was not as great. The Alpha holding on to one of the Ivory twins was on edge with my presence. It's a pity they're mates. I'm clearly a better candidate. He and I both knew who was stronger.

I enjoyed pissing off the Alpha; his little mate was certainly worth the trouble. She was stunningly beautiful and mysterious, refusing to look me in the eye for long. She was shy but not a pushover. When I threatened her mate, she was quick to step in. Such an interesting creature. I loved how her heart raced when I reached to out to touch her hair.

The other unmated twin was her equal in beauty and power but I couldn't stand her. She was a b***h who didn't know how to hold her tongue or keep her stupid opinions to herself. I'm still fuming over what she said.

"Now leave us alone unless you want to witness what a real Royal can do."

Pretentious b***h! I am a King!

I was furious for a split second but then a thought filled my mind. If I had a Queen as my mate, I would be a true King in everyone's eyes. No one would dare question my title. My mate would provide heirs to my throne and my line would continue for centuries. And what better mate than an all-powerful Ivory twin? I would be unstoppable. I could rule more than just Boise. I could rule everyone!

I quickly compose myself and forgive their trespassing, now focused on my new task.

As we walk out of the dinner, I turn to Gregory, my beta. "Get me all the information you can on the Ivory Twins. I want to know everything, their strengths, their weaknesses, their whereabouts, everything," I snap. "I want their location. Follow them but be discrete. They're powerful."

"Yes, King. But what's this all for?" He asks and I slap him for questioning me.

After he collects himself, I grab him by the collar.

"It seems I've just found my Queen."

Aurora's POV

When Carter and Evan pick us up from the airport, they're more than a little shocked to see my white hair. They both bow before me and several humans give us weird looks. "What are you doing? Stop it!" I scold them, not liking the stares.

"I don't know why I just did that, but it felt right," Evan says, scratching his head and looking confused. Carter rolls his eyes and steps forward to greet me.

"Your majesty," Carter grins before pulling me into a hug. "Glad to see all went well with your shift," he whispers.

"So you mean to tell me you flew out of state to dye your hair white and get some tats?" Evan teases as he lifts me out of Carter's arms and spins me around. "I missed you, Luna," he says giving me a squeeze. "Now I can watch the Avatar with you because some people don't appreciate complex story telling!" He grunts, giving Carter a cold stare to which Carter responds by sticking his tongue out at him.

"You mean cartoons?" He mocks us, crossing his arms over his chest. Evan and I gasp at him and he rolls his eyes at us. "Dorks," he mutters.

"This is why I'm the favorite!" Evan snaps and they both start to argue over who I like better. I notice a few girls watching my interaction with the boys, the jealousy clear as day in their eyes.

"Yeah, I'm fine. Thanks for asking," Oliver mutters to himself. "Nah, I don't need help carrying these bags back to the car."

The boys pay no attention to him so I run up to him and stand on my tippy toes to kiss his lips. "You're my favorite," I say.

Evan grumbles as he takes the bags from Oliver and we head to the car. On the drive back, I explain the purpose of the trip to Evan and he showers me with a bunch of questions.

"So what are your powers? What can you do? What's your sister like? Is she a badass like you?" He asks, going a million miles an hour. I answer as best I can and he grins at me. "I have the coolest sister ever!"

I love this i***t.

Midway through our drive, Carter informs Oliver that the Alphas have requested a meeting tonight, their patience having worn out. I'm exhausted and would rather just go home but the Alphas are anxious to hear from me. There's no avoiding this meeting. I'm just going to have to suck it up for a few more hours.

We arrive at Blood Moon around 8 pm and I'm grumpy, hungry, and tired.

"Cheer up, baby. It'll be over soon. Just hang on for a few more hours," Oliver says as he helps me out of the car. I mumble a quick 'whatever' and walk by his side up the path to the Blood Moon Pack house.

A group of guards come out to escort us inside but before they even reach us, they stop and bow before me. When they look up again, they seem extremely confused and embarrassed. This bowing thing is starting to annoy the crap out of me.

They can't help it. Now that you've shifted, they sense our power and Royal blood. They must show respect and bow, Reyna explains. It's their instinct.

Yeah? Well it's still freaking weird, I retort.

Just wear the medallion if it bothers you so much. They'll stop.

The medallion is in car, I snap. There's no point now.

The guards lead us to the office where the meeting is to take place. Nathan (Blood Moon Gamma) is standing near the door. When he catches a glimpse of me, he bows. Carter takes his position in front of Oliver and I while Evan steps off to the side to join Nathan. As we enter, the Alphas become rigid, instinctively fighting submission before giving in and bowing. There is a look of bewilderment in their eyes when they finally look back up at me. My white hair and the bowing has completely thrown them off guard.

"What the hell is going on?" Wesley asks as Oliver and I take our places.

"Why did we just-"

"Calm down, Alpha Wesley. There's no need to panic. Aurora will explain," Oliver explains.

I shift nervously on my feet and look to Oliver to find some courage. “I am the daughter of Sofia Isabel Reyes, Queen of the Sol de Oro Kingdom and of King Mateo Salvador Altamirano of the Altamirano silver wolf clan. I was born to the Royal family and put into the protective custody of Emiliano Altamirano and his wife, Karina.”

“You’re an Ivory twin,” Alpha Patrick gasps with shock and I nod.

“Ivory twin?” Wesley asks, still confused.

“Yes. It’s a hybrid of sorts between a gold and silver wolf,” I reply, taking a deep breath. “I didn’t know until recently and I only just met my twin for the first time yesterday afternoon to complete my first shift. It’s been a lot to process and I’m still unsure of the powers that I have.”

“Powers?” Jonathan asks. “You mean you can do more than just heal?”

Patrick answers the question for me. “Yes, exactly. Ivory twins possess an array of gifts and abilities. Her healing powers are just one example of what she can do.” He turns to look at me. “So these attacks we’ve been fighting off....”

“They’re my fault. I’m the one Tais is after. I’m the only thing that stands in her way of destroying the last remaining gold and silver wolves. Tais has been tracking me since birth. My parents.... They’re gone because of her,” I say, fighting back tears. “I’m sorry I’ve brought this all on you and your packs.”

“How long were you planning on keeping this vital piece of information from us?” Wesley snaps, getting up from his chair.

“Watch it Wes,” Oliver warns but Wesley stands his ground.

Reyna doesn’t appreciate Wesley’s tone and I feel her take control. I know my eyes have changed colors when the Alphas lower their eyes in submission.

“I would have put more people at risk by exposing myself and I had a sister to protect. I didn’t know that Tais already knew where I was and that I was her target but it does not matter. She did not know my sister’s location and I managed to keep it that way. I will not apologize for doing what I thought was right, NOW SIT DOWN,” I command.

Wesley obediently takes his seat. Reyna gives me back control and I take a few seconds to collect myself.

"You have a Royal voice..." Patrick says.

I nod. I'm still extremely uncomfortable with the idea of the power I now possess. "I'm expected to build my own kingdom soon. My wolf is extremely territorial and it won't be long before she starts to get aggressive," I mutter, fidgeting with my fingers and avoiding their eyes.

"So what are you going to do? Are you planning on turning this alliance into a kingdom and crowning yourself Queen?" Jonathan asks, a challenging tone in his voice.

"I don't know!" I snap. "I-I didn't ask for any of this! I had a kingdom. I was supposed to be trained, I wasn't supposed to be thrown into this. I don't know the first thing about leading people, but I'm coping with everything as best I can!" I argue, my voice shaking a little.

The Alphas seem to be weighing my words carefully. It's obvious I'm not ready to build a kingdom, let alone take the throne, but there's no denying Reyna's power. She needs to lead.

"I know this is a lot to take in at the moment," Oliver says, trying to ease the tension. "But right now we're not asking you to pledge your loyalty to Aurora. We're just asking for your patience as we figure things out. We still have to deal with Tais and the war she seems hell bent to start."

"A-About Tais..." I stumble. "Moon Goddess showed me something while I was in her realm," I say, desperate to get this off my chest. "It seems Erin wasn't the only person helping Tais."

"Who else was involved?" Oliver asks, a little annoyed I didn't inform him sooner.

"Karina."

"Karina? Why- why would she be helping Tais?" Wesley asks.

"I don't know," I reply truthfully. "All I know is, Karina informed Tais of my location and as a result Tais sent Rogues after me. The night Emiliano died, I was the target. Karina had it all planned it out." I proceed to explain how I was

supposed to complete my first shift when I was 13 and the events that occurred that fateful night.

“But why would Karina willingly help Tais? Her own children are silver wolves and are therefore prime targets for Tais!” Wesley argues, trying to make sense of it all.

“Wasn’t Mia also severely injured during the Lluvia Blanca attacks?” Jonathan adds.

“I don’t pretend to understand her motives for wanting to kill me but I have a theory.”

“We’re all ears,” Oliver says.

I take a deep breath to collect my thoughts. “Salvador told me Karina and Emiliano used to argue about me all the time. I think Karina thought I was a threat to her family, that my existence was putting their family at risk.

I also think perhaps she wanted revenge for what happened to my mother’s kingdom. It fell shortly after my birth and from what I know, a lot of people died and suffered. My father’s clan was almost completely eliminated with the exception of my aunt and they were silver wolves. I can only imagine what happened to Karina’s family. I think she holds me responsible for the war and everything that followed.”

“So you think she could have made a deal?” Oliver asks. “Her kids safety..... for you?”

I nod. “If she’s lost her family back home, she would have done anything to protect her kids here, including handing me over.”

“Well her plan must have backfired when you weren’t captured during the first attacks. Mia’s attack could have been a warning to her or a sign that the deal was off...” Oliver adds.

“Which means Mia and Salvador are now also in danger...” I finish his thoughts.

“Well unfortunately for them, Lluvia Blanca left this alliance and given how things ended, I doubt they would ever take our help,” Wesley says, deflated.

“I’m sorry Luna Aurora, but I’m afraid if Tais does attack Lluvia Blanca, they’ll have to face the witch alone.”

“I understand,” I mumble, offering him a weak smile. “I just wish things were different.”

Oliver decides to redirect the meeting. “Any news on Tais? What information have you gathered about her?”

Patrick takes the lead and explains the findings. “We unfortunately couldn’t find much. Tais and her sister are very good at hiding their tracks. However, one of my elders believes Tais might not be too far. We tried looking up the spells Tais could have used to kill Erin and all of them indicated that the witch must be within a 10 mile radius for a spell to work.”

“So Tais might be in the city?” I ask, fear lacing every word and Patrick nods.

“Then you’re not going anywhere near the city for the time being,” Oliver declares. “I can’t believe she’s been hiding in plain sight. How could she have gone undetected?”

“Witches are extremely powerful creatures. They mask themselves well.”

Oliver seems agitated by the news and I hold his hand to calm him down. “I think this is good place to end this meeting,” he says, getting up from his chair. “Aurora needs to be home.”

“Do you need an escort?” Patrick offers. “I can send some guards with you.”

Before Oliver can accept, I answer. “That won’t be necessary,” I decline politely. “I can manage just fine. Thank you.”

Oliver looks annoyed but does not contradict me. He knows he won’t win. The Alphas bow once more as we leave. I can tell they’re upset with me and I pray to Moon Goddess that I didn’t just ruin River Moon’s place in the Alliance.

The Ivory Queen Chapter 64

Warning: Discussion of Self-Harm

Aurora’s POV

Dinner is waiting for us in our room when we return to River Moon. Rio greets me happily, not caring about the changes. He showers me with kisses and jumps around playfully. I've missed my baby so much. As with every wolf I've encountered since the shift, I am greeted by bows left and right. Even Rosalie bows before me. She, of course, asks a million questions about my appearance and the sudden trip and I quickly explain the situation to her.

"A queen! A f*****g queen! I can't believe this! You b***h! I can't believe you kept this from me!" She squeals her excitement. "I mean you were amazing before, but now, holy crap." She bows before me again for emphasis. "Ugh, I'm sorry you got stuck with a mate as lame as Oliver," she teases and Oliver looks anything but amused at her comment.

I lean into him, taking his arms and wrapping them around me. "I wouldn't want anyone else. He's perfect for me."

Rosalie starts to giggle and teases Oliver mercilessly. "Aw you made him blush!"

I snap my head around and see that Oliver is indeed a bright shade of red.

"Get out of my room, you brat! You're annoying," Oliver growls, sending Rosalie into another fit of laughter as she walks out of our room.

I smile with amusement as Oliver mumbles his annoyance and goes off to the bathroom to get ready for bed. I join him, brushing my teeth alongside him and washing my face. In the closet, he changes in front of me shamelessly and I secretly admire his body. Reyna's little urges are getting stronger.

I'm not the only one who wants him, Reyna teases.

Shut up, you horny wolf!

Oliver doesn't seem to mind that I'm staring. In fact he seems to enjoy it.

"Did you get a good look?" he asks with a smirk. He leans against the dresser and waits for me to make a move. "Don't be shy," he teases. "I belong to you. You have every right to look and admire," he chuckles.

My cheeks heat up and I gulp as my heart starts to race uncontrollably. I timidly finish getting dressed and walk back to the bed where I bury myself under the covers. I feel the bed dip and his intoxicating scent puts me at ease.

His hands find my waist and he pulls me into him. He buries his face in the crook of my neck, inhaling my scent. Oliver's lips brush up against my skin, leaving light kisses between my jaw and collar bone. He makes his way to my lips and delivers a feather like kiss.

I trace my fingers along his jawline as he stares back at me. The way he's looking at me makes me feel both safe and vulnerable. There is no judgement, no pity, not anger. All I see is love and understanding. He is my home. Moon Goddess's words fill my head and remember my final task has yet to be completed.

"Oliver?" I ask, my voice trembling. "I think I'm ready to tell you something."

"What is it?" He asks, propping himself up on his elbow. There's a hint of worry in his eyes and I caress his cheek to ease his mind.

"I need you to promise you won't get mad.... You just need to listen," I warn.

"Okay, you're starting to scare me. What is it?"

"Promise me," I urge, lifting my pinky finger out for him. He eyes me with suspicion but ultimately agrees and locks out pinkies together.

"I promise," he says.

I take a deep breath to calm my racing heart and sit up in bed. After a long silence, I look at my wrists and hold them out for him. While I no longer have the scars, the memory of the pain I felt will forever be ingrained in my brain. Picking up where I'm going with this conversation, Oliver sits up and offers me a spot on his lap. I crawl between his legs and sit with my back against his chest. He holds my now flawless, tattooed wrists between his fingers and waits for me to begin.

"I-I was 16 when I first started. My pain had reached its peak," I pause, grimacing at the cruelty of it all. "I felt worthless and I hated myself. I was trapped in this never ending nightmare and I-I needed control. I needed to feel something other than guilt and misery."

Oliver's heart beats furiously against his rib cage and I give him a minute to cool down..

"It was scary at first and my hand shook a lot before I finally just let go of my fear and cut. I felt the sting instantly and then.....I don't know. I-I felt relief. Almost good, even. I did it again and it just....it made me feel something other than guilty.....s-so I kept doing it."

"It was scary at first and my hand shook a lot before I finally just let go of my fear and cut. I felt the sting instantly and then.....I don't know. I-I felt relief. Almost good, even. I did it again and it just....it made me feel something other than guilty.....s-so I kept doing it."

Oliver is silent, weighing the pain in every word I said.

"I cut w-whenever Karina blamed me, whenever Mia ignored me, whenever Chava screamed that he hated me. I cut and it felt so good to have control over the pain I inflicted on myself. It was the only control I had in my life. Karina would beat me and I just... couldn't wait to rush to the bathroom and hurt myself. It wasn't long before I became addicted to the feeling."

My shame becomes overwhelming and a few tears escape my eyes. I take a moment to collect myself while Oliver rests his chin on my shoulders and wraps his arms around my torso to comfort me.

My voice begins to tremble as I continue. "But like with any addiction, I-I got carried away." I take a huge deep breath as more tears flood my eyes. "I could say it was an accident," I laugh dryly. "I could say I didn't mean to cut that deep but that would be a lie. I wouldn't have minded never waking up again."

I feel something wet on my shoulder and turn around to see Oliver crying. My heart shatters and I let my own tears fall.

"I'm so sorry," he whimpers. "I'm so, so sorry you were in so much pain. If I could take it all away...."

"You don't need to be sorry," I say reassuringly. "It was my own weakness that drove me to do this to myself-"

"You are not weak!" He snaps, his eyes flickering between silver and blue. The blue finally settles in his eyes and his face softens. "You are not weak. You did what you needed to cope and you found the strength to stop doing it. That's not weak. That's brave."

Guilt washes over me and I shake my head. "Wait here," I say getting out of bed and walking to the bathroom. When I return, I place the scalpel wrapped in the cloth into his lap. He stares blankly at it.

"Please say something," I plead.

He wraps the scalpel back up silently and sets it in front of him. "Have you..... have you...ha..." His eyes well up with tears again.

I lower my head, ashamed to meet his eyes. "No, but it's crossed my mind a few times..."

"When was the last time... you felt the urge?"

"Do you really need to know?" I ask, knowing my answer will shatter him.

His jaw clenches and he nods his head. "I need you to be honest....even if it hurts me. I need to know what you're feeling... If you're okay."

I take a deep breath and exhale slowly. "I almost did it when Laura and her friends hurt me. And I thought about it ... the night you came home drunk..." Oliver's eyes fill with pain and I talk faster. "I-I didn't take it out or even look at it. I just thought about it!"

A single tear falls down Oliver's cheek and he gets up. He's silent, digesting every word for what seems like an eternity. His eyes shift to silver as Michael takes over. He's breathing accelerates and he's clearly angry with Oliver. "I'm sorry, Princess, he won't hurt you again," he pants, walking quickly towards the door. "I won't let him."

"Michael, wait!" I call out, but it's no use. Michael bolts out the room and I run after him through the house and out the front door. He jump shifts and runs down the road. Knowing where he is going, I run back inside to grab the scalpel. I walk back out towards the fountain and sit on the edge.

I hurt him. Why did I have to tell him and ruin everything between us?

You didn't ruin anything. You were being honest. It would have hurt him more if he found the scalpel on his own. He deserved to know.

Tears well up in my eyes and I chuck the scalpel into the fountain, watching it sink to the bottom. I wrap my arms around myself and wait to give Oliver some space before I make my way to the fort.

It feels like a truck just slammed into me at full speed when I hear her words. She tries to make me feel better by saying it was just a thought and not something she would actually act on but my mind is stuck.

...The night you came home drunk...

You f*****g hurt her! Michael snarls. Always worried about me and here you are being the perfect a*s!

I don't have the right to fight him. He's right. He wants control and I give it to him. He won't hurt her like me. He'll treat her right.

I'm taking charge. I need to fix what you broke.

OK, I give in to him

"I'm sorry, Princess, he won't hurt you again," Michael pants, walking quickly towards the door. "I won't let him."

I run out of the house and sprint into the woods at top speed until my lungs burn. Tears flow from my eyes as I replay the conversation over and over again in my head.

She deserves a better mate, someone who won't make her want to hurt herself. Someone who is more patient and understanding. Someone better...

She is our mate! Michael growls at me. We are right for her! So shut up! It's the doubt that screws you over. Don't doubt that she belongs to us.

I stop running when I reach the fort. Michael lets out a howl into the night laced with my pain. Painful thoughts of Aurora taking the scalpel and hurting herself fill my mind. I lay down at the base of the tree house and let the pain flow out of me for what seems like hours.

The scent of cinnamon and rose fills my nostrils and I jump to my feet. I turn to see Aurora's white wolf sitting on the edge of the clearing staring at me and I freeze. She gets up and walks toward me, grace and elegance in her every stride. The power that radiates off of her is amazing and I can't help but bow

before her. Her beautiful sad eyes meet mine and I shift my gaze to the ground in shame. I can't look at her knowing I put her in that situation.

Her wolf whines, begging me look back up at her. She steps forward and licks my face before rubbing noses with me. The contact relaxes me bit and I lick her back. Aurora walks to the edge of the clearing and turns back to look at me, asking me to follow her. She leads me into the woods and after a bit of walking we come across an incredible garden.

A path lined with hedges and flower arches cuts through the middle of the garden while different flowers fill the majority of the space. To the north sits a large patch of grass and a wooden bench. I've lived on River Moon my entire life and not once have I come across this garden.

Did Aurora make this?

Aurora is incredible, Michael says proudly. Our mate is incredible.

Aurora shifts back to her human form and my heart skips a beat. My goddess, she's beautiful. She blushes under my gaze and fidgets with her fingers. I shift and she blushes harder. I cover myself with my hands and take a few nervous steps away from her.

"I created this place ... the same night you came home drunk," she says quietly. "The same night I had those dark thoughts." A few tears roll down her cheeks and she quickly wipes them away. "Oliver, I kept that scalpel because I didn't think I deserved to be happy. I didn't think I was worth the trouble. I thought no one would miss me if I was gone. That my life didn't matter."

I run up to her and pull her into my arms. "You do matter," I cry. "You deserve the world... And you deserve someone who doesn't constantly traumatize you."

"Oliver listen to me!" She snaps. "I told you about the scalpel because I know what I want now. I want to let you in. No more secrets. I want to live.... and I want to spend the rest of my life with you. I've spent a lot of time in pain and it won't go away overnight. There will be days when I'll hate everything and just want to cry or not speak. I have a lot of things to work out but I know you'll help me get through it. I'm going to be okay... because I have you in my life." She presses her lips against mine and I respond to her kiss. When she pulls back, her amazing gold orbs stare back at me with confidence. "You brighten

up my day. You make me laugh, you make me feel safe. You make me feel loved... You have become my entire world, Olivier."

Her words are music to my ears. We're going to be okay. I'm going to make sure of it.

The Ivory Queen Chapter 65

*** Aurora's POV ***

Oliver carries me back to the fort and he hands me an oversized t-shirt to cover myself while he slips on some shorts.

We walk hand in hand, a warmth surrounding us. I feel like I can breathe better now that he knows how I truly feel. We stop by the fountain so I can inform him of the scalpel's final resting place.

Oliver picks me up bridal style, pulling my oversized t-shirt over my butt so as not to expose my bare body and walks up the stairs to our floor. My heart beats faster as he gets closer to our room and I muster up some courage to kiss him softly. He smiles against my lips and carries me straight to the bed. An explosion of butterflies goes off in my tummy as he sets me down gently and I realize we are completely alone. Rio must have gone off to the office for the night; he likes Oliver's chair.

I continue to kiss him and he climbs on top of me, settling between my legs. He deepens the kiss, swiping his tongue across my lower lip and I let him in. Our tongues dance together while I bury fingers in his hair and pull him closer. He uses one hand to prop himself up while the other runs along the length of my thigh and up my a*s. He gives it a good squeeze and I giggle as he kneads it with his palm.

I pull away to catch my breath, blushing when I stare into his beautiful blue eyes.

"I love you," he whispers, pulling me back into a kiss.

I want him. I want him so badly, I almost can't breathe. Oliver is more than just a mate; he's my best friend, my partner, my lover, my everything. I've let too much crap come between us but nothing else matters. I love him. I love my Olivier.

My hands roam his bare chest, exploring every taut muscle excitedly. Reyna is purring like crazy, wanting more and more of him with every passing second.

He pulls away again, looking into my eyes for a sign of any doubt. But I have none. I want this. I want him. He buries his face into my neck and starts trailing kisses down to the collar of my shirt. My n****s come to attention and he leans down to suck on one through my shirt. I moan wildly as he flicks his tongue over it, while his hand continues to massage and squeeze my a*s.

“Oliver...” I moan.

He pulls away again, grabbing the hem of my shirt and pushing it up past my breasts. Oliver gives my n****s a few quick licks before helping me take it off and I lay completely naked beneath him. I love the way he’s staring back at me, taking in my every inch lovingly.

“You’re so beautiful,” he murmurs before lowering himself to kiss my belly. “So f*****g perfect.”

My heart is pounding in my ears and I blush bright red as he trails open mouth kisses up my torso towards my breasts. He latches on to my left n****e, suckling lightly while his hand works wonders on my other n****e. My arm wraps around his neck to press myself into him while the other grabs fistfuls of the sheets. My back arches and I moan, losing all train of thought.

Oliver’s lips find mine again before he pulls back to look at me, trying to figure out if I’m still ok with this. I bit my lower lip and smile. I know I’m ready.

He lays on his side and slides his hand down towards my core.

“Just relax, baby,” he whispers as his fingers brush up against my entrance.

He lingers there for a bit, the anticipation driving me crazy, before he finally slips in a shy finger. I gasp at the strange feeling and he takes advantage to kiss me, his tongue exploring every corner of my mouth. A second finger makes its way in and he slowly moves his fingers in and out.

“Oh!” I pant as small waves of pleasure pulsate through me.

My shallow breaths fill the room as he starts to rub my throbbing button, his thumb working in circular motions. There’s a huge smirk on his face as he

watches me gradually unravel, completely at the mercy of his thumb. He continues to work his fingers in me until I feel myself about to come undone and he stops.

Oliver lowers himself onto the floor and gets on his knees, pulling me towards the edge of the bed so he's at eye level with my slit. He gently spreads my thighs apart.

Oliver lowers himself onto the floor and gets on his knees, pulling me towards the edge of the bed so he's at eye level with my slit. He gently spreads my thighs apart.

I bite my lip in anticipation as he leans forward, flicking his tongue over my soaking folds. I grip the sheets as he proceeds to lick and twirl his tongue on my clit, occasionally sucking and nibbling on it. My cries grow louder as his two fingers also make an entrance, causing a shiver to run down my spine. I roll my hips against him and he wraps his arms around my thighs to keep me in place. My toes curl as the pleasure becomes overwhelming.

"Oliver... pleasedon't stop..." I cry out as I once again come close. My fingers grip his hair and push him in deeper while I clamp my thighs on the sides of his head.

"c*m for me," he growls, continuing his assault on my clit.

I scream when I feel his canines bite down on my swollen bud, the pleasure unbearable.

"I ... I'm gonna... ahhh!" My legs begin to jerk and tremble as my o****m rips through me. The euphoric explosion has me shaking for several minutes while he continues to devour me, lapping his tongue across my slit as he drinks every last drop of my honey.

He gives my clit one last lick before showering my lower lips with kisses. Oliver lifts himself up and rests between my legs, my slick still dripping down his chin. I'm panting, dazed in ecstasy and he starts to kiss my neck.

"You taste amazing," he murmurs, licking my neck and lips. I taste myself on him, the tangy sweetness turning me on even more.

I wonder what he tastes like...

My hands tug at the waist band of his shorts. He takes the cue and gets up to take them off. I blush as he stands completely naked in front of me, my eyes landing on his perfect d**k. He watches me closely, his mouth curving up into a grin when I lick my lips.

“Can I taste you?” I blurt out, my mouth watering.

He’s rendered speechless but his eyes sparkle at the suggestion.

I don’t think he was expecting your eagerness, Reyna chuckles.

I hear him gulp as I slide off the bed and onto my knees in front of him. I don’t know where my confidence is coming from, but I’m not going to question it. His breath hitches as I wrap my small hands around his girth and he immediately hardens. Precum oozes from his slit as I pull and twist his rod gently and I lean forward for a taste, flicking my tongue on his tip.

I open my mouth around his head, taking him in until he touches the back of my throat. Tears fill my eyes and I pull back, making a loud slurping sound when his c**k leaves my mouth. When I look back up at him, his head is rolled back and his eyes are closed, enjoying what I had to give.

I take him in my mouth again, this time all the way and he growls his pleasure. My hand goes up to cup his balls, gently squeezing them and he moans once more. Oliver then grips my hair and guides my head back and forth, f*****g my mouth at his leisure and I love watching him lose control.

“f**k, baby,” he hisses as he pumps himself inside my mouth.

His tongue alone had me screaming, I could hardly wait to reciprocate.

My jaw starts getting sore but there is no going back. I want him to finish. In fact, I crave it. I flick my tongue over the pulsating veins on his d**k until I feel him twitch in my mouth. His grip on my hair tightens and I know he’s ready. Suddenly, his balls contract and his c*m slides down my throat in little spurts. I drink every drop hungrily, not letting any of it go to waste.

When he’s emptied himself completely, he releases my hair and swiftly picks me up. I giggle as I’m thrown back onto the bed.

“I love that little mouth of yours…” he pants.

He remains on his feet, admiring me for a minute before he climbs onto the bed. Slowly, he crawls on all fours towards me, the hunger in his eyes setting me ablaze. His c**k twitches against my entrance and I feel his swollen tip brush up against my clit.

“You ready?” He asks tentatively, brushing away a strand of hair from my face.

“Y-yes.”

Oliver leans forward and nibbles on my ear.

“I’ll be gentle, baby,” he whispers. “But I should warn you,” he chuckles, “I can be quite rough... if you let me.”

Reyna growls erotically, daring him to act on his promise. I turn a deep shade of red as dirty thoughts come flooding in and I bite my lower lip to contain my excitement.

Slowly, he slides inside me and I close my eyes to concentrate on the feeling. I’m not a virgin, but the feeling is still new. Oliver remains still, allowing me to adjust to his girth. I open my eyes, getting lost in his blue orbs and kiss him. He starts to rock back and forth gently and little sparks of euphoria envelop me. I dig my nails into his back and rake them across as moans escape my mouth.

He grips my hips and begins pumping harder into me.

“You feel... so f*****g good, baby,” he moans in my ear before thrusting even faster and harder.

I writhe in pleasure beneath him and a symphony of moans fills the room. I scream his name over and over again. As I begin to reach my climax, I clench down on him in pulsating waves and he loses control. He hammers himself deeper and harder into me while kissing my neck. He bites down on my mark, pushing me over the edge and I see stars as my o****m ripples through my entire body. I tremble uncontrollably, unable to process the erotic tremors sending me into a frenzy. He doesn’t stop thrusting though, continuing to plunge into the depths of my core with full force. As I feel him about to reach his climax, I prop myself on my elbows and sink my teeth into his neck.

"f**k!" He moans, thrusting faster before filling my womb to the brim with his seed.

Oliver gives me slow, steady strokes as he comes down and I run my tongue along his mark to seal it. He leans his forehead against mine, our breaths mixing.

"You ok?" He asks, smiling like a fool.

"Mmhmm," I manage to moan, still breathless.

He pulls out and rolls onto his back, adjusting himself so he's almost sitting against the head board. He wraps his arms around my waist and lifts me into his lap so I'm sitting on top of him.

I suck in my breath as he slides my weeping folds back and forth along his length at a slow pace. I try grinding faster but he grips my hips and growls. Oliver is in complete control and I'm under his command tonight. He leans forward, his hot breathe tickling my pert n****s.

"We have all night," he chuckles before suckling one of my little brown peaks. "Patience. It'll be worth it, I promise."

He continues to slide me back and forth until even he can't take it anymore. Oliver then lifts me up and I take every mind-blowing inch of him readily inside me. I dig my fingers into his shoulders as I try to hold back my moans. He bites my n****e as punishment and I gasp, enjoying the pleasure laced with pain.

"I want to hear you," He growls.

I oblige and my screams fill the room as he moves me up and down, guiding me along his thick shaft until I reach euphoria.