



Series

The Millennium Wolves  
Book 4 - Chapter 24

Dark Mo



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UNLIMITED

## SIENNA

I ran to the river, feeling freer than I had in weeks.

It felt *so good* to be in my wolf form again.

I smelled the river before I saw it, but by now, I was in familiar territory.

The air was so cold, it practically crackled. The snow muted the usual sounds of the forest.

But I was right where I wanted to be. Amid the peaceful silence of the trees.

To be wild—a wolf enjoying a run through the winter forest

Not the Alpha's mate, not Sienna Mercer-Norwood—but just a wolf.

When I reached the banks of the river, I immediately thought of Aiden.

That day when I had sketched him near this very spot.

Neither of us had known that day that we were meant to be together.



*When did everything get so messy?*

I longed to curl up beside him, to feel the strength and security that surrounded me whenever he was near.

I remained in my wolf form, happy to avoid my real life for a little while longer.

To pretend that I hadn't just lost my shit in front of a live audience.

With a shuddering sigh, I dipped my snout to the water and drank.

As I lifted my head up again, I heard rustling in the leaves.

My body stilled as I listened.

Then, as if I had conjured him, he emerged into a beam of late afternoon sunlight.

A huge wolf, his black fur rippling.

*Aiden.*

My nostrils flared. I smelled blood.

*He's wounded!*



I padded over to him, whining.

Sniffing him, I found the injury, a deep gash across his chest.

He turned and nuzzled me as I licked it, my eyes filling with tears.

He pushed his head into my side, and I rubbed my cheek along the back of his neck.

I wanted us to shift back so that I could get a good look at the wound, but this was the wrong place for that.

*Our house isn't too far away.*

I hadn't been back since we'd found it burning, the night after the battle with Konstantin.

I nudged his unharmed shoulder and took off at a lope.

He followed.

It didn't take long to reach our home.

Scaffolding stood on the east side, and plastic sheets flapped in the broken windows.

I led Aiden to the door and shifted, then turned the

knob.



Aiden shifted a moment later.

I ushered him into the house, then closed the door. It was still freezing inside, but at least there was no wind.

My nipples hardened from the chill.

And from looking over his gorgeous body, if I was being honest.

“Sienna,” he breathed. “Are you alright?”

“Me? I’m not the one with a gash the size of Texas in my chest.”

I examined the wound and saw that it was already healing.

A surge of relief welled up in me, and I wrapped my arms around Aiden’s warm, firm body.

“What happened to you?” I asked.

His arms encircled me. “Konstantin.”

My heart tightened, but then Aiden continued.



“I killed him.”

My head snapped up to look at him. Aiden’s green eyes gazed back openly, a grim triumph shining in them.

But there was something else lurking there—a dark pain he was trying to conceal.

“Is it true?” I asked. “You killed him?”

He nodded. “With my own jaws.”

I let out a sigh of relief, nearly losing my balance.

A weight, far heavier than I had even been aware of, lifted from my shoulders.

“He’s really dead?”

“He really is,” Aiden said, but then his face twisted.

“He killed one of my men in the fight,” he continued. “Sayyid Hamdi. He took a bullet for me. Literally.”

I looked at him in confusion. “Konstantin *shot* at you?”

“It surprised me too,” Aiden said. “I never

imagined... but I should have. I made too many mistakes, Sienna. Sayyid died because of them. And you... I'm so sorry I haven't been there for you."

"What are you talking about? You killed Konstantin!"



I meant every word. I'd missed Aiden so much over the past few days.

But Konstantin was dead. Gone.

Forever.

"You're amazing," I breathed.

He was also shivering.

"Come on, let's go get you into a hot shower," I said.

"Only if you come with me."

Aiden kissed me, his hands gripping my upper arms tightly.

Breaking free, I gave him a wider smile, then led him up the stairs to our bathroom.

We passed blackened walls and ruined carpet, but

the bathroom was relatively untouched.

I shut the door and turned on the shower full blast.

Aiden pulled me under the stream, and I giggled, a burst of joy bubbling up in my chest.

Konstantin was dead.



He could never hurt me—never hurt *anyone* again.

I pressed my body, already slick with hot water, against Aiden's, wrapping an arm around his uninjured shoulder as our lips met.

My body flushed with heat. Tremors radiated from my fingers to my toes.

Aiden pulled me to him at the waist, his arousal already evident—a hard bulge against my stomach.

He ran a hand over my ass and then lifted my leg at the thigh, laying bare my warm folds.

Water was still rushing down my body as he pressed his tip against my entrance.

I sent the fingers of my free hand sliding over his wound, down his belly, then wrapped them around his hard shaft, enjoying the wetness of the hot water mingling with the heat of him.



Aiden moaned against my mouth.

I ran my fingers up and down the length of him, smoothing my thumb over his tip. The hand that held my thigh tightened, and he pulled me closer.

His other hand cupped my breast as the water cascaded over both of us.



I tugged at him a little, pressing sensitive spots as I caressed his erection.

With a growl, he let go of my leg and grabbed my hand, pinning my wrist to the tiled wall.

He bent and took one nipple into his mouth, then the other.

His free hand traveled over my body, caressing the wet skin of my belly, my hip, down to my hot, yearning center.

He plunged two fingers inside me, and I gasped.

Working them in and out, he made my knees go weak as I clung to him.

“Oh, Aiden, I want you,” I murmured.

He moved his lips to my mouth, his tongue meeting mine as his fingers pushed into me.



Then he slipped them free, his hand spreading my legs and slipping under my thigh again.

He pressed his cock against my folds, a silent demand.

I rocked my head back, offering myself to him, wanting him so badly.



Finally, he thrust himself into me, and I cried out as he pushed deeper, deeper. The steady thunder of the shower mingled with my whimpers of pleasure.

“Sienna,” he whispered in my ear.

Hearing my name in his mouth made me melt.

As his muscles tightened, I felt my feet lifted off the ground. I let go of everything, trusting in the strength of his arms.

The heat pouring down from above was incomparable to the fire raging within.

I broke, the bliss ripping a scream from me.

Aiden’s eyes rolled back as his movements quickened, joining in my release.

We came together.

The shower pummeled us as we rocked with ecstasy.

I drowned in the rapture, was washed away by the sensation.

It lasted forever... or so it seemed.



Then, at last, I came back to myself, held tight in Aiden's arms under the flow of the shower.

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We wrapped ourselves in huge bath towels and stayed in the bathroom to dry, running the wall heater as we cuddled on the floor with our backs to the tub.

Aiden traced a finger over the lines of my palm. We were both quiet and pensive.

By his distracted look, I could tell we were both thinking about Konstantin's death. Sayyid's murder.

The terrible price he had paid so that we could be free.

In the face of such tragedy, my earlier meltdown seemed utterly unimportant.

For the first time in as long as I could remember, it

felt like I was thinking clearly.

I'd been punishing myself for crimes that weren't mine. They were Konstantin's.

All of the stress and anxiety that had consumed my life: the show, crawling on my belly for Michelle, for Monica, for Charlotte—



My fears about my possible infertility—

It all went back to Konstantin.

My guilt and fear over letting him into my life.

It was the same sort of horrible, misplaced guilt I had felt after Emily's death.

On some level, I had thought that if I could only become the perfect Alpha's mate, I would avoid making the mistakes that had allowed the vampyre to get so close to me.

But that was irrational.

Konstantin had bitten Michelle.

He'd snuck up on her like a cowardly snake.

No one could have prevented that, no matter how much I wanted to believe I might have been able

to if I'd only been more vigilant.

It wasn't going out with a friend for mimosas that had caused Konstantin to attack us.

It wasn't trying to become a successful artist that had caused him to invade my mind.

*Had he used my desire for success against me?*



Yes.

*But did that mean I deserved to lose my art forever?*

No.

And suddenly, as I stared at the blank wall across from us, I felt the urge to paint.

I'd paint a mural right there. I could already see it in my mind's eye.

Wolves. A black one and a russet one—at the river, in winter.

I'd get started as soon as the renovations were done.

And I was quitting that stupid show.

I was done being Monica's star. Done being Charlotte's punching bag. And Michelle...

However much I loved Michelle, I couldn't give her what she wanted. I wasn't sure that anyone could.

But I was through with trying to be something I wasn't.

Right now, with Jocelyn gone, there was no one around to heal me.

So I'd have to heal myself.

*Or would I?*



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As soon as we got back to the hotel, I lunged for my black leather purse.

I hadn't carried it since before the Festival of Flame, and had completely forgotten about the slim, wrapped package that was still nestled inside.

I removed it reverently, unfolding the layers of silk scarf that surrounded it.

Tucked in the middle was an ornately wrought bracelet of hammered silver.

I'd seen it many times before on the wrist of my friend and healer.

In the center of the bracelet was a folded piece of paper.

Tears sparkled in my eyes as I began to read the short message.

*Sienna,*

*This bracelet belonged to my grandmother. It has brought me strength more times than I can count.*

*May it remind you of the love that surrounds you.*

*And all those who believe in you.*

*Now, go kick some ass.*



*Love,*

*Jocelyn.*

I slipped the bracelet around my wrist, feeling a warm energy spread throughout my body.

I was stronger than Monica Birch. Stronger than Charlotte Norwood.

And I was through with being pushed around.

## JOSH

Hanh found me in my office the following afternoon.

“I finished the DNA test you ordered, Beta Daniels,” he said.

“And?”

“The hairs from the body identified as Konstantin match the DNA we had on file for him.”

I frowned.

“Thank you.” I dismissed him.



I looked at my computer screen: Ernest Ruis had been reported missing by his family two weeks ago.

The evidence showed that Aiden had killed Konstantin at that hotel, but my gut said it wasn't Konstantin—despite what the DNA said.

I checked my phone and saw that it was almost six o'clock.

I was supposed to meet Michelle at our favorite

restaurant later this evening.

We'd finally arranged a time for a date, and she'd even agreed to leave the cameras behind for an evening so that we could truly be alone.

I smiled at the thought of spending a romantic evening with my mate.

But something was pulling at my gut—some deep instinct that told me that the vampyre was close.

That tonight might be my chance.



Pulling open the top left drawer of my desk, I plucked out the watch and looked at the face.

The needles were no longer confused. I watched as both of them pointed unswervingly in the same direction.

Northwest.

*Why would the watch work if Konstantin's dead?*

I needed to find out what was going on.

But if I missed this date, Michelle would be devastated.

*Shit.*





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I stared at the watch, torn with indecision.

All I wanted was to be a good mate.

And sometimes that meant making sacrifices.

*What am I going to do?*

Next Chapter