



Series

The Millennium Wolves  
Book 5 - Chapter 26

Dark Mode



Chapters

## Sienna

I wobbled out of the club, holding on to Michelle for support. When we passed the line, I saw Mia and Erica near the front, waving at us.

“Wait,” Mia said, confused. “Where are you two going?”

“Are you *seriously* leaving already?!” Erica was seething. “I canceled a date for this. And the haze is near its peak!”

“Sorry, girls!” Michelle shouted out, moving us toward the parking lot. “Change in plans, have fun!”

I felt bad dragging them out tonight, only to bail. But based on how much I’d drunk, and how eventful the day had been already, there was no way I was turning back now.

I turned to the bouncer and pointed to my two friends. He gave me a terse nod and brought them inside. It was the least I could do.

When I saw Aiden’s car waiting in the lot, I sighed with relief.



“He’s here,” I said.

Michelle nudged me. “Of course, he is. He’s your mate.”

He stepped out to open the passenger door for me, and Michelle handed me over as if I was a rag doll.

“I’m not *that* drunk, you guys,” I protested.

I was worried that Aiden would be angry, considering I’d run off in the middle of the luncheon. But there was nothing but warmth in his eyes.

And the slight smell of whiskey beneath his breath.

“Have you been drinking too?” I asked. “Are you okay to drive?”

“One glass isn’t going to hurt,” Aiden answered. “Come here.”

He gently lowered me into the car and shut the door. I heard Michelle get in the back seat behind me and waited as Aiden returned to the driver’s seat.

I thought he might just start the car and take us away, but instead, Aiden took my hand,



looked me in the eye, and leaned over.

Then he kissed me.

It was the most loving, tender kiss I could remember my mate ever giving me. The taste of the whiskey on his lips was intoxicating.

“Are you okay?” he asked when he pulled back.

“I am now.”

“I didn’t mean to pull you away. If you still want to dance—”

“No, Aiden,” I said. “All I want is a quiet empty house with no one in it. But you. And me.”

“I think I can manage that,” he said, and then he looked in the rearview. “Michelle, dropping you off at home, I assume?”

“It’s nice having an Alpha chauffeur!” she said, laughing. “Thanks, seriously.”

“My pleasure.”

And with that, Aiden started the engine and we left the club behind us, on our way to

sanctuary.

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After we'd dropped off Michelle, and Aiden had taken me home, all I found myself thinking about was the night three years ago.

When Aiden had saved me from the club. And taken me here. And kissed me for the first time.

My first kiss.

Despite all the terror that had preceded it, that moment alone had been so romantic. So *perfect*.

I wondered if tonight we could recapture it. If, like that night years ago, we could put the horror behind us and just be lost in each other for a moment.

Aiden must've read my mind because, as he opened the front door, he scooped me up and carried me inside and up the stairs.

"Aiden!" I exclaimed, surprised and out of breath. "I'm perfectly capable of walking, you know."

"It feels good to hold you."



As he climbed each step, I rocked against him and felt his rough fingers rub against the soft skin of my bare legs. It sent a shot of adrenaline coursing through me.

And now an old dormant feeling began to rise within me as we moved closer and closer to the bedroom.

It was hot and heavy and deeply felt.

In fact, it felt a lot like... *the haze*.

“Aiden,” I said breathily. “Do you...”

“Yeah,” he said. “Oh yeah.”

His eyes were on fire now, and his steps were hurrying. He wanted me in that bed as fast as possible. And I wanted it too.

For the first time since we’d lost our child, my body didn’t feel fragile or weak. It felt hunger. It teemed with stray impulses.

At last, Aiden laid me down on the bed, laid on top of me, and kissed my neck, sending shivers down my spine.

“Is it too soon?” he asked. “Since...”



“No,” I said, shaking my head. “I need you now. But, Aiden...”

“Yes, Sienna?”

“This time, can we just be...”

“I’ll be delicate, love,” he said, understanding. “We don’t always have to be so rough.”

“I usually like it that way, but...”

“I get it.”

He really did. Because what my mate did next was treat me to the most gentle, sensual massage I’d ever had.

From my feet up to my thighs, caressing but being careful not to penetrate my sex, Aiden touched me.

I trembled as he slowly slid and circled his fingers, playing me like a goddamn piano.

He pressed and pushed against my most delicate curves, nerve endings, and soft spots. Up my belly to my breasts and neck. To my face.

My face. I held his hands as they clasped me



there. Then brought my lips to his.

I'd never realized how teasing, how barely touching one another, how restraint could possibly be so sexy.

When Aiden slowly, gently slipped inside me, all the tension in my body melted away, and soon we were rocking back and forth like the waves on a shore.

Every subtle movement felt bigger and more heightened than all the rough sex we'd ever had.

A finger to my lip.

A circular lick around my areola.

A throb of his member as he paused inside me.

I could feel all of it. I could really truly *feel* again.

"Aiden..." I begged. "Faster, please..."

"No," he said, smiling mischievously. "No, you wanted torture, and that's what you're going to get."

Somehow, Aiden refusing what I'd asked for was even better.



was even hotter.

Every slow thrust was agony.

Every quiet moan made me shudder with raw need.

It was all so much and so little at the same time.

“Sienna,” Aiden whispered. “I don’t think I can...”

“Me either...”

The rocking was steady and slow, but still, we were each building inside, escalating to a moment we’d been needing for weeks.

As we finally came, only moments apart, we didn’t cry out. We sighed as if it was the greatest release in the world.

And, in many ways, it was.

“Sienna,” Aiden said when he’d rolled to the side, “all I need to be happy is you. You know that, right?”

“I know, Aiden. I’m the same.”



I nuzzled into him, holding my strong naked mate against my bare chest, and felt so thankful for all I had. Not sad for what I'd lost.

We were on the road back to contentment now. It would take a long time to get there, but we had each other. I had Aiden.

And Aiden would always have me.

**Josh**  
Aiden!

**Josh**  
Big news, bro!

**Josh**  
Game-changing.

**Josh**  
Seriously.

**Josh**  
Text me when you get this!

## Michelle

When I got home, I found Josh brooding in the dark of the living room, alone. He was



surrounded by all his research on Konstantin, looking overwhelmed. An empty drink in his hand.

“What’s going on, babe?” I asked, surprised. “I’m glad you’re okay. Aiden was worried.”

“Oh, yeah, it was definitely a weird night. But everything’s okay, I think....Now.”

“Is Sienna okay?” he asked.

“Yeah, Josh...but what’s up with *you*?”

He didn’t seem to want to talk about himself, and I couldn’t figure out why. He stood up and approached the bar, making another drink.

“It was Jocelyn’s idea, you know. Not to go after you guys. To let you get it out of your system.”

“That was...a good call. I owe her.”

It always felt weird talking about Jocelyn with Josh, considering the two used to sleep together during past hazes.

But then again, I guess she’d also slept with Aiden. And Sienna certainly didn’t hold it against her.



I knew she was nice. I knew she even had somebody. That girl Nina or whatever. But still, I might be capable of change, but only so much change.

“Is there a reason we’re talking about your ex?” I asked huffily.

“No, Michelle, that’s not why I—”

“Then what the hell’s going on?” I asked.  
“You’re being weird. Did I do something?”

“No, babe.”

Josh shook his head and approached me, pulling me into a tight embrace. I wasn’t prazing this second, but damn did it feel good to have my man against me.

“Nothing like that, at all,” he said. “I swear.”

“Work?”

“Yeah, except it involves all of us this time.”

He looked down at my wrist, at the mark Konstantin’s tar had left there.

It hadn’t glowed in a while. He slowly brought a finger to it, outlining it over and over, lost in



thought.

“You care to explain?” I prodded. “Or am I just going to have to guess?”

“Well,” Josh said, taking another swig of his bourbon, “you know how Aiden and Sienna were potentially going to go to Lumen for the Summer Banquet? To try and trap Konstantin?”

“Yeah, what about it? Weren’t they waiting on the Alpha of the Millennium’s permission?”

“It’s right there,” Josh said, pointing to an envelope on the table. “I brought it from the pack house.”

I let go of my mate and picked it up, reading quickly, eyes widening.

“Josh, it says here that Raphael Fernandez has personally invited the *entire pack leadership* to attend. Why? What could that possibly mean?”

“It’s a message,” Josh said. “Interpreted correctly, it means...he knows that the vampyre is near. And he needs reinforcements.”

“Holy shit. And...”



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I realized what that meant. Why Josh was drinking.

Why he’d seemed so weird.

Because, at last, he might have a chance to get revenge for what that bastard Konstantin did to me.

“Yeah, babe,” Josh said, finishing his drink. “Pack your bags. We’re all going to the werewolf capital.”

Next Chapter

