



Series

The Millennium Wolves



Book 6 - Chapter 14

AIDEN

I was leaning over Sienna, kissing her throat as she moaned with pleasure.

My hands stroked down her bare abdomen, tugging at her waistband.

The haze was full-blown, pumping through us both. My flesh vibrated with it, aching for contact.

My cock hardened.

Impatience with the pants won out—I pulled away from her to tug them off.

Sienna sat up, helping me.



Then she wiggled out from under me and pushed me back into the couch, going to work on the button and zipper of my trousers.

I pulled off the tee shirt and sweater I wore as I felt my trousers yank down.



Chapters



Display



Unmute



Comment



React



I intended to grab her again, but she pushed me back into the couch a second time, a glint of mischief in her eye.

It gave me a jolt of joy mixed with arousal—it had been too long since I'd seen that playful expression.

We were both naked now.

I gazed at her, taking in the beauty of her creamy skin, the heavy breasts that brushed my waist as she kissed my chest.

The kisses trailed downward.

Oh god.

Her mouth was red already from kissing.

She pressed it to my lower belly.



Her fiery hair spilled to one side of her head, tickling the skin of my hip.

“Sienna...” I breathed, wanting to tell her she didn't have to—I wanted to take care of her—

“Shh,” she whispered. “It's your turn.”

The haze rippled through me at the sound of her voice.

She pressed her red lips to my cock, then took it inside her mouth.

I watched, admiring the tangerine eyelashes brushing her cheek, flecked with gold.

Her mouth was wet, and it warmed me.

Her tongue moved over the tip of my cock. I shuddered with pleasure.

My eyes traveled down her long back. It undulated as she moved, kneeling before me.

I spotted the freckles on her ass that earned her the nickname I used in quiet moments.

Her fingers slid between her cheek and my thigh, stroking the vulnerable flesh of my testicles.

It sent a shock—unexpected thrill—through me, like sudden music.

I can't stand it.



I reached down and pulled, first her arms, then my hands found her hips and I angled

her over me.

I plunged myself deep inside with one hard thrust.

She was hot, wet, and tight.

Sienna arched her back, crying out.

Her legs wrapped around my hips, straining as she began to rock, the rhythm slow at first, but gradually speeding up.

I covered her breasts with my hands, feeling their weight. They were taut with desire.

I squeezed, then brought my mouth to a hard nipple, giving a light but firm pinch with my teeth.

Sienna gasped, her hair flowing over me as she looked down.

Her nails dug into my shoulders.

I carefully rolled us off the couch until she was lying beneath me on the floor.

This way, I could go deeper.

Her cries were coming regularly now.



Her cries were coming regularly now.

I thrust, again and again, staring at her face.

Sienna began to whimper. Her orgasm was near.

Her head rolled back, showing me her graceful throat.

I kissed it, and she came with a long cry.

“Aiden. Oh, Aiden!”

That did me in.

I pulsed into her, the release hard and complete.

Gasping, I gripped her shoulder, riding the last shudders as long as I could.

As the last waves of bliss receded, I collapsed over her.

SIENNA



Alone in the shower, I tried to get my feelings and thoughts into some kind of

order.

My body felt loose and easy, but I couldn't enjoy it.

It felt like a betrayal, enjoying the haze.

Selene would never enjoy the haze again.

But another part of me felt so close to Aiden, and glad we'd had this moment of connection. I couldn't feel guilty about that.

Aiden needed me. He needed this.

We needed this.



It was confusing.

What didn't help was that I had an appointment to meet Michelle at the Pack House in an hour to finish preparing for the funeral.

And the funeral was tomorrow.

Selene's death was inescapable—and just thinking of it that way made me feel terrible.

What kind of shallow monster was I, to wish

to escape my sister's death?

Michelle was waiting in the Pack House foyer when I arrived.

She'd straightened her brown hair and she wore a blue camo-print jacket over jeans. She looked polished and ready for a close-up.

A smile touched my lips. I loved Michelle.

"Hey, Si," she greeted me.

"Hey."



With a deep breath, I led the way to the dining room, where the chairs were already set up in rows.

Helena, the intern, came in as Michelle and I were walking down the center aisle.

Taking in the set-up, I thought of all the weddings we'd held here over the years.

Happier times.

"Good morning, Mrs. Margaret Norwood."



“Good morning, Mrs. Mercer-Norwood,” she said. “I have the sample of the bouquets you requested.”

“Bring it in,” I told her.

Glancing around at the windows, I wondered if I wouldn’t prefer to hang curtains on them.

Maybe it was the rain, or maybe it was just my mood, but I wanted it darker.

“Listen to this,” Michelle said, holding her phone and giving me an earbud. “I thought...for the opening. When you greet people as they come in.”

Tucking the earbud in, I listened. It was a fairly well-known classical piece, composed by a famous werewolf of the nineteenth century, Claudiu Zdenko Blažek.

“I was thinking something more... tonal,” I said.

“Blažek is timeless,” Michelle said.



“True,” I said, not wanting to get into an argument from the get-go.

Helena reappeared, carrying a small wreath.

She hurried over to me.

“You went with chrysanthemums,” Michelle observed.

The hemispheres of white petals captured a sense of sadness for me.

“They feel right,” I murmured as I took the wreath from Helena.

I liked the symmetry of the circular flowers and the circular wreath. It felt like a statement.

Everything orderly.

Death had crashed into our lives, but we could bring peace back.

“This is unacceptable!”



Startled, I looked up at the source of the outburst.

Gregory Singh, standing in the dining room entryway.

As he bristled with restrained anger, his caramel face flushing a darker brown.

He marched over to me, eyes trained on the wreath I held.

“I heard a whisper of this,” he said.
“Chrysanthemums!”

“Aren’t they lovely?” I asked, in a vain hope to avoid a shouting match.

“Lovely!” he scoffed. “We’re not humans, we’re *wolves*. We have *wolfsbane* at funerals!”

“Well I don’t want Selene’s funeral to be like every other funeral,” I said. “I want it to be special. And I want flowers that speak to me. These speak to me.”

Michelle, quiet until that point, made an unhappy noise and crossed her arms.

“They *speak* to you?” Singh said.
“Preposterous. Caprice and fancy. *That’s* all that seems to guide your decisions, Mrs. Norwood.”

I was so fucking tired of correcting my name.

“I’m sorry you dislike my choices, Mr. Singh. But in the end, they are my choices to make, and I’ll be going with the mums.”



Michelle scoffed and turned away, walking toward a window.

Singh's expression was thunderous.

"The pack won't stand for this. You flout tradition at the service, and of course, your absurd demand that your sister be buried in the Alpha plot—we won't have it!"

"It isn't up to you," I said acidly.

"Well. Values Watch, and those who agree with us, will be boycotting the funeral."

His face took on a pinched look.



"I'd rather not have a bunch of stick-in-the-mud, judgy wolves clouding up my sister's funeral with their hostility and negative energy anyway," I snapped.

Singh's eyes darted from Michelle's back to me.

"Have it your way, then," he said, and stalked out of the room.

I pursed my lips, giving Michelle's back a hard look.

“You know, you didn’t have to act like what he said bothered you,” I said. “You basically ditched me right then.”

Michelle spun around to face me. “I did not ditch you! I kept my thoughts to myself. You *know* I disagree with all of this, Sienna! These are not going to be popular choices. The press is going to drag you so hard!”

Michelle’s brow was furrowed with concern.

“Michelle, they’re just *flowers*.”



I need more peace, and calm. The mums make me feel calm. Why can't they just let me have that?

“If you really thought that, you wouldn’t care about the wolfsbane.”

“No, you’re right, I do care. Poisonous flowers feel *wrong* at Selene’s funeral. I don’t get why people love them so much. I mean, sure, they’re pretty—”

“They represent the grief and the bitterness of losing a loved one, Sienna, you know that!”

“Well I have *enough* grief and bitterness, thank you!”



“Look, as press secretary—”

“Temporary press secretary,” I cut in.

Michelle’s cheeks flushed. “Right,” she said, her voice crisp. “As *temporary* press secretary, I am advising you to switch to wolfsbane. There’s still time. And for that matter, rethink the burial plot, too. You and Aiden can buy a lovely spot in the city cemetery—there’s a hill overlooking the bay —”

This press secretary thing has totally gone to Michelle’s head.

“I hear you, Michelle,” I said. “I really do. But I’m not going to change my mind about this.”

“You know, you aren’t the only one who lost Selene! The rest of us did, too, did you ever think of that? No!”

Michelle’s face was flushed, and she was breathing faster.



“Did you ever consider that I can’t visit the Alpha plot as easily as the city cemetery—”

“You can, what are you talking about, you’re the Beta’s mate!”



“Yeah, but what about Mia, and Erica? Did you think of them? They’ll need special permission. Any of us can just walk into Mahiganote Cemetery, but the Alpha plot is in the restricted part of the estate!”

“But that’s the problem, Michelle! Anyone can walk into Mahiganote Cemetery. Anyone! I don’t want reporters and—and—trolls going to Selene’s grave and defacing it —”

“No one is going to do that. Your problem is you hate the press!”

“Your problem is you love them!” I snapped. “They make you feel important. But they’re vultures, Michelle!”

Michelle threw her hands up, gave her head a shake, and stormed out of the room.

Well. I’ve managed to drive two people off today.

I didn’t mind so much about Singh, but I hated it when Michelle and I had a fight.



We’re just both upset about Selene. The funeral being tomorrow is a strain. Things’ll get better after it’s over.



I hope.

I finished going over the details with Helena.

When we were done, I had a moment of feeling adrift.

What else could I busy myself with?

And then it came to me.

Monica Birch.

I settled into my desk in my office and opened “Robin Chamic’s” YouVision channel.



Sure enough, there was a new video. From what I could tell, it was the first one where Monica showed her own face, and with good reason.

It was a “coming out” video.

Robin Chamic was telling the world she was Monica Birch.

I watched the first two minutes of her
laughing, tossing her curls away from her

laughing, tossing her curls away from her forehead before I couldn't stomach anymore.

I turned it off and stood up, my hands in fists.

That bitch killed Selene, and she's making videos laughing about how she tricked us all.

Someone had to *do* something about it.

I opened and closed my fists, pacing.

Who can I talk to?

Who will listen?



And then I thought of it.

That TIB agent.

Enzo.

I stepped to my desk and pressed a button on the phone.

“Helena, where can I contact Agent Enzo of the TIB?”

“I believe he’s staying at the Pierpont Inn, Mrs. Mercer-Norwood. Do you need the number?”

“No thank you, Helena, that will be all.”

No way was I going to just call Enzo. I was going there in person. I was going to look him in the eye and tell him who killed my sister.

But twenty minutes later, when I got to the seedy motel and found him in his olive and orange 70s-style room, Agent Enzo was not interested in my accusations.

He let me in and gestured to the piles of papers scattered over a small round table, as well as pictures and notes pinned to the wall around it.



“Come in,” he said in his gravelly voice. “Make yourself at home, Mrs. Norwood.”

I noted the remnants of a meal on one side of the table—a burger’s paper and a pie pan with hardly more than a few crumbs remaining in it.

There were four empty beer bottles. A larger bottle of some kind of liquor had rolled partway under the bed.



“Mercer-Norwood,” I corrected, trying not to wrinkle my nose.

“Can I help you?”

“My husband found out something. We know who killed Selene.”

“Really?” he said, leaning against the wall and crossing his arms over his chest. “And who might that be?”

“A woman named Monica Birch. She’s an old enemy of our family. We exiled her six years ago after she tried to ruin us.”



“The reality show.”

He winced—almost as if in empathy.

I gave him a nod.

“She’s back, and she was hiding behind an assumed name. But Aiden figured it out.”

“What’s the name?”

“Robin Chamic.”


I gazed at the photos on the wall. Various

shots of me, Aiden, Josh, Michelle...

One—an old one of Selene at the Yule Ball two years ago—caught my eye and I went to it, touching the edge.

“It’s clear Monica killed Selene. She’s profiting immeasurably from it, Agent Enzo.”

In the photo, Selene was wearing a gown of her own creation, floor length with a harlequin diamond pattern in black and white. Her face was lit with one of her dazzling smiles.

“Monica’s whole career is online, now— social media, a YouVision channel,” I said, gazing at my beautiful sister.

“Killing Selene and breaking the story grew her following from the hundreds to the hundred thousands,” I went on, “That means money on YouVision.”

“You think she did it for internet followers?” Enzo said.

“She did it, Agent Enzo,” I affirmed.

He shook his head. “That’s not a lead I’m pursuing.”



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“Why not?”

“My call, Mrs. Norwood.”

“*Mercer-Norwood*,” I said between gritted teeth.

This is unbelievable.

He’s not going to pursue it?

What the hell.

I’ll just have to find a way to prove Monica did it myself.

Next Chapter

