



The Millennium Wolves



Book 6 - Chapter 28

AIDEN

I'd been pacing my bedroom floor restlessly for almost an hour when I heard the soft click of the front door opening and closing.

In an instant I was out of the room and down the corridor.

My mate was standing in the doorway of our home.



Sienna looked up and her eyes were blazing.

My heart swelled with pride.

They tried to break you, but you're the strongest woman I know.

I took a step toward her.

She ran into my arms.

We kissed hungrily, reveling in our reunion.



Chapters



Display



Unmute



Comment



React



“Where’s Rowan?” were her first words.

I smiled at my mate’s constant devotion to our son.

“He’s at school. Robert’s picking him up.” I murmured in her ear.

I wanted to tear her clothes off, but I reluctantly broke the embrace.

“We should get you something to eat,” I told her.



Sienna shook her head. With hasty, fumbling fingers, she began opening the buttons of her blouse.

“I’m not hungry,” she whispered. “That place was... Aiden I can’t even talk about it yet. Right now, all I want is to feel like myself again.”

Her tattered T-shirt fell to the floor. She wasn’t wearing a bra.

I was immediately rock hard.

She kissed me again, almost desperately.

She kissed me again, almost desperately.

“I just need to feel alive.” Sienna’s hands were at my belt now.

My cock twitched eagerly as she pulled down my zipper and wrapped her hand around me.

I still hadn’t said a word. Seeing my mate, touching her was almost too much to handle.

“I love you,” I managed to choke out before a wave of desire swept me away.



With ease I lifted Sienna off her feet. She wrapped her long legs around my waist and we continued kissing as I carried her into our bedroom.

The other night at the bar, Sienna and I had fucked like horny teenagers.

This time I wanted to make love to my mate.

SIENNA

Several blurry hours later I felt better than I



had in days.

Aiden and I stood together under our rain shower. Soapy water ran down the chiseled muscles of his abdomen.

I followed the trail of bubbles with my eyes, noticing with a pang of lust that he was still partially hard.

We had drowned in one another, dozing and waking only to fall on each other once more.

A dampness that had nothing to do with the hot water from the shower spread between my legs.



Aiden must have read my mind, because he pulled me closer. I stood on tiptoe and kissed him as another surge of desire coursed through me.

From the adjoining bedroom, Aiden's phone began ringing.

Ugh.

We had been lucky to enjoy our stolen hours before the world interrupted.



before the world interrupted.

“You should probably get that,” I said with a sigh.

Aiden nodded and began hurriedly washing the soap off his body. “Maybe it’s Nina. She found the SD card from Selene’s phone.”

WHAT!!!??

Before I could even begin to process this earth-shattering revelation, Aiden had spun off the water and was wrapping a towel around his waist.

I quickly rinsed off and stepped out of the shower, following my mate into the bedroom.

He picked up his phone and frowned as it insistently rang again.

“It’s Mrs. Gillespie,” he said shortly.

“Rowan’s teacher?” I checked the time on our bedroom clock.

It was 2:25. School let out almost thirty



It was 3:25. School let out almost thirty minutes ago.

Aiden nodded, already holding the phone up to his ear as he called Mrs. Gillespie back.

She picked up almost immediately, and I could hear her speaking in short, clipped sentences.

Aiden's brow furrowed as he listened. "What do you mean Rowan is still at kindergarten?"

I rushed to his side, tugging on his arm as panic rose in my throat.

He put the phone on speaker so I could hear Rowan's teacher.

"As I said, Rowan's grandfather never arrived to pick him up from school this afternoon. I've been waiting—"

"Is Rowan okay?" I cut her off mid-sentence.

"He's absolutely fine. He's helping me decorate the classroom for the holidays. But



it is getting late and—”

“I’m on my way,” I interrupted again, not caring if it was rude.

“We’ll see you soon. It’s good to know that you’re home, Mrs. Mercer-Norwood,” Mrs. Gillespie said warmly, then hung up.

Aiden pulled me into a quick, tight hug. We both began pulling on our clothes.

I swirled my wet hair in a messy bun at the back of my neck.

“Why didn’t my dad pick up Rowan?” I asked, worried.



“He probably forgot. They have a lot on their minds.”

He kissed me and grabbed his phone and keys off the bedside table.

“I’m so sorry but I have to go to the Pack House too. The Yule Ball starts in three hours. I kinda made a big scene about it while you were in...while you were gone. I should probably make an appearance and



should probably make an appearance and help out.”

“I seriously cannot believe I’m supposed to put on a ball gown and fucking dance like nothing is happening,” I groaned and rolled my eyes.

All I wanted was to go pick up my son and spend the entire night cuddling with him and watching cartoons.

“I know. It’s completely ridiculous. But we only have to be there for the opening dance. We can be home and in our sweats by eleven. Eleven-thirty tops.”



Together we headed out the door. Aiden climbed into his car and started the engine.

“Wait!” I called as I remembered what he had said earlier. He rolled down the window.

“What did you mean Nina found the SD card? You can’t just drop that bomb and not tell me what the hell is happening!”

“Nina found the card, but it’s cracked. The last I heard she was going to try to get it to

work. I'll explain every detail tonight after the ball. I promise.”

He leaned out of the window and kissed me fiercely.

That would have to do for now. I nodded and backed up so Aiden could drive off toward the Pack House.

My pulse was racing in my chest. This could be it.

The SD card could hold the key to finding Selene's killer.

I had to close my eyes against the rush of sadness I felt at the thought of my sister's name.

Would that ever get easier?

I opened my phone and began tapping out a message.

Sienna

Mom? Rowan's school just called.

Sienna

They said Dad never came to pick Rowan up from school??

Sienna

I'm on my way over there now, but is everything okay?

Mom

???

Mom

I have no idea.

Mom

He said something about heading to visit Selene's grave.



Mom

But that was hrs ago...

Sienna

Leaving now to get Rowan.

Sienna

I hate to ask, but can I bring him to your house?

Sienna

Sienna

Aiden and I have to go to the stupid ball tonight.

Mom

I don't know if that is such a good idea.

Sienna

???

Sienna

I'm desperate. The nanny quit.

Sienna

And I just got out of jail btw...



Sienna

Thanks for noticing

Sienna

Sorry. That was rude.

Mom

Bring Rowan here. Your father and I can watch him once he gets home.

Sienna

Sienna

Thank you Mom. I love you.

Mom

I love you too sweetheart

NINA

Damn it.

I banged my forehead wearily against the kitchen table where I had set up my computer.

The fucking SD card wouldn't work on my fucking laptop. Or at least, I didn't know how to get it to work.



Someone more proficient in technology could probably have fixed it hours ago.

I wished again hopelessly that I could take the card to one of the Pack members in charge of security.

But Aiden Norwood had been clear.

No one else could know.

I had already thought about putting the card in my phone, but it would have to snap into place with some force.

My greatest, most gut-wrenching fear was that the tiny piece of plastic would crack in half along the narrow faultline that ran its length.

It didn't help that I had managed to steal fewer than three hours of sleep and my hands were jittery with exhaustion.

I closed my eyes and sighed heavily, my forehead still resting against the warm wood of the table.

My whole body ached.



With grief. With sadness.

Once this is all done, I am going to take Jocelyn away from here.

We need a vacation.

Somewhere far, far away.

I like Fiji



Like Fiji.

I drifted away on my daydream of Jocelyn sunbathing on a tropical island, her skin shining and bronzed from the Pacific sun.

Or we could go to the mountains. I've always wanted to learn to ski...

My sleepy mental image shifted to one of my girlfriend in a puffy winter parka, her clunky old-school camera strung around her neck.

Camera.

I shot out of the chair so fast it fell over backward.



I didn't stop to pick it up. I was already running into the bedroom.

Jocelyn's Nikon had every bell and whistle imaginable.

Of course, it would have a slot for an SD card.

Nina Castillo, you are a fucking idiot. I cursed myself for not thinking of this sooner.

Jocelyn's canvas camera bag was on the top shelf of our bedroom closet. I snatched it down and unzipped the bag.

I picked the camera up and inspected it. It was heavier than it looked.

And it had more knobs and dials than a goddamn space station.

Steady. I took a deep breath and tried to slow my thundering heartbeat.

There, on the side of the camera was a plastic cover for the batteries.



I thumbed it open and almost wept when I saw not one but two slots where an SD card would slide in.

Gently, almost reverently, I brought the camera back to the kitchen table.

The blue plastic square was sitting innocently on the table, blissfully unaware



innocently on the table, blissfully unaware
of its own importance.

Please. Please let this work.

The card slid into its place in the camera
smoothly.

Please.

I turned on the camera and watched the
green light come on.

I couldn't breathe.

The LED screen flashed blinding white, and
then a small block of text appeared.

External memory device detected. How
would you like to proceed?



Holy shit.

I took a deep breath and tapped the icon next
to the words, "Open folder and view files."

There was a brief pause during which my
entire body was so rigid with tension I
thought I might start vibrating.

Then thumbnails showing hundreds of photos and videos appeared on the screen.

Holyshitholyshitholyshit.

It worked.

All the built-up tension left my body in a flood. My knees buckled and I sank to the bare wooden floor, still clutching the Nikon in both hands.

It fucking worked.

I scrolled through the photos.

They were almost all of Selene and her family.



My gut wrenched, but I pushed aside my grief for now.

I scrolled to the bottom of the file.

The last thumbnail was a video.

It was tagged with a date.



12-15-2024

The day Selene was murdered.

I clicked the file to open it, and the video started playing.

A familiar looking woman was speaking with a figure in a hooded sweatshirt.

The second person's back was to the camera, but I could see the woman's face clearly.

I couldn't be sure.

I hadn't seen her in years.

But it looked like Monica-fucking-Birch.



I clicked a button to enable audio, and voices sounded from the camera's tiny speaker.

“You get me the information, and I'll make sure that the media spin points in your favor,” the woman said to the hooded figure.

I could tell from the bitchy tone. It *was*



I could tell from the bitchy tone. It *was* Monica Birch.

What the fuck did she have to do with any of this?

“How can you be sure?” a man’s voice responded.

I knew that voice...

“I have been in this business for fifteen years. You think I don’t know how to get people to believe what I tell them to believe?” Video-Monica said.

I watched as the man shifted slightly.

His profile came into view.

I felt a wave of horror as I realized I knew the man in the hooded sweatshirt.

Josh Daniels.

Next Chapter

