



Series

The Millennium Wolves
Book 4 - Chapter 16

Dark Mode



Chapters

Alpha Etienne Tremblay @CanadaAlpha
Very much enjoyed the #MonicaBirchShow's
Festival of Flame episode. It's good to see
traditions revived! We are all richer for it.
#FestivalofFlame

Liz @Timeywimey doc
I just love a throwback to an earlier time!
The #FestivalofFlame reminded me of my
grandparents and days gone by. Oh the feels!



MICHELLE

I sat at my kitchen table the evening after the
festival, checking out all of the responses to the
show.

The first episodes had already aired, and I was
having a blast scrolling social media for reactions.

Almost all of the yips about it were positive.
Several mentioned me, specifically.

Raquel Is A Diva @DivaRaquel
OMG @MichelleAwesomeDaniels you were
soooo view-tiful at the #FestivalofFlame — that
Versace

Marco Lupo @LupoActor
Looove watching @MichelleAwesomeDaniels
work that stage. Hot hot hot
#FestivalofFlame



But many, many more were talking about Sienna.

Alexa @AlexaWilder91

I have never been prouder to be a part of the ECP than when #Sienna lit those candles and said the blessing. Such poise!



Eye for Fashion Show @EFF

Sienna's understated class was on display at the #FestivalofFlame and we were there for it!

Darla Sykes @DarlaSykes

I'm just not seeing enough praise of #Sienna for the way she honored her friendship at the #FestivalofFlame! I was really moved. It was a lovely gesture and you could tell it meant a lot to #Michelle.

I rolled my eyes.

Sienna *finally* gave me my due, and now *she* was getting accolades for it?

The girl lived a charmed life.

I groaned and shut the laptop.

What was the damn point?

Maybe this whole reality show idea had been a huge mistake.



It was supposed to be helping me to feel better, to reconnect with the world after spending so much time as a prisoner in my own mind.

But I felt more lost and ignored than ever.



My best friend was upstaging me no matter how hard I tried.

I hadn't seen my mate for more than ten minutes in God knew how long.

And I still couldn't shake the feeling that I would never truly be okay.

That I would spend the rest of my life as a haunted house.

SIENNA

I waited almost a day before breaking down and trying to find a healer.

I hadn't told Aiden about my inability to shift. I didn't want to worry him until I knew there was something to worry about.

Besides, learning that Josh had taken the sludge from the evidence room and was currently AWOL had made him progressively more edgy.

I would tell him everything once I knew what—if anything—was wrong with me. So I went in search of a healer.

But with Jocelyn still in Lawrence—and Aiden had told me that devastating news about the loss of her healing abilities—I had to find her assistant.

On a Saturday evening that might have proven tricky, but I got lucky and found Hanh crouched over a microscope in the medical bay.

“What can I do for you, Sienna?” Hanh asked.



“I was wondering... I’m sorry to bother you... but I have a health concern,” I stuttered.

“Of course,” the healer responded calmly. He had a soothing presence, and I took a deep breath.

But still, the words wouldn’t come. I looked down at my lap, running the tip of my finger along the ridges of my corduroy pencil skirt.

“I—I think I may have a problem,” I said at last.

Hanh gazed at me with kind, dark eyes.

Encouraged, I said, “I—I can’t shift.”

He gave a short nod. “Alright. Have you noticed



anything else amiss? Any body aches? Fever? Blurred vision?"

Umm... a few weeks ago I think I psychically dropped a tree on a vampyre?

But Hanh didn't need to know about that.

Again, I yearned for Jocelyn's comforting presence.

I shook my head, but then curled my fingers into fists in my lap.

"Actually, I have been having... anxiety," I said.

"Not surprising, really, given recent events."



I shrugged, steeling myself for the other thing I needed to discuss.

I wished Jocelyn were here. She'd comforted me before, during a similar situation.

"Also," I continued. "I'm afraid something is wrong... with my fertility."

Hanh's brow knit. "What makes you say that?"

"Well, Aiden and I... we've been... together this last haze. And I'm not pregnant."



“But would you say you two are actively trying?”

“No, but we weren’t actively preventing, either.”

Hanh smiled. “Well, let’s have a look-see, shall we?”

AIDEN

“Josh!” I barked.

His whole body flinched. He turned and met my eyes. From that distance I couldn’t be sure, but the way he hunched one shoulder for just a second—that was guilt, I was willing to bet.

Hmmm, I wonder why?



Two days had gone by since I’d realized Josh had taken the tar Konstantin left behind, but he wouldn’t answer calls or texts.

I’d had to resort to using the tracker on Josh’s ECP-issued phone, finally catching up to him at a hotel near Winston-Salem.

I was exhausted, and a headache was brewing in the back of my skull.

Last night Sienna had woken in a cold sweat, then rushed to the bathroom to heave her guts out.

I'd tried to help her, but she just told me to go back to bed.

My mate was suffering, and the only way I could fix it was to find this goddamn vampyre.

Josh had been pulling his Bronco out just as I arrived, but I'd rushed into his view, shouting.

I marched over to him, fists at my sides.

He didn't look much better than he had when Michelle was still in the coma.

And as I drew nearer, I could smell the alcohol.

Concern warred with frustration within me.



Josh clearly wasn't doing well. This whole thing had really gotten under his skin.

But he was also sabotaging *me* with his actions.

And in doing so, he was putting the entire pack at risk.

He needed to remember his place.

JOSH



I glowered as Aiden approached my truck.

How had he even found me?

Then I remembered the tracker on my phone.

I was tagged, like a prepubescent child.

Anger was boiling in my veins, but I forced myself to speak calmly.



“Hey, Aiden. What are you doing here?” I asked, sitting up straighter in my seat.

“Looking for you,” he said shortly. “Why haven’t you answered my calls?”

I grimaced, rubbing the back of my neck. “Sorry, man. I just didn’t want to talk to anyone until I had something to talk about. Some kind of result or lead—anything.”

Aiden crossed his arms.

Jesus Christ, who did he think he was, my father?

Actually, my father probably would have approved of my little bender.

“I know you’re hunting Konstantin on your own,”

Aiden said coldly. “What’s the idea? Why cut the Hunter Squad out of it?”

“I wasn’t trying to cut anyone out of it,” I protested. “I just wanted to see if I could find anything. *You’re* the one who cut me out of the Chicago trip!”

“You’re too close to this thing, Josh,” Aiden said. “It’s affecting your judgment.”

My claws slid out an inch.



He’s worried about MY judgment? After letting a vampire into our inner circle?

“I get into *one* bar fight—”

“And you take off with our only lead!” Aiden shouted. “You took the sludge, Josh! I was on my way to find it, to try to use it to locate Konstantin, and you’d already removed it from storage. Without logging it, either!”

I hoped he couldn’t see the blood draining from my face.

Goddammit Sayyid. Can’t you keep a secret for two fucking seconds?

Okay, be chill.



I gave him a bewildered look. “Why would you care about that?”

“What do you mean? Sayyid told me he updated you. The sludge is our one hope of finding Konstantin.”

Exactly why I didn’t tell Aiden about the sludge, even I wasn’t entirely sure.

All I knew was that my gut was telling me not to trust him.



That Michelle had nearly died the last time I trusted Aiden Norwood.

But chill didn't work. Try deflection.

I shook my head. “That’s not what Sayyid said! That Turner guy claimed it could be used like a... tracking device. And it can’t!”

Aiden frowned, and I seized on his moment of doubt.

I ran a hand sheepishly through my unwashed hair. “Sayyid never said you wanted to try it; he sounded really unconvinced about it. So I figured I’d give it a shot while you did all the rest of the stuff with the traffic cams and all.”

Aiden scowled. “Bobby Turner gave up looking for Konstantin because he couldn’t find him, but

for Konstantin because he couldn't find him—but he told us we had a real advantage with the sludge. Of course I want to try it.”

Don't give it to him.

I'm the Beta. Security is my responsibility.



I rocked uncomfortably back on my feet.

“What do you mean it can't be used as a tracking device?” Aiden said after a moment.

I rubbed my temples, trying to seem frustrated.

Thankfully, it wasn't hard. “I tried, Aiden. I put it in a glass bottle and tried to see which way it... oozed. But I've been driving practically to hell and back again, and I have yet to come across any sign of him.”

Aiden stifled a groan. “Turner said you had to put it into something mechanical, or like, a compass. It's a magical substance and it'll work in something like that.”

“Oh,” I said, irritated that he knew as much as I did about the mysterious sludge.

Still, I had no intention of giving it over to Aiden.

“Okay, well, I want it back,” he said.





“I’m not done trying, though,” I insisted.

Why can't he just trust me for once!?

Aiden’s face took on a stubborn expression I knew well. “Josh, I’m leading this investigation. Hand it over.”

I could see I wasn’t going to win this one easily.

I growled, low in my throat, preparing for a fight.

MONICA

I watched from one of my secretly installed hidden cameras as Sienna walked to the healing bay and quietly went inside.

She was wringing her hands nervously.

A smile spread across my face.

So something's wrong with our precious little Alpha's mate.

I leaned back in my office chair, gazing at my computer screen.

How could I spin this to my advantage?

There was always a way to spin something to my advantage.

But why was she there?



If it was something juicy enough, it could be just what I'd been looking for.

Especially now that the Festival of Flame was done.

I needed a new angle.

Which meant I needed new information.

With the pack's healer gone—and from what I'd heard, having lost her mojo—Sienna would have to talk to the other one—the quiet Asian one with glasses.

I cracked my knuckles as an idea came to me.

It would be tricky, but all the pieces were already in place.

And if I could pull it off, it would mean the story of the century.

SIENNA



Hanh had me lie on the bed in my hotel room as he put his palms on me.



His touch was firm and confident, that warm healing energy emanating even as he tested and prodded.

He asked me to lie on my belly first. He pressed on my shoulders, the back of my neck, my lower back, my thighs.

Then Hanh had me roll over and he did the same examination Jocelyn had done when I thought I was pregnant.

Finally, Hanh met my eyes steadily, then pressed his hands together.

If you'd asked me even a month ago whether I wanted children, I wouldn't have been able to give a straight answer.

I still wasn't sure if I was ready to become a parent anytime soon, but as I watched Hanh's face, I knew one thing for certain.

If it turned out I was truly infertile, it would be a devastating blow unlike anything I'd ever experienced.

I waited, breathless with anticipation.

examination Jocelyn had done when I thought I was pregnant.

Finally, Hanh met my eyes steadily, then pressed his hands together.



UNLIMITED

If you'd asked me even a month ago whether I wanted children, I wouldn't have been able to give a straight answer.

I still wasn't sure if I was ready to become a parent anytime soon, but as I watched Hanh's face, I knew one thing for certain.

If it turned out I was truly infertile, it would be a devastating blow unlike anything I'd ever experienced.

I waited, breathless with anticipation.

Hanh cleared his throat, looking nervous.

"Sienna. I have good news, and I have bad news... What do you want to hear first?"

[Next Chapter](#)