



Series

The Millennium Wolves



Book 6 - Chapter 3

AIDEN

The examination room's fluorescent lights flickered to life, revealing Selene's pale, naked self lying on a table.

She'd been cut up and dissected with incisions made to various parts of her body.



It was difficult seeing her like that, especially the way her neck contorted.

I quietly snuck away with Jocelyn to keep Sienna from knowing what I was doing.

I knew she'd want to see her, but she was in no state to see her like this... for now at least.

Josh stood next to me with his hand on my shoulder. It was a relief having my Beta by my side.

Only a rare few were privy to seeing me this vulnerable.

Nina was nearby too, helping clean up blood that had spilled on the floor.



Chapters



Display



Unmute



Comment



React



Hadn't seen much of her lately. From what I could tell, she spent most of her time down here assisting Jocelyn.

"As you can see," Jocelyn said, taking one of Selene's hands, "the nails on her index and middle finger have been bent backward. Additionally, if you take a look at her palms, you will see fresh lacerations that couldn't have been made from the fall."



"How sure about this are you?" I asked. "If what you're saying is true, that means this was deliberate."

"Yes, that would be the logical conclusion," she said as professionally as she could, despite having just performed an autopsy on a friend.

"Her lacerations and injuries from the fall appear to be the only abuse she received."

"Only..." I scoffed, running my fingers through my hair. "Was she missing anything?"

"Not as far as I can tell," Jocelyn said, pointing to a table of Selene's belongings. "There didn't appear to be anything missing. Her wallet was still in her purse, she still had on jewelry... nothing seemed out of place."

It felt like my mind had been dipped in acid.

Events were happening so quickly it was hard to believe what was real.

My wolf was screaming to be released. It wanted to tear someone apart.

But who?

“Can either of you think of one good reason why anyone would want to hurt her?” I asked.

But Josh and Jocelyn were quiet.



“She’s one of the sweetest, most caring people I know—knew... Why the fuck would somebody want to kill her?!”

But again, my questions were met by a deafening silence.

“Tell me what I can do, my Alpha,” Josh said reassuringly. “I will do anything I can to bring her killer to justice.”

I turned and looked him directly in the eye. “I need you to be my eyes and ears. Find out who did this. Leave no stone unturned.”

“Oh, I’ll find them,” Josh replied confidently, “believe me, they’ll get what’s coming to them.”



He slapped me firmly on the back and began to leave, his feet echoing across the tile floor as he went.

But then, he unexpectedly turned around.
“Oh shit...”

“What?” I replied.



“Has anyone spoken with Jeremy? Does he even know what happened?”

Fuck. He was right. With everything that'd gone down, I'd forgotten all about Jeremy.

“Hard to say... though, even if he hasn't been told, he's without a doubt feeling it,” Jocelyn said, looking down toward the body.

The mating bond.

One of the strongest forces in the universe.

A connection so powerful that the minute one mate dies, the other slowly withers away until they too can no longer live.

When people are marked and mated, it's for life... literally.

An inevitable tragedy that falls upon all surviving mates, like my brother.



Watching him slip away was one of the hardest experiences I ever faced.

It's why we have protocols and hospice facilities in place to care for surviving mates, so they can live out their final days as comfortable as possible.

If admitted early enough, they can often avoid the risk of suffering a far greater agony.



A descent into madness.

“Don't worry, Aiden. I'll find him,” Josh said confidently.

“No. I need you leading the investigation.” I looked at Jocelyn. “Can I count on you to find Jeremy?”

“Absolutely. He can't be far,” she replied.

“I'll help look too,” Nina chimed in.

“Good.” I nodded. “He's going to need all the help he can get.”

SIENNA

Everyone was still connecting in the



Everyone was still congregating in the drawing room by the time I finished putting on a T-shirt and sweatpants.

My face was an absolute mess, so I washed off all my makeup. I didn't care if people saw me without it.



As I entered the chambers, I immediately regretted coming back downstairs as all eyes turned to me.

Looks of sorrow and pity were all around.

I hated the way they stared, putting me in the spotlight. I knew nobody meant any harm, but the attention I was receiving made me feel small and pathetic.

From behind, I felt the presence of my mate approach.

“We need to talk,” he whispered.

Guiding me to an unpopulated corner of the room, he sat me down and told me about what Jocelyn had discovered... that Selene's death was no accident.

Hearing the news left me in complete and total shock.

My heart began to pound



My heart began to pound.

I couldn't move.

I could feel every breath.

It would have been one thing if no one was to blame, but to learn that someone intentionally caused her harm was beyond belief.



It didn't make any sense.

Who would want to hurt her?

She never wronged anybody.

I couldn't stop thinking about her final moments—how scared she must have been.

The only comfort I got was knowing that things couldn't possibly get any worse. I had hit rock bottom with this new revelation.

“The press is going to have a field day with this,” I said. “Where’s Beatrice?” The Pack’s Zeta, in charge of everything to do with public relations.

“She’s still out on maternity leave,” Aiden replied.



“And no one thought to get a temp?” Aiden was silent. “Someone needs to speak to them soon so we can get ahead of this.”

“I’m looking into it. Fortunately, the word hasn’t gotten out yet.”

“Alright,” I heard my mother’s voice say, “does everyone have their things?”

When I turned, I saw Vanessa and River putting on their backpacks. I approached.



“Where are you going?” I inquired.

“It’s getting late,” my mother replied. “The kids should get some sleep. They’ve been through enough as it is. I haven’t even told them about Jeremy yet...”

Jeremy... I'd almost completely forgotten about him.

His fate was already sealed.

Another tragedy waiting to happen. Just thinking about it broke my heart.

“But I’ve already arranged for a spare room to be set up,” I replied.

“Yes... but, your father and I feel it would be best to step them away from all of...this. For



now.”

“You mean, me?” I said, worriedly. “I’m fully capable of taking care of them.”

“That’s not what I meant,” she quickly replied. “I just didn’t want them to be an extra burden on an already tense situation.”

She tried putting on her best game face, but judging by the way her lips quivered and voice shook, I could see a hidden pain lurked underneath.



Not that I blamed her. To lose a child like that...

I didn’t know what I’d do if something like that ever happened to Rowan. How do people go on?

I can’t imagine what that must feel like.

“Besides, it’ll be nice having my grandkids around,” Mom said, helping Vanessa and River finish getting ready.

“I want to go too,” Rowan said to her, as he approached.

“I’m sure you do sweetie,” Mom replied, “but you’re needed here. Your Mama needs you to take care of her.”

“But I want to go too!” he shouted.

“Rowan...” Mom said, clearly troubled. “It’s been a very busy day. Maybe tomorrow, okay?”

She then leaned into me and whispered, “I’m sorry, but I just can’t...not right now. I’ll have my hands full with two as it is.”

“Then they can stay here—”



“No,” she interjected, “I need this.”

And that’s when it hit.

She needed them because she needed Selene. Having them home meant a part of her was still there.

I couldn’t help but wonder if she would feel the same if it were me.

She’d given birth to Selene.

I was just an add on.

Did she secretly think the wrong daughter survived?

I know it was selfish to contemplate such a possibility, but I couldn’t help it.



So, I took a deep breath and did my best to set aside such thoughts. I was probably just letting my paranoia get the best of me. I needed sleep.

“Alright, well... if you need anything, don't hesitate to call.” I gave my parents and the kids one final hug goodbye before they left for home.

Soon after, everyone else started to leave the Pack House.

Michelle stayed the longest, unsurprisingly. It was typical for her to be the last one to show up to events and the last one to leave.

Normally, I found it annoying, but this time it gave me comfort.

When everyone was gone, I locked the doors to the hallway and accompanied Aiden to the couch, sitting in his lap in front of the fireplace.

My body felt drained.



We held one another not saying a word, letting the crackling of the flames be our only music.

The weight of all that had taken place made my eyelids heavy. I started to doze off, but jolted awake when the silhouette of a young



boy approached.

“Hey sweetie,” I said to him. “Would you like to sit with mommy and daddy?”

But he didn’t react.

That’s when I realized that he wasn’t looking at us, but at something behind.

“What it is Rowan? Is something wrong?” I said, turning to look.

A smile spread across his face.

“Aunt Sel...” he said, pointing over my shoulder.

“Rowan... Aunt Selene is gone.” It was the first time I said it out loud. “Do you understand?”

A look of confusion crossed his face.

“Rowan?”

“Aunt Sel says to drink more champagne.”

My heart stopped.

