

The Millennium Wolves Series Chapter 30

The Millennium Wolves Series Book Two Chapter: 16

SIENNA

Aiden carried me bridal–style in his arms as he walked down the cobblestone path leading to our house. My heart hadn't stopped racing since we'd left the reception, and I didn't know if it ever would.

My insecurities were like swelling waves, lapping against the edges of my mind.

What if I'm not good in bed?

What if I don't live up to his fantasies?

What if I can't satisfy an alpha?

Aiden stopped at the front door, as if he sensed my fears. And maybe he did. Mates were connected in a way that was so intense it was almost indescribable.

“What's wrong?” he asked in a gentle tone that was unusual for him.

“I... I just don't want to let you down.” I murmured. In that moment, I'd never felt like less of a dominant in my life.

To my surprise, Aiden laughed. “Oh, Sienna...you have no idea....”

“No idea about what?” I asked, a bit annoyed by his laughter.

No idea how much power you have over me.

My face burned hot and a gasp escaped my lips.

He continued, holding my gaze. “Yes, I marked you. And yes, I made you mine, but....”

Aiden took a deep breath as he pressed his forehead to mine.

“You made me yours too. Make no mistake I’m not just your alpha, I’m your mate. And there’s nothing that will ever change that. Your love has made me stronger than any alpha blood ever could.”

The heat in my cheeks spread through the rest of my body like a wildfire, and just like that, my dominance returned.

I loved Aiden more than words could express. So I wouldn’t use my words.

I grabbed the hair at the back of his head and feverishly pressed my lips to his.

I wanted my fire to spread. I wanted it to consume everything until the whole world turned to ash and

we were the only ones left standing

Aiden’s tuxedo jacket was bursting at the seams as his muscles swelled underneath. He was practically shifting when he took a step toward the door and lifted his leg.

CRACK

Aiden kicked the door clean off its hinges, sending wood splintering across the marble floor.

He stepped over the debris, bringing me inside.

Well, that’s certainly one way to carry your mate over the threshold...

When he entered our bedroom, Aiden set me down, then pushed my back up against the wall. Our feverish kissing resumed as I started ripping off his tux, piece by piece.

Once his torso was bare. I ran my fingers down the deep ridges of his abs, to his belt buckle.

Aiden’s own fingers were busy racing to unlace my corset. He was getting frustrated, and I couldn’t help but enjoy it.

Finally, it was unlaced, and my gown fell to the ground. I whipped his belt out through the loops in one swift motion, and seconds later his pants fell. And near Aiden rather than a nod throat tham

followed as Aiden tore them off and threw them across the room.

We spent a moment taking each other in, officially mates. But a moment was all we were willing to

spare. We'd both waited long enough.

Aiden picked me up like I was lighter than a feather, and I wrapped my legs around his waist.

We crashed onto the bed in a free-for-all. There were hands and mouths everywhere, both of us

trying to grab and bite whatever we could

Aiden's claws were lightly digging into my bare flesh, and I wanted them to dig even deeper. I held his neck tightly, kissing it, before my kisses moved to his chest

I let my teeth scrape down his stomach, and when I got to his rigid cock, I took it right into my mouth without hesitation.

I started moving slow, driving him crazy, and then upped my rhythm until he was crying out. It was so big that I could barely contain it, but I forced it deeper into my throat.

When I came up for air, my saliva hung from his thick appendage like a silvery, translucent spider web. Aiden wiped my mouth off with his thumb, then gripped my neck, pushing me back down.

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I could tell from his satisfied grunts that he was feeling pure bliss. But that wasn't enough. I wanted to take him to fucking Nirvana,

I savored his salty and sweet taste as my tongue worked the tip. Then I took the whole thing in my mouth again until I reached the base.

My lips tightened around his cock as I slid them slowly up his length.

But when I came up for air the second time, Aiden flipped me over so that I was on my back. He pried my legs apart so fast that it caused me to inhale sharply.

Aiden used his fingers to spread open my sex, then he inserted his tongue, skillfully flicking it around and licking my most sensitive areas.

I moaned as my body convulsed with rhapsody. It was like he was using his tongue to compose a symphony in my pussy. And my involuntary cries of pleasure were the chorus.

His tongue continued to work as his fingers slid inside of me, testing my flexibility, preparing me for his massive manhood.

As his fingers explored me, I felt a twinge of pain mix with the pleasure. I could only imagine what was in store for me in just a moment.

A thrill ran up my spine at the thought of Aiden finally penetrating me. I was scared and excited at the same time.

As Aiden's cock rubbed the outside of my sex forcefully, his soft kisses a stunning contrast to the roughness.

"Are you... ready?"* Aiden asked, brushing my hair out of my eyes and staring into them deeply.

It was the same question that he'd asked me before. But this time, I knew my answer without a shadow of a doubt.

"Yes," I whispered as my arms cradled his neck.

My breath hitched as Aiden finally slid inside me.

At first, the tension was almost too much to bear. Like I was being pulled apart, but slowly, that pain turned into pleasure. The more I relaxed, the more we became a perfect fit for one another.

"Is it okay?" Aiden asked, not moving a muscle.

I nodded, smiling at how sensitive he was to my needs.

But the longer he stayed inside me, the more I was sure...

My pussy wasn't made of porcelain.

"You said you were going to make me how to the heavens," I growled sensually. "So, come on, Alpha. Show me what you're made of."

Aiden's lips curled into a wicked grin that almost made me regret my words.

Almost

He pulled out, then thrust back in. Hard.

I yelped as I felt him even deeper inside me. My increasingly wet sex accepted him with fervor as he started moving faster and faster.

But it still wasn't enough. So I grabbed him by the shoulders and seamlessly rolled on top of him.

Now I was riding him, controlling the pace. I lifted my hair off the back of my neck and gyrated as fast as I could, making sure he could hear how much I was enjoying myself,

It felt like the friction between us was enough to set us ablaze.

Then it wasn't just a building—that fire inside it was coming. Like a raging inferno.

"Fuck, Sienna," Aiden moaned, and I was right there with him

"Oh my... GOD!" I screamed, a sensation enveloping my entire body like an explosion

The lights before my eyes were flashing like fireworks, and I felt as though I might black out.

Aiden grabbed my hips and pulled out, his seed shooting into the air like a geyser.

I collapsed next to him, panting and trying to process the euphoria that I'd just experienced.

He grabbed my hand in his and brought it to his mouth, kissing it tenderly. "You're unbelievable," he said.

We turned on our sides and stared into each other's eyes. Everything felt exactly right.

"I love you." I said breathlessly

"I love you more than anything," he replied, equally out of breath. "I didn't even have to take you to heaven... You *are* heaven."

As his golden-green eyes flickered in the dim lamplight, full of adoration, I wondered at how I'd gotten there. Mated to the alpha.

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I just saw myself as a regular girl, but Aiden...

He saw me as a goddess.

And I couldn't wait to start the rest of my life with him.

When I awoke the next morning. I was still feel the high of the previous night with Aiden.

My body ached, but in a good way. *Will I ever be able to walk right again?*

I turned over to see how Aiden was faring, and was surprised by the empty indentation next to me,

Where could he have gone?

My phone started buzzing on the nightstand and I reached over to grab it. My heart leapt into my throat when I saw a message from Aiden.

Aiden I have a surprise for you.

Aiden Meet me at 121 Furtaugh Ave.

Sienna A surprise??

Aiden How fast can you get here?

Sienna

Omw!

AIDEN

I stood outside, anxiously awaiting Sienna. I couldn't wait to see the look on her face when she saw the surprise. Her car pulled up in front, and I walked around to open the door for her.

"Hi," she said, her eyes bright as she jumped up to kiss me.

"Hi, my love," I said, grabbing her hand and guiding her to the storefront. It was an empty venue. The record shop that used to inhabit it had just closed.

A friend of mine in real estate had told me about it. He knew I'd been looking for a space.

I pulled the door open for her and watched as her eyes went wide, looking at the wood floors and the blank walls. "What is it?"

"It used to be a record store." I said, "The owner retired and put the space up for sale."

"So, what? We're gonna have a picnic here?"

I wrapped my arms around her and pulled her close to me, bending over to kiss her cheek. "We can have a picnic here if you want."

She turned around so we were face to face.

"Aiden Norwood, what are we doing here?"

I looked deep into her eyes, trying to hide the smile tugging at my lips. "Sienna Mercer-Norwood, I thought you'd wanna see your new gallery.

Her mouth formed an "o," but no words came out. Then her head snapped around, taking in the space like she was seeing it for the first time. She turned back to me, her eyes still wide.

"Happy one week anniversary. Sienna."

She squealed—I didn't even know her voice could reach that octave—and then she ran around the entire circumference of the shop, looking at each wall for a moment before moving to the next.

Something inside me welled up, something made of joy and love, of passion and of familiarity, like first time.

Then she came back to me. I can't believe you did this... for me," she said.

"I'd do anything for you."

She looked at the ground then back at me "There's something I want to tell you. I found out something. About my... my birth parents."

I'd known Sienna had been adopted by her parents, but we'd never talked much about it before. I could see how important this was to her, how much it made her whole body tense up, like she was trying to keep the information inside.

"They were alphas."

My mind went blank. I blinked. "Where? Where? When?"

"They're gone now but... in the Texas Pack. They were alphas, Aiden."

"They were alphas," I whispered back, and everything started to make sense. Her power, the way we could communicate, the way she felt like the most perfect fit. I grabbed her and kissed her because this day... it couldn't get any better.

SIENNA

I'd gotten so excited by the new gallery, Aiden had insisted on giving me some time to get acquainted with it by myself.

He probably just wants to get away from all my squealing.

I'd already made a stop at my parents place to pick up some of my sketchbooks and paintings from the garage. It had served as my makeshift studio for a while, but now..

"I have my own fucking *gallery*." I said aloud to no one. I still couldn't believe it was real.

I picked up one of my old sketchbooks and started flipping through the pages to see if there was anything that had potential,

I smiled when I saw an unfinished sketch of a handsome and muscular man, looking like he had the weight of the world on his broad shoulders.

It was from the first time I'd met Aiden.

I thought back to that day at the river. The day that had changed everything. Now everything was so different, but it all felt like it had happened the way it was supposed to.

As I flipped to the next page, my heart stopped.

It was the *other* sketch that I'd drawn that day. The haunting, sexual vision that had hung over me like a dark cloud.

But when I looked at it now, it didn't fill me with dread. Instead, I felt a sense of peace.

I thought of Emily and felt tears brimming in my eyes. I had finally found a way to move on from the past. I knew Emily would've been proud me.

I hoped that, just maybe, she was up there watching over me. Maybe my peace could be hers as well.

I wiped away the tears and picked up a pencil, then flipped to a blank page.

A new beginning

As I sat in my gallery, watching my pencil scribble over the page in abstract movements, I had a different kind of determination. One that wasn't fueled by any traumatic past memories or regrets or anyone else's judgments.

No, now my determination was for my future.

I had a gallery to fill my own gallery, with walls so blank they screamed possibility. So I'd promised myself that I'd be here drawing every morning until there was no space left in the gallery

for new work.

I suddenly felt a gust of wind hit me, but the chill that came with it lingered long after it had gone. *Did I leave the door open?* That's when I turned to my left. And saw her.

The purple-eyed lady.

She was back.

"Hello, Sienna." She walked toward me, every one of her movements more graceful than the last.

"You never told me your name," I responded, keeping my guard up. Something about being mated to an alpha was making me more confident in myself.

"It is Eve," she said, her purple eyes glowing at me. You looked beautiful at your mating ceremony."

You were there?"

She just smiled. Of course she was there. She was everywhere. But I'd asked the wrong question...

—"Why are you *here?*"

"I'm on my way out of town. But I wanted to warn you of the dangerous path ahead, seeing as how I'm the one who set you on it," she responded cryptically.

Warn me? What path?"

"The path to finding the truth about your birth parents."

I was stunned into silence, but Eve continued speaking. "Just be careful of who you trust. There are those who don't have your best interests at heart."

"Like who?" I asked, but Eve was already gliding back toward the door. "How do I find the truth?"

"Only you can answer that, Sienna. You may even find that the answer is already within you."

With those final words, Eve disappeared, leaving me more confused than ever.

When my eyes returned to my sketchbook, that confusion turned into a feeling of foreboding. The abstract sketch I'd been working on when Eve walked in suddenly held a very clear form.

A shadowy figure with elongated fangs. parents.”

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A vampyre.

