

# The Ivory Queen by StephanieLight Chapter 1

## 1. Caps and Rogues

*The Gold Queen* is the prequel to this story. I highly recommend checking it out too. Feel free to Join the Facebook group, StephanieLight's Book Beans

\*\*\*Aurora\*\*\*

The screams still keep me up at night after all these years, but it is the blood pouring from my father's mutilated body that haunts me in my dreams every time I close my eyes. I will never forget that night...

I was almost thirteen when it happened. *Almost*. And yet, I was still blamed for my father's death. In the eyes of my pack, I had been a full-fledged wolf and it was I who murdered my dad.

Thirteen was a magic number for werewolves because at thirteen, our wolves awakened and we could finally shift.

Like any young werewolf, I had been excited about completing my first shift but the night before my thirteenth birthday was anything but a joyous occasion.

I had been tossing and turning, unable to sleep from so much excitement when a tap on my shoulder disrupted my thoughts. It was my dad. He had two suitcases and a large envelope in his hands.

"Aurora, get dressed. We have to go!" he said in hushed tones, handing me one of the small suitcases. "Pack your things quickly!"

I stared at him wide eyed and confused. "What? Why?"

"Mija, there's no time to explain. Please hurry. I'll meet you downstairs. Go now!" He ordered before rushing out of the room.

I changed into some jeans and a t-shirt and threw my things in the suitcase. My hands shook as I worked and my mind was going a million miles an hour.

*Where could we possibly be going at this late hour?* I wondered

When I completed my task, I tiptoed downstairs and found my dad frantically looking for something.

"What are you looking for?" I asked.

He motioned me towards the door. "Put your things in the car and wait for me," he said half mindedly, still searching through the cupboards.

I followed his instructions and headed out to the car, tucking my things in the back seat. That's when I heard the rustling in the bushes and woods behind me. A tree branch snapped and I turned to see a pair of green eyes staring at me, the smell of rotting flesh filling my nostrils.

*Rogues? How did rogues trespass into our territory without the guards noticing?* I thought.

More rogues appeared through the bushes and I slowly backed away from them. A small whimper escaped my mouth, but I could not s\*\*\*m. The rogues stepped out into the clearing, revealing their matted fur and sharp black claws. All seven stared at me with evil smirks hanging on their lips. One leaned back on his hind legs, preparing to jump. A low growl escaped his mouth as he lunged at me and I closed my eyes, not wanting to see my own demise when suddenly, I heard an angry growl come from behind me. A fight ensued, but I refused to open my eyes and stood frozen in fear. And just as quickly as it started, the snarling stopped. I heard a loud thud and whimper, forcing my eyes open.

My father lay on the ground while a rogue towered over him, his canines tearing into my father's throat while defense wounds were scattered across his limp body. I found my voice again and let out a blood curdling s\*\*\*m. The silent woods became alive with the sounds of howls and heavy footsteps. The rogue released my father's throat and they all quickly ran in the direction they came from.

"Papa!" I screeched as I dug my fingers into his blood soaked fur and held his head in my arms.

There was no response. My mom and brother, Salvador (aka Chava) quickly ran out of the house and I heard the most devastating s\*\*\*m leave my mother's lips. Chava stood there in shock, the life quickly leaving his eyes. He snapped out of his trance when Mia, my little sister, came out to see what all the commotion was about. He ran to her and brought her back inside as mom continued to s\*\*\*m her sorrows to Moon Goddess. Within minutes, Guards showed up at our house. They didn't ask for an explanation or details. All they saw was my father's dead body on the ground.

I was guilty on sight. They didn't even question the suitcases in the car and the house. They thought I was trying to make a run for it since they contained my passport and other documents.

After being blamed for my father's death, my mother and brother took their anger out on me. Mia, altogether stopped speaking to me, especially after she completed her first shift and discovered she was also a silver wolf like dad and Chava. I was never allowed to shift. They were afraid I'd kill again.

Despite being a foreigner, my father had ascended the ranks through his skill. He became the highly respected gamma of the pack and trusted guardian of the Luna. When he died, the Alpha and Luna were devastated to lose their closest friend and strongest warrior, so naturally, they hated me too.

With Dad gone, our family moved back to the pack house. Mia, Chava, and Mom were given comfortable rooms while I was locked away in the basement.

It's been five years since his death and no matter what I said, I could not convince my family or my pack of my innocence.

So I gave up.

Everyday, I took the abuse of my pack, working day in and day out as their slave, today, being not exception.

"No tengo todo el pinche dia, perra {I don't have all day, bitch}. Where is my food?" Salvador barks at me, snapping his fingers.

"I-it's on the table, sir," I whisper, trying hard to keep my voice from trembling.

"Speak up!" he yells

*Crap, I've already pissed him off. He's always on edge around the anniversary.*

"Yes, Chava," I quickly reply.

I feel a surge of pain on my head as Chava yanks me by my hair and throws me against the fridge. I fall to the floor, my eyes welling up with tears as I look up at him. His face is full of rage and hatred.

"It's Sir to you, perra. Don't you ever disrespect me again!" he growls as he kicks me in the stomach before walking towards the dining room.

"I'm sorry, sir," I whimper. I quickly collect myself off the floor and continue setting plates and silverware for the rest of the pack members. Mia walks in and grabs an apple from the fruit bowl, completely ignoring me.

"C-Congratulations on the early graduation. I-I'm r-really proud of you!" I say, giving her a shy smile.

She gives me a look of disgust and walks away. My heart shatters as I watch her take her seat next to Salvador and he pulls her into hug. He congratulates her and they become immersed in a deep conversation, laughing and joking with each other. They look so happy together.

After breakfast is served, I retreat back to my basement with a plate of leftovers and quietly eat my food. I hear laughter roaring in the dining room and pack members happily chattering away.

Our pack is throwing a party today to honor the graduates. I would have graduated this year too had I not been forced to drop out sophomore year. I have to prepare the food and help set up the party decorations for tonight. Several members from our closest allies, the River Moon Pack, will also be graduating and are invited to celebrate with us in tonight's ceremony. Even their Alpha would be joining us. After scarfing down my poor excuse for breakfast, I head to the shed where all the party supplies are stored.

The Lluvia Blanca pack house is a 3 story Spanish-style mansion. A large L-shaped courtyard sits at the center of the house, with the front end connecting to main entrance and circular drive way, and the back end leading to the backyard. There is a pool to the left end of the yard and a small amphitheater on the right. There is also a rose garden equipped with beautiful fountains while the woods served as natural fence along the border of the property.

Tonight's festivities would take place in the little amphitheater and the rose garden. I hang up party streamers along the columns lining the amphitheater and blow up what seems like thousands of balloons before I am allowed to return back to the kitchen and help with the cooking. I then sweep and clean the dining room, the 2 living rooms, the game room and the theater. It's almost 7 pm when I finally finish my chores.

I hop in my tiny shower to wash the grime and muck I acquired throughout the day. I don't own any dresses but it's not like it matters anyways. I would be working in tonight's event, serving fruit punch and liquor to our guests, not dancing and mingling. Besides, it's not like I would look good in a dress; I have too many scars to hide. I put on a pair of jet black jeans and a white button up shirt, and braid my long black hair into a French braid. I put on a layer of foundation and concealer to hide the bruises on my face from my daily beatings and add a little brown eye shadow to make my honey eyes pop. A quick coat of mascara ties it all together. Despite the makeup, however, I'm still disappointed with my reflection in the mirror.

"Happy 18th birthday," I whisper to myself.

*Happy birthday Aurora, my wolf says gently.*

My eyes widen. *Reyna, you're still there? Where have you been? I haven't heard from you in months!*

*Of course I'm here. Today is your 18th birthday. I have to be here to help you find our mate,* she chuckles.

*Our mate?*

I had almost forgotten about that. Werewolves can sense their mates once they turn 18, which means tonight, I could potentially meet him. I giggle with excitement. *A mate!*

A loud knock on my door brings me back down to earth.

“The guests are arriving. Get your ungrateful ass up there,” warns my mother.

I quickly put on some black flats and run to my station near the amphitheater.

Our alpha, Miguel and his son Javier, stand at the center of the amphitheater stage, looking out at the pack. Four seniors stand at the foot of the stage, proudly wearing their caps and stoles. Mia is among them; she worked hard to graduate a whole year early. One by one, Alpha Miguel calls up the four graduates while a huge roar of applause erupts after each graduate’s name is called. Mom and Chava are beaming with pride at our beautiful Mia. Even though she hardly spoke to me, I couldn’t help but smile seeing her up on stage.

My wolf interrupts my thoughts with her excitement.

*Reyna, what’s gotten into you?* I mutter.

That’s when it hit me, the most incredible smell in the world; a mix of honey and green apples.

*Our mate! He’s here!* She says happily.

*Our mate? Where?* I look around frantically.

Suddenly, the young Alpha of the River Moon pack, Oliver Artaud, and three of his pack’s graduates walk up to the stage. The Alpha clears his throat as he scans the crowd. His eyes focus in my general direction and I meet his gaze.

*Mate.*