



The Millennium Wolves



Book 7 - Chapter 15

SIENNA

The armed man was on his guard the moment he saw us. The weapon in his hands came up and focused on a point somewhere near Aiden's stomach.



This was it. It was over before it started.

Without batting an eyelash Nina moved to Aiden's side. I watched as she wrapped her arms around his neck and nestled her head against his shoulder.

"What's the problem, officer?" she said in a husky voice.

The man narrowed his eyes. "This area is off limits to the public."

Taking my cue from Nina, I went to Aiden's other side and draped myself against his hip.

Aiden turned so that the guard could see his



Chapters



Display



Unmute



Comment



React



Aiden turned so that the guard could see his hand dip to caress my ass.

“We were just looking for a quiet place to....” he trailed off, raising his brows at the guard.

The officer may have been fresh out of the Hunter Academy, but he wasn't an idiot.



Well, not totally at least.

He lowered his gun and rolled his eyes. “You guys are the fourth group I've had to break up tonight. It's like the first night of the haze around here.”

I could almost smell the truth to his words. There *was* something in the air tonight—a sense of breathless anticipation that made me feel simultaneously excited and jumpy with nerves.

“I'll have to escort the three of you back into the ballroom. Please follow me.” We followed meekly after him.

When we arrived at the front entrance to the Pack House I looked around in amazement



Pack House, I looked around in amazement.

Anything that could have been covered in jewels and gilt and silk had been, and the whole thing looked like Versailles had thrown up on the Taj Mahal.

Towering big-screens, showing only *InfoWolves*, dominated the foyer.



Crowds milled about everywhere. I recognized no one behind the array of glittering masks and colorful costumes.

Most of them were far too busy enjoying the sultry atmosphere inside the Pack House to notice anyone else.

A woman in a witch hat had her hand down the pants of a man in a bear costume.

He was nuzzling at her exposed breasts with no thought to the throngs of people.

At least this meant it was unlikely we would attract much attention.

The three of us paused for a moment,
watching the security officer head back to his

watching the young officer head back to his rounds.

This was the moment I was dreading. Nina and I had to get to the communications booth that controlled the TVs. But someone needed to stay behind to ensure that we had a clear exit.

If things went badly, we would have less than thirty seconds to make our escape.



Aiden remained in the entrance hall, strategically positioned behind a stone column that allowed him to see the people around him without being easily seen himself.

Nina and I waited to ensure that the coast was clear, then darted to the small communications office that was tucked into a far corner of the Pack House.

Thanda Singh met us there. She was dressed in a simple floor-length black dress and a black domino mask.

“No costume?” Nina asked with a smile.

“Not my thing,” Thanda replied, returning the smirk.

“Alright lovebirds, let’s go,” I said, rolling my eyes at their playful banter.

“I have to get back, my father will miss me,” Thanda said, handing a small silver key to Nina.



“Thank you,” Nina said simply.

Thanda shot a wary glance around her and pressed a kiss to Nina’s lips. Then she turned on her heel and clicked back down the hall.

Nina’s eyes watched Thanda as her hips swung from side to side.

The smell of their infatuated pheromones was so thick I could practically taste it.

I cleared my throat loudly and she refocused, unlocking the door and herding me into in front of her.

There were enough buttons, dials, and switches in this room to control the International Space Station, but Nina moved

International Space Station, but Nina moved confidently about the tiny space.

She plugged in some wires and unplugged others in a quick rhythm that left me feeling entirely daunted by her skill with technology.

She flicked a few switches on a central panel and grunted at me, pointing towards a folding metal chair that sat in front of a neon green backdrop.



A large black camera pointed at me. It's black eye gleamed lifelessly, and I felt a shiver of distaste.

Nina had jammed a pair of oversized black headphones over her ears. "Ready?" she asked, looking towards me as she pointed towards a large red button on the main console.

Even I knew what the "record" button looked like.

My mouth felt dry. I swallowed hard.

I yanked the old-fashioned hat off my head



I yanked the old-fashioned hat off my head and let my fiery hair fall free.

“Ready.”

MICHELLE



Josh and I were talking with Doug MacConnell, the Alpha of the Texas Pack.

At this point they had both had quite a bit of whiskey, and they were laughing uproariously at a vulgar joke about a wolf and a coyote.

All around us the party danced on. I thought back to the Yule Ball, which had been so filled with tension and unhappiness.

Now everyone was carefree and having fun. Apparently a little too much fun, given the reports from my security team.

Several pack members had already been found in various states of undress throughout the house.

Perhaps later Josh and I could go find a quiet room ourselves—



room ourselves—

My thoughts were interrupted by an ear-splitting screech of electrical feedback.

All eyes turned toward the projected screens on the walls, which simultaneously turned blue.

One by one, they lit up with a single, fixed image.

Sienna. Framed by the universal green background used by telecasters all over the world.



I was frozen in place. I cast a quick glance at my mate, who was staring at the television in mute horror.

Only Sienna's head was visible; the shot was a close-up of her face.

She cast a nervous look over the top of the camera, searching for affirmation that it was recording.

Amateur.



Sienna looked directly into the camera, her wide blue eyes pleading with the audience on the other side of the lens.

“Hello everyone, I’m Sienna Mercer-Norwood, and I have something very important to tell you,” her voice echoed from dozens of speakers.

“At the Yule Ball, you saw Joshua Daniels challenge my husband, Aiden Norwood, for the right to Alpha. My husband lost that challenge.”

She paused, then continued, “We accepted that defeat. Even though my own father was kidnapped and held as a hostage, is *still* being held as a hostage against my continued cooperation.”



My eyes went back to Josh. I had never gotten around to telling him about the poison.

I hadn’t thought he could handle the truth.

I cast my gaze around wildly.

Where the fuck was Monica?



We had to interrupt the broadcast.

Before Sienna revealed all of my secrets.

SIENNA

I spoke to the people who had once been my Pack. I told them about Josh's villainy. I told them about the conspiracy with Monica Birch.

I wanted to tell them about the poison, about the Hunter Squad's attack on a house filled with children.

But Nina spun her finger in a tight circle, and I understood the gesture.



We'd already pushed our luck too far. Time to wrap things up.

“Most of the things I have told you today cannot be proven. But I do have evidence of Joshua Daniels conspiring with Monica Birch.

“The video I am going to show you has already cost the lives of three people; one of



them is my sister, Selene Mercer-Gibbs.”

Hot tears welled in my throat, but I fought them down and continued.

“After you watch this video, which my sister died trying to bring to light, I want you to consider what future you want for this pack. What future you want for your children.”

My voice rose and became stronger with every word. “Joshua Daniels has lied, cheated, and killed to be standing before you today as Alpha. None of us can trust him.

“Aiden and I will be waiting for your answer. Please, stop Joshua Daniels while there’s still time.”



I nodded to Nina, who cut off the video feed and switched it to the video that we had copied over from the SD card.

Josh’s face filled the surrounding screens as the video of him and Monica plotting to overthrow Aiden’s rule began to play.

Nina and I stood to leave. I turned back and saw Selene’s face flash on the screens, her

saw Selene's face flash on the screens, her eyes shocked and fearful. My heart clenched with pain.

We had to get out of here.

Aiden met us at the entrance to the corridor. A man in black armor was lying unconscious against the wall, bleeding weakly from the nose.

We nodded at one another. It was done.

JOSH

All eyes were on me. Panic twisted wildly in my gut.

I had two options.



I could admit to everything. Admit that I had killed Selene, and by association Jeremy.

Admit that I had murdered an agent of the TIB on the grounds of the Pack House.

That I had lied and cheated and stolen my way to the top.



All the sleepless nights of worry and stress bubbled to the surface.

It would almost be easier this way.

But a cold, lizard-like part of my mind whispered that lying and cheating and stealing were the only true ways that power was ever obtained.

And once you had power, the truth no longer mattered.

All former traces of drunkenness fled, leaving me feeling calm and confident.

Hundreds of wolves watched me, their stares blank and disconnected beneath their glittering masks.



After Selene's frightened face vanished from the towering screens, the walls shone a solid, uniform blue.

I pulled my shoulders back and stood to my full height.

Power is about projecting the appearance



you want them to see.

I understood that now.

“Ladies and gentleman, surely you can see that what you’ve just witnessed is nothing more than a blatant terrorist action against the East Coast Pack.

“That supposed video of my guilt is nothing more than a harmless conversation between myself and my press secretary.”

I raised my voice, lifting one clenched fist above my head. “We will not listen to these false and unfair attacks against the East Coast Pack any longer!”



The wolves around me, strong supporters all, cried back their agreement. I suppressed my satisfied smile.

If Sienna had known better, she would have known that there were no wolves left in the pack who were loyal to the Norwoods.

They were currently being...relocated.

“As your Alpha, I vow that together we shall



“As your Alpha, I vow that together we shall root out these treasonous scum until they are all rotting in prison!” I finished with a flourish.

The sound technicians must have figured out how to turn the music back on, because the speakers blared back to life. A thumping electronic dance beat filled the ballroom.

The wolves in the pack forgot about the Norwoods as they began dancing and grinding to the music.

Bottles of champagne were brought out from the bar, and a shower of sparkling liquid rained down upon the costumed guests.



The pulsing, erotic music increased in tempo. All around me I could feel people giving into the haze, which roared through the crowd like a stampede.

Partygoers began shedding their clothing.

Dresses were torn open to reveal bare breasts, sticky with champagne and sweat.

The blue light from the silent projector



The blue light from the silent projector screens cast an eerie halo around the room, which added to the heightened sense of unreality.

Nearby, I saw Doug MacConnell clutching at an unfamiliar young blonde who moaned wantonly and shifted her short-skirted barmaid costume to make room for his prodding fingers.

My cock swelled in my tuxedo pants, the same ones I had worn when I killed Agent Enzo.

Michelle met my eyes from across the room. The haze burned in my veins.



Two of the members of the Texas Pack were naked and writhing on the floor. I watched as the man flipped his partner over and buried himself into her.

I looked up again and Michelle was in front of me, her fingers hurriedly unclasping my pants.

I didn't bother to pull them down, just released my aching member

released my aching member.

She sank down on her knees before me and slid the entire length between her pink-stained lips.

All around me the party raged as people clutched and thrust against one another. The glittering ballroom quickly descended into a sea of moaning flesh.

I stood in the center of it all.

SIENNA

We had failed.



Or rather, we had succeeded in our mission.

But it had done nothing to change the mind of the Pack.

“What the fuck is wrong with these people?” Nina asked as we observed the increasingly hedonistic scene in the ballroom.

We were at the entrance to one of Nina’s secret passageways. From our vantage point, we could see what started out as a dance

we could see what started out as a dance party rapidly devolve into a full-on orgy.

We'd all seen more than enough.

Turning our backs on the lewd scene, we headed back down the silent executive corridor.

We ran without pausing down the stairs, out the door, and into the trees.

"I have to find Thanda," Nina said. "I'll be back at Home Hearth sometime tomorrow."

She headed back towards the secret entrance, leaving Aiden and me standing alone in the small clearing.



We turned together and began the long climb back.

I felt utterly exhausted.

After everything.

The running.



The searching.

The fear.

We had failed.

The East Coast Pack had seen clear evidence of corruption and done nothing.

My heart hardened against all of them.

“We have to find another way. We can come back. We can keep fighting—”

“No, Sienna,” was my mate’s reply.



He stopped and looked at me.

All the fire had gone out of his eyes. More so than at any point in our lives, he looked completely and utterly broken.

“It’s over,” he said in a resigned voice.

“We lost.”

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