



The Millennium Wolves



Book 6 - Chapter 19

ENZO**COPY OF POLICE TRANSCRIPT: DECEMBER 3****EXCERPT FROM INTERVIEW BETWEEN AGENT ANTHONY ENZO AND SIENNA MERCER-NORWOOD**

E: THIS IS AN UNOFFICIAL INTERVIEW, BUT IT IS STANDARD PRACTICE TO RECORD ANYTHING THAT GOES ON IN THE INTERROGATION ROOMS. DO YOU AGREE TO THE RECORDING OF THIS CONVERSATION MRS. NORWOOD?

S: ITS MERCER-NORWOOD, AND YES THAT'S FINE.

E: MRS MERCER-NORWOOD, WE'VE ALREADY ESTABLISHED THAT YOU WERE THE LAST ONE, BESIDES MR. GIBBS, TO SPEAK WITH THE DECEASED BEFORE HER DEATH. WHAT DID YOU AND SELENE TALK ABOUT THAT DAY?

S: WE WERE AT THE RIVERBANK WITH OUR KIDS. WE TALKED ABOUT ROWAN, VANESSA, AND RIVER



Chapters



Display



Unmute



Comment



React



MOSTLY.

E: DID YOU DISCUSS PACK BUSINESS AT ALL?

S: I DONT THINK SO...WE TALKED ABOUT THE FERTILITY FESTIVAL?



E: THE FERTILITY FESTIVAL THAT YOU FINALLY MANAGED TO HAVE CANCELLED FOR GOOD THIS YEAR. RUFFLED QUITE A BIT OF FUR WITH THAT ANNOUNCEMENT. I READ ABOUT IT ALL THE WAY FROM MY OFFICE IN LUMEN.

S: HOW NICE FOR YOU.

E: HOW DID SELENE FEEL ABOUT THE FERTILITY FESTIVAL BEING CANCELLED? HER HUSBAND IS THE PACKS LEGAL COUNCIL AFTER ALL, OR AT LEAST HE WAS. THIS MUST HAVE MADE LIFE VERY STRESSFUL.

S: SELENE IS [PAUSE] WAS MY SISTER. SHE SUPPORTED MY DECISIONS.

E: BUT SHE WASNT REALLY YOUR SISTER WAS SHE MRS NORWOOD?

S: WHAT A HORRIBLE THING TO SAY! SELENE AND I WERE RAISED TOGETHER--

E: ANSWER THE QUESTION. WAS SHE YOUR BIOLOGICAL SISTER?

S: AS YOU AND THE ENTIRE WORLD KNOWS, I WAS ADOPTED.



E: AND GROWING UP DID YOU EVER FEEL LIKE AN OUTSIDER IN YOUR FAMILY?

S: NO. NEVER! LIKE I JUST SAID WE WERE RAISED TOGETHER. SELENE WAS MY BEST FRIEND FOR MY ENTIRE LIFE...

E: THERE'S NO NEED TO PUT ON THE WATERWORKS.

S: GO TO HELL.

E: HOW ABOUT NOW? HOW IS THE RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN YOUR FAMILY IN THE WAKE OF YOUR SISTERS DEATH?

S: HOW IS THAT ANY OF YOUR BUSINESS?



S: HOW IS THAT ANY OF YOUR BUSINESS?

**E: SIENNA, I'M TRYING TO HELP YOU OUT HERE. I
WON'T BE ABLE TO FIND OUT WHO KILLED YOUR
SISTER IF YOU DON'T COOPERATE**



**S: YOU DRAGGED ME FROM MY MATE AND SON ON THE
DAY OF MY SISTER'S FUNERAL AND YOU EXPECT ME
TO COOPERATE?**

**E: I EXPECT YOU TO STOP ASKING QUESTIONS AND
START ANSWERING THEM UNLESS YOU WANT US TO
BE HERE ALL NIGHT.**

[SILENCE]

**E: LET'S GET BACK TO YOUR FAMILY MRS. NORWOOD.
YOUR SON ROWAN IS ALSO ADOPTED, YES?**

**S: YOU ALREADY KNOW THE ANSWER TO THAT
QUESTION, TOO. THIS IS POINTLESS.**

**E: ROWAN IS ADOPTED BECAUSE YOU ARE INCAPABLE
OF HAVING CHILDREN OF YOUR OWN?**

S: THAT'S ENOUGH! WHY AM I HERE? WHY AREN'T

YOU QUESTIONING MONICA BIRCH? SHE'S THE ONE SPREADING ALL OF THESE LIES. SHE'S THREATENED MY FAMILY BEFORE!

E: WE ALREADY QUESTIONED MS BIRCH. SHE WAS QUITE WILLING TO COOPERATE WITH US AFTER THE EVENTS OF THE FUNERAL YESTERDAY. SHE WAS ALSO ABLE TO PROVIDE US WITH AN IRONCLAD ALIBI FOR THE TIME OF MRS GIBBS DEATH.



S: THAT'S NOT POSSIBLE. I KNOW SHE HAS SOMETHING TO DO WITH ALL OF THIS. WHAT WAS HER ALIBI?

E: IF YOU MUST KNOW, MS BIRCH WILLINGLY TURNED OVER A TIMESTAMPED VIDEO OF HER ENTERING A BANK FIFTEEN MINUTES BEFORE THE APPROXIMATE TIME OF DEATH.

S: BUT THATS AN APPROXIMATE!

E: AND FOOTAGE OF HER EXITING THE BUILDING ALMOST AN HOUR LATER.

[LONG PAUSE]

E: IT WAS QUITE A SCENE THAT YOUR ADOPTED SON CAUSED AT THE FUNERAL YESTERDAY. HOW DID YOUR FAMILY REACT TO FINDING OUT THAT ROWAN IS

[PAUSE] UNUSUAL?

S: YOU LEAVE HIM OUT OF THIS!

Howling for Truth, a blog by Monica Birch

ALPHA'S MATE TAKEN INTO POLICE CUSTODY!



The Yapper community blew up in the late hours last night as Sienna Mercer-Norwood, mate of embattled East Coast Alpha Aiden Norwood, was photographed being helped into the back of a police cruiser!

Inside sources tell us that Sienna, who was the first on the scene of her sister's grisly murder last week, was being escorted to the local police station for questioning.

While we cannot confirm that Ms. Norwood is under arrest, we will certainly be waiting for any new developments as this case continues to rock the Pack!

That bitch.

I should have known that Monica Birch

would find out about Enzo taking Sienna down to the station.

First the article about Rowan. Now this.

She might not have killed Selene. But I still should have ripped her entire office apart with my bare claws when I had the chance.

“JOSH!” I roared in a voice that I knew from past experience could be heard all the way in the east wing of the Pack House.

A headache was already needling its way through my skull.

After a few moments, Josh burst into my office, slamming the door open hard enough to shake the frame.



“Yes, my Alpha,” he said through gritted teeth. His face was beet red.

“Woah, Josh, are you okay?” I asked with genuine concern. My Beta looked as if he was a hairsbreadth away from losing it entirely.

“I’m fine,” he hissed, then inhaled long and deep before continuing in a calmer voice, “that bunch of mangy hyenas masquerading as a Hunter Squad trashed my office. It looks like a bomb went off in there.”

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My own office was in a similar state of shambles. The teams gathering evidence had not been gentle in their sweep of the Pack House, and I had already received five complaints from other wolves about destroyed property.

“Why you even let a bunch of *humans* onto the grounds in the first place, I’ll never understand. It makes us look weak when they can just waltz in here and strip-mine the place!” Josh continued in a tone that was half-outrage/half-whining.

I pressed my fingers into the bridge of my nose. The dull ache in my head was becoming less of a visitor and more of a long-term resident.



“Yes, the police are highly inconvenient. But do you know what I’m currently finding more of a problem, Josh? It’s that I seem to remember hiring *your mate* as the Pack’s Press Secretary, and yet every time I unlock my goddamn phone, I see another article like this.”

I turn my computer monitor, which had already updated to display yet another lurid headline:

ALPHA'S MATE BEING QUESTIONED IN SISTER'S GRUESOME DEATH

“Please, explain to me how Michelle thinks this is ‘controlling the media situation.’ Because the way I see it, these bloggers are getting worse every day!”

“Well, they have a lot to talk about. The thing at the funeral yesterday—”

“Had nothing to do with Selene’s death,” I snarled.



Josh paled. He knew he had said too much.

“My apologies, my Alpha. I was merely saying that controlling the media has become more complicated since the funeral.

“Monica Birch has always operated with the lowest levels of integrity, and now a herd of bloodthirsty bloggers are following her lead.”

In this at least, my Beta was absolutely correct. I had learned years ago that you couldn’t fight the press. “So, what do you suggest?” I asked, leaning forward and

staring at him directly.

With no hesitation, as if he had simply been waiting to be asked, Josh sprang forward.

“I would call a meeting of the entire council,” Josh said, “Get Michelle in here. And Gregory Singh. Try to pull Jocelyn from Jeremy’s bedside. For now, we have to operate with a limited Pack council, but we can at least get every—”

“Fine. Do it. It’s your meeting. You run it. But I expect you to find a way to turn the tide of this mess in Sienna’s favor.”



“In the Pack’s favor,” he shot back with a raised eyebrow.

“When will you get it into your head that what is best for Sienna *is* what’s best for the Pack?” I sighed heavily.

How long would my beta allow himself to be threatened by my mate?

I didn’t have time to deal with Josh’s insecurities right now. Being in charge of something might help him bolster his fragile ego.

“Get everyone together. You have the floor, Beta.”

Beta.”

JOSH

“I don’t think that’s such a good idea—”

“Maybe instead we could try—”

“We have to think about what’s best for the Pack—”

No one would dare interrupt the Alpha during a meeting.



I gritted my teeth and dug my fingers a little deeper into the dark wood of the podium.

This meeting had been going on for less than twenty minutes, and it was quickly dissolving into chaos.

It didn’t help that everyone kept looking to Aiden, who was standing off to one side.

His back was turned, and he was staring blankly out of the window onto the grounds near where Selene was killed.

How long have Aiden Norwood and I known



How long have Aiden Norwood and I known each other, that he can't stick up for me just once?

I had invited Gregory Singh, who was tapping idly on his phone. He had barely said a word, but I could see from his attentive posture that he was listening carefully.

Jocelyn, Rhys, and Nelson were all waiting for the Alpha to take over, to lead the meeting as he had always done.

They still couldn't see how weak he had become.



“I think we have to remember that while Sienna is at the police station, she hasn't been charged with anything.

“Our first priority is to strengthen the Pack itself, to show the East Coast Pack in a more positive light,” I said, trying to keep my voice even.

“It's already all over Yapper that Sienna's been arrested.”

“We all know Sienna didn't do anything to hurt Selene.”



“We can’t just leave her there to rot.”

For fuck’s sake, was there anyone left in the entire pack who wasn’t wholly focused on goddamn Sienna Norwood?

Only Michelle, my beautiful mate.



She was perched attentively on the edge of her seat, her eyes fixed on mine. She was wearing a red leather skirt with a long slit up one side, and as I watched she subtly shifted position, exposing the length of one creamy upper thigh.

I felt a shiver run down my spine as my haze growled to life. Michelle shot me a sexy smile.

Later, I would take her right here in the council chambers.

But first, it was time to show this Pack that a Beta could demand respect.

I took that spark of haze and used it to instill my voice with confidence.

“The first thing we need to do is to make Sienna look more sympathetic to the world. Right now, all anyone knows is that her sister is dead and there was an ‘incident’ at



sister is dead and there was an ‘incident’ at the funeral.

“As our Press Secretary, I think it in our best interests to have Michelle grant an interview with one of these blogs.”



All eyes were focused on me—now the power of the haze was coursing through my veins.

I felt exhilarated, but this was the exact wrong time to get a hard-on.

I adjusted myself, uncomfortable behind the wooden podium and continued.

I risked a quick glance over at Aiden. He hadn't reacted at all.

Is he even listening?

I cleared my throat and continued, “Michelle can speak as Sienna’s close and personal friend. She can help the media to see Sienna in a better light. She can also—”

Before I had even finished speaking, there were cries of dissent.

I raised my hands for silence, but they ignored me.



I felt my face growing hot.

They will learn to respect me.



The heavy door to the meeting room swung open, interrupting my train of thought and causing the other members of the council to jump in their seats.

Charlotte and Daniel Norwood entered the room as if they owned it.

As usual, Charlotte's nose was so high in the air she was in danger of bats flying up her nostrils. Daniel was wearing an expensively tailored three-piece suit and a look of pained annoyance.

Behind them, on knife-sharp stiletto heels, came a tall, well-dressed woman with gleaming brown skin.

Her hair was pulled back in a severe bun, and behind the stylish frames of her eyeglasses, her chocolate brown eyes held a cool disdain as she looked around the room full of wolves.

Then her eyes fixed on mine, and her upper lip curled in an unmistakable smirk.

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"Sit down, pup. The grownups are here," the stranger said in a frosty voice.

Next Chapter

