



Series

## The Millennium Wolves



Book 6 - Chapter 6

**AIDEN**

A blur of seal-colored wolf pummeled into us. We scrambled apart, and I shifted immediately.

I growled and lunged for the wolf that had attacked us, but in my next breath, everything clicked into place.

*Jeremy.*

He was mad with grief.

Jeremy was snapping at me, growling and making whining noises of pain. My heart went out to him.

Under normal circumstances, an attack like that would have meant death for him. But these were far from normal circumstances.

Jeremy made a yelping noise and lunged at me—like a wild wolf caught in a trap, he was mindlessly lashing out.

He was so crazed, he was actually



Chapters



Display



Unmute



Comment



React



dangerous.

I had no interest in fighting him, but I had to subdue him.

How could I do it without hurting him, *and* without him hurting me?

Or Sienna?



I cast a glance at Sienna. She was standing next to a tree, watching. From the expression on her face, she'd recognized him, too. She met my eyes and gave me a nod.

I leapt, using all of my weight to knock Jeremy over. He whipped his head and struggled, but there was no strategy to his movements.

On his best day, Jeremy could not have taken me. Now, he was giving me a run for my money.

*Shit.*

He caught my foreleg, and his teeth tore my flesh.

I yelped and growled, baring fangs.

Jeremy dug at my belly with his hind claws.

Then in a blur of red, Sienna joined the fray.

*No! Stay back!*

But she'd shoved him off of me, and now she was rolling with him.

*Sienna!*



Using my shoulder as a ram, I knocked her clear.

I turned and pounced again, pinning Jeremy.

I clamped my jaws on his throat, triggering his instinct to submit.

*That worked, but now what?*

If I released him, he'd probably run off again.

*Shit.*

What could I do?

**SIENNA**

*Jeremy. God.*

Could the sound of a wolf crying break your heart?

Maybe, but my heart was already broken. His whines just ground broken glass into its pulpy remains.

Shuddering, I watched as Aiden dominated the seal-coated wolf, pinning him and taking his throat into his black-furred jaws.

They stayed like that for a moment.



Then it hit me. What could Aiden do?

Jeremy was out of his mind. He wasn't going to behave rationally if Aiden let him go.

I didn't like to use my power unless I had to. It had been at least a year since the last time.

But this occasion called for it.

Narrowing my eyes, I scanned the trees and shrubs in the area, sending out my mind.

I hesitated on a white-barked birch—its roots were shallow, but I wanted something softer.

At last, I settled on a mulberry tree. I focused on its roots, urging them to sprout offshoots as if they were growing as



seedlings.

They burrowed first under the ground, then broke the surface, flexible and weedy.

Like thin snakes, the roots slunk over the forest floor to where Aiden held Jeremy. As they wrapped around his lupine form, the last of the fight went out of him.

His body contorted and he shifted to human, his skin covered in bruises and scratches.

Being in human form didn't stop him moaning with grief, though.



“Thank you,” Aiden said to me as I commanded the roots to sever themselves from the mulberry and finish encasing Jeremy. Not too tight, but snug enough to keep him from escaping.

His fevered eyes found mine.

The pain there was so raw I had to look away.

I released my link to the mulberry and felt a wave of exhaustion wash over me.

Using my powers always took a toll.

With my next breath, I felt the aching start in

my bones.

I suppressed a groan and twisted, trying to relieve the discomfort, but there was no escaping the bone pain after I'd used my powers.

Luckily, this was only a small act. The pain shouldn't get unbearable, or last too long.

I hoped.

Looking back at Aiden and Jeremy, I saw that my mate had laid a hand on Jeremy's forehead. A gesture of sympathy.

Jeremy closed his eyes.



His breathing slowed, and he finally stopped making those awful noises.

"I think he passed out," Aiden said.  
"Exhausted."

"He's been running wild for what, almost twenty-four hours?"

"Yeah," Aiden acknowledged. "Let's get him to the Pack House, stat."

**JOCELYN**

It's not as unusual as you might expect, three people, one of them the Alpha, walking into the Pack House without a stitch on. But this entrance made a stir.

Mercifully, most of the press was camped out at the end of the drive, lying in wait, so they missed it when three naked people came out of the woods.

“Jocelyn!” I heard Aiden calling from the vast hall that served as a foyer to the Pack House. “Jocelyn!”

I ran out from the library where I'd been trying to find something—anything—about the mating bond that doomed Jeremy to follow Selene in death.

I saw the object of my research, carried between Aiden and Sienna.



Behind them, through the door, a small horde of reporters was charging.

I pressed one of the intercom buttons located at strategic points around the Pack House.

“Security!”

Sienna and Aiden had Jeremy wrapped in thin, twisting roots.

Sienna had used her power.

I glanced at her. Ah, yes. The bone pain had already started.

But today, my main concern was Jeremy.

I gave a look to two of the four security guards who appeared a moment later. “Get a gurney,” I told them as I hurried to Jeremy’s side.

In a short time, we had moved Jeremy to my medical suite.

The guards helped me switch him from the gurney to a bed, and I used my surgical shears to cut the roots off of him.



I was so glad to finally have him *here*. I didn’t think there was much I could do to save him, but at least now I could make him comfortable while I tried to find something.

Anything.

## SIENNA

Back at the Pack House.

Back where Selene had lived her last moments.

I dressed without thought, pulling a white



top and apricot sweats from the storage closet in the drawing room.

Glancing around, for the first time in my life, I wondered if a person's spirit lingered after death.

Was Selene watching me now?

The idea made my heart lurch up into my throat.

Did I hope she was? Or dread it?

My feelings were a mess—more tangled than the roots I'd wrapped Jeremy in.



Grief twisted with guilt.

*I'm so sorry, Selene.*

*I'm so sorry I wasn't here for you.*

Guilt bled into rage.

*When I find out who did this, I'll tear them apart.*

Aiden came in then—he'd accompanied Jocelyn and the guards to get Jeremy settled.

I sat on a couch and watched him dress,

unable to enjoy the sight of him like I normally would.

He chose a golden sweater knitted with a slightly fuzzy wool.

Mohair, I wondered? Selene would know.

That thought zinged my heart. I gasped with the unexpectedness of it.

Was this what it would be like from now on? Random associations to Selene stabbing like knives when I least expected it?

God.



I felt adrift.

If Selene was here, I couldn't feel her.

How would I ever have another chance to talk to her?

At some grave in a cemetery? In a row and column of similar graves?

The image in my mind was unbearable. Selene, buried under a headstone, one of hundreds.

"I want her in the Alpha plot," I said aloud.

Aiden blinked at me, midway through pulling on the sweater.

“The Alpha plot?” Aiden said, smoothing it over his torso.

With effort, I moved past the distress I felt. The bone pain, still present, actually helped with that.

“Yes,” I said, stretching out a leg. “I want to be able to visit her there, not in Mahiganote Cemetery.”

Michelle walked in to the drawing room then. She was wearing a borrowed blouse too, I noted, and I wondered if she’d shifted recently.

“Visit who where?” she said, brushing her hair over a shoulder.

I saw her eyes flick to me—taking in the sweats, the basic white T-shirt.

*Sorry, Michelle. I just don't give a crap right now.*

“Selene,” I said in answer to her question. “I don’t want to visit her in a regular cemetery. I want some privacy and some control over the space. I want her in the Alpha plot.”



*I can't believe it. How can I be talking about which cemetery I'm going to be visiting Selene in?*

*When do I wake up from this nightmare?*

I rubbed my hands over my arms, the bones inside throbbing.

Exhaustion pulled me deeper into the couch.

“Oh, Si,” Michelle said. “I don’t think that’s a good idea. The press will have a field day.”

“Singh’s faction won’t like it either,” Josh said from the doorway.

Pain and fatigue made the prospect of arguing with them overwhelming.

“This is Selene we’re talking about,” I said. “I don’t care what the press or this Singh guy thinks.”

“It’ll ruffle a lot of feathers,” Michelle said. “People will say you’re abusing your power for your own benefit. It goes against tradition.”

“It would hardly be the first time we went against tradition,” Aiden said, taking a step closer to me. “I see nothing wrong with the idea.”



I gave him a grateful look, breathing deeply.

All I wanted to do now was to take a nap—cover myself in blankets and hot pads and ride out the bone ache.

But then I heard Rowan's voice in the hall and that of Lexa.

What were they doing here?

With effort, I got to my feet, heading out of the drawing room.

Sure enough, Rowan was running a few feet ahead of Lexa, the young, strawberry blonde nanny.

Rowan saw me and increased his speed. I braced myself for him to pummel into me. He did not disappoint.



My bones throbbed with the impact, but I gritted my teeth and smiled at him.

My five-year-old stared up at me, green eyes dancing with mirth, black curls like a halo around his face.

“Mama,” he said. “Aunt Sellie wanted to come see you.”

My heart lurched. I looked up and met

Lexa's eyes.

"He's been talking about Aunt Sellie ever since I got him up," she said, her shoulders hunching a bit. "I'm sorry. I just couldn't think of what else to do but bring him over here."

"You made the right call," I said, rubbing Rowan's shoulder a little. I looked back into his eyes.

He didn't seem upset.

I thought of spirits again. What if Rowan really saw Selene, somehow?

*When did things go so off-kilter?*



*How can I be wondering if my son is seeing my sister's ghost?*

*Can I please wake up now?*

"How about we go for a walk?" I asked him.

"A walk! A walk!" Rowan said, jumping up and down and landing more than once on my foot.

I suppressed a wince.

*As I studied Rowan, something hit me.*



As I steadied Rowan, preventing him from stumbling as he pummeled my feet, I thought back to the comment he had made, telling me Selene said to drink more champagne.

*Something is up with him.*

*Maybe something to do with Deity powers.*

*I have to find out more, but how can I do that with everything going on?*

I got out my phone.

**Sienna**

Erica, I need your help with something.



UNLIMITED

**Erica**

sure, whatever you need.

**Sienna**

I need to know more about ppl w special abilities.

**Sienna**

psychics maybe

**Sienna**

ppl who can do things outside of



ppl who can do things outside of what you'd expect.

**Sienna**

You think you can maybe dig up some info?

**Erica**

I will put my prodigious researching skills to work right away lol



**Sienna**

see if you can find out anything about people with Deity powers, like me

**Sienna**

I want to know what other powers are out there

**Erica**

any particular reason?

**Sienna**

I'm worried about Rowan.

**Sienna**

He's getting bigger now and I think it would be good to have some idea of what we're in for



some idea of what we're in for

**Sienna**

keep that on the DL, though.

**Erica**

Got it lol

**Erica**

I won't let anyone know.



**Sienna**

Thanks, Erica.

**Erica**

I'm glad to have something I can do to help

**Erica**

I'll let you know as soon as I find out anything useful.

## AIDEN

Jocelyn found me in my office. I was sitting at my desk, not getting anything useful done.

Too busy worrying.

“Aiden,” she said as she came in.

I didn't like the look on her face.

“What is it?”



“Jeremy,” she said, her voice soft.

I didn't reply, only stood to walk closer. My eyes were fixed on her, willing her to say that anything other than what I knew she was going to say.

“He's in bad shape, Aiden.”

*Fuck.*

“I don't think it's going to be very long.”

“No!” I barked, and she jumped a little.

Jeremy and I had been friends for longer than I had been Alpha.

I counted back mentally...eighteen years.

*He can't just die.*

Aloud, I said, “I can't accept that.”

“Aiden...”

He's in our shape, I know.

*Fuck.*

“I don’t think it’s going to be very long.”

“No!” I barked, and she jumped a little.



Jeremy and I had been friends for longer than I had been Alpha.

I counted back mentally...eighteen years.

*He can't just die.*

Aloud, I said, “I can’t accept that.”

“Aiden...”

“There has to be a way!”

I took her hands. They were warm in mine, and she met my eyes. I could tell she wanted the same thing I did.

“Find a way to save him, Jocelyn. Do whatever you have to do.”

Next Chapter

