



Series

The Millennium Wolves



Book 6 - Chapter 11

SIENNA

Rowan screamed again. Aiden and I headed for his bedroom.

He was twisting in his covers, brown curls matted to his forehead, eyes squeezed shut.

Hurrying to his bed, I sat down on one side and Aiden on the other.

I laid a calming hand on Rowan's arm.

"Hey, buddy," Aiden said softly.



Rowan blinked his eyes open, and they filled with tears.

As he began to cry, I gathered him into my arms, holding him close.

"Just a bad dream," Aiden said, stroking his back.

He gave me a little smile over Rowan's head, but I was still worried.



Chapters



Display



Unmute



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React



“It’s okay now, sweetheart,” I murmured into my son’s hair.

After a moment, his sobs subsided, and I pulled away to meet his eyes.

“Was it a nightmare?” I asked.

He nodded, green eyes huge in his tearstained face.

“A red bird. In a white tree,” he whispered.

“Is that all, buddy? A bird?” Aiden asked, his tone light.



Don't minimize this, Aiden.

“A red bird?” I said.

“It hurt you, Mama. And you, Daddy.”

He started to cry again.

“It pecked your faces! You were bleeding!”

My heart was hammering in my chest.

“Then it came for me!”

This wasn't a normal dream, was it?



“Okay, sweetheart, let’s get up and go to the bathroom,” I said, helping him off the bed as he continued to sob.

His pj bottoms were wet.

He hasn’t wet the bed in two years.

I felt a cold chill.

This just didn’t seem like an ordinary bad wake-up.

After helping him get cleaned up and changed, I took Rowan to the kitchen.



“I’ll make you some honey milk,” I said to him.

He slumped in a chair at the kitchen table, still sniffing.

Aiden came over and whispered in my ear, “Just a nightmare, Sienna. I don’t think it’s a good idea to make a big deal out of it.”

“I’m not sure that’s all it is. What if it’s a vision?”

“A vision?” Aiden’s eyebrows knit.

“The night of the murder he spoke of

“The night of the murder he spoke of ‘champagne’ or the way he talked about Selene’s ‘color’?”

I moved to the fridge and got out the jug of milk. Aiden looked from me to Rowan as I started heating the milk in a pot.

Worry for my child made my muscles feel stiff as I moved.

“He’s just stressed because of everything going on,” Aiden said softly. “This is a traumatic time. He was bound to have a reaction.”

I stirred in some honey.



Maybe Aiden’s right.

Maybe it is just a nightmare.

AIDEN

As Sienna poured the milk into a mug, Rowan said, “I want to go to Grandma’s house.”

“You do, sweetheart?” she said, her tone soft.

I frowned. “Sienna.”

Low blow.

She continued, “Josh kept telling you he was still out there, and you wouldn’t believe it!”

“This is hardly the same situation!”

“Yeah, okay, it isn’t. But you’re still doing the same thing. You have to keep an open mind. Rowan is special.”

I glanced in the direction of the kitchen.

Rowan is special.

But a nightmare about a bird? We’re thinking that’s a vision, why?

“I don’t know, Sienna,” I said.

“Can you just try to keep an open mind?”



“Of course,” I said. “I’ll keep an open mind, but I’m still not sure going to Grandma’s is a good precedent to set.”

I looked at her then. I realized, *she* wanted to go to Grandma’s.

To her mother.

“But you know what, it’s okay. Let’s do it,” I



said.

Some of the press was still camped out in front of the house, but it couldn't be helped.

They'd just have to get some pictures as we loaded our five-year-old into his booster seat.

I glanced in the rearview mirror a couple times on the way to Melissa and Robert's house. No reporters followed us.

I hoped Rowan would drop off to sleep, but his eyes stayed open.

"Did you call and tell them we're coming?" I asked Sienna.

"No, but it's only nine thirty."



When Robert opened the door, his expression seemed strained, however.

"Hey," he said. "What brings you all here?"

I ushered Rowan in ahead of me, and Sienna came last.

We stood in the entry hall, a door to the living room on our left, and stairs up to the second floor straight ahead.



“Rowan had a bad nightmare,” I said, “and he wanted Grandma.”

“Hey, Dad,” Sienna said, going in for a hug.

I watched, concerned. The hug looked awkward.

Melissa appeared in the doorway to the living room. “We just got River down.”

“I’m sorry, Mom, it’s just Rowan wanted you—” Sienna started.

“I kind of have my hands full,” Melissa said.

Her face was pale and lined.

“River’s been crying for Selene,” Robert said.



Poor kid.

“We should have called,” I said.

“That would have been nice,” Melissa said, her tone flat.

Sienna flinched.

I looked down at Rowan, who was listening to all of this.



“Uh,” I said, unsure how to proceed.

“Well, come in,” Robert said, leading the way and causing Melissa to step aside.

“We just have to stay kind of quiet, okay, Rowan?”

“Why is River crying for Aunt Sellie?”

Rowan asked in his high, piping voice as we all moved into the living room.

Sienna put a hand on his shoulder. “Because she died, sweetheart. River misses her.”

Rowan frowned. “She was just at the top of the stairs.”

“No, she wasn’t,” Melissa said, too sharply.

Rowan blanched and pressed himself against Sienna.

Sienna stroked his head, glaring at her mother.



This is not going well.

“Maybe we could set Rowan up on the couch?” I suggested. “Put on a show?”

Robert nodded and I guided Rowan to the couch, covering him with the crocheted throw the Mercers kept on its back.

throw the Mercers kept on its back.

My father-in-law worked the remote, finding an episode of some show involving dinosaurs.

I flicked my eyes over to Sienna. She was still standing, glaring at her mother, her arms crossed.

Hurrying to finish tucking the blanket around Rowan, I said, “There you go, buddy,” and made my way to Sienna’s side.

“Thanks for letting us visit,” I said, trying to smooth things over. “It’s been rough on everyone.”

Melissa turned her wounded eyes to me, and something flickered behind them.

I hoped, for a second, she would relent—see that Sienna needed her.

But instead, she turned away, heading for kitchen. “I’ll make some coffee.”



UNLIMITED

Sienna looked at me, her wide eyes showing how lost she felt.

I took her hand and squeezed it.

Tears formed in her eyes, but she blinked



them away.

“Nothing’s ever going to be the same again, is it?” she whispered.

Robert came over. “Be patient with your mother, Sienna,” he said. “This has all been so hard on her.”

I caught a microexpression of pain on Sienna’s face, but then she forced a little smile and nodded.

“Of course,” she said, her voice breaking a little. She blinked rapidly again and kept nodding. “Of course, I totally understand.”

Robert went into the kitchen, leaving us behind.

“I’m sorry,” I whispered to her, squeezing her hand again.

She leaned against me, putting her head in my neck.

I wrapped my arms around her.



I wish I could do something.

I wish I could fix this somehow.

I wish I could make them see how much you

I wish I could make them see how much you need them.

With a shuddering sigh, Sienna pulled away from me.

“I’m going to call Erica,” she said. “See if she ever got any information for me.”

Information? About what?

But I didn’t ask. Sienna was already too fragile. If this was something I should know about, I didn’t want to upset her more by admitting I didn’t have the slightest idea.

Instead, I sat down next to Rowan and watched the dinosaurs, contemplating things that die, and how you can never get them back.

SIENNA



When Erica offered to come over, I considered saying no. Mom was obviously already feeling stressed that we’d shown up unannounced.

But I really needed to feel like I still had some connection with someone.

Aiden was so good to me, but I still felt adrift.

So, I told Erica to come, just to text rather than knock or ring the bell.

Erica

Coming up to the door now.

Sienna

K. Just a sec.

Erica

Kids all sleeping?

Sienna

Vanessa and River. Rowan's up

Erica

You want him to be there for this?

Sienna

No, we'll go to the kitchen



UNLIMITED

Touching Aiden's shoulder as I passed, I went and let Erica in, and the three of us joined Mom and Dad in the kitchen.

The coffee was ready and Mom poured us each a cup without a comment about Erica's arrival.

“Hi everyone,” Erica said, an uncertain smile on her face.

“Erica looked some stuff up for me,” I said. “She’s going to share what she found out.”

As we all sat around the table, Aiden pulled his chair closer to me and took my hand again.

He was my anchor.



Without his support, I don’t know what I would do.

“Okay, well, I didn’t find a lot,” Erica said. “I searched the Pack House library and the downtown library. I did internet searches. That’s where I found some news articles.”

Dad shifted his weight in his seat, making his chair creak. “New articles? About what?”

“People with unusual powers,” Erica said. “I was looking for anything to do with psychic phenomena. Anything about people who could do things, but they weren’t werewolves or vampires. Or they were, but the things they could do were outside of the norm.”

“And did you find anything on Deities?” I asked.



Erica shook her head, her hands wrapped around her mug. “Not much. We just don’t seem to have a lot of information about them. A couple of vague references to their existence. That’s all.”

“Okay,” said Aiden. “So what *did* you find?”

“About half a dozen news stories going back over ten years,” Erica said. “Located in different parts of the world.”

She got out her phone and tapped and swiped a few times.



“The most recent—couple of months ago—was a man in Oregon, who bent a bunch of spoons. Human guy. The article says he can’t control it. It just happens sometimes.”

“Only spoons?” Aiden asked. “No other cutlery?”

I considered kicking him under the table.

“The article only talks about spoons.”

Erica swiped and tapped.

“Two years ago, there was a big to-do in Alicante, Spain. A werewolf there turned invisible in front of a bunch of witnesses. She reappeared a day later but then a week after that she disappeared again. No one has

after that, she disappeared again. No one has seen her since.”

Mom sipped her coffee and Dad just sat there. I wondered what they were thinking.

Erica continued, “About the same time, in Sri Lanka, a little werewolf girl started showing telekinetic ability. There’s a video on YouVision if you want to see it. I’ll send everyone a link. She lifts an elephant.”

“Can I see the elephant?”



I whipped my head around.

Rowan was standing in the doorway.

Erica smiled at him. “Hey, buddy. I’ll show you in a bit, okay?”

Rowan came over and leaned against Erica. He loved her.

Erica gave him a quick one-armed hug and then went back to her phone.

Tap, swipe, tap.

“Five years ago, there was a series of articles about a human guy in Peru. He was supposed to be a magician and he did a show where he let audience members, uh...



S-T-A-B him.”

She grimaced.

“I guess he’d actually D-I-E, and then come back to life like, fifteen minutes later, totally healed like nothing had happened.”

Erica took a sip of coffee.



“The last article’s over ten years old. From Australia. A vampyre guy there, you know, a natural vampyre, with a Y, not a human-turned-vampire, with an I, he could make it rain.”

Handy in Australia, I bet.

“But that guy died, which was actually why they even wrote the articles,” Erica said. “He kept a low profile, but he got struck by lightning. They thought he might have done it...you know.” She mouthed “suicide.”

Erica glanced at Rowan uncertainly.

“Hey, tiger,” Erica said, smiling at him. “Your mommy told me you had a bad dream.”

“Yeah,” Rowan said.

Erica wrapped an arm around him. “Wanna

tell me about it?”

Mom got up and started washing her and Dad’s coffee mugs in the sink.

Rowan climbed on to Erica’s lap.

“There was a scary bird. It hurt Mama and Daddy and then it came for me.”



Erica nodded, her face open and encouraging. “That does sound scary. Do you think it would help if you drew a picture of it, to really show me?”

I wish I’d thought of that.

“Okay,” Rowan said.

I got up, going to a drawer on the side of the kitchen where I knew Mom kept markers and crayons and paper.

I pulled out a new box of crayons and a sheet of paper and set them in front of Erica and Rowan.

Rowan opened the box and pulled out a red crayon. For the bird, no doubt.

He drew a small oval and then chose a black crayon, which he used to add a head, wings, and tail.



Daddy and then it came for me.”

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“It’s just like the text Selene sent Jeremy,” Dad said, sounding shaken. “It’s a robin.”

Next Chapter

