



## The Millennium Wolves



Book 6 - Chapter 30

## MICHELLE

My whole body tingled with excitement as my mate and I walked through the Pack House.

I stole a glance at myself in a long, gilt mirror. My gown was a shimmering silver organza with a sweeping train that cascaded behind me.

My long brown hair was arranged in a complicated nest of interlocking braids and curls.



*Perfect.*

I gasped in delight as we entered the glittering ballroom. Josh had said this year's Yule Ball would surpass all others, but I hadn't expected the opulent splendor on display tonight.



Chapters



Display



Unmute



Comment



React



The already huge space looked twice as big thanks to the addition of dozens of mirrors in shining gold frames.

Hundreds of candles flickered in elegant sconces, lending a romantic ambience to the couples that were already twirling to the music of a six-piece orchestra that played on an elevated stage.

My pounding heart kicked up another notch as I drank it all in.

I wanted to savor this moment. The last moment before I became the mate of the East Coast Alpha.

It had been such a long road.



*And the cost had been so high.*

I pushed that thought aside and kissed my mate on the cheek.

“I have to find Gregory,” Josh whispered into my ear.

His breath was hot on my skin. I rolled my eyes as my haze purred through my body.



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“And I’ll find Sienna as soon as she gets here,” I responded firmly.

“Make sure you do,” he warned in a low voice. “Everything depends on you getting to her before she realizes what’s happening.”

My mate headed off through the crowds of people.

I touched the sore spot on my cheek where Sienna had slapped me.

*She would pay for that mistake tonight.*



I headed to the bar, where a handsome man in emerald green livery was pouring drinks.

Never could resist an open bar.

“Two glasses of champagne, please,” I responded when he asked what I’d like.

He nodded and filled two crystal flutes from an open bottle that sat, along with at least fifty others, in a large tub of ice.



I took the flutes and proceeded across the ballroom.

Finding a secluded corner blocked by a towering stone column, I set the glasses down carefully.

From my clutch purse, I withdrew a tiny plastic vial.

At the bottom of which was half an inch of brown powder.

I knew that Josh was strong enough to beat Aiden Norwood any day of the week.



But it didn't hurt to even the odds.

My hand only shook a little as I poured the powdered wolfsbane into one of the champagne flutes.

## NINA

I pulled up to the driveway of my home and raced inside.

The apartment was dark and still.



“Jocelyn?”

There was no answer.

In the moonlight, I could make out the glittering shards of broken glass in the hallway.

I tiptoed closer, and an icy fist of fear clenched around my heart.

One of the many picture frames that decorated the corridor was lying smashed on the floor.

I picked it up, and my mouth went dry.



It was photograph from Jeremy and Selene’s mating ceremony.

They were smiling with their arms wrapped around Jocelyn and Josh, who had been in the wedding party.

The photograph had been smashed in a circular pattern, almost as though someone had punched it.





“Jocelyn!” I called again, louder.

I ran down the corridor. There was a dim light under the bedroom door.

I opened the door and stood back in surprise.

Jocelyn was standing in our bedroom.

Only I could tell immediately that something was very, very wrong.

I had expected to find her grief-stricken, broken by the weight of losing Jeremy.



Instead, Jocelyn was standing in the middle of the room with a look of almost manic rage on her face.

“Jocelyn, what’s wrong? Are you okay?” I asked.

She didn’t answer, but I could practically feel the anger radiating from her skin.

Her eyes were strange, unfocused yet burning with intensity.



She didn't look like someone who had just lost a dear friend.

She looked like someone who had gone insane.

I took a step backward involuntarily.

“Oh my god Jocelyn!” I gasped. “What happened!”

My girlfriend opened her mouth, and my skin crawled in horror when a deep, low voice spoke instead of her own.



“Selene...”

“What about Selene? What's going on?”

“They...killed...her...” the voice spoke in a rusty scrape, as though every word were a painful struggle.

At that moment I realized I was no longer talking to Jocelyn.

*What has she done?*



“Who are you?” My voice was a breathless whisper.

Jocelyn, or whatever was speaking through her, didn't respond.

She took a step toward me.

I took another step backward. Now my back was against the wall of the corridor.

Fast, impossibly fast, she sprung.

Jocelyn's fist crashed into the side of my head with staggering force.



The pale blue carpet of the hallway rushed to meet me and then everything was black.

## AIDEN

The members of my Pack twirled around the ballroom in all their exquisite finery.

I had to admit. Josh had done a pretty damn good job.

I saw a few men wearing towering





ten-gallon hats and shining belt buckles. He had even managed to get a few members of the Texas Pack to attend the Ball, and they were notoriously difficult to deal with.

I had been reluctant to turn over more responsibilities to my Beta, insisting for years that I could balance the work of Alpha with the duties of being a mate and father.

I might have to revisit that idea. Maybe Josh could take over some more of the day-to-day tasks of running the pack.

I saw Raphael standing alone near one of the wide glass windows leading to the terrace.

Eve wasn't with him this time. This wasn't a social call.

Tomorrow we would see just what the Alpha of the Millennium intended to do about the turmoil engulfing the East Coast Pack.

It was not a conversation I was looking forward to.



I glimpsed Michelle as she moved through the crowds of chatting people in a dress that



must have cost a fortune.

She noticed me and changed course, heading my way.

I hesitated, unsure of what to do.

I personally couldn't stand Michelle, and even Sienna was finally fed up.

Part of me just wanted her out of our lives for good.

But she was walking toward me with two glasses of champagne, and such a sheepish, hopeful smile that I couldn't help but sigh.

Michelle would always be Michelle.

And that meant she would always think of herself first.

As Alpha, I didn't have that luxury.

She was still the mate of my Beta.

It was important that there no longer be tension between the members of my inner



circle.

For now, at least, that included Michelle.

She reached me and extended one of the crystal flutes my way.

“You look like you could use a drink,” she said.

“I really could use a drink,” I said, hoping she couldn’t detect the false levity in my voice.

Michelle smiled. Her teeth were sparkling white, like they had been professionally done.

“I want so badly to bury the past. I’m sorry about Rowan. I’ll talk to Sienna the first chance I get. Cheers?” She raised her glass.

I resisted the urge to roll my eyes and clinked my glass with hers.



The champagne was crisp on my tongue, but left an unpleasant, sour aftertaste in my mouth.



Michelle's smile spread wider across her face.

## SIENNA

I had barely entered the Yule Ball when Michelle was at my side.

My first instinct was to hug my oldest friend, before I remembered how little thought she had shown for that friendship.

“Sienna! I'm so glad you're here. I have to talk to you, girl. It's like, crazy important!” she said in a breathless rush.

Despite myself I turned to look at Michelle, taking in her breathtaking silver ballgown.

I pointed out to myself that I'd had a mere twenty minutes to get ready for this party.

But there was no denying I looked downright matronly standing beside her in my understated jade dress and pearls.

I had chosen this dress because it was one of Selene's designs, but I wonder if I



had misinterpreted the dress code for the evening.

Everyone around me was in floor-length gowns.

When did the Yule Ball go all Downton Abbey?

“I really don’t want to talk to you right now, Michelle. Maybe we can figure things out later on down the line, but for now I need some space.”

She nodded sympathetically. “I know. I’ve been a total bitch. Please just give me like, two minutes?”

Ugh. How was I able to forgive Michelle so many times?

I guess that’s what friends have to do.



Still, the balance did seem a little one-sided.

“Two minutes, Michelle.”

“Oh my god thank you. Come with me, I





have to show you something!”

She grabbed my hand excitedly and pulled me out of the ballroom and into a nearby parlor.

The room was dark and empty. Michelle pulled her phone out of her Prada clutch and tapped hurriedly at the screen.

Then she showed me a photo, and for a moment I had no idea what I was looking at.

It was a man sitting on a sturdy wooden chair.

His wrists were tied behind his back, and his ankles were bound to the chair legs. A black bag covered his head.

“What is this?” I asked Michelle.



She swiped the screen with a manicured nail and the picture changed.

It was the same except the black hood had been removed.





I blinked.

My heart began beating erratically in my chest.

My mouth went dry.

*Dad?*

*What the hell?*

I looked up from the phone to see Michelle looking down at me with a joyless smile.

“What? What...?” I stammered.

My mind simply couldn't make sense of what I was seeing.

Michelle nodded at my bafflement.

“Don't worry. He's perfectly safe. For now,” she said, and suddenly her voice was different.

It was calm and measured, with none of the agitated excitement she had displayed earlier.



“Why?” I managed to breathe.

“To ensure your cooperation, of course.”  
Michelle sat down in one of the plush  
wingback chairs that decorated the parlor.

She was fidgeting restlessly. I longed to slap  
her again.

“My cooperation?”

“Yes. See, we can’t have you using those  
crazy Deity powers, now can we?”

It was like swimming through a fog. None of  
her words made sense.

“You...you kidnapped my father?” I asked in  
bewilderment.



“I wouldn’t put it that way,” she answered  
with a wave of her hand.

“We don’t want to hurt him! We just need  
you to control yourself. Josh can’t have you  
using your Deity powers to disrupt things!  
It’s not fair!”



“Not...fair...?” I breathed. I felt dizzy.

But then anger began to rise, heating my blood and awakening my Deity abilities. They growled to life with deadly ferocity.

I hesitated.

We were in the middle of a stone building. Every other time I had used my powers to call roots or vines from the earth, I had been outside.

Was I strong enough?

It didn't matter.

I couldn't risk them hurting my father.

“Wait, who is ‘we’? You and Josh? What is your plan here?” I demanded.

Now Michelle stood again, carefully rearranging the folds of her dress. “I wish I could explain everything, but it's almost time!”

“Time for what!” I was shouting now, but



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UNLIMITED

“Time for what!” I was shouting now, but her voice didn't raise at all.

“For a new Alpha.”

[Next Chapter](#)