



Series

## The Millennium Wolves



Book 6 - Chapter 5

**MICHELLE**

My lips parted, and a deep breath rippled through me. “Please, if you see anything... Jeremy Gibbs is distraught and needs medical attention right away. Report any sightings to the Pack House immediately.”

The nostrils of one of the male reporters in the front flared as I gave the phone number.

*Motherfucker. I'm making pheromones.*

The thought only fanned the flames, however.



*I need Josh*, I thought, struggling to hide how turned on I was getting. All those cameras. All those mikes. All pointed at *me*.

“Michelle, does the Alpha have any leads on the killer?” a man in a pinstriped shirt called.

“Alpha Norwood has his very best man leading the investigation—my husband, Beta Josh Daniels.”



Chapters



Display



Unmute



Comment



React



Just saying Josh's name aloud made tingles wash over me. I felt so hot. I slipped a finger between my v-shaped collar and my chest.

“Michelle, word has it Sienna has collapsed with grief. Can you confirm?”

*It's always about Aiden and Sienna.*

The thought dampened the haze a little, which was just as well. It was really hard to concentrate when my body was on fire.

“Sienna is understandably distraught,” Michelle said. “She's doing the best she can in a difficult time.”

Several people chimed in at once, their overlapping questions unintelligible. It became overwhelming.



“No more questions today, friends,” I said, holding up both hands. “And one housekeeping item—you're blocking the driveway. If you don't want to be towed, move your vehicles so people can get in and out, m'kay?”

I smiled and winked at them. The series of flashes that followed ignited the haze again.

*Shit, I need Josh.*

As I made my way to my car, I dialed his phone.

“Babe,” he said when he answered.

“Meet me at the Pack House,” I said, voice breathy with desire.

“Right away.”

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I slammed him against the wall as soon as we got to his office. His mouth was on my neck, and it moved down to my shoulder, his hands at my hips, bunching the skirt.

Josh gripped me and whipped me around so my back pressed the cool paint of the wall.

I felt the prick of claws in the skin of my thighs, and my eyes flew open. He met my look—his eyes were yellowing, shifting to wolf.

I started to pant.

His animalism was so hot.

“Fuck, Josh,” I gasped as he dragged the skirt up around my waist and tore off my panties.



He ran the claws of one hand over my thigh, slipping in between my legs, drawing the sharp points over the tender skin there.

A cry escaped my mouth, and I started to grasp at his belt.



It had a large, heavy western buckle and I struggled to undo it.

I ached for him. I had to get those trousers off.

But Josh was in a mood—aggressive. He knocked my hands away and took off the buckle himself.

His dominance turned me on.

The haze grew within me like a bubble.

I let him flip me around and push me over his heavy ebony desk.

He tore off my blouse and broke the back clasp of my bra, freeing my breasts.

Normally, I'd have been pissed—that blouse was Prada—but I wanted those clothes *off*, and I didn't care how he did it.

“Oh shit,” I hissed as I felt his hand—no more claws now—slide between the cheeks



of my ass.

They moved down and pushed my thighs apart. I began to whimper as he explored the folds of my sex.

“Josh...” I breathed.



He slipped two fingers inside me.

Then three.

I panted, parting my legs more, wanting his cock.

“Please...”

“You want me to fuck you, Michelle?” he whispered in my ear.

Then he yanked my hair.

“You want it now?”

“Yes!” I said, the word making the haze burst through me.

Josh pushed a palm against my back, bending me over the desk.

*This is a new move.*



Something had gotten into him. And I liked it.

Then his tip pressed my sex.

My panting accelerated. I closed my eyes, and I could still see the flashes and the lenses from earlier.



Josh thrust into me.

Hard.

A cry escaped me, and as he began to ram himself in, over and over, each penetration made me cry out again.

It was like being feral. Language was gone. Just inarticulate noises.

I felt the claws again, in my back, and on my hip.

He was grunting as he thrust.

The sound of him. The way he filled me, deep and hard, with each violent push. The ache built, and my cries became louder.

The claws dug in, and I came, letting out a scream.

The orgasm rushed through me in shockwaves.

He made a choked noise, coming as well.

My body quaked, and I moaned with pleasure.



“Michelle,” he gasped, as the wave of haze subsided.

We were sprawled over the desk.

He withdrew and slumped onto the floor. I slid down to join him. We sat on the floor, side by side, leaning against the desk.

I gave his hand a squeeze. “They’re going to let me help them with the press.”

“Aiden and Sienna? How are they?”

“About how you’d expect. Sienna’s a wreck and Aiden’s falling all over himself to try to make things better for her somehow.”

“We need him here at the Pack House sometime today,” Josh said with a touch of annoyance. “I mean, I get that this is a big deal for his mate, but he has pack responsibilities.”

“When has that ever mattered to Aiden? It’s

“When has that ever mattered to Aiden? It’s all about Sienna. Always has been.”

“Sienna and Rowan.”

“Yes,” I agreed.



Josh stretched. “You know, there are more and more people complaining about the idea of Rowan being Aiden’s heir.”

“Singh’s faction,” I said with a nod.

“Yeah, but not just him. Not just that older, conservative crowd. You’d be surprised how many young wolves are jumping onboard with this ‘Purity First’ movement.”

I was aware. All you had to do was pay attention to Yapper to see it unfolding.

Sienna’s infertility was seriously undermining Aiden’s legitimacy as Alpha, and he refused to acknowledge it.

“Rowan still hasn’t shown any signs of shifting,” I said.

“It’s all going to get really messy,” Josh said.

## SIENNA



“They’ve moved a couple of the TV vans,” Aiden said, watching out of the bedroom window as I stood in my walk-in closet, wrapped in a towel, staring at my clothes.

“Looks like Lexa is here to watch Rowan, too. God, look at them, swarming her,” he added.

“I guess that means you can go to the Pack House now,” I said.

He appeared in my closet doorway. “I guess,” he said. “I don’t want to leave you alone, though, Freckles. Come with me?”

I grimaced a little. “I don’t want to go out there. I can’t face those people.”

“I’ll go tell them all to fuck off.”



That brought an unexpected smile to my face. “No,” I said. “Don’t do that. You told Michelle you’d let her handle the press. She’d be so disappointed if you made them all go away.”

Aiden grinned back at me. “True.”

“I do wish we could get out of this house. Too bad we can’t just sneak out the back.”

“Why not?” Aiden said. “Lexa is here. I’ll

just go down and check in with her, and then we can take off.”

“Take off?” I echoed.

“Yeah,” he said warmly, “Let’s go for a run.”

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We leapt over a fallen log, shoulder to shoulder, running through the woods that connected our private grounds to those of the Pack House.

We’d shifted inside our home. Then we tore out the back before any of the reporters had a chance to react.

The feeling of my muscles working, the air rushing over my fur, the freedom of leaving behind everything human—no clothes, no words, and no responsibilities—it was just what I needed.

Aiden, his black coat glistening whenever sunbeams hit it, pulled ahead of me and led the way for a little while.

Then, playful, I nipped at his heels, letting myself forget everything for a moment, and just be a wolf.

Aiden turned and snapped at me, still all in fur. Leathered myself and sprung on him



fun. I gathered myself and sprung on him, knocking him onto his side, and we rolled together, pups wrestling.

When the tumble ended, however, we were both in human bodies again.

Naked human bodies.

I felt so good, lying in his arms, my milky skin against his olive tones. His eyes were lidded.



He was aroused.

The haze was pricking at the edges of my awareness, and this time, I let the feeling grow.

Dread and grief lurked around the edges of my thoughts, but I clung to the exhilaration of the run.

I didn't want to face those feelings again.

Aiden ran a hand from my cheek, along my neck, to the edge of my shoulder, and then back down my collarbone to the base of my throat.

I arched my head back, and he kissed the spot between my collarbones.

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His mouth was like velvet, and I felt my nipples brush his chest.

The sound of a cracking branch was the only warning we got.

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