



Series

The Millennium Wolves



Book 6 - Chapter 21

SIENNA

After that first “suggestion,” Enzo didn’t bring up making a call to Child Protective Services again.

He didn’t need to, and we both knew it.



After a further two hours of back-and-forth, the hostility in the interrogation room had reached such intensity that at some point we both achieved some kind of surreal, enraged calm.

Our question and answer session began to look more and more like a wrestling match, with Enzo seeking out any potential opening and me constantly pivoting, trying to keep him from getting too close.

This was a battle. Between a mama wolf backed into a corner and the bastard who had threatened her pup.

“Why did you wait so long before calling in your sister’s death?”



Chapters



Display



Unmute



Comment



React



“I don’t know. I didn’t realize how much time had gone by.”

“Why did you disturb the crime scene?”

“I wasn’t thinking about a crime scene. I was just thinking about my sister.”

“Do you often have such a careless disregard for the law, Mrs. Norwood?”

“I have always tried to follow the—”



Without warning, the thin aluminum door to the interview room banged open with enough force that I jumped about a foot into the air.

A tall, impeccably dressed woman a few years older than myself was standing in the doorway, looking at Agent Enzo with cold scorn.

“Who the hell are you?” he shouted, breathing a cloud of coffee breath in the direction of the stranger, who wrinkled her nose in distaste.

She ignored him entirely and spoke instead directly to me.

“Mrs. Mercer Norwood? My name is

“Mrs. Mercer-Norwood? My name is Thanda Singh. Your mate hired me as the Pack’s interim legal counsel. Which makes me your lawyer.

“Now if you’ll please come with me, we’re leaving. I assume that’s okay with you, Agent Enzo?”

Now Thanda’s tone was full of acidic sweetness. “After all, you’ve held my client for nearly twelve hours for a simple ‘unofficial’ questioning.



“That’s highly unusual, wouldn’t you say? Unless of course, you have a court order justifying why you’re keeping my client here for an unnecessarily long duration?”

Color rose to Enzo’s cheeks. “Yes, well, I think we can stop there for tonight, shall we Mrs. Norwood?”

“It’s Mercer-Norwood,” Thanda replied without missing a beat. I struggled to hide my grin of satisfaction as I watched her arch a condescending eyebrow toward the defeated detective.

“So I’ve heard. Mrs. Mercer-Norwood,” he said to me, his voice dripping with false sincerity, “do be sure to let us know if you have any plans to leave town. Understand?”



“Perfectly,” I said, trying and probably failing to match Thanda’s detached demeanor.

It probably helped that Thanda was dressed head to toe in Marc Jacobs and, unlike me, had showered sometime in the past thirty hours.

Together, my new lawyer and I sailed out of the police station with our heads held high as empresses.

“That was *amazing*,” I said, casting a glance her way.

She didn’t meet my gaze, but the faintest trace of a smile appeared in the corner of Thanda’s mouth.



“Yes,” she said wryly, “it was.”

Sienna
I'M FREE!

Aiden
Are you okay?

Sienna



Sienna

I'm stinky and tired, but I'm okay.

Sienna

Thanks for the lawyer! Who the hell is she?

Aiden

My parent's lawyer. And Gregory's daughter.

Sienna

...

Sienna

Do you trust her?

Aiden

Right now, I think we need her.



Aiden

Where are you?

Sienna

With Thanda. She's taking me home.

Sienna

Then I think she's going back to

Sienna

Where is Rowan?

Aiden

Kindergarten. Melissa is supposed to pick him up at 4

Sienna

Why don't I shower and go get him?

Sienna

We can meet you at home.

Aiden

Are you sure you wouldn't rather take a nap?

Sienna

No, I'm too wired to sleep.



UNLIMITED

Sienna

I'll go get Rowan and see you for dinner!

Sienna

I love you, Aiden.

Aiden



Aiden

I love you too, Freckles.

I didn't want to tell Aiden that by "too wired to sleep," I actually meant "on the verge of having an anxiety attack."

As soon as I had unbuckled myself from the passenger's seat of Thanda Singh's gleaming silver Lexus, the adrenaline that had kept me alert for the past twelve hours under Agent Enzo's questioning suddenly evaporated.

Now, standing alone in the fenced backyard of my house, I began shaking uncontrollably.

My stomach tightened and twisted, reminding me that I hadn't eaten a thing in nearly twenty-four hours.

At least the press couldn't find me here.



The afternoon sun seemed horribly bright after the dim fluorescents of the police station.

Inside my home, the everyday clutter of our lives was enough to bring me to tears. I kicked off my shoes, then stripped off my sweat-stained black dress right there in the middle of the foyer.



I held the soft fabric in my hands for a moment, swallowing back an intense wave of sadness.

Selene would never forgive me if I just balled up the dress she had designed and threw it in the corner.

I didn't want to bring the memory of that dingy interrogation room any farther into the house than absolutely necessary, so I settled for hanging the funeral dress in the front closet.

My skin felt like it was coated in grime, and I headed toward the shower, ridding myself of my black bra and panties along the way.

I tried to avoid looking in the bathroom mirror, but saw enough to know that my hair looked like a family of squirrels had recently taken up residence.



Once under the hot water, I tried to fight back my tears of exhaustion, but they ran down my cheeks and mingled with the water from the shower.

Forty minutes later, I felt at least somewhat better as I drove up to the redbrick front of



Rowan's kindergarten.

I was cleaner anyway. I'd hastily pulled my long red hair back into a braid and yanked on a pair of jeans and my favorite oversized sweatshirt.

I parked the car and walked up to the chain-link fence that surrounded the playground. I saw my son playing in the bright December sunlight.



Rowan and his friend Amir, Nelson's son, were methodically moving a colorful array of plastic trucks from one side of the sandbox to the other.

His tongue poked out from the side of his mouth as he concentrated on lining all of the trucks up in a row.

Then I watched as he paused to admire his work. He leaned back and placed both hands behind his head in a gesture that was the exact mirror of Aiden.

A strange feeling swelled within me as I watched Rowan playing innocently in the sand.

A feeling that was equal parts ferocious love and gnawing fear.



It was something I experienced frequently since becoming a mother.

Love for my son, who could enjoy a sunny autumn afternoon without a care in the world.

Fear that his carefree childhood would end too quickly.

Those two powerful emotions were now mingled with a new understanding...



That my boy was harboring a great and terrible power.

NINA

After four hours of Jocelyn failing to return my various calls and texts, I decided to head over to the Pack House.

My hope was to convince my girlfriend to eat something, so I put a box of her favorite double-chocolate-chip cookies in my bag.

It banged heavily against my thigh as I approached the Pack House. I decided to check her office in the east wing first. If the meeting had run long, she could still be there.



Besides, I might be able to hear something useful.

Long ago, I had learned to walk in a way that attracted no attention.

The trick was to look like you belonged, but that you weren't worthy of notice.

You'd be amazed at how many places I've been able to enter just by carrying a large set of jangling keys.

Or a mop and bucket.



People's eyes just bounce right off you if they think you're "one of the help."

Most of the Pack knew of me, as in they knew Jocelyn had a girlfriend named Nina, but I had tried to stay out of the Pack House as much as possible over the years.

I attended various Pack functions once in a while, but overall, no one really knew me.

This was also to my advantage as I turned and proceeded up the stairs and down the long corridor that housed the officers of the Senior Counsel.

Even after being forgiven by Aiden and

welcomed into the Pack, I could always see the thoughts dancing across the eyes of high-ranking Pack members when they realized who I was.

The rogue.

The Omega.

The outsider.

The only person I was really hoping I didn't run into was Josh, who still never failed to treat me with outright hostility.



There was a door marked Maintenance on one side of the hallway.

Please be unlocked.

The knob turned easily in my hand. I breathed a sigh of relief and quickly entered the janitor's closet.

I closed the door behind me.

A minute later, I checked to see if the coast was clear before exiting the tiny room. This time I was armed with a rubber apron and a bottle of window cleaner.

Bearing these formidable weapons, I headed toward the main council chamber, keeping my head down and my eyes averted.

It seemed that luck was with me twice.

Voices were coming from the conference room.

I crept as close as I dared to the open door, careful to keep my posture loose and natural.

As if every housekeeper spent their days skulking behind doorways.



“I didn’t agree to this. There seem to be a lot of things you failed to tell me before I flew here,” a woman’s voice said in a hushed whisper.

“Things have become quite a bit more complicated, but ultimately the situation remains unchanged,” a man’s voice answered.

The woman then said something I couldn’t quite hear, and the man responded equally quietly. I was able to make out the hissed words, “things are in motion” before a heavy hand dropped onto my shoulder.

Every instinct in my body told me to scream

and smash my attacker with the bottle of Windex, but somehow I fought down the panic and turned to see Aiden Norwood glaring down at me with a look of deep confusion.

I had to act quick and pray that Aiden would follow along.

I held a finger to my lips and gestured toward the council chambers.

The Alpha was many things, but slow on the draw wasn't one of them. He nodded once, then entered the meeting room as if he owned it.



Which I guess he kinda did.

“Gregory!” he boomed in a surprised voice. “Thanda! What are you two still doing here? You’re keeping the staff from their duties!”

That was my cue.

Head down, eyes averted, I entered behind Aiden.

An older man and a woman about thirty-five years old, who I didn't get a good look at, were standing in the corner of the council chamber.



From what I could tell, they had similar dark brown eyes and olive complexions, so I assumed they were related.

As I had hoped, they took one look at me and immediately dismissed me as unworthy of acknowledgement.

Instead, the man turned to Aiden, “Apologies for keeping your staff waiting. Thanda and I were hoping to have a private word with you to discuss what we can expect to happen in the next few days.”



“Of course,” Aiden said with a nod, “If you’d like to wait for me in my office, I’ll be with you in just a moment.”

As soon as they had proceeded down the hall and out of earshot, he turned back to me.

“I don’t have time to ask what you’re doing here or why you’re posing as a cleaning lady,” he said. “Just answer one question, can I trust you?”

I nodded firmly, “Absolutely, Alpha.”

“I hope so. I don’t seem to have a lot of friends among my friends these days...” Aiden trailed off.

Then his tone grew serious. “Do yourself a



Then his tone grew serious. “Be careful. If you’re caught, I don’t know if I can protect you.”

I nodded again and gave him a grim smile.

“I understand.”



SIENNA

I spent the next thirty minutes just watching Rowan play. He didn’t see me, so absorbed was he in all the fascinating things the world had to show him.

His teacher, Miss Gillespie, was a young woman with honey-blonde hair and a charming, gap-toothed smile.

I saw her come out of the schoolhouse and begin walking in my direction, carrying one of the large manila folders the teachers often used to store the student’s artwork.

My initial smile of greeting died on my lips as I took in Miss Gillespie’s tense posture and the way she kept moving her lips as if talking to herself.

I immediately assumed the worst.



“What’s wrong with Rowan?” I asked in a rush of breath. I looked back over at my son, who was still playing quietly in the sandbox.

“Nothing!” she was quick to respond but then hesitated, clearly uncomfortable.



“We had a free-drawing session today,” she went on, “I was...bothered by some of the drawings that Rowan completed. It also frightened some of the other children,” the teacher finally managed to say.

She handed me the manila folder, and I took it with a trembling hand.

I looked down at Rowan’s drawings, and then my hand went to my mouth as one of the pictures floated slowly onto the grass.

In violent shades of red and black, Rowan had drawn Selene.

Or rather, he had drawn the scene of Selene’s death.

In stunning detail and with a degree of control that no five-year-old could possibly possess.

The grassy lawn.



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Or rather, he had drawn the scene of Selene's death.

In stunning detail and with a degree of control that no five-year-old could possibly possess.

The grassy lawn.

The marble balustrade.

The broken body in the center.

He had drawn Selene's murder as if he had seen it himself.

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