

The Ivory Queen Epilogue

Gwen's POV

The reception was in full swing and as couples danced around the floor, I could sense his eyes on me. I try my best to ignore him but after several minutes of avoiding his gaze, I finally cave and look up at him. When our eyes meet, my heart starts racing uncomfortably and I feel my cheeks flush.

It was an experience unlike any other. I've been alive for close to four centuries but no man had ever made me feel weak at the knees with just one look. I don't know if I liked it.

"Are you enjoying yourself?" Patrick asks as he approaches me.

"Yeah," I shrug, a smirk lingering on my lips. "How's the wife?"

Ellen, his mate, was not very fond of me.

"Doing well," Patrick chuckles.

I take a sip of my wine as my eyes wonder across the dance floor aimlessly.

"I could be mistaken, but I believe you've caught the eye of a certain wolf," he teases, looking over at Salvador, who pretends to find his drink very interesting. "Are you still opposed to relationships?"

I roll my eyes. "I like being alone."

"I know you do," he smiles. "But sometimes a companion makes life a little more bearable."

"Doesn't matter," I sigh. "A mate is the last thing I need right now."

"Mate?" Patrick asks, his brows raising in amusement.

My cheeks flush and I mutter a whatever, making him roar with laughter.

"My oh my. A mate?" He grins mischievously, shifting his gaze back to me. "I see you're quite smitten with him."

I attempt to look indifferent, but it seems I fail as Patrick once again laughs at me.

“A mate...” Patrick says, his face growing serious. “I’m pleasantly surprised,” he adds. “It seems Moon Goddess has finally answered my prayers.”

I give him a questioning look and he sighs.

“You’ve been on the run for many years,” he says quietly, looking at his feet. “And I’ve prayed every night for your safety.”

I remain silent. Patrick was one of the few people whom I deeply cared for and respected and it meant the world to me that I mattered to someone, even a wolf.

“I’m not your responsibility, Patrick,” I reply.

“No, but you are my friend,” he smiles. “Friends never stop worrying for each other.”

We stand in silence for a moment, just enjoying each other’s presence.

“You should stay,” Patrick says, finally breaking the silence. “Our Queen is strong and you have a mate who can help -“

I shake my head. “No. This is my problem. Your Queen has been through enough without me bringing my baggage.”

“Aurora would be more than happy to-“

“I said no!” I snap and he falls silent.

Had I been anyone else, I’d probably be on the floor, dead for speaking to him like that. But Patrick and I had an understanding. He knew I meant no disrespect.

“Just think about it,” Patrick sighs, turning on his heel to leave. “Perhaps this is Moon Goddess’s way of telling you to stop running.”

He walks away and my eyes dart to the handsome wolf standing across from me.

Patrick's words repeat in my head and I sigh, smoothing out my dress and fixing my hair.

I'm going to regret this... I groan.

I make my way over to the brooding wolf, his eyes following me as I approach him.

"Can I help you?" He snaps, grabbing a drink from a passing waiter.

"Are you always this rude?" I ask, snatching my own drink from another waiter.

He rolls his eyes and looks out at the dance floor. "Only when I want to be."

"I see..." I say, taking a sip from my drink.

We stand beside each other awkwardly, the silence between us suffocating. With him so close, I feel the urge to touch him just to feel those weird sparks again.

"Would you like to dance?" I blurt out.

He furrows his brows in confusion. "What?"

"Look, just because we've decided to not be together doesn't mean we can't be amicable."

His jaw clenches and he seems to have an internal argument with himself, one that he loses. He lets out an annoyed growl before grabbing my hand and dragging me out onto the dance floor, my arms lighting up with sparks. We step into rhythm together as a slow dance starts playing and say nothing as the song speaks of love and second chances.

"You look nice," he mutters and I feel my cheeks betray me with a blush.

"So do you.."

More awkward silence and I feel I've made a terrible mistake in trying to work things out with him when an idea pops into my head.

"So what's your wolf's name?" I ask sheepishly, letting my eyes wander to anywhere but him.

He narrows his eyes at me. "Why do you care?"

"Never mind, don't tell me," I snap. "I was just trying to make conversation with you."

He frowns. "Marcos."

"Marcos.." I repeat the name to myself and jump back a little when his eyes switch to a deep green color.

His face, which always seemed to frown at me, suddenly lights up with a smile, my breath hitching at the beauty of it. His smile was incredible.

"I like when you same my name," he murmurs, reaching over to tuck a strand of my hair behind my ear. "Say it again."

I don't know what possesses me, but I suddenly find myself repeating his name. "Marcos..."

I'm even more shocked when he leans forward and takes my lips with his own, moving them possessively over mine. I try to push him off, but those incredible sparks make it hard to think and I kiss him back, wrapping my arms around his neck.

When we pull back for a breath, his eyes return to their green color and his cheeks are flushed. Something indiscernible lingers in his eyes; lust, perhaps but something else I can't quite make out.

He leans forward again, this time kissing me so softly, I almost don't feel the little sparks that spread across my lips. My body yearning for them to return, I press my lips against him, swiping my tongue on his lower lip for access to his mouth.

The next few moments are a blur as we find ourselves in one of the guest bedrooms of the River Moon pack house, eagerly removing each other's clothes as our bodies ignite like fire with desire for one another.

He presses me up against the wall, burying his face in my neck and nibbling on my skin, my core aching for him. When I feel him enter me, I let out a moan and rock my hips against him, wanting to feel every inch of him. As his pumps grow desperate and forceful, I dig my nails into his back and wrap my legs around his thighs, needing something to anchor myself with.

Nearly reaching my release, I clench down on him, making Salvador growl in pleasure.

“Please! Just a little harder,” I beg.

Within a matter of seconds, I feel an incredible explosion between my thighs, waves of euphoria washing over me. I cry out, my body trembling as wave after wave of pleasure ripples through me. He cums shortly after, slowing his strokes down and panting against my neck.

“f**k, that was good,” he grunts as he finishes, carrying me over to the bed.

He sets me down and climbs into bed with me, pulling me to his chest.

“I still hate you..” he mumbles into my hair.

“Me too,” I whisper, drawing shapes on his bare chest. “Want to hate each other again?”

He smirks, rolling on top of me. “Finally, something we can agree on.”

I lose count of how many times we hate each other but by the end, I find myself tucked safely in his arms, perfectly content and letting the exhaustion lull me to sleep

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“You belong to me, Gwennie,” Roman growls, pinching my chin and pulling my face close to his so his breath brushes up against my skin. “Only to me.”

I whimper, a few tears spilling down my cheeks. “Please, let me go. Please.”

Roman laughs dryly, pressing his lips against my own. “After that s**t you just pulled, you think I’m letting you out of my sight again?” He shakes his head. “No. You know the punishment for escaping.”

“No, please. I’m begging, you. Please don’t send me to the pit. I-I swear, I won’t ever try to leave again.”

“Of course you won’t,” he murmurs, stroking my cheeks with his thumbs. “Because no matter where you go, I will always find you.”

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I wake up with a start, my heart rate soaring as images of my past continue to play in my mind. Someone's arms are draped around me and it takes a few seconds of hard blinking for me to realize I'm no longer at the palace, resting instead in Salvador's arms.

I had to go. I had stayed in one place for far too long and it was time to move on. Moving kept me alive, kept me safe from Roman's claws.

But what about Salvador?

I look up at his face, the moonlight illuminating his exquisite features. He looked so peaceful in his sleep, so content. His life was finally starting to come together, his relationship with both his sister and his future Luna slowly starting to blossom beautifully. I would only be a disturbance to him. A danger.

"I will always find you..."

Ever so gently, I remove Salvador's arm from my waist and crawl out of bed to get changed quickly. Tears spill onto my cheeks at the thought of leaving this brooding wolf, but I had to. Roman was coming and if he found me in the arms of another man...

I shudder at the thought.

After tiptoeing around the room collecting my things, I stare at my sleeping mate. He did not deserve this.

"I'm so sorry Chava," I whisper, leaning over to kiss his plump lips one last time.

He stirs a little, a smile creeping just beneath the surface and I feel my heart flutter. A few tears threaten to fall and I quickly wipe them away, mentally preparing myself to leave. Ever so quietly, I creep out of the room and out the front door, never once looking back for fear I might run back to Salvador.

I walk deep into the forest, the Moon the only light visible.

"Forgive me, Moon Goddess," I whisper to myself. "But I cannot accept your gift to me."

SEVERAL MONTHS LATER

Logan's POV

“You’re grace, there’s someone here to see you,” Gregory says as he enters my bedroom, interrupting my play time with the slut I was currently f****g.

“How many times have I told you to stay the f**k out of my room when I’m in the middle of something,” I snarl, making my beta cower back towards the door.

“My apologies, your majesty,” he mumbles, wringing his hands in worry. “But she says it’s urgent that you see her now.”

“Who?”

He shrugs like an i***t and it takes every fiber in my body not to grab him by the throat and tear out his intestines.

I growl with annoyance as I pull out and slap the w***e’s a*s, making her yelp and giggle erotically. I yank her up by the hair, bringing her juicy lips to my own and fondling her breasts.

“We’ll finish this later,” I grunt and she bites her lip hungrily before plucking her clothes from the floor and prancing out of my room.

Pulling on some jeans, I glare at Gregory. “For your sake, this better be f****g good.”

We make our way down to my office where I see a mysterious woman sitting in the guest chair, a cloak draped over her head, shoulders and back. She faces away from me and as I make my way over to my desk, I can’t make out much of her features. Taking my seat, I stare at the girl, trying to figure out what she wants as she stares back in silence.

“Would you like a drink?” I offer my mysterious guest.

She shakes her head, keeping her expressions calm and collected.

“Suit yourself,” I shrug, pointing at Gregory who rushes to bring me my scotch. I take a sip before getting down to business. “So, what do you want?”

She fixes her cloak before answering. “It seems you have your heart set on taking an Ivory twin as your Queen. I can help you get her.”

“Why would you think I want an Ivory twin for a mate?” I ask, curious to know what this woman knows.

“Simple,” she shrugs. “You want to be King. Its one thing to call yourself one but having an official title and being recognized as a Royal...” she sighs. “Now that’s power.”

I raise my eyebrows in amusement. “And how exactly would you do that? Do you know her?”

She sighs. “I happen to know her weakness and I can help you get rid of her.”

I burst into laughter. “I don’t want her dead. I want to marry her.”

“Now why would you want to do that?” she chuckles. “If you keep her around, the true Royal would be her, not you. People would always attach your crown to hers. But... If you make her produce an heir and get rid of her... you could have the kingdom and the power all to yourself. You would be King beyond a shadow of a doubt and your children would be royals.”

I weigh her words carefully. She did have a point. I have never been a one woman kind of man and I certainly wasn’t about to start now, no matter how gorgeous the Queen was.

“What’s in it for you?” I ask, eager to know her motives in helping me.

“Aurora Altamirano ruined my life,” the woman declares, smoothing out her clothes. “It’s time I ruin hers. I’ll help you earn your title and you help me get rid of her. Deal?” she asks, holding out her hand.

I stare at it, still suspicious of this woman.

“Who are you?” I ask.

She pulls her cloak back, revealing porcelain skin and hair like a raven’s. “You can call me Adeline.”