



Series

The Millennium Wolves  
Book 4 - Chapter 8

Dark Mode



Chapters

## AIDEN

“Shit!” I hissed, glaring at Josh.

He was standing, naked, scowling back at me. “I had this whole thing handled,” he said through gritted teeth.

“Not here,” I snapped, walking out of the bar.



Josh followed me as I marched over to my BMW’s trunk, where I always kept a couple of changes of clothes.

“They’re probably lying,” Josh said as I thrust a shirt at him. “Bobby Turner’s probably still inside the bar. They were uncooperative from the moment I got here,” he said as his head emerged through the tee’s collar.

“Really?” I said. “Any thoughts about why that might be?”

Josh grimaced. “Humans should know better than to get uppity with the Beta of the goddamn pack.”

*And my Beta should know better than to act like an arrogant pup. I’ve got more important problems to deal with than his ego.*

Biting my tongue, I pushed past him into the bar.

A leather-clad woman with peroxide-blonde hair was eyeing me from a table.

I took a moment to imagine what Sienna would look like wearing nothing but a motorcycle jacket.

My haze pulled at my groin, but I forced myself to shake off the mental image.

I had a job to do.



Approaching the bald bartender, I held up a fifty. “You got any info on where I can find Bobby Turner?”

The bartender took the money with a sneer and waved a hand in the direction of the pool table.

“Talk to Wrenchhead,” he said. “Dude in the red leather jacket.”

With Josh trailing behind me, I made my way through the bar.

The man in the red leather jacket had a beard that was three inches long. His brown hair was stringy and grew in patches.

He was nursing a mostly-empty glass of rye whiskey.



“Wrenchhead?” I queried.

“In the flesh,” he said, revealing a large gap between his two front teeth.

“You know anything about Bobby Turner? He was hunting a vampyre that goes by the name Konstantin.”

Wrenchhead’s mouth twisted like he’d sucked on a lemon. “Bobby was sore on account of that vamp.”

“Sore? How so?”



“Bobby’s wife died some time ago. Vamp made him see her like she was alive and well, only then he made him see other stuff and Bobby wouldn’t even say what.”

I winced.

Wrenchhead gave me a calculating look.

“That vamp deserves to die.” Wrenchhead’s face darkened. “As for Bobby, all I know is that he said something about heading west.”

“West,” I echoed. *Real specific.*

Wrenchhead shrugged, clearly not willing to

divulge more details.

“Thanks for the help,” I said sarcastically, fighting the urge to let out my claws.

With a furious glance at Josh, I led the way out.

## SIENNA

Aiden came home scowling. I decided not to worry him with my issues, so instead I coaxed him into bed and together we watched a movie, curl up in one another’s arms.



The next morning he was out by seven once more, a thermos of coffee clutched in his hand.

I missed our house.

This hotel room was luxurious, with brand new wallpaper and elegant, comfortable furnishings, but it felt sterile and lifeless.

So when I heard a knock on the door, I welcomed it.

It was Michelle.

I took a step back when I saw her, remembering what she’d said on Monica Birch’s show.

She must have read the expression on my face, because she flushed bright pink.

“Hey, I hope you’re not mad about...”

The truth was, I was incredibly hurt that Michelle had used me as a scapegoat on live television, but I tried to shove it aside.

My friend was pretty much back from the dead. I could cut her some slack for now.

Shaking my head, I inhaled deeply. “No,” I lied. “You were just telling the truth.”

*But what you did still kind of sucked.*



Michelle produced a compact from her purse and dabbed powder on her cheekbones.

I thought I saw her hands trembling, but it could have been my imagination, because a second later she snapped the compact shut and looked at me, her hazel eyes sparkling.

“Good,” she said. “Because I have news.” She turned her head toward the open door. “You can come in now!” she called.

Wait, had she invited someone else?



Before I could even register my confusion, Monica Birch strolled into my hotel room.

My jaw dropped.

“Hello, Ms. *Mercer-Norwood*,” she said. Her smile was so bright, there was no way it was natural.

“What’s going on?” I asked.

“Okay, before you say *anything*, just hear us out,” Michelle said quickly.

I sighed—but had no way out.



“Please, have a seat.”

I gestured to the round glass table. Michelle and Monica sat down, and I followed suit.

Monica pursed her lips, lacing her fingers together and peering at me over her meticulously manicured nails.

I tilted my head. “Well? Don’t keep me in suspense.”

“I have decided,” Michelle said, as she tossed her wavy brown hair over her shoulder, “to work with Monica on a reality show she’s pitched me.”



“A reality show?” I echoed, looking back and forth between them in disbelief.

They grinned in unison at my shock.

When had they grown so close?

“That’s right,” Monica chimed in, “*Real Mates of the East Coast Pack*.”

Blinking, I said, “I see.”

“It’s—it’s exactly what I’ve always wanted, Sienna,” Michelle said, and for a moment, I caught a hint of vulnerability in her eyes.



What a terrible idea. Michelle was way too fragile for this.

Had she talked to Josh about it? I couldn’t believe he’d be onboard.

But Josh had been so distracted lately...

“After the smashing success of her debut,” Monica said, beaming at Michelle, “I was inspired to take a closer look at all the mates of our East Coast Inner Council.”

“And I’ll be the star! Monica says I’m a natural in front of the camera!” Michelle interjected.

“Well, if Sienna agrees, you would be costars!”  
Monica said brightly. “Which is even better!”

“Yeah, costars!” But Michelle’s smile faltered, and  
jealousy flickered across her features.

Too much had happened in two minutes. I was  
completely taken aback.



How could Michelle possibly think this was a  
good idea? She needed to rest and recuperate after  
everything she had been through, not go galloping  
off to some reality TV show.

“Are—Michelle are you sure you’ve thought this  
through?” I asked.

“I told you Sienna might be reluctant,” Monica  
murmured to Michelle. “But we really can’t do the  
show without her.”

Michelle should not be doing this show at all.  
Something smells off about this whole thing.

“Please, Si?” Michelle asked. “It’s not like I’m  
talking about pulling out your fingernails here.”

“But, I’m way too busy. I have all my pack  
responsibilities.”

“And we promise not to interfere in the slightest.  
Plus, you get all the perks! Makeup artists, fan  
mail—”





“Hate mail,” I added.

“Hate mail! Of course not!” Monica waved a dismissive hand.

Michelle squirmed uncomfortably, but looked firm.



I wondered again how much she really wanted this, and how much Monica was just playing off my friend’s desire to be the center of attention.

“Look, I *told* Monica you wouldn’t want to do it,” Michelle said, her tone tinged with disappointment. “I told her I’d do whatever she wanted. I don’t even care. But you...”

She scoffed and pulled the compact back out, touching up her face again.

It was like a tiny shield she held, ready to deflect my refusal to cooperate.

I really, really wanted to say no.

But I watched her as she primped.

Saw it for the desperate act it was.

“I am normal. I am beautiful. I am healthy,” it said. “Konstantin left no mark on me.”



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No *visible* mark.

Oh, Michelle. She was so determined not to let anyone see how wounded she was.

And she was about to expose all of that on live TV.



Someone had to protect her. And Josh and Aiden were busy tracking down Konstantin.

I had failed Emily—had failed to be there when she needed me.

I couldn't let Michelle down as well.

“Is this really what you want?” I asked her again.

“More than anything, Sienna. Please!” she said, her voice rising into a whine.

I sighed. If Michelle was determined to do this, I had to go along. I had to find a way to atone for everything I'd put her through.

“I'll do it,” I blurted out, before I could second-guess myself.

Michelle turned to face me then, eyes wide. “You *will?*”



“You will?” Monica echoed in equal surprise.

I nodded. “Yes,” I said, trying to sound convincing.

“I can’t believe it,” Michelle said, genuinely touched. “Thank you, Sienna. Seriously. I—I really need this right now.”



“I won’t let you down,” I said, wishing I felt more excited.

“Wonderful! You won’t regret it,” Monica said, wide-eyed.

She began going on about schedules and contracts. I tried to listen, but I couldn’t help feeling like she had set a perfect trap for me to fall into.

And I had no idea what to expect next.

## AIDEN

“Call from Sayyid on line 2,” Felix said over the intercom.

I took the call, leaning back in my swivel chair. “Sayyid. Anything new on the Konstantin hunt?”

“Actually, yes, my Alpha. We directed the search

“Actually, yes, my Alpha. We directed the search northwest as you said, and we got a hit.”

The pen I was tapping stilled.

“Tell me.”

“Robert Turner at an ATM cam in Columbus, Ohio. Your orders?”



“Find the next flight to Columbus. I’ll meet you there.”

“Yes, my Alpha.”

I hung up.

Now, the question was whether or not to share this new information with Josh.

He was my Beta. Pack security, law enforcement for the entire territory—it all fell to him.

Besides, if I let him handle this, I could stay here in Mahiganote and take care of Sienna.

Last night, she’d woken up screaming in terror, and it had taken me more than an hour to coax her back to sleep.

But the only way to truly erase the nightmares



But the only way to truly erase the nightmares from Sienna's mind was to eliminate the threat of that vampyre.

And after the way Josh had botched things at Sonny's...



I didn't blame him. Or at least... I tried not to lay the fault on him.

He was still distraught over what had happened to Michelle.

Sure, he was relieved—in much better shape than he had been—but I had smelled the alcohol on his breath.

He needed more time to recover.

And when it came down to it, the old saying was true.

If you want something done right, do it yourself.

Next Chapter

