



Series

The Millennium Wolves
Book 4 - Chapter 14

Chapters

SIENNA

Michelle, Monica, and Charlotte—not to mention the camera crew—were all watching from the drawing room as Aiden and I clung to one another.

Without a glance at them, he scooped me into his arms and carried me all the way back to his office.

He locked the door.

“I’m sorry I left for so long,” he murmured into my hair.

“I’m just glad you’re home,” I said, tilting up my chin to kiss him passionately.

He broke away and looked at me, his brows raised. “Why on Earth is my mother here?”

“It’s... complicated.”

His expression sobered. “I’m sorry, Sienna,” he said again. “I’m sorry I wasn’t there when you needed me.”

His words soothed me, washing away all the confusion I’d been feeling for days.

Everything: the TV show, my distance from Michelle, my unspoken fears about her going



Everything: the TV show, my distance from Michelle, my unspoken fears about her going down the same path as Emily—it all began to fade into the background.



And then his lips finished what his words had started.

He led me to the couch where I curled up in his arms, savoring the warmth of him, the soft firmness of his body.

We kissed again, and his hands started to travel, fueling my growing hunger for him.

I climbed onto his lap, and he unbuttoned my blouse, burying his face in my breasts.

I fumbled with his trousers.

His hands smoothed up and down my back, warm through the silk of my top.

Joy blossomed in my heart as I kissed him deeply, then pulled off his shirt.

God, I've missed him so much.

It had only been a few days, but being with him now felt so right, like I'd been missing an arm and not even really realizing it.



I knew that just being with my mate couldn't solve all of my problems—only I could do that—but for right now, all I wanted was to forget them for a while and lose myself in his arms.

Aiden slipped my jeans over my ass and pulled them down.

I stood and got the rest of my clothes off impatiently.

The next thing I knew, he was standing naked, too.

For a moment, we just looked at each other, drinking in the sight of each other's bodies.

“You mean everything to me, Sienna,” he said.

He was so beautiful. I had no words for the emotion filling me as I gazed at him.

Then he grinned and grabbed me.

My hands caressed his biceps as he lifted me and pressed me to the wall.

I hitched up my legs, and he entered me in one thrust.

I gasped as he plunged in and out, over and over.



I finally felt whole again.

Tightening my legs around him, the scent of him—citrus and cedar—surrounding me, I pushed back against the wall, driving him deeper.

Together we climaxed, clinging harder, crying out at once.

We rode the sensation, rocking as we shattered.

Safe in his arms, my whole body went loose.

Collapsing on the sofa, we intertwined our limbs, trying to stay as close as possible.

And stayed like that for a long time.

AIDEN



The following morning, I escorted my mate to the immense Pack House dining room.

Before we left, I placed the small item Jocelyn had given me, now carefully wrapped in a thick scarf, in my coat pocket.

Sienna had a rehearsal for Monica Birch's show, and I tagged along to ensure Mother wouldn't shift into a monster-in-law.



Personally, I had no idea why Sienna had agreed to the show in the first place. She had never been one to seek out unnecessary attention.

But when we got there, and I saw Michelle preening before a light-studded vanity mirror, I began to understand.

“Are you sure you don’t want me to just shut this whole circus down?” I asked her under my breath.

“It’s not for much longer. But if Michelle pulls any more shit like yesterday, I’ll reconsider.”

I nodded grimly, and then Monica was hurrying over with her cameraman tagging behind as always.



“Good morning, Alpha Norwood, Sienna,” Monica gushed. She beamed at us, but then her face got serious.

“Everything alright?” Sienna asked. She looked around, searching for someone. “Where’s Charlotte?”

“That’s what I needed to tell you,” Monica said with a quick glance to make sure the camera was on her.

“La Grotta fell through! She’s trying to see if she can book one of the other caterers.”



The guy with the camera stepped closer to Sienna, probably hoping she'd start melting down.

Instead, she smiled.

"I have an idea."

Moments later, she had Mia's grandmother on the phone, and then she was calling Winston's.

I watched her, pride filling my heart.

"You've totally got this," I whispered as she finished her call.

I gave her a kiss, which she returned.



Out of the corner of my eye, I noted that they'd caught it on film.

Good. Let the world see how much I love my mate.

But then I drew her aside, out of sight of prying eyes. From the pocket of my coat I pulled out the small bundle and handed it to Sienna.

"Jocelyn wanted you to have this," I told her.

"Don't open it now, not where everyone can see. But I just thought you should know that there are a lot of people out there who care about you."



Sienna looked tenderly at the wrapped package and tucked it into her purse.

“You know, Aiden, I’m doing okay now,” Sienna said softly. She laced her fingers through mine. “And what you were doing... finding Konstantin... it’s really important.”

“You’re really important, too,” I whispered. “Much more important.”

“You always make me feel that way,” she smiled.

Then her expression sobered. “But eliminating Konstantin has to be our top priority. We have to finish it, once and for all.”

I gave her a nod. “Okay.”



Time to find that sludge.

SIENNA

After spending last night in Aiden’s embrace and this morning solving the catering crisis, I was feeling more like my old self.

And the soft weight of Jocelyn’s—gift? I had no idea what was in the slim bundle—gave me an added boost.



Even from Kansas, my friend wanted me to know she was thinking of me.

I would open it as soon as I got home, but first I had to finish preparations for the festival.

I put Mia's *abuela* in charge of the chefs from Winston's for the food.

It was perfect.

We'd have such a warm, personal touch, and the food would be authentic and traditional.

When Charlotte arrived, she acted as if the uncomfortable incident between us yesterday had never happened—which was unlike her.

I'd never known my mother-in-law to have a single opinion she didn't immediately share.



She merely raised an eyebrow when I mentioned my choice of catering, clearly biting her tongue.

Felix trotted over, holding a portable phone.

"Mrs. Mercer-Norwood," he said with a smile. "I have Miami on the line for you."

"Miami?" I echoed, confused.

“Yes,” he said. “They have a proposal for you, Mrs. Mercer-Norwood. You might be interested in what they have to say.”

With a vague nod, I accepted the phone.

“Hello?” I said.

“Mrs. Mercer-Norwood?”

“Yes.”

As I spoke, I noticed Erica arriving. She’d come in to help with the practice session, and she had excellent timing, since Curtis swung the camera to her, giving me a rare moment of privacy.

“This is Scott Tyler from the Westport Interior Design of Miami,” said the man on the line.



“What is this about?”

“I work for the city council, on a project to restore the Senator, a historic hotel downtown. We were interested in talking to you about a commission.”

“I’m not sure what you mean,” I responded.

“We wondered if you would be interested in creating a new series, especially for us.”



My mouth dropped open.

“Uh,” was all I managed to say.

“Our only condition is, we’d need you to come down to Miami immediately to meet with us, as we need to show you the space. Things are moving very quickly here, Mrs. Mercer-Norwood.”

“Immediately?” I breathed. The festival was tomorrow night.

“Yes,” Tyler said. “There was a change of plans, and now we’re behind schedule, so we need someone who can act quickly. We’d want the paintings within two weeks.”

“Wow, that’s... really quick,” I said. “How many pieces would you need?”

“At least a dozen. But we’d be willing to compensate you for the rushed deadline, I assure you.”



There was a pause.

My head was spinning. Excitement battled with hesitation.

“Well,” I said at last, “let me think about it. Did you leave your number already?”



“Yes,” Tyler said. “But please, Mrs. Mercer-Norwood, will you call me back by the end of the day? I need to move forward with another artist if the project won’t work for you.”

“I understand,” I said, and hung up.

I stood, holding the phone in one hand, feeling numb, as Erica came over to me.

Curtis was filming Charlotte arranging a line of candles on a dais that had been set up on the east wall.

“What’s up?” Erica whispered.

I told her everything from the phone call.



Her brown eyes went wide. “That’s *amazing!*”

It was amazing. But it also seemed too good to be true.

And I’d learned from experience to look before I leaped.

Blinking, I couldn’t seem to think of what to do with the phone, so I kept clutching it.

“Call them back,” Erica urged. “Tell them, yes!”

I shook my head. “How can I do that?” I asked.
“The festival is tomorrow, and I agreed to film the show for another month!”

“Sienna, this is a huge break for you!”

I didn’t know how to tell her that I was terrified at the idea of this responsibility. I hadn’t been able to paint so much as a stick figure since Konstantin’s attack.

And they wanted more than a dozen pieces. And in only two weeks.

My heart began to pound as I watched Charlotte, who was changing the order of some red and black candles.

“I just... I don’t know if I can do it.”



“Sienna, this is your first big commission! It’s not the time to doubt yourself.”

But I felt frozen in place.

Just the idea of painting was enough to send me into a panic attack.

And Michelle—

Michelle was more damaged than she would let

michele was more damaged than she would let on. That was the only explanation I could think of for her behavior yesterday.

And if I turned my back on her now—what kind of friend would that make me?

The same kind of friend that let Emily die...

My heart clenched with icy cold.

Everyone is counting on me.

If I backed out now, it would make me look unbelievably selfish—and on national television.

I had enough of that last year.

Plus, my friend needed me. Even if she didn't know it.

How could I let her down?

AIDEN

Seeing Sienna taking on Monica and the reality-show ridiculousness had reminded me of just how far she had come since we first met.

She was becoming so proud, so confident in her place as my mate.



It was up to me to show her that same respect and affection in return.

Seeing my mother had reminded me that I didn't exactly have the best model of motherhood growing up.

She and my father had only ever shown affection during press conferences, and even then, it was calculated to sell the flawless image they insisted on projecting.

I had to be better than that.

But as much as I wanted to ensure Sienna's happiness, I couldn't do that unless I knew she was safe.

In the basement of the Pack House, we had a storage room where we temporarily housed anything to do with Hunter Squad investigations.

Eventually, evidence was either disposed of or turned over to regular law enforcement for long-term storage.

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I looked up and down for the sludge we'd meticulously collected after the attack at the Yule Ball.

But it was gone.

Next Chapter