



Series

The Millennium Wolves
Book 4 - Chapter 11

Dark Mode



Chapters

AIDEN

Gnashing teeth snapped an inch away from my throat.

Now I smelled vampyre—but this guy wasn't Konstantin.

He had a stocky frame and wild blond hair.



I threw him off me and shifted.

My wolf form towered over him; I growled and bared my teeth.

He launched himself at me and I roared, writhing to try to get a bite of his flesh.

He pulled a knife from somewhere in his clothes and slashed at me, opening a wound across my ribs.

With a yelp I sprang away from him, then circled, narrowing my eyes as I judged which way to attack.

That damn weapon was going to complicate this.

I didn't want to just leap on the guy and tear his throat out. He was a vampyre. He might know

something about Konstantin.

But *he* was intent on killing *me*—no doubt about that.

He charged, raising the knife and plunging it down.

Dodging, I snapped at him.



“Drop the knife, Walter!” a grizzled-sounding voice came from behind me.

I whirled around. An aging white man wearing a faded baseball cap was pointing a shotgun at the vamp.

As I turned back to the attacker, I noted a shadow moving in the dim behind him.

“Surrender now, Walter, and the good Alpha here may let you live,” Baseball-cap Guy said with a nod at me.

The vampyre was beyond reasoning, though.

He lurched toward the guy with the shotgun, who pulled the trigger but raised the barrel to avoid killing him.

The tunnels amplified the exploding noise of the blast



It was a lot for my wolf ears, and I flinched. Exploiting my momentary distraction, the vampyre slashed at me again.

The dagger pierced my shoulder and I yelped in pain, then snarled as I chomped on his arm.

He yanked it and the knife free, raising it to stab me again.

BANG!



Baseball Cap emptied his second barrel into the vampyre's chest.

The vamp reeled and as he stumbled, the dark-skinned human I'd spotted outside Sonny's Bar emerged from the shadows behind him.

With a grace that spoke of years of practice, the black man swung a machete through the air.

The vampyre's head made a squishing sound as it hit the pavement. A moment later, his headless corpse slumped forward.

I shifted back to human form, blood gushing from my shoulder and the cut along my ribs.

"I wish you hadn't killed him," I said.

Baseball Cap gave me a sour look. "You're

welcome!" he said.

I was on one knee, naked and bleeding in the cold winter air.

"The man needs first aid," Machete Guy said to Baseball Cap.

"I'll be fine," I said. "Werewolf healing."



"You still need stitches," Baseball Cap said.
"Come on. Let's go get you cleaned up."

Half an hour later, I was sitting on a wooden crate in the shantytown while Raul, the black man, finished sewing up my shoulder.

Bobby Turner, the man in the baseball cap, handed me a cup of hot coffee.

"I put a drop of whiskey in there," he said. "Takes the sting off."

"Thank you," I said.

"Pity your nice suit is in tatters," Bobby said.

I eyed the expensive material regretfully.



Sienna had picked out this suit, but somehow I didn't think she'd mind.

Not if I brought back Konstantin's head as a souvenir.

"Don't fret, got 'im covered," Raul said, holding up a banged-up backpack.

"Why'd you run from the bar?" I asked.



"Your Beta seemed unfriendly," Raul said shortly.

I stared at my coffee. "Josh is a little... emotional about things to do with the vampyre Konstantin," I conceded.

"Fact is, I don't like to admit when I'm beat," Bobby said. "I was leaving town 'cause I'd given up on hunting that motherfucker."

I raised my eyebrows at him.

"Konstantin is too powerful for an old fart like me," he said. "Kills me to admit it, but there you are."

He shook his head. "Besides, I ran out of leads. But you—I'd be willing to bet you've got something you can use, if you're really trying to find him."

“I do?” I said.

“Yep,” Bobby confirmed. “That sicko attacked you, didn’t he? Made a mess of your fancy Yule Ball? I saw it on the news.”

“Yeah, so?”



“Well,” Bobby said. “Did he leave any of that foul black sludge behind when he did?”

SIENNA

It was Tuesday. Another long day of filming was ahead of me.

At least today I’d have some backup. Erica had taken a sick day and Mia’s mother-in-law was watching her twins for the morning.

We had an appointment to try out a caterer, and no way were my friends going to pass up a chance to taste free gourmet food.

In the parking lot of the Pack House I ran into Mia, who was wearing a ruffled purple hoodie with a cat-unicorn on it.

The cameras were already waiting for us, making everything awkward, but I hugged her tightly anyway.

Monica was also waiting, a huge fake smile plastered on her face.

She looks like a creepy ventriloquist dummy.



“Ladies!” Monica gushed. “How lovely of you to finally join us.” She somehow managed to sound excited and annoyed at the same time.

I shot Mia an amused glance and said nothing.

Monica ushered us ahead of her into a large drawing room that had been completely taken over by camera equipment.

Blinding light shone from lights placed at various intervals, and an interview booth was set up in one corner. Against the wall was an elegantly set table where I assumed we’d be doing the tasting.

“Woah. *Master Chef* eat your heart out,” Mia gasped.

Monica nodded. “And just like that show, this is also going to be a competition,” she said. “Only, you’re the judges. Lucky you!”

Curtis fixed the eye of his camera on me as Mia and I headed to the table.

Michelle was already sitting center stage, with Blair seated on her right and Erica on her left.



Erica gave me an excited grin. “This is so cool,” she said. “I feel like a celebrity!”



I took the seat on her other side, but then Monica decided she wanted to change the table arrangements.

There was a flurry of activity as they rearranged everything. When everything was settled, Monica insisted I sit in the middle.

Michelle looked thunderously angry, but when I tried to protest, Curtis shoved his camera so close to my face it was practically up my nose.

Flustered, I took the seat I was assigned.

Monica hurried off to the kitchen.

“What do you think they’ll serve us?” Erica asked.

“My *abuela* makes a meal for *Día de la Vela* every year,” Mia said. “That’s what she calls the Festival of Flame. She makes these spicy potatoes... mmm.”

“Maybe we should just get your grandmother to cater the event,” I said with a laugh.

“Oh my God, Sienna!” Michelle burst out.



The camera pivoted in her direction.

“Don’t be ridiculous. Monica has three of the best caterers in the city lined up for this competition.”

The camera turned back to me. The lens looked like a staring eye.

“I—I was only joking,” I said hesitantly.

“Well if you don’t mind, *some of us* are taking this seriously,” Michelle snapped.

I glanced at Mia, who had lost her smile.

Blair smiled at everyone. “I’m sure Mia’s *abuela* makes the best potatoes anywhere,” she said smoothly.

Everyone fell silent. Michelle took a sip from a glass of white wine, not looking at any of us.

Thankfully, three caterers entered a moment later, breaking up the tension.

“Doesn’t this all look wonderful?” Monica chirped. “Dig in everyone!”

Everything looked delicious, but my appetite was long gone.



I had decided to do this show to help watch out for Michelle, but my friend seemed bound and determined to make herself look good at my expense.

As guilty as I still felt over what had happened with Konstantin, I couldn't imagine weeks of dealing with her passive-aggressive comments every time I made a mistake.

Mia nudged me under the table. "You okay?" she whispered.

I poked at my goat cheese and kale. "Yeah, but I'd way rather have spicy potatoes than this."

"Me too," Mia giggled.

I looked up to see the camera fixed on us. Monica's supersensitive microphones had probably caught every word.

This was insane. I was tired of feeling ridiculous.

I rose from the table and approached Monica Birch, trying not to let my dislike of her show on my face.

"Can we talk for a second? Off the record?" I asked.

"Of course," she motioned for Curtis to capture



“Of course,” she motioned for Curtis to capture the truly dramatic spectacle of the salad course.

“I don’t think you should be focusing on me so much. Michelle is—”

“Oh, Sienna. Don’t say that. You’re doing just fine —”

“It’s not that. It’s just... I don’t know a lot about this stuff, and she seems really excited, and—”

“Actually, you’re absolutely right, Sienna,” Monica said, cutting me off again.

“I am?”

That was easy.

“Of course you don’t know the traditions as well as you should. You’re just a girl, after all. That’s why I think we need to bring in someone with lots of experience.”

“Ummm, okay?” I said, trying not to be offended.

“Someone like Charlotte Norwood,” Monica said, stepping closer.

My jaw dropped open. I didn’t want Aiden’s mother within a hundred feet of this event.



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Or me.

“This kind of event-planning is right up her alley,”
Monica continued.

“Charlotte Norwood’s hosted countless huge
events. She’ll know all about the traditions that
come with the Festival of Flame. She can make
sure that we get everything picture perfect.”

The easy manner in which she’d suggested all of
this told me that Monica had been preparing this
pitch for a while.

From across the room, Curtis’s camera was
watching me.

“Besides,” Monica said. “You *are* trying to show
the world that you’re a suitable mate for the
Alpha, aren’t you?”

No. Hell no.

*There is no way you can let that woman back into
your life.*

Not after last time.

“I think that’s a great idea!” Michelle said from
the table. She and the others had stopped chatting
and were watching Monica and me.





I looked at my friend, surprised. Michelle shrugged. “She does know about this stuff. You don’t want to look stupid at the festival.”

Again. I could practically hear the annoyance behind her words.

“I mean... maybe...” I said.

“Excellent!” Monica said brightly. “Why don’t you give her a call?”

“Now?” I asked in surprise. How did she always manage to get me to do exactly what she wanted?

“No time like the present!”

With a reluctant sigh, I took out my phone.

I can’t believe I’m actually doing this.

“Hello,” came Charlotte’s unmistakable snobby voice over the speaker.

Hang up. Pretend it was a wrong number.

“Charlotte,” I said. “It’s Sienna.”

“Sienna?” she echoed, sounding genuinely



“No time like the present!”

With a reluctant sigh, I took out my phone.

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“Hello,” came Charlotte’s unmistakable snobby voice over the speaker.

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“Charlotte,” I said. “It’s Sienna.”

“Sienna?” she echoed, sounding genuinely shocked.

“Yeah. Ummm...”

Just suck it up and get it over with.

“I think I could use your help.”

Next Chapter

