



Series

The Millennium Wolves  
Book 5 - Chapter 6

Dark Mode



Chapters

## Jocelyn

Wendy had found me in my room, packing the few items I had into my backpack. She told me I could use her phone to call someone, but the idea of reaching out to anyone in the pack made me feel worse.

I didn't want them to think I'd failed or to worry about me.

Or worse, I didn't want Sienna and Aiden finding out that I was kicked out of the Retreat because of what I'd done for them.

They deserved to feel no guilt, especially with a baby on the way.

So I hugged Wendy goodbye, and then I walked right out of the Healers' Retreat.

I didn't even look back.

I knew I'd be walking for a long time because the Retreat was a few hours' drive outside of town, but I was hopeful that I could catch a ride with a passing car.

My luck had to turn at some point, right?

As my feet pounded against the pavement, I tried to find the positive in my situation.



to find the positive in my situation.

I wasn't hurt, I wasn't in danger, and I didn't necessarily feel like leaving the Healers' Retreat was the worst thing that could happen to me.

Even though Wendy had warned me about using my powers too soon, or about over-extending myself, I didn't really believe my healing powers would disappear.

I knew that I was a Healer at my core. There was no way that, as long as my heart was beating, my healing powers would be gone.

I simply wouldn't believe that.

I couldn't.



The second I started worrying about my healing powers would be the second I'd be in real danger of losing myself.

And besides, now I had a nice walk in the crisp air ahead of me to clear my mind. I didn't want to arrive back to the pack with a brain of worries or paranoia. That wouldn't be very healer-like of me.

I took a deep breath, exhaling the stress.

Then I took another deep breath, keeping the fresh air inside me. It felt good. It felt like I was finally getting back to my normal.



“Jocelyn?”

I whipped my head around. My heart started beating out of control. My palms started sweating, and my body froze. Because there was Nina, three feet in front of me, in the middle of an empty back road.

“Nina?” I whispered. “What are you doing? Did you follow me?”



She closed the distance between us, reaching her hand out to touch me, but I backed away from her. Her face fell.

“I saw you leaving the Retreat, and I just... I followed you. Yeah. Like a D-list celebrity stalker. I didn't really think it through. My body just started to move...”

“Well, go back! You could get in real trouble for this.”

“I don't care, Jocelyn. I don't care about the job, about the Retreat—”

“What are you talking about? Why are we even speaking right now? After everything that happened, after the drama and the... the secrets...”

“I know. I know. I don't deserve to speak to you. I don't deserve forgiveness. I barely deserve the pack of gum I have in my pocket.”

I looked at her. *Really* looked at her.

Her eyes were wide, earnest. And her face was just as soft as before, just as beautiful. After thinking about her face for the past few months—and even more after the few times I’d seen her in the Retreat—I would’ve thought that being face-to-face with her wouldn’t shock me.

But it did.



I took a breath. “Of course you deserve to speak to me,” I responded softly.

I could sense how hurt she was, how frail she was. Even despite the quips.

I really didn’t want to make her feel worse. “I don’t want you to get in trouble, Nina. You seemed happy in there.”

“I wasn’t. Not as happy as when I was with you, anyway,” she said quickly, taking another step toward me.

“I miss you, Jocelyn. I think about you all the time. Constantly. And when I saw you here... it felt like a sign. That’s why I chased you out. That’s why I called your name.”

I closed my eyes.

She was saying all the things I'd dreamt of her saying all these days.

It was like a catharsis. A release of all the anger, all the sadness, that had found a home inside me since she'd left.

When I opened them, Nina was looking right at me. Waiting patiently.

"I'm going back to the pack now," I said. "You can't... if you enter pack territory, Aiden will scent you. He'll tear you apart."

She lowered her eyes. "I know. I thought about that."

"I'm sorry, Nina. Really—"

"I don't care," she said.



"You don't care about what?"

"Aiden can tear me limb from limb, Jocelyn. He can destroy me—hell, he can even chew my gum. But I'm not leaving you again. My body walked me out of that Retreat for a reason. I feel a connection to you. A strong one. I'm not letting you go."

**Josh**



After Michelle spilled about what she saw this morning, we made love like we hadn't made love in months. It was soft, tender, urgent, and it lasted for what felt like hours.

"That was amazing," I murmured in her ear when we were cuddling after, the post-sex bliss completely absorbing us.

"It was. It really took my mind off...you know..."

"We still have to deal with that, Mich. I'm gonna talk to Aiden. We're gonna work out a plan of attack—"

Michelle sat up in bed, looking at me and crossing her arms. "Uh-uh, no way, Josh. You guys aren't cutting me and Sienna out of this. We're the only ones who have been *consumed* by him!"



I sighed. "I don't want to put you in danger, babe. If that vampyre ever got to lay a finger on you again, I wouldn't be able to forgive myself."

"Well, good thing I don't care too much about your self-forgiveness," she responded. "Because Sienna and I are a part of this, whether you like it or not. And we'll be there for the planning. We'll be there every step of the way."

## Sienna



“We haven’t done dinner just the four of us in such a long time, huh?” I asked Aiden as we walked out of the house and piled into the car.

“Yeah, since before Michelle’s coma and everything. I’m happy that you guys seem back to normal. That’s good, right?” he asked me before he started the car.

“It’s good.” I nodded. “God, she was so upset when she came over today, Aiden. She was bawling her eyes out, shaking, the whole works. She was *terrified*.”

“At the mystical projection of the vampyre?”



I smacked him. “I believe her. And you should too.”

“I’ll believe the truth when I see it. What I can tell you, Sienna, is that I saw that vampyre in the Hamptons, and I ripped him apart.”

“Then why would she see him appear like that?”

Aiden shot me a look. “She just got out of a coma, for crying out loud. Her mind’s probably playing tricks on her.”

“Okay, maybe. But maybe not. And if the right answer is maybe not, then we’re all in danger. And we need a plan.”



Aiden drove down the road, stopping at a stop sign. I heard him take a breath and then exhale. “That’s why we’re going to dinner with Josh and Michelle, isn’t it?”

I let the question hang in the air, not giving it an answer.

“It’s not just a fun double-date night like you said it’d be, is it?”

I kept my eyes peeled ahead, giving nothing away.

“Sienna Mercer-Norwood, answer me,” he demanded.



“Fine.” I gave in. “It’s a planning meeting. We’re gonna discuss everything we know and then come up with a plan of attack—”

“Absolutely not! I’m not having you on the front lines of this... this made-up mission, do you understand me? Even if Konstantin is alive and well, and even if he is hunting us, what good would putting you in harm’s way do?”

“But I’m already in harm’s way, that’s the problem!” I exclaimed. “I can’t sit back and do nothing. I won’t be some passive little girl, Aiden. That’s not who I am, and you know it.”

Aiden exhaled loudly, clearly frustrated. We pulled up to the restaurant and got out of the car walking





up to the restaurant and got out of the car, walking to the door.

“I’m not happy about this,” Aiden muttered to me as we walked inside.

“I don’t need you to be happy. I need you to listen.”

## Michelle



“So I dropped the watch, and then the glass of the face broke, and then this black goo oozed out—”

“Black *goo*?” Aiden asked, disbelief written all over his face. He shoved another spring roll into his mouth, waiting for me to answer.

“Yes, Aiden. Black goo. You can look at me like I’m insane all you want, but that’s the truth. When the goo touched my wrist, it burned my skin. So I dropped the watch, and BAM! There was Konstantin, emerging from the watch surrounded by steam.”

“Did the doctors give you any medicine to take after you left the hospital?” Aiden asked me, and Sienna smacked him in the shoulder.

“Stop it, Aiden. She’s telling the truth. I believe her,” Sienna maintained, shooting me a reassuring look. “We’re not here to argue, okay, guys? We’re four smart, capable leaders, and we can come up

with a plan.”

Josh nodded enthusiastically. “It all comes back to the bone he stole from the museum. The bone lets him make clones of himself. That’s why we thought we destroyed him at the house in the Hamptons—”

“We *did* destroy him at the house in the Hamptons.”



Josh ignored Aiden. “We need to find out what he’s planning to use the power for. If he’s hiding away somewhere, it’s for a reason. People that strong always have an agenda.”

“You sound like you’re in a sci-fi movie, Josh,” Aiden said, chomping down on another spring roll. I watched him, and it made my stomach turn over.

I didn’t know whether it was his uppity attitude, the events of this day, or the mai tai I’d just gulped down, but I was suddenly beyond nauseous.

My stomach was flipping and flipping, and my forehead broke out in a cold sweat.

“Are you okay?” Sienna asked me softly, but I didn’t have time to answer.

I was about to vomit everywhere.

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I sprang out of my seat, sprinted to the bathroom, and made it into a stall just as puke exploded out of me.



After I got it all out, I heard Sienna behind me. “You’re okay,” she said, rubbing my back.

“Do you think it was a bad spring roll?”

Sienna laughed. “No. I can sense it’s something better.”

I turned to look at her over my shoulder and saw the joy dancing in her eyes. “Are you saying you think...”

“I think you’re about to start a praze of your own soon!”

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