

The Ivory Queen by StephanieLight Chapter 9

9. Eviction Notice

Aurora's POV

I wake up feeling happy and energized. I glance at the clock and see that it was past 10 am. It's been years since I've slept in this long.

I look around and notice Oliver is not on the couch. I walk to the closet and find a freshly showered Oliver picking out his clothes with only a towel wrapped around his waist. I stand at the door watching the muscles in his back move, water droplets still sliding down his skin. My wolf is purring happily at the sight. I'm deeply admiring his physique before I realize I've been caught staring. Oliver has turned around and is watching me with a huge grin on his face.

"Can I help you?" he asks with a hint of mischief in his voice.

Blood rushes to my face and I immediately run away, embarrassed. I could hear him laughing as I jump under the covers. A while

later, he comes out dressed in dark Levi's and black t-shirt and a flannel.

"Good morning beautiful," he laughs.

I blush again, removing the covers from my face.

..ugly f*****g murderer...

I tense up as the memory comes to mind.

Stop it. Reyna growls. He loves us.

"Good morning," I say sheepishly, pushing the thought out of my mind.

I get out of bed and quickly walk past him to the closet. I grab some towels and hop in the shower. When I finish, I brush my teeth, blow dry my hair and get dressed in a pair of ripped jeans, a maroon knitted sweater and my black Chuck Taylors.

I find Oliver waiting for me on the couch watching TV. He smiles brilliantly at me, making me catch my breath. He's so handsome when he smiles.

"Ready for brunch?"

I nod and we head to the dining room. I see Rosalie and the boys as well as other wolves chattering away and enjoying their food. I

freeze when I see Erin glaring at me. The table falls silent all as everyone follows her gaze. I grab a hold of Oliver's arm and hide behind him.

"Good morning," says Oliver.

"Good morning, Alpha," they reply in unison.

"Good morning, Luna. Did you sleep well last night?" Evan says, a kind smile on his lips.

I nod and give him a small smile. I like Evan.

I take my place next to Oliver who is at the head of the table. Evan sits next to me while Rosalie and Carter sit directly across us. A

young omega brings out our food. Her hands are visibly shaking with anger as she places the plate of huevos rancheros, frijoles con queso, and sliced avocado in front of me as well as a small basket of tortillas.

"Enjoy Luna," she says coldly.

I shrug her off and turn my attention to the food in front of me. I reach for the tortillas and dig in. I can't help but do a little happy dance in my chair, making Evan and Carter laugh.

"Looks like the chef has her approval," Evan chuckles.

Inod vigorously. Oliver reaches over to grab a bite of my avocado, but I smack his hand and narrow my eyes at him as a warning. Carter bursts into a fit of laughter as Oliver shakes the hand that I smacked.

"It appears our Luna doesn't like to share," Carter laughs.

Evan takes advantage of all the commotion and slides his hand into my plate. Before I can react, he manages to smuggle a slice of avocado and stuff it in his mouth. He beats his two hands on his chest triumphantly like Tarzan and smiles, revealing green teeth.

We roar in laughter.

"This is disgusting," Erin sneers, slamming her fists on the table. "We're being forced to sit with this murderer and act like everything's fine! Well guess what? It's not! Stop acting like the victim! Please, I know what you are, witch!"

"GET OUT!" Oliver commands.

Erin obediently follows the order, but not before taking her glass of orange juice and throwing its contents at me. Before I can react, Evan yanks me out of harm's way and the orange juice misses me by centimeters. Oliver bursts out of his chair and rushes towards her but Carter manages to wrap his arms around his body and pull him back.

Rosalie steps in front of him, placing both hands on his chest. Oliver struggles against them, shaking violently with anger.

Ishrink back in my chair. I haven't seen Oliver this angry since that night.

How could I possibly love you?

Igasp, holding back a sob.

"She's not worth it, man," Carter pleads, using all his strength to hold him back. "You're scaring Aurora," Rosalie calls out.

Oliver's body tenses. He clenches his fists and takes a few deep breaths.

"Pack your things and get out of here! You'll be moving back in with your family," Oliver snarls, his menacing tone sending chills down my spine.

"But-"

"YOU HAVE UNTIL SUNSET!" he roars, causing Erin to flinch.

She turns and storms off.

Oliver turns back and kneels at my side, softening his voice. "Are you ok?"

No, I'm not, I want to s****m, but I swallow these words and nod. Oliver attempts to study my face but I look away.

"I'm - I'm fine. Really, I am," I say, forcing a smile on my face.

Oliver frowns, but doesn't insist. He walks back to his seat and everyone resumes eating. Lively chatter once again fills the room. I

stare at my plate blankly, wishing I could disappear. Oliver notices and asks what's wrong.

I shake my head.

"Eat your food, Aurora."

I force a smile and drink from my glass of orange juice.

"Aurora," Oliver says sternly. "Eat, I mean it."

"I'm full," I lie.

"EVERYONE OUT," he commands.

Everyone gets up and files out of the dining room, leaving just Oliver and I at the table.

"Please don't lie to me," he says. "What's wrong?"

"Oliver, it's really not."

"Aurora!" he raises his voice and I jump in my seat. My hands fly over my head to shield me and I hold back tears.

"I-I'm sorry," I whimper.

Oliver rushes to my side. "No, baby. I'm sorry. I'm being such a jerk to you. I just-I don't like seeing you upset and you weren't eating. Baby, please look at me."

Thesitate, but finally lower my arms and look at him.

"I'm so sorry." Oliver pleads.

Inod my head, accepting his apology.

"Why don't we, umm, take a walk?" he asks. "I can show you around so you don't feel trapped in the house all the time."

"OK."