



Series

The Millennium Wolves



Book 6 - Chapter 12

SIENNA

A robin?

Selene sent a text to Jeremy about a robin?

And now Rowan had a nightmare about a robin?



I felt weird, like someone had flipped me upside down and back again.

Except Mom, who stood at the kitchen sink, we all sat around the table, looking at each other as if one of us had the answer.

Something tugged at me. Where had I seen something about a robin recently?

“I saw the word ‘robin’ somewhere,” I said aloud.

I felt like... it was on my phone?

“What in the world can a robin have to do with anything?” Aiden said.



Chapters



Display



Unmute



Comment



React



Pulling my phone out, I unlocked it and stared at the little rows of app icons.

Something to do with Yapper?

“It sounds like whatever the robin is, it’s not good,” Erica said.

I tapped the Yapper icon.



It opened to my feed and I checked the trending hashtags. There was still #MurderAtThePackHouse and #SeleneMercerGibbs, but now there was also #TIB.

Curtis Paul needed a new hobby.

I scrolled some more. Thankfully, about half the yips had nothing to do with Selene’s murder or the TIB or anything to do with my family.

Seemed at least some people were ready to move on.

In a way, I didn’t want them to. I hated to think Selene would be forgotten.

“Could it be some kind of code?” Dad asked.



I scrolled some more, and then I saw it.

The Yapper account associated to the *Howling for Truth* blog.

There it was, printed at the top of yet another inflammatory article.

“Robin Chamic,” I breathed.



“What?” Aiden said.

“Robin Chamic,” I said more loudly. “The blogger. The one who broke the story about Selene in the first place. He’s been posting articles—sometimes twice a day—ever since.”

“That seems like a stretch,” Mom said.

Erica and Aiden pulled out their phones.

“You’re right!” Erica gasped as she finished tapping.

“You don’t really think this is all connected to some blogger?” Mom said, frowning.

“The bird is a robin?” Rowan asked, eyes large and shining.

“Yes, baby, and we think we know what

it means,” I said to him. “It’s someone’s name.”

Mom shrugged and turned to the sink, washing a cup.

“The bird in my dream was bad, Mama,” Rowan said. “It tried to hurt you.”

Mom peered back over her shoulder, her face concerned.



“It’s okay, sweetheart. We’re not going to let it hurt anyone.” I met Mom’s eyes, and while she didn’t smile, she did give me a nod.

“Come on, duckie,” she said to Rowan. “It’s way past your bedtime. I bet you’d feel nice and snug in River’s bed. You two can share.”

Mom held out a hand for Rowan and he scrambled off Erica’s lap, running over to take it.

My heart tugged.

He needs his Grandma. God, I hope she gets through this grief and starts showing him some warmth again.

As soon as Rowan and Mom were gone, I said, “This Robin Chamic. What if he killed Selene? For the story?”



“You think this blogger murdered your sister to get a scoop?” Erica said, incredulous.

“It makes sense,” I said. “I checked when the first article posted. Combined, the ‘official’ Yapper account and Chamic’s personal Yapper account only had two hundred followers or so. Now?”



“Over fifty thousand,” Aiden said, sounding somewhat awed.

Erica swiped and tapped her phone.

“He’s got a channel on YouVision,” she said. “Wow, more than a hundred thousand subscribers? Oh, shit. He’s got footage of Selene’s body.”

“*What?*” Dad and I exclaimed at once.

“Yeah,” Erica said, her eyes wide. “It’s her body, where it landed on the marble, by the garden.”

I knew somehow photos got out, but a video?

“Aiden!” I said, finding his eyes.

He looked as furious as I felt.

“I’ll find him,” Aiden said.

“I swear, I’ll find him. He’s going to regret he was ever born.”



AIDEN

I left Sienna in the kitchen and called Josh from the living room.

“Hey,” he said when he picked up the phone.

I filled him in on what we’d found regarding Chamic.

“You really think this Chamic guy is the killer?” Josh asked.

“We think he did it to get famous, gain a following. His channel on YouVision’s got over a hundred thousand followers.”

“Wow. Michelle told me you start making real money on there when you have ten thousand.”

“Well this Chamic guy has ten times that.”

“All because of Selene’s murder,” Josh mused.

“Exactly.”

“So, what do we do?”



“We have to find him.”



“How?” Josh asked.

“Meet me at the Pack House. We have to get Nina's help.”

I hung up and texted Nina.

Aiden

Hey, Nina, you still up?

Nina

yep

Aiden

Can you come to the PH?

Nina

Already here

Aiden

Good. meet you there in a few min

I stuck my head in the kitchen and saw Sienna talking quietly with Robert and Erica.

Maybe this revelation would chip away at some of the ice that had formed.

“Sienna, I’m going to the Pack House,” I said.



“I’ll come with you,” she replied.

“No, stay here,” I said with a glance at Robert. “I doubt we’ll locate the guy tonight. I’m just going to meet with Nina and get her going trying to find him.”

“Okay,” Sienna said, looking back at her father. “I’ll stay, in case Mom and Dad need help with the kids.”

NINA

“Can you find this guy?” Aiden asked me, Josh at his side, as we stood looking at Aiden’s computer in his office. He’d opened tabs with the blog and the YouVision channel.

“You can trace the blog’s IP address, right?” Josh said.

“Sort of. Maybe,” I said. “It depends on whether Chamic was stupid enough to register his DNS using his real name and address. Hang on, I’ll do a search.”

I sat down in Aiden’s chair and got to work using his computer.

After a moment, I clicked my tongue.
“Nope. He’s going through a DNS service and they’ve put their own info there. So that won’t work.”

Aiden pushed away from the back of the chair, huffing.



“Don’t panic, boss,” I said. “There are other ways. It just may take me awhile.”

Aiden eyed me. “You think you can find him?”

“I’m going to pull out all the stops, I swear,” I said.

Gives me something to do besides worry about Jocelyn, after all.

“How long?” Josh asked.

I shook my head. “Depends on how my luck is. I’ll call you guys as soon as I’ve got something, okay?”

I met Josh’s eyes, and then Aiden’s.

“You might as well go home and get some rest tonight, though. If I catch a break, I’ll call you.”

“You call any time,” Aiden said. “I don’t care if it’s two in the morning.”

“Got it,” I said.

They hesitated a little longer, which, honestly, I didn’t need. I work a lot better alone.

But finally, they left.



I turned to the computer and started combing through the images and videos on Chamic’s blog, first.

I’d move on to the YouVision channel once I got through the relatively small collection on the website.

Just give me a good geotag.

Most photos and videos had geotags these days, allowing you to track their locations.

It was possible to scrub them, but it didn’t look like Chamic had done that.

I tried the profile photos on both sites first, but, surprise, surprise, those photos were fakes.

They had geotags I quickly identified as the location of the corporate offices of a couple

of stock photo companies.

That would just have been too easy.

So now the slog began.

Hour after hour of researching the geotags on every possible photo—so none of the Selene photos, since those wouldn't be useful for locating Chamic.



Those would just give Selene's location when the photo was taken, like her body photos out in the garden.

But if a photo seemed more personal...

There was one of a meal, which let me know Chamic ate at Lupine's.

I didn't find anything more useful on the photos from the blog.

My eyes were burning from staring at the screen.

My mind was feeling fried.

I was getting too tired.

I let myself sleep for two hours.

When I woke up, I moved on to the videos on YouVision.

Most were set to music, with words unfolding, designed for people watching on silenced phones. They accused Aiden and Sienna of all sorts of wild conspiracies.

A newer one attacked Rowan, declaring him unfit to be heir, not a real werewolf... it even suggested he was an alien, at one point.

But it didn't give me a useful geotag.



About five hours into my search, I finally found it.

A much older video.

It showed some papers Chamic had collected spread across his floor—his attempt to prove he had overwhelming evidence that Sienna was hiding super-abilities based on medical records he'd acquired from the Pack House.

It was semi-incomprehensible.

But the geotag was clear.

I called Aiden.

“Got him,” I said into the phone.

“I’ll be there right away.”

AIDEN

It was about seven-thirty in the morning when Josh and I met up in the gallery of the Pack House and jogged up to my office, where Nina was still sitting in front of the computer.

She turned the screen and showed us the map she’d used to pinpoint the blogger, Chamic.



“5489 Gleason Avenue, suite five,” Nina said, tapping the screen. “There’s your guy.”

Josh and I exchanged a glance and ran down to my car.

I drove and my beta rode with me. We said nothing. Our purpose was clear.

On Gleason, I parked a block down and we rushed out, along the sidewalk and into the small office building at 5489.

We took the stairs up to the fifth floor, unable to wait for the elevator.

There it was, the office door, with a shiny, new-looking sign that read “Howling For Truth.”



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There it was, the office door, with a shiny, new-looking sign that read “Howling For Truth.”

Exchanging a glance with Josh, together we burst through the door, past a squawking receptionist, to an office door with a nameplate outside it that said “Robin Chamic.”



I turned the knob and swung the door open, Josh one step behind me.

I couldn't believe who I saw sitting at the desk.

She was supposed to be gone. Exiled.

But there she was.

Monica Birch.

Next Chapter