

The Ivory Queen by StephanieLight Chapter 8

8. Homecoming

Aurora's POV

Mate! Reyna purrs.

I look up to see Oliver pulling up next to us in a black Lexus along with Evan and another girl. I start shaking, thinking of all the possible punishments I would be facing for running away from my mate, Oliver jumps out and comes running towards me.

“Of all the irresponsible things you could have done, why on earth would you run away in your condition? Why would go through Desert Sky Territory? They would have killed you if you got caught. Do you understand that? Did you even think about what you were doing?” Oliver scolds, coming closer.

Shaking like a leaf, I take two steps back, stopping him in his tracks. Realizing he's scaring me, he softens his face and thanks the girls for helping before they run off to class.

“Are you hurt?” He asks, concern swimming in his deep blue eyes. He tries to touch me and I s****m, dropping to the floor. I shake my head furiously, trembling with fear. Evan and the girl climb out of the car.

“I don't know what you want, but please just let me go. I promise, I'll stay away.” I sob. “I won't tell anyone we're mates!”

Oliver kneels beside me and tries to pull me into his arms but I swat away his hands. He overpowers me and grabs hold of my

wrists, pinning me to the ground. I cry, afraid of what he'll do to me and close my eyes.

“Aurora, I'm not going to hurt you! Please look at me!” he whimpers. “Please don't be afraid of me.”

I keep thrashing and kicking against him, begging for freedom. “Aurora, please stop. I'm begging you!” he cries, tears streaming down his face. “You're going to hurt yourself!” if I fight, my punishment will only be worse ... I remind myself.

I let my body go limp and mentally prepare myself for whatever punishment he wants to give me. I stifle my sobs and hold my breath, my body quaking with fear.

Goddess, please make it quick, I think as I wait for him to hit me.

I'm stunned when I feel him pull my body close to his. He kisses my forehead, sending warmth throughout my body and making Reyna purr contently. He buries his face in my neck and shoulders, taking in my scent.

“I thought I lost you again,” he whispers. “You have no idea how scared and worried I was that something happened to you!”

Goddess I felt so safe in his arms but I had to keep my guard up. Reyna might trust him but I've learned over the years that even those who claim to love you the most are capable of hurting you in the worst possible ways. No, I couldn't trust him all the way. You can trust him!

I block Reyna out and push myself away from him arms. Still hiccupping, I quickly wipe away my tears and stare at him suspiciously. I back away slowly and he stares back at me with pain filled eyes.

“Aurora, you scared us half to death! I'm so glad we found you!” the girl exclaims.

I look over at her and slowly start to recognize her. It's Rosalie, a former classmate of mine from back when I was still in school.

She was two grades above me. I never spoke or ever really interacted with her, but she was never mean to me from what I can recall.

She's very beautiful, with long brown hair that was braided away from her face and high cheek bones. She has the same dark blue eyes as Oliver.

Noticing me staring, she decides to introduce herself. "Sorry, I forgot we haven't formally met. I'm Rosalie, Oliver's little sister."

I nod and offer her a weak smile. I glance back at Oliver and really take him in. His eyes are bloodshot and he looks like he hasn't slept. Despite his disheveled appearance, he's still the most handsome man I'd ever seen.

Don't fall for his looks, I remind myself. He's not a saint.

"I'm sorry for causing so much trouble," I mumble. "But I'd really like to go now."

"Aurora wait!" Oliver cries, reaching for my hand.

I flinch and he pulls back.

"Please come back to River Moon with us," he pleads.

I shake my head. "No, Erin will."

"If Erin so much as touches you, she's dead!" He snarls. "That goes for anyone who tries to hurt you."

I hesitate. I have absolutely nowhere else to go. Lluvia Blanca is out of the question for obvious reasons and I don't know enough about my family in Mexico to go there. In fact, I had no idea if I had any remaining relatives there at all since Mom and Dad rarely ever spoke about them. Even if I did manage to find family, there was always the possibility of them blaming me for Dad's death and rejecting me.

"Ok," I sigh with dread.

Oliver's face lights up with excitement and he quickly jumps to his feet. He extends a hand to help me up, but I refuse to take it and get up on my own. We walk back to the car. Evan and Rosalie jump in the front while Oliver and I climb in the back. The drive is quiet and awkward. Oliver gives me plenty of space, but the look in his eyes tells me he longs to touch me. Perhaps it's the exhaustion, but I suddenly crave his touch too. Slowly, I inch my hand towards his until our pinkies touch. I feel the sparks spread across my hand and I want more. He looks down at our hands and smiles.

He has the most amazing smile. He lifts his hand and places it gently over mine and I blush furiously. I avoid his eyes and look out

the window to hide my red face. I hear him chuckle as he interlocks our fingers.

We arrive at the River Moon gates twenty minutes later and I'm driven back to the pack hospital.

"I just want Meghan to do a check-up on you and make sure you're okay. You didn't finish your tests," Oliver explains as Evan and Rosalie drop us off in front of the hospital. I'm taken to a private room where Meghan checks my vitals and hooks me up to an IV to treat my dehydration. I'm also injected with a tracer in preparation for a PET scan to test my brain function. After an hour, I'm taken upstairs to get my scan performed.

Oliver

accompanies me throughout the entire process, never once leaving my side. When my stomach starts growling, he has a nurse bring me several sandwiches to nibble on and I'm given more IV fluids to flush out the tracer. I spend several more hours in the hospital taking cognitive function tests to make sure my head injuries left no permanent damage before Meghan gives the okay for me to go home. Evan picks us up and we drive to the River Moon Pack house.

The French style pack house has a beautiful fountain sitting neatly in the middle of the long walkway leading to the double front doors of the house. The three story mansion overlooks a freshly trimmed lawn and rose garden. Like Lluvia Blanca, there's no fence surrounding the house and is instead naturally enclosed by the surrounding woods. Rosalie comes running out of the house, smiling widely at me before embracing me in a hug. I tense under her touch, but let her hold me.

"I'm so glad you're here! I've always wanted a sister," she giggles. "Oh, I have so many plans for us. First we have to go shopping and maybe go for a spa day. Then we can go the movies or bowling. Do you like bowling? I love bowling. It's one of—"

"Ro, let the girl breathe! She just got home. Let her settle in before you scare her off," Oliver chuckles.

He reaches over to take my bag but I pull my arm back defensively.

"Sorry, I just wanted to help you carry the bag," he says sheepishly.

"Oh," I blush. I hand him the bag, his fingers lightly brushing my knuckles. Little sparks shoot up my arm and I blush harder.

"Let's go," he says breaking the silence.

We walk up the walkway to the main entrance and I'm left in awe at what I see inside. Two staircases lead up to the second and third floor, while a chandelier hangs brightly overhead. The foyer has three hallways. The north hallway leads to the main living area, while the western hallway leads the entertainment room and home theater and the eastern wing leads to the kitchen and dining room.

Suddenly, the front door opens behind us and a very tired young man comes panting in.

"I came as soon as I heard the news that they'd found you" says the young man. "I'm sorry I missed your awakening. I was handling some business affairs for the Alpha," he says with a smile. "I'm Carter, by the way, Oliver's beta and Rosalie's mate.

"Nice to meet you," I say.

Rosalie runs towards Carter and kisses him passionately. I blush and turn to look away. Oliver groans and clears his throat. "Well now that the introductions are out of the way, I'm sure you'll want to get settled in our room and maybe take a hot shower. Are you still hungry? I can have the chef whip something up for you."

I'm starving and a hot shower sounds perfect. Rosalie goes to the kitchen to have something prepared for me and the boys follow

us to the third floor. Oliver gives them instructions to wait in his office and he leads me to our room.

The room is the size of a small apartment. A Cal-king bed sits against the left wall and a built in book shelf takes up the right wall directly in front of the bed. Walking past the bed, there is a set of steps that leads to a small living area equipped with some couches, a fire place, and TV. A small hallway, located between the fire place and the bookshelf, leads to the bathroom and a large walk in closet.

grow anxious when I realize I would have to share the bed with Oliver. How could I sleep with him if his touch alone sent me into a frenzy?

“Don’t worry, I’ll be sleeping on the couch,” Oliver says, reading the fear on my face.

“We’ll take things slowly, at your pace.”

“Thank-Thank you,” I stutter.

Oliver shows me to the closet. He must have sent Rosalie to go shopping for me, because I have a s**t ton of clothes already

waiting for me. The closet is huge, equipped with a large rectangular ottoman and several full length mirrors. There are dresses, shirts, blouses, skirts, jackets and coats hanging delicately on my side, while jeans and shorts are neatly folded beneath them on a shelf. My wall

also has a series of drawers that contain my undergarments and pajamas. The wall on the right contains Oliver’s things. The middle wall is made up of several shelves that house our shoes as well as accessories such as scarfs, hats, and jewelry.

“I need to take care of some Alpha affairs, but the shower is right there and I’ll come get you when your food is ready, ok?”

Inod and Oliver runs off to take care of business. I unpack my bag, setting everything back its place. I wrap the scalpel in a wash cloth and stuff it my bathroom drawer in case I ever need it again. I hop in the shower, taking my time to wash out the dirt and muck from my misadventure. I’m in a desperate need of a shave and take care of all of my problem areas. When I get out, I brush and blow dry my hair, then change into the long sleeved silk pajama set I chose beforehand. Once I’m done, I go out to main room and sit on the couch to

watch some TV. About an hour later, Oliver comes in.

“Food’s ready,” he says with a smile on his face.

I give him a shy smile as I get up and walk towards him. We head downstairs to the dining room and my eyes well up with tears when I see the sopes de pollo on the table.

How did he know these were my favorite?

Seeing my reaction, he quickly tries to apologize.

“I’m so sorry! I-I didn’t mean to offend you! I just-I just thought since you were Mexican, you might feel more at home if we made you some food you were familiar with. My family is French so I don’t know all that much about Mexican cuisine but we hired a chef who-”

I wrap my arms around his waist and bury my face in his chest. “Thank you,” I murmur. He is shocked by my embrace but slowly wraps his arms around me and leans down to

kiss my forehead. Warmth spreads throughout my body.

“My dad and I used to love these. He loved to cook and would make them all the time.”

My emotions get the best of me and I begin

to sob. “I haven’t had these since I was a kid. So thank you ... for caring enough to make me feel at home. No one’s ever done something like this for me before.”

“De nada, nena (You’re welcome, baby),” he says in perfect Spanish.

I look up at him, eyebrows raised. “You speak Spanish?”

He smiles proudly and says, “I’m trilingual. I’m fluent in French too!”

I laugh into his chest. We stay like this for a bit before I pull back and wipe my tears with my sleeve. We sit down and enjoy our Mexican meal together. Oliver wasn’t kidding

when he said he spoke Spanish. He managed to keep an entire conversation with me!

After our meal, we head back to our room. Oliver sits on the couch and works on his laptop while I have a Tom Hanks marathon

until I grow sleepy. Seeing me tired, Oliver gets up and grabs a blanket and a pillow

from the bed and sits back on the couch. I crawl under the covers, feeling bad about

making him give up his bed but I just can’t bring myself to share it with him. At least not

yet, anyways. We

say our goodnights and he turns off the lights.

I fall asleep immediately.

*WARNING: The following dream will depict s****I assault*

I could feel his fingers tracing down the length of my body, making my skin crawl. I

screamed in protest and felt a hard slap on my face.

“No, please don’t”

Andrew then removed my panties and lowered himself into me. I felt a burning sensation between my thighs.

“No! No! Please no!”

He started thrusting.

“NO!” I s****m with every fiber in my body.

Strong arms wrap around me, sending sparks throughout my body and enveloping me in the scent of honey and green

apples.

“Aurora, wake up baby! It’s ok, I got you,” Oliver cries.

My eyes open wide and I begin pounding on Oliver’s chest, trying to free myself from his arms. He quickly releases me and gets off

my bed. His deep blue eyes are filled with concern.

I sit up, wiping the tears on my face.

“I’m sorry,” I say holding back a sob in my throat.

“Don’t be,” he responds forcing a smile on his face. “Are you ok?”

“No. I had a-It was Andrew,” I pant.

Oliver clenches his jaw and his fists ball up at his side. A dark aura emanates from him.

His anger frightens me and I pull my knees to my chest and bury my face in them.

Seeing my reaction, Oliver calms down. When he speaks, his voice is low and soothing.

“I won’t let anyone hurt you again. Ever.”

I look up at him with tear stained cheeks and nod. “Will you sit next to me until I fall

asleep?"

Oliver walks over to the side of my bed and kneels down beside me. He places his arms on the bed and lays his head on top of them, keeping his eyes on me. He looks so handsome in the moonlight. I lay down facing him and reach out to touch his cheek. The electricity instantly puts me at ease.

He smiles under my touch and I blush.

"I like seeing you blush," he chuckles.

I'm beet red. I poke his dimples, then trace my fingers down the side of his face to his hands. Our fingers interlock together but his hands are so big compared to mine, they practically engulf them. I close my eyes and fall into blissful sleep.