



Series

## The Millennium Wolves



Book 6 - Chapter 13

# MONICA

So, I was sitting there, right? Minding my own business.

Just finished a call with the producer of a *very* popular show with a *very* well-known host on YouVision, and guess who secured a time slot for an interview?



That's right. Yours truly.

Look, it hadn't been easy.

I did the exile thing.

Tried to start a new life down in the Texas Pack.

I just couldn't get anything off the ground. No contacts. No connections.

I had to come back to Mahiganote.

This was where I knew people.



Chapters



Display



Unmute



Comment



React



This was where I had sources.

This pack—the people running this pack—these are the people I *had* to tell stories about.

So yeah, I was back.

And yeah, I'd been busy.

Hence it wasn't entirely a surprise to see Alpha Aiden Norwood and his beta, Josh Daniels, come bursting in.



## AIDEN

Monica-fucking-Birch.

The woman who'd almost ruined our lives with her awful "Real Mates" TV show, a while back.

"What the hell?" I said. "*You're* Robin Chamic?"

"A little anagram," the curly-haired woman said with a short laugh.

She stood, holding an iPhone.

"Are you recording us?" Josh demanded.

With an exaggerated shrug, Monica widened her eyes and smirked. “Maybe.”

“Okay, record this, bitch,” I said, focusing all my rage at her. “You killed Selene Mercer-Gibbs. We’re here to take you back to the Pack House.”

“What?” Monica gasped.

She looked genuinely surprised, but she was always such a manipulator.

With a glance at her phone, she pushed a button and set it down on her desk.



“Look. Fellas...

“I’ll own the bitch thing. I’m no saint. I have to do what I have to do, and sometimes it’s not exactly chock full of journalistic integrity. But murder? Let’s not go crazy.”

“You killed her to get the scoop!” Josh declared.

“You went from 200 followers to over 50 thousand,” I added.

“On Yapper? Yeah, that’s true,” she said, preening.

“I’m not going to deny that this whole thing

with Selene has been good for my career.  
But I didn't kill her."

She looked from me to Josh and back again.

"Tell me. What evidence do you have  
connecting me to the crime?"

"You have footage of the crime scene," I  
said.

"On my YouVision channel?" Monica said  
"And you think that proves anything?"



Cupping one hand to the side of her mouth,  
she lowered her voice to a stage whisper. "I  
have a source at the Pack House. That's how  
I got the footage."

That's when it hit me.

*I don't have any evidence.*

*There's nothing that proves Monica was  
involved.*

I glared at her. This she-devil trespassed  
onto our Pack House grounds and murdered  
Selene.

Except...

How would she have accessed the security tapes?

Would she have paid someone?

She had a mole in the Pack House, that much she admitted.

I wished I knew who it was, but that kind of thing was always going on.

It didn't mean whoever it was would be willing to alter security footage of a murder.

With a grunt of frustration, I turned away.

She had a point.

My case against her was flimsy.



I glanced back at her.

She was an awful, awful person.

But not especially strong-looking.

She didn't seem physically capable of pushing Selene off the terrace.

I couldn't deny it.

Monica Birch was a bitch, a manipulator,



and the least ethical ‘journalist’ I had ever had the misfortune of encountering.

She wanted to take me and Sienna down.

But she was no murderer.

**Sienna**  
Well????

**Sienna**  
I’m dying here, Aiden

**Sienna**  
Did you get him or what?

**Aiden**  
It’s complicated.



**Sienna**  
WHAT is complicated

**Aiden**  
I’ll be there in a min

Aiden left at seven that morning, and Mom and Dad got up, getting the kids ready for school.

Ever since I'd been trying to act normal.  
Trying not to say anything—I didn't know  
how it was going to go.

What if Nina got the wrong address?

I didn't want to get anyone's hopes up. But I  
was losing my mind, waiting.

Aiden had the car, so I couldn't drive Rowan  
to preschool.

Mom didn't even ask why Aiden had gone.  
She was barely talking to me.



She did offer to drop me off when she took  
Vanessa to kindergarten and Rowan to  
preschool. We left Dad and River building a  
railroad in the den.

She dropped me at home, and I ignored  
flashing cameras and barking questions and  
let myself into the house.

It had been almost an hour since Aiden's text  
—it was nine in the morning.

What was taking him so long?

And now that chat exchange... well. He'd  
better explain what "complicated" meant as  
soon as he got here.



I heard the car outside and practically leapt off the couch, going to the front door to meet him.

As he ignored the same bothersome mob of reporters as I had, Aiden let himself in, scratching behind his head when he saw me.

*What the heck. Why are you giving me your "I fucked up" look?*

"What happened?" I asked as I approached him.

Aiden sighed. "It's just... weird."



"Weird how?" I demanded. "Did you find Robin Chamic or not?"

"Oh, we found her."

"Her? Robin Chamic's a woman?"

Aiden grimaced and nodded.

"Yeah. She's a woman we know, actually. Monica Birch."

That sent me reeling.

Monica Birch. That name used to make me break out in hives.





“Wow,” I said.

“I know. I was shocked, too.”

“She used a fake name to start her blog.”

It was all starting to make sense.



“Yeah, an anagram I guess,” Aiden said.

*She came back to Mahiganote. Starts this blog, but she has almost no followers. Then when Selene dies, she breaks the story—*

I widened my eyes. “So wait—*Monica* killed Selene?”

That made Aiden shake his head. “No,” he said. “I mean, we accused her of it. But then, she just—she pointed out, we have no proof. We have nothing to connect her to the murder.”

I squeezed my eyes shut for a moment, then gave him a perplexed look.

“What are you talking about? Of *course* she did it! She hates us. She hates me! I’m sure revenge was the only thing she thought about for the last six years!”

“I’m not saying she doesn’t hate us. I’m sure

she'd love to ruin us. To get revenge," Aiden argued. "I'm just saying I don't think she killed Selene. She's an opportunist, Sienna. Not a murderer."

"Ugh, this is unbelievable!" I cried.

"She's a petite woman," Aiden said. "No way could she have pushed—I mean, she's not strong enough."



*How can he be so blind?*

My anger swelled and I grit my teeth, biting back harsh words.

"And for her to have what, paid someone to do it? It doesn't fit."

*I can't stand this. I need to run. Just run into the forest.*

I met Aiden's eyes.

Heat spread through my back and over my neck as I fought with my frustration.

*Run, Sienna! Before you say something you'll regret.*

I could feel the urge in my legs. In my arms, even.



To shift, to be a wolf, to lope off into the woods, to be free of everything if only for a few minutes.

*Go! Now! Just cut loose.*

But Aiden was standing there, gazing deeply at me.

He knew how pissed I was. He'd come home knowing what he told me was going to infuriate me. But he did it anyway.

He didn't try to hide things from me, to protect me, anymore.

He trusted me, even when he knew I'd disagree with him.



*We're in this together, Aiden and me.*

Running away wasn't the right call here.

And realizing that, I felt more grounded than I had in days.

*Aiden's doing his best. He wants Selene's killer, too.*

*I just know he's wrong about this, though.*

I wasn't sure what I could do about it.

Bide my time? Hope Monica Birch slipped up somehow?

One thing was for sure, she was about to get a very loyal new follower.

## AIDEN

I thought for sure Sienna would bolt.

This level of frustration—it was the usual trigger.

From the moment I first saw her drawing at the river, Sienna bolted when things got to be too much.

But she didn't. She hung in there.



“Hey, I appreciate you sticking around,” I said.

She smirked at me. “You could tell I was hearing the call of the wild there for a sec.”

I grinned back at her. “Yep. You were thinking about going all White Fang. Admit it.”

Sighing, she put her arms around my neck. “You're not wrong.”

“What stopped you?”

“Well... I realized... you used to always try to hide things from me. To protect me from hard truths.”

“Me? I did not,” I protested.

“Oh sure, that’s why you told me *right away* when you found out Monica Birch was obsessed with you.”

“Uh...”

“Anyway,” she continued, a gleam in her eye, “you didn’t do that, this time. So I felt like—if you could be honest with me, I could stick around for you.”



*Even though you still disagree with me.*

My appreciation deepened.

She was probably already trying to figure out how to pursue Monica Birch, and nothing I said was going to stop her.

*How can I protect her if she won't believe me about Monica?*

But that was the thing.



Sienna didn't really need my protection.

Oh, I would always have her back, don't get me wrong.

But she was a powerful force in her own right.

Who was I to stand in her way?

After all, I might be the one who turned out to be wrong about Monica.

As if she read my mind—and approved of that thought—Sienna leaned in and kissed me.

Love for Sienna welled up.



Everything was so complicated, except my feelings for her. They were clear.

When she kissed me, it felt like warmth and safety and everything right.

The haze awoke within me, and I kissed her back, tentatively at first, but when she didn't pull away, I deepened the kiss, sliding my hands around her waist.

I spread my fingers, gripping her at her sides and pulling her body closer against mine.



Her breasts pressed up against my chest.

The haze spread through me, insistent.

I needed her.

I needed to touch every part of her, and for her to touch every part of me.

I moved my hands from her waist to her ribs, deliberately firm and slow so she could turn away if she didn't want this.

She didn't turn away.



Instead, she opened her mouth more.

I cupped her breasts, but the feel of the bra underneath her sweater marred the sensation.

Dropping my hands to the hem of her sweater, I slipped them underneath, going for the bra strap.

Sienna sighed as I tugged bra and sweater off at once.

We stumbled to the couch.

I lay her down, pushing my knee between her legs and running my palm over her belly and the thin fabric of the yoga pants she wore



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Sienna made a noise of pleasure deep in her throat.

“Rowan’s at school,” she breathed into my hair as I kissed her neck.

“No one will interrupt us now.”

Next Chapter

