

## The Ivory Queen Chapter 41

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

"Run!" Evan shouts as he begins shifting.

Taking his cue, I run back towards Isaiah's room and lock the door, all the while hearing Evan fight the rogues off. Isaiah cries in my arms and I try my best to keep him quiet.

"Shh, it's ok, baby. Everything's going to be ok," I coo, petting his tight curls.

I set Isaiah down in the bathroom. "Be a brave boy for me, ok? Whatever you do, don't come out unless I tell you to," I warn. "Lock the door sweetie!"

"Where are you going Rora?" he asks, fresh tears spilling from his eyes. "Don't go!"

I kneel down to his eye level and cup his little face in my hands. "I'm not going anywhere, I'm not leaving you. Just be brave for me ok. I need you to be brave," I plead.

He nods and closes the door as I tell him. I wait until I hear the click of the lock before I run back to the main door and wedge a chair underneath the knob. As I search for a weapon, I hear banging at the door. I desperately go through the medical drawers in search of weapons and find none.

F\*\*k, what do I do?

Earth! Reyna suggests.

I run to the window and sigh in relief as I see a tree brush up against the glass. I open the window and kick out the screen out just as the door is knocked over and the two rogues bust in.

They bare they're filthy teeth at me and walk closer to me. One of them stares directly at my medallion and steps back hesitantly while the other seems to be mind-linking someone. He whimpers as yellow eyes suddenly turn bright red. I take advantage to make my first move and focus my energy on the tree outside. The red eyed rogue leans back on its hind legs and launches itself into the air.

I move my arm forward and the tree branch grows inside the room, wrapping around the rogue's neck and snapping it. The limp body falls to the ground with the thud. The remaining rogue's eyes turn red and stare at me with a smirk. I jerk my arm forward again, grabbing a fist full of air then pulling back. The tree branch mimics my motion, growing forward and wrapping around the rogues waist before pulling it through the window. I hear the wolf cry and whimper as it lands on the ground below. I look out the window, watching as the rogue tries to free itself from the tree's grip. I tighten my fist and the tree squeezes the rogue, crushing it's bones until it lays lifeless. Blood oozes from its nose, ears, and mouth.

I let go of the rouge and have the tree branch drag the other rouge out the window. My legs are shaking by the time I finish and I want to throw up. I run to the bathroom and knock on the door.

"Isaiah, sweetie. You can come out now," I call out.

I hear the lock click and a crying Isaiah comes running out into my arms.

"Rora!" He cries, his body trembling in fear.

I pick him up and carefully walk towards the door, peering into the hallway. Seeing that the coast is clear, I try my best to calm down Isaiah.

"Isaiah, you did so good!" I say, stroking his curls and kissing his cheeks. "You were so brave!"

He smiles, wiping away his tears. I find a blanket and drape it over his head to cover him.

"Whatever happens Isaiah, don't open your eyes, ok?" I murmur and he nods.

I carry him into the hallway, taking my time to be as quiet as possible. As we turn the corner, I see Evan bleeding out on the floor. I gasp and Isaiah holds onto me tighter. I pull the blanket tighter over him to further shield his eyes from the bloody scene.

"Isaiah, I need you to keep your eyes closed and- and count as high as you can. Can you do that? Don't open your eyes until I tell you too, ok?"

"Ok," he whimpers.

I set him down and he proceeds to cover his eyes with his hands and count out loud. I crawl over to Evan, who is wheezing heavily on the floor. Blood pours from several wounds on his shoulders, stomach and throat.

“It’s ok, Evan, I’m here,” I whimper.

He whines as I place two trembling hands on his body. I let my energy flow through him and nearly cry when I realize he’s been poisoned. I take several deep breaths and count to three before laying my palm on his chest and healing him. I push through the burning sensation and bite down on my free hand to keep from scaring Isaiah. I break the skin from biting so hard and blood stains my teeth and lips. Excruciating pain courses through my arms and to my temples and I let out stained scream. Evan sighs and gets up from the floor, shaking his head and shifting back to his human form. I fall to the floor, completely exhausted as the burning sensation lingers throughout my whole body. My screams draw Isaiah’s attention and he turns to look at me.

“Rora?” he whimpers before bursting into tears. “Rora!”

“I’m okay!” I lie, gasping for air and holding back another scream. “Don’t look, baby.”

I hear Evan race to his pile of clothes before he places the vile of lavender under my nose. After 30 seconds, the pain starts to subside. I look up to see tears in Evan’s eyes and I reach for his cheek.

“I’m so sorry, Aurora. I failed you.”

“I’ll be ok,” I croak, forcing a smile. Isaiah crawls into my arms and starts crying, burying his little head in my neck. I try to sit up and feel myself getting light headed.

“You did so good, Isaiah,” I pant, kissing his forehead. “Such a brave little boy.”

I lean against the wall, gathering my strength before I attempt to get up, failing to coordinate my feet. Evan wraps his torn shirt around his waist to cover himself and rushes to my side to help me to my feet. I stagger a little and he decides to lift Isaiah and I in his arms. Suddenly, Oliver, Wesley, Carter come rushing down the hall in their wolf forms. Oliver shifts while Wesley and Carter proceed to sweep the entire floor. I blush and glue my eyes to the floor as Oliver comes closer to me.

“Are you ok, baby?” Oliver asks, grabbing my face and inspecting me head to toe. He growls when he sees my bleeding hand.

“I-I’m ok,” I lie, still shaking from what just occurred. “I did that to myself,” I say, glancing down at my hand. “It’s fine.”

My eyes widen when I notice the gash on his shoulder. “Oh my Goddess, you’re hurt!”

I place my hand on his shoulder, but he grabs my wrist, stopping me.

“It’s just scratch,” he shakes his head. “Save your energy for someone who needs it. This will heal on its own within the next hour,” he smiles.

Isaiah shifts his weight in my arms and cries. I ask Evan to put me down and somehow manage to stand upright.

“Are the scary wolves gone, Rora?” Isaiah asks.

“They’re gone. We’re safe now,” I say, patting his back gently.

Carter and Wesley return in their human forms, dressed in hospital gowns. Wesley tosses Oliver and Evan a gown and they quickly slip it on.

“No signs of rouges in here,” Carter grumbles. “Cowards must have escaped through a window or something.”

I wince at the memory of two rogues I just faced and Isaiah tightens his grip around my neck to comfort me.

“Wesley, I need to get Isaiah here back to his mom. Do you think you can take him to the safe house to look? I’m still needed here.”

“Of course,” he says, stretching out his hands. “Hey little man, lets get you back to your mama.”

Isaiah shakes his head and holds onto me tighter.

“It’s ok, Isaiah. Alpha Wesley is going to help you find your mommy. Don’t you want to find your mom? I’m sure she misses you,” I try to coerce him.

He hesitates before glancing up at Wesley, who gives him a warm smile. Isaiah gives me a tight squeeze and a kiss on the cheek before I hand him over to Wesley I watch as they both walk down the hall towards the stair well.

“I need to eat. I just healed Evan and that little boy from witches poison. I’m sure once I get to the infirmary, there’ll be a lot of it for me to get through.”

Oliver nods and carries me down to the cafeteria while Evan and Carter continue to sweep the hospital for more Rogues. They meet us in the cafeteria.

“The hospital is all clear,” says Carter, handing Oliver some bandages for my hand. “Looks like those rogues were after someone or something in the pediatric wing. I found their bodies outside. Someone must have gotten to them before they could hurt anyone else.”

I shiver as I remember the lifeless limp bodies outside the window.

“Evan, what happened?” Oliver demands, carefully wrapping my hand up.

“There were just two. I was doing fine until one of those bastards eyes turned bright red and managed to get a bite of me. It was like I was paralyzed. I couldn’t move and goddess the pain was unreal. I tried to push past it but it was too much. I’m so sorry Aurora. I failed....I couldn’t protect you.”

I reach over and pull Evan into a hug. “There’s nothing to be sorry about. You kept your promise. You protected me long enough for me and Isaiah to get away.”

“But-“

“I’m fine, Evan. Really. I’m ok thanks to you.”

Oliver sighs and places a hand on Evan shoulder. “I watched a young wolf get bitten and go limp from the pain. I know you did what you could and I’m glad you’re okay” Turning his attention to me, Oliver’s voice turns serious. “With that being said, this is the last time you come along during an attack. You’re staying home or in the safe house.”

I try to protest but he growls at me. “End of discussion! Do I make myself clear?”

I nod solemnly and he relaxes. Evan looks disappointed as well, so I hold his hand and offer him a smile that says I don't blame him for Oliver's punishment.

Evan turns serious. "H-how did you manage to escape the rogues, Aurora?"

## **The Ivory Queen Chapter 42**

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

Don't panic, Aurora. Just tell them you hid. Reyna coerces.

"Isaiah and I hid in the bathroom. The medallion must have hid our scents and they walked right past us," I lie.

Oliver sighs. "I guess that stupid medallion is useful."

Carter gives me a skeptical look, but quickly changes the subject.

"We better get you to the infirmary," he says. "There are a lot injured wolves who need you."

We make our way down to the infirmary where the number of patients has tripled since Evan and I first arrived. I make my way through the chaos and find Dr. Melanie working on a young wolf with a huge gash in his chest.

"How can I help?" I ask.

"There are several wolves here who were bitten and infected with that witch poison," she says solemnly. "It's too much for you."

"How many?"

She hesitates before looking through her note book. "21" she sighs. "I can't ask you to heal them all, especially knowing what happened last time."

"I can do it," I say, trying to sound convincing.

Dr. Melanie gives me a weak smile. "I admire your courage, but this might be too tall a task even for you."

"Let me at least try," I plead, not wanting to give up on those 21 lives.

She refuses to budge so I move on to a compromising strategy.

“What if I do it in increments? I can heal 7 at a time, then take a hour break in between to replenish my energy.”

She sighs. “Aurora-“

“These are 21 lives we’re taking about here. 21 families who need their loved ones back. Please, Melanie, let me try!”

“Are you sure about this?”

I nod and she scoots over so I can see the young wolf beside her. She tears out the page with a list of patient bed numbers on it and pulls out a vial of lavender oil from her pocket and hands them both to me.

“Here is a list of all the patients infected with poison and what beds they’re in. When you’re done with the first 7, I will sedate you, Aurora, and let you rest for one hour before I wake you up again,” she says quietly.

She motions for Oliver and the boys to come help me.

“I’m going to help with some other patients and I’ll leave this to you. Remember, only 7 at a time or I will send you home,” she warns.

She turns to the boys and informs them of my compromise. I can tell right away they don’t agree.

“I don’t like this at all, Aurora. You’re not doing it,” Oliver frowns. “It’s too much to ask for, even with the breaks.”

I’m about to protest when Carter speaks.

“Aurora, please think about this carefully. You could be risking your life using this much energy!” Carter chimes in.

Evan is silent and gloomy, knowing well that nothing in this world could make me change my mind.

“Evan, tell her this is stupid!” Carter snaps.

Evan shakes his head. "There's no point. She's already made up her mind," he replies taking the vial from my hand. Taking a deep breath and releasing it, Evan drapes his arm around my shoulder. "Ready when you are."

I nod and take my place beside the young wolf before making Oliver and Carter swear they will not interfere no matter how much pain I'm in. I lay my hand on the wolf's chest and let the electricity flow between us. I instantly feel the burning sensation shoot up my arm towards my temple and I try my best to stifle a scream. Gritting my teeth, I push forward, absorbing the witch poison out of his system. My temples start throbbing and I cry out as the pain intensifies on my palm. It feels like the flesh on my arm is burning off while a thousand needles pierce through my head. When the wound finally closes, I fall into Oliver's arms while Evan waves the lavender oil under my nose. Carter watches in horror as I writhe in agony and I hear several wolves nearby whimper as I continue to scream.

After the pain subsides, Oliver lifts me up in his arms.

"Aurora, are you sure about this?" He whimpers. "We can stop now. We can—" "There ... are 20 ... more ... to go," I pant, mustering up the rest of my energy. "Help me to the next bed."

He wipes away a few tears and takes me to the next patient on the list. It's an older gentleman of about fifty from the Blood Moon Pack. As I reach for his wound, he grabs my hand and shakes his head.

"I c-can wait," he groans, before pointing to the younger she-wolf laying in the next bed over. "T-There are other y-younger wolves who ne-ed your help mo-more than I do," he says through gritted teeth. "I c-can wait."

My eyes fill with tears at his selfless gesture and I give his hand a soft kiss.

Oliver helps me to the she wolf and I examine her wound. There's a large bite mark on her right calf so deep I can even see her bone. She shakes terribly, crying in pain. I grab hold of her hand and give her a reassuring smile.

"You're going to be ok," I say quietly and place my hand on her leg.

My head is on fire as I absorb the poison and I let out a strained groan. Beads of sweat cover my temples and I close my eyes to keep myself from crying. I hear Evan whimper behind me as my screams grow louder. The pain

intensifies as I take the last drop of poison and close her wound before I stumble back into Oliver's arms. My body convulses in agony until the lavender oil takes effect.

I march through the next five patients with the boys begging me to stop after each patient. By the fifth healing, all of the non-bitten wolves are transferred to other sections of the hospital and only 2 nurses are left to help tend to the bitten wolves.

As I finish up my last wolf of the first interval, Dr. Melanie comes back with the promised sedative. I'm shaking violently in Oliver's arms, my entire body exhausted from the pain.

"Aurora, are you sure you still want to go through with this?" She asks tentatively, prepping the sedative.

I nod my head, my voice hoarse from screaming so much, and stick out my arm for her.

I look up at Oliver. "I'm sorry," I mouth.

Oliver refuses to look me in the eyes. "Why do you have to be so stubborn?" He snaps.

I reach for his chin and force him to look at me. His anger fades immediately and he leans down to kiss my forehead.

Melanie delivers the sedative and I slip into oblivion.

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The next few hours are by far the worst of my life. As promised, I'm woken up and fed before I'm allowed to continue with the next batch of infected wolves. The nurses bring me a wheel chair to help me move between patients and hook me up to an IV to keep me hydrated. No family members are allowed in the infirmary and each wolf I heal is subsequently wheeled out and taken down to eat before being reunited with their packs. Several offer their thanks before leaving, giving me the strength to keep going. I fight through the fatigue and agony and manage to complete the second interval. As I enter the third round, I lose the strength to speak and resort to using hand signals and mouthing out words.

By the time I finish my 16th wolf, Evan decides he's had enough and steps out to get some air, our gamma bond making it hard for him to watch me in pain. Not wanting him to be alone, I send Carter out to follow him to try his best to comfort him.

Oliver continues to help me through the next 4 four wolves alone, but I can tell my pain has taken its toll on him. I lift a weak arm and point to the door. "Go," I mouth, not wanting to see him cry any longer.

He shakes his head furiously. "No. I'm staying." He wipes away his tears and kisses me gently on the cheeks. "You're not doing this alone."

He wheels me over to the last wolf, the same gentleman who had asked me to help the other wolves first. I offer him a weak smile as I approach him and see the tears in his eyes.

"P-please Miss Luna, I've he-heard your cries all d-day," the man whimpers. "I-I can w-wait another day 'til y-you recover. Don't w-worry about m-me."

I take his hand and shake my head. A surge of pain causes him to cry out and his hand trembles in mine.

"I'll be fine," he groans.

"Name?" I mouth to him.

"R-Russell," he stutters. "M-My name i-is Russell."

"Family?" I mouth, trying to distract him from his pain.

He tries his best to smile. "I ha-have a beautiful wife and- and a daughter," he pants. "She's pregnant with my third grandchild, a girl. I-I'm so ex-cited t-to meet her! They're m-my entire li-fe."

I smile at him as he proceeds to tell me how he met his wife, Grace, 30 years ago. A small whimper escapes his lips and I decide I've had enough of a break and begin to focus on his injury.

Russell has a severe bite wound across his abdomen. I place my hand just above it, causing him to wince. I cry out as the burning sensation sets my head on fire. I close my eyes to focus on the poison and feel the last of my energy begin to drain. I'm exhausted but force myself to continue, taking every

last drop poison with all the accompanying pain. The bite wound finally closes and I writhe in agony in my chair while Oliver runs the oil underneath my nose. I inhale deeply, wanting the pain to subside quickly. Melanie rushes in with the sedative and I eagerly give her my arm.

“Please hurry!” Oliver cries.

Russell thanking me is the last thing I hear before the sedative lulls me into a deep slumber.

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The soft breeze rustles through the trees, whispering my name and the purple fire orb appears before me. I follow it back to the stream where I’m pleased to see Celina waiting for me on the other side throwing stones in the water. Her little pink water orb floats happily beside her.

She looks up as she hears me approaching.

“Aurora!” She yells out excitedly, jumping up from her spot and walking into the stream.

I run right into the cool water, eager to hold her. As we embrace each other, happy tears run down my face.

“I’ve found you. I’ve finally found you...” she cries in disbelief.

I hold onto her tightly, afraid she’ll disappear if I let go.

“I know this is a dream but it feels so real,” I confess.

“Well it is almost like a dream,” she laughs. “But I am real.”

She takes a step back and spins around in a circle with her arms spread out wide.

“This place is our own little realm,” she giggles. “Only you and I have access to it. I first discovered it the night I got my medallion! I’ve been coming here every night hoping to see you here,” her smile fades. “But you never did..”

I look down at my feet. “I only just got my medallion,” I confess, saddened that my sister searched so long for me. “My mom -I mean- tio Emiliano’s wife, kept it hidden from me all these years as punishment.”

She gives me a confused look. "Punishment for what?" She asks.

A tear escapes my eye and I quickly turn to wipe it away. "Emiliano died and ... and s-she thinks I killed him..."

Her eyes sadden and she gently places her hand over mine. "We've known he was gone for a while. Our tia felt it through their twin bond, I guess. When you guys didn't show up at our meeting place, it only confirmed her suspicions," she sighs. "And they blame you for that?"

I nod my head and try to control my emotions. She wraps her arms around me again and gives me a squeeze, comforting me instantly.

She pulls me to the shore to sit beside her. We talk for what seems like hours, filling each other in about all the events in the last 18 years. She tells me she was raised by Emiliano's twin sister, Valentina, who is also a silver wolf. She has the gift of self-spawning, meaning she can create multiple copies of herself. They reside in Colorado with her pack, Valle de la Luna.

"That's so strange. Tio Emiliano never mentioned having a twin sister," I say.

"Tia Valentina never told me about tio Emiliano either until the day we were supposed to meet."

She continues telling me about herself. She graduated high school and attends the local community college. She hasn't found her mate yet but she's excited to meet him.

I proceed to tell her all about my life in California. I explain uncle Emiliano's death and how I've been blamed for it for the past 5 years. I hold back on the details of the torture, not wanting to relive those nightmares nor burden anyone else with my pain and I'm relieved Celina doesn't pry.

"I'm so sorry you had to endure that all by yourself," she sighs, hugging me tightly.

"It's alright," I say. "I have Oliver and my new pack now," I smile.

"Good," she says, wiping her tears. "You deserve to be happy." A grin replaces her frown. "Now tell me all about him!" She squeals.

When I mention that he rejected me at first, Celina hates Oliver's guts, but softens a little when I detail our relationship and all the great things about him.

"Do you love him?" She asks when I finish.

"More than I could ever describe to you," I sigh. "Oliver is by no means perfect. He can be overprotective and grumpy and hot headed, but he can also be so sweet and gentle and selfless."

"I'm still kicking his a\*s when I meet him!" She grunts and I scold her.

"You will do no such thing!"

She rolls her eyes and I burst into laughter.

"I can't wait to find my own mate," she hums, staring at nothing in particular. "I hope he's funny," she giggles.

"I'm sure Moon Goddess has someone very special for you," I smile.

Suddenly, the sky grows darker and I know I'm waking up. She squeezes my hand lightly as I begin to panic.

"No!" I cry. "I can't leave yet. I-"

"It's ok, Aurora," she says, her voice soft. "We'll see each other soon."

"But I don't even know how to get here!"

She gives me a sweet smile. "Yes you do," she says before getting up to leave. I watch as she disappears and I'm left all alone.

## **The Ivory Queen Chapter 43**

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

I blink hard to adjust my eyes to the bright light coming in from the windows. My entire body aches and my head is pounding. Oliver has his arms wrapped tightly around me, making me feel safe and protected. My head is tucked beneath his chin and I take in his scent. I lift my head up and my lips brush up against his Adam's apple.

Feeling me stir, he tightens his grip and holds back as sob as he showers me with kisses.

“Please tell me I’m not dreaming,” he whimpers. “Please tell me you’re awake.”

“I’m awake,” I manage to respond. My voice is very raspy.

His body relaxes at the sound of my voice and he lets out a sigh.

I know me slipping into another coma is a very real fear of his and I can only imagine watching me slip in and out of consciousness was a terrifying experience for him. I’m sure he has a thousand things to say to me, but for now, I just let him hold me. He plays with my hair for a bit, humming a sweet lullaby in my ear and I snuggle deeper into his chest.

When he finishes his song, I pull his face to mine and examine him. His eyes are bloodshot and swollen while his hair is disheveled and unkempt. His usually clean shaven face is covered with stubble and his skin is pale.

“You haven’t slept at all, have you?” I croak, pursing my lips.

He shakes his head and I almost want to scold him, but I don’t. He’s had enough for one day.

“How long have I -“

“You were asleep for just under 18 hours,” he interrupts., stroking my hair. “It’s Sunday.”

“Ugh, I’m still tired,” I try to laugh but end up going into a coughing fit.

He frowns and rubs my back, soothing my tired muscles. I reach up to poke his cheeks, wanting his dimples to come out.

“Don’t frown,” I murmur.

He doesn’t respond and instead helps me sit up in bed. I instinctively reach a hand down to my neck and notice my medallion is gone. I look over at the night stand and see it sitting there quietly waiting for me to put back on. I smile as I glance around our bedroom and find it filled with hundreds of flowers and balloons.

“When did we come home and where did all these flowers come from?” I ask lifting a weak hand towards the several bouquets covering every corner of the room. “They’re beautiful.”

“Wesley took us home after Dr. Melanie cleared you. Everyone insisted that you stay there, but I didn’t want you waking up in a hospital again and I knew Meghan could watch you from home,” he says, getting up from bed and walking over to my side. “The flowers are from the wolves you saved. Many came to visit you last night but you were asleep.” He lifts me into his arms. “Now, no more questions. It’s time for your bath.”

“Are you suggesting that I smell?” I ask, feigning hurt as he takes me into the bathroom.

His face turns serious. “You smell like roses and cinnamon. Always.”

He sets me down on a stool near the bathtub and I get undressed. Knowing he thinks I’m beautiful makes it a little easier to be n...aked in front of him, although I’m still a little shy. I wrap my arms around my chest and he chuckles when he notices, bending forwards to k!ss my forehead.

“You don’t need to hide,” he whispers in my ear, trailing k!sses down my neck. “I like seeing them,”

I feel myself turn red as he stands back up and starts the water facet.

“I don’t want a bath. I’d rather just take a shower and go back to bed.”

He nods and turns the shower on instead, testing the temperature with his fingers. Oliver then lifts me and the stool up and places me in the shower. He takes the detachable shower head and rinses my body thoroughly before massaging shampoo into my scalp. He’s so gentle, working the shampoo in circular motions and cleaning the length of my hair. When he’s finished, he rinses it off and lathers up a sponge. I blush a little as he scrubs my body clean, especially when he gets to my sensitive areas and he smirks knowing he has an effect on me.

As he rinses off the soap, I make a bold decision. Grabbing the collar of his shirt, I muster up some strength and pull him in with me. He gives me a look of confusion as the water hits him.

“Your turn,” I say taking the sponge from him. “You’ve been through a lot too.” He looks like he’s about to protest so I continue. “You always take care of me. Let me do the same for you.”

He looks at me a while longer before giving in, stripping down until he’s only in his boxers and Reyna purrs in excitement.

He’s so beautiful...

“Y-you can take them off if you want,” I mumble, my face heating up.

He smirks and shakes his head. “I’m hanging on by a thread as it is.”

I nod, red as a tomato and get up from the stool for him to take a seat.

He shakes his head. “I can stand.”

“And how exactly am I supposed to reach your head? You’ve got me by a good 15 inches!” I laugh. “Sit. I’ll sit on your lap if I get tired.”

He sighs, taking the seat and I begin to rinse him off. I feel his eyes wander as I work the shampoo into his scalp. My boobs are mere inches from his face and he clenches his jaw as he uses every ounce of strength and self control to restrain himself. I give him a k!ss on the !!ps for being patient. He smiles into the k!ss and takes me into his lap. I blush bright red when I feel his excitement in between my legs and jump off of him immediately.

“I-I need you to t-turn so I can clean your b-back,” I stutter, fumbling with the bath sponge and trying to focus on my task.

He chuckles as I become increasingly nervous around him. He decides to tease me by running his hands up and down my sides. My mind goes blank as he touches me gently and I feel the ache in my core.

“You’re so beautiful,” he murmurs.

Desperate to compose myself, I reach behind me and turn the faucet to cold. The cold water makes contact with his skin, causing him to gasp and stand up in shock.

I hold back my laughter and try to be serious. “Serves you right!” I huff.

He clears his throat and I see a hint of pink in his cheeks as he sits back down. I start to scrub his body, washing his back first and feeling every muscle relax beneath my touch. Next, I take a seat on his thigh and wash his arms and chest, slowly working my way down. I stop when I feel him reach out to touch my scars, his fingers lingering across my raised skin. He traces each scar on my abdomen before looking back up at me, a question in his eyes.

“Aurora... you and I have never really talked about Andrew and what he did... I just want to make sure you’re okay...” he sighs. “I want you to know that there’s no hurry for us to mate. As much as I want you, I will never force you to do anything you don’t want. I want you to feel safe and comfortable for our first time together and I will wait whatever length of time it takes for that to happen.”

I lean my forehead against his and tangle my fingers in his wet hair. “I want you too,” I murmur before pressing my lips against his. “You don’t know what a relief it was to not be reminded of him when you touched me in the hospital. It gives me hope that I will be okay despite what happened and he will not have control over my life forever. I’m not there all the way yet, but every day I spend with you I realize there will never be another man that will make me feel the way you do. I’m free when I’m with you...” I cup his face and kiss the tip of his nose. “I love you.”

He responds with a tender kiss and for a few seconds, nothing else matters.

I grab the sponge and continue to scrub his chest and abs until I reach the bullet scar on his abdomen. I run my fingers over the raised skin.

“I love this scar,” he murmurs as I touch it. “I was the first person you ever healed.”

“I thought you didn’t like that I was a healer,” I frown.

“I don’t like how stubborn you get about healing,” he admits. “But I don’t hate that you’re a healer. I actually admire that part about you... it’s just... I’m just afraid you’ll get hurt one day because of it.”

I kiss him softly on the lips. “You worry too much,” I whisper. “I’m not as fragile as you think.”

I take his face in my hands and focus my energy on him. He grabs my wrists and shakes his head.

“No, save your energy,” he orders. “I don’t-“

“You look like hell,” I chuckle softly. “I’m just reenergizing you. Please let me help you.”

He hesitates. “Will it hurt you?”

I shake my head and he agrees. Electricity flows from my fingertips and washes over him, cleansing out the sleepless night and giving him renewed strength. The color returns to his face and his bloodshot eyes clear up. He sighs when I finish and I kiss him sweetly on his forehead.

“There. All better,” I murmur.

I finish cleaning him up and we both get out of the shower. I sit cross-legged on the sink counter as he combs and blow-dries my hair before braiding it. He hands me pink sweats and a matching hoodie while he dresses in a black sweat suit.

I sense him watching me apply concealer and foundation on my bruised cheek as he shaves his face. The bruise is a lot smaller now, almost healed.

“I’m so sorry,” he mumbles, looking at me with guilt-filled eyes.

I turn to face him. “I know you are.”

As he carries me back into the room when we hear a knock at the door. Oliver sets me down on the bed before answering.

Evan, Rio, Carter, and Rosalie file in. Rosalie jumps into bed with me and I curl up in her arms. Her scent is slightly different, almost like dark chocolate. I want to say something but decide against it. It’s probably just in my head.

“Oh goddess, I was so worried when Carter told you healed all those wolves! How are you feeling?”

“I’ve been better,” I mumble. “I’m just hungry right now.”

“I’ll have breakfast brought up here.” Oliver mind-links someone to bring up some food and we eat over at the couches. As we finish, Oliver gets a call. He answers and after a few minutes, frowns into the phone before looking back at me.

“Are you up for any visits today?” He asks with slight annoyance.

I smile. “Depends on who’s visiting.”

“Kehla-“

“Yes! Tell her she’s always welcomed here!” I squeal.

“Tell her to bring the baby! I haven’t seen him since his birth!” Rosalie chimes in.

He rolls his eyes and continues the conversation on his phone. I look over at Carter and Evan, who have said nothing since they’ve come in. They look like hell. I pat the couch to catch their attention and motion for them to come closer. Evan looks so broken when he looks at me.

“Are you mad at me?” I croak.

Evan is my best friend and he’s always the one smiling and making me laugh. I don’t like seeing him this defeated. He shakes his head and sits on the couch.

“Then smile! I’m ok, see? Just a little tired. And stop beating yourself up about the attack at the hospital. You did everything you could,” I scold him. I turn to look at Carter who looks equally burnt out. “Come here!” I order.

He follows my instructions and kneels beside the couch. I reach for both of them and re-energize them, making them instantly look refreshed and calm.

“Better?” I ask and they nod.

Evan stretches himself onto my lap and sighs loudly while Carter holds my hand. I glance up at Rosalie but there is no jealousy in her eyes. She knows he’s only trying to comfort me.

“I’m glad you’re ok,” Carter says.

“Back away from my Luna, Carter. I’m already her favorite!” Evan warns and I burst into laughter.

Hearing this, Oliver storms over and shoves Evan off the couch before promptly stretching himself onto my lap, all while still holding the phone to his

ear. We howl with laughter as Evan gets off his a...ss and sticks his tongue out at Oliver, who flips him off in return.

“Yeah, whatever,” Evan gr0ans.

Oliver finally hangs up the phone and interlocks his fingers with mine. “Looks like we’ll be having a lot of guests today. The Alpha’s want to meet and discuss the attack. They’ll be here within the next few hours and several wolves have already asked to come see you today,” he says pointing at me. “Do you think you’ll be able to handle that? I can always cancel.”

I nod and he starts mind linking someone.

“I’m having a wheel chair brought for you. I don’t want you overexerting yourself today,” Oliver says before turning to Carter. “I need you to help me get everything arranged for this alpha meeting.”

“Yes, Alpha.”

“Actually,” I call out. “Can Evan help you instead? I need to borrow Carter.”

Rosalie and Oliver look confused while Evan stares back at me with a hand over his heart.

“Am I- am I being replaced?” he asks, dejected.

“Of course not. You have a very special place in my heart,” I reply with a smile. “I just need Carter’s help with something.”

“Wow and here I thought I won you over,” Carter mutters and I giggle. “Thanks for crushing my dreams so gently.”

“Ok, Evan lets go,” Oliver orders and Evan complains about not wanting to help.

I close the door, leaving just Carter, Rio, and I. I fidget with my hoodie, unsure where to begin. I have so many things I need to thank him for, so many things to tell him. I walk over to the bed and pat the space beside me. He sits and watches me carefully.

“I wanted to thank you for lying about the silver wolves thing. You didn’t have to step in.”

“I didn’t really lie. It was a half truth,” he chuckles.

I stare at him confusion. “But silver wolves can shift on their 13th birthday like any other wolf...”

“This is true, however werewolves of your caliber can only shift on a full moon, a solstice or an equinox.”

“Oh.”

He laughs again. “Is that all?” He asks, getting up from the bed.

“No,” I say, suddenly getting nervous. “I-I found her, Carter. I found Celina.”

He sits back down, eyes wide and excited. “You did? How?”

“It was sort of by accident. These past two nights, I’ve woken up in some forest and there’s this stream where she’s always waiting for me. She says it’s our own realm that only she and I can access to,” I say growing excited.

“So what’s she like?”

“It’s like looking into a mirror. We’re identical. Well almost anyways,” I shrug. “She has silvery grey eyes.”

“Huh, how interesting. Gold wolf, gold eyes. Silver wolf, silver eyes. Your eyes must be a reflection of you parents lineage. Anyways, congrats on finding your sister. That should make shifting a breeze!”

“Yeah, she lives in-“

Carter leans forward and covers my mouth with his hand. “Don’t! It’s safer if I don’t know where to find her!” he warns. He lowers his hand. “Have you arranged a meeting?”

I shake my head. “No. We haven’t gotten around to that yet. We’ve mostly just been trying to get to know each other.”

He nods. “That’s understandable. I’d have so many questions if I ever found out I had a secret twin. I still can’t wrap my head around the idea of there being two of you!”

“Hey, we might be twins, but we are two completely different people,” I laugh.

“Right, sorry. But anyhow, your shift is very important. The next time you see her, try to arrange a meeting. Somewhere secluded and away from everyone. And don’t tell anyone where you plan on meeting, not even me. It has to stay secret.”

“What about Oliver?” I ask. “How am I supposed to leave pack territory without him knowing?”

“I believe you’re talking to the Beta of this pack. I have some power here, you know? I could get you out,” he shrugs.

I sigh with frustration. I hate all this lying and going behind Oliver’s back. Carter pulls me into his arms and I let him hold me.

“I know you’re frustrated, but I think you should trust your wolf’s instincts here. If she says it’s not safe to tell him, then it’s not safe. Also...I’ve been meaning to ask... Did you – did you kill those two rogues back at the hospital?”

I pull myself out of his arms and fidget with my hands. “Yes,” I finally reply. “I think they might have known what I was or at least suspected it...”

Carter gives me a puzzled look. “What do you mean?”

“They stared at my medallion and looked at me with fear. And their eyes,” I pause, trying to figure out how to explain what I saw. “Their eyes were yellow one second then turned bright red the next. It was almost like they were under a spell.”

Carter registers this information. “You don’t think the witch could be after you do you?” he asks.

“I honestly don’t know,” I shrug. “I mean you’re the only person who actually knows what I am.”

“Well do you think anyone else could possibly know your secret?”

I search my brain and come up with two people. “My mom -err- Emiliano’s wife, Karina,” I sigh. “She and Emiliano have obviously known my whole but... maybe Erin?”

“Erin?”

I nod. "She saw me kill Andrew using my earth element, but now that I think about it, I don't think she knows I'm Ivory twin. She thinks I'm a witch. At least, that's what she keeps calling me."

Carter sighs. "Well Erin was never known for her brains so I highly doubt she would be behind all this." He goes quiet, thinking over something in his head. "Do you think Karina is capable of sending two rogues to kill you?" he asks.

I shake my head. "No. I don't think Karina has the back bone to do it. She had five years to kill me and she unfortunately never took pity on me and actually did it," I say jokingly.

Carter's eyes fill with sadness. "Don't say that," he says quietly. "You matter to us."

I smile. "I know that now."

## **The Ivory Queen Chapter 44**

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

Carter brings me downstairs and Rio refuses to leave my side as several omegas run back and forth getting everything ready for the arrival of the Alphas. I pick him up and set him down on my lap, stroking his head and kissing him.

"You know he's not a lap dog, right?" Carter laughs.

"Very observant of you," I mock.

I'm wheeled over to the entertainment room where Oliver and Evan are in the middle of a heated argument.

"What seems to be the problem?" I ask, looking at them sternly.

"Tell her Oliver," Evan replies through gritted teeth, sending Oliver a death glare.

Oliver clenches his jaw and looks annoyed.

"I'm waiting," I say, losing my patience.

“Your sister was spotted sneaking around our territory,” he sighs. “I sent my warriors after her but they haven’t managed to catch her.”

What could Mia possibly want right now?

“Let her come,” I sigh. “Maybe she-“

“Aurora, are you crazy?” Oliver snaps. “We don’t know what she wants and she could hurt you! Need I remind you how she treated you all these years?”

“Mia never hurt me!”

“Right, she just watched while Salvador and your mom did the dirty work for her,” he rebuttals, throwing his arms up in the air.

“I’m not arguing this with you. Mia isn’t dumb and she’s not a threat. There must be a reason she chose to set foot on River Moon territory,” I huff.

Oliver looks like his mind is about to implode with how frustrated he is with me, but I can’t help it. I don’t want any harm coming to Mia or anyone else for that matter. Emiliano may not have been my father but he raised me to believe in second chances. He loved his family and I would never forgive myself if any harm ever came to them because of me.

“I hate when you do this, Aurora. You forgive way too easily.”

I shake my head in disagreement. “Oliver, I wasn’t raised to hold grudges against those who hurt me. I don’t believe in revenge. I just don’t. My father would be ashamed of me if I ever did. And I believe my forgiving heart has worked to your advantage on more than one occasion but you didn’t have a problem with it, did you?”

I instantly regret what I said as Oliver goes silent, hurt flashing in his eyes. That was cruel of me. I didn’t need to bring up his shortcomings like that.

“I-I’m sorry. I didn’t mean that...I- excuse me.”

I roll my wheelchair out to the foyer and through the living room to get to the back yard. I need some fresh air. As I’m wheeling, I hear someone run after me. I look back and see Oliver pushing me gently out the door. When we make it to the garden, he wheels me over to a bench and we sit in silence for a bit.

“Oliver, I’m so sorry. That was unnecessary. My anger got the best of me. I didn’t mean it. I forgave you and I had no right to hang that over you like that,” I say, feeling incredibly guilty.

“You have nothing to apologize for. It’s true, I’ve messed up a lot since meeting you. It’s I who has to apologize. I’m sorry for getting upset with you. I’m just afraid your family might hurt you again if I let them near you. I called off the search party,” he sighs. “I’m choosing to trust your judgment.”

“Thank you.”

“I know she’s your sister, but that doesn’t mean she has good intentions. Sometimes family doesn’t have your best interests at heart,” he says quietly.

“You’re talking about your parents, aren’t you?” I ask, taking his hand in mine. “You must miss them.”

He shakes his head. “They’re adults. They made their choice.”

“Family is still family and you can miss them even when they hurt you. I miss my mom all the time.”

Oliver looks at me with anger and confusion. “How?”

I shrug. “She wasn’t always cruel. In fact, she was the sweetest person in the whole world. She used to set up these elaborate little tea parties with Mia and I and we’d dress up in our best dresses. She would sing to me when I had nightmares and wouldn’t leave my side until I fell back asleep. She gave the best hugs. She would hold me like I was the most precious thing in the world to her,” I smile. “Something just broke inside her when Dad died.”

Oliver listens carefully and sighs. “That doesn’t excuse what she did to you. Everyone loses someone and that doesn’t give them the right to treat people like shit.”

“I know, I just believe in remembering the good along with bad. Mom is a person with feelings after all.”

He lets out a heavy sigh and looks me in the eyes. “I respect your point of views and beliefs, even if I don’t necessarily agree or understand them. Please forgive me for over stepping my boundaries with Mia. I’m just trying to protect you.”

“I know, but she’s clearly trying to make amends. I’d like to give her a chance.”

He leans forward and kisses my forehead. “Come on, let’s get you back inside.”

Oliver wheels me back into the living room while he goes off with the boys to oversee the arrangements in the dining room. I get off my chair and plop down on the sofa where Rosalie and Rio curl up with me. I once again notice her chocolaty smell.

“You smell different,” I whisper and she lets go of me, sniffing herself.

Her eyes fill up with tears. “I don’t smell bad do I? Oh Goddess, that’s my biggest fear!”

“Oh no, Ro. That’s not- You usually smell like peaches but for some reason, you now smell like dark chocolate. I didn’t mean to offend you!”

“Oh,” she smiles, wiping her tears and hugging me again. “Ok,” she shrugs.

Hmmm....

“Ro are you ok? You started crying and now you’re smiling like nothing happened,” I laugh.

She goes quiet for a moment, clearly working through something in her mind. “I don’t know. I’ve been all over the place lately.” She pulls Rio into her lap and pets his head gently before looking around the room. “I think I might be pregnant,” she whispers.

I perk up immediately. “Have you taken the test? “

She shakes her head. “No. I bought the test a while ago but I’ve been too scared to do it on my own and I don’t want to tell Carter. I don’t want to get his hopes up in case I’m not.”

I wave my healing hands in front of her. “We could find out together.”

She nods and takes a deep breath before I place my hand on her lower abdomen. I wash my energy over her and squeal in excitement as soon as I detect the life growing inside her.

Her eyes widen. “Say it. I won’t believe you unless you say it!”

“Rosalie, my darling, you’re pregnant!” I say, shedding a few tears. “You’re going to be a mommy!”

Her hand goes to her mouth as she sobs with joy. She pulls me into a hug and we both weep like babies. Rio starts barking in celebration, drawing the attention of the boys who rush in.

“What’s wrong?” Evan asks as Rosalie and I wipe away tears.

I nudge Rosalie forward, giving her hand a quick squeeze for encouragement. She gets up and walks slowly towards Carter who looks hopelessly lost.

“Rosie, what’s wrong? Are you not feeling well?” He asks, pulling her into his arms and inspecting her carefully.

She giggles and kisses him on the lips to calm his worries. “Carter, I couldn’t be happier right now,” she smiles reaching down to grab his hand and place it on her flat belly.

It takes him a minute to understand before his eyes fill with tears. “You’re-?”

She nods and he picks her up and spins her around. “We’re having a pup!” He shouts excitedly.

Oliver pulls Rosalie into hug and congratulates her. “Congrats little sis. You’re going to be an amazing mother,” he says.

Evan smacks Carter on the back. “Looks like baby Carter’s all grown up now. I’m proud of you, man.”

Carter rolls his eyes and smacks Evan back. I clear my throat and give them a warning look to stop them from going into a fist fight.

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Since this is a formal Alpha meeting, Rosalie helps me do my hair and makeup before running off to get ready herself. Oliver picks out a cream figure hugging cape sleeve dress and matching pumps.

As I sit in front of the mirror, my eyes go straight to my arms and legs. The cape sleeves do little to hide the self-harm scars, cigarette burns and other miscellaneous scars I have, especially if I moved my arms. While the dress did go slightly past my knees, hiding the scars Andrew once gave me, it did

nothing to hide the scar on my ankle from when Salvador used to tie me to the supply closet with silver chains. I cut my ankle trying to free myself.

Maybe if I keep my hands in my lap and drape the sleeves over them, no one will notice...

As I frown into the mirror, Oliver comes up behind me and stares at my reflection. He's dressed in an elegant black suit.

"You're so beautiful," he murmurs into my ear, leaning down to kiss my cheek. "Thank Moon Goddess you're all mine."

I close my eyes. "I am beautiful," I mumble to myself.

He reaches down and grabs my wrist, gently lifting it up to his lips and causing the cape sleeve to hang off my shoulder. He turns my arm over and kisses my scars.

"I can't even begin to describe how proud I am of you for finding the courage to show yourself like this. You're amazing."

He leans down and kisses my lips briefly before lifting me up bridal style from my chair and carrying me into the room.

"I'm sure I can walk now!" I giggle as he carries me towards the door.

"Not a chance!"

I catch a glimpse of my medallion sitting on the night stand and point to it. "Sir, I need my medallion," I order.

Oliver groans but does not deny my request and goes back to grab my medallion. He rolls his eyes as I slip it over my head and tuck it into my dress.

When we reach the bottom of the stairs, Oliver sets me down in the wheel chair and pushes me towards the dining room where Carter is patiently waiting for us. Evan, Cameron and other gammas stand guard at all the main entrances of the house.

I take a deep breath to remind myself that I will be okay. Carter moves in front of Oliver and I and we make our entrance.

I'm met by smiling faces as I glance around the room and notice there are a couple of new wolves I did not meet last time, including Patrick's Luna, Ellen and Jonathan's pregnant Luna, Scarlet. Oliver wheels me over to our place at the head of the table and motions for everyone to take a seat.

"I would like to start off this meeting today by thanking all of you for your help with the attack on my pack yesterday," Wesley says. "We had 2 casualties but I think it could have been much worse had you not shown up when you did. I thank you for your quick response."

"Of course there is one person in this room who deserves recognition for their complete and selfless act," he continues. "Luna Aurora, I was unfair to you the first time we met, and yet you saved my son and several of my warriors from certain death that very same day. Yesterday you healed 4 Cerulean Sea wolves including a pup, 6 from Jade Crescent, 9 from Blood Moon and 4 from River Moon, saving a total of 23 lives. I-I don't think I can express how grateful I am towards you."

"There's no need to thank me. I was just doing what anyone else in my position would have done," I smile, wiping a few stray tears.

"That's where you're wrong, Luna," Alpha Patrick interrupts. "I've fought in many battles throughout my lifetime, both as Alpha and as a warrior, and I can tell you right now, not many wolves would have had the courage to do what you did. I've only ever met one other wolf who would and that wolf was your father."

My ears perk up when he mentions Emiliano.

"I had the honor of meeting Emiliano on many occasions and was always in awe of the man that he was. He was a force to be reckoned with. There is no doubt in my mind that he would be proud of what you accomplished yesterday."

I cannot stop the flow of tears coming from my eyes and take a few moments to collect myself.

"T-thank you. I don't think I'll ever be half the wolf my father was but your words are greatly appreciated," I say, wiping tears.

"I would like to thank you as well," someone says.

I follow the voice to Scarlet standing beside Jonathan.

“I don’t believe we’ve met, but I’m Scarlet, Luna of Jade Crescent,” she adds. “It’s an honor to finally meet the person responsible for healing so many wolves. My father, Russell, was among the poisoned wolves you saved.”

I smile. I was happy to meet his daughter.

“You’re father was incredibly brave and selfless,” I say. “He asked me to save the other wolves first before him because he thought they were in more pain than he was. When it was finally his turn, he asked me to take a break and heal him when I felt better. I’ll never forget that. In the midst of his own pain, he felt the need to take care of me too. I was glad I could help him.”

“Thank you for allowing my father to return home to meet his grandchild,” she says, rubbing her swollen belly.

Oliver kisses the top of my head as I wipe more tears. “You’re incredible,” he whispers.

“When this meeting is over, several of the wolves you saved would like to thank you personally. I believe some of them have gifts for you,” Jonathan announces.

I nod my head and Oliver begins the meeting.

“So the attack. Any ideas why Cerulean Sea has now been attacked twice?” He asks.

“Perhaps the rogues wanted to throw us off the pattern?” Jonathan suggests. “They probably figured out we had our eyes on Blood Moon and chose to strike where we wouldn’t expect.”

“But why Cerulean Sea?” Wesley wonders. “Our territories are smaller compared to River Moon and Blood Moon, but our warriors are amongst the fiercest. Why risk it?”

“The attack seems extremely calculated to me,” Patrick adds. “By sheer size, River Moon and Lluvia Blanca were probably too dangerous for these Rogues to take on again, especially since both packs boast silver wolves. And as Jonathan mentioned, Blood Moon would have been too obvious. This leaves

Jade Crescent and Cerulean Sea as the two best options for their attack. How they determined which was the better option, I cannot say.”

“Well during our last meeting we found that the targets were mainly female. Was this still the case for this attack?” Oliver asks.

“No,” Wesley shakes his head. “There were over a 100 Rogues and not one went towards the safe house. Of the 23 poisoned wolves, only 6 were female and all of them mated.”

“Well two did manage to sneak into the hospital,” Oliver chimes in. “Evan and Aurora were attacked while they were in the pediatric ward saving the little boy who had been bitten.”

“Right, I had almost forgot about that,” Wesley recalls.

“Who was the child?” Ellen asks.

“His name is Isaiah. He’s a 5 year old. He had been playing at borders when a rogue attacked him. Luckily one of the guards got to him just in time and alerted us,” Wesley explains.

“Could the Rogues have been targeting him?”

“I doubt it. Isaiah’s just a child and his folks are good regular people. I see no reason why he would be of importance to the rogues,” Wesley concludes.

“Could they have been targeting you, Luna Aurora,” Kehlani suggests.

“Perhaps they figured out you were a healer and wanted to ensure you couldn’t heal the injured wolves from the attacks.”

She has a point. Perhaps this whole ordeal has nothing to do with me and my secret. It could be that I just stand in the way of their plans!

“But how would they know she was the healer?” Oliver asks.

“She has healed multiple wolves before this,” says Wesley.

“Word travels fast, Alpha Oliver,” Patrick interjects. “Silver wolves are rare, and healers even more so. It’s likely someone informed this witch or whoever’s behind all this of her gift.”

“Well, for now, we’ll have to assume Luna Aurora is a potential threat to the witch and therefore a target. She is the only wolf that we know of who can heal those infected by the witch poison and is an obstacle in the rogue’s plan, whatever it may be,” Jonathan says.

I glance over at Oliver and Carter and their eyes are a storm of rage and fear. I grab Oliver’s hand in an attempt to calm him down.

“Oliver, don’t be scared,” I whisper.

“Alpha Oliver, you and you’re Luna are not alone. I would be more than happy to send you extra guards for her protection,” Wesley says.

“As would we,” Scarlet joins in. “We would be honored to help protect her.”

“Thank you,” Oliver answers before changing the subject. “Any news on the witch who is behind all of this?”

“We managed to capture a few live rogues yesterday but they all perished before we could even interrogate them. It’s seems the poison in their venom kills them as well,” Wesley says with a look of defeat. “Whoever this witch is, she’s covered her tracks very well.”

Oliver slams his fist in the table in frustration, causing me to jump back in my seat and the Alphas all give him a look of sympathy. Alpha mate bonds are extremely powerful and they know he fears for my safety.

“It’s going to be okay,” I murmur, kissing his fist. “I’m stronger than I look.”

“We will find this Witch, Luna Aurora,” Patrick declares. “As for the attacks, I think we should be looking to ramp up our training regimes. We should focus of tactical strategies to avoid being bitten.”

Having calmed down, Oliver nods. “I second that idea. It would greatly reduce the number of poisoned wolves and lessen the stress on My Luna,” he agrees. “I believe Wesley’s trainers are the ideal candidates to provide the best strategies. His warriors are the best in the state and have consistently kept the number of bites low among their soldiers. I’m sure they have a few tricks up their sleeve they can teach us.”

Wesley smiles at the compliment. “I would be honored to have my trainers work with everyone on better combat tactics.”

Suddenly, Oliver snarls and we all turn to look at him. His eyes are fogged over.

“Mia is here.”

## **The Ivory Queen Chapter 45**

\*\*\*Evan's POV\*\*\*

When the pack leaders arrive, I gather all the gammas in the entertainment room.

“Ok so we have a bit of a situation here today,” I announce. “My Luna’s little sister will be visiting us today.”

“And why is that a ‘situation’?” Kegan, gamma of the Jade Crescent pack, asks.

“It’s a situation because not only is Mia a Lluvia Blanca pack member and therefore arriving uninvited, but she’s also a silver wolf with a particularly dangerous gift.”

“What’s her gift?” Cameron asks.

“She can create illusions or distort your dreams at will. She makes you hallucinate, see things that aren’t there. All she needs to do is look at you and you’ll only see what she wants you to see. From what I’ve been told, her illusions are exceptionally advanced and vivid. Once she’s got you under her spell, you’re pretty much at her mercy.”

Everyone is immediately on high alert.

“If you think that’s trippy, Salvador can project his thoughts into reality. Anything that pops into his head, he can materialize right in front of him. It can be anything as simple as a trinket or something as complex as a creature. Once, he thought of a lion and it appeared out of thin air to attack me. But don’t worry though, the creatures he materializes aren’t alive so to speak. They only follow his commands and can be destroyed.”

They all look at me with horror.

That was probably a terrible thing to mention, my wolf, Bodhi, laughs.

“I know. My Luna and her family are very powerful wolves,” I sigh.

“So what’s the plan?” Nathan, gamma of the Blood Moon pack, wonders. “Will she hurt our Lunas.”

“No, Mia’s a b\*\*\*h but she’s not stupid. She just wants to talk to my Luna, but I want everyone on guard. If you see her, report directly to me. Luna Aurora gets the final say in what we do with her.”

“So we’re just going to let a potentially dangerous wolf walk in here?” Cameron asks.

“She won’t attack unless she feels threatened. So don’t f\*\*\*\*\*g threaten her and let me handle it.”

They nod and take their positions near all the entrances of the house. I take my place at the front door, greeting and directing guests to the backyard where Rosalie and several omegas tend to them.

I’m happy to see so many wolves here to see Aurora. She deserves to be adored after everything she’s been through. As I stand by the door, I see a little boy dragging his mother excitedly toward the house. In his hand he carries a small white box.

“Isaiah slow down!” His mother calls out.

He runs up to me and glances around the room before looking at me with disappointment.

“Where is Rora?” He asks gloomily. “I brought her a present!” He gestures to the box.

I kneel down so I’m at his eye level. “Aurora is in an Alpha meeting right now, but she’ll be out soon. I’m sure she’ll be very happy to see you again,” I smile at him.

He gives me a toothy grin and leans into my ear. “I’m gonna ask her to be my girlfriend,” he whispers.

Bodhi and I can’t help but laugh.

Looks like Oliver’s got some competition... Bodhi chuckles.

I don't know man, I think the kid's got a shot.

"Good luck," I chuckle and point to the yard. "Aurora will be out in just a minute. Why don't you do me a favor? There's a puppy in the yard who's kind of lonely right now. His name is Rio. Will you help me take care of him until Aurora comes out?"

"Ok!" He shrugs before pulling his mother down the hall and towards the yard.

More guests come through and I direct them all towards the yard.

"Gamma, we have company," one of the guards mind links me. "I'm pretty sure I saw a girl sneaking around in the woods directly in-front of the house."

I call Cameron over to take over my spot.

"Is she here?" Cameron asks.

"I don't know, but I'm about to find out. If I'm not back in ten minutes, stop the meeting and call Oliver."

I head down the walkway, past the fountain towards the woods and wait for a few seconds. "Mia, are you there?" I get no response, annoying me. I call out again. "Mia! I don't have time for your games. What the hell do you want?"

Suddenly Mia walks out from behind a tree. She's holding an envelope in her hand.

"I heard about what she did and I just wanted to know if she's ok."

"Don't pretend like you actually care," I scoff. "She's fine. A little tired, but fine."

"I do care!" She snaps. "And there's something else I need to talk to her about. It's kind of urgent."

I stare at her for a bit, trying to figure her out. "I don't believe this," I mutter under my breath, massaging my temples. "You know you're lucky Aurora still cares about your sorry a\*s because if it were up to me, I would have let your a\*s die in that hospital bed."

She lowers her head in shame. "I understand that you don't like me-"

“No, you’re wrong. I hate you. I hate you for everything you did to her. You people abused her for years!”

“I- I lost my father!” She protests.

“She did too,” I snarl. “But she never turned her back on you.”

Tears well up in her eyes but she quickly wipes them away. “I don’t expect you to get it, so do me a favor and shut up! Can I see my sister or not?”

“You know what? f\*\*k you and your family, Mia. You got some f\*\*\*\*\*g nerve coming here demanding s\*\*t. She’s kind of busy right now and she’ll decide if and when she’ll see you, got it?”

I blink and Mia is gone, the woods morphing into a dark empty room with a wardrobe on the far side.

f\*\*\*\*\*g Mia, are you kidding me? What the f\*\*k is this place?

Suddenly the smell of rotting flesh fills the room. I sniff for the source and realize the smell is coming from the wardrobe.

It’s not real, it’s not real, it’s not real, I tell myself as take a few tentative steps towards the wardrobe.

Against my better judgement, I open the wardrobe, the door creaking eerily and I see a small child like figure sitting in the far corner, facing away from me. I slowly crouch down to its level.

“W-who are you?” I ask it.

At a painfully slow pace, the child turns her face towards me and I jump back and crash onto the wooden floor, the door of the wardrobe swinging back and forth. Her face is sunken in and pale white. Her eyes are just empty black pockets and her lower jaw is completely missing, seemingly torn off. Blood drips from her cheeks and teeth remnants down onto her body.

I suddenly down at my hands to see my flesh rotting off, maggots eating away at my muscles and I let out a piercing scream.

The woods reappear and I’m on the ground. I examine my hands and find them maggot free. I look up to see Mia staring at me with glowing gold eyes before they shift to brown again.

“You f\*\*\*\*g b\*\*\*h!” I say, getting to my feet.

I lunge at her, wrapping my fingers around her throat. The instant our skin touches, I feel a slight tingling sensation and I let go of her.

Bodhi, what the f\*\*k was that?

Don’t play dumb. You know what that was...

I look back at her but her face is unreadable.

“How old are you?” I snarl.

“S-seventeen.”

“D-did you feel that just now?” I ask, annoyed.

“Feel what?”

“Nothing, it’s not important,” I growl. “If you ever f\*\*k with my brain again, Mia, I’ll forget that you’re my Luna’s sister.”

“Well, don’t piss me off again!” She snaps, spitting fire from her eyes at me. “Look, I wouldn’t have come if it weren’t important. I need to speak to her. Please. She needs to know what’s in this envelope,” she says, waving the envelope in front of me

I shoot her a death glare as I mind link Oliver. “Alpha, Mia is here. She says it’s urgent.”

He takes a minute to respond. “Take her to my office.”

\*\*\*Oliver’s POV\*\*\*

“Mia is here,” I growl.

Aurora tenses up.

“Is that a problem?” Jonathan asks.

“No, I just need to speak with her,” Aurora says.

“If there is nothing more to discuss, then I say we adjourn,” I say, trying my best to keep my wolf contained.

The Alphas agree and the meeting adjourns. I invite the Alphas to enjoy some food and beverages in the yard while they wait for us to finish with Mia.

Evan looks extremely pissed when we enter the office. Mia is sitting patiently in a chair, her eyes glued to an envelope in her lap.

“Care to explain what you’re doing here?” I snap, walking over to my desk to set Aurora down in my chair.

Mia’s on her feet immediately fidgeting with the envelope. She ignores me and talks to Aurora

“Como estas? Laura me dijo lo que paso y quise saber como estabas. {How are you? Laura told me what happened and I wanted to know how you were doing.”

“She’s fine. What the hell do you want, Mia?” I snarl, losing my patience.

“Can I speak to my sister alone? This is kind of a family issue,” Mia asks, looking increasingly uncomfortable.

“We are her family and I am her mate. Whatever you have to say, you can say in front of us.”

“It’s about Dad,” she retorts.

I notice Carter and Aurora steal glances at each other before Aurora clears her throat to speak.

Those two have are hiding something and I intend to get to the bottom of it.

“I’d like to speak with Mia alone,” Aurora says. She turns to me and her face softens. “Please, Oliver.”

There she goes pushing me away again...

“No, there’s no way I’m leaving you two alone,” I say, restraining my growing anger.

Carter taps my shoulder and urges me to the door. “Oliver, we have a lot of guests here. It would be rude to keep them waiting downstairs. Let them talk it out, I can stand guard at the door and keep watch.”

Now I know they’re definitely hiding something from me, but this is not the time or place to fight right now. They’ll both explain this to me soon enough.

“You touch her and I will kill you,” I growl at Mia. “I do not care what you are. I will end you.”