



Series

The Millennium Wolves
Book 4 - Chapter 25

Dark Mode



Chapters

MICHELLE

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Holy moly i never seen a wolf go apeshit on a preggo lady like that b4! #Sienna sure lost her shit on the #MonicaBirchShow. You know what's not hot? Chicks having emotional breakdowns. #Sienna got #triggered and no one knows why! LOL I'm loving the #MonicaBirchShow, you know it!



Etienne Tremblay @CanadaAlpha

Unbelievable fiasco on the #MonicaBirchShow yesterday. More evidence that #Sienna is not cut out to be the #AlphasMate.

I set my phone down on the restaurant table in disgust, glancing around at the other patrons.

I wondered how many of them had seen the clip, which had gone viral the instant it had aired.

It was later that evening, and I was waiting for Josh in a posh downtown restaurant.

We had planned a date night, and I couldn't wait to show him the yips that were already pouring in.

Sienna couldn't handle blessing a few pregnant bellies, for fuck's sake!

I felt terrible for her and all. I mean, she was still



I felt terrible for her and all. I mean, she was still my best friend and I wasn't completely heartless.

But I wasn't her babysitter. Or her mother.

And it wasn't my fault if she couldn't hack it.

Especially since all she'd needed to do was say a few words.

I could have done it in my sleep.



But no one wanted me.

They only wanted Sienna.

And where the fuck is Josh?

He was almost forty minutes late for our date, and the servers were starting to give me a look.

That look that said, "Oh, poor thing, she got stood up."

I glared at them.

I don't need your pity.

I don't need my mate.

I don't need anyone.

Standing up from the table, I stalked out of the restaurant.

Somehow, I made it to my car before the tears began streaming down my cheeks.

JOSH

My flask was empty.



I hurled it onto the passenger's seat in disgust.

I felt like an enormous fool for ditching Michelle.

But she would forgive me.

I was getting closer.

And I couldn't turn back now. Not when I'd come this far.

If the watch kept me going for much longer, I'd have to get gas. I'd buy a bottle then.

I really need to stop drinking.

If I was about to take on Konstantin, I needed my wits about it.

But the whiskey kept me going—kept me focused and determined.

Aiden had killed *someone* yesterday.

Someone dangerous enough to take out a Hunter Squad captain like Sayyid Hamdi.

The DNA showed that that person was Konstantin, but it didn't sit right.

Why would Konstantin, a powerful "saint" vampire, resort to using a gun?



Where were his mind games?

Who is Ernesto Ruis? What part did he play in all of this?

And what's the significance of the stolen bones?

Something was wrong, and I was going to figure out what.

I pressed down harder on the accelerator, barreling even faster down the highway.

SIENNA

If everything had gone normally the previous day, I would have met up with Monica, Charlotte,



Michelle, Blair, and Selene today.

There was another live *Real Mates* episode this afternoon, this one at a fundraising tea that Blair had spearheaded to benefit the hospital's obstetrics wing.

But they were going to have to do it without me.

Because instead of heading to the luncheon, I went to my gallery.

The studio was still wrecked from the fit of rage I'd had a few days ago.

Shaking my head, I began cleaning up the mess I'd made.

I felt better. More grounded.



I was confident that I'd made the right decision.

For too long, I'd been trying to mold myself into something that I wasn't.

I'd let myself get trapped in fear and doubt.

And Konstantin had used that fear to manipulate me.

But he was dead. The looming threat of the

vampyre was finally gone from my life. From the lives of everyone he had hurt.

And I could see the truth.

I would never be a *perfect* Alpha's mate, at least by some people's definitions.

But in the end, whether it fit with my role or not, I *had* to be me.

Anything else was unsustainable.



I threw away the torn canvases and spilled jars of paint and ran a mop over the floor. As I cleaned, I contemplated the crisis I'd experienced the day before.

I did feel for those women. They'd come expecting me to help them, and I'd run from them without an explanation.

But maybe there was something else I could do for them.

The thought of my own possible infertility chafed at me constantly—like a raw wound.

But raw didn't have to be a bad thing.

Carefully, I took off Jocelyn's beautiful bracelet and put it in my pocket. I couldn't risk splattering



paint on such a beautiful heirloom.

When I was done cleaning, I set up a series of small canvases and went to work on them one after the other.

For each of those women, I would create something unique.

A painting—into which I had poured all my love and hope for them.

Maybe it wasn't magic. Maybe it wouldn't save them the way they had dreamed I could.

But it was the best I could do to bless each of them in my own way.

As the paint flowed from my brush, I hoped it would make a difference.

AIDEN

The members of my inner council shuffled into my office for our daily briefing.

I'd asked Sienna if she wanted to join us—now that Konstantin was dead, I was hoping to involve her in the day-to-day life of the pack more—but she'd said she was going to the gallery.

I'd noticed a new lightness in her step—which



I'd noticed a new lightness in her step—which may have had something to do with the fact that she had slept through the night for the first time in weeks, all wrapped up in my arms.

Let's just hope the nightmares are gone for good.

There was a conspicuous absence in the room.

“Where’s Josh?” I asked.

No one answered.



I rolled my eyes.

Now that the threat of Konstantin had been taken care of, I was going to have to have a talk with my Beta about his responsibilities.

No more disappearing.

Everyone sat down, and I could tell Nelson was impatient to start.

“Is something wrong?” I asked.

“I had a phone call from the office of the Alpha of the Millennium,” he said.

I sat up straighter. “What’s going on?”





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Nelson cleared his throat. "He's scheduled to be in Lumen until March, but I guess he's cutting the visit short and... is coming here."

The room was utterly silent. Everyone looked at me.

If Raphael Fernandez was coming to Mahiganote, it could only mean one thing.

There was trouble.



"Did he say why?" I asked.

Nelson shifted uncomfortably in his seat, his gaze dropping to the floor.

"What? What am I not getting?"

"It's because of the show," said our press secretary Beatrice.

I gave her a baffled look. "Huh?"

"There's been a lot of uproar in the more... traditionalist circles," she continued. "Have you seen the press conference with Etienne Tremblay?"

"The Alpha of the Canada Pack?"



Beatrice nodded. “Tremblay’s had a lot to say about the show. And he’s saying it very loudly. To anyone who will listen.”

“So?” I said.

“So, it seems that Tremblay is the one who informed the One True Alpha of what has been going on. He’s also flying to Mahiganote. Tremblay’s managed to convince Fernandez that it’s some kind of twisted farce.”

That probably hadn’t taken long.



It was time to end this circus. Past time.

“Beatrice, get on the phone with Monica Birch. Tell her the show is canceled. Effective immediately.”

“But what about—”

“Free speech? She’s welcome to it. But not with my mate, and not in my Pack House.”

Beatrice nodded and left the room. I looked around at everyone else.

“You poor bastards get to help me figure out how to spin this to Raphael Fernandez. And Nelson, get me any information you have on Tremblay.”

I tried to bring to mind anything about the Canadian Alpha. Mostly, I remembered him as a blowhard.

But if Raphael thought that my hold on the East Coast Pack was slipping, he wouldn't hesitate to come down here and rip me a new one.

And that seemed to be precisely what was about to happen.

"The Real Mates of the ECP is officially off the air," I told my council. "Now, let's figure out how to fix this mess."

JOCELYN



I sat in front of the fire in the library of the Healer's Retreat.

A book was open on my lap, but I was gazing absently into the flames.

The bare skin of my wrist felt odd and light.

But Sienna needed that strength more than I did right now—I felt it in my bones.

The East Coast Pack needed me.

I can't stay here forever. At some point, I'll have to

go back to my life.

Or whatever is left of it—now that I'm no longer a healer.

There was a soft noise behind me, and a moment later, dark hands covered my eyes.

My heart skipped a beat.

"Hey," Nina said, coming around and perching herself next to me on the sofa I was curled up on.

"Hey," I said.



I was a little unsure of how to behave with her.

We'd had that nice moment in the cafeteria, and then I hadn't seen her in days.

I tugged on the blanket that was wrapped around my shoulders.

"I can't believe you're cold," Nina laughed. "That fire is really going."

"It's been cold lately," I said pointedly.

She sighed, then took my hand in hers. "I'm sorry, Jocelyn," she murmured.



“It’s been cold lately,” I said pointedly.

She sighed, then took my hand in hers. “I’m sorry, Jocelyn,” she murmured.

She met my eyes.

“I didn’t know the right thing to do. It seemed like... maybe you didn’t hate me quite so much. I didn’t want to screw up and ruin that.”

“So you avoided me?”



She shrugged, looking down. “What can I say? I kinda suck at this sort of thing. I’m a ‘run from my problems’ kinda girl.”

“I’m a problem?”

Her eyes darted up to meet mine, opening wide. “No!”

With a groan, she flopped back against the sofa.

“God, I’m worthless at this. No, Jocelyn, you are not a problem. I am a problem. Or rather, I have problems. I always manage to alienate people I care about. Hurt people I love.”

I caught my breath.



Her eyes cut to me. “Shit,” she hissed.

“Love?” I whispered.



“Please don’t freak out,” she said softly.

The numbness I had been feeling... the cold...
thawed a little.

She was still holding my hand, and I tightened my
fingers around hers.

Swallowing, I said, “Is that why you’re so scared?
Because your feelings for me are... intense?”

She held my gaze, and then, slowly, she nodded.

The air between us thickened with tension.

I rested the side of my head on the back of the
couch.

She eased her face toward mine and kissed me
lightly on the mouth.

I knew Nina was a con artist.

I knew she lied.





I knew Nina was a con artist.

I knew she lied.

But something about the way she kissed me...

I knew this was the real thing.

SIENNA

I had finished the third painting and started the fourth when my cell phone started ringing.

It was Charlotte Norwood.

With a deep breath, I picked up. "Hi Charlotte. I'm not coming in."

There was a pause.

Then she said, "We need to talk."

"No, we don't. I'm quitting the show. So I won't be needing your *help* anymore."

Charlotte made an irritated noise.

"That won't do," she said.

I finished the bridge of my nose. "Well, it's nice

Then she said, "We need to talk."



"No, we don't. I'm quitting the show. So I won't be needing your *help* anymore."

Charlotte made an irritated noise.

"That won't do," she said.

I pinched the bridge of my nose. "Well, it's going to have to."

"You're forcing my hand," she said.

I frowned. What does she mean?

"You must meet with me, Sienna."

"I don't have to do anything with you," I said, my temper flaring.

"You do," she said. "If you want to stay with Aiden, you'll meet me right away."

Next Chapter

