



The Millennium Wolves



Book 6 - Chapter 24

SIENNA

I was back in the same filthy interrogation room where Agent Enzo had questioned me only two days ago.

Enzo himself was sitting across the table, looking at me with bloodshot eyes.



I hadn't said a word since he had put me in handcuffs an hour ago.

He'd shoved me into the back of the police cruiser so quickly I barely had time to time to say goodbye to Aiden.

He'd barely given me time to throw on a pair of jeans and an old peach-colored blouse.

I had shoved my bare feet into my Reeboks.

I wasn't even wearing a bra.

Every instinct in my body was telling me to explode with rage.



Chapters



Display



Unmute



Comment



React



I wanted to shift into my wolf and watch the fear loom in Enzo's eyes as I ripped him apart for tearing me away from my family once again.

Instead, I enveloped myself in the same blanket of forced calm that I had retreated under the last time I was in this awful room. I made myself smile peaceably back at Enzo.

He glowered in return.



He couldn't say a word to me until my lawyer arrived, and he knew it.

As if summoned by my thoughts, Thanda Singh entered the room.

She looked professionally composed as usual in a white pencil skirt and a ruby-red blouse with a collar that reached her throat.

She gave me an assured nod that immediately made me feel a little more at ease.

Then she spoke directly to Agent Enzo.

"I just got off the phone with your superiors at the Territorial Investigations Bureau, and they have filled me in on the current situation.



“If you wouldn’t mind, Agent Enzo, it would be very kind of you to give us the room for a moment so that I may confer with my client.”

Thanda’s words were sweet, but her voice was filled with venom.

Enzo stood up roughly, causing the cheap metal chair to screech in protest.



With a final backwards sneer of derision, he left the interview room and slammed the door behind him.

Thanda immediately pulled up his discarded chair. She leaned close to me, speaking quickly and quietly, “They found Selene’s phone.”

My mouth dropped open. “What! Where?”

“In your office at the Pack House.” Thanda continued. Her lips barely moved as she spoke.

Her tone was low and urgent, so different from the detached voice she used to talk to Agent Enzo.

She was clearly worried that someone was listening to our conversation.

My heart stopped. A cold wave of adrenaline washed over me.

I shuddered and glanced around, suddenly terrified that someone else would hear our words.

Taking note of Thanda's defensive posture, I leaned forward until our foreheads were almost touching.

In the same toneless whisper, Thanda explained what had happened.



Last night, while Aiden and I had been humping like horny teenagers at the bar, there had been yet another anonymous call to the Bureau.

A digitally altered voice had left a message saying that they had seen me with Selene's phone at the Pack House.

Enzo had gone over personally and found the phone, completely smashed, behind a book in my office.

The entire thing was so ridiculous that I slammed my fists down on the flimsy metal table.

A roar of anger built in my throat, but Thanda was quicker

Thanda was quicker.

“Obviously,” she said, “No one at the TIB actually believes that you’re guilty of your sister’s murder. This is nothing more than posturing and everyone knows it except Agent Enzo.”

This got my attention.



I leaned forward. “Enzo thinks I’m guilty. I’m in *jail*. This feels like a lot more than *posturing*, Thanda,” I said through clenched teeth.

Thanda rolled her eyes. “Agent Anthony Enzo has been on this job for too many years. He’s lost the ability to see things as they truly are.”

I didn’t know exactly what this meant, but it didn’t really seem important when I was *stuck in jail*.

I took a deep breath and pressed my palms flat on the pockmarked surface of the table.

Trying desperately to keep my thoughts from spiraling out of control, I asked, “So how do I get out of here?”

Thanda looked me square in the eye, then

whispered in a tone I had to strain to make out.

“They told me at the head office that part of the phone was missing. They found a broken sliver of plastic in the SD card slot of the phone.”

“Yeah, Jeremy put one in her phone because she took about three hundred pictures of her fashion designs every day. And about five hundred of Vanessa and River,” I answered with an inward stab of grief.

“The people I talked to say finding this SD card is now their top priority. They think maybe Selene got a photo of her attacker before she was killed.”



My pulse began racing so rapidly it left me feeling lightheaded.

“They think she might have gotten a picture?” I repeated in disbelief.

“Why else would someone leave the phone in your office, but take the SD card?” Thanda asked.

She leaned backwards and resumed her normal, cool tone of voice. I nodded, trying to process all this new information.



“Does Aiden know all of this?” I asked suddenly.

“He will be the first person I call after leaving this office,” Thanda said.

“Thank you.” I was oddly grateful for her straightforward attitude during this time of chaos.

“Don’t thank me yet,” Thanda said with a shake of her head.

“I’m sorry, Sienna, but it looks like you’ll have to stay here for the time being. The media storm around this case is too big.



“Enzo has convinced a judge that you should stay in jail pending another full sweep of your home and the Pack House. Bail has already been denied.”

NINA

I watched Jocelyn run a cool cloth over Jeremy’s brow.

She had been gently bathing him for the past hour, humming a soothing melody under her breath all the while.



breath all the while.

After another day of ignored texts and messages, I had finally gotten fed up with not knowing what my girlfriend was doing.

How she was holding up.



When I had turned up at the basement medical chambers of the Pack House late last night, I had half-expected Jocelyn to be angry with me for invading her personal space.

Instead she had smiled and given me a hug.

There had been an odd light in her eyes that I hadn't seen before, a manic kind of energy that raised ominous goosebumps along the flesh of my arms.

The last time I had talked with her in person, the night I gave her the bath, Jocelyn was despondent, almost catatonic with fatigue and failure.

Now she flitted about the small healing bay, sponging Jeremy's limp muscles and conversing with him as though he could hear her.

As though he wasn't at the brink of death.

With his waxy pallor and sunken eyes, Jeremy looked dead already.

“And later, I’ll give you another deep tissue massage. And I’ll see if I can’t find where I put my meditation crystals. I bet they’ll help bring you some nice, positive energy,” Jocelyn said as she sat at Jeremy’s bedside.

She wasn’t talking to me.



Earlier, I had tried asking her exactly what purpose this constant one-sided dialogue could possibly provide.

For the first time I could remember, Jocelyn had snapped at me.

“Why does everyone keep asking why I bother? Do you all just want me to leave him here all alone? Can no one see that he’s suffering!?” she shouted, her beautiful face red and swollen with unshed tears.

I kept my mouth shut since then, and merely stayed quiet in the corner, waiting for a chance to help.

My phone buzzed in my pocket.

Without looking up, Jocelyn said in a firm tone, “Could you please use that outside? It’s



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YASIR CZN The Vampire Kings Slave Mate by Marriah Cath...

Qasim Taxila 😭😭

Tahir Nawaz Ameeeeeen

I went out into the hall and checked my phone.

Aiden

They arrested Sienna



Aiden

Found Selene's phone in her office

Aiden

SD card missing

Aiden

Can you find it?

Nina

Why me?

Nina

Maybe Josh would be better...

Aiden

You said I could trust you.



Aiden

You said I could trust you.

Aiden

I need your help

Nina

Where should I look?

Aiden

Somewhere Enzo wouldn't think to look



Nina

That's not a lot to go on

Aiden

I know. Sorry

Nina

I'll sniff around

Nina

Will let you know if I find anything

Aiden

If you find anything, come to me first!!

I clicked off my phone, trying to comprehend what Aiden was asking me to do.

He wanted me to find an SD card, which would be smaller than my thumbnail.

Somewhere in the Pack House.

I didn't even know where to start.

I hadn't wanted to push my luck after stumbling into that odd conversation between Gregory Singh and his daughter, so I avoided the sections of the Pack House where the high-ranking officials generally gathered.



I poked my head back in to the Healing bay. "Sienna was arrested!" I told Jocelyn.

I didn't really expect her to drop everything and run from Jeremy's side, but I was still shocked by the level of nonchalance in Jocelyn's voice as she calmly responded, "Oh, that's too bad."

What was going on with her?

My earlier anxiety for her well-being was quickly giving way to fear that she was once again putting too much of her heart and soul

into her work as a Healer.

“Yeah...” I responded slowly, “it is too bad.”

No response.

I cleared my throat. “Listen, I’m feeling kinda cooped up in here. I was thinking about going for a run to get some of the cobwebs out of my brain. Want to come with me?”



“No. Thank you Nina, but I’m needed here,” she said in that same placid tone.

I was expecting this response, but it still hurt to be dismissed so easily.

“Okay, well I’ll come back in a couple of hours. Want me to bring you a sandwich or something?”

No response. Jocelyn had already returned to her gentle murmurings as she ran her hands rhythmically above Jeremy’s prone form.

I left and closed the door behind me.

JOCELYN

I barely heard Nina leave the room.



A part of me felt terrible for the worry and anxiety I knew this was causing her.

But every time I tried to break away, tried to eat or sleep or kiss her, I felt the tug.

Like an insistent voice in the back of my head that was constantly whispering that today.

The next hour.



The next meditation.

Would be the one that finally allowed me to break through the invisible barrier and connect with Jeremy's lost, broken spirit.

Increasingly I could feel him, darting here and there as I focused all my energies on reaching out to him.

I wanted, *needed* his permission to sever the mating bond between himself and Selene.

It was the only way to save him. I was sure.

Alone once more with my patient, I mentally braced myself and prepared to seek out his restless moving presence once more.



I held my hands a few inches above Jeremy's skin, hovering as I attempted to make contact with his soul.

I began by breathing deeply and opening my mind completely.

I reached out with my Healing spirit, calling out in a silent voice for Jeremy to respond.

His body had already given up, was barely clinging to life.

I needed to coax his spiritual essence to put down roots again, to reconnect with a physical form.

But first I had to find it.

Jeremy. It's Jocelyn. I'm here to help.



I repeated these words over and over until they formed a ritualistic chant in my mind.

Imheretohelp.

ItsJocelynImheretohelp.

Nothing. Of course.



Always nothing.

I bowed my head as a wave of failure
washed over me.

But then...

Fainter than a whisper.

Ephemeral as mist.

A voice called back.

...Jocelyn...

...can't see...

My heart began hammering in my chest.

It was Jeremy.

I had reached out and he had reached back.

I swallowed hard and concentrated all
my efforts on maintaining our tenuous
connection.

Jeremy?



Jeremy?

It's Jocelyn.

...Jocelyn?...

...where?...

...can't see...

My mouth was dry. I had never really expected to make contact, and now I had no idea how to proceed.

I am at the Pack House. Everyone is at the Pack House.

...Selene?...

How to respond?



Selene wants you to stay. She wants you to stay with Vanessa and River. We all want you to stay here, Jeremy.

...Selene...

Tears filled my eyes and poured down my cheeks. There was so much pain and sadness in this distantly echoing voice.



I had to help him.

But before I could think of what to say next, Jeremy's voice came again, a little louder and stronger than before.

...Jocelyn...don't...

Don't what?

...don't...trust...

Don't trust who!

...don't trust...

...they killed...Selene...

Who! I shouted in my mind. *Who killed Selene?*



But the voice was becoming fainter, like an old radio that was losing reception.

Jeremy? Jeremy!

...Selene...

And then a scream, and endless howl of rage and grief echoed through my mind with such



Don't trust who!

...don't trust...

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Jeremy? Jeremy!

...Selene...

And then a scream, and endless howl of rage and grief echoed through my mind with such force that it drove me backward.

I fell to the floor and struck my head on the cold stone tiles.

For a long moment, I knew nothing.

Next Chapter

