

The Millennium Wolves Series Book Two Chapter: 08

Sienna

As soon as I sent the last text, I burrowed myself deeper under his covers. I hadn't intended on ending up here, in his bed, but after I finished the painting... I just started wandering

It felt like I couldn't take it anymore, the urge inside me to find him, to keep him next to me. So I sent the goddamn text. And now I was in his room, in his bed, because that was the closest I could get to him right now.

What is happening to me?

I was sending passive-aggressive texts. I was fantasizing about cuddling. I'd become the kind of girl I swore I'd never be—the kind that depends on a guy. The truth of that realization made the tears start falling. *Great. I'm even more of a cliché now.*

I was flipping the pillow over, trying to give myself a fresh start and calm down a little, when the bedroom door flew open. I hadn't heard a car pull into the driveway. I hadn't heard the front door open or close. But it didn't matter. Aiden was here.

He growled, and the sound sent shivers down my spine. His hazel eyes were on me, I could

feel them, but my own eyes were closed. It wasn't that I was scared of facing him after what I'd sent. I was dominant. I could always handle myself.

No, it was the embarrassment that I didn't want to acknowledge. The shame that filled the room and left the air feeling thick, making it hard to breathe.

Because now it wasn't just me who knew how much the Alpha affected me. No, now the Alpha knew too.

And then he was on me.

"Look at me," he growled again, and I could feel the heat in his hands radiating through my shoulders as he pulled me up. I was sitting now, looking right at him, and he hadn't let my shoulders out of his grasp. "You're crying."

I immediately wiped the tears away from my eyes, or tried to, at least. I knew if I tried to say something back my voice would betray me and he'd hear the shame loud and clear. So

I just focused on his face. His beautiful face, the one that was almost too much to look at.

But now, with his hands on my shoulders, he made sure my gaze stayed on him.

I tried to look down, but he put his thumb under my chin and lifted my face back up. "Talk to me," he ordered.

"I shouldn't have—"

"You shouldn't have questioned my masculinity." He growled at me, so low, so heartfelt, that the weight of what I'd done lingered between us. I had questioned the Alpha.

"But more importantly," he continued, "you shouldn't have been here by yourself. Crying. Being sad. No more of that."

And in an instant, he jumped over me and pulled me to him so we were lying on our sides pressed up against each other. His arms pulled me close to him, and I could feel him smelling my hair.

"I'm here. And I'll be here." His voice was right in my ear, and it made me feel like my entire body was wrapped in velvet. All warm and smooth.

I wiggled around so we were facing each other, lacing my arms around his back. Our mouths were centimeters away. Our eyes were wide open, locked on each other.

"I hate this," I said softly.

"You... hate this?" he asked incredulously.

I rolled my eyes. "Not... this. Not you. But yes, this. And yes, you. I'm not this girl! I've never been this girl. And now I'm crying, and I'm missing you, and I don't like that feeling. Of needing you."

"Needing me isn't the worst thing in the world."

"Sure feels like it."

"Well, I could be offended," he said, sliding his finger down my nose. The contact made my body quiver. "But as a real man, I'll just say... that I won't ever leave my woman alone. Not again. I promise."

Something about hearing my words come

from his mouth, about the closeness of how we were, all entangled in his sheets, made the sadness of before disappear.

It was like everything inside me was telling me to let him in, to trust him, to rely on him.

It was still scary, but it felt manageable now. Like I could overcome the fear so long as he was wrapped around me. I looked at him again, feeling safe and sturdy with a man who'd been a stranger a few short weeks ago.

Warmth. Dim light. Wrapped up in... something

"Mmmm." I let the sound out before I could stop it, before my eyes could even open. It was all too... too delicious. Like a warm apple pie.

My eyes flashed open. *Warm apple pie.*

Everything came back to me. The tears, the text, the growl. And the man next to me, still tangled around me, fast asleep.

Sun was shining in through the space in the

III

window that the curtain didn't cover. "Hey," I said, nudging Aiden's bicep. He looked so peaceful, so calm, that I didn't want to wake him. This might've been the first time he'd been more vulnerable than me.

But I knew that he'd left work early to be with me yesterday and that he had to take care of business.

He was the Alpha, after all. "Aiden." I nudged him again, and this time he stirred.

His eyes opened slowly, and he let out a big exhale, stretching his arms into the air. "Gr morning," he said, and then he pulled me back to him.

"I can't... breathe..." I said, laughing and squirming against him. I could feel him get excited as I moved my hips, trying to break free, but he just held me tighter. "Aiden!" I let out, and he released me.

I turned so I was facing him, so I could feel his breath on my cheek. "You have to go to work," I said softly, trying to hide my emotions.

I'd been needy enough last night. I didn't want him to think I'd be like that all the time.

And I didn't want to think that of myself, either.

“No I don’t,” he said, jumping onto me. He was straddling me now, pinning my hands above my head.

“You don’t?” I tried to fight his hands off me, tried to free myself from his grasp, but it was like he was the Hulk. *Or an Alpha*, I thought, laughing. Of course he was stronger than me, even if I was dominant were.

“I took the day off. I told you, not leaving my woman alone.” He lowered himself to my neck and started kissing, running his lips o my mark.

I instantly felt the Haze start to hit me. Slowly at first, but it kept building, nagging me to acknowledge it.

“You’ll have to leave at some point,” I got out as a way to distract myself, to distract him. I was still on my period, and I was still not going to have sex with him.

Repeat that, I ordered myself.

I am still on my period. I am still not going to have sex with him.

But then he grabbed the back of my head and hoisted me up so we were sitting chest to chest. He trailed his fingers down my neck, still wet with his kisses, and across my collarbone. He moved them down my arms, all the way to my fingertips, and the softness of his touch made me want to explode.

“Aiden...” I trailed off, my eyes closing. And then he was by my ear, nibbling on my earlobe.

“Yes?” he growled. But *no*. I had to think of distraction. So I said the first thing that ca G to my mind.

“I made apple pie.”

Apple pie for breakfast. Across from a shirtless Alpha. *I could get used to this, I thought.*

“This... this is amazing,” he said, stabbing his fork into another slice, his third slice—I had been counting—but I didn’t mind that he was eating most of the pie. I was hungry for something else.

Stop it, Sienna.

I watched him chew mouthful after mouthful, barely stopping to breathe. I liked cooking

for him. I liked seeing him enjoy things that I made. It felt intimate. Like he was enjoying me.

“Seriously, how’d you know this was my favorite?” he asked, already pulling another slice onto his plate.

“Jocelyn told me.”

“You two gossiping about me?” he asked G chewing, a smile on his face.

“You wish.” That was bold, even for me, and Aiden let the fork drop onto his plate before leaping across the table and tackling me to the ground. I was laughing so hard I couldn’t catch my breath

“I wish, do I?”

Again, my hands were pinned behind me, but this time he had a free hand to tickle me. His fingers dusted over my ribcage, and I thought I was going to pass out.

“STOP!” I tried to scream, but it sounded more like a laugh. “Or else…”

“Or else what?” he growled, and I felt the Haze resurfacing

He was between my legs, and I started moving my hips against him without thinking about it. He noticed, his tickling fingers slowing down, touching me in a different way. He brushed the strap of my tank top off my shoulder and kissed the spot where it had been.

This is my chance. With one swift move, I freed both my hands from his unsuspecting grasp and flipped us over so I was the one straddling him. His eyebrows shot up, surprised at my strength or my initiative or something else.

“Or else *that*,” I said, lowering myself to kiss him. I kissed him gently, briefly, and then moved lower than his mouth.

His hands were on my back, pushing me closer to him, and the Haze was cheering them on.

No, I thought, so I snatched his hands in mine and pulled them off, this time pinning *his* hands above him. Something about feeling

in control was making me even hotter. And I could feel it having the same effect on him.

“You know,” he started, his voice thick with desire, “if you’re really my woman, and I’m really your man, then you have to mark me

too.”

The next second I was on his neck, my primal instinct making sure everyone would know he was mine. When I finished, I looked down at my work. That was the first time I'd marked anyone, and it had been an Alpha. I felt wild with pride and with lust.

So I lowered myself farther down, letting my hands trail over his muscular chest, over his tight abs. I started kissing a pathway down.

“Sienna,” he said, somewhere between a moan and a warning. I was at the waistband of his sweatpants when I looked up at him.

“I want to do this. For you.”

The look he gave me after I said that was enough to make a wet log spark a fire.