



The Millennium Wolves



Book 6 - Chapter 23

SIENNA

Aiden's olive-green eyes scanned the packed crowd until they fell on me. I melted under the intensity of his stare.

In the time it took to blink, Aiden made his way through the bar until he was standing right in front of me. We weren't touching, but I could feel the heat radiating from his body.

I felt my own body responding as the haze swept through me.



The band crashed into another song and Aiden stepped closer until our bodies were separated by mere inches of space.

He leaned down until his lips brushed my ear, sending shock waves through every inch of me.

"You look beautiful," he said in a lusty whisper.

The shock of seeing him here wiped my



Chapters



Display



Unmute



Comment



React



mind clean of everything except the haze.

Just looking at Aiden was enough to make my thighs begin to tremble.

He was wearing dark blue jeans and a T-shirt that showed off the sculpted muscles of his arms. I noticed several women eyeing my mate appreciatively.

But Aiden had eyes only for me. “I was sitting at home when I realized I needed to be where you were,” he said simply. “Rowan is sleeping, and the nanny is staying with him.”



He traced a finger lightly along the line of my jaw and a delicious tingling sensation raced to every corner of my body.

“We have the whole night to ourselves,” he continued, trailing that teasing finger along the line of my collarbone.

My lips parted and I closed my eyes at the rush of sensation. When I opened them, I could see the force of my haze reflected in Aiden’s gaze.

“Well, what should we do with our night of freedom?” I asked.



He gave me a devilish grin, then wrapped one arm around my waist and pulled me to him until we were pressed together. I could feel the hard outline of his bulge as it strained through his jeans.

Then he stepped back and offered me his hand.

“Let’s dance.”



Out on the dance floor, we joined the mob of frantically stomping men and women as they screamed and jumped and flung themselves about to the thumping beat of the electric guitars.

Aiden and I were jostled back and forth as people pushed their way to the front of the stage.

The lights were huge and hot, flashing a kaleidoscope of yellows, reds, and greens over the crowd.

It was a chaotic, sweaty, claustrophobic mess.

It was utterly intoxicating.



We found a small opening and drew together. I turned my back to Aiden and pressed against him.

He and I began moving to the music as our combined haze continued growing between us.

We weren't the only ones, either.

Several couples had found their own tiny pockets of space.

Already I could see hands roving over bodies, sweaty limbs tangled together.

The pounding music offered a release.

Aiden wrapped his hands around my hips and pulled me close, grinding my body against his.

Neither of us were very competent dancers, but it didn't matter.

The beat of the drums swept us away and I was lost to everything but Aiden's hands as they ran the length of my torso over the fabric of my dress.

I gasped and threw my head back against



Aiden's shoulder as his hands moved lower, cupping my ass under the loose strips of tulle that made up the skirt of my dress.

His fingers on the soft fabric of my panties kicked my haze into a whole new level and I moaned out loud, a sound swallowed by the roar of the crowd.

We were surrounded by people who could notice at any second what we were doing, but they all faded away to so much meaningless background noise.



In that moment, I became someone else. Someone whose problems, responsibilities, and grief were a distant echo.

This other part of me seized control.

I was swimming in a sea of haze.

I was so wet.

I ground my ass into Aiden's groin, loving the feeling of his closeness.

I parted my legs the barest inch, and one of Aiden's fingers shifted my panties to one side and pressed against me.

We can't do this.



We'll get caught.

Unable to speak, I nodded my head against his shoulder.

Slowly, aching slowly, he eased one finger inside of me.

AIDEN



Sienna's knees threatened to buckle as I slid my finger deeper inside of her.

I pulled her closer, supporting her in my arms.

My haze was blazing through my veins, and I didn't know how much longer I would be able to keep from ripping the flimsy strips of Sienna's dress away and plunging into her.

I wanted to make it last for as long as I could.

I pushed a second finger inside of her slick heat and reveled in the way she writhed against me.

My cock strained against the denim of my jeans, and I pressed my hips harder against hers.



Sienna opened her legs a little wider, and I brushed my thumb against her center.

I felt her muscles clench around my gently thrusting fingers as a wave of pleasure shot through her.

Furtively, I glanced at the people surrounding us, but the teeming crowd was oblivious to our increasingly urgent movements.



Everyone in this bar was too busy searching for their own escape, through music or alcohol or sex.

No one noticed as Sienna's hand moved from its place around my neck and came to rest on my groin.

I groaned and sank my head into the soft cloud of her hair. Her fingers twisted and began pulling my zipper down.

A part of my brain questioned what would happen if we were caught.

If the music stopped and the lights came up and we were exposed in the middle of the dance floor.

Then the tips of Sienna's fingers grazed my cock, and every thought fled from my



my cock, and every thought fled from my sex-crazed brain as another surge of pure lust rocked my body.

I could smell her haze, the raw, animal scent of her skin.



Sienna turned so that she was facing me.

Her blue eyes were dark with desire as she reached her hand farther down the opening of my jeans and wrapped her hand around my shaft.

I readjusted my grip and continued moving my fingers in and out of her.

Another wave of electricity coursed through me as she began moving her hand along my rigid length. My breath came ragged and heavy as she stroked me up and down.

One of my hands was still buried in Sienna's wet folds.

With the other I clutched her tightly, a drowning man clinging to a life preserver.

With a triumphant crescendo the band finished its song and immediately launched into another.



The music changed, slowed, and the raging throngs of people stopped thunderously jumping up and down.

The lights dimmed. Everyone began swaying to the rhythm as the lead singer began belting out the lyrics to an old Nine Inch Nails song.



I removed my fingers from Sienna's tight sex and felt her moan of disapproval against my shoulder before I thrust them deeper inside.

I moved my other hand to the side of her breast and squeezed gently. I could feel the outline of her rigid nipples through the thin fabric of her dress.

For an infinite moment we stayed this way, pressed together, our hands roaming one another's bodies, hidden from the rest of the bar by the crowds of dancing people.

Sienna stood on her toes so that her mouth was even with my ear.

"I need you, Aiden," she whispered breathlessly.

"I need you *here*," she continued.



“Now.”

SIENNA

Aiden groaned into my ear and nipped hungrily at my neck.



“As you wish,” he growled. I could barely make out his words.

He gripped me by the hips again with both hands and spun me around so that my ass was pressed once more against his throbbing bulge.

I was still on tiptoe, feeling an emptiness where Aiden’s fingers had been.

He balanced my weight with one hand. With the other, he arranged the skirt of my dress so that it still hid my bare thighs from sight.

I wrapped my arms around his neck as he carefully slid his cock out of the opening in his jeans and placed it under my dress.

It pressed achingly against the opening of my sex.

“Tell me what you want.” His breath was hot on my neck.



I leaned back and our eyes met, and nothing existed except the two of us.

“I want to feel you inside me,” I whispered desperately.

And then his engorged head stretched me open.

I cried aloud, but it didn't matter because everyone around me was screaming to the music.



Aiden wrapped his arms around me and sank further into my depths.

I threw my head back again and surrendered myself entirely to the haze.

I swiveled my hips in time with the rising beat of the drums, feeling Aiden's length as it moved within me.

He pulled me closer and I could feel his heartbeat hammering through his T-shirt.

We were locked in place, unable to move too much without attracting attention to ourselves.

Aiden rocked his hips back and forth, moving in and out of me in small

moving in and out of me in small movements that sent rockets of pleasure radiating down to the very tips of my toes.

The deliberate slowness of the act added to the thrill as we burned with each new sensation that coursed through us.

My passion was reaching its peak.



I pushed my body harder against Aiden's.

His breathing quickened in my ear.

His fingers dug into the skin of my waist.

With a breathless shout, I came around him.

Waves of pleasure pulsed through me and I shook uncontrollably, completely in the grip of the most powerful orgasm I'd had in years.

"Fuck, Sienna!" Aiden buried his head in my hair, and I felt a pulsing sensation in my center as he exploded inside of me.

We stood in the middle of the dance floor for a long time after that, consumed by one another.



On all sides of us, the crowd danced on.

The sun was shining through the sheer white curtains of our bedroom window when I awoke the next morning.

It took a moment for the events of last night to bubble to the top of my mind.

When they did, I blushed with pleasure and embarrassment at the memory of how utterly, *shamelessly*, Aiden and I had allowed our haze to sweep us away.



The taboo, exhibitionist memory of it was enough to make me start to tingle all over again.

I stretched in bed, relishing the sated, pleasantly sore feeling that pulsed through my limbs.

After the earth-shattering sex at the club, Aiden and I had somehow made our way back to our house.

We sent Lexa home and checked once on Rowan's softly sleeping form under his blankets.



Then we had fallen wildly upon one another again and again, stopping only when the faint sounds of birdsong began trickling in through the window.

Rowan would be up at any moment. I glanced over at Aiden. His chiseled jaw was hanging open, and he was snoring softly.

I smiled and decided to let my mate sleep in for a few more hours.

Feeling refreshed and energized, I pulled my mate's red plaid bathrobe and went in the kitchen.



I pulled out bread, eggs, and milk, and began hunting for the cinnamon.

I was going to make French toast, Aiden's favorite.

Grief for my sister had cemented a permanent place in my heart, but for the first time since Selene's death I felt able to swallow her terrible loss and look forward to the day that lay before me.

I was in the middle of mentally planning an afternoon of sketching at my gallery when the doorbell rang.



Then rang again.

Putting down the eggs I was scrambling, I ran to open the door before whoever-it-was could wake up my mate and son.

Standing on my doorstep, once more flanked by two uniformed officers, was Agent Enzo.

There was a self-satisfied smirk plastered across his face that froze the blood in my veins.



“Aiden!” I shouted.

Hearing the alarm in my voice, Aiden was out of bed and down the hallway almost instantly, wearing only a pair of faded athletic shorts.

Without warning, Agent Enzo grabbed me by the meat of my upper arm and spun me around roughly.

I cried out in shock and pain as my bare feet made contact with the cold stone outside our door.

I heard the clinking of metal, and then thin, steel circlets clamped around my wrist.

I had seen people getting handcuffed



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I had seen people getting handcuffed hundreds of times on television and in the movies, but the reality of it was impossible to digest.

Aiden roared in anger and stepped menacingly toward the older man, but Enzo silenced him with his next words.

“Sienna Norwood, you are under arrest for the murder of Selene Gibbs.”

Next Chapter

