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Series

The Millennium Wolves
Book 5 - Chapter 19

Dark Mode Chapters

Sienna

Thanks again for staying with me all night in the healers room.

Aiden

Are you kidding?

Aiden

Where else would I possibly be?

Aiden

You sure you and Michelle are okay out on your own?

Sienna

It's not like I have the flu, Aiden.

Sienna

I can take a walk.

Aiden

Okay.

Aiden

Just call if you need anything.



Sienna



Aiden

I stood in the kitchen with Josh, looking out the window at Sienna and Michelle on the edge of the grounds, heading onto a trail.

“They’ll be all right, man,” Josh said. “Don’t worry.”

“It’s almost dark, is all,” I responded, looking at the setting sun. “And after that weird guy showed up yesterday...”

“What was that about anyway?”

I shook my head. I didn’t feel like going down a road without knowing all its twists and turns.

There was still so much left unsaid between Sienna and myself. What she’d mentioned about why she lost the child, for instance.

I couldn’t keep it all straight. So I returned to chopping vegetables.

“Forget it,” I said. “What are we supposed to do with these?”

“Throw ’em in a bowl. Boom. You got a salad.”



“I’m hopeless.”

Josh laughed a bit. “I’m not much of a cook either. I just realized I marinated all the meat like we’re going to grill it. But we’re using the oven.”

“We’re both hopeless.”

Now, we both laughed. It felt good to have my Beta back. Better yet to have my best friend back, trying desperately to cook dinner for the ladies when we were both completely incapable.

I looked at Josh, wondering where exactly he and Michelle had been for the past few days.

“What happened with you two?” I asked.
“Where did you go?”

“After Konstantin. But you already knew that.”

Here we go again, I thought.

More of Josh’s insane theories and wild goose chases. Even though I’d agreed to take his ideas seriously, now, in light of everything that had happened to Sienna, it was hard to.

Had he forgotten our trip to the house in the Hamptons, when I’d shredded the vampyre with my bare wolf’s teeth?

“I remember. You still think he’s alive,” I said,



sighing. “Even though we killed him.”

“Aiden,” Josh said, growing serious. “We *know* he’s alive now. And what he’s after.”

“What are you talking about?”

Josh, oven mitts on, took the platter of chicken and put it into the stove.

“Remember the timer,” I pointed out, inwardly laughing at this image. Josh, wearing oven mitts, making dinner, while trying to tell me something so ridiculously important.

You couldn’t come up with a stranger scene.

“Okay, timer’s on,” he said. “Where were we?”

“You know that Konstantin is alive and what he’s after.”

“That’s right. We followed this lead I found in a newspaper to a mental hospital in the boonies. There was a guy there...a creep named Gregory Grantwell. He confirmed that Konstantin is alive.”

“You’re telling me...this Gregory guy was a patient at the asylum?”

“Hospital,” Josh corrected. “But yeah.”

“So we’re expected to trust the word of...a crazy person.”



“I know how it sounds, but...”

I sighed, putting aside the salad bowl. With Sienna’s miscarriage, I could only take so much insanity at once. These theories about Konstantin were beginning to become distracting.

Josh read my expression because he stopped mid-sentence and shook his head.

“You’re never going to believe me, are you?”

“Josh,” I said. “Of course, I will. It’s just...”

“There’s a child involved, Aiden.”

I stopped. The mention of a child, after what Sienna and I had just lost, had me paralyzed. I could tell it made Josh uncomfortable to bring it up.

But he had to.

“Gregory Grantwell worked in an orphanage. He was protecting a child. A child that Konstantin was after.”

“What would the vampyre want with a child?” I asked, disturbed.

“What did he want with Sienna?”

Josh brought up a good point. I looked out the window at the trail Michelle and Sienna had taken.



There was a reason Konstantin had gone after my mate in the first place. Something to do with her childhood, her parents.

I turned to my Beta, serious. “Tell me everything that happened.”

Sienna

Michelle and I walked among the trees in silence. This wasn't our typical kind of hangout.

Normally, we'd go out dancing together or gossip over a boozy brunch or get mani-pedis. This kind of solemn walk in nature wasn't like the old us.

But then, we'd both been through a lot lately. Maybe Michelle and I weren't the same girls we used to be.

After all, my friend was pregnant. And I... I was... I don't know what I was anymore.

“You know I'm really sorry I missed the baby shower, Si,” Michelle said, interrupting my train of thought. “I feel like I've been the worst lately.”

“What do you mean?”

“I should've been there for you... not out chasing Konstantin. And we barely even really talked about that. After it happened. We only brought it up a month ago.”



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I shrugged, realizing Michelle was right. “I guess we both got so caught up in Monica’s docu-series, that it just...fell aside.”

“That did sort of swallow everything for a while, didn’t it?”

I nodded. Michelle was clearly wrestling with something. I couldn’t put my finger on what, though.

So I pressed her.

“Why do you think we do that? Avoid talking?”

“Because I’m not *that* friend for you. You used to only talk to Emily. Then...Jocelyn.”

“It’s not because I don’t want to, Mich.”

“I’m the shallow one. Who cares what I think, right?”

Her wounds sounded angry and wounded on one hand, but on the other, the anger didn’t seem to be directed at me.

“What’s going on?”

“Seeing someone who’d been *violated* by that vampire got me thinking. About what happened to me. To both of us.”



“It was horrible,” I said, shuddering. “I understand why neither of us would want to relive it.”

“But we need to, Si,” she said, turning, looking urgent. “We need to keep being real with each other. Especially after...”

Michelle’s eyes brimmed with tears. She shook her head, looking up, smiling sadly. “It’s just so wrong that I’m still pregnant while you’re...”

“Michelle,” I said, shaking my head. “It’s not.”

“It *is*, and you know it. You’re the one who was meant to be a mother. I was just trying to compete. So caught up being prazed, I couldn’t even think straight. It’s not right.”

I took Michelle’s hands, my eyes also overflowing. “Michelle, you’re going to make a great mother. And I’m gonna be there every step of the way.”

This was uncharted territory for our friendship. Michelle and I had never been this raw before, and I didn’t know what was going to happen next.

“Sienna, I love you,” she said. “You’re my best friend.”

“You’re mine, Mich,” I said.

The next thing I knew we were hugging each other tight. Both crying. Out in the middle of



other tight. Both crying. Out in the middle of the woods on an abandoned trail.

“We must look so silly.” Michelle laughed through her tears.

“Who cares?” I said, also laughing. “C’mon, it’s getting late.”

Finally, we let go and turned around, heading back home. It felt good to get some of this off my chest with Michelle. There was still a lot of healing to do, but at least we were on our way.

We were near my and Aiden’s house when I saw a bearded man waiting outside in the driveway. Michelle frowned and pursed her lips, instinctively protective.

“Who is that?” she asked.

It was Rowan, the man who had visited me the night before, the man who claimed to be my biological father. Now that I wasn’t feeling so weak, I felt like I could actually talk to him.

I turned to Michelle. “Go ahead inside. I’ll be right there.”

“You’re sure?” she asked, looking worried.

I nodded. “Don’t worry. He’s harmless.”

To be honest, I could still feel that way. But now



To be honest, I couldn't back that up. But my instincts were driving me now. Michelle gave my hand one last affectionate squeeze then headed inside.

I slowly approached him, tense. "What do you want?"

"Sienna," he said, looking apologetic, "forgive me for barging in on you last night unannounced and...at such an unfortunate time."

"Again, what do you want?" I asked, teeth clenched.

The fact was, if he really was my father, I had all the right in the world to hate him. He'd abandoned me as a child. He'd been who knows where for the past twenty-one years of my life.

"There's so much I want to tell you," he said. "But I don't even know where to begin."

"About what?"

"Your mother. The vampyre. What you are truly capable of. *Everything.*"

I nodded, considering whether to give Rowan the time of day.

I had been searching for answers for so long, and yet, now that the truth was within reach, a part of me didn't even want to hear it.



What could this man who claimed to be my father possibly tell me that would make everything okay? Nothing would bring back my child, after all.

“You don’t have to think of me as your father,” Rowan said. “I have no right to even call myself that. But you deserve to know the whole story.”

I took a deep breath.

Maybe I deserved it. But was I willing to listen?

Aiden

“Dinner is served!”

Josh and I laid down a platter of burnt chicken and a bowl of dressing-less salad on the table. We’d done our best, and now that Sienna and Michelle were back, it was time to dig in.

We sat down. And I took a look at the guest of honor. I couldn’t believe Sienna had invited him to eat with us. But if my mate insisted...

“Rowan,” Sienna said, “please begin.”

Rowan took a deep breath, and I had a feeling whatever he was about to tell us next was going to change everything...

