



## The Millennium Wolves



Book 7 - Chapter 8

**ROWAN**

The purple-faced man had followed us for days.

Most of the time he was quiet and sad, like all the other people I saw sometimes.

But then he would get all scary-looking and start trying to talk.

Mostly I could barely hear him, but then other times it was like he was screaming right in my ear.



I was sitting on the bed with Daddy, who was looking at Mommy.

They looked scared. They looked scared a lot now.

Everything was different.

I liked it here at the Home. There were lots



Chapters



Display



Unmute



Comment



React



of other kids to play with and nobody teased me like at my school.

But there were lots of other... things in the forest too, and I didn't like the way they stared at me.

Mommy came and sat down on the floor next to the bed. "How can Rowan be seeing Agent Enzo? He's not dead."

Daddy shook his head. "Sienna, we don't know what's been happening at the Pack House. For all we know, he could be."



The purple-faced man, Enzo, was still standing in the living room. His whole head was big and swollen and there were dark black marks all around his neck.

He opened his mouth, but no words came out.

Then he disappeared.

This happened a lot.

I let out all my breath in a big whoosh.



Daddy looked down at me.

“He’s gone,” I said.

I felt really sleepy now.

Then the door to the little house opened and another monster walked in.

## SIENNA

I jumped up in horror and shrank back against the wall as the most frightening creature I’d ever seen came through the door of the healing cabin.



He looked like a man, except he had skin the color of a grass snake. Velvety brown horns sprouted from above his thick eyebrows, ending in dull points an inch or so above his head.

His eyes were a startling bright orange.

Rowan looked on in amazement as Aiden sprang from the bed.

I could see from the wrenching look of pain



on his face how much the effort cost him.

The man—or creature, or whatever he was—held up two hands in a non-threatening gesture.

I remained pressed against the far wall of the cabin. Beside me, Aiden quivered with tension.

Behind the green-skinned man came Lily Lowell with an abashed look on her face.

“I haven’t had a chance to tell them about you yet, Tena,” she said to him.

With an exaggerated look of astonishment, the creature turned to look at her. “Ya think?” he quipped dryly.

I relaxed my posture. Whatever this individual was, if he was going to harm us, he’d already had ample time to do so.

Plus, Lily seemed to know him. She might be a bit eccentric, but over the past few harrowing days I had come to trust her.

The green-skinned man turned back to



UNLIMITED



The green-skinned man turned back to me with a smile of such open warmth and kindness that I felt a smile of my own tug at my lips.

“Don’t worry, guys. It’s not every day you see a guy who looks like a grasshopper.”

Rowan giggled from his spot on the bed. Surprised, I cast a glance at him.



My son was generally shy and quiet around strangers, so his curiosity about this bizarre-looking person piqued my interest.

His eyes were fixed on the newcomer, an expression of open wonder on his face.

The man noticed Rowan’s interest. He looked to me and Aiden, gesturing with his horned head towards Rowan.

I nodded my consent, and he went to sit on the floor beside the bed where Rowan was now perched, all former traces of fear seemingly gone.

I glanced at Aiden, who looked dumbfounded by the whole situation, and we



sat down on either side of Rowan.

Aiden let out a heavy groan as he stretched out his injured leg.

From her seemingly endless supply, Lily handed him a steaming cup of herbal tea and he took it gratefully.

The green-skinned man looked Rowan straight in the eye, speaking to him directly. “Lily was listening to you talking with your mom and dad.”

I cast an accusatory glance at the older woman, who shrugged and sipped her own cup of tea.



“My name is Uktena, but my friends call me Tena. Will you call me Tena?” The man solemnly extended a hand toward Rowan, who shook it with equal seriousness.

“I’m Rowan Mercer-Norwood,” he said, his voice proud.

“Pleasure to meet you. Now, I heard that sometimes you can see things that other people can’t. Is that true?” Tena asked him.



Rowan nodded. “It used to be only when I was asleep, but now I see them when I’m awake too.”

Tena nodded back in understanding. I appreciated the way he didn’t talk down to my son, who abhorred baby talk.

“I think you’re special. Just like me,” he said.

Rowan’s little brow furrowed. “But...I’m not green,” he said in confusion.

Tena gave a deep, booming laugh. “No, and you can be happy about that! Me, all the birds think I’m a tree and try to build their nests in my horns!”

Rowan giggled in delight at the thought.



Tena sobered and met Rowan’s eye again. “The things that you see, they can’t hurt you. They might be scary, but they’re just pictures. Like in a movie.”

“Why are they scary?” he asked.

Tena’s carrot-orange eyes flicked to mine



Tena's carrot-orange eyes flicked to mine. "Because sometimes when people die, they're sad and angry and scared. Just like sometimes you feel sad and angry and scared."

Rowan nodded.

"All these bad feelings can make them seem scary, but just remember that they're only looking for someone to talk to," Tena replied.

Despite the green-skinned man's reassuring words, my heart still pounded with fear.

Who, or *what*, was this man? How did he know anything about the things Rowan was seeing?

## NINA



Each step I took through the forest led me farther and farther away from my new mate.

I longed to return to Thanda, to continue exploring the bond between us, but there were people who needed me. I'd already waited too long





waited too long.

Thoughts of Thanda and Jocelyn swirled through my muddled thoughts.

How was I going to explain this to Jocelyn?

How was I even supposed to *find* Jocelyn amidst all of this chaos?

Thanda would know if Jocelyn had been imprisoned.

The news that she was Gregory Singh's daughter brought a myriad of new complications, and I could only trust that my faith in our fragile relationship was not misplaced.

I would go back and inform the others about Robert Mercer's whereabouts, then try to formulate a plan to find Jocelyn.



What I would tell her when I found her, I had no idea.

Finally, the fires of Home Hearth came into view. I welcomed their cheery glow.



As I approached, I waved in greeting to Ivan Laska, who was standing guard near the edge of the fire.

He waved back and gestured towards the healing cabin which sat on the top of a low ridge overlooking Makadewa Lake.

I headed towards the cabin, my thighs aching as I climbed the uneven stone steps.

Lily was sitting near the open door. She beamed when she saw me and enveloped me in a hug.

I returned it wholeheartedly. I'd missed her dearly.

"Tena is in there talking to Rowan," she said in a soft voice. "Apparently there was quite a to-do earlier. The child is part-Deity."



I knew this, but it was still strange to hear Rowan referred to as part-Deity. As far as I was concerned, he was just a little boy.

"What happened?" I asked curiously.

"Apparently he saw the spirit of a dead



“Apparently he saw the spirit of a dead police officer. Some man named Enzo.”

Enzo. Enzo was dead!?

A darkened figure in a darkened room...

A new image joined the first as a piece of that hazy, pain-filled night clunked into place.

A heavy camera in a black bag.

A camera. Something about a camera...

And a video. What was on the video!?

I wracked my mind, trying desperately to fill in the gaps in my memory.

## JOCELYN



I staggered through the forest. My shoes were soggy; they squished loudly with every step I took.

*When did they get wet?*



My feet were freezing.

But the pain in my body was nothing compared to the whirling storm of fury and fear that fought against me every moment.

*Jeremy...are you there?*

*They killed her.* he replied. *They killed Selene.*

It was him. In my mind.

I shuddered.

*Jeremy, I'm so sorry.* I should never have interfered.~

*You need to let go, Jeremy. You need to let go so you can join Selene.*

*NO!* he replied.



His voice roared through my mind, a soundless bellowing echo.

When his invading spirit had slammed into my body back at the Pack House, I'd been

helpless to defend against him.

For days since then—I had no idea how many—he had been repeating these words in my mind.

"They had killed her. They had killed Selene."

"They would pay."

*Jeremy, who is "they"?*

*Who killed Selene?*

*Everyone... he continued.*

*They didn't...*



*Protect her...*

Every word sounded like it was being torn from him.

Maintaining control over my body was now a constant struggle.

*We have to get to the Healer's Retreat. I*



insisted. *They'll know what to do.*

*No... First we have to make them pay.*

I felt him coursing restlessly through my body. At first, I'd been trying to get to the Healer's Retreat up in the hills, but I had lost my way and I was so tired.

I was afraid to shift, for fear that in my animal state Jeremy would be able to take control of my body completely.

I crested a ridge and paused for a breath at the top.

None of the surrounding forest looked familiar. Where was I?



In the distance, shining beneath the moonlight, was a large lake.

The orange glow of a fire flickered dimly from the shore.

People. They might have a healer.

They might have food.



I turned my weary feet towards the faint beacon and struggled onwards.

## SIENNA

I took the mug of tea that Lily offered, unfurling my stiff legs onto the thick woven rug on the floor of the healer's cabin.

Rowan had drifted off to sleep fifteen minutes ago.

Tena, his eerie orange eyes glowing in the darkness, had bid us goodnight as well before heading off to his cabin on the other side of the lake.

I still didn't know what kind of being the green-skinned man was, but everything about him told me that he was not a threat despite his admittedly...odd appearance.



Aiden and I sat with Lily. We had mostly been silent, each of us lost in our own thoughts.

Tena had been wonderful with Rowan, answering his many questions and those of Aiden and myself.



We hadn't even gotten around to talking about the seemingly psychic ability which had allowed my son to throw Nicholas Daniels across the park.

Nor had we discussed that unnatural spirit-wolf which had shown itself at my sister's funeral.

One revelation was enough for this evening.

A sharp knock came at the door, and the three of us looked up in surprise.

Nina poked her head in the door. I stood immediately and went to her.



She looked exhausted, but also something more.

Some odd radiant fire now lit her from within.

What had happened to her back at the Pack House?

Nina paced around the cabin, clearly anxious about something.





My heart clenched with fear. “Is my Dad okay?”

She nodded, still rigidly walking around the small space. “He’s safe. He’s being held in the lower dungeon of the Pack House.”

I breathed a sigh of mixed relief and sorrow. My Dad was okay, but for how much longer?

We had to get him out of there.

Nina’s pacing reached a fever pitch. “There’s something else.”

“What now?” Aiden asked, his voice shaking slightly.



“Lily mentioned something about Rowan seeing—” she cast a nervous look at my sleeping son and lowered her voice— “about Rowan seeing some kind of ghost or spirit. Of Agent Enzo?”

“Yeah...?” I answered.

“Ever since I woke up on the floor of my house, I’ve been missing this big chunk of time. But as soon as I heard Enzo’s name, it



time. But as soon as I heard Enzo's name, it started to click into place."

"What clicked into place!?" I demanded. Her frantic energy was putting me on edge.

"The video. The SD card. From Selene's phone. I got it to work."

"And you're just telling us this now!" I cried in outrage.

"I just remembered it now! I got hit in the head!" Nina shouted back, then took a deep breath and started again.

"The video. It was of Monica Birch and—  
and Josh. They were talking about how to overthrow Aiden. Selene stumbled across them, and filmed their conversation..."



My legs gave out and I crashed to the floor. Rowan awoke with a cry.

Nina continued, running her hands through her snarled hair.

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her snarled hair.

“Josh saw Selene filming them. Ten minutes  
later, she was dead.”

My stomach heaved violently.



I felt bile rise in my throat. I ran outside and  
vomited into the bushes.

*Josh.*

Josh killed my sister.

Next Chapter

