



Series

## The Millennium Wolves



Book 6 - Chapter 9

## JOSH



*What the actual fuck?*

I stared at the guy who'd come storming into my office.

*Unbelievable. The TIB?*

A new agency, born of the frustrations of humans living under Pack rule.

Wealthy humans, with the means to fund an independent, all-human law enforcement organization, a foil to the system of Hunter Packs loyal to Alphas.

It should never have come to be, but the Alphas met about it and made an addendum to the Territorial Treaty.

Somehow, they decided it would be a *good* idea to give up some of their authority to a "neutral" outside agency.

It was infuriating.



Chapters



Display



Unmute



Comment



React



I stared at Aiden, willing him to kick this guy out of the Pack House.

“I don’t see any reason for the TIB to get involved here,” Aiden said to the agent.



UNLIMITED

*Not a very strong start, Aiden.*

“That’s not up to you,” Enzo said. He took a few more steps into the office, his eyes searching as if he expected to find some evidence or other in here.

“I’m leading this investigation,” I said. “I don’t need any outside help.”

Enzo peered at me with a faint smirk on his lips.

“Isn’t the haze underway?” he asked.

I furrowed my brow. “What does that have to do with anything?”

“One reason the TIB was formed is because a lot of us are tired of having to wait for business to get done while sex-crazed wolves take breaks to screw each other every two minutes,” Enzo said.

I blinked.



I cut my eyes to Aiden.

He looked shocked.

Robert huffed. “Look, Mr.—”



“Special Agent Enzo.”

“Okay, Agent Enzo,” Robert continued. “I’m a human too. I didn’t ask for you. Selene was my daughter, and I trust Josh and Aiden to find the killer.”

“So the vic was a half-breed,” Enzo said.

I saw Robert flinch.

“Look here, Agent,” Aiden began.

“I’ll need to see the crime scene,” Enzo cut him off. “And the security recordings.”

Aiden glowered. “You can’t just—”

“Oh yes, I can,” Enzo said. “I’m under the authority of the Territorial Treaty, Mr. Norwood.”

“*Alpha* Norwood,” I growled.

“Sure,” Enzo said. “You wolves and your Greek letters. Feels like being surrounded by

frat boys.”



This guy was unbelievable.

A mere human, standing in a room in front of an Alpha and Beta wolf, in a Pack House full of more wolves, acting like he wouldn't be torn to pieces in seconds if we chose.

*We've become too civilized.*

*Too tame.*

*We've moved too far from our true selves.*

Enzo stepped forward and held out a card to me. “You're the Beta? Send the security footage to that email.”

I snatched the card from Enzo and dropped it on my desk.

“I'll be walking the crime scene if you need me,” Enzo said with a smirk, and he exited.

Aiden, Robert, and I stared at the door after he left.

Robert was the first to rouse himself. “I'd better be going. Melissa needs me.”

He put Jeremy's phone down on my desk on his way out.

his way out.

I turned to Aiden. “What the fuck was that?”  
I demanded.

“Josh—”



“You’re just going to let that sorry son of a bitch insert himself into this investigation? He’s just going to go wherever he wants? Walk all over our crime scene? Take over?”

“*Josh,*” Aiden said. “My hands are tied.”

“*Jesus,* Aiden!”

“As much as I hate to say it, Enzo is right. He’s here on the authority of the Territorial Treaty. All the Alphas signed it. There’s nothing I can do.”

“Well, I’m not going to sit back and let this asshole take over the investigation.”

“I don’t expect you to.”

That surprised me.

“I want you to keep on it,” Aiden said. “I’m going to keep on it, too. Just try to stay out of Enzo’s way.”

I suppressed the urge to roll my eyes.

I suppressed the urge to roll my eyes.

“Will do.”

## ENZO



I took my time walking down the wide corridor of the East Coast Pack House, leaving behind the Beta's office.

These wolves, like all wolves, were filthy rich.

All you had to do was look around to see it. Fancy furniture. Fancy walls. Fancy chandeliers.

But I'd seen too much shit in my time, and I'd never be able to relax in a wolf's den again.

Not after what they did to my brother back in Houston two years ago.

The violence there led to the creation of the TIB.

Still, today wasn't about a threat the wolves posed to humans—this time they'd killed one of their own.

I'd read the Hunter Squad's initial report on

the murder, so I knew the attack happened outside, probably on the terrace on the northeast side of the mansion.

Before I took a look at that, though, I needed to speak to the Pack Healer.

I stopped a guy walking opposite me as he passed. “Jocelyn White?”

He got that pinched look wolves always get around me and gestured further down the hallway.



I walked all the way to the door at the end and let myself through into a small waiting room.

I had a choice of three doors. I opened the one on the right—a patient’s room, empty.

I turned back and went through the sitting area to the other door, and beyond it found a man in a bed. Probably the Pack lawyer, mate to the vic, Jeremy Gibbs.

He was unconscious.

“Who are you?” I heard someone demand behind me. “You’re not allowed in here!”

I turned and faced the glaring brunette.



She looked tired.



“Jocelyn White?” I asked.

“Yes, and you are?”

I showed her my badge. “Agent Anthony Enzo. You did the postmortem on Selene Gibbs?”

She glanced at the comatose guy in the bed, grabbed my arm, and yanked me out of the room, shutting the door.

“I did,” she said in answer to my question.

“I need to see it.”

With a sigh, she led me out of the room and to her office.

Unlike the Beta’s cowhide couch and Navaho print chairs, White’s furnishing was more understated. Two antique desks and a couple of blue wing-back chairs.

White went to one of the desks and opened the lower drawer, plucking out a file which she handed to me.

I took one of the chairs and gestured to the other.





When she sat in it, she immediately started to fidget.

I ignored her and read through the file.



After a moment, I said, “She broke her neck?”

White made an impatient gesture at the file in my lap.

“It’s all there. A complete C4 level spinal cord injury. Loss of function in the diaphragm leading to suffocation and death.”

She was quoting the report word for word.

“You’re sure about this?” I asked. I peered at her. I had no reason to doubt the report, but she was a Pack Healer.

How many of them had covered for pack members over the years?

Wolves stuck together. They hated cooperating with a human.

I’d seen more than one case where the Healer claimed one thing and the evidence showed another.

She replied, “It was not a complicated

diagnosis.”



I kept reading.

“You can stay here as long as you like,” she said after a moment, “but I have to go check on my patient...”

“Please remain seated,” I said, without looking up.

I felt the irritation radiating from her.

“Says here she broke some nails?”

“Yes. It’s why I ruled out suicide and accidental death. The nail on her right index finger was entirely torn off. The index on the left hand was partially torn as well as both middle fingers.”

“Any fibers or DNA?”

“Some fibers,” White said. “I gave them to the Hunter Squad to analyze.”

“No major bruises, contusions...”

“Minor injuries explained best by the fall,” White said. “I don’t think she was beaten or otherwise harmed before that.”

I gave a nod and closed the file. “I’ll need a

I gave a nod and closed the file. “I’ll need a copy of this emailed to my office. I’ve set up shop at the Pierpont Inn.”

“Classy,” White said. “I’ll be sure to email it right away.”

Then she stood up like she planned to ditch me to check on her coma patient.

“I need you to show me where the body was found,” I said.

Did I relish messing with her a little?

What can I say, I’m only human.



I practically heard her grinding her teeth as she led me back down the hallway, past several doors to more offices, I assumed, to the large staircase.

Downstairs we walked into the enormous gallery, cluttered with scaffolding for renovations, and out through the French doors to the grass-covered terrace.

It swept down to a paved area in front of a stone balustrade.

At either end of the balustrade, two staircases fifty feet apart plunged down.



One staircase was cluttered with scaffolding. The area between them was like a long, paved balcony overlooking a marbled area below.

Beyond that, a large garden, and then an expanse of forest.

White marched to the balcony by the staircase free of scaffolding, looked around a bit, then settled on a spot and pointed down beyond it, to the hard marble under it.

“She fell there.”

I peered over the balustrade.



It was a drop of at least fifteen feet.

I stuffed my hands in my pockets, pursing my lips.

*Would've been a bitch of a fall, that's for damn sure.*

“How come no one cordoned off the area?” I asked.

“You'll have to see Beta Daniels about that.”

I responded by raising my eyebrows and rocking on my heels.

Typical shoddy police work by the head of the pack's so-called security. Not surprising at all.

Letting my eyes travel over the scene, I searched for anything that might give me a picture of what happened.

Divots in the grass. Streaks on the stone.

“Jeremy have any defensive wounds when he was brought in?” I asked.

White scoffed. “He’d been running wild for almost 24 hours. He was covered in scratches and other marks. But nothing resembling fingernail gouges.”



I glanced at her. “You don’t like him for the murder.”

“You do?”

“Spouse is the first suspect,” I said, turning back to my scrutiny of the area.

“Not among werewolves. They’d have to be suicidal.”

“Unless they broke the mating bond ahead of time.”

“Nearly impossible to do, and in any case...

“Nearly impossible to do, and in any case, Jeremy certainly didn’t.”

“Maybe he wanted to die too.  
Murder-suicides happen all the time.”

White made an irritated ‘tsk’ noise.

I looked closely at the balustrade. Was that smudge significant?

I took out my phone and started snapping pictures.

“Were they having marital problems?”

There was no answer for a moment, so I looked over at her.



She was fuming.

“They were perfectly fine. A happy, healthy couple.”

“Selene have enemies?”

“None that I am aware of.”

I leaned over the edge of the balcony and took a pic.

As I straightened, I said, “Okay. You can go.”

I'll find you if I think of anything else."

"I am at your disposal," she said, real crisp. You could tell she wished she could say the exact opposite.

I let myself watch her walk back up the sloped grass terrace to the French doors.

Nice ass.

I refocused my attention on the scene, then started slowly walking it, starting up the terrace and making my way down to the top of the staircase close to where White said Selene fell.



*What happened to you, Selene?*

*Why did you come out here?*

*Were you just having a stroll, or already trying to escape someone?*

There really wasn't any disturbance in the grass. All that told me is that any struggle had probably not started until the paved area at the balustrade.

Then I spotted it.