



The Millennium Wolves



Book 7 - Chapter 10

ROWAN

My Mommy gasped and I knew she was scared.

I looked up at her; she was looking into the forest, where the ghost lady was walking out of the trees next to the water.

Could Mommy see the lady? Tena said being able to see the ghosts was a special thing, and my Mommy and Daddy wouldn't see the things I saw.

So, what was the ghost-lady, if she wasn't a ghost?



“Oh my god,” Mommy said. “It’s Jocelyn.”

She let go of my hand and ran back down toward the trees around the water.

I wanted to shout, to tell her to stop, but I



Chapters



Display



Unmute



Comment



React



was too afraid.

The ghost-lady did look like Aunt Jocelyn a little bit.

But it also didn't look like Aunt Jocelyn at all.

It looked like two people that got squished together.

Aunt Jocelyn was there, and she looked really scared and tired.

But then there was someone else: a man with an angry face.

It looked like Uncle Jeremy, but I had never seen him look so mad.



Uncle Jeremy was always happy and let me beat him at arm-wrestling.

But that was before Aunt Sellie died.

Mommy was at the water and Jocelyn fell down onto the sand.

The Jeremy-Thing looked at me. It saw me



The Jeremy-Thing looked at me. It saw me.

I was so scared my wolf wanted to come out, but I shoved him down and told him *NO!*

Bad things always happened when my wolf came out.

The Jeremy-Thing's eyes were black and empty. He raised a finger to his lips.

I knew what that meant.

Keep quiet.

SIENNA



I called for help, shouting at the top of my lungs. Moments later, Lily came running, followed closely by Yuki Kato, who carried her hunting rifle in one hand.

Behind her was a brown-haired woman, who also held a rifle—this one with a solid black stock.

I recognized her as Gloria, the woman who had returned my friendly smile with a cold



glare during my first day at Home Hearth.

Gloria raised the barrel of her rifle, but I stepped in front of Jocelyn's prone form with my arms raised above my head.

"I know this woman!" I called to them as they approached.

"She's the Pack Healer and a very dear friend of mine. Please, help her!" I pleaded, meeting Yuki's eyes.

Lily rushed to Jocelyn, who remained unmoving on the cold sand. "She's burning with fever. Sienna, help me get her up to the healing cabin."



I moved to help her, but Gloria's voice sliced through the air.

"She's a spy."

The butt of the rifle was pressed against her shoulder and the muzzle was pointed directly at my friend.

"What the hell are you doing!" I cried.



“Gloria, no!” shouted Yuki.

Our voices had attracted the attention of others, and a loose semicircle was forming around the four of us.

Gloria’s gun remained fixed on Jocelyn. “You said she’s the Pack Healer. Who’s to say she wasn’t sent here by the new Alpha? We can’t trust her,” she spoke to the group.

“That’s ridiculous!” I exclaimed.

But others in the crowd were nodding. “I told you they would bring trouble with them,” Ivan Laska said.



I could see Yuki look to her people, then back at us.

Lily, on the other hand, glared everyone down defiantly. I stood beside her, meeting all of their angry looks.

For a long, tense moment there was a standoff. Then a horned figure made his way through the group to stand with Lily.

Tena’s green skin looked pale in the



Tena's green skin looked pale in the darkness.

“This young woman is injured and in need of our help,” he said. “If we don't provide aid to those who ask it of us, what is the point of Home Hearth at all?”

I held my breath. One by one, the rigid posture of the people around us loosened in acceptance.

A few hung their heads or scuffed the toes of the boots into the sand.

All the air left my lungs in a whoosh. They would help her.

NINA



The front desk of the Pierpont was manned by an acne-riddled kid in his late teens. He had a prominent Adam's apple and was staring at his phone in a bored stupor.

I walked up to the counter, hoping that he hadn't seen me arrive on foot after coming out of the trees.



He jumped when he saw me standing in front of him.

“Uh, yeah. What’s up?” he asked dumbly.

I smiled at him. “I was here with my employer, a couple and their two children, a few days ago. I’m the nanny for the kids,” I explained.

“Okay?” he shrugged.

“One of the boys left a toy here, a stuffed green dinosaur. The kid can’t sleep without this damn thing and I’m catching an earful from his father. Would it be okay if I checked the room we were staying in?”



The desk clerk blinked at me for a moment before responding. “Umm...what name was the room under?”

“I think I know right where it is. Room 1408. Would you mind if I checked? It’ll just take a moment.” I raised my eyes to meet his and smiled sweetly.

He rolled his eyes, completely disinterested.



“Only a second,” I said in a pleading voice.

“Whatever,” he mumbled, taking a white card key from a row of hanging hooks.

He slid it to me then refocused his attention on the glaring screen of his phone.

When I got there, the card opened the door instantly and I stepped into the darkened room.

I’d last seen Enzo on Monday evening, the night of the Yule Ball.

This was the following Sunday, nearly a week later. The room had most certainly been occupied since then.



But Aiden was right: it was clear that any cleaning had been perfunctory.

Okay. You're Enzo. Where do you hide something you don't want anyone else to find?

I checked all the obvious places: under the bed, inside every drawer of the stained dresser, under the cushion of the battered



dresser, under the cushion of the battered armchair.

Nothing.

I stood in the middle of the room, my hands on my hips.

Think, Nina.

My eyes went to the ancient cathode-ray television that sat on the dresser. It was clunky and heavy.

And had been shifted noticeably to one side.

I crossed to the dresser, my heart in my throat.



Nothing.

Fuck.

“Looking for something?” a voice came from the door.

I jumped like a scalded cat and turned to see Thanda Singh standing in the doorway of the

restroom.



motel room.

Seeing her there so unexpectedly, looking tired but beautiful with her face scrubbed clean of makeup and her dark-brown hair in a messy bun, took my breath away in more ways than one.

“What—what?” I stammered helplessly.

Thanda closed the door behind her. “I’ve had this place under surveillance from the moment Enzo was killed. Peter at the desk is paid quite well to call me if anyone unusual shows up.”

Damn. Apparently my trick at the front counter hadn’t worked as well as I thought.



This woman was good.

Right now, she was glaring at me suspiciously. “What are you doing in this hotel room, Nina?”

She might be my mate, but the bond between Thanda and I was new and unfamiliar. Neither of us knew if we could trust the other



other.

Trust had to be built.

Gotta start somewhere. I took a deep breath.

“I need the SD card from the camera that was in this room.”

“You mean this SD card?” Thanda returned, reaching into the pocket of her jeans and removing a familiar looking blue plastic chip.

“Oh my god, where did you find it!?” I exclaimed. “And how did you get it back out of the camera without breaking it?”

Thanda smiled and came closer so that I could examine the little rectangle more closely.



Except it wasn't the same card. I could see that this one didn't have the hairline crack down the center. I looked at Thanda inquisitively.

“All I had to do was put another card in the

.....” she explained



second slot on the camera,” she explained.
“Then I could copy everything over without actually removing the first card.”

Damn. I should have thought of that.

This woman was *really* good.

“I had the camera destroyed. I never told anyone about the copy,” she said, stepping closer. Her eyes were pools of warm chocolate.

“Why are you telling me now?” I asked. Our faces were inches apart.

“Because someone needs to know. Josh killed that woman. Selene. And he killed Agent Enzo.”



I drew back. “Josh killed Enzo? How do you know that?”

She broke my gaze, dropping her eyes to the floor.

“Because I helped him bury the body.”

This new revelation proved to be too much



This new revelation proved to be too much. I sank down on the lumpy hotel mattress, utterly speechless.

Who was this woman?

Thanda sank down on the bed beside me, her eyes still fixed on the floor.

“I’ve been following my father’s orders since before I knew what orders were. Without question, without hesitation. That’s just the way things were.”

She spoke in a dull monotone. Swallowing hard, she continued, “That night, when he told me to go find Enzo’s body and get rid of it...I just obeyed. I didn’t even think about it until later.”



Thanda shifted uncomfortably on the creaky mattress. “What bothered me most was how...casual he was about it. Like burying the bodies of murdered men was just an average Monday night.”

I risked a glance at her face. Thanda’s lips were thin and her posture was tense.



“The next day when Father told me to come here and get rid of any evidence left behind by the TIB, I did the same thing. I obeyed. Until I found the camera and watched that video.”

Thanda raised her head and met my gaze. Her beautiful dark eyes were shiny with tears. “I don’t even know who my father is anymore, Nina. I thought I knew what he was capable of, but now...”

She trailed off but I understood.

For now, our relationship must remain a secret.

The last time I had seen Thanda, I had understood in the deepest part of my soul that she was my mate.

We needed to help each other.



“Give me the card,” I told her. “I can use it to bring Josh and your father down.”

“I already thought of that, Nina. We can’t just throw it up on YouVision. This is murder we’re talking about. And my father



murder we're talking about. And my father is extremely well-connected in the media. They'll know it was us."

I nodded. "I'll think of something, but right now I have to get this card to Sienna and Aiden. They deserve that much."

I waited, heart pounding.

Could she trust me? Could we trust each other?

She dropped the blue rectangle into my open palm, closing her own hand over mine.

I didn't pull away this time. Instead I raised my hand to the side of Thanda's jaw and caressed her cheek.

She leaned into my touch. I bent and kissed her gently, savoring again the sweet cinnamon taste of her lips.

Thanda let out a gasp and kissed me back with more passion. My mouth parted beneath hers.

I moved my hand and buried it in the brown



I moved my hand and buried it in the brown hair that was gathered at the back of her head. It was thick and glossy beneath my fingers.

Seemingly of its own volition, my other hand moved from the bed to trail up the smooth curve of her waist.

Thanda stiffened for an instant, then melted under my touch.

We continued kissing as I maneuvered her down onto the hideous flower-print blanket that covered the creaky motel bed until I was poised above her.

I broke our kiss and met her eyes.

They were dark with desire.



Loosened from its knot, her brown hair spread around her head like a fan.

I felt a flood of emotion as I looked down at my beautiful new mate.

Thanda rose on her elbows and kissed me

again. Her fingers moved to my hips, sliding beneath my shirt.

I shivered as she touched my bare skin.

The air in the room sizzled with anticipation. It was suddenly far too hot.

I tugged off my black hoodie and Thanda leaned forward to shed her gray sweater.

For a moment we just looked at one another. Our breath came in heavy gasps.

Thanda leaned back against the pillows. Her nipples were tight beneath the thin fabric of her silk bra.

I leaned down, nuzzling my head into the slippery fabric. Thanda moaned and arched her back as I kissed and nibbled her golden-tan breasts through the white silk.

Her hands lightly trailed down my spine, sending delicious tingles all the way to the tips of my toes.

I moved lower, to the smooth plain of her belly. Thanda's skin broke out in tiny



her belly. Thanda's skin broke out in tiny goosebumps as I licked and kissed a trail all the way to the waist of her faded blue jeans.

I paused and looked back at her. She met my gaze with one of burning desire.

I unbuttoned her jeans and eased them down her hips.

Her panties were lacy and white against her skin.

Thanda reached up and wound her slender fingers between the chipped wooden bars of the headboard.

She was a dominant, just like me, so I knew she had to fight the desire to take control.

She'd get her chance. But right now, I wanted to take this moment to savor every lovely inch of her.



I took the white lace of her panties between my teeth and Thanda lifted her hips as I pulled them down her velvety thighs.

I would have liked a more romantic location



I would have liked a more romantic location for our first encounter, but from where I was sitting everything looked pretty damn perfect.

Thanda had unclasped her bra while I undressed her. Her erect nipples were encircled by hales of dusky pink.

I paused for a moment to remove my own pants, then bowed my head again to lick a gentle circle around one dark nipple before bringing it into my mouth.

Thanda gasped again, her hand sliding into my thick black hair.

I moaned around her breast as another wave of passion pulsed through me.

I slid down on the bed until I was between her lightly parted thighs.

My heart pounded.

Thanda met my gaze. I saw her swallow once, nervously, then nod before throwing her head back against the pillows.



I knelt between her legs and ran my tongue along the inside of her thigh. She trembled and I heard her stifled gasp of anticipation.

She was glistening wet as I put a finger to her entrance and eased it inside. She was tight around me, and I could feel her muscles clench as desire shot through her again.

I placed another finger inside her sweet depths, curling them as I began to move them gently in and out.

Thanda arched her back and cried out, all thoughts of staying silent gone as I found her hidden center with my thumb and then my flickering tongue.

“Yes, just like that!” I heard her call out. I sucked and nibbled on her clit as she writhed beneath me.



My own panties were soaked through with increasing lust.

I spread her folds and licked every inch of her, savoring the taste.



With my other hand I ran my fingers over her smooth thighs and rounded ass.

“Oh god!” she cried, and I felt Thanda clench around me again as she came.

I continued licking her core, drawing out the orgasm longer and longer until she begged me to stop.

I slowly removed my fingers from her dripping sex and we collapsed together onto the thin blanket of the motel bed.

My breath came in short gasps, and I burned with the need for my own release.

Thanda eased herself up on her elbows and cast me a wicked grin.

She pushed lightly on my shoulders and shifted until our positions were reversed and she was straddling my waist.

Her thick brown hair fell around us like a glorious curtain.

Thanda bent to kiss me and I raised a hand to cup her jaw



I slowly removed my fingers from her dripping sex and we collapsed together onto the thin blanket of the motel bed.

My breath came in short gasps, and I burned with the need for my own release.

Thanda eased herself up on her elbows and cast me a wicked grin.

She pushed lightly on my shoulders and shifted until our positions were reversed and she was straddling my waist.

Her thick brown hair fell around us like a glorious curtain.

Thanda bent to kiss me and I raised a hand to cup her jaw.

A knock sounded heavily on the door of the motel.

My blood turned to ice in my veins.



Next Chapter

