



Series

## The Millennium Wolves



Book 6 - Chapter 1

 **Previously on The Millennium Wolves...** 

Sienna's pregnancy was confirmed by Jocelyn, who was asked to leave the Healer's Retreat as a result. Jealous, Michelle revealed to everyone that Sienna was pregnant, and insisted that she and Josh begin their family as well

Josh became obsessive in his pursuit of Konstantin and began involving Michelle. Michelle abandoned Sienna before their joint baby shower to join Josh on the hunt.

Josh and Michelle found a man who claims that he was attacked by Konstantin while working at an orphanage, and the vampire took the infant.

Nina and Jocelyn returned to the Pack House. When Aiden saw the former spy, he attacked her. Sienna shifted to try and intervene, but forgot that pregnant werewolves were not supposed to shift.

Sienna lost the baby.



Chapters



Display



Unmute



Comment



React



She later learned that the reason for the miscarriage was not because she shifted, but due to her Deity powers. Deity-influenced people have been rendered infertile because they throw off the balance of nature

Josh and Michelle returned to support their friends. Josh's search for Konstantin led them to believe that Konstantin was planning an attack on Raphael, the Alpha of the Millennium.



They left for Lumen, the capital of the West Coast Pack. During the confrontation with Konstantin, Nina rescued Raphael. Rowan, Sienna's biological father, sacrificed himself to save Aiden.

Sienna found that she was able to use her new-found Deity powers to destroy Konstantin.

She and Aiden decided to adopt the Deity-influenced baby that Konstantin had kidnapped.

They named him Rowan, after Sienna's biological father.

## **SEASON 5**

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## SIENNA

The rhythmic burble of fresh water lapping over rocks and branches was hypnotic.

The continual flow was cool to my bare feet as I let the river swirl around each and every toe.

The fragrance of the forest filled me.



The musk of damp earth and fallen leaves. A hint of wild jasmine and honeysuckle. The rich aroma of Virginia pine.

The woodlands were alive.

This was the one place I could go to get away from it all. My own personal escape.

I let my hand freely dance around the parchment of my sketchbook, outlining a familiar face I knew all too well.

His chiseled jaw, muscular physique, and golden-greens would never be lost to me.

Aiden.

My mate.



Each stroke of my pencil brought him more into focus, unleashing an internal desire to run my hands all over him.

It was here where it all began.

Watching him from afar, I drew my first sketch of him eight years ago, just as I was doing now.

I could still remember how embarrassed I felt when he caught me in the act, his unwavering eyes locking with mine.



Even then, he knew we were destined to be together.

I wished he could be here with me now.

A tingly warmth beginning to churn throughout my body was the first sign that it was almost that time of year again.

The haze.

The cold water helped to suppress the rising heat from within, but soon, not even that would be able to extinguish my growing desire.

“Mommy!” a child’s voice called out.

And in an instant, those carnal desires were

no more, overwhelmed by a sensation far stronger than I ever imagined.

Motherhood.

A pair of feet ran through the grass as a caramel-skinned, curly-haired cherub took my hand and looked at me with wide eyes.

“What is it, Rowan?” I said fondly.

“Look!” he exclaimed, holding up a giant snail.

“Wow! That’s so big! It almost doesn’t fit in your hand!”

Unlike Michelle and the rest of the gang, I wasn’t one to shy away from creepy crawlies.



“I named him Grandpa!” He said proudly.

“Grandpa’ the snail?” I laughed, “I’m sure your actual grandpa will be happy to hear it. You can tell him when you see him later today.”

It was hard to imagine that he was almost six-years-old. It’s said that time flies watching your children grow.

More like warped speed.

“Can I take him home?” he asked with big puppy eyes.

“You know, I’m sure his own family is missing him. Why don’t you put him back.”

A look of disappointment crossed his face, but he didn’t argue and did as he was told.

He was such a bright and curious child. I loved him more and more with each passing day.

I had my concerns, at first, over whether or not I could love him like a child that was my own flesh and blood.

But the moment he first looked up and smiled, those fears instantly washed away.



“I see you met his new friend,” Selene said, as she approached from a nearby grove of trees with a picnic basket in hand. Vanessa and River, my only nieces, were right by her side.

“Sorry we’re late. *Someone* refused to put on her shoes,” she said playfully toward River, who had just turned three.

“Been there!” I laughed.

My brother-in-law came rushing up.



“Hey! So I need to get going, or I’ll be late—Hi, Sienna!” Jeremy said out of breath. “Is there anything I can do before I...”

“We can manage.”

“I hate to have to bail.”

“No worries!” I replied.

“I already told you, it’s fine,” Selene said. “Go do that lawyer-thing you do.”

She leaned in and kissed him tenderly on the lips, then planted a playful one on the nose. “Just don’t be gone too long... I need you home at 7 o’clock, sharp.”



“My meeting might run late, but I’ll do what I can.”

“Please try, Jeremy,” she said, leaning in even closer, “I can already feel the haze beginning to rear its sexy head. And I’ve got something special in store for you tonight.”

He grinned. “I can’t wait,” he said before he kissed Selene once more. “Love you.”

“Love you,” she replied. And Jeremy was off.

Despite how many years had passed I still

Despite how many years had passed, I still couldn't get used to the idea of those two getting freaky with each other, nor did I want to, but it made me smile knowing they were happy. They'd been together far longer than Aiden and me.

I loved seeing how, after all that time, they were still infatuated with one another.

"Rowan ran off that way," Selene pointed, directing her kids. "Why don't you go play with him." They enthusiastically did as they were told.

"I'm so ready for this year's haze!" she went on. "I've got a bunch of Passion Party toys I can't wait to use. Hopefully, the kids won't interrupt, as they have a habit of doing."

"Privacy's a luxury these days," I replied. "It's why Rowan's spending this weekend with the grandparents."

"Not a bad idea," she said, laying out a picnic blanket.



"I'm dropping him off after lunch. How about I bring Vanessa and River along too? You know mom and dad won't mind."

"Oh my god! That would be great! Thank you! That'll give me more time to *prepare* for tonight," she grinned.





I covered my ears. “I don’t want to hear about it!”

Selene laughed. Then, much to my surprise, she took out a bottle of champagne from the basket.

“Look what I found!” She smiled mischievously.

“It’s not even noon!”

“Thought we could celebrate early! Once Jeremy has the final paperwork signed, the Fertility Festival will officially be kaput,” she said, popping the cork, sending a fountain of champagne into the air.

She quickly filled two champagne flutes.

The Fertility Festival.



Just thinking about it made my skin crawl. It was hard to believe that it was once considered an honor for an Alpha to mount his mate in front of the entire pack.

It was beyond degrading.

Yours truly put an end to that years ago, but it still had to go through the proper bureaucratic channels for it to be signed out of law.

“Took long enough,” I replied.

“If it weren’t for all those ‘traditionalists’ throwing up roadblocks every step of the way, it would have been abolished years ago.”

“There’s a difference between being a ‘traditionalist’ and a chauvinistic asshole!” I said, taking a glass.

Selene laughed.

“I’ll drink to that!” she said, as we toasted and took a drink.

But we didn’t stop. Our eyes caught one another, and we chugged the entire glass in one gulp. We coughed and laughed when we both finished.



“How about another?” Selene asked as she tried pouring me another.

“Whoa! Let’s pace ourselves! I don’t want to stumble out of here.”

“Fine, be a sour puss,” she grinned.

Just then, a cold shiver ran up my spine at the sound of a child screaming.

Both Selene and I jumped to our feet and

moved toward the call of distress. Vanessa and River ran up and grabbed onto their mother's waist.

“What is it?” Selene asked. “What’s wrong?” They shook their heads and pointed back in the direction from which they came.

Out from a shaded thicket, Rowan emerged with something in his hands.

When I approached, I saw that he was holding a dead opossum. Its rotting carcass was covered in snails and maggots.

The smell was nauseating. I wanted to vomit.

“Rowan! What are you doing with that!” I exclaimed, “Put that down!”

His look was that of confusion.



“His color is gone. I don’t see his color...”

He wasn’t bothered by the insects crawling all over his hands.

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## AIDEN

“Where do I sign?” I asked Jeremy over

lunch at a newly opened Italian restaurant.

The pack lawyer handed me a Charles Dickens length document and pointed to the blank line on the last page.

I took pride in knowing that a single signature would officially repeal the Fertility Festival, the first of many archaic traditions.

I didn't agree with Sienna's hard stance against the ceremony, at first, but I eventually came around to her line of reasoning.

She could be very convincing.

In more ways than one.

I wiped a bead of sweat from my forehead. Just thinking about Sienna sent a pulsating wave a heat throughout my body.

The haze was back. And earlier than expected.



Not that I was complaining. Imagining what I would do to Sienna the minute I got home  
—”

“Alpha Aiden!” the piercing voice of Gregory Singh intoned as he approached my table.

*Fuck...*

My haze immediately subsided.

“A word, please,” he said as he sat uninvited in an empty chair.

“Won’t you sit down...” I growled under my breath.

Singh, a towering figure of South Asian heritage, was my father’s Beta when he led the Pack.

He was also the self-appointed leader of the newly formed “traditionalists” faction, who called themselves ‘Values Watch.’

His group, once on the outer fringes of the political spectrum, was now one of the loudest voices in the room.

“I’m here because—”



“I know very well why you’re here. You’re not going to change my mind.”

“Mr. Singh,” Jeremy interjected, “the council voted on this—”

“Well, the people whom I represent feel otherwise,” Singh interrupted. “These institutions have gone back hundreds. if

not thousands, of years. They can't be disregarded on a whim."

"Taking five years to change a law hardly constitutes as a *whim*," Aiden replied.

"Beside the point. Upholding such demeaning displays goes *against* what this Pack stands for," I replied.

"What you're doing is taking away our Pack's identity," Singh said, coldly. "This blatant disregard for tradition is a slap in the face to all those who came before us."

"Our forefathers didn't want us living the same lives they had," I continued, "They wanted us to better ourselves—to move forward, not backward. Kick and scream all you want, but it's time this Pack gets with the 21st Century."

I then took out my pen and signed the document. The Fertility Festival was no more.



"There. Now it's official," I smirked.

Despite Singh's stone face, I knew he was inwardly reeling. For a moment, his gaze held steadfast with mine, but he looked away just before it would've been considered a threat.



“This won’t be the end of this,” he said, standing up, unexpectedly composed.

“My signature says otherwise. Good day.”

And on that note, he turned and left.

The issue of the Fertility Festival, and others like it, were becoming more troublesome than I imagined.

*Never underestimate the power of stupidity in numbers.*

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## SIENNA



After spending the better part of the day at the river, I dropped off all the kids with my parents and began making my way back to the Pack House.

All the while, I couldn’t help but replay the scene that unfolded with Rowan.

It wasn’t the first time he’d displayed unusual behavior—mostly revolving around bringing home and playing with dead animals.

At least, that’s what it appeared he was doing.

doing.

*Where does he even get those things?*

As I continued down the road, I felt my palms become clammy as I started breathing more rapidly.

My entire body was then struck with overwhelming sexual desires for Aiden.

*Shit! Not now!*

I was still in my car.



And haze driving could be just as dangerous as drunk driving, so I had to pull off to the side of the road until I could regain control—at least long enough to get back to the Pack House.

There, my mate could ravage me in every way imaginable.

I took out my phone.

**Sienna**

Get your firm ass 2 the pack house.

**Sienna**

**NOW.**



**Sienna**

I need you inside me.

**Sienna**

And I'm not asking.

**Sienna**

Im telling.

**Aiden**

Well I'll have to check my schedule... 😎



**Sienna**

...

**Sienna**

You want to fuck or not?

**Aiden**

Name the place and i'll be there.

**Sienna**

Take me in the pack house garden.

**Aiden**

I'll be there in 20



**Aiden**

Don't finish yourself off without me.

**Sienna**

No promises 😊

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**SIENNA**

But I couldn't wait any longer. Still here in the car waiting for this feeling to abate was too much.

I wanted to tear at my skin.

My wolf was begging to be released.

Unable to refrain myself any longer, I burst out of the car, tore off all of my clothes, and let myself shift.

Once complete, I bolted through the forest toward the Pack House. The closer I got to Aiden, the more intense the feeling became.

It pushed me harder.

Trees and ground vegetation flew past.

I could sense other wolves around hazing too, but they knew better than to give chase.

By the time I arrived at the Pack House, the sun had set, and the moon was on full display. Passing the hedge-maze, water fountain and countless rows of tulips told me I had entered the garden.

But Aiden wasn't anywhere in sight.



I shifted back to human form, my naked body glistening under the moonlight.

As I continued the frantic search for my mate, soft earth turned into marble tile, and I found myself underneath the terrace overseeing the garden.

With feelings of sexual desire overwhelming my senses, I didn't see the obstruction lying in front of me, causing me to fall.

I winced in pain.

There was nearby scaffolding from a remodeling project, so at first, I assumed whatever I tripped over was related to that. But it was too soft.

When I took a closer look, I realized I was looking at the silhouette of a person—a woman.



“Sorry! Are you okay?”

But the figure didn't move.

She was completely still.

When I placed my palm on her skin, it was cold to the touch.

I checked for vital signs but didn't find a pulse.



My jaw dropped when I noticed that the woman's head was twisted behind her, completely broken. Her hair obstructed her face.

*Oh my god. Who is it?*

I didn't want to look.

My heart raced as I reached out and brushed back her hair.

A blood-curdling scream resonated from my throat when I realized who was lying at my feet.

Selene!

Next Chapter

