



## SIENNA

*Stay calm, Sienna. This is totally normal.  
Don't freak out.*

The police were combing over every inch of the forest, grounds, and outbuildings of the Pack House.

They swarmed through the corridors like a hive of ants, cool and detached and entirely focused on their mission.

*Finding evidence that would lead to Selene's killer.*

This should have made me feel relieved, exhilarated even.



Instead, my hands were shaking uncontrollably and there was a twisting, churning feeling in the bottom of my stomach.

I checked the time on my phone.



Chapters



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9:15 pm

How had it only been ten hours since I stood at Selene's graveside, dropped a flower onto her coffin?

Ten hours since Rowan's terrifying...outburst. If that's what we're going to call it.

He had been sleeping almost continuously since the funeral, waking only for a moment when I brought him down here.

With Enzo's team busy photographing and cataloging everything within a mile of the Pack House, Aiden and I had taken Rowan from the medical suite and retreated to a rarely used library in the older part of the sprawling mansion.



Sitting in one of the plush leather chairs that encircled the hearth, I watched Aiden pace restlessly around the room.

We hadn't spoken a word in almost half an hour, each of us lost in our own thoughts.

Now, curled up on the loveseat in the corner, Rowan's black curls fell across his forehead.

His thumb was shoved into his mouth, and



## The Millennium Wolves



Book 6 - Chapter 18

It was enough for an icy fist of fear to clench around my heart.

What had *happened* today? What was that white ghost-wolf that had charged down the reporters? They had been filled with fear.

And they had been right. That horrible, bellowing roar still echoed in my mind.

*I had been filled with fear.* For my son, and what this new power meant for him.

From the beginning, I had sworn to give Rowan a normal, happy childhood.



It was getting harder and harder to keep that VOW.

*Please let them find something.*

There had to be at least fifteen trained officers working with Agent Enzo, surely one of them would find something, *anything*, that could point us in the right direction.



Chapters



Display



Unmute



Comment



React



Maybe something of Monica's...

As much as Aiden said Monica Birch wasn't involved in Selene's death, I couldn't shake this feeling, this almost instinctive tug in my gut that told me she was far from innocent in all this.

And I had never been one to ignore my instincts.

A fire blazed in the hearth, but I couldn't stop shivering.

I kept remembering Enzo's cold scrutiny, his gray eyes piercing into mine with—

Curiosity?



Compassion?

Suspicion?

It was impossible to tell, but it made my mouth feel dry, and my heart beat faster in my chest.

*What are you so afraid of, Sienna?*

*What are you worried they might find?*



## AIDEN

I watched from the corner as my mate continued to stare blankly into the crackling flames.

Sienna looked pale, like she hadn't slept—which was absolutely the truth. Her normally glorious red hair was messy and unkempt.

*She was still the strongest, most beautiful creature I could imagine, but I could see the toll that burying Selene had taken on her.*

*We had barely had a chance to discuss what had happened with Rowan...*

As if he could read my thoughts, my son began thrashing wildly in his sleep. He cried out, a thin, high note and I rushed over to him.

Rowan's thin shoulders twisted back and forth, as if in his dreams he was trying to push himself away from an advancing attacker.

Sienna started to get up from her seat, but I motioned her down before turning back to my son.





I ran my hand over Rowan's furrowed brow and murmured, "It's okay, Rowan. I'm right here. You don't have to be afraid."

I repeated these soothing words in a quiet undertone, and after a few moments, the boy's eyes fluttered open, bright green and filled with tears.

"Daddy!" he sobbed, pulling me to him and burying his head in my shoulder. "I'm sorry!"

"Shhhh. None of that now. Everything is fine," I said the same words I had told my son a hundred times before, after a hundred bad dreams.

*But now I was no longer entirely certain I was telling the truth.*

*What did Rowan have to be sorry about?*



Rowan looked up at me, and his eyes were searching mine for answers. "Are the police here to take me away?"

*How does he know the police are here!?*

"Of course not, Rowan."

“In my dream, the police came to take me away. I ran and ran, but they said I did a bad thing and had to go away,” his little face crumbled, and he burst into tears.

“Rowan, look at me,” I said firmly. Reluctantly, he pulled his gaze back up to meet mine.

“You haven’t done anything wrong,” I continued, “Nothing at all. The police are here to find out who hurt Aunt Sellie. They’re here to help us,” I said all of this with far more conviction than I actually felt.

“It’s all my fault,” my son said in an exhausted, broken tone that had no place coming from a five-year-old.

Words escaped me, so I just wrapped my arms around Rowan and held him as tightly as I could.

## NINA



When I got home, I was surprised to find the front door unlocked, and even more surprised when I opened the door of my and Jocelyn’s apartment to find Jocelyn sitting at the kitchen table.

She hadn’t been home since we found

Jeremy the day after Selene's death. I went to her immediately and sat down at the table.

She didn't say a word, didn't even acknowledge my presence.

"Jocelyn? Hey... Joce, are you okay?" I asked, hesitant.

She was sitting stiffly in the hardbacked wooden chair, as if afraid that when she relaxed the tension holding her body upright, she would shatter into a thousand pieces.

Jocelyn gave a little start, as if just realizing that I was sitting beside her.

Without raising her eyes, she whispered in a dull monotone, "They said I had to go."

"Who said you had to go? Go where?"



"The police. They came to the Pack House. They said everyone had to leave, except Aiden and Sienna. I begged them to let me stay with Jeremy, but they said one of their officers would watch over him. So I had to come home."

Jocelyn said all of this in that toneless voice, like someone reading rather mundane news off a glitchy teleprompter.





*I had to do something. Something to snap her out of this daze.*

“Jocelyn,” I said firmly, “we’re going to go into the bathroom. I’m going to draw you a hot bath with all your favorite bubbles and salts. Then, you are going to get in the tub. Do you understand?”

She nodded mechanically, but made no move to rise from her rigid position at the table.

Finally, I took her hands and pulled her to her feet and down the hallway into the bathroom.

In the bathroom, I ran the water extra hot and added an entire cup of the sweet-smelling oils Jocelyn usually loved to rub into her long, tanned limbs.



Jocelyn wore herself ragged helping other people. She spent her entire life healing everyone around her, and too often forgot to care for herself.

*I can't do much. But I can take care of Jocelyn.*

In the warm confines of the bathroom, she seemed to come awake a little and stripped off the wrinkled black dress she had been

ON THE WEATHERED BLACK CROSS SHE HAD BEEN  
wearing since the funeral.

She had lost weight.

A lot of weight.



Jocelyn had always been willowy, but now her arms were too thin, and her cheeks looked sunken and shadowed.

*Selene only died three days ago. How has she changed this much in such a short time?*

I realized it had been far longer than that, maybe weeks, since I had seen my girlfriend naked. That twisting feeling in my stomach returned.

*How did I not notice that Jocelyn wasn't eating?*

For now, I had to put on a brave face. "Let's get you in the tub, and maybe after that, we can see about getting you something to eat!" I said brightly.

Jocelyn attempted what might have been a smile, but it looked more like a grimace of pain.

She submerged herself in the steaming

water, and now I watched as the tension finally did begin to leave her shoulders.

She let out a long, relaxed breath. I allowed myself to let out a tiny sigh of relief.

*A step in the right direction.*



“Want me to wash your hair?” I asked, picking up the bottle but hardly daring to hope.

For years, washing Jocelyn’s waist-length brown hair had been a sensual experience for both of us.

It was something we hadn’t enjoyed in longer than I cared to think about.

“Mmmm, yes please,” she responded, eyes closed, and her neck cradled by the edge of the clawfoot bathtub.

I was so shocked I almost dropped the bottle of shampoo on her head.

I was almost shamefully glad Jocelyn couldn’t see the grin of puppy-dog hopefulness that spread across my face.

I grabbed a low stool from its place under the sink and placed it at the edge of the



bathtub.

The steam from the hot water had filled the small space, clouding the mirrors and enveloping the room in a thick, misty cloud.

I took a moment to strip off my jacket, sweater, and boots. Wearing just a thin T-shirt and jeans, I sat on the stool and squeezed a thick dollop of shampoo into my hands.



As I massaged the soapy gel into Jocelyn's hair, I scratched my nails into her scalp in a way I knew she loved.

Hardly daring to breathe, I eased my fingers slowly down her head to her neck, maintaining a gentle, rhythmic pressure.

Wiping away the lather from the shampoo, I placed a gentle kiss on her temple. The skin was so pale it was nearly translucent.

I moved my hands to her shoulders, kneading the tight knots of tension that clustered beneath the skin until I felt them loosen and release.

My heart was hammering in my chest. I ached to feel Jocelyn touch me in return. Still, I knew this wasn't the right time.





What Jocelyn needed was sleep, food, and love. There would be time for other things once that haunted look was gone from her eyes for good.

*Plus, she's about to fall asleep in the bath, I noted wryly. Jocelyn's eyes were closed, and she was breathing deeply.*

“Joce—I can’t let you pass out in the tub. Let’s get you to bed.”

Still drowsy, Jocelyn rose from the tub and stepped into the plush yellow towel that I held out for her.

She stepped out of the bath and into my arms, and for one glorious moment, I could breathe in the smell of her freshly washed hair and remember sweeter times.

She pushed away, and her clear hazel eyes were filled with tenderness but also exhaustion.

“Let’s get you to bed,” I repeated.

In our bedroom, Jocelyn slid beneath our thick quilted blanket without even bothering to put on pajamas. I crossed to the bed and tucked the blankets in around her.

*Kissing her softly on the forehead, I*



Kissing her softly on the forehead, I closed the door and left her to get some much-needed rest.

Before anything else, Jocelyn was a Healer.

Before she was a friend.

A girlfriend.

A lover.

She was a healer.



And she had once again been confronted with a situation that was simply beyond her skill, beyond *anyone's* skill, to fix.

*All I know is that the last time Jocelyn was confronted with an impossible situation such as this one, she nearly destroyed herself.*

*I can't let that happen again.*

*There has to be something I can do.*

Jocelyn was a healer, but right now I needed to be the one to heal *her*.

I had been a spy once, for reasons that still

I had been a spy once, for reasons that still sickened me to think about.

Perhaps I could become a spy again, but now it would be to help Jocelyn. To help my Pack.

My Pack. Even after five years, the words still echoed strangely in my ears.

I left the house and shifted into my wolf form.

All my gloomy, self-pitying thoughts fled my mind, replaced by the clear, cool instinct of my wolf form.

Nose to the ground, I headed in the direction of the Pack House.

An entire team of experts had been going over the crime scene for hours, and I wasn't entirely sure what I expected to find.

But it was a hell of a lot better than waiting around, doing nothing, and watching Jocelyn fade away into oblivion once more.

## SIENNA

We had been cooped up in this tiny room for almost two hours, and I was about to begin



almost two hours, and I was about to begin tearing down the walls with my bare claws.

Only the presence of Rowan, wide-eyed and silent, stopped me from wreaking havoc and escaping.

The crackling fire, once such a lively presence in the room, was now mocking me with its cheery warmth.

*I have to get out of here.*



Just as I was considering whether or not I could wield one of the ornamental hunting spears crossed above the mantle, the door to the common room opened.

Aiden and I turned, but Rowan shrunk back into his seat as Agent Enzo entered, flanked by two officers in uniform.

My mate was at my side in an instant—one arm wrapped protectively around my waist. “Well, are we free to go?” he asked.

Enzo smirked, and I fought the urge to roll my eyes.

“Actually, the forensic team thinks they’re going to be here for quite some time. The grounds of the East Coast Pack House are, as



you know, quite extensive.

“There are all of those troublesome secret tunnels and hideaways in the basement levels. And we haven’t even begun the search of your home.”

“You never said you were searching our home!” I cried. I couldn’t stand the thought of the officer’s pawing through our lives with their callous, uncaring fingers.



“On what authority are you searching the home of the Alpha?” my husband growled, taking a step toward the detective.

I shook my head. Aiden still didn’t get it. The TIB had every authority to search our home. They had the authority to do pretty much whatever they wanted under the new law.

“As I’ve said before, Mr. Norwood,” Enzo said loudly, “your mate was the last one to see Mrs. Mercer-Gibbs before her death. She was also the one to discover Mrs. Mercer-Gibbs’ body.

"We would like you to stay here with your adopted son, while we take Mrs. Norwood down to the station for a few questions."

“It’s Mercer-Norwood. and you can talk to

with their cautious, unclenching fingers.

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“It's Mercer-Norwood, and you can talk to me since I'm standing *right here*.” I hissed through clenched teeth.

“Very well then, Mrs. Mercer-Norwood. You'll be coming with me.”

Next Chapter

