



The Millennium Wolves



Book 7 - Chapter 11

NINA

The knock sounded again.

I bolted upright, already looking for an escape route.

My mate, on the other hand, seemed wholly unconcerned.

Thanda gave a low groan and threw a hand over her face. “Peter. I told him to come find me if I was gone for more than five minutes.”



“Well he’s very obedient, isn’t he?” I said, rolling my eyes and pulling my sweatshirt back on over my bra.

My body was still thundering, both from passion and surprise, desperate to feel more of Thanda’s touch, but it looked like five minutes would have to do.



Chapters



Display



Unmute



Comment



React



“When will I see you again? Can we meet at my apartment? Where are you staying?” Thanda asked her questions rapid-fire, like a true lawyer.

“At an abandoned hunter’s cabin up in the forest,” I answered too quickly, inwardly cringing. Thanda had trusted me, but I couldn’t risk Home Hearth’s safety just yet.

“I thought it might be something like that.” The look on her face clearly stated that she didn’t believe me for a second.

She reached into the back pocket of her jeans and pulled out an old mobile phone, a Nokia model that I remembered well from my teen years.



“When Peter called me, something told me I’d find you here. You do seem to pop up in the strangest places,” she said with a smile, tossing the phone to me.

“This is a burner phone. A lot of my clients use them when they are worried about their calls being traced. My number is already programmed into the contacts.”



I stood and embraced my mate. “You are starting to amaze me.”

“Likewise,” she said, kissing me gently once more before turning and leaving me alone with the phone in one hand and the blue SD card in the other.

SIENNA

“What do you think really happened to her?” I asked Aiden for the hundredth time.

Jocelyn was lying in the second bed of the healing cabin. Lily had cleaned the mud and leaves from her and applied a strong-smelling poultice on her fevered brow.



It had been six hours, but Jocelyn still had not regained consciousness.

Aiden looked up at me from his place on the other bed.

He had come down to the lake to help us get Jocelyn back to the cabin, but his leg gave out halfway.



His face was stricken with worry when he'd seen Jocelyn's emaciated state.

“Even after everything we've learned about Josh, I still can't believe he would eject her from the pack. Jocelyn put up with more of his shit than anyone.

“She supported him for years when no one else did. Hell, she left me for him, remember?”

I smiled at the long-ago memory.

A nagging thought was troubling me regarding their friendship.

I lowered my voice, even though Jocelyn had shown no sign of stirring whatsoever.

“What if Gloria was right?” I asked. “What if Josh sent her here? Nina could have told her about Home Hearth...”

Aiden shook his head. “Sienna, look at her. She's clearly been walking for days.”

She was horribly thin, the bones of her hips
jutting sharply outward.



jutting sharply outward.

“No one does that to themselves on purpose. Besides, think about what you’re really saying. You think Jocelyn of all people would betray us?” he continued.

No, but I never thought Josh would be capable of murder, either.

I said as much to my mate, but he was insistent. “You know better than this. Wherever she’s been, she’s been through hell.”



If she’s here, this must mean that Jeremy is gone.

Aiden showed no sign of this on his face, but I knew he had realized the same thing.

If she wasn’t a spy, I could think of nothing else that would cause Jocelyn to have a breakdown of this magnitude.

Fresh grief washed over me in a wave.

So many people had suffered already.



Hopefully Jocelyn would wake soon, and we could begin to get to the bottom of all this.

“What are we going to do about Josh?” I thought out loud.

Aiden was silent for so long that I turned to look at him. His expression was unreadable. I thought after six years of being mated I knew every look on his face.

“I can’t challenge him for the right to Alpha,” he said, choosing his words with care.



“Whatever he and Monica and Gregory Singh did to turn the Pack against me, I clearly no longer have their support. They would never agree to the challenge.

“And even if they did, how am I supposed to defeat Josh in hand-to-hand combat when I can’t even help my friend up a hill!”

His voice became tight with despair.

I stood and went to my mate, sitting on the bed beside him.



His strong arms shook with suppressed emotion. I quietly let him regain control.

Eventually, he said, “We have to get the support of the wolves back. We have to show them what he did. Then they’ll turn against him, and we can retake the pack.”

“How are we going to get their support back?” I murmured.

“Let’s start by hoping to god that Nina finds that camera,” he responded.



AIDEN

I awoke in a puddle of sweat. The small main room of the healing cabin was stiflingly hot.

I opened my eyes. All the windows were closed, and the only light came from a strip under the door.

A shadowed figure was standing at the foot of my bed.

A figure with long, flowing hair

Alarmed, I threw myself back against the frame of the bed.

“Sienna?”

Instead of responding, the figure came closer until I could make out its face in the dark.

“Jocelyn?” I struggled to sit up in bed, my leg throbbing with pain.

“When did you wake up? Are you okay? What happened?” I asked, my heart beginning to pound in my chest.



There was no answer to any of my questions.

Instead a low, rusty growl came from Jocelyn's throat.

“You let her die,” she rasped.

“Jocelyn, do you know where you are? You're safe now,” I put up my hands, trying to explain the situation to my friend.

“You let...her die,” she said again, this time in a voice not her own.



“Jocelyn? What’s wrong?” my voice rose as she took a menacing step towards me.

Then she sprang, her hands closing around my throat like an iron vise.

I couldn’t breathe.

SIENNA

The crisp winter air felt refreshing as I headed towards the canteen.



I was getting well acquainted with Angie Jennings, the tall, Black woman with rows of long dreadlocks who ran the kitchens.

She seemed to have the ability to make anything taste good, an impressive feat given the limited resources available.

Lily Lowell was standing with Tena, whose leaf-green skin glittered faintly in the early afternoon sunshine. They paused their conversation when they saw me.

“How’s Jocelyn?” I asked. I hadn’t had a chance to check on her or Aiden since



returning to the guest lodge for a short nap earlier that morning.

Lily smiled. “I left her sleeping an hour ago. Aiden too. Angie made duck stew if you’re hungry.

“I was just about to bring a few plates over to the healing cabin for them if you’d care to join me.”

“That sounds great. Have the children eaten?” I asked, spotting Rowan playing happily under a tree with Vanessa and River.



“Not yet. Why don’t you wrangle the little ones and we’ll bring over enough for everyone?” Lily suggested. She and Tena headed into the canteen.

There wasn’t much wrangling involved. The outdoor activity had given all three of the kids gargantuan appetites, and the girls were more than happy to follow me over to the healing cabin.

Rowan followed at a slower pace, dragging his heels into the grass.



He had been strangely downcast all day, and I reminded myself to find a quiet moment to speak with him about last night.

Vanessa led the way, giggling and excited.

I had told them that Aunt Jocelyn was here, but that they had to be very careful not to disturb her.

Vanessa slowed her steps and turned the knob of the cabin slowly.



The door swung open, and the scene inside hit me in bright, clear flashes.

Jocelyn stood over Aiden's bed.

Her face was contorted into a monstrous mask of hatred.

Her hands were clenched tightly around his throat, and he was fending her off with two strong arms on either of her shoulders.

Several things seemed to happen all at once.

Jocelyn looked up at the intrusion and I
stepped back at the eerie, bluish glow in



staggered back at the eerie, bluish glow in her eyes.

She saw me, but then her gaze skipped to Vanessa and River, who stood on either side of me.

Immediately she released her hold on Aiden's neck. He collapsed and fell forward onto the floor, gasping for breath.

Jocelyn, her straggly hair still streaked with dirt, took a halting step towards the girls.

They screamed and shrank into me. I stepped forward and covered them protectively with my arms.



“Jocelyn, what are you doing!” I cried.

She didn't acknowledge me at all, just continued looking maniacally at Vanessa, who buried her face in my jeans and sobbed.

“Girls...” Jocelyn croaked. Her voice was a man's low baritone.

“You're scaring them, Jocelyn,” I said to her, not wanting to frighten them further by



her, not wanting to frighten them further by shouting.

“My girls...” she said in that horrible voice. Her face dissolved into sadness.

I felt my Deity powers rising to the surface. I didn't want to hurt Jocelyn, but maybe I had been right. Maybe she was working for Josh.

Before I could gather my energy together, however; someone beat me to it.

A flash of brilliant green light illuminated the wooden walls of the cabin.

I looked behind me to see Tena standing in the doorway. His face was as serene as ever, but his eyes were focused solely on Jocelyn.

Behind him trailed Rowan, his eyes round with panic.

Tena raised his hands and thick ropes of ivy sprang directly from his fingertips. They wound their way around Jocelyn's feet, pulling her to the ground.

“No one is trying to hurt you” he said



“No one is trying to hurt you,” he said soothingly as Jocelyn struggled against the vines that wrapped her legs firmly together.

Aiden stood, one hand still rubbing the bruised flesh around his neck. “She’s strong,” he croaked. “Much stronger than she should be.”

Jocelyn bared her teeth and reached with both hands towards Aiden’s leg as if to bite him.



“No!” I heard Rowan scream.

Then there was a sharp crackling sound and an enormous white-blue wolf erupted into the air.

Tena stumbled back in surprise, the green cords severed from his fingertips.

He looked at me, then at Rowan, who stood frozen in place, his eyes rolled back into his head.

“That’s impossible,” Tena breathed.



The translucent wolf sprang toward Jocelyn and I screamed at it to stop, but instead of slamming into Jocelyn's bound form, the wolf collided with a spot about three feet above her.

The ghost-wolf snarled and sunk its teeth into something I could not see.

Below the misty figure, Jocelyn screamed in pain. The flesh of her arm tore and blood began rushing out of a gash near her shoulder.

"Rowan stop!" I shrieked, but the ghost-wolf had its jaws clamped around something none of us could see.

Jocelyn cried out again, and this time the voice sounded more like her own, high-pitched and utterly terrified.



"Rowan!" I shouted again, and this time the blue-white wolf paused.

Tena rushed to my son's side and pressed a green palm firmly against Rowan's forehead.

There was a warm glow of green light and



There was a warm glow of green light and the huge ghost-wolf vanished from sight.

Rowan sagged against Tena like a ragdoll, his eyes closed peacefully as if he had drifted off to sleep.

Jocelyn sobbed on the floor as the blood from her arm pooled around her.

She raised her head and managed to utter a single word before passing out.

“Jeremy...”



Rowan was nestled next to Aiden in the healing cabin. Tena and Lily had put Jocelyn on a stretcher, still bound at the legs with vines that were as soft as velvet but strong as steel.

“There’s an old cabin on the western edge of the lake that we use for storing extra clothes and things for the winter months.

“She’ll be safe and warm in there until we

We nodded, and he continued, “This is not an area I am well-versed in, but I believe there is a second soul trapped within her body.”

“Jeremy,” I said. That explained Jocelyn’s single, desperate word.

“Jocelyn was trying to save a friend of ours who lost his mate,” Aiden explained.

Lily tsked from her chair near the fire.

“Everyone knows that’s a fool’s errand.”

Aiden blushed with guilt. It had been he who asked Jocelyn to try to save Jeremy in the first place.

No wonder his spirit was so angry and confused.



“So, what do we do?” I asked. “How can we help her?”

“We have to convince the second spirit to leave your friend’s body,” Lily replied.

“And how exactly are we supposed to do that?” I said them, sitting upright in my



“We have to convince the second spirit to leave your friend’s body,” Lily replied.

“And how exactly are we supposed to do that?” I said them, sitting upright in my chair.

Lily looked at Tena, who looked back at her uncomfortably.

“I’ve seen something like it done once before, but...” she said haltingly.

“But what?” Aiden queried from the bed.

“But it’s quite risky. Even for trained healers, which I am not,” Lily returned.

I met my mate’s eye. What choice do we have?



“What can we do?” I said simply.

“My dear, we have to perform an exorcism.”

Next Chapter

