

Sienna

tell me you aren't still getting on that plane today



Aiden

it'll be fine, love

Sienna

I'm looking at the weather. Blizzards all across the northern states

Aiden

my phone is dying forgot to charge it

Sienna

AIDEN.

Aiden

don't worry I'll be fine

Aiden

i love you

Sienna

Aiden, goddamn it

Sienna

AIDEN

SIENNA

Well, that was just great





Series

The Millennium Wolves
Book 4 - Chapter 12

Dark Mo



rs

UNLIMITED

Well, that was just great.

I slammed my laptop closed on the weather map
I'd been worrying over.

*The chances of anything bad happening are about
a million to one.*

Still, anxiety was busily tying my stomach into
knots.

I rested my head on the surface of the kitchen
table.

Between worrying about Aiden and worrying
about the fact that I was supposed to be meeting
Charlotte Norwood this afternoon, I felt like I was
about to throw up.

I groaned into the wood of the table.

At least Aiden would be home soon.

AIDEN

I took my seat on the private plane and
immediately plugged in my phone.

Whatever was going on with this insane reality
show, it was taking a toll on my mate.

I could hear it in her voice every time we spoke.





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If the plane didn't fall apart in this monster snowstorm.

I pushed away a pang of uneasiness.

The quicker I got home, the sooner I could wrap my arms around my mate and kiss every single inch of her body.

Besides, Sayyid didn't seem the least concerned about the howling storm, and neither did Bertrand, the pilot.

He'd seemed positive that he could get the plane back to Virginia in one piece, although he did seem a little dazed as we boarded.

Anyone would be. The snow was falling so thickly it was difficult to see ten feet away.

It will be fine, and there is no time to waste on useless worrying.

I had to get home and dig up that vampyre sludge.

I reviewed what Bobby Turner had told me.

The black gunk left behind in the altercation with Konstantin at the Yule Ball was a kind of magical substance.

Bobby referred to it as "ectoplasm," but I think that was his own personal term as opposed to a scientific label.

The ectoplasm was apparently a physical



The ectoplasm was apparently a physical manifestation of Konstantin's mind control—it spread within his victim, allowing him to take control.



When the victim managed to resist the vampyre's domination, they threw up the substance.

Most of it had dissipated, turning into smoke, but some of the tar-like stuff was left behind.

We'd gathered it as evidence, storing it in the Pack House basement with other remnants of the encounter.

Bobby said it could be used to enchant an object. He recommended a compass. Then the object would lead me to Konstantin.

I wasn't sure exactly how to go about doing that, but I was anxious to give it a try.

Bertrand started the engines, and the plane roared to life.

I leaned back in my seat, trying not to think about the raging snowstorm outside the windows.

SIENNA

Charlotte and I had agreed to meet at the Pack House, where Monica still had the drawing room set up for filming.

I'd originally wanted to avoid Charlotte being directly involved with the show, but she'd been surprisingly supportive of the idea.



It gave me pause at first. I'd figured Charlotte Norwood would turn her nose up at something "trashy" as reality TV.



But I guess people could still surprise me, because she'd been eager to discuss strategies.

I watched from the foyer window as a charcoal limousine rolled up the Pack House drive.

With a hissing intake of breath, I braced myself.

A few moments later, Charlotte swanned into the foyer, her eyes locking with mine like a predator's.

She was a dominant—but so was I, I reminded myself.

"Charlotte," I managed. "Thank you for coming."

In an instant, we were swarmed by cameras, but Charlotte seemed more annoyed than alarmed.

"I never signed a release form," she said, waving them away, and the crew backed off.

"You're looking terribly pale, Sienna," she continued, turning back to me. "That gray blouse doesn't suit your coloring."

Well that didn't take long.

"Now, take me to the film set you mentioned. Let's talk about *Real Mates*."

Masking my continued surprise at her interest in the show, I led the way into the drawing room.



The cameras continued to keep their distance.



Well, at least that's one good thing about having her here.

“It was Michelle’s idea,” I said. “But Monica wanted everyone involved.”

“I see. Frankly, I’m surprised you agreed. After that unfortunate business with the Fertility Festival...”

I bit my tongue. It would take too much time to explain that I was only doing this so I could make sure my friend was okay.

And I don't have to justify myself to her.

I raised my chin.

As we entered the drawing room, Charlotte stopped and took everything in.

Lights on stands.

Cables taped to the floor.

The tables still in the V-formation from yesterday’s catering competition.

“Was the menu decided?” Charlotte asked as if she already knew everything.

I blinked at her. “Uh, we decided that *La Grotta del Lupo* will provide the refreshments at the festival.”



Charlotte gave a half-nod. “Not a bad choice. I’ll give Marcellin a call later and make sure the selections reflect traditional fare.”

“That would be... great,” I said awkwardly.



Outside the Pack House windows, the snowstorm raged on.

I sent a brief prayer that Aiden’s flight would land safely.

I needed my mate now more than ever. He knew better than anyone how much of a trial his mother could be.

Charlotte stepped over to the confessional booth, which Monica had inaugurated by having each contestant talk about the challenges they had faced in the competition.

I began explaining as much to Charlotte, who held up a hand to stop me.

“I know how these shows work, Sienna. I haven’t been living under a rock.”

“Sorry,” I said, taken aback. “I just wanted to make sure that you didn’t think it was... I don’t know. In poor taste.”

I certainly thought it was. I guess maybe a part of me had hoped that Charlotte would come swooping in and shut this whole thing down.

But she seemed positively ecstatic about the idea.



I couldn't make sense of it.

“Well, it's not in nearly as poor taste as you allowing yourself to get involved with a vampyre,” Charlotte said. Her eyes were like chips of flint.



My mouth dropped open.

“As I said, Sienna, I don't live under a rock. I've seen several exposés on the situation, including that *awful* interview.”

“But—it was... I mean...”

Out of the corner of my eye, I saw Monica Birch and her cameraman filming our conversation.

Charlotte gave a haughty sniff. “I don't know why you act so surprised. The world knows he was able to penetrate the inner circle of the pack thanks to you.”

You were the one who brought him to Mahiganote in the first place! I wanted to scream.

“Sienna, do you have any response to these allegations?” Monica asked, coming up to us with Curtis and his camera trailing behind.

“What can she say?” Charlotte asked Monica. “Everyone knows that if it weren't for Sienna, Konstantin would never have sought out our pack in the first place.”

The words were like poisoned darts, hitting me one after the other.

What was worse was that she was absolutely right.

Konstantin had come to Mahiganote for me. For the Deity abilities he thought he could find in my blood.

And he'd used the people I loved most to get to me.

Remember why you're here, Sienna. This isn't about you. It's about Michelle, and helping her get back on her feet.

"We're not here to talk about Konstantin," I said, struggling for control. "I just want to make sure that the Festival of Flame is a success."

"Well then," Charlotte said. "You were right to call me."

JOCELYN



I wandered the frosty garden, lost in thought.

If Sharon Lowell was right, I would never practice healing again.

Crossing my arms over my chest, I tried to hold in the pain that blossomed within me at the thought.

The silver of my bracelet was cold against my arm. I tried to draw strength from it, but merely felt drained.

Who was I, if I wasn't a healer?

No one. That's who



No one. That's who.

I turned a corner in the garden and stopped dead in my tracks.

A woman with dark skin and curly hair was tending a mostly barren flower bed.

At first, I couldn't believe my eyes.

It couldn't be.

It just *couldn't*.

Then, she turned, and our eyes met.

"Nina?" Her name left my lips in a whisper.

I couldn't breathe.

She looked even more beautiful than I remembered.



I was frozen in place.

"Jocelyn," she said. Her voice was low and husky.

I drank in the sight of her.

"Jocelyn," she said again. She rose to her feet and took a step toward me.

No.

I can't do this.

My paralysis broke. I spun on my heel and ran



AIDEN

Sienna's hair tickled my chest as she kissed her way down my abdomen.

We were both naked, our bodies glistening with sweat.

The haze had us both in its scorching grip; my skin tingled with electricity wherever she touched me.

My cock was hard and aching for her tight embrace.

"Aiden," she whispered, an inch away from the swollen head.

"I need you." Then she took my shaft in her mouth, drawing it in deep.



Her green eyes pierced into mine, urging my haze into ever-more dizzying heights.

Then, without warning, she pulled away.

"Where are you, Aiden?" she said, tears running down her cheeks.

"You left me..."

All of a sudden, my stomach gave a sudden lurch.



All of a sudden, my stomach gave a sudden lurch.

I jolted awake just as the plane hit yet another bout of turbulence.

Under my pants, I was rock hard and uncomfortable.

Sienna's eyes from my dream had burrowed under my skin, inflaming my haze.

I had to get home to my mate.

In the meantime, the turbulence was... let's say... exhilarating.

Wind rattled the hull, making the plane jump and swerve like the world's worst roller coaster.

Where are we? I feel like we should be there by now.

Tapping on my seat's screen, I brought up the map of the plane's progress.

What the hell?



By now, we should have been over West Virginia, only twenty minutes or so from home.

But instead, the GPS was showing us flying over Nebraska.

This can't be right.

Shaking my head and grimacing, I turned on my phone and activated the GPS app.



Nebraska.

Motherfucker.

What the hell is going on?

Without warning, the plane dropped. A grinding noise came from under my feet.

I hit the intercom to the cockpit, but nothing happened.

Sayyid was awake and watching me.

“What’s going on?” I asked.



Sayyid unbuckled his seat belt and stood; I hurried to follow suit.

We made our way to the cockpit and opened the door.

In the captain’s chair, Bertrand gazed blankly out the plane’s window.

In the seat next to him, the co pilot was slumped over the control panel. Blood oozed from a deep gash on his forehead.

With a jerky, mechanical gesture, Bertrand’s head turned to face me.

There was a dullness in his eyes that sent a chill down my spine.

“You should never have come after me,” he said in Konstantin’s voice. “Goodbye, Alpha Norwood.”

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We made our way to the cockpit and opened the door.

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"You should never have come after me," he said in Konstantin's voice. "Goodbye, Alpha Norwood."

Next to me, I heard Sayyid's sharp intake of breath.

I looked out the window at the countryside, which was rapidly drawing nearer.

We were going down.

Next Chapter

