



Series

The Millennium Wolves  
Book 4 - Chapter 1

Dark Mode



Chapters

# SIENNA

Moans of ecstasy echoed down the Pack House corridors.



The vast halls were strangely empty—not a soul in sight.

A cold draft blew through my sheer nightgown, unleashing a wave of goosebumps up my spine. The air carried with it the sound of passion—a sexually charged fervor blanketing itself around me.

Calling to me.

Drawing me in.

Where was it coming from?

A winding staircase loomed ahead and I climbed, round and round, until I was dizzy. Finally, I reached the entrance to the ballroom.

Throwing open the centuries-old oak doors, I found myself illuminated in a warm glow from a nearby hearth.

A four-poster bed stood in the center of the dance floor. My eyes were fixed upon it.



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Beneath crimson-red sheets, three naked bodies were twisting and contorting.



Despite the nearby flames casting dark shadows across their glistening skin and obscuring them from view, I could see that there was one man and two women, all tangled together.

As I cautiously approached, a familiar face looked up from their throes of passion. His piercing eyes brought my heart to a thudding stop.

*Konstantin.*

But I couldn't move. He had taken control of my body.

Just like before.

No longer able to look away, I watched as the vampyre continued thrusting into one of the women sprawled wantonly beneath him.

The sheets slowly slipped away, exposing her thighs, waist, and breasts until she threw back her locks of wavy brown hair...

It was Michelle.

She looked at me, consumed by pleasure—smirking, as if enjoying the audience.



Next to her, the other woman looked young and painfully vulnerable as she caressed the two entwined lovers.



It was only when she looked at me that I saw it was Emily.

My former friend, who was now dead. And my current best friend. Both of them were screaming in pain and pleasure as the vampyre's fangs slid out.

I screamed at him to stop, but no words came out.

"Sienna..." Michelle moaned, reaching out toward me. "You let this happen..."

"She'll die, Sienna. And it's your fault. Just like me..." Emily said, touching herself between spread thighs.

Then she and Michelle both started to climax, eyes rolling eerily back into their skulls.

Black sludge began oozing out of every pore in Emily's body, pooling on the floor.

And then a tidal wave of the black liquid washed over me as the vampyre sank his teeth into Michelle's throat.

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I sat up in bed, gasping for breath. It took a moment to collect my bearings.



Morning sunlight was casting brilliant beams onto the king-sized hotel bed, where our suitcases lay open.

It had been about a week since the disastrous Yule Ball, where our vampyre *friend* Konstantin almost defeated us.

Staying in my parents' house had gotten a bit... *crowded*, to say the least, so we decided to crash elsewhere.

For everyone's sanity.

Aiden shuffled out of the bathroom, damp and wearing a towel. He hurried to my side.

"Hey, are you okay?" he asked, gently taking my hand.

"Yeah..." I said. "It was just another fucked-up dream."

As always, the sight of my mate, his green eyes filled with love and concern, was enough to slow my racing heartbeat.

"Konstantin?" He seemed to already know the



Nonstain! He seemed to already know the answer.

I nodded. "But I'm okay now. Really."



In the morning light, his skin was golden. My legs felt weak just looking at him... the sheen on his shoulders... the chiseled lines of his abs.

"Especially when you come to the rescue wearing that," I said, grinning and eyeing the towel around his waist.

"Oh, this old thing?" he joked.

I nodded as I ran a finger through the droplets of water on his neck.

I made a show of licking my lips.

Aiden's eyes darkened, hunger replacing the amusement on his face.

"Well, I guess I should wear this more often," he teased.

Like a simmering flame beneath my skin, my haze flared up so hard it nearly knocked the wind out of me.

Before long, I was running my fingers down his abs, slipping them in between the terry cloth and his skin.



abs, slipping them in between the terry cloth and his skin.

Pressing my mouth against his yielding lips, I kissed him deeply.



Aiden made a low noise in his throat, his hands finding their way under my nightgown and up to my breasts, cupping them and squeezing.

Our kiss deepened, and I lost myself in it.

Aiden grabbed me around the waist, hugging my bare back to his damp body.

I breathed deeply, feeling his touch once again banished all my dark thoughts.

If only I could stay here, forever. Safe in my mate's arms.

My haze was singing in my veins.

My fingers trailed over the washboard of his stomach, moving south.

Aiden moaned in pleasure as I yanked off the towel.

Turning me around, he pulled down my panties, revealing my bottom. He slapped it twice, making me gasp.



Two more spanks sent my haze skyrocketing.

His hands slid between my thighs, warm and calloused against my wet folds.



I whimpered, leaning against the other hand he was pressing against my belly to steady me.

I felt his tip then, sliding, pushing to find my opening.

My breath came in gasps. I raised a knee, pressing it into the bed. Rocking my hips back, I offered myself to him.

There were no nightmares here. Nothing could hurt me when I was with Aiden.

When we were together.

Both of us were panting now.

His thrusts were deep and rhythmic. I closed my eyes, losing myself in my haze and the sensations building within me.

“Oh Aiden,” I cried. “Oh God, I’m gonna cum....”

His movements accelerated in response.

My orgasm broke over me, and I moaned with it,



letting it unravel me.

Aiden came right after me. I could feel him spilling his seed inside.



We held each other for a long moment, breathing in the scent of one another and our sated lust.

When I returned to myself, we were lying together on the bed. I wasn't even sure how we'd gotten that way.

Then the phone by the side of the bed rang.

Reluctantly, I pulled away from him and answered it.

"Hello?"

"Mrs. Mercer-Norwood? You have a party waiting for you."

"Oh yes, thank you," I said, hanging up.

Aiden raised his eyebrows.

"It's Healer Lowell. I guess she's downstairs," I said.

My heart clenched.





She was here.

Maybe *she* could do something to help her.



To help Michelle.

An image from my dream surfaced. My best friend's legs wrapped around Konstantin's hips as she came. Her moans of lust.

I shivered but tried to pass it off as being cold.

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One of the Head Healers from the Lawrence Healer's Retreat was waiting in the lobby.

Sharon Lowell rarely made house calls but had agreed to consult on Michelle at the personal request of the Alpha.

She was a short, stout woman with gray hair pulled back into a no-nonsense bun, but her voice was warm and kind when she greeted us.

"Alpha Norwood!" she exclaimed. "And Mrs. Norwood!" She held out her hands.

"Mercer-Norwood," I said, smiling.

I took one of her hands, and Aiden took the other.

She gave each a little shake.

“Mrs. *Mercer-Norwood*,” she said with a firm nod.

“Thank you so much for coming,” Aiden said. “I have a car picking us up.”

As we headed out to the front of the hotel, I fervently hoped that Healer Lowell would be able to do what Jocelyn hadn’t:

Find a way to help Michelle wake up.

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Jocelyn greeted us in the foyer of the Pack House, then led the way upstairs to the medical suite.

As we all entered Michelle’s room, my eyes immediately went to my friend.

A heart monitor beeped at her side. Tubes stuck out of her arm. My heart wrenched at the sight of her—she looked so pale and thin.

Her eyes hadn’t opened since Konstantin’s attack at the Yule Ball.

No one knew if she would ever wake up.

The television in Michelle’s room was on, and my ears perked up as I heard my name

ears perked up as I heard my name.

“It’s been over a week since the frightening events surrounding Alpha Aiden Norwood and his mate Sienna at this year’s Yule Ball,” the reporter said.

She was petite, with curly brown hair and a camera-ready smile.

“And the authorities are still no closer to catching the culprit. Meanwhile, the Beta’s mate, Michelle Daniels, remains in a coma...”

*She was reporting from inside the Pack House!*

I noticed the reporter’s name on the bottom of the screen. Monica Birch.

As I tried to figure out how she’d gotten in, I noticed Josh slumped over in the armchair next to Michelle’s bed.

He looked terrible—thick facial stubble, dark hollows around his eyes...

He looked racked with guilt.



I grabbed the TV remote and put it on mute.

“Good morning, Josh,” I said gently.

He lifted his eyes and glared at me with open hostility.

I couldn't blame him.

We both knew that what had happened to Michelle had been my fault.

## AIDEN

Unable to bear the sight of Michelle's unmoving form, I ushered Josh and Sienna out to the waiting area, leaving the healers to tend to their patient.

I had failed Michelle. I'd failed everyone when I'd let that bastard vampyre into my territory. Into my inner circle.

I had liked Konstantin.

Trusted and respected him.

He had used the grief over my brother Aaron's death against me.

I'd gone along with it, ignored warning signs because I was so desperate to learn the truth of how Aaron's mate Jen had died.

Well, now I knew.



Konstantin had killed her when he'd blown up the lab.

Konstantin had killed Sienna's birth mother too, and, by extension, her father.

He had killed Jen, and, by extension, Aaron—because of the mating bond.

He'd set fire to our house. Put Michelle in a coma.

Violated Sienna's mind.

In the week since the Yule Ball, the need to find him, to kill him—to tear him limb from limb—

It had only grown.

I could set the pulsing rage, the desire for revenge, aside for short periods.

I hid it well enough from Sienna. She had been through enough. She didn't need my fury to manage on top of her own trauma.



The nightmares—she cried during the night, every night, waking me up over and over.

I didn't think she was aware of how many times I rolled over and spooned her, calming her whimpers, soothing her tense muscles—

times I rolled over and spooned her, calming her whimpers, soothing her tense muscles—comforting her so that she could let go of the fear and sleep peacefully.

Each time, I made her the same silent vow.

Konstantin would pay for what he had done.

## SIENNA

The door to Michelle's room opened.

Jocelyn and Healer Lowell looked back at us. Their faces were grave.

“We have finished the examination,” Jocelyn said. “You may want to sit down.”

Nobody moved.

*This can't be good news.*



“Has the rest of Michelle's family arrived? We can also wait for—”

“No! Tell us now,” Josh insisted.

*They're asking for Michelle's family?*

*They're asking for Michelle's family?*

I let out a deep breath. This was far more serious than I'd realized.

I curled my hands into fists.

“Very well,” Jocelyn said. “Michelle is showing no signs of recovery. What's worse, her vital functions are beginning to shut down.”

“What—what do you mean, ‘beginning to shut down’?” Josh demanded.

I took Aiden's hand, squeezing it tightly.

Jocelyn tilted her head. She was clearly troubled, her brows knitted together, as if trying to find the right words to say.

“Michelle's organs are failing.”



Next Chapter