



Series

The Millennium Wolves



Book 6 - Chapter 2

AIDEN

I found Sienna in the garden by the sound of her cries. She was on her knees holding a body, rocking it back and forth.

She kept repeating, “No, no, no, no...” as she ran her hands through the woman's hair, trying to give it comfort.

“Sienna, what is it? What’s going on? Are you hurt?” I asked.

But she didn’t respond.



“Did you see what happened?”

But still nothing as she continued to sob and hold the body tight.

Her behavior made it difficult to determine what had gone down.

Was this an accident?

Deliberate?



Chapters



Display



Unmute



Comment



React



As my eyes adjusted to the darkness, all the air in my lungs suddenly rushed out when it became apparent who Sienna's tears were for.

Selene.

Checking her pulse confirmed what I already knew.

“Sienna, let's put her down.”

“No!”



“I'm sorry. But she's gone.”

“Don't say that! Don't you fucking say that, Aiden!”

I paused for a moment, unsure of what to do.

As Alpha, I felt a deep connection to every member of the Pack. Any loss of life wounded me greatly, as if a part of me is cut out. And the fact it was Sienna's sister laying at my feet...

I felt as if my heart had been torn in two.

I was verging on tears, but managed to hold back. I needed to be here for Sienna. There would be time for mourning later.



“Sienna... you need to let go. It’s the only way we’ll know what happened.”

“I can’t!” she screamed back.

“Yes, you can. Please...”

She continued to sob as I watched her collapse inward. Minutes passed before she relented and gently rested Selene’s broken body back on the ground.

The way her sister’s neck was bent was absolutely horrifying.



I wrapped myself around Sienna to cover her naked body as she continued staring at the lifeless vessel.

She melted into my arms and latched onto me, tearing at my shirt as she wept.

I took out my phone.

Aiden

Get to the garden immediately.

Aiden

And the rest of the security detail too

Josh



Josh

Sure.



Josh

what's up?

Aiden

JUST GET HERE.

Soon, Josh and the rest of the Pack's security detail was on the scene. Looks of shock and horror rippled throughout the group when they realized the tragedy that just transpired.

Sienna, understandably, didn't want to leave her sister's side.

It felt wrong trying to pull her away, as if letting go would bring reality crashing back, so I gave her space to let her grieve.

It was hard to say how much time had passed, but she eventually found the strength to return to the Pack House.

We continued to scour the area to determine the cause of death.

It was concluded that she fell off the overhead balcony—by my guess, a drop of almost twenty feet.

Seeing her lifeless body sent chills down my spine. I'd spoken to her less than twenty-four hours ago over dinner.

How could this have happened?



I was wracked with guilt. She, as well as the lives of everyone else in the Pack, was my responsibility.

My heart went out for my mate. The pain consuming her must be unbearable.

I wanted to reach out and tell her it was all going to be okay, but I knew that was a lie.

Selene's life, as well as the lives of all those who loved her, would be forever changed.

I swore then and there I would do everything I could to get to the bottom of what happened.

SIENNA

I couldn't move.

I sat in the drawing room, wrapped only in a blanket.

My tears had run out, but I could still feel my heart pounding in my chest.

I was in complete and total loss.



The amber light emanating from the fireplace washed everything in a hellish glow.

Dark shadows cast from the flames ominously danced on the walls, enveloping me.

Mocking me.

It was a nightmare from which there was no waking up.

People busily wandered in and out, but everything was a blur.

Voices spoke, but I couldn't hear what they were saying. I was fairly certain Erica and Mia said something to me.

"Sorry for your loss," or whatever people mutter when they don't know what to say.

Time stood still.

Is this really happening?

I've always tried to stay one step ahead of any adversity that came my way, but nothing could have prepared me for this.

Knowing the final chapter of her life had been written felt unreal. It was like I was in some sick, fucked up alternate reality.

I just wanted to crawl into bed with her, like when I got scared as a kid, and have her make it all better.



My mind kept flashing visions of Selene falling over the terrace and me reaching out to catch her, only to miss by mere inches.

If I had only gotten there sooner.

If I hadn't pulled over to the side of the road—fucking haze!

What was she doing there in the first place?

A familiar touch grazed my bare shoulder as a floral scent brought me out of my self-destructive thoughts.

My eyes meet those of my Michelle, who looked radiant as ever.

She took me in her arms and held on tight, knowing exactly what I needed.



“I am so, so sorry Sienna... I can’t imagine what you’re going through. If you need anything...”

“Thank you...” I managed to mutter, and she left it at that.

It wasn’t long after that, that my mother and father showed up with the kids.



Despite my mother’s puffy eyes and trembling voice, she remained as composed as one could be—clearly trying to be the strong one.

My father was anything but. His eyes were swollen and face flushed red.

He did his best to be there for Selene’s kids—telling them it was going to be alright, hugging them lovingly...

But even they could see his inner anguish matched theirs.

He held onto my mother tightly for support.

It was then that Rowan came to me and took my hand, the one light at the end of this dark tunnel.

“Hey there sweetie...” I said lovingly, placing my hand on his cheek. “Are you



“okay? Did Grandma and Grandpa tell you what happened?”

He nodded. “She lost her color.”

“I don’t understand,” I said, “lost her color?”

He stuck out his arm and pointed around me. “You have a color.” He then began pointing around the room. “Grandma has color, Grandpa has color... Vanessa and River have color...”



Normally, I could understand what he was saying, but he was being far too cryptic.

I chose not to read too much into it, attributing it to childish fantasies.

“Sounds like he’s talking about a person’s aura,” Michelle chimed in enthusiastically, trying to be helpful.

“Seriously?” I said, bewildered.

Michelle went silent.

I knew she was all into astrology and tarot cards and shit, but I couldn’t deal with her metaphysical nonsense right now.

The presence of my mate drew my attention. Seeing him again was comforting, but it

wasn't enough to take away the pain.

I told Rowan to go spend time with his cousins before I went to Aiden.

“Hey... how are you holding up?” he asked, tenderly.

I didn't respond.

“Sorry. Dumb question...” He said uncomfortably. “Why don't we get you into some clothes,” he said, pointing at the blanket wrapped around me. “Something more comfortable—”



Again, I didn't respond.

“You're right. I'm sorry. I didn't mean... I just wanted to tell you that Jocelyn's performing Selene's autopsy. See if we can understand what happened to her.”

“She's dead,” I said dismissively, staring off into nothingness.

Aiden went silent, clearly trying to find the right words.

“Aiden... I didn't mean to—”

“It's all right,” he interjected. “This isn't about me.”



I buried my face into his chest, taking in his intoxicating scent. I wanted him to hold me and never let go.

“It just all feels so surreal... like I’m just going through the motions... like I’m not really here.”

“I can empathize,” Aiden replied. “I felt the same way when my brother died... I still feel it. Never really goes away.”

I wish I could say his words were comforting, but they weren’t.



“Sorry... that’s probably not what you wanted to hear,” he said, sheepishly.

“You don’t need to apologize.”

He then kissed my cheek and ran his hands through my hair. The sensation brought temporary relief.

I wanted to lose myself in his touch, but my thoughts kept taking me back to the garden.

Seeing her lying there contorted and disfigured... I couldn’t get that image out of my mind.

And the pain she must have gone through...



Thinking about it made it difficult to breathe.

She had always been a part of my life, there from the very beginning.

She was my safety net.

My confidant.

My sister.

But now, she was gone.



It was then I began to feel claustrophobic and withdrew from Aiden. He tried to pull me back, but I waved him off.

“What is it?” he asked.

“I don’t know. I just feel as if everything’s closing in around me.”

The feeling began to intensify.

“How about we get you something to eat,” he suggested.

“No.”

“Or some hot tea...”

“I don’t want anything to eat or drink,” I said, growing in frustration.

“Well how about we find you something new to wear. Like I said, I’m sure you’ll feel better with—”

“I SAID I DON’T NEED ANY FUCKING CLOTHES!”

“Si—”



“JUST! STOP!”

He went silent.

Now that I had everyone’s attention, I immediately regretted my outburst.

“Look... I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to—I know you mean well but...”

It was then I looked around the room at the long faces staring at me, not knowing what to do with myself, until my eyes landed on my mom.

She held out her arms, beckoning me toward her.

My emotions took over as I rushed over and fell into her motherly embrace.



AIDEN

I felt helpless watching my mate. I wished there was something I could do, but I knew her road to recovery would be one only she could walk.

“Aiden,” a soft voice called to me from behind.



When I turned, I saw Jocelyn waiting for me. Her eyes were as sunken in as everyone else's. Not even the healer was immune to death's cruelty.

“Aiden, I need to tell you something—”

“Hold on,” I said, leading her out of earshot of Sienna. “Did you find anything?” I whispered.

“Unfortunately, yes. Upon closer examination of the defensive wounds on her hands and—”

“*Defensive wounds?!?*” I exclaimed. “What’s that supposed to mean?”

Jocelyn took a deep breath.

“It means her death wasn’t an accident.”