



Series

The Millennium Wolves



Book 7 - Chapter 2

NINA



“Stay here,” I told Sienna as she knelt beside Aiden.

His eyes were drooping heavily as he fought for consciousness.

He needed help, and until we could find Jocelyn, we had no healer.

But a former rogue must learn a wide variety of skills to survive without a pack.

Years ago, I met someone whose knowledge and wisdom could not be denied.

Someone who knew all about the plants and herbs of the Appalachian region.

Plantain weed leaves.

I needed to find wild plantain leaves, which



Chapters



Display



Unmute



Comment



React



thankfully grow late into the winter months.

They could be made into a paste which would slow the bleeding on Aiden's leg.



He could also chew the delicate leaves in an effort to slow down the spread of the wolfsbane poisoning.

I still had no idea how Aiden Norwood had come into contact with wolfsbane, but that question was merely one of hundreds rattling noisily in my aching head.

My memories remained a blank slate, and all I could remember was the race to fix the SD card.

But I'd checked, and the little blue rectangle was gone. My computer was sitting on the kitchen table, but the search bar had returned nothing useful.

Where had the last four hours of my life gone?

Where was Jocelyn?

More questions. So many questions and no answers.

It was more helpful to focus on one task at a time.

Thankfully, the plantain plant was plentiful in this area of Virginia.



I located a small patch of the oval-shaped leaves after only a few minutes searching the forest under the bright moonlight.

I had tucked my knife into the side of my hiking boot before entering the forest, and I took it out now to cut a clump of the plantain leaves from the forest floor.

The word cut into the side of the handle reflected dully.

HOME.

Don't even think about it Nina.

You can't take them there.

They'd be killed on sight.



I sighed deeply and, clutching my medicinal bouquet, headed back towards the only home I'd known for the past six years.

SIENNA



Nina and I made our way down the darkened streets towards my mother's house.

Aiden had tried to argue with us about being left behind.

Since he was unable to put weight on his leg for more than a few moments before sliding back onto the ground, he had agreed to wait at the border of the forest.

But walking away from him tore my heart to shreds.

I longed to console him, to hold my mate and tell him that everything would be okay.

That we would fix this and destroy every single person who stood in our way.

But first we had to make sure that my family was safe.



As Nina and I approached my red-brick childhood home, I felt an overwhelming sense of loss for the past.



Selene and I had grown up in that house. We laughed, cried, fought, and loved under its roof.

Never again. And I still didn't know *why*.

Now, as exiles, perhaps I never would.

I looked for any sign of an impending threat, some secret trap.

But then I saw my mother in the living room window.

She was pacing anxiously from one end of the room to another, wearing the faded green housecoat my father had given her years ago.

Some maternal instinct must have passed through her, because Mom looked up and our eyes met.

In a flash she was taking the chain off the door and swinging it wide.



door and swinging it wide.

“Sienna! What’s the matter? Have you heard from your father!?” she cried in a breathless rush.

At the familiar sight of her standing there in her slippers, I crumbled.

I fell into my mother’s arms and burst into tears.



My son was sleeping peacefully in the large spare room that my parents had decorated with plastic dinosaurs and rocket ships.

His cousins were tucked into the bunk bed that was pushed up against the opposite wall.

At some point Vanessa had descended from her usual place in the top bunk to join her little sister on the bottom bed. Her larger body was curled protectively around River.

She was a wonderful big sister.

Just like her mother.



Tears threatened to well up in my eyes again, but I blinked them back and quietly closed the door on the sleeping children.

I headed back into the living room, where Nina and my mom were sitting in stunned silence on the beaten leather sofa.



After allowing myself two whole minutes to sob uncontrollably in my mother's embrace, I had managed to swallow my emotions long enough to fill them in on the evening's events.

Nina listened the entire time with a furrowed brow, and I knew she was desperately trying to fill in the missing pieces of her memory.

My mother sat rigid on the soft leather of the couch; her eyes focused on some unknown point.

I sat down next to her, looking out at the skeletal trees that shone a ghostly white in the light of the moon.

Every instinct in my body was screaming at me that we needed to leave.



To run. As far and as fast as we could.

But where could we possibly go? Josh had banished Aiden from the East Coast Pack, but the nearest pack was the Canada Pack, nearly 500 miles away.

Something in my mind told me we couldn't just take my mother's Land Rover.

Josh would no doubt send a Hunter Squad after us. They'd be watching the roads.

Which meant traveling through the thick, unforgiving forests of the Appalachian Mountains.



At least we were together, I told myself. At least we were safe.

Except Dad.

As if reading my thoughts, Mom spoke up from her side of the couch.

“We have to go get your father. We can't just leave him to rot!”



I'd already thought of that, but she wasn't going to like the answer.

"Mom, we have no idea where they're keeping him. And we don't have enough people.

"They'll...I'm afraid they'll hurt Dad if they find out we're trying to rescue him," I said quietly, letting my head sink into my hands.

"Sienna Leigh Mercer I know you're not suggesting we leave your father behind!"



"Of course not!" I interjected. "But we need to get the children out of here, to a safe place. Then we go in and tear the entire Pack House down brick by brick if we have to."

She bowed her head and I saw a single tear trail the length of her nose.

"Mom, I'm so sorry. We'll get Dad back. I promise. But right now, we have to go."

Slowly she shook her head.

"I'm sorry too, sweetheart. But you can't ask



me to leave your father. I can't do it.

“I just can't.”

JOSH

The moon had almost set in the night sky by the time the crowds had finally dispersed, and I was able to sneak away into the forest.

I shifted easily into my wolf form and felt again the sudden rush of power that came from knowing that I was now an Alpha.



Nothing was going to stand in the way of the pack that Michelle and I were going to build together.

The pack we were going to leave to our sons.

Nothing could stop us now. Not Aiden. Not Sienna. And not the corpse of Agent Enzo.

My senses were alive with information. I inhaled deeply, searching for any signs that Aiden and Sienna had passed this way.

Apparently not. All for the better.



I really would rather not kill them.

I wanted to be remembered as the Alpha who restored the ECP to its former glory. Not as a tyrant.

I'd sent the Hunter Squad out to retrieve Rowan, but everyone had been nervous about the decision.

He was just too unpredictable. Who knew what he would do if separated from his parents and grandparents?



I had given authorization for them to restrain him by any means necessary.

I came to the enormous old oak tree which marked the spot where Agent Enzo had gasped his dying breath.

I looked around for his body, hoping to make this quick.

His corpse wasn't there.

My blood ran cold and my entire being shrunk to one simple thought.



Someone knows.

Still in my pale wolf form, I sniffed again deeply, searching for the telltale scents of recently killed flesh.

There, to the west.

Looking more carefully now, it was clear from the crushed leaves on the forest floor that the body had been dragged away from the Pack House.

Who had dragged it was another matter entirely.



Cautiously, I followed the scent trail through the woods to a wide, open meadow.

Where a slim, chocolate brown wolf was using its muzzle and forepaws to scoop out the soil from an increasingly large hole in the earth.

I growled deep in my throat, hackles raised, as I approached the unfamiliar wolf.

Then the wind changed and I caught a



familiar scent.

The other wolf looked up and smoothly shifted back into a human.

The naked form of Thanda Singh emerged, her skin warm and dusky in the fading moonlight.

Still wary, I shifted into my own human form.

It hadn't been announced yet, but her father, Gregory Singh, would be named as my new Beta the next morning.

He had made that one of his conditions for rallying his considerable political clout behind my cause.



Like nearly all werewolves, Thanda was oblivious to her own nudity, but I couldn't help but allow my eyes to roam over the flat plane of her stomach and her firm, upswept breasts.

Any appreciation I may have felt died, however, when I met her usual gaze of detached disdain.



What was this hard-nosed bitch doing here? I didn't care who the fuck her father was; she had discovered a secret that no one was supposed to know.

Others had died for less.

“Good evening, Mr. Daniels,” Thanda said with a nod. “Or should I say, Alpha Daniels.”

She was not the first person to refer to me by my new title, but it was still enough to send a thrill all the way to my fingertips.

Alpha Daniels.

Finally.

Before I could speak, she continued, “I was watching earlier this evening, Alpha Daniels. I watched you come out of the forest before the Yule Ball. You seemed, shall we say, somewhat disheveled.”

I raised my eyebrow. “No one else noticed a damn thing.”

She quirked her mouth to one side in a dry



She quirked her mouth to one side in a dry smile. “I make it my job to notice these things, Alpha Daniels.

“I also make it my job to follow up on these observations, in order to ensure that my clients have certain...unwelcome problems handled in a discreet manner.”

“Your clients? But I’m not...”

“Are you not the Alpha of the East Coast Pack?”

“Well, yes. Yes, I am! But...”



“I have been permanently assigned to replace the late Mr. Gibbs as the legal counsel for the Pack. Which makes me your new lawyer.”

“Who made that decision?” I asked, my mind still struggling to understand the full implications.

“My father, your new Beta. He signed the order about an hour ago.”



“He signed an order without my authorization or approval?” I tried to keep my voice low, but I was fed up with her disrespectful tone.

This was one member of my new pack over whom I would enjoy asserting my dominance.

“I’m sure that my father felt it necessary to ensure that the Pack was protected from any ramifications of your...entirely legal takeover.”

I froze, hearing the thinly veiled threat behind her words.



I needed Gregory Singh to help maintain the balance of power with the traditionalist wolves.

Which meant that, for now anyway, I needed his strange and enigmatic daughter.

“It will go faster if I help.”

I shifted back into my wolf form, as did Thanda. Together, with Agent Enzo’s body



slowly decomposing next to us, we dug a hole deep enough and wide enough to bury him.

And his truths.

Forever.

SIENNA



“Mom, you have to come with us. You can’t just stay here. Eventually they will come for you.”

“Would you leave Aiden?” she responded hotly.

I had no answer for that. Of course I would never leave my mate. His fate and mine were intrinsically intertwined. What befell one of us would befall the other.

For better or worse.

But I sure as hell wasn’t about to tell my mother that.

“We’ll get Dad back. I promise!”



“We’ll get Dad back. I promise!”

I stood, wiping my sweat-stained palms on the sweatpants that my mother had lent me.

“I can’t make you come with us, Mom,” I continued. “But the kids need you. Your grandchildren need you.”



She hesitated, torn between her duties as a mate and her love for her grandpups.

Her deliberation was interrupted by a thunderous pounding at the door.

Everyone froze in place. My heart began pounding wildly in my chest.

I met Nina’s gaze. She nodded back at me.

“Melissa Mercer—this is the Hunter Squad. By the authority of Alpha Daniels, you and everyone in your home are under arrest.”

Next Chapter

