



Series

The Millennium Wolves



Book 6 - Chapter 10

ENZO

As I searched the grass for any signs of disturbance, I spotted something.

A broken heel.

I took several photos, then plucked a zipper baggie from my pocket and turned it inside out over my hand, plucking the heel out of the ground and pulling the baggie back over it, zipping it shut.

If it was hers, this could suggest she had been running.



Running from someone?

Or to someone?

I walked closer to the balcony.

Where did they catch you?

Not on the grass, by the looks of it.



Chapters



Display



Unmute



Comment



React



Did you stop and turn to confront them?

Did you talk?

Try to reason with them?

What did they want from you?

I stepped onto the paving and searched for signs of struggle.

I snapped a pic of a dark streak on one paver. It was a little far from the balustrade, but it might be where the perp pushed her.

Werewolves are inhumanly strong.



Broken fingernails.

They grabbed you, and you tried to get free.

You could tell they meant to hurt you.

And they didn't just sneak up and give you a push.

Were they trying to drag you to the edge?

Or did the struggle take you there?

Why did they kill you, Selene?



Why did they need to end your life?

SIENNA

The canvas in front of me had some blues streaking across the bottom half. I'd had a vague idea to paint Mahiganote Bay, but now my fingers held the brush poised over my pallet, unmoving.

None of the colors felt right.

I grabbed the canvas and set it aside, putting a larger blank one in its place.

With a few brush strokes, I had a woman's silhouette.

Selene, at the terrace stairs.



My heart hitched.

I grabbed a paint knife and stabbed the canvas, dragging it down to make a huge rip.

Then I dropped the knife and buried my face in my hands.

A sob escaped me.

I dug my fingers into the scarf I wore around my neck, dragging it off. I couldn't breathe.



Freed from it, I felt a little better.

I picked up my phone and without thinking, dialed my mother.

“Sienna,” my mother said as she picked up. It gave me a chill.

“Mom?” I said. “Hey. How are things going?”

A pause.

“As well as they can be, I suppose.”

Her voice sounded strained.



“Is Rowan playing nice with Vanessa and River?”

“He’s fine. They’re in the den with the box of legos and train tracks.”

“Okay,” I said.

Ask me to come over.

Say we’ll have dinner.

“Was there something you needed?” she asked instead.

I should offer.

I could say I'll bring fried chicken, or pizza.

But I couldn't find the words. "No, I was just checking on Rowan," I said.

"Well, he's fine," Mom said.

"Okay, thanks," I said and hung up.

Closing my eyes, I breathed in a deep, pain-filled breath.

Why is she being like this?



Does she wish it had been me, instead of Selene?

I might have kept worrying at the question, like running my tongue over a burn in my mouth, but my phone buzzed.

Unlocking it, I saw that it was an alert from that blog.

Bracing myself, I opened it.

I flinched at what the headline read:

ALPHA POWERLESS AS TIB INVADES PACK HOUSE!

I couldn't let myself fall into the dark hole that social media had become since Selene's death. I had to focus on something else.

Later that evening, I began planning her funeral.

I waited in the Pack House foyer for Mia and Erica to arrive. Michelle was already in Josh's office.

Mia entered first. She was wearing a jacket covered in lavender, iridescent sequins.

Quintessential Mia.



"Sienna!" she cried, grabbing me.

She was still hugging me when Erica got there shortly after.

"Hey, Si, how are you holding up?" Erica asked.

I shrugged. "One minute at a time."

"Oh," Mia gasped and gave me a distressed look. "This is so hard."

I nodded.

An understatement.



I led them to the stair hall and up to get Michelle. Together we all headed back down to the ground floor.

“If it wasn’t for the renovations,” I said, “I might have wanted the service in the gallery. But that’s out of the question. There’s no safe way to take out the scaffolding right now.”

“It’s got to be the dining room,” Michelle said, leading the way to the large room in the western octagonal tower, which overlooked the green forest behind the Pack House.

It was a huge room, full of light from the tall windows.

“Yes,” I said. “It should be here.”



“Have you thought at all about what you want for the ceremony?” Erica asked. “Readings? Songs?”

“The traditional howling?” Mia asked, a glint of mischief in her eye.

I snorted. “Um, no to that.”

Wow, I didn't expect to find anything funny today.

“Aw,” Mia said. “My Tio Enrique would be

so down to do the howling performance.”

She actually managed to make me smile with that image.

I shook my head, the smile lingering. “I’m sure he’s an amazing howler, but I’ll pass. No traditional howling at Selene’s funeral.”

“Readings, though?” Erica asked.

“Yeah, for sure,” I said. “I’m going to find at least one poem. And I’m sure Mom and Dad will have selections.”

“Some dirges?” Erica asked.



I nodded. “I have a couple in mind. And I want to let people come up to the podium and speak, too. You know, tell stories about her.”

“Aw, that’ll be nice,” Erica said.

“Are you doing the wolfsbane bouquets? The wreath on the casket?” Mia asked.

I shook my head. “With all of our kids? That would be crazy.”

“It’s tradition,” Michelle said.

“I’m not filling this hall with poisonous

“I’m not filling this hall with poisonous flowers for the sake of tradition,” I said.

“Sienna, I know you like to just toss tradition out the window,” Michelle said with a little hand gesture, “but really, it can be so meaningful to people. You are the Alpha’s mate. This funeral will be a statement.”

Oh my god, Michelle. You are NOT going to make Selene’s funeral about keeping up appearances.

I mustered patience. “I don’t think anyone is going to mind if I don’t have a howler and the flowers are chrysanthemums instead of wolfsbane.”

“Chrysanthemums are nice,” Mia said. “What color?”



“I’m thinking pure white,” I said. “And white roses for the grave.”

“None of the kids are going to *eat* the wolfsbane,” Michelle said.

Good god, Michelle. Why do you care so much about wolfsbane?

“I’m not doing it,” I said, my tone getting sharp.



Michelle crossed her arms. “Look, I can’t fault you for the howler. But wolfsbane is so easy, and after the whole controversy about the burial plot...”

Ohhh.

“That’s what this is about,” I said with a sharp nod.

Michelle shrugged one shoulder, her arms crossed in front of her red cashmere sweater. “Well, yeah. I mean, the pack is upset about it, Si. And you bucking all these other traditions, too... I mean, do you really want to make Selene’s funeral this big controversy?”

“No! I want to make it beautiful, and I want to honor her, and I’m not going to do it with poisonous flowers!” I snapped.

Someone cleared their throat.



I whipped around to see who it was.

A graying human in a wrinkled suit. He smelled of nicotine and sour whiskey.

I suppressed a grimace.

“Sienna Norwood?”

I sucked in some air, then regretted it and said, “*Mercer-Norwood.*”

The man held up a wallet, which revealed a badge and an ID.

Oh, perfect. Just what I need.

“I’m Special Agent Enzo with the TIB.”

I took a few steps away from my friends, trying to move him closer to the archway out of the dining room.

Enzo didn’t budge.

“You were the last person to see Selene alive, is that right?” he asked.

“I’m not sure. We haven’t been able to talk to Jeremy at all,” I said, glancing at the others.

Everyone was glaring at the human.

“And you were the one to discover the body?”

I exhaled. “Yes.”

He raised his eyebrows.



“Are you aware that Selene’s phone is missing?” he asked.

That made me blink. “No,” I said.

“Wasn’t found on her body, at least not by your Healer or the security guards that moved her to White’s lab in the basement.”

I just stared at him.

Okay. What do you expect me to do about it?

He stared back at me.

Then he stalked out of the room.

“What a strange man,” Michelle said.

For once, I agreed with her.

AIDEN



“He just left?” I asked Sienna as I watched her pick at her Chinese takeout.

“Yep.”

“He didn’t say anything else at all?”

“He just said they hadn’t found the phone,”

she replied. “And then it was like he was waiting for me to say something, and when I didn’t, he left.”

“What a weirdo.”

“That’s what we all thought, too.”

We were at the kitchen table, using chopsticks to eat from little white boxes.

It was good to be home, especially after the day I’d had.

“The Singh faction was doing a barrage of phone calls or something today,” I said.

“That many calls?”



“Most about the burial plot.”

She sighed. “I can’t believe people are so elitist. Everyone directly involved is dead.”

I could tell she meant it to be a joke, but as soon as the words were out of her mouth, her face fell.

She set down the carton she’d been pretending to eat from.

“Hey,” I said. “Don’t let them get to you. I shouldn’t have said anything.”

shouldn't have said anything.”

“No, Aiden, you don't have to shield me from the consequences of my own decisions. In fact, I'm sorry you're getting the brunt of it. It should be me taking those phone calls.”

“Absolutely not,” I disagreed.

She fiddled with her chopsticks.

“Did you get any painting done?” I asked.

Shaking her head, she let her hands drop into her lap.

“I tried to paint something—emotionally neutral, I guess. Mahiganote Bay. But I couldn't stop thinking about Selene. And then when I tried to paint Selene...”



“Too painful,” I said. She met my eyes. “I know what you're going through, Sienna. It was like that for me when I lost Aaron. Nothing fit anymore. Nothing felt right.”

She grimaced and reached out a hand to me. I took it and held it to my lips.

Sienna left her chair and came over to me, settling herself on my lap.

I wrapped my arms around her.



Her hands slipped around my neck, and she kissed me.

A spark of haze ignited within me. I gazed at her, trying to determine whether she felt it, too.

I wanted her—I always wanted her—but I didn't want to ask her to give me anything right now.

The haze traveled along the pathways of my nerves, a wildfire.

Keep control. Wait for her.

She kissed me, long and deep.

The wildfire burst into an inferno, and I tightened my hold on her.



Her tongue slipped inside my mouth and my body loosened with pleasure.

A scream shattered the moment.

My whole body tensed in shock.

It was Rowan.

Next Chapter

