



## The Millennium Wolves



Book 6 - Chapter 27

**JOSH**

I knew it.

*I fucking knew it.*

As soon as Aiden messaged me at the crack of dawn and told me and Gregory to get to the Pack House, I knew he was going to try cancelling the Yule Ball.

*When had Aiden Norwood become such a coward?*

My jaw dropped open anyway.



As much as I knew that my Alpha had lost touch with his Pack, I still couldn't believe how far afield he had truly gone.

“You cannot cancel the Yule Ball.”

Gregory spoke first, giving me time to control my frustration.



Chapters



Display



Unmute



Comment



React



After so many years, I was getting very good at it.

Aiden's claws were already out, and now they chipped a little further into his desk.

"I cannot?" he asked in a low, menacing voice.

Gregory met the Alpha's furious look with his usual calm detachment.

When he spoke, his tone was dismissive. "Of course not. The Yule Ball has been a tradition in this pack for generations. To even consider cancelling is completely ridiculous."



I winced at the condescension in Gregory's voice.

I watched Aiden struggle with his anger.

*I would have to be very careful.*

He took a deep sigh and spoke through gritted teeth. "As Alpha of this Pack, I have the authority to cancel any and all Pack events, Mr. Singh."

“Yes, you already demonstrated that by abolishing the Fertility Festival. If I recall, the blowback from that was...significant.”

Aiden winced. Gregory had a point, and he knew it.

Aiden’s whole body was quivering with barely contained fury.

Most wolves would have been miles away with their tails tucked between their legs.

Gregory gave a humorless smile and continued, “Alpha Norwood, I don’t need to tell you of the political consequences of cancelling an event as steeped in Pack tradition as the Yule Ball.”



**“I DON’T CARE ABOUT THE DAMNED CONSEQUENCES!”** Aiden roared, finally losing his temper.

He seized a heavy glass paperweight off his desk and hurled it at the wall, where it shattered into a thousand glittering shards.

**“MY SISTER-IN-LAW IS DEAD. MY FRIEND IS DYING. MY WIFE IS IN JAIL.**



MY FIVE-YEAR-OLD SON IS UNDER ATTACK AND YOU WANT TO TALK ABOUT TRADITION?”

Every muscle in his body quivered with barely contained fury.

I shot a glance at Gregory, who met the Alpha’s murderous look with one of cool civility.

For a long moment the two men stared one another down.

It was up to me to defuse the tension and save what could be saved of the situation.

“Aiden, you’re right.” I said shortly.

He jerked his head in surprise.

He wasn’t used to me siding with him anymore.

I seized the moment. “It is the worst possible time for the Yule Ball. We’re all still grieving for...for Selene. And Jeremy.”

A cold weight of sadness wrapped around





A cold weight of sadness wrapped around my heart as I spoke. I took a deep breath and continued.

*Everything hung on my next few words.*

“But I think we also need to give our Pack something to celebrate. We need to look forward, and the Yule Ball is a good way to do that,” I said, forcing myself to meet Aiden’s glaring eyes.



“Besides,” I finished hurriedly, “the ball is in like, twelve hours. Everything’s already arranged and paid for.”

Aiden was still bristling with tension, but he let out a long sigh and sank into his leather chair.

Gregory nodded approvingly and folded his hands together beneath his chin. “Your Beta is right, Alpha Norwood.”

*At least someone could see that.*

He steeped his hands under his chin and said, “Perhaps we can reach a compromise.

"Allow the Yule Ball to go forward tonight. Your presence will only be required for the opening ceremony. Mr. Daniels can stand in your place for the remainder of the evening."

My heart started beating so hard I wondered if you could see it through my T-shirt.

We both watched Aiden.



He gave another heavy sigh and rolled his eyes dramatically. "Can Josh perform the opening ceremony? It feels wrong to stand in front of the entire Pack without my mate by my side."

Gregory gave the Alpha another tight-lipped smile. "I wouldn't worry about that too much, Alpha Norwood. In fact, I think Sienna will be at home where she belongs quite soon."

## JOCELYN

*Something is wrong.*

Ever since I had awoken on the cold stone of the Healing bay, I had felt...off.

Like something was crawling under my skin, itching to get free.

I scratched idly at my arm and refocused my energy on meditating.

Whatever had happened that night, it had been completely unprecedented.



I had made contact - however briefly - with Jeremy's spirit.

I couldn't stop now, not when this might be my last chance to save him.

Sitting in front of Jeremy's prone body, it was clear that he had very little time left.

He hadn't taken any food in days, and I was only able to get trickles of water past his cracked and swollen lips.

My head spun with dizziness. I felt weak. Probably because I had barely eaten in days.

With a bang of guilt, I remembered Nina.

She had brought me a sandwich, but I



couldn't remember when.

When was the last time I had seen her?  
Spoken with her?

*Touched her?*

*Soon, I promised myself.*



Just as soon as I saved Jeremy.

I cast my mind out once more, seeking out  
the spirit that had been restlessly circling  
beneath his skin.

*There it is.*

It was stronger than before, and a smile  
broke out on my face.

I couldn't remember the last time I had  
smiled.

*Jeremy? It's Jocelyn? I'm here.*

Silence.

*Jeremy? Can you hear me? I want to help*



*you.*

I could definitely feel his presence, and it was stronger than before.

So why couldn't he answer?

I opened my mind farther and tried again.

*Jeremy? I need you to listen to my voice.*



*I need you to hold on.*

I paused and focused, searching my consciousness for that connection I had experienced before.

Then an overwhelming energy, a storm of anger and sadness and grief crashed into me with the force of a tidal wave.

I could feel this presence creep in through my mouth, my ears, until every pore of my skin was drowning in it.

For the second time in as many days, the world faded to black and I felt the stone floor rise up to meet me.



Before everything went black, I heard a small voice that was not my own whisper in the back of my mind.

“I’m sorry, Jocelyn.”

## SIENNA

Faint rays of sunlight shone through the barred window of the jail.



I smiled with grim determination.

I had survived my first night in the slammer.

The sharp click-clack of heels echoed down the corridor.

*Thanda. Thank God.*

I sat up on the narrow cot and winced as my sore muscles screamed in protest.

I may have survived, but it had been a long, uncomfortable night of little rest.

Thanda came into view. It was only eight in the morning, but she looked ready to

conquer the legal world in a navy-blue pantsuit and Christian Louboutin stilettos.

A tiny part of me hated her for always looking so composed when I probably looked like I'd slept in a dumpster.

But I loved when she wasted no time on small talk and jumped straight to the point.

“Get ready, Mrs. Mercer-Norwood. You’re going home.”

I gasped.



“How? What did you do?!” I said frantically.

A uniformed officer appeared at Thanda’s side. He swiped a card through the security lock of the jail cell and the metal door swung open.

She gave him a pointed look and he promptly disappeared from sight, leaving us alone once more.

“What did you do?” I repeated my question more urgently as Thanda lingered for a moment in the entrance to the jail cell.



“Yesterday evening, you requested that your legal counsel be present when you were speaking with Agent Enzo. Is this true?” she responded.

“Yeah...but how do you even know that? We were alone.”

“No one is ever truly alone anymore, Mrs. Mercer-Norwood.” Thanda said enigmatically, “Suffice to say that when Agent Enzo denied you your right to an attorney, he broke the law. He won’t be bothering you again.”



I wanted to shout and jump up and down with happiness, but I settled for the more sedate, “That is wonderful news. Thank you, Thanda. Seriously.”

She shrugged and it was the most human gesture I’d ever seen her make. “That’s my job. Now, there is one more thing you need to know before we leave.”

My heart sank. “Is everything okay with Rowan?”

“Your son is fine. This has to do with Mrs. Daniels.”

“Michelle? Oh my god, is she okay!?” I immediately pictured my friend injured or worse.

Thanda pulled her phone out of her white Gucci handbag. She brought up a video on Howling For Truth, and then handed me the phone.

I couldn't believe what I was seeing.



My best friend, calling my son a mongrel.

A freak.

“I only show you this because Mrs. Daniels is waiting outside. There are several members of the press with her.”

I nodded firmly and handed the phone back. “Thank you for telling me. I'll take care of it.”

Fifteen minutes later, I was blinking in the early morning sunlight. Never had I been more thankful for its gentle warmth.





more thankful for its gentle warmth.

Just as Thanda had said, Michelle was standing in the parking lot. There were five reporters with her, and when they saw me, they immediately raised a shout.

Five cameras were now facing me.

*Stay calm, Sienna. Don't do anything you'll regret.*

Michelle ran to me. There was guilt on her face, but it was mixed with blazing optimism.



*Stay calm.*

“Sienna! I’m so glad to see you out of that horrible place!” she said, then at least had the decency to lower her gaze.

“I was hoping we could talk. I said some terrible things. I was angry...”

*Stay calm.*

“You’re fired.” I said with as much control as I could muster.



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I drew back and slapped Michelle across the face with all my strength.

Next Chapter

