



MONICA



Sienna seemed to have lost the ability to move. Or breathe. Or speak.

Good. That ginger bitch never shut the hell up.

I relaxed back into my chair, the manila folder with my golden ticket still in my hand.

Sienna's cheeks flushed red. "You can't have that. It's confidential."

"Yes, quite confidential." I nodded. "Some might even say damning. Just the sort of thing you wouldn't want falling into the hands of the Alpha of the Millennium."

"Allow me to make this perfectly clear," Charlotte told Sienna. "I know my son. He likes to think himself 'noble.' His tendency would simply be to ignore any problems with the law."

"But he won't be able to," I finished. "Not when Raphael Fernandez receives this document first thing in the morning."

With me right there, waiting to capture it all on film.

Once more, I silently thanked Sienna for being gullible enough to invite her mother-in-law to participate in the show.



Charlotte Norwood was my key to breaking up Aiden and Sienna.

And also, simultaneously, to breaking the biggest story that the East Coast Pack had ever seen.

This time next month, I could have my own show.

A year from now, my own network.

The possibilities were endless.

In the end, it was easier than I had ever dreamed.

Especially once I'd *discovered* a certain secret about a certain Alpha's mate.

If there was one thing I'd learned in my career, it was that information was power.

It had gotten Charlotte Norwood under my thumb.

And it was about to bring down Sienna.

I shot a glance at the hidden camera I'd placed inside the vase of flowers on our table. It was



I shot a glance at the hidden camera I'd placed inside the vase of flowers on our table. It was aimed just right—so it captured the dumbfounded look on Sienna's face.

“What do you want from me?” Sienna demanded. “I assume this is some kind of blackmail?”

Charlotte gave a sniff, as if such things were far below her. “Certainly not. I'm here to give you the chance to step down as Aiden's mate while you can. I would really rather not drag the Norwood name through the mud.”

“At least”—she eyed Sienna with cold disdain—“any further than it already has.”

I bit my lower lip to hide my gleeful expression.

I had everyone just where I wanted them.

JOSH



The watch directed me to the historic Metropolitan Theatre in Morgantown, West Virginia.

Standing outside of the theater, the watch's needles began spinning in chaotic circles, no longer all pointing in one direction.

I had arrived.



The windows of the theater were brightly lit. A banner over the doors read:

Andrew Lloyd Webber's The Phantom of the
Opera

Michelle would love this.

Maybe once I've killed Konstantin, I'll take her here for a show.

She can wear a slinky dress. I'll cram myself into a tux.

I can show her the exact spot where I destroyed him.

Once he's dead...

The skin on the back of my neck prickled as I squared my shoulders and marched into the theater.



I purchased an overpriced ticket and pretended to head for my seat. But as soon as the usher looked away, I slipped through a stage door and began my hunt.

The hands on the watch were still spinning, so I used my nose, searching for the vampyre's scent.

He wasn't going to hide from me.



I picked it up almost immediately as I jogged down the side aisle of the house.

He really was here.

The lights dimmed and went out, and the curtain pulled up.

I stopped and looked at the scene, arrested by the sight.

Musicals weren't really my thing, but I doubted that they were usually this elaborate.

A series of maze-like panels hung from the ceiling, together they formed an intricate backdrop that looked like the interior of a theater.

The smell was coming from backstage.

I hurried on toward the scent, ducking into an alcove in the wall when I thought an usher might have spotted me.

He moved past and I darted out.

The smell was coming from backstage.

There was a door on the side of the proscenium, which looked like it led backstage.



which looked like it led backstage.

No one was guarding it.

I stepped up as quietly as possible and waited for the music to swell into a crescendo and for the curtain panels to start swirling.

The audience was riveted.

Just the chance I needed to slip through the door unseen.

Backstage was dark and cluttered, with black-clad stagehands moving about.

No one paid me any attention and I hurried on, trying to give the impression that I was busy and belonged there.

Then the set began to rotate.



I stopped in my tracks, shocked.

It was the size of the Pack House gallery—which is to say *gigantic*—and the entire thing turned: the curtain panels and the chandelier tucked away in the back as catacomb-like set pieces moved to the stage.

There was a third section, I realized as I started going again: a multi-tiered maze of mirrors.

It was in that maze that I spotted a man wearing a tuxedo and a smooth white mask covering half of his face.

If I had believed only my eyes, I might have mistaken him for just another actor.

But my nose revealed the truth:

Konstantin.

Triumph burned through my veins.

I knew he was still alive.

My throat tightened and I eased closer. Then he met my gaze.

His own dark eyes had red fire in their depths.



For a moment, I stood frozen.

I finally managed to tear my gaze away. But when I looked back, he had multiplied:

A dozen men in tuxedos and masks stared back at me.

The fuck?



Before I had time to react, the group split off and hurried through a nearby mirror-maze that was part of the set.

Reflections. Great.

I rushed in and swiped at the first image I saw, but all I hit was glass.

I lunged at another, but once again hit a mirror.

“Fuck!” I exclaimed, fuming.

But then I saw movement out of the corner of my eye. Without thinking, I reached out and caught hold of one of these *phantoms*.

I ripped the mask from his face.

Konstantin, his eyes smoldering.

He wouldn't get away this time.

My teeth shifted into wolf fangs, but even as I held Konstantin in my grasp, I saw him standing ten feet away.

And it wasn't a reflection. The second Konstantin gave me an arrogant wave with two fingers.

My grip loosened on the figure I held, and it



pulled away from me.

It was also Konstantin.

Red embers burned in both of their eyes.

And then I saw another one, identical to the two before me, running up a flight of stairs.

And another, moving in the shadows at the back.

My mind reeled. I couldn't make sense of it.

Suddenly, strong hands were grasping me from behind.

Fingers wrapped themselves around my throat, exposing bare flesh.

Michelle.



I'm sorry...

Everything went black.

SIENNA

I found Hanh in the Pack House medical bay.

My legs were stiff with rage as I burst into the room.

“Sienna,” Hanh said, looking up. “Is everything alright?”

“How could you?” I choked out.

Hanh got to his feet.

“I don’t know what you mean,” he said.

“What did you get for it? Did they pay you? Promise you something?” I demanded.

Fury burned through me, stoked by desperate fear.

I had to do something. Now.

Step down. They wanted me to step down as Aiden’s mate.



Before Raphael Fernandez had me removed due to my possible infertility.

My heart was beating so hard it was painful.

All I could think about was finding out who was to blame for this.



Who had given my secret away to Monica Birch.

“Sienna, I can see that something very upsetting has happened, but I assure you I have no idea—”

“Bullshit! Don’t act all innocent!” I shouted.

Hanh tried to touch my arm, and I lurched away.

“Sienna,” Hanh said with calm authority, “you need to sit down right now.”

Something within me responded to the order—healers had their own kind of dominance, it seemed. My legs buckled and I slumped into an armchair.

“You are having a panic attack,” Hanh said in a steady voice. “Please allow me to touch you, just for a moment.”

Overwhelmed, I gave a short nod.



He pressed a hand to the top of my head and one to my back.

Warmth spread through me.

The pressure eased.

My breathing calmed.

This was *not* how I'd pictured this confrontation going.

Hanh released me.

"Now, when you're ready, why don't you start from the beginning. What this is about?"

It took another minute or two before I trusted myself to talk.

"My medical file. Monica Birch has it."

Hanh's face clouded. "What do you mean?"

"She has my infertility diagnosis! You must have given it to her," I said.

Hanh shook his head slowly. "Sienna, that can't be right."

"Why not?"

Because I never wrote anything down about that. I wanted Jocelyn's professional opinion before confirming the diagnosis. I never mentioned it in your medical file."

I blinked. "Well, then how could anyone have known about it?"



Hanh considered. “I really don’t know. Are you sure Monica wasn’t bluffing?”

“If she was, she’s a better actress than anyone knows.”

“Well that may be the case, unless...” Hanh trailed off. His mouth dropped open, and his eyes went to a desk drawer.

My stomach heaved. “Unless what?”

Hanh opened the drawer, then stared down in disbelief. “My journal. It’s gone.”

Any calm feelings that Hanh had passed to me evaporated. “Your journal?”



“Yes. I’m only Jocelyn’s assistant. I’ve been keeping detailed notes on every patient I see. To show her when—when she gets back...”

It was like waves of hot and cold were washing over me, one after the other.

“Isn’t this room kept locked?” I asked.

“Yes, but sometimes... if I have to leave quickly... I—Sienna I’m so sorry.” Hanh looked stricken.

I shook my head in disbelief.



*That cheating, lying, stealing, manipulative
BITCH.*

“Is there anything I can do?” Hanh asked. His face was the picture of distress.

“I... I don't think there is anything anyone can do,” I said. My voice sounded very small.

It was all over now.

My head sank in despair, but then I tightened my hands into fists.

No. I am not going down that easily.



If Monica Birch could play dirty, then so could I.

Sienna

did u know?

Sienna

michelle, did you know what monica was going to do??

Sienna

u answer me now!

Michelle

The texts came in, one after the other. I lay in bed, lacking the energy to get up and get dressed.

Josh had never come home.

My show was canceled.

So it wasn't like I had anywhere to be. Not anymore.

Before I could begin to wonder what the hell Sienna was talking about, my phone began ringing.

It was Sienna.



I answered it, intending to tell her to leave me the fuck alone.

But instead, Sienna began speaking in a low, urgent tone.

I listened.

When she finally fell silent, I threw back the covers and headed for the shower.

I couldn't believe the words that had come out of her mouth.



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I was absolutely fuming.

Monica Birch had fucked with the wrong girls.

It was time to take her down.

Next Chapter

