



Series

The Millennium Wolves



Book 6 - Chapter 16

SIENNA

I watched in horror as a white-blue form made of light and mist projected out from my son's chest.



It was a wolf—but a wolf from out of legend: monstrous and gigantic, taller than any man, with fangs like a saber-tooth tiger.

Its fur bristled like spikes.

It was translucent and yet glowed with an eerie light.

It roared at the reporters crowding outside of the cemetery walls.

The first roar made my ears ring.

The second felt like a hard surge ripping through the air.

The third knocked the front row of reporters off their feet.



Chapters



Display



Unmute



Comment



React



Holy shit.

Rowan stood, watching. He was still.

Unnaturally still.

I had to stop him.

I grabbed his shoulders. I put myself between him and the wolf.



Nothing happened.

“Rowan!” I shouted.

No response.

Terror at what Rowan’s wolf would do next spurred me.

I stood up and called on my power.

My need was urgent, and I didn’t try to hold it back.

I reached a hand toward the ground and another toward the ivy on the wall of the cemetery.

Roots beneath the ground and vines from



wall shot out and met, weaving fast to make a barrier between Rowan's wolf and the press.

It grew rapidly, the roots and vines snaking around each other, some thickening, others growing leaves.

Vaguely, I heard the shouts and exclamations.



Rowan's wolf, my sole concern, hunched its shoulders as the barrier blocked its view.

Then it reared and began tearing at the wall with its claws.

My hand clasped over my mouth.

Shit! What do I do?

I have to stop him before he really hurts someone!

Then it hit me.

The wolf was more solid now. Solid enough to tear branches.

Without another thought, I swung an arm, sending canes from a rosebush someone had



planted just outside the cemetery gate.

The canes rushed over the ground and wrapped themselves around the wolf, tightening hard.

The wolf yelped.

With a ripple through his spiky fur, the wolf seemed to expand, and then the shape of him collapsed, whitish blue lines snapping back into Rowan's body.

The rose canes fell, empty of their capture.

My little boy crumpled, a heap on the ground.

"I'm sorry, Mama," I heard him whisper, and then he was still.

With horror, I saw...he was covered in gouges from the roses' thorns.

AIDEN

I scooped up Rowan. Sienna and I rushed him into the Pack House, upstairs to the medical suite.

In one room, Jeremy lingered.



We took the other, tucking Rowan into the empty bed.

Jocelyn, still in a black pantsuit, joined us, checking Rowan's vitals. She looked exhausted, her eyes drooping.

Sienna wouldn't look at me.



Which meant she was upset and angry.

Understandable, I was angry at myself.

"I'm sorry," I said to her as we stood off in the corner of the room while Jocelyn worked. "I should never have taken him over to talk to my parents."

Sienna shook her head, still making no eye contact.

My phone had been buzzing in my pocket for fifteen minutes. I took it out and looked at it now, more to have something to do than out of any real curiosity.

I knew what I was in for.

Multiple alerts from news sources I followed, as well as Yapper and Packspace.

Most of the headlines were uninspired:

CHAOS AT THE MERCER-GIBBS FUNERAL

FUNERAL SHOWDOWN WITH PRESS



ALPHA'S SON, MATE ATTACK WITH SUPERNATURAL POWERS

But then I opened Monica's blog and cringed.

HEIR TO THE EAST COAST PACK NOT TRULY "WERE"

I scanned the text. She implied in one paragraph that Rowan was possessed, in another that he was an alien, and in a third that he was a mundane human tricking everyone with illusions.

A headache started behind my eyes.



“Well, he seems fine,” Jocelyn said, putting away some instruments in her medical bag. “Lots of scratches and punctures, of course, but nothing some triple antibiotic cream won’t help.”

Small mercies.



“And exhausted,” she added. “We should let him sleep. You two can take a break. I have a monitor on him.”

“I need a drink,” Sienna said, and I followed her out.

In the drawing room, I built a fire as Sienna poured herself a scotch neat.

When I was done, I faced her.

We were alone in the room, by some miracle.

The funeral had been such a debacle, I supposed everyone preferred to go home.

At least security was keeping the press out.

Sienna sipped the scotch, still pointedly not looking at me.



“I should never have taken Rowan over to talk to my parents. I fucked up, okay?” I said, a little more aggressively than I intended.

“Yes, you did,” she snapped back at me.



I stalked over to the bar and poured myself a shot of Patrón.

Downing the tequila, I savored the burning flavor in my mouth.

“What a day,” I breathed.

A sob broke from Sienna’s throat. She slumped onto a couch.

Tentatively, I sat next to her.

She didn’t move away.

I took her free hand. The other still held the scotch. She let me encircle her fingers with my own.

“I fucked up, too, Aiden. Did you see what those thorns did to him?”

I put my hand over both of ours.



“You did your best, Sienna. You heard Jocelyn. He’s fine.”

Sienna shook her head.

“I can’t believe I hurt him like that.”



She met my eyes.

“And just after everything else. I just can’t believe they would say that,” she shuddered, letting the tears roll down her cheeks unchecked. “And right in front of him.”

It took me a moment to realize she was talking about my parents, not the press. I reached out and wiped the tear closest to me. “I’m sorry, Sienna. I really am.”

“What is *wrong* with people?”

I sighed. “We should talk about what happened. It’s not going to make anything easier.”

She did look at me then. “Guess my secret’s out.”

As she took a sip of her drink, her hand shook visibly.

“Well, and Rowan’s. Did you have any idea?”

She shook her head, then took another sip of scotch.

Watching her close her eyes, I tried to find the words to talk about Rowan’s wolf.



“I’ve never seen anything like that,” I said.

“Yeah,” she agreed. “It’s... something else.”

“What are we going to do?” I asked.

“I don’t know,” she said with a grimace. “I don’t know what we even *can* do.”

She stared at her glass.

“He’s dangerous,” she whispered. “But he’s still our little boy.”

SIENNA

The anger toward Aiden was seeping away in the wake of my own shame and fear for Rowan.

Aiden’s hands holding mine felt like a tether



to the world.

I wasn't sure I wanted to be tethered to the world right now, but the alternative was drifting out into space, and that seemed worse.



As if reading my thoughts, he squeezed my hand.

My bones ached and I was so tired.

Oh Aiden. What are we going to do?

Everything was a mess.

Everything.

The only thing I felt sure of was Aiden's love for me.

Setting the glass of scotch down, I leaned over and kissed him.

His arms wrapped around me, and with the fire crackling across from us, it was the first time I'd felt warm all day.

I kissed him again, and the haze ignited in my body, burning low.

Grief still weighed me.

What I wanted at this moment, more than anything, was to feel connected to Aiden.

To feel his love.



Our kiss deepened, and his arms around me tightened.

I shifted my weight, resting back into the side of the couch, inviting him.

He took my queue without a word, fingers traveling along my back to the zipper of the sheath I wore.

In a lingering, slow movement, he unzipped the dress, pulling it off my shoulders.

Arms freed, I unclasped the choker at my throat, and it was a relief to remove it.

Aiden slipped off my hose.

He shed his own clothes next, then covered me with his body, lying me down on the couch.

I felt safer this way, with Aiden surrounding

me. He was a wall against the world.

He buried his face in my neck and I wrapped my arms around his wide back, feeling his chest pressed against mine.

My sex throbbed, aching for him.



He pulled back, kissing my throat, his mouth traveling to the notch between my collar bones.

I watched the top of his head.

His hair smelled of cinnamon and something earthy.

I closed my eyes, inhaling, listening to the sound of his mouth on my skin, feeling the soft brush of his lips.

Then his hands began to stroke my belly, my thighs.

Between my thighs, to the aching mound there.

I was wet for him. Ready.

My hands tightened on his back, urging him to come back up, to cover me again.



Keeping my eyes closed as he penetrated me, I let out a long sigh.

Aiden rocked us in a steady rhythm, unhurried.

This is what I wanted.



Connection.

We are one.

Tears leaked from my eyes.

Aiden looked down at me, meeting my gaze, and I saw his eyes were shining, too.

He kissed me again, a deep, soft kiss.

My release was mild, a gentle outpour.

I sighed again as it flowed through me.

Aiden's movements increased in speed, just a little.

I lowered my legs, tightening myself for him.

He gasped and I felt him come.

I held him tight.

He pressed his face into my neck, small spasms echoing through his body.



Then he relaxed, the weight of him settling on me.

His breath warmed my neck.

“Ahem.”

Shit, what now?

Aiden lifted himself on one arm, peering over the back of the couch.

“I’m so sorry, Alpha Norwood,” came Helena’s voice.

I remained lying where I was.

“I tried to call you, but no one answered...”

“What is it, Helena?” Aiden said, his tone heavy with deliberate patience. “Oh.”

I peeked over the edge.

His breath warmed my neck.

“Ahem.”

Shit, what now?



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“I’m so sorry, Alpha Norwood,” came Helena’s voice.

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“What is it, Helena?” Aiden said, his tone heavy with deliberate patience. “Oh.”

I peeked over the edge.

Helena stood just inside the doorway. Next to her were Millenium Alpha Raphael Fernandez and Eve, his mate.

Next Chapter