



The Millennium Wolves

Book 6 - Chapter 20



AIDEN

How?

How did my parents always manage to pinpoint the exact worst moment to poke their noses into my life? Into pack life?

It was starting to feel like some kind of mutant superpower. The uncanny ability to swoop in and make everything a hundred times worse.

Josh was stammering from his place at the head of the table as Charlotte and Daniel eased themselves into two empty chairs.

The unfamiliar woman who had come in with them proceeded to the front of the council chamber, where she met my Beta's furious stare with one of distant amusement.

She had flawless, dusky-colored skin and I noticed an immediate resemblance to Gregory Singh in her wide brown eyes.



Chapters



Display



Unmute



Comment



React



“Who the hell are you?” Josh demanded.



Without batting an eyelash, she responded, “Thanda Singh, attorney-at-law. I’m here to represent the interests of the East Coast Pack as well as Mrs. Mercer-Norwood.”

Thanda Singh spoke in a clipped New England accent that dripped of influence and old money. She didn’t offer to shake hands. Neither did Josh.

“Thanda is our personal attorney,” my mother chimed in.

“And my youngest daughter,” Gregory added, confirming my suspicions.

“Thanda graduated at the top of her class from Cornell. When I contacted your father about the seriousness of the ongoing situation, he insisted that Thanda be hired to replace Jeremy Gibbs.”

As if he were so easily replaceable.

I took a deep breath and clenched my fists, digging my nails hard into the meat of my palms until the wave of anger passed.

Trying hard to hide the fact that I was clenching my jaw, I turned to the new



lawyer.

“Unfortunately,” I said, “the authority to hire you does not rest with my father. Or your father. I am the Alpha of this Pack. I will not allow you to undermine my authority by interrupting this meeting for one moment longer.”

I gestured toward the open door, hoping for once it could just be that easy.

“If you’ll allow me the opportunity, Alpha Norwood, I believe I can be of valuable use to you at this critical time.”

Thanda met my eyes for the first time, and I could immediately see why her presence so rankled Josh.

She was definitely a dominant.



Whatever else she was remained to be seen.

Thanda continued speaking in the same level voice, “Particularly when it comes to seeing that Sienna comes home immediately to be with her family.”

That got my attention.

Sienna had only been gone for a few hours



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apart.

I can't fucking deal with all of this on my own. I need my mate.

“Fine,” I snapped at her. “You stay. Mother, Father. We need to talk in private.”

JOCELYN

We all listened to the muffled shouts coming from the corridor as Aiden argued with his parents over what was best for the Pack.

I checked my phone.

Seven new messages from Nina.

**Nina**

Where are you?

Nina

Did you get something to eat at least?

Nina

Chapters



Display



Unmute



Comment



React



Nina

Do you want me to bring you something at the PH?

Nina

I could get a pizza... 🍕

Nina

Or sushi 🍣! From our favorite place!

Nina

Jocelyn...?



Nina

I wish you'd talk to me.

I wished I could talk to my girlfriend too, but I just couldn't feign interest in food, or sleep. Not when there was so much I could potentially be doing to help my patient.

I had awoken a few hours after falling asleep at home and immediately returned to the Pack House.

The TIB forensic team had finished their investigation of the medical suite and the basement laboratory by then, and I was allowed to return to Jeremy's side.

I cleared all of my notifications and put my phone back in my bag. It had already been forty-five minutes since I arrived in the council chambers, and the meeting hadn't even started.

Like so many of my efforts lately, this was a total waste of my time.

It was like I was spending all my energy running up a hill that just kept getting steeper and steeper the longer I ran.

Nina thought I was in danger of losing myself again.



Everyone else thought I was just holding a deathbed vigil.

No one wanted to see the truth.

I am stronger now. I can see things that I didn't before.

Jeremy hadn't regained consciousness since the night he mindlessly attacked Aiden and Sienna in the forest.

After the chaos and confusion caused by the TIB investigators, I had needed to find a quieter place to continue searching out Jeremy's spirit.



He was now in one of the nursing beds in the lower levels of the Pack House.

His breathing was becoming steadily shallower as the eternal bond between mates slowly tugged him out of this world and into the next.

Sometimes, in quiet moments, it was like I could feel Jeremy's spirit coursing through his body.



Almost like it was hovering just below the surface, waiting for the chance to break free and join its mate.

I couldn't let that happen.

Jeremy and I had known each other all our lives. I helped deliver his daughters.

The thought of his little girls suddenly orphaned was more than I could bear.

I'd spent hours in the library over the past few days, digging through the healer archives looking for anything and everything that might shed some light on mating bonds.

I'd spent even more hours meditating, trying to see if I could find a way for my spirit to speak to his.



Speak to his.

Most of the time, there was nothing but darkness as I searched his mind.

But once or twice, I was certain I had felt something flickering there, some distant echo resonating through my consciousness.

It wasn't much, but it was enough that I wasn't going to give up just yet.



I looked around the conference room. Josh was fuming. My heart went out to him, but I knew that if I were to try to comfort him, it would only make things worse.

The beautiful young attorney, Thanda, had taken Josh's place at the head of the table.

She sat expectantly in the large leather chair, ignoring Josh's glares and silently waiting for Aiden to return so that the meeting could continue.

Her father, Gregory, typed out a message on his phone with a look of supreme concentration.

Michelle was also watching Thanda, and her energy was one of jealousy as she eyed the other woman's exquisitely tailored clothes.



Everyone present, even Rhys and Nelson, had more experience dealing with the press than I did.

And everyone here knew more than me about the legal matters surrounding the Hunter Squad.



My talents were wasted in this room. I stood to leave.

“Where are you going?” Rhys asked with a concerned look.

“I need to check on my patient. If something important needs my attention, please come and get me. But I need to be with Jeremy right now.”

“Jocelyn...there isn’t anything you can do for him,” Rhys said, brow furrowed, “You do know that, right?”

Well I’m not going to get any closer to helping Jeremy by sitting in this conference room.

“Yes, of course,” I answered with a smile.

AIDEN

I was standing in the hallway trying to



I was standing in the hallway, trying to reason with my parents, when I saw Jocelyn trying to slip out of the council chambers and down the hallway.

I wanted to call out to her, but she looked so weary and drawn that I didn't want to keep her from the healing duties I knew she valued above everything else.

Instead, I turned back to Charlotte.



"I'll hear what Thanda has to say before making any final decision on whether or not to hire her," I stated, "But you can't stay here and continue acting like you give a damn. You turned your back on this Pack a long time ago."

"That's all we're asking, sweetheart," my mother said, perfectly calm now that she felt she had scored a point in her favor.

"And I would advise you to listen carefully to any advice that Gregory Singh gives you, son. He was my Beta after all, back in the day.

"He still has a tremendous amount of influence within the more conservative elements of the Pack," my father added, brushing an invisible speck of dust off the lapel of his expensive suit.



“I know, Dad. Trust me, you’ve made that point clear.”

I sighed. This wasn’t getting us anywhere.

If Gregory Singh is so damned important to him...

If Gregory Singh’s opinions were so much more important than mine...



“I will allow Gregory to sit in on the council meetings until this situation with Selene’s death is resolved, and Agent Enzo goes back to Lumen where he belongs,” I conceded, more to bring this conversation to a close than anything else.

And hopefully, this investigation would be over soon. I wondered again how Sienna was faring under Agent Enzo’s questioning.

My mate had a fiery heart, but the events of the past week had left her shaken. All the better to get her out of there as soon as possible.

“You guys go back to your hotel. Let me get back to this meeting so we can clean up this mess.”

“Good luck,” my mother said, unable to resist the temptation to roll her eyes.

resist the temptation to roll her eyes.

Together, my parents walked down the corridor. Leaving me now facing a room full of people I wasn't entirely sure I could trust.

Josh was still my closest friend and ally, but he couldn't always be relied upon to think rationally.

His mate would always serve her own self-interests first.



As would Gregory.

Nelson and Rhys had been my friends for years, but we had never been close, and recently they seemed more and more like strangers.

And there were too many empty chairs around the table.

Jeremy.

Jocelyn.

Sienna.

Everyone I had previously looked to for counsel was unable to advise me now.



I walked in and shut the door with a thud. “You,” I said, nodding my head at Thanda Singh, “You’ve got one minute to explain to me why I should hire you as the Pack’s temporary legal counsel.”

Her dark brown eyes pierced into mine again, and I felt an involuntary shiver at the lack of emotion I found there.

“I can have your wife home in an hour.”



SIENNA

“Would you say that your sister had a close relationship with her adopted nephew?” Agent Enzo hacked a cough and drummed his nails on the hard metal service of the interview room table.

“I’ve answered this question three times, Agent Enzo.

We’ve been here for nine hours. I would like to go home.” I attempted to keep my voice as calm as possible, but it was becoming increasingly difficult.

Enzo had been asking the same questions in slightly different ways for most of our interview.

Everything led back to me, my relationship with Selene, with my parents, with Jeremy.

With Rowan.

The more I tried to keep my son out of the conversation, the more Enzo seemed intent on dragging him back in.

His insistence on referring to Rowan as my *adopted* son, as Selene's *adopted* nephew made me long to rip his craggy face to pieces.



It didn't help that he had consumed enough coffee in the past nine hours to fuel a small plane.

Enzo was becoming increasingly jittery and repetitive. And I was dangerously close to losing my patience.

"You can go home, whenever you like, Mrs. Norwood. As I've told you before, this is an unofficial interview. You are free to leave when you choose to do so," the agent said.

Now his tone changed to one of deep regret, "Unfortunately, if you choose to terminate our interview before I feel that all my questions have been answered, I'm afraid I'll have to place a call to Child Protective Services.

“After all, we need to ensure that your son is in a safe, stable environment.”

His voice may have been filled with concern, but his eyes were gray flint as they met mine.

My claws, which had been itching to break through my skin, suddenly shrank back as the meaning of Enzo’s words sank in.

“What are you saying?” I asked in astonishment.



“Nothing at all, Mrs. Norwood. Nothing that needs to become a problem if you don’t want it to.

“As I was asking, how was your *adopted* son’s relationship with his aunt?” Enzo leaned back in his chair, patiently awaiting my response.

I froze.

I pictured my son crying as he was dragged away from his home by some indifferent social worker.

A heavy, cold weight of fear dropped into my stomach.

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I was trapped.

Next Chapter

