

## The Ivory Queen Chapter 66

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

I wake up exhausted, sore and a little drowsy. I don't have the energy or will power to move. Oliver's arms are wrapped around me, only making me want to stay in bed even more. The warmth of his body makes feel safe and secure. My n...aked back is pressed up against his bare c..hest, our legs tangled together underneath the covers. I lift his hand to my l!ps and k!ss his knuckles, remembering last night's events.

I gave myself completely to Oliver, offering him my body and soul. There was no doubt I belonged to him. As Oliver made love to me over and over again, I felt all my pain and fears melt away. Nothing else mattered; it was just him and I.

Reyna and Michael also came out to play and I had the bruises to prove it. They did things that left me quite curious.

Perhaps Oliver could enlighten me tonight...

Looks who's horny now! Reyna teases.

I hear Oliver's breathing change and he shifts his arms to pull me closer. "Good morning, beautiful," he murmurs, his voice deep and husky.

"Good morning, Olivier."

He leans forward, k!ssing my back tattoo and moving my hair to gain access to my neck and plant more k!sses. I feel a slight soreness between my th!ghs as I turn to face him.

"How are you feeling?"

"A little sore," I chuckle. "I think you broke my vag!na."

He laughs. "Sorry. I couldn't help it. You drive me crazy."

My eyes wander his beautiful face. I love waking up to him in the mornings. My hands make their way up his c..hest and to his mark. "How's your neck?"

“A little tender,” he says, tilting his head so I can see his mark. “But it’s perfect... just like my mate.”

I blush at his comment and he rolls over on top of me, trapping me in a deep and beautiful k!ss. His excitement sits on my th!gh and I pull away to catch my breath. He starts to k!ss my jaw and makes his way down to my mark, teasing it with his teeth. I grab his face and pull it up towards mine.

“How are you not exhausted?” I giggle. He smirks, pulling me back into a passionate k!ss.

“I plan to take you every night, nena. You won’t be getting any sleep anytime soon,” he chuckles, biting my lower l!p playfully.

After another few rounds together, Oliver finally lets me rest for a bit before carrying me to the shower so we can start our day.

I dress in some high-walsted jeans, a black blouse, some black booties and slip on my medallion. I almost don’t recognize my reflection in the mirror, my white hair still a little shocking. Interestingly enough, my eyelashes and eyebrows are a dark grayish color, suiting my white hair well.

When I’m done blowing drying my hair, Oliver French braids it into two pigtails that end at the nape of my neck and free flow down to my wa!st. As I wait for him to finish getting ready, I go off to find Rio in the office and bring him back to the room. He excitedly licks my face and I proceed to play a game of tug of war with him over his favorite piggy toy.

After several minutes, Oliver comes out dressed in some black slacks, a black button up and a silver tie.

“You look very handsome,” I blush, turning back to my game of tug of war. “Are you going to the office today?” I ask.

He nods. “Yeah, I have a lot of work to catch up on and some business to attend to.”

“What business?”

“Adelina needs to go. I’m tired of having to deal with her. It’s time for River Moon and Lune de Minuit to go their separate ways.”

I snap my neck in his direction at his announcement. "But I thought River Moon was too involved with Lune de Minuit. Won't ending your business deal with them hurt the pack?"

He shakes his head. "Not necessarily. Lune de Minuit does have a 12% share in our company but I own 43%. When Miguel left the alliance, he freed up 5% of our shares and Wesley's bought them. What Adeline doesn't know is that one of our shareholders wants to sell and I've already made an offer he can't refuse. I sign this afternoon, giving you and I a total 54% ownership of the pack company."

"You and I?"

He smiles at me. "Yes, you and I. I'm giving you half of my shares."

"Oliver, I don't know the first thing about business. I didn't even finish high school!"

"Don't worry, the shares will belong to you, but Carter and I will manage them. Anyways, soon you and I will be able to outvote Adeline and her allies within the company. She had so much control over us because she was good at manipulating the other share holders into doing her bidding and could always outvote me on measures with their help. Once I sign, she'll no longer be in control so she'll most likely sell or leave. I already have a few buyers lined up to buy her shares."

"What if Adeline doesn't want to sell?"

"That's where the lawyers come in," he laughs, but I'm very much concerned.

Adeline is a cruel power hungry b\*\*\*h. She won't go down without a fight.

"Hey don't worry," he says kissing my nose. "Everything's going to turn out fine. Now let's eat!"

I'm still anxious about his plans but I push those thoughts away and head downstairs for breakfast with him and Rio. Thanks to the medallion, I'm not bowed to by every wolf I pass but everyone knows I'm an Ivory twin.

Rosalie greets Oliver and I before she sees his mark. "Oh Moon Goddess, you guys mated!" She squeals.

I blush furiously and cover her mouth with my hand. “Goddess, Rosalie, do you need a microphone? Shut up! Shut up! Shut up!”

She licks my hand and I retract my hand. “Oh my goodness! Oh I can’t wait for the your pregnancy announcement!”

“Please stop talking!” I snap, trying hard not to giggle. “I’m not pregnant!”

“Oh but you will be and I can’t wait to be an auntie! Our babies are going to be best friends!”

We take our seats at the table and Evan looks at me with huge smirk on his face.

“So Aurora...”

“Shut up!” I snap. “This is the dining table. I would like to eat!”

He raises his hands in surrender, making Oliver laugh. “So when are the pups coming?”

I elbow him the stomach and he doubles over. Oliver and Carter burst out laughing while Rosalie grins at me.

“So how was everyone’s morning?” I say, trying to change the subject.

“I think we’re all interested in hearing how yours went,” Evan laughs, raising his arms over his head to keep me from punching him.

“Oh, is Evan sad he hasn’t gotten laid in weeks?” Rosalie teases and I snort, almost choking on my toast.

Evan feigns hurt. “I’ll have you know, I can get any girl in bed, I’m simply choosing not have s\*x at the moment. I’m focusing on myself, ya know? I’m taking time to mature and develop..”

“What are you, a fruit?” Carter teases and Evan chucks a slice of bacon at him.

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After a very interesting breakfast, I inform Oliver that I'll be going to the pack hospital to heal the wolves injured during the attack. He tries to delay his work to come with me but I convince him to go to the office to deal with his plans.

Evan drives me to the pack hospital where I'm greeted with curious stares. Meghan takes me to the west wing where all the poisoned wolves are being kept. Before we walk into the infirmary room, Meghan turns back to look at us.

"Alpha Wesley's training regimen has proven extremely effective. There are only 11 injured wolves, mostly River Moon, but we've got 2 from Blood Moon, 3 from Jade crescent, and 1 from Cerulean Sea," Meghan says, handing me a vial of lavender oil. "I'm told you are quite stubborn so Oliver has given me very strict instructions. You can only heal 4 in a single interval and you must take a 5 minute break in between each healing."

"Meghan, I can take a lot more-"

"Don't argue, Aurora! Oliver's not here and he's already nervous about you doing this without him. Just listen to his instructions for once!" Evan snaps.

I'm stunned. Evan's never gotten angry with me before and he's certainly never raised his voice. Reyna snarls at him but I manage to keep her at bay.

"Ok," I retort. "If it means that much to you guys, I'll take it easy. Sheesh!"

Evan sighs and apologizes to me. "I'm sorry for yelling. It's just... last time was ... hard to watch."

I nod, knowing he means well and we walk into the infirmary where several wolves are lying in bed, whimpering and groaning in pain. Mates and a few family members sit by their bedside trying to comfort them. When they sense my presence, everyone who can gets on their feet and comes racing towards me, begging me to end their misery. Evan immediately steps in front of me, growling at the growing crowd

"Please help my mate!" One pleads.

"Luna! My mate really needs you!" Another cries.

"Meghan, I want all family members out of here!" Evan orders. "Luna can't focus with them screaming at her."

Meghan has a team of nurses escort the families out, although not without meeting a bit of resistance

"I promise to get to everyone," I reassure the many worried mates. "They'll be ok."

The last of the families are taken out and I turn my attention to the six poisoned wolves from the other packs first. I'd like to get them home as quickly as possible. I walk up to a bed with a young Blood Moon wolf, her shoulder bearing the poisoned bite wound. The wolf next to her is a slightly older male from Blood Moon with a similar bite on his arm.

I hear Reyna's voice echo in my head. We're a lot stronger now that we've shifted...

What do you mean? I ask.

Try healing two wolves at the same time.

Wanting to put this theory to the test, I stand between the two beds and outstretch my hands to touch the two Blood Moon wolves. They wince and whimper in pain when I touch them and I give them both a reassuring smile.

"It's going to be ok," I whisper and they weakly nod at me.

Evan gives me a puzzled and grabs my wrist. "Aurora, what are you doing?"

"Just trust me," I say as I brace myself for the inevitable pain.

Evan lets go and steps back to watch, still on edge. I take a deep breath and let my energy flow down my fingertips and into their bodies. To my surprise, I only feel a pinch in my temples and a tingling sensation at the finger tips. Slowly, their wounds start to close and they sigh in relief when the healing is finished.

The room spins for a split second when I step back and Evan stares at me in shock.

"You didn't scream..." he says, a little stunned. "It didn't hurt?"

I smile back. "No! It didn't! My wolf said I was stronger but I didn't expect it to not hurt!" I'm practically bouncing up and down with excitement. "I can heal everyone quickly!" I squeal.

Evan looks apprehensive. "I don't know. I think you should still take it easy. We don't know the extent of your strength yet. Maybe it was just temporary."

I shake my head. "No, I can do this. You just saw me do this painlessly. I'm going to be fine!"

I run over to the next two beds and reach out to touch the wolves to repeat the process. Just like before, I only feel a pinch and a slight discomfort in my hands. In just under 15 minutes, I heal every wolf almost painlessly.

The healed wolves gather around me, grateful to be free of pain again. The nurses let the families come back in and a swarm of mates come running in to hug their loved ones. It's a heartwarming scene and I'm happy to have been able to help.

"Thank you!" A woman cries, kissing my hand and kneeling before me. "Thank you your majesty."

I'm quick to get her on her feet. "That's not necessary." I blush. "You have nothing to thank me for. I should be thanking all of them for their bravery in fighting this war with the witches."

"It is our honor to serve such a kind and generous Queen," a River Moon warrior says, bowing before me.

Goddess, news spreads fast around here.

I think it's the hair. Reyna chuckles.

So you're not freaking out people know what I am now?

Our circumstances have changed. We're no longer vulnerable anymore. We've completed the shift and our title is undeniable. We are Royals.

A little frown tugs at my lips. I don't know the first thing about leading and here they are calling me 'Queen' and 'your majesty'. I feel like a such a fraud.

"I'm just a Luna," I say, forcing a smile and shaking my head.

"Very modest of you," Evan chuckles. "But we all know you're more than that."

"Long live Queen Aurora!" Someone calls out and the room erupts with the chant.

I'm a little overwhelmed with the kindness I'm receiving from everyone. The only thing anyone ever chanted at me for years was "Murderer!"

Unsure what to do with myself, I just stand there like an idiot as one does when being sung Happy birthday to. When the chanting dies down, I once again thank everyone for their help while Evan helps arrange transportation for the non-River Moon warriors and their families.

It's only 11 am when Evan and I make it back to the house. I go straight to the kitchen for some lunch to replenish my strength and then run upstairs to change into some work out clothes.

Evan questions me when I come back downstairs to the entertainment room. "What are doing?" He asks, eyeing me suspiciously.

"I'm going to the training grounds," I say, stretching my arms and legs out. "I want to train."

"Did you ask Oliver?"

"Sure," I shrug.

"And?"

"And it's fine," I lie confidently.

"I'm calling him," he says, pulling out his phone.

"You do that," I say walking towards the foyer. "I'm gonna get a water bottle," I call out.

When I make it to the foyer, I steer towards the door and book it, sprinting down the driveway and onto the main road. It's not long before I hear Evan's angry footsteps come after me. I try running faster but I'm not match for a well trained gamma and he manages to scoop me up in his arms and throw me over his shoulder like a sack of potatoes.

"Nice try, Aurora, but you and I both know Oliver would never let you train without his permission," he says, walking back towards the house.

"Ok, but I don't I think I need permission to learn to defend myself," I groan. "I just want to be able to fight when the time comes."

“Talk to Oliver.”

“I hate you.”

“Whatever,” he snorts.

## **The Ivory Queen Chapter 67**

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

I spend the remainder of the day with Rosalie, Taylor and Emma, who came to thank me for Taylor's healing. Being pregnant, Rosalie gets extremely emotional at the sight of a child and spoils Taylor with attention.

I take them to my garden while Evan patrols the perimeter. We embark on a game of hide and seek, letting Taylor win every round. At some point, we sit down to relax amongst the flower beds, weaving a few flower crowns for each other and telling Taylor stories.

I show my powers to Taylor, making a rose bloom in the palm of my hands. She squeals happily and hands the flower to her mom. I do a few more tricks for her, growing an apple tree and strawberries for her to snack on.

Emma and Rosalie just stare at me in shock.

“Your powers are so cool!” Rosalie says excitedly. “What else can you do?”

I shrug. “I'm not entirely sure. I know I control the earth and fire elements but Moon Goddess said I have many gifts. I guess I'll know with time.”

“Goddess, I'd hate to face you in battle,” Emma chuckles.

“Yeah, well considering Evan and Oliver refuse to let me train, I doubt I'll ever see a battle field anytime soon,” I sigh. “Wolves are so overprotective.”

“Ugh, tell me about it! William can be a handful sometimes. He almost took Taylor out of preschool after the attack. He was afraid she and I would be attacked on our way to and from the school.”

“Carter wants to move us the guest room on the first floor so I don't accidentally trip and fall down the stairs during this pregnancy,” Rosalie laughs, rubbing her growing belly.

“Men.”

“You know I can hear you!” Evan yells out from his spot at the edge of the garden.

“Go away Evan!” I scream.

“Yeah, go ‘way Eban!” Taylor squeals and we burst into laughter at her mispronunciation.

Overall, I had a very relaxing afternoon. As the evening draws near, Rosalie and I say our goodbyes to little Taylor and her mother and head back to the house with Evan watching over us for the remainder of the night.

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I wake up wrapped in Oliver’s arms in the morning, his naked body giving me its warmth.

It was like a fire was ignited inside him when he came home last night. As soon as he saw me, he pounced, taking me over and over again until I could scream his name no more. It was amazing.

Judging by the little light peeking through the window, I know it must be early. I glance at the clock to see it’s only 6 am and after much debate, decide to crawl out of bed knowing I won’t be going back to sleep anytime soon. I get in some sweats and a black t-shirt and quickly brush my teeth before walking out with Rio following me close behind.

Downstairs, Jaime and the pack cooks, George and Margot, are about to start making breakfast when I walk in. Sensing my presence, they bow before me.

Dang it, I forgot my medallion.

“Luna, is there anything we can get for you?” George asks. “A snack? A drink?”

I smile and shake my head. “No thank you. I actually came to cook.”

“Senorita, is there something you would particularly like me to make. I would be more than happy to make anything you desire,” Jaime smiles nervously.

“It’s ok Jaime. You’re doing a fantastic job, I love your cooking. I just want to cook today. I could use the distraction. You guys can take the rest of the morning off. I’ll take care of breakfast.”

“Oh, Luna we couldn’t leave you all alone to feed all those wolves,” Margot says.

“I can handle 12 wolves just fine. Please enjoy the rest of your morning,” I insist.

They hesitate for a moment but after several minutes of convincing, they finally leave me to my work. I’m making one of the simplest yet easily most delicious Mexican meals known to man: Huevos con chorizo, frijoles refritos and handmade tortillas de arina.

Rio follows me around the room as I start collecting my ingredients and decide to serve him his breakfast to keep him out of trouble. I start with the most time consuming part of the meal: the tortillas. I grab a large bowl and mix flour, salt, and manteca {vegetable shortening} together, dissolving the chunks of Manteca with my fingers. I grind the mixture with my hands until it’s a fine powder. The tricky part about tortillas is the adding the water. Too much water and your dough is too sticky to use but not enough water and you’ll end up with stiff tortillas. I add just the right amount and begin to knead my dough until I’m satisfied. I let my dough sit and cover it with a cloth for about half an hour. While it’s sitting, I begin to prep my station for tortilla making, wiping the counter and grabbing a clean cutting board and rolling pin. I place the comal on the stove and put it on low heat.

Once my dough is ready, I roll it into little balls and press them into flour before stretching them out with my fingers a little so they’re the size of the palm of my hand. I then take the rolling pin and start to roll out the tortillas into perfect circles before I toss them onto the comal.

I’m still hard at work when Oliver strolls in around 7:30 am, dressed in a t-shirt and sweats.

“Hey,” Oliver says leaning against the entrance to the kitchen. “What are you doing in the kitchen?”

Rio walks over to greet Oliver before laying down on the kitchen floor.

"Making breakfast," I smile, rolling out another tortilla and placing it on the comal. We both watch as the tortilla inflates like a balloon after two flips.

Oliver comes closer to take a peak and bows when he reaches me. "Can I try?" He asks timidly.

I nod and have him stand behind me. I place his hands over mine on the rolling pin so I can show him the movements. "You have to be firm but not too harsh or you'll rip the tortilla," I instruct him, but immediately lose focus when he buries his face in my neck, his stubble tickling my skin, and starts placing kisses along my jaw. "Umm.. You have to use the edges of- of the pin to- uh- shape the tortilla... like this, see?" I say, rolling out a perfect sphere.

"Got it," he chuckles, suckling on my mark.

I giggle as he wraps his arms around me and spins me around so I face him. He lips meet mine and I melt right into his arms, covering his t-shirt in flour.

"Oliver, I have to cook," I pant as I peel myself away from him. I turn my attention back to the tortillas and place more on the comal.

"Ok, I'm ready. Let me try," he says, grabbing the rolling pin.

This ought to be good, I chuckle to myself.

I remove my tortillas from the comal and store them in my tortilla basket and pull out some pans for the refried beans and eggs.

Oliver starts to roll out a deformed tortilla and I burst in to laughter at the finished product.

"Oh my goddess. You made Michigan!" I laugh, bending over and gasping for air.

"I don't know what you're laughing at. This is absolute perfection," he laughs, lifting the tortilla up and grinning proudly at it. I place it on the comal and let it cook.

I start cooking the chorizo when I feel Oliver come up behind me and slip his hands under my arms pits and toward my breasts to give them a squeeze. I elbow him in the guts and he bursts into laughter when I turn to glare at him.

He points at my t-shirt and I look down to see two perfect white flour hand prints on my boobs.

I give the chorizo a good turn, ignoring him completely. He smirks at me, daring me to retaliate. I pull out a bowl and start scrambling about three dozen eggs and pour them into the chorizo pan in batches. He slowly inches closer but I continue to ignore him, cooking a new batch of chorizo.

Finally, I turn and smile sweetly at him. "Can you finish cooking the eggs while I finish off the tortillas?"

He eyes me suspiciously so I stand on my tippy toes and kiss him. He immediately responds, wrapping an arms round my waist. Distracted by my kiss, he doesn't notice when I reach for an egg. I pull back and smile before slamming the egg on his head.

He doesn't flinch, however and takes the opportunity to slam an egg on my head. He bursts into laughter at my stunned expression.

"You little—"

He leans forward and bites my lower lip playfully. "Got you," he smirks, pecking my cheeks. "So eggs?"

I blush furiously as he clumsily pours some of the eggs in with the chorizo. Finding my focus, I wash my hands and finish up the last of the tortillas.

We continue to prank each other, smearing flour on our faces, shirts, and sweats in a meaningless flour war. He plays some music on his phone and he spins me around the kitchen while we wait for the eggs to cook. Selena's "Baila esta cumbia" plays and I lose control of my hips as they sway back and forth. I start dancing to beat of the music as I mash the beans.

I feel Oliver come up behind me again, grabbing my hips and pulling me into him. "Keep it up and I might just take you right here."

I keep swaying my hips against him and I feel the bulge in his sweats harden.

"Aurora..." he hisses. "You're playing a dangerous game."

I tease him a little longer, grinding my a\*s against him in circular motions and I hear him growl in my ear. Satisfied with his reaction, I then reach my hand

down to his and pull it up to the potato masher. I wrap his fingers around the handle before slipping right under his arms and running away.

“What the-“

“Finish the beans,” I grin as I dance around the room.

After another 40 minutes, we’re both done cooking and clean up our mess.

“This looks amazing,” he says. “We make a pretty good team.”

I’m beaming with pride at my amazing mate. We’re covered head to toe in flour and egg residue from our pranks but we managed to pull through and make breakfast together. Oliver is showing me more of his silly and stupid side and I love it. I’m truly happiest whenever he’s around.

“Yeah... we do,” I smile, reaching up to wrap my arms around his neck and pulling him into a kiss.

He snakes his arms around my waist and pulls me closer, reaching a hand down to squeeze my a\*s. Rio gets up from his spot and starts snarling.

“Oliver!”

We both pull away and turn to the entrance of the kitchen to see David and Simone watching us.

I don’t think I’ve ever been this embarrassed in my life. Oliver’s hand prints are all over my boobs, a\*s and waist while egg shells litter the top of my head. Oliver is no better off, he clothes ruined with my flour hand prints and some yolk still in his hair.

David practically drags Simone into the room and they bow before me. Rio bares his teeth at them and I rush to pull him back by his collar.

“It’s ok Rio, they’re not strangers,” I coo, crouching down to his level and giving his ears a good scratch. He starts to calm down and I walk back over to Oliver’s side.

“What the hell are you two doing in my house!” Oliver snarls, finally reacting and pushing me behind him.

Simone glares daggers at me while David tries to calm her down. Oliver grabs my hand to calm himself down and comfort me. His parents are intimidating but then again, who's in-laws aren't?

David clears his throat and shifts uneasily. "We came here to make amends with both of you and apologize for our behavior towards Aurora."

"Absolutely not!" Simone snaps. David tries to hold her hand but she steps away from him and walks towards me. Oliver growls at her, warning her to back off and she does. "I came here to see my daughter whom I've come to find out is pregnant!" She explains. "I came to make sure she is well taken care of."

Oliver trembles and pants with anger, his wolf coming to the surface. "I can take care of my sister just fine so get out!"

I know the man in front of me is no longer Oliver and I bury my face in Michael's back. "Michael?" I whisper. "It's ok," I soothe, wrapping my arms around his waist. His breathing starts to calm down.

Michael turns around and buries his face in my neck, licking my mark and taking in my scent. "I won't let them hurt you, Princess. No one will hurt you!"

I take his face in my hands and force him to look me in the eyes. "I know. Let Oliver come back. He needs to deal with his parents. He needs this," I murmur.

Michael kisses me before his eyes shift back to blue.

I pull away from him and glance over at David and Simone who've been watching in silent shock at how quickly I managed to calm Oliver down. Thoroughly annoyed by the turn of events, I step up.

"Would you like to stay for breakfast?" I ask nonchalantly.

"Are you out of your mind?" Oliver snaps.

"Rosalie will be down in bit. I'm sure breakfast would be great for you guys to catch up. I'll have the plates set for you. Please wait in the living room while we get things ready and wash up," I smile politely.

Simone looks like she's about to protest but David quickly accepts the invitation and drags her out to the living room. When I turn back to Oliver, he looks furious.

"Why?"

"Your mom misses you guys," I shrug. "And I will not be the reason Rosalie's baby never meets her grandma. I will be the bigger person even if she refuses to accept me as your mate. I think talking to them will do you two some good." I straighten myself up and smooth my clothes. "Now call Evan and have him and the other pack members eat while you and I get cleaned up. I want this to be a more private meal for you guys."

Oliver angrily storms out of the kitchen, leaving me and Rio alone in the kitchen.

This is going to be a long morning.

## **The Ivory Queen Chapter 68**

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

Oliver and I freshen up in silence. He refuses to speak or even look at me as he washes out the egg in his hair. I struggle to clean my own hair and he silently reaches over and helps me.

"Are you going to talk to me?" I sigh as he rinses out the shampoo in my hair. "I can't do this alone. Your mom already hates me. I can't have you hating me too."

No response.

He steps out of the shower and wraps a towel around me.

"I'm sorry," I mumble, hoping my apology will ignite some reaction from him but he remains silent. He takes a second towel and starts to towel dry my hair.

I hold back tears as I take my hair from his hands and run off to the closet. I scramble to get dressed, shedding a few tears that I quickly wipe away before he sees them. I grab my medallion and place it around my neck. When he comes into the closet, I try to act unbothered but when I feel his arms wrap

around me, I quickly fall apart. Oliver holds me tightly, rubbing circles on my back and tenderly kissing my forehead.

“Why won’t you say anything you stupid, stupid man!” I cry, pounding on his chest with every word. I’m furious with his silence. He catches my wrists to stop me from hitting him and lowers them down to my sides before cupping my face in his hands.

“Because I’m an a\*\*\*\*\*e sometimes,” he mutters, his lips curved up slightly.

This little- argh! I hate him.

Despite my better judgement, his stupid reply brings a smile to my face and I smack him in the chest, making him chuckle.

“I’m sorry,” he whispers and I rest my head against him. “I was angry that you always seem to have to be the bigger person. They came here. They should be doing everything they can to earn your respect, not the other way around.”

“Life isn’t always so simple,” I sigh, peeling myself from his grasp. “Sometimes all we can do is be the bigger person.” I rummage through his clothes and hand him a shirt and some jeans. “Now don’t you ever give me the silent treatment again. i\*\*\*t,” I scold, trying my best to look serious and keep from smiling.

He smirks. “I can give you a different punishment if you like.”

His eyes darken and he looks at me like I’m the most delicious prey on the planet. I bite my lip to hold back a giggle and run away before he can pounce on me.

Downstairs, Evan and some of the pack members finish up their meal.

“My compliments to the chef,” Evan chirps as I walk into the kitchen. “This was amazing!”

“Chefs,” I correct him. “Oliver was my assistant.”

“You got Oliver to cook? Willingly?” He snorts. “Wait, did you at least supervise him?”

“Yup, now shoo! I have to set up for Simone and David.”

He makes a face and puts his dishes in the dishwasher. "Breakfast with the snakes. Good luck with that."

Oliver comes down and begrudgingly goes to get his parents while I heat up and serve our food. As we sit down at the dining table, I feel Simone's glare settle on me. Annoyed, Oliver lifts me up from my seat and sets me down on his lap so I can eat with him. My cheeks burn with embarrassment as Simone and David stare at us with bewilderment.

Oliver ignores them and reaches for the salsa. He scoops up some egg and beans with his tortilla, moaning when the flavors overwhelm his taste buds. He smiles happily at our job well done. I notice a bean stuck in his tooth and laugh. He blushes when I tell him and swipes his tongue over his teeth.

Just then, Rosalie and Carter make their entrance.

Rosalie is practically bouncing on her toes. "This smells so good, Aurora. Did you make-" Her face darkens when she notices her parents and she turns to look at Oliver accusingly. "What are they doing here?"

"Rosalie, I am your mother! Is there something wrong with me wanting to see how you and the baby are doing?" Simone says, looking deeply hurt by Rosalie's reaction. "Why didn't you tell me you and Carter were expecting? I would have-"

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

Oliver and I freshen up in silence. He refuses to speak or even look at me as he washes out the egg in his hair. I struggle to clean my own hair and he silently reaches over and helps me.

"Are you here to apologize to Aurora and Oliver?" Rosalie cuts her off, crossing her arms over her chest.

"Yes," David replies.

"No!" Simone scolds him. "I have nothing to apologize for."

"Simone, calme-toi," David growls, giving her a warning look.

"Well in that case, I'm doing well so you can go home now," Rosalie responds coolly.

“Ro, please sit down,” I plead. “If not for her then for me. Please?”

She hesitates and I throw in an ‘I love you’ for good measure, making her finally sit down.

“I hate you,” she scowls and I give her a triumphant smile. She looks at her father and raises an eyebrow at him. “Well?”

Carter takes her hand in his and interlocks his fingers with hers. “Calm down, Rosie. Anger is not good for the baby,” he whispers.

She rolls her eyes but his voice seems to soothe her. Meanwhile, I feel Oliver snake his arm around my waist as his body starts to tremble. I slip my hand in his and he slowly calms down as well. With the Artaud siblings pacified, we turn to look at David. The former alpha looks visibly uncomfortable as he tugs at the collar of his shirt and takes a sip of water before speaking.

“Ahem... right,” he looks up at me. “Aurora, I just wanted to....” David struggles to speak and has to stop to take a deep breath. “When you have children of your own, perhaps you’ll understand that all I’ve ever wanted is what’s best for Oliver.”

Oliver scoffs at this. “You call that an apology?”

“Calm down, Oliver. Let him finish, please,” I say, giving his wrist a squeeze to stop him from going off. I turn to give David a nod to continue.

“I’ll admit I had hoped Oliver would choose Adeline for several reasons,” he sighs. “But I see now that those reasons weren’t good enough. I’ve never seen Oliver as happy as he is with you and I am ....”

David swallows hard and Oliver loses his patience.

“Say the f\*\*\*\*\*g word,” he growls.

“Do not speak to your father that way!” Simone snaps.

“Then stop wasting my ti-“

“I’m sorry!” David finally manages to say.

Oliver stares at him, completely stunned. “What do you say?””

"I said... I'm sorry for trying to separate you two. And as for the challenge, I am grateful that despite everything I did to insult you, Aurora, you somehow found the grace and courage to heal my wounds and give me a second chance. I am deeply embarrassed and disgusted with myself for being blinded by power and prestige. Your arrival to this pack has been eye opening, to say the least, and I know I have many things to work on. I hope you can forgive me for being so close minded."

I look him in the eyes as his words sink in. I can't read him and I don't know what to do. I'm still hurt that he was willing to challenge Oliver to the death for the title and that he felt I wasn't good enough for his son. Moreover, his attitude towards Evan and his family is inexcusable.

I can't take it anymore. I need to know.

"Are you only apologizing because you know what I am now?" I demand, using my Royal voice.

His body stiffens as the truth slips out. "No," David replies quietly. "I'm here because I made a mistake."

I let out a breath I didn't know I was holding in. He means it.

"I appreciate the apology but I am not the only person you hurt," I sigh, knowing Oliver will not be so forgiving. "You have insulted my alpha by challenging him and my gamma in ways I will not describe. I am grateful that you see the error you committed but I cannot speak for the others you have hurt. I forgive you for your insults and your coldness towards me but I'm afraid a simple 'I'm sorry' will not be enough for your challenge. However, I want to give you a chance to show me you've changed.. I wish nothing more for us to see each other as family and for you to be a part of our lives. Turning words into actions is the only way to do that."

A small smile of hope tugs at the corner of his lips and he nods. "I will do my best," he says quietly before turning to Oliver.

"Oliver.... I know I disappointed you and that I've done a lot to make you lose respect for me ... but is there any chance you might find it in your heart to forgive me, son?"

One look at Oliver and I know he's struggling inside with his anger. I brace myself for his outburst.

Oliver stares his father directly in his eyes and shakes his head. "I am not your son. You stopped being my father a long time ago. You're a stranger now. A few simple words won't change that."

My heart shatters as I watch David's sadness peer through his gaze. Despite the problems, I don't want Oliver to be estranged from his family.

"I understand," David says solemnly.

Oliver's next words, however, surprise even me. "Like my Luna said, I need actions. Show me you've changed, then we'll talk."

David's face lights up instantly and he smiles. I've never seen David smile and I chuckle to myself as I realize who Oliver gets his dimples come from.

"I can do that," he says. "Thank you for the—"

"Don't thank me just yet. I haven't forgiven you nor do I plan too anytime soon. I'm just giving you the chance to show me that you've changed. One screw up and I'm done, David. You so much as give Aurora a dirty look and I will forget you and I are related. Are we clear?"

David nods politely, accepting Oliver's conditions. We go back to eating our food and a few compliments fly my way. Simone seems entirely disinterested in the food, her eyes glued to Rosalie's growing bump.

"How far along are you sweetie?" She asks.

"7 weeks," Rosalie mutters.

"Have you thought of any names?" Simone asks, trying to sound cheerful.

Rosalie reaches down to rub her swollen belly and smiles at me. "Carter and I have given this a lot of thought and after a bit of arguing, we both came to an agreement we're both happy with. It's a very scary world out there. I want my baby to be brave, so his or her name will serve as a reminder to always have courage. If it's a girl, Emmeline."

Carter grabs her hand and kisses it before looking at me too. "And if it's a boy, Émile .... In honor of the very brave and noble silver wolf who gave his life to save our Luna."

I feel my heart caught in my throat. Émile and Emmeline. It's a beautiful tribute to Emiliano. Tears well up in my eyes and I quickly try to wipe them away.

"No! Don't cry because then I'll cry," Rosalie whines, before bursting into tears.

"You want to name your child after a wolf who wasn't even strong enough to protect himself from a 13 year old girl?" Simone scoffs. "Some brave wolf he was. He was a disgrace to the Silver wolf race!"

Anger boils up inside me. She could hate me all she wants but no one, absolutely no one, had the right to degrade Emiliano. I tighten my grip on Oliver's wrist and he winces as I practically crush it. He tries to calm me down as Reyna takes over, but he can't stop me. My body feels like it's on fire with how much anger is pumping through me.

I slam my fist on the table, making a line of violet flames erupt down the middle. Everyone jumps from their seat as the entire table becomes consumed in flames. Carter and David run out to the kitchen to get some water.

"What did you say?" Reyna snarls, making Simone cower..

Suddenly Oliver yelps in pain and I look down to see my hand engulfed in violet flames.

## **The Ivory Queen Chapter 69**

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

I take my hand off his wrist to reveal a perfect hand print burned into his flesh. Reyna gives me back control and I let out a scream as Oliver cradles his injury. I scramble off of his lap, shocked at what I've done.

"I'm so sorry," I whimper. "I didn't- I didn't mean to-"

"What have you done!" Simone shrieks when she sees the burn. "My goddess, you're a monster!"

I stare down at the glowing flames in my hands and a sob escapes my throat. "I'm sorry. I'm so sorry," I croak as I bolt out of the room.

I hear Oliver's voice call after me as I run, followed by his footsteps. Before I can even make it to the front door, Oliver reaches for my arm. I spin around immediately, holding my hands up in the air.

"No, don't touch me! Don't come any closer, Oliver. Get away from me!"

"Ok, it's okay, Aurora. I'm fine. It was just a burn," he coos. "I'm okay." He takes a few steps towards me and I back away until my back meets the door. He wraps his arms around my waist and pulls me to his chest. His scent melts away my anger and the flames slowly go out.

"I'm sorry," I hiccup. Afraid to touch him, I try to pull away but Oliver tightens his grip.

"I'm not afraid of you," he whispers. "You're not a monster." Rosalie comes into the hallway to check on us and Oliver sends her away. "I'm right here, baby. I'm not going anywhere."

I burst into fresh tears at his tenderness and he kisses them all away. Oliver holds me until I calm down again, stroking my hair and humming his little lullaby.

"Not gonna lie, babe. I would appreciate a healing right about now," he chuckles after a while.

"What if I hurt you again?" I ask, shaking my head.

"You won't."

I hesitate to touch his arm so Oliver grabs my hand and places it on his wound, making him wince. I shed a few tears as I concentrate on his burn. In a few seconds, the wound disappears completely.

"See? You didn't hurt me," he murmurs, kissing my forehead. "Now you and I are going to go back in that dining room and putting my mom in her place."

"Oliver-"

"No, Aurora. You will be Luna in two days and our pack is already in love with you. You won over everyone with your kindness and selflessness. I don't think you realize that you are the single most respected wolf in the region and that

was all before we even knew what you were. My mother is wrong and she has no right to treat you like a monster.”

I flinch when he reaches for my hand but he pushes through my fears and holds it. He interlocks our fingers, bringing my hand up to his lips to deliver a soft kiss to it. We walk hand in hand into the dining room to find Carter and David successfully putting out the fire on the table and opening the windows to let the smoke out. They tell us Rosalie and Simone went out to the living room and we find them in the middle of a screaming match.

“You will not name my grandchild after that mutt and her family!”

“That’s enough!” Oliver growls at his mother. “I’m so sick and tired of this conversation. Aurora will be Luna. There is not point fighting it!”

Simone looks like she’s about to explode.

“Why do you hate me so much?” I ask, my voice calm. It’s a genuine question as I simply could not figure her out. “I have done nothing to you. I have never wronged you. I’ve never even said one cruel thing about you! I just don’t understand why you’re so angry with me!”

\*\*\*Aurora’s POV\*\*\*

I take my hand off his wrist to reveal a perfect hand print burned into his flesh. Reyna gives me back control and I let out a scream as Oliver cradles his injury. I scramble off of his lap, shocked at what I’ve done.

Simone’s hate filled gaze settles on me but I refuse to cower. It’s time I faced this woman and her anger once and for all.

“You still have the audacity to ask? Oliver had his teeth in his father’s throat! Does that seem normal to you? Oh right, I forgot. You sank your teeth in your own father’s throat!”

Rosalie, Carter and Oliver snarl at her instantly, furious at her accusation. Oliver pushes me behind him and glares at his mother.

Reyna, however, does not need anyone to fight her battles and takes over again. “Bring up my father again and I’ll sink my teeth in yours!”

Goddess, Must you be so violent? I snap at my wolf.

She gives me back control but not before giving Simone a triumphant smirk. A look of horror washes over Simone's face and she looks to her children for help but they offer none. David attempts to comfort her but she pushes him away and looks me dead in the eyes.

"You truly are a monster," she snaps. "All this fighting, all this anger started because of you. You took my son away and turned him into a man who can't even stand the sight of his own parents. I don't even know him anymore. My son would have never fought his father for the title! My son would have never turned his back on me! You'll ruin this pack! You're not fit to be Luna and you're certainly no Queen!"

I'm about to shift when Oliver embraces me in a loving hug, leaning down to my ear.

"Don't let her win," he murmurs, kissing my earlobe.

Reyna calms down at the sound of his voice and I close my eyes to take a few deep breathes. Simone looks thoroughly disgusted by the affection Oliver gives me and scoffs at us.

Oliver glares up at his mother and speaks to her in French. (Note: Oliver's monologue is completely in French and Aurora is clueless as to what is being said)

"Je l'aime. C'est l'amour de ma vie et tu vas juste devoir l'accepter! {I love her. She is the love of my life and you'll just have to accept that!} Do you think I want to fight with you? I want nothing more than to have you in my life despite everything you've done to me and all the times you've failed me. You're right, I have changed. I'm done letting you and David control my life. But I will not fight with you any longer. You're either accept my decision or you forget you have a son, Mom. As much as I hate pushing you away, I. Will. Do. It. I hope to Moon Goddess you don't force me to make that decision."

There is no emotion on Simone's face. "J'espère que tu ne le regrettes pas {I hope you don't regret this}." She straightens her blouse and turns her attention to Rosalie and Carter. "Take care of my daughter," she orders. She storms out of the house while David thanks me for the meal and heads after her.

When they're gone, I let out another breath and bury myself in Oliver. Simone hit several nerves without even trying.

Rosalie rubs her little belly and grins. "I think the baby liked your tortillas."

I burst out laughing at her remark.

—

Given the events of the morning, Oliver decides to stay and work from home to keep an eye on me. I sit on his knee as he answers calls and types away on his computer. After a few excruciatingly long minutes, I muster up the courage to ask for training privileges.

"No," he says, keeping his eyes on his work.

"Why not?" I snap. "Tais is close and I want to know how to defend myself. A Queen should know how to defend herself and her pack."

"I said no," he say, still not looking at me.

Infuriated, my palms light up in violet flames and I throw a fire ball at the window, burning a hole through it. I'm on my feet immediately, afraid I might hurt my mate.

"Sorry," I whimper as Oliver pulls me down on his lap and kisses my cheek. My flames go out instantly.

"You can throw all the fires balls and tantrums you want. I'm not afraid of you," he chuckles.

How is this even remotely funny? I could have literally killed someone!

"My answer is still no," he shrugs and turns back to his work. I'm about to argue when his eyes fog over and he smiles to himself. Whatever news he just got must have been good but he refuses to give me any hints as to what it is and instead goes back to work. A few minutes go by and I decide to bring up the training again when his phones dings. He picks it up before I can make out who it is and his smile fades instantly. He carefully lifts me off his lap to get to his feet, rolling his shoulders back.

"What's going on?" I ask, concerned with his change in demeanor.

"Don't get mad," is all he says before we hear a knock at the door. He calls out to let the mysterious guest in and my heart sinks to the pit of my stomach as Javier walks in .

“What is he doing here?” I ask as a shiver runs down my spine.

Javier is a handsome man of 6 ft 2 with a well built and toned body. His skin is fair, a beautiful contrast to his dark brown hair and eyes. I may have once had a crush on Javier but that quickly ended with Emiliano’s death. He never hit me like Salvador or Karina but he did something much worse.

How pathetic. All this power in me and I’m still afraid of the people who used to hurt me.

“I’m not doing this with her here, Oliver. I made that very clear when you called,” Javier says, his brown eyes spitting fire at me.

“I know what you said and she will be leaving now,” he says, giving my hand a kiss. “I need to speak with Javier alone, nena. Go downstairs. I have a surprise for you in the living room that should keep you occupied.”

“What is going on?” I ask, nervously eyeing Javier.

“Nothing you need to worry about for now. Just go downstairs and stay out of trouble, ok?”

Now I’m really confused. Sensing my discomfort, Oliver leans down to kiss my cheek. For a few seconds, I forget Javier is even there.

“Everything is going to be ok. I promise,” he murmurs. “Go.”

I swallow hard before taking timid steps around Javier towards the door. I stop to look back at Oliver, who gives me a reassuring smile. I walk out quickly as my heart pounds against the cage of my chest and follow Oliver’s instructions to the living room.

Almost immediately, the fear and anger evaporates as I find Celina sitting cheerfully in the living room.

## **The Ivory Queen Chapter 70**

\*\*\*Aurora’s POV\*\*\*

Celina is on her feet when she sees me, spreading her arms out wide. I run into her arms as tears fill my eyes and crash into her at full speed. We collide

and fall over on the couch, giggling hysterically and holding each other in a tight embrace.

I smile like a fool when I pull back, unable to form any words and she laughs at me.

“I missed you too,” she chuckles, pulling me into another tight hug.

“How did – When did you get here?” I ask, finally managing to find my voice.

“I flew in about 2 hours ago. Oliver arranged everything so I could surprise you. He knew we’d want a little more time together before your big day.”

Goddess I love that man more than anything!

“What about school?”

“Already finished my finals. I’m all yours for the next two weeks,” she smiles. “Mom and the whole gang will be here tomorrow night.”

“Gang? Who else did you invite?” I laugh.

“Oliver said I could bring anyone I wanted so I’m bringing everyone I can,” she smiles triumphantly. “It’s not everyday your long lost sister takes the title of Luna, ya know?”

We hear the front door open followed by the pitter patter of little paws. Rio trots into the room and stares curiously at both of us before deciding he loves us both. He jumps on the couch and begins assaulting us with his tongue and covering us in sloppy kisses.

Evan also stumbles in, his eyes nearly popping out when he catches a glimpse of both Celina and I. His shock turns to annoyance and he runs his hands through his hair.

“Oh no, there are two of you?” He groans before looking at Celina. “Don’t tell me you’re equally as stubborn?”

“Some might say I’m worse,” she glares at him. “And you are?”

“A moron,” I answer, making Evan scowl at me. “I’m kidding!” I laugh. “Celina, this is my very annoying gamma, Evan.”

"I also happen to be her favorite person in the entire world," he adds with a grin.

"In your dreams," Carter calls out as he enters into the room with Rosalie in hand. He gives Celina and I a dashing smile and bows for us. "Hi, I'm Carter, Oliver's beta and this is my wife Rosalie, Oliver's sister. It's nice to finally meet you, your highness."

"Carter, Evan, And Rosalie," Celina repeats to herself. "This is your family?" she asks me and I give her a small nod. She gets on her feet and hugs each of them gently.

"I don't know you but I know what you mean to my sister. Thank you for existing. She was all alone before you guys came along and helped her piece herself back together. And for that reason alone, I love each of you dearly," she says, her voice shaking a little as she pulls back from Rosalie.

Rosalie burst into tears immediately and pulls her back into another hug. "Aurora is a treasure! We're grateful to have her here."

"What do mean treasure? She's incredibly stubborn and the most annoying brat I've ever met," Evan snorts, frowning at me. "A tiny demon in disguise!"

I stick my tongue out at him and with that, Evan lifts me off the couch and spins me around while I fight him off. When he puts me down, I stumble on my feet, extremely dizzy from the spinning and the room erupts in laughter.

For the next 20 minutes or so, Celina and I fill each other in on the latest happenings. I'm glad to hear her relationship with Valentina has vastly improved since the shift. I let her know about the Alpha meeting I had and the information we have on Tais.

"We need to train. It won't be long before Tais finds out I'm here, if she's doesn't already know. I think now would be the best time to find out what we can do."

"I can't train," I sigh. "Oliver and Pin-head over here refuse to let me set foot on the training grounds," I huff, glaring at Evan.

"The training grounds are no place for a future Luna. You could get seriously hurt."

“That is the most bone-headed argument I’ve ever heard! So what if she’s Luna? We’re the Ivory twins for Goddess sake! If anything, it’s your soldiers you should be worried about!”

“My job is to protect the Luna. I’ll lay my life down if I have too for her. She doesn’t need training,” Evan spits back. “Besides, it’s not your decision whether she can or can’t train. It’s Oliver’s. He’s the Alpha.”

“Oliver might be Alpha but he’s certainly not my Alpha nor does he get to make decisions about what I or my sister get to do. Last I checked, a Luna is an Alpha’s equal.”

“I want to train, Evan,” I sigh. “I know you will guard me with your life but it won’t be necessary if I train and learn to use my powers. The last thing I would want is for you or anyone else to get hurt when I can easily fight off Tais.”

“You know Oliver will never agree to that,” Evan says, shaking his head. “He would rather die before letting you get hurt.”

“I’ll talk to Oliver. I’m not his mate and worst case scenario, I could use my Royal voice on him,” Celina shrugs before getting to her feet.

“I don’t want you using your Royal voice on him. I want him to understand without us having to force him,” I say, grabbing her arm. She sighs, gently pulling her arm from my grip.

“We need to train, Aurora. Whether he likes it or not.”

Before any of us have a chance to stop her, she sprints up the stairs to the third floor. I run after her, hoping to convince her otherwise. Celina makes a B-line for every door, opening and closing each one. I follow her close behind, begging her to let it go and come downstairs with me. I don’t want to face Javier at the moment. As she searches, I notice she’s getting antsy, almost frantic.

Finally, she finds the door to the office and busts in. For a split second, Celina is completely still, almost in a trance. We both hear Javier’s comment, however, and she snaps out of it, her fury taking over.

“What did you say?” she snarls.

\*\*\*Oliver's POV\*\*\*

I watch Aurora walk out of the room, her heart pounding in her chest. I hated sensing her fear when Javier walked into the room and I knew instantly that i\*\*\*t played a role in her torture all those years. Michael wants nothing more than to tear Javier limb from limb for having hurt her and for once being her crush, but I'm on a mission. I need Javier alive.

I take a seat and Javier does the same. We eye each other for a few seconds, the hostility feeling strange and unnatural. Once upon a time, he, Wesley and I were great friends; we were ready to lead together. That friendship ended, however, the day I declared Aurora as my future Luna. Javier and Wesley were furious. Having been close to Emiliano, Aurora taking the title was a huge slap in the face for them. Javier and I haven't spoken since but this was an urgent matter.

"Oliver what's this about? What do you want from me?" Javier demands, clearly still fuming from his encounter with Aurora. He wasn't too happy to see her here, but I could care less what he liked or disliked.

"Do you know what Aurora is?" I ask, trying my best to keep my growing anger contained.

"What, you think a makeover changes what I think about her? She is still Emiliano's killer!"

Without thinking, I start laughing and his face contorts in anger. "Little do you know the real killer has been living under your roof under your protection all these years. You've been torturing the wrong girl this whole time like the idiots you are!"

"What the f\*\*k are you talking about?" he snarls.

"The night Emiliano died was orchestrated by none other than Karina," I say smugly. Javier scoffs and gets up from his chair.

"I knew this was a waste of time!" he snaps, heading for the door. "I don't even know why I bothered coming here."

"Aurora was supposed to die that night," I continue and he stops in his tracks. "That was what Karina wanted. She turned her niece over to a witch for Mia and Salvador's protection. A witch who hates Silver and Gold wolves with a

passion. A witch who is currently hiding in the city. The same witch that almost killed Mia not too long ago,” I snarl, getting up from my chair. “She’s going to end your pack, Javier. And as much as I’d love to watch you all burn to the ground for what you’ve done, Aurora still cares about your pack.”

“Wow, I give you props, Oliver,” he shrugs, a cold smile on his lips. “You have an extremely creative imagination. But I’m done listening to your bullshit.”

“I watched Aurora complete her first shift this past Monday. How the f\*\*k could she have killed a silver wolf without shifting? How could she have gone rogue, Javier? Think!”

“How do you know it was her first shift?” he snaps back. “She could have lied to you.”

“Because Aurora is an Ivory twin. She couldn’t shift without her sister, it would kill her!”

“What the actual f\*\*k are you talking about?”

I sigh with frustration. Do I have to spell it out for him? I proceed to explain Aurora’s lineage and her long lost sister. When I’m finished, Javier looks angrier than before.

“This is some bullshit, Oliver. Why the f\*\*k did call you me here just to feed me a stupid myth?”

I’m honestly exhausted with this guy.

“You are about to take over as Alpha for Lluvia Blanca. I called you here because I want to bring you back into the treaty. Your father won’t listen but I’m hoping you will. Your wolves shouldn’t suffer because of his incompetence,” I answer.

“His incompetence? You just told me the dumbest fairytale I’ve ever heard. I don’t know how you’ve managed to convince the other Alphas but this is f\*\*\*\*\*g ridiculous!”

“I also wanted to warn you, Javier. You were once my friend and I respected you at some point. I know your father is trying to work out a treaty with the Amethyst Lake pack and I’m giving you some advice. Don’t do it.”

“Finally, we are getting somewhere. That’s why you called me here, isn’t it?” He smirks. “You’re afraid we’ll be stronger than you?”

I laugh at this. “That’s funny. You and I both know the four Allies are infinitely stronger than you and Amethyst Lake combined, even with your silver wolves.”

“Of course, but who said it was just the two of us” Javier chuckles, crossing his arms over his chest and smiling at me. “As far as I know, Maple Moon and Desert Sky are still neutrals. Who’s to say Lluvia Blanca can’t offer them something they can’t refuse?”

I want to laugh. I’ve been working on a deal with Desert Sky and Maple Moon for months now and recently made a breakthrough in the negotiations. Their Alphas will even be attending Aurora’s ceremony on Friday.

“Well in that case may the best pack prevail,” I smile coldly.

He smiles back triumphantly. “Thank you, we will. As for your offer and advice, I’m not interested.”

Cocky bastard. It’s going to be fun watching him crash and burn.

“I’m sorry to hear that. I hope this treaty with Amethyst Lake doesn’t back fire on you.”

Celina bursts through the door with Aurora by her side as Javier claps back at me.

“Yeah, well, I genuinely hope your mate doesn’t try to murder you in your sleep.”

In an instant, Celina’s cool silver eyes fill with rage.

“What did you say?” She snarls.

\*\*\*Celina’s POV\*\*\*

I quickly realize I have no idea where I’m going as I search for Oliver up on the third floor and just start opening doors hoping to find him. Aurora is at my side begging me to go downstairs. I can sense her fear and it pisses me off.

Who is she afraid of? It better not be Oliver. I'll snap his neck if he hurts her again.

As I search, I feel my wolf getting restless with every passing second but I don't care at the moment. I'm going to give Oliver a piece of my mind. I finally stumble upon the office when the most intoxicating smell of fresh eucalyptus and oranges fills my nose.

Mate! My wolf, Sarai, squeals.

"Yeah, well, I genuinely hope your mate doesn't try to murder you in your sleep."

That comment is enough to snap me out my trance.

"What did you say?" I snarl.

The man before me turns around and our eyes meet. His brown eyes look red when the light hits them and I have to close my mouth to keep from gasping at how beautiful he is. How absolutely perfect and delicious my mate is.

Mate! Mate! Mate! Sarai purrs.

I feel Aurora's hand wrap around my wrist as she trembles. Her heart is beating like crazy and I can tell she's holding back tears.

She's afraid of him. She's afraid of my mate....

"You..." he says, his mouth curving up in a crooked smile. "You're my-"

"WHAT DID YOU SAY?!" I spit through gritted teeth. "WHAT DID YOU SAY ABOUT MY SISTER?"

His gaze shifts between Aurora and I before a look of horror replaces his smile.

"...You're Aurora's sister..." he mumbles absent mindedly as he turns back to Oliver. "You were telling the truth?"

Is he f\*\*\*\*\*g stupid? Of course I'm her sister. We're f\*\*\*\*\*g identical!

"I told you I wanted to help. I wouldn't joke about something this serious," Oliver answers. "Javier, meet Celina, Aurora's identical twin. Celina, this is

Javier Salazar. He'll be taking over as Alpha of the Lluvia Blanca pack in two weeks," he sighs, rubbing his temples.

"Javier..." I turn back to Aurora who has her eyes glued to him. Her fear of him is clear as daylight and an anger fills me up. "Aurora?"

She can't stop staring at him. Her eyes are glazed over with unshed tears and I know he must have been one of those despicable wolves that tortured her. Javier, on the other hand, glares at her then turns back to me and smiles.

Monster.

"Aurora?" I ask again, shaking her a little and she finally responds by looking back at me and blinking hard. I pull her into my arms and whisper in her ears. "I'm sorry I didn't listen. I thought you were afraid of me talking to Oliver."

"Talk to me about what?" Oliver asks, coming over to us quickly and pulling Aurora out of my arms. "What's going on?"

"Nothing important," I reply. I try to grab Aurora's hands and Oliver growls at me. I fight the urge to burst into laughter.

Did he really just growl at me?

Aurora scowls at him and wriggles free from his arms to grab my hand. I stick my tongue out at him and am about to walk out of the room with my sister when Javier's voice stops me.

"Celina wait!" Javier calls out. "You're my-"

"Stay away from me," I growl. "I, Celina Maite Altamirano-Reyes, princess of the Sol the Oro Kingdom, reject you, Javier Salazar, future Alpha of the Lluvia Blanca pack, as my mate. Go to hell."

I double over as the pain of a burning fire flows through my veins. Sarai cries and screams at me to take back the rejection but I can't. I'm mated to a monster. Javier is on the floor writhing in pain at my rejection while Aurora screams and pulls me into her arms.

"What did you do? What did you do?" She shrieks. "You shouldn't have done that!"

I feel Oliver scoop me up in his arms as my knees give out. Javier snarls when Oliver touches me and I snarl back.

F\*\*k him.

Oliver's eyes fog over and within seconds Evan is there.

"What the-"

"Take her to the bedroom. I have to deal with Javier," Oliver instructs as he hands me over to Evan.

I whimper as waves of pain wash over me. Aurora grabs hold of my hand while Evan carries me to her bedroom and sets me down on the bed. Aurora climbs in with me and I settle in her arms. I feel electricity enter my body from Aurora's hands and in an instant, the pain starts to fade away.

Sarai?

I get no response and I know she's angry with me. It doesn't matter though. I'm not taking Javier back. He can't stand Aurora and I won't be mated to someone who willingly brought her unimaginable pain, even if it means giving up a part of my soul.

"Celina?" Aurora whimpers. "Why did you do that?"

Aurora's puppy comes trotting in and curls up in between Aurora and I.

"You know why," I reply, trying my best to hold back my tears. "I saw the way he looked at you. There was so much anger in his eyes for you and you were so scared. I look exactly like you. If he could hurt you so easily, what makes you think he won't hurt me?"

"You're his mate. It's different. Don't do this for me. I won't let you give up your mate for my sake. You don't need to. You can love him if you want."

"I wasn't asking for permission, Aurora. I already rejected him. I won't take it back," I snap.

"Javier is your mate?" Evans asks. "That f\*\*\*\*\*g sucks. He's a piece of s\*\*t if you ask me."

Aurora glares at him. "Get out! You're not helping."

“Don’t scold your gamma for being honest,” I chuckle. “He is a piece of s\*\*t and you know it.”

“No he isn’t-“

“Then why are so you afraid of him?” I growl. “What did he do to you?” She falls silent, pursing her lips. Aurora shakes her head at me and for the first time since we met, I hate that she refuses to open up to me. “Aurora, tell me.”

“I’m going to go get you some water,” she says quietly, getting out of bed.

I reach out to grab her wrist but she gently pushes me away and storms out of the room.

I stare blankly at the door. “What just happened?”

“That’s Aurora for you,” Evan sighs, clearly accustomed to her antics. “Some things she keeps to herself. Even Oliver doesn’t know the full extent of the things those monsters used to do to her. I don’t think anyone ever will.”

Rio barks and I give his belly a good scratch.

“I don’t like that,” I say, sitting up in bed. “That’s too great a burden for her to carry on her own.”

“I know.”

“How she could even try to defend Javier when she was shaking like a leaf in his presence a few moments ago!”

Evan takes a seat at the edge of the bed and stretches. “Aurora will always put others before herself,” he sighs. “No matter how much it hurts her. It’s the type of person she is. She doesn’t know how to be selfish.”

We’re both quiet for a moment, petting Rio and waiting for Aurora to come back.

“Do you agree with Aurora?” I ask. “Do you think I’m being stupid for giving up my mate?”

He shakes his head. “I, unfortunately, find myself in the same position as you.”

“What do you mean?”

He lays back on the bed, Rio resting his cute head on his stomach and sighing. "Mia is my mate."

I sigh. "Does Aurora know?"

He shakes his head again. "No. Mia doesn't even know. She's not 18 yet so her wolf can't sense our bond... but I know it's there. My wolf felt it when I touched her once."

"And you hate her?"

"She watched her mother and brother torture my best friend and did nothing. I don't care that Aurora has forgiven her. I could never love her. The second she turns 18, I'm rejecting her. You don't know what it was like ... seeing Aurora lay almost lifeless in that bed for four months. All the scars on her tiny body... I don't know how she survived all these years...." A few angry tears run down his cheeks and he quickly wipes them away. "So no, I don't think you're crazy for not wanting Javier. I don't know what he did nor do I care. He's a monster like the rest of her family and they'll always be monsters."

I take a deep breath, thankful some else agrees with me, but saddened to not be alone on this mate-less journey. From what I can tell, Evan didn't deserve this pain.

"You should have been my mate," I joke, trying to lighten the mood.

He shudders. "Don't get me wrong, you are a very beautiful girl but it'll never happen. You look too much like Aurora for me to fall in love with you... it'd be like kissing my sister."

I burst out laughing. I can see why Aurora adores him.

"Well, then we shall be great friends," I smile, extending out my hand to his and shaking it. "And I'm sorry about Mia."

"I'm sorry about Javier."