



The Millennium Wolves



Book 7 - Chapter 3

AIDEN

Everything was a red haze.

The plantain leaves that Nina had used to coat the wound on my leg offered some relief, but there was no cure for the burning poison that raged through my veins.

I stood in a small copse of trees across the street from Melissa and Robert's house. Sienna and Nina had been gone about twenty minutes.

I had agreed to stand lookout, but we all knew the truth.

I wouldn't be useful in a fight.

I had failed to protect my family and I had failed to lead my pack.

Misery washed over me, joining the tremors



Chapters



Display



Unmute



Comment



React



and shakes that had already been seizing my limbs.

From down the street, a black, windowless van came into view. It drove quickly up the street and pulled to a stop right outside the Mercer home.

The back door of the van burst open and four men in full tactical gear jumped onto the grass of the front lawn.



Two of them carried long steel batons and thick riot shields.

The other two were armed with assault rifles.

A rush of anger and adrenaline slammed into me, numbing the pain and sharpening my focus.

The plantain leaves fell to the ground in a wet heap as I shifted into a black wolf.

I could smell these wolves. Hunter Squad.

Josh.

He had sent men with guns after my family.

After my *son*.

I could hear them now, shouting to the women and children inside the house that they were under arrest.

Every instinct I had was raging at me to bound across the road and tear their throats out with my bare fangs. But I was so weak, and if I were killed...



Before I could move, a fiery-red wolf exploded out of the picture window, knocking the gun out of the hands of one thug and sending him crashing backwards into his partner.

At the same time, a smaller wolf with fur so black it was nearly blue rushed around the side of the house and tackled one of the tactical wolves to the ground.

They had come prepared only for a middle-aged woman and three sleeping children, which is probably why they hadn't shifted to wolf beforehand.



Now it was too late. Their heavy armor had to be taken off before they could shift.

Sienna had no intention of giving them that chance.

Faster than I could imagine, she raged into battle.



I watched as she shifted smoothly back into her human form and knelt to touch the bare earth outside the house. She looked up at the officers, her eyes blazing with hatred.

Long vines with wickedly sharp thorns sprang from the ground, wrapping around the legs of the last standing officer in tight spirals and yanking him to the ground.

The thick green ropes climbed and twisted to the other three men, binding their legs together until they were all caught as neatly as flies in a spider's web.

The blue-black wolf shifted to reveal dark-skinned Nina. She picked up the assault rifle that the first attacker had dropped.

With infinite calm, as though this were an



With infinite calm, as though this were an everyday occurrence, Nina leveled the gun at the four struggling members of the Hunter Squad.

She looked to Sienna, who regarded the men with sneering disdain before raising her voice for everyone to hear.



“You cowardly, pathetic scum thought you could threaten my family.”

As she spoke, another vine rose from the mounds of disturbed soil. This one was tipped with a dagger-sharp thorn nearly four inches long.

I watched as Sienna, naked and beautiful and shaking with fury, directed the vine until it was pressed against the throat of one of the wolves.

For a long moment, everything was perfectly still as we waited for Sienna to decide the man's fate.

I could see the conflicting emotions, the battle of rage and fear in her eyes.



Her face contorted horribly, then relaxed.

The dagger-like vine eased back from the man, who sagged as if all the bones in his body had evaporated.

My mate's next words were so low my wolf ears had to strain to make them out.



“If you ever come near me or my family again, you’ll wish you had died this day.”

She turned and went back into the house for a brief moment, and then exited again, dressed and carrying a yawning Rowan.

Melissa followed her with River on her hip and Vanessa's hand clutched in hers.

The commotion on the quiet residential street was beginning to wake the neighbors.


Porch lights were turning on, and curtains twitched as the residents of Mahiganote looked out to see four members of the Hunter Squad caught in a web of writhing vines.



On Sienna's back was a bulging pack.

I shifted into my human form.

I hadn't been able to fight. Thank God Sienna had been there.

"You were incredible," I told my mate as  crossed the street to the trees where I waited.

Uselessly.

"I never thought they'd send guns after us. What the hell are Josh and Michelle planning?" she responded.

An elderly woman with her hair in rollers stepped onto her front lawn. She spoke rapidly into the telephone.

In the distance, sirens blared.

I looked around at our growing audience. "I don't know. But we can't stay here. We have to leave. Now."

"Where can we go?" Sienna asked. "The



kids are too young to run for long. We'll have to go on foot. And your leg..."

While she spoke, she opened up the red backpack she had brought from the house.

She handed me a pair of faded Reeboks and some old clothes that had clearly belonged to Robert.



Nina gave me a worried look, then sighed deeply. "I know a place where we can hide," she said.

She had put her clothes back on as well, and now from the leg of her boot she pulled out a knife with a wooden handle.

The word "HOME" was inscribed on the side.

"But I can't exactly be sure of the welcome we can expect when we get there. And it means traveling through Makadewa Forest."

An icy shiver ran down my spine at the name.



Makadewa.

Everyone said that forest was haunted.

MICHELLE

The lights and flashes from the cameras blinded me as I stood in front of the Pack House in the early morning chill.



The surrounding reporters shivered around me, but they weren't wildly shouting their questions this time.

As the mate of the new Alpha, I demanded their patience.

“Yes, Ms. Birch?” I directed my first statement to Monica, who grinned her wide shark smile and stood up from her chair.

“Mrs. Daniels, how does your husband, Alpha Joshua Daniels, intend to change the East Coast Pack for the better?”

I beamed into the camera. “Excellent question, Monica. My husband is determined to restore the ECP to its former glory by



reinstating some of our most important cultural traditions.”

More camera flashes. “He also intends to take a firmer stance on human meddling in werewolf affairs, including ensuring that werewolves can be schooled separately from human children if their parents wish to do so.”



I looked directly into the lens and continued, “It’s time for the East Coast Pack, and all the packs around the country, to remember that now is the time for tradition, family, and strength.”

Tradition. Family. Strength.

Our pack’s new official slogan.

I came up with it.

As usual, I could feel my body becoming more and more turned on as I bathed in the bright lights of the cameras.

There was no Sienna to stand in my way now.



The spotlight was mine and mine alone.

The thought was enough to tighten my nipples beneath the fabric of my black Gucci sweater.

Another reporter, this one from the local paper, *The Mahiganonte Times*, raised his hand and I acknowledged him with a nod.

“Mrs. Daniels, how is the Pack prepared to respond to the public resignations this morning by Council members Rhys Watkins and Nelson King?”



My smile didn't fade for an instant.

“Alpha Daniels,” I replied, “has vowed that his new council will be made of only the most loyal wolves on the East Coast.

“Together, they will set an agenda that will restore this pack to its former greatness.”

As the words rolled off my tongue, I felt a dampness between my thighs. I wondered if these other wolves could smell my arousal.

I needed Josh.

“That will be all for today. Thanks guys!” I said with a wink.

Michelle
I need u.

Michelle
🌶️ 💧



Josh
I need u too babe.

Josh
But in the middle of big meeting.
Greg/Thanda here.

Michelle
Get rid of them. 🧑

Josh
And the TIB

Michelle
...

Michelle
Tell the TIB to fuck off

Tell the TIB to fuck off.

Michelle

I'm so hot right now babe.

Michelle

Meet me at the mansion in 10?

Josh

I can't.

Josh

Sry.

Josh

Later? Love u.



Michelle

...

Michelle

Srsly?

Michelle

Fuck u Josh

JOSH



I smothered a groan as I read the last few texts from my mate.

There would be hell to pay later.



I turned back to Gregory Singh, my new Beta. He and his daughter had arrived at my office moments ago.

They were followed by a grizzled man in his mid-50s with ashy black skin and white hair, who introduced himself as Craig Westin, the chief of Territorial Investigations Bureau.

Apparently, Agent Anthony Enzo hadn't checked out of his motel this morning, and his car was sitting on two flat tires in the parking lot.

And his corpse is rotting in the ground...

I swallowed the lump in my throat and gave a confident smile.

“Sorry about that, Chief Westin,” I said smoothly, returning my phone to my pocket.

“You're a busy man, Alpha Daniels,” he



responded. “I won’t waste your time. Agent Enzo has never been the most...reliable of our operatives.

“He has passion, but the death of his brother left him with a chip on his shoulder.”

That was putting it lightly.

Thanda Singh crossed to one of the Navajo-print chairs that faced my desk and sat down, smoothing the black fabric of her skirt.

“Agent Enzo was removed from the investigation of Selene Mercer-Gibbs’ murder after refusing a former pack member her legal right to an attorney,” she said.

“He was then banned from the Pack House and from any contact with the East Coast Pack. We had assumed he merely left town.”

“Then why is his car still here?” the agent responded.

“As it is sitting on private property and not on Pack grounds, that really isn’t any of Alpha Daniels’ concern.” This time it was



Alpha Daniels' concern." This time it was Gregory who spoke, crossing his arms over the chest of his hunter green sweater.



"It's his concern when an agent investigating a murder on the grounds of this Pack House goes missing!" the older man snapped.

I started to speak, but Thanda shot me a pointed look and I closed my mouth.

We had discussed all of this beforehand.

"Agent Enzo was seen by hotel staff coming into his hotel at approximately 3 p.m. yesterday afternoon," Gregory said.

"That was less than twenty-four hours ago, Chief Westin. Far too early to begin outrageous claims about a missing officer."

"A lot can happen in twenty-four hours in a pack of werewolves," the chief muttered.

Bingo. Just what we had hoped for.

Thanda raised an eyebrow. "That sounded dangerously close to anti-werewolf

..... 4. Chief Westin."



propaganda, Chief Westin.”

“It would be...unfortunate if a recording of this conversation were leaked to the press,” her father chimed in. “Especially considering that your office is up for election this spring.”



Chief Westin flushed an angry purple. “Are you threatening an officer of the TIB?”

“Of course not,” Thanda replied. “We’re merely stating that there is no evidence of a crime.

“For all you know, Agent Enzo could be off on a bender. I’ve seen his file. It wouldn’t be the first time.”

“I think coming here looking for Agent Enzo is merely an excuse to get the measure of our new pack. Well, see for yourself, Chief Westin.” Gregory Singh nodded at me.

“Our new Alpha,” he continued, “has no intention of rolling over and doing nothing while your administration continues to bungle things.”



As if on some unconscious cue, Thanda rose and Gregory followed her to the door. “Come back with a warrant, Chief Westin. Or better yet, don’t come back at all,” Thanda said.



Westin knew when he was beaten. He followed the Singhs out of the door, leaving me alone in my office to savor the newfound feeling of power.

It wasn’t until the door hit the latch that I realized I barely uttered a word the entire time.

SIENNA

All children in Mahiganote know the stories about the Makadewa forest, high up in the hills of southern Virginia.

The legends changed from person to person depending on who was telling the tale.

Sometimes it was said that the area was the domain of an entity known only as the Horned Serpent.

Others said that an entire troop of Civil War



Others said that an entire troop of Civil War soldiers had been slaughtered in the hills.

And that their ghosts still roamed through the skeletal pine trees that covered the area like a dense green carpet

Our group picked their way through the thick tangle of bushes and brambles that coated the forest floor. We had been walking for hours and gotten nowhere.



Aiden was barely on his feet.

Rowan, Vanessa, and River had given up walking long ago.

Nina led the way, carrying Vanessa in her strong arms. My mother still held platinum-haired River securely on her hip. Rowan's face was buried in my shoulder; he was shaking with fear and confusion.

All three of the children had been wonderful sports at first. The two girls in particular accepted this swift turn of events without complaint.

But then, their entire worlds had changed.



But then, their entire worlds had changed in the course of just a few days. No wonder they didn't have the strength to argue.

All of us were straining against a steep uphill climb. I panted with the effort of trying to lean forward without dropping my son.



The bone pain, triggered as always when I used my Deity abilities, had already settled in for a long visit.

Every muscle in my body cried out with exhaustion. But there were many miles to go before we could lay down and rest.

Ahead of us, Nina crested the top of a hill. She motioned for us to join her, then gently sat Vanessa on a moss-covered log.

I followed her lead, putting Rowan beside Vanessa as my mother did the same with River.

The children didn't even look up. Rowan's head had been heavy on my shoulder, his eyes drooping with tiredness.



I turned to Nina, who was studying an enormous maple tree as if it was going to reveal something to her.

“How much further?” I whispered, not sure why I felt the need to keep my voice low.

The forest itself seemed to be leaning in on us as if listening to our words.



“Maybe another half a day’s walk,” she said.

Shit. We had no food, and only two small water bottles my mother had been forward thinking enough to shove into her bag before we left.

One of those was already completely empty.

I thought about shifting and hunting down a rabbit or even a small deer, but the bone ache was slicing through my very marrow and the thought of running after prey was not one I relished.

A crack sounded from the forest up ahead and we all froze, even the kids.



A glossy amber-colored wolf emerged from the trees. Its lips were peeled back in a snarl and low growls emanated from its throat.

Nina was on her feet in an instant, pulling the long knife with its hand-carved hilt from her bootleg once more.

She flipped the blade open and six inches of gleaming steel reflected off the cold winter sun.

“So, you’ve returned, *hageshi*,” came a voice from behind us.



We all turned to see a petite Asian woman standing directly behind Aiden. One side of her hair fell to her shoulders, but the other side of her head had been closely shaven.

She looked directly at Nina, and there was a dangerous spark in her black eyes.

In her slim hands was a shotgun. Its barrels were an inch away from Aiden’s temple.

“And you’ve brought outsiders.”





SIENNA

From the shadows, three more wolves emerged. Their hackles were raised and their fur stood on end.

The young Japanese woman holding the shotgun paused, surveying the scene.

She must have decided that we were not about to take on four wolves ourselves, because she lifted the muzzle of the shotgun from the side of Aiden's head and set the butt against the forest floor.



She directed her words at Nina. I looked over to see her smiling back at the woman.

“It is a surprise to see you here, fierce one. But you are always welcome. The same cannot be said for the others.”

The sandy-colored wolf to my right shifted



Chapters



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Unmute



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React

