



Series

The Millennium Wolves
Book 5 - Chapter 8

Dark Mode



Chapters

Jocelyn



I'd been walking with Nina for at least three hours, and after our first conversation—the one where she'd said she didn't care what Aiden did to her, that she couldn't leave my side—it had been mostly silence.

I didn't think either one of us knew what to say.

Today was one of the strangest days I've ever had.

So much had happened in such a short period of time, and without any real warning at all. I got kicked out of the Healers' Retreat. Nina ran after me, declaring how she felt.

And now the two of us were trailing ahead on the vacant road, waiting for a car to pass us by.

I really didn't think it'd take so long for a car to come. I thought I'd be walking for a few minutes, max, before I found someone to take me in the right direction.

But now it was getting dark out, and I still hadn't given Nina a proper response.

“This probably wasn't what you were expecting for your day when you woke up this morning, huh?” I smiled at her. I was just trying to ease the tension in the air around us, give us some



semblance of normal.



She smiled back at me, taking the olive branch. “It’s an adventure. I’m never one to turn away from adventure.”

I laughed. “It’s walking down a deserted road as the night falls, but I’m glad you see the fun in it.”

“Jocelyn, I told you before. I don’t care where we are, I don’t care where we’re going. I just can’t be away from you—not again.”

I stopped in my tracks. “I thought about you too, you know. A lot.”

“Yeah?”

“I feel like... like I’m such a complicated mess of emotions. Between what happened with Michelle and showing up at the Healers’ Retreat and you... I don’t know what to think anymore.”

“Hey,” Nina said, stepping closer to me. She tucked a piece of hair behind my ear, and I softened at the intimate gesture.

“It’s okay. You don’t have to know what to think right now. Let’s just keep walking, make it through the night. Yeah?”

I took a deep breath, and then I nodded. “Yeah.”



“I think I see a light up there,” she said, pointing down the road to the right. I squinted—and sure enough, I saw a glowing red light, too.

“Do you think it’s a restaurant? I’m starving,” I said, beginning to walk toward the light.

“I’m so hungry I could eat a squirrel,” Nina chimed in, weaving her arm through mine. I laughed.

“A squirrel?”

“Hey, desperate times call for desperate measures.”

As we approached the glowing light, I saw the building’s sign. *MOTEL 74*.

“It’s a motel!” I exclaimed, feeling a wave of joy rush through me. We could spend the night here, get some food, and then start walking again in the morning.

We pushed through the front doors, got room keys from the front desk, and then found our way to the dingy old bar.

Surprisingly, it wasn’t empty.

There was a scattering of people, mostly older,

seated around the room. We grabbed some stools at the bar and sat down. The bartender came over to us. "Bourbon for me, please," I told him.

Nina eyed me, and then she nodded. "Make it two."



We downed the drinks and then ordered a second round.

And then a third.

After the fourth, we were laughing so hard it was like none of the day's events had happened. I had no cares in the world.

"I have to pee." Nina giggled as she stumbled off her stool.

"I'll be here," I called out behind her.

I picked up my empty glass, squinting at it. The bottom was curved, so it showed a strange reflection of light. It was beautiful.

"Hey." I heard a male's voice from over my left shoulder. I swiveled, taking in the handsome man who stood there. He was tall, tanned, and I could make out the swells of his muscles beneath his shirt.

"Hi," I said. While he was objectively good looking after the past few hours I'd spent with



looking, after the past few hours I'd spent with Nina, my heart wasn't fluttering for anyone else.

And besides, my sexual prowess hadn't quite been working since I found myself at the Healers' Retreat.

It wasn't something I spent a lot of time thinking about because, like the possibility of losing my healing powers, the possibility of losing my sexuality made me feel like I could lose myself.

But it was true. Since I'd woken up in the Retreat, I hadn't felt much of anything in terms of sexual desire. And I wasn't stupid...I knew the haze was happening now. I could see the hunger in Nina's eyes.

And sure, part of me wondered if that was why she refused to leave my side.

That she thought she'd get lucky with me again, we'd have mind-blowing sex, and then she could run back to the Retreat or wherever else she ended up.

But the bigger part of me was sick of worrying about the what-ifs. It wasn't like I was mating her this moment. We weren't promising any sort of commitment.

All I knew was that I felt good when I was with her. Maybe not hazed good, but *good*.



And I hadn't felt good like that in a while.

"Are you here alone?" the handsome man asked me, and I realized I'd been staring into the bottom of my glass again.

"Oh. Sorry, no. My friend's just—"

"I'm here," Nina said breathily from behind my other shoulder, and I turned to see her eyeing the man up and down. Then she looked at me, her eyes sparkling. Like there was some sort of mischief unraveling in her mind.

"I didn't mean to interrupt," the man said. "I can leave you two—"



"No," Nina said as she reached for his hand, putting her other hand on my shoulder.

She eyed me intensely, and all of a sudden, I knew exactly what she was thinking.

And I wanted it too.

So I turned to the man and gave him a seductive smile.

"Stay."

Josh





I took a deep breath, and then I walked into Aiden's office. I was going to make him listen this time.

Whether he liked it or not.

"Aiden." I nodded at him, and he looked up from the papers on his desk.

"You're my Alpha, and I respect you, you know that. I'd never do anything to go behind your back. I *want* to follow your orders. But if you don't start listening to me, Konstantin is going to become a very real threat to people we love—"

"I believe you."



I almost stumbled backward. *What?* I had prepared a whole goddamn speech, expecting him to find every excuse in the book to kick me out of the room or shut me up or remind me of his authority.

"What?"

"I said I believe you, Josh. Take a seat. Let's go through it."

My mind was spinning as I sat in the chair across from him. I didn't even feel victorious. Just confused.

“I’m happy you’re on board, man, but what... changed?”

“Sienna. She reasoned with me—”

“Our mates seems to be good at that.”

“You’re telling me. How’s Michelle?”



I sighed.

“She’s rattled. Right after she first saw him come out of the watch, she ran out of the house. I thought she found a mouse or something, so I ran into the bedroom. And the watch was there, the one I put the tar substance into. But the tar was gone. It’s like it just... evaporated.”

“So you put the tar from the night of the Yule Ball —”

“Yeah, the stuff that Michelle vomited out. I took it from the evidence box and put it into the watch so I could track him through the scent.”

“Clever.”

I nodded. “But now the stuff is gone. The watch is empty. So all we have is a vampyre who can clone himself and two pregnant mates.”



I looked at Aiden and realized we both wore the same expression.

The expression that said, *How the fuck are we going to do this?*

Sienna



Michelle and I were shopping for pastel-colored baby shower outfits when I noticed she kept rubbing her wrist through her long-sleeve shirt.

“Michelle, are you okay?” I asked my friend, who had a far-away look on her face. “Michelle?”

“Hm?” she responded, looking at me.

“Are you okay?”

“Yeah, why?”

“You keep rubbing your wrist.”

She looked at her wrist, like she hadn’t noticed she’d been doing it. “Oh. Yeah. It itches like crazy.” She rolled up her sleeve, and we both gasped.

Because there on her skin, in the shape of a blob, was the burn from where the black goo had seared her

Only now, it was glowing.

Jocelyn



“Oh... oh my God...” I moaned, until Nina’s mouth covered mine and I couldn’t get any more words out. I’d always liked it in the afternoon, but I hadn’t experienced anything like this in months.

We were kissing so intensely, so passionately, and it was the exact thing I’d dreamt about nearly every night.

Suddenly, the man between my legs changed his speed. His tongue had been moving slowly, licking me like a tease, but now it had switched gears—and was flicking with a quickness I couldn’t wrap my head around.

As he stimulated my sex, Nina wrapped her hands around my breasts, massaging them gently. All of the attention on me, on my body—it was like my spirit was finding its way back to me.

Waves of pleasure coursed through me, and as they did, I felt my climax building.

I was *feeling* again!

My sexuality, it was back!

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I could feel my back arching, my nipples hardening, my core tightening—release wasn't far off now. And as I looked at Nina's face, her eyes closed in ecstasy as she swirled her tongue around my nipple, I realized that Wendy had been wrong.

I wouldn't be losing myself.

Not any time soon, anyway.

Next Chapter

