



SIENNA

Horror swept through me as I tried to process Aiden's words.

Rowan had hurt another child.

Hurt him *badly*.



My sweet son, who loved singing nursery rhymes and couldn't tie his shoes, had broken Nicholas' arm.

Without laying a hand on him.

I couldn't believe it. I wouldn't have believed it except for the haunted look in Aiden's eyes.

He had shown up at the police station half an hour ago, and I'd had to fight back an upwelling of tears when the guard had shown me into the visitor's room.



Chapters



Display



Unmute



Comment



React



Now, at the news of Rowan's disturbing attack in the park, a few of those tears escaped my tight control and trailed down my cheek.

I hastily brushed them away.

"There's something else," Aiden said with a grimace, taking a many-folded square of paper out of his shirt pocket.

He only had to unfold it once for me to know exactly what it was.



My hand shot out and grabbed the paper from him and tucked it under the table.

"Where did you find this?" I hissed under my breath.

Aiden's brows shot upwards, "In Rowan's room, on his drawing table."

His look changed to one of disappointment.

"You knew, didn't you? About these drawings."

My silence was all the confirmation he needed.

He let out a low whistle. “Sienna how could you not tell me?”

“I was going to tell you! If you haven’t noticed, I’ve been a little preoccupied!” I gestured around me at the dimly lit room of the jail.

Taking a deep breath, I tried to control the ever-present anger I’d been grappling with all day.

“I’m sorry, Aiden. I should have told you the second I saw them. Everything just happened so fast!”

The anger died from his eyes. Aiden shook his head. “It doesn’t matter now. All that matters is finding out how Rowan is involved in all this.”

“Involved with what? With Selene? Aiden, how could you even say that? He’s just a little boy!”

“He wished that I’d run without touching



“He picked that kid up without touching him, Sienna. He just picked him and *threw* him like a goddamn sack of flour! You can’t keep saying that he is just a little boy. We need to protect him.”

“Does Enzo know?” I asked.

“Probably. It’s all over the Internet. But he can’t exactly charge Rowan with psychically hurting someone, so at least that buys us some time.”

The paper was still clutched in my hand. I felt nauseous, but I had to know what Rowan had drawn.

Furtively, keeping the drawing under the



table, I slowly unfolded it.

Once again, Rowan had drawn Selene’s crime scene with a disquieting amount of detail and skill.

But there were differences.

I peered at these new details, desperately trying to make sense of the impossible images I was seeing



images I was seeing.

The drawings shown to me by Rowan's teacher had mainly been closeup images of Selene's face and body. This was much different.

While Selene's body was still the central image, he had depicted the entire back veranda of the Pack House in shades of brown and red and black.

And blue.

I looked closer. Unmistakably, hidden under the brown scaffolding in the top left-hand corner of the picture was a small, colored-in square of blue.



It was the only bit of blue in the drawing, and it wasn't in the raindrop shape that Rowan always used for water.

Aiden was watching me intently. I met his gaze and held a finger to my lips.

Trying not to crinkle the paper, I moved it from under the table and lay it face down on the metal surface.



With a shaking finger I pointed at the small blue square.

Aiden looked at the drawing, then back to me, shaking his head in confusion.

Then understanding shot through him and he slammed his open palms down on the metal table.

The guard, who had been idly staring out the window, spun around and his hand went to the heavy baton at his hip.

Aiden immediately held up his hands.

“Sorry officer. I was just...overwhelmed thinking about my mate locked away in here.”



He was a terrible liar, but the guard rolled his eyes and resumed his daydreaming.

“I have to go,” Aiden whispered hurriedly. He was already on his feet and pulling on his winter coat.

“I know. I love you,” I said, risking the



guard's wrath and pulling Aiden in for a hard, fierce kiss.

“I love you too. We'll find out who killed Selene. We'll get you out of here. I promise.”

AIDEN

Aiden

SD card at crime scene

Aiden

look near the construction

Aiden

I think it got kicked under the scaffolding

Nina

How could u possibly know that?

Aiden

Long story

Aiden

Like...Really long story



Aiden

All eyes r on me and Sienna right now

Aiden

I can't look for it.

Aiden

I need ur help.

Nina

I'll go 2night after dark.

I clicked off my phone.

My heart was racing in my chest.

Had Rowan really managed to draw the one thing we were looking for?

Somehow it seemed awfully convenient.



But again, his drawing of the Robin had already led to us uncovering Monica Birch's online identity.

Right now, I had absolutely nothing else to



go on.

I took a deep, shaky breath and hoped I was making the right choice.

And not sending Nina into danger.

MICHELLE

Any other day, the whirr and buzz of the cameras would have sent my haze singing through my veins.

Any day but today.

I was seething with barely suppressed anger as I stood in front of a hoard of reporters.

They had gathered outside of the hospital with their news vans and microphones and smug smiles.



Their voices were raised in collective sympathy.

“Michelle, how is your son?” a woman in oversized glasses asked.



I stared at her blankly.

My son, *my son*, was lying upstairs in a hospital bed.

His lower arm was in a cast from wrist to elbow.

The doctor said that there wouldn't be any lasting damage, but he was an idiot.

I just knew that Rowan Norwood had damaged Nicholas permanently.



If nothing else, he'd surely be traumatized for life.

And these well-dressed men and women were shoving their microphones in my face and shouting for my attention.

“Mrs. Daniels! Michelle!” cried one reporter.
“Is it true that the Alpha of the Millennium is flying in for the Yule Ball to personally deal with this matter?”

Raphael? At the Yule Ball? Since when!?



I smiled. A good press secretary had to be able to lie convincingly.

“The Alpha of the Millennium has always shown the utmost concern for the wellbeing of his Pack. I’m sure Alpha Fernandez will get to the bottom of this terrible incident,” I responded without missing a beat.

My smile broadened. I was born for this.

“Michelle! Can you confirm that Rowan Norwood is healthy and uninjured after the events at Wakefield Park earlier today?” called a report with ice blonde hair.



Why is everyone so fixated on Rowan’s wellbeing?

The way I saw it, he should be severely punished for harming Nicholas.

My lip began to curl into a sneer, but I forced it back into a smile. “I have received no reports on the well-being of Rowan Norwood,” I said sweetly.

“Yes, but surely someone knows whether or



not the heir to the East—”

I felt my blood begin to boil. My professional demeanor slipped, and angry words fell onto astonished ears...

“Heir to the East Coast Pack? Did you see what that mongrel did to my son! He’s nothing more than a freak!”

The jaws of the surrounding reporters dropped almost in unison.



Fierce triumph rose in my chest before the full weight of my rash words hit home.

There was a moment of stunned silence, then an explosion flashbulbs and shouted remarks rose up like a wave as my angry words were broadcast on live television.

NINA

Wearing black jeans and a black hooded sweatshirt, I left the relative safety of the trees and crept up the back lawn of the Pack House.



Dressing as a cleaning lady would not save me this time.

If I were caught, I would probably end up sitting in jail right next to Sienna.

I had to make this quick.

Aiden had said to look near the wooden construction scaffolding that hugged the eastern wall of the Pack House.

The place where Selene had been murdered was no longer cordoned off with yellow police tape, and the glass and blood had been washed away.

Like it had never even happened.

A sob rose in my throat, but I stayed strong and choked it back.

No time for tears.

The scaffolding was arranged almost like a rose trellis, with crisscrossing bars that created a ladder-like effect.



There were platforms at various stages where the workmen were doing their renovations.

I focused my attention on the ground, trying to peer between the slim planks of wood to the thicker ones that anchored the sprawling structure.

Aiden had said something about the card getting kicked into the scaffolding.

How he could have this information was beyond me, but enough weird shit had been happening lately that I wasn't about to question him.



The wooden planks were low to the ground, but I was able to get down on my elbows and combat crawl forward a few feet.

I thought back to what I had briefly seen of Enzo's search team. None of them would have been small or agile enough to navigate this low maze.

My heart started beating.

Maybe Aiden is right.



Maybe Aiden is right.

Moving carefully to avoid splinters from the rough-hewn wood, I moved closer to the wall of the Pack House.

I was only ten feet or so from where Selene would have fallen that day.

If the SD card had somehow skidded out of the phone when her attacker smashed it, it could have ended up somewhere around here.

My line of sight was obscured by a large decorative column and I tried to pivot around it.



I caught my breath.

Lying innocuously on the flagstones was a tiny square about the size of my thumbnail.

With trembling hands, I picked up the piece of blue plastic and held it in the palm of my hand.

A sliver was missing from one side, and there was a hairline crack running along the



there was a hairline crack running along the card's length.

Fuck. Please don't be broken.

It was crazy to think that so much rested on something so small.

From the pocket of my hoodie, I took out the small scrap of cloth I had grabbed on my way out the door that evening.

With infinite care, I wrapped the SD card in the cloth and placed it carefully in my back pocket.



A distant banging sounded from somewhere in the Pack House and I startled, remembering the danger I faced if found.

Especially now that I potentially held the truth about Selene's death.

Time to go.

Still on my knees and elbows, I carefully turned and made my way back through the maze of wooden planks.



Once clear, I ran as fast as I could down the wide expanse of lawn and into the forest.

I didn't stop until the dim lights of the Pack House had faded from sight.

My heart was still pounding in my chest as I fumbled my phone from my pocket.

Nina
I HAVE IT

Nina
What do I do now?

Nina
Can u meet me??

Aiden
!!!!

Aiden
Nina...

Aiden
I don't know how to thank you.

Nina

Nina

Aiden...it's cracked.

Nina

I don't know if it will work...

Nina

Can u meet me?

Aiden

I can't leave Rowan.

Aiden

The nanny quit today.



Nina

Why don't I just give it to Enzo?

Aiden

NO!

Aiden

Not until I know what's on it.

Nina

Okay. I'll go home. See if I can get it to work.

Nina

But I should warn you. Fixing a cracked SD card is no easy task.

Aiden

Can you keep this to yourself for one more day?

Aiden

Will call you tomorrow if I can.

Aiden

Otherwise will talk tomorrow night at Yule Ball.

Aiden

Thank you Nina. I won't forget this.



I sighed and closed my phone. My body yearned for sleep, but it looked like the night was far from over.

SIENNA

“Good evening, Mrs. Norwood.”

The voice of Agent Enzo startled me from

sleep.

I had tossed and turned for hours on the thin pallet bed and had only just managed to fall into a light doze.

I stood and went before Agent Enzo.

“Are you allowed to talk to me without my lawyer?” I asked grouchily.

“I thought I would speak with you myself, before we involved Ms. Singh,” Enzo said. His voice was oddly slurred, and I wondered if he had been drinking.



Don't let him intimidate you.

“I'd prefer to wait until my lawyer arrives,” I said, coldly.

Enzo's mouth turned down and he leaned closer to the bars of the cell. “It has to do with your son, Mrs. Norwood.”

It was like getting kicked in the chest. Suddenly there was no air in my lungs.

“What about Rowan?”



“I received an envelope in the mail this evening, Mrs. Norwood. It contained two documents.”

Enzo revealed a large brown envelope he had been holding behind his back.

“The first piece of paper was a letter from your son’s nanny.”

Now I was just confused. “From Lexa?”

Enzo nodded. “She quit her job today after learning about the incident between your son and Nicholas Daniels. Did you know that?”

I shook my head, still not understanding what was happening.



“Apparently, she was too concerned for her safety to continue in the position. She also included this—”

Enzo pulled out a piece of drawing paper covered with black and red scribbles.

My knees gave out and I sank back onto the thin mattress.



“Would you care to explain how your son was able to draw the death of his aunt in such gruesome detail?” Enzo asked. His voice was cold steel.

I couldn't breathe. I couldn't think.

Only one thing mattered.

I have to protect Rowan.

Even if it meant staying here, away from my family.

Even if it meant that everyone would think I was guilty.

I would protect my son.



I looked Agent Enzo directly in his flinty gray eyes. Trying to sound as sincere as possible, I answered him.

“I'm afraid you're mistaken, Agent Enzo. Rowan didn't do those drawings.”

I offered a small smile.

“I did.”



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Next Chapter

