



Series

The Millennium Wolves



Book 6 - Chapter 4

Howling for Truth, a blog by Robin Chamic

MURDER AT THE PACK HOUSE

In a series of shocking events yesterday, Howling for Truth uncovered a scandal unfolding at the Pack House. Sienna Norwood, controversial mate of Aiden Norwood, who some are saying may be the ECP's weakest Alpha in a century, discovered Selene Mercer-Gibbs, her sister, murdered on the Pack House grounds...



SIENNA

I stared at my laptop's screen, cheeks flushing, ears buzzing.

This cannot be happening.

To see Selene's name against the glowing screen, right next to the word "murdered"...

My throat, raw from sobbing already, ached, and I pressed a hand to my mouth.



Chapters



Display



Unmute



Comment



React



Why is this such a surprise? I knew they'd start circling—those media vultures.

But somehow actually seeing it—

#SeleneMercerGibbs was trending on Yapper, as was #MurderAtThePackHouse.

The original yip with the link to the blog article had gone viral, and been reyipped over four hundred times, and the number was still climbing.

Copycat articles were springing up.



It seemed like everyone was already talking about it, and it was so early.

I clicked on one yip to see the comments.

It was typical.

Many of the articles and yips questioned how lax security at the Pack House had gotten to allow such a thing to happen.

I rubbed my temples and pushed my



fingertips into my hair.

I'd been instrumental in cutting back security over the years. The urge to be a helicopter parent was real, but I fought it.

I wanted Rowan's life to be as normal as possible, and who needed so much security when you had Deity powers to call on?

Selene, that's who. My sister, who did not have Deity powers to save her when she needed them.



Oh, Selene. This is all my fault.

I dropped my face into my hands, allowing a sob to shudder through me as my thick, red hair swept forward, a curtain against the world.

I grimaced with the unbearable throbbing in my throat.

It felt like the pain of my remorse.

All my power, and I couldn't save you. I left you vulnerable, and you were killed.

Except for that sore, swollen feeling in my esophagus, a numbness spread through me, and I looked up.

Cold seeping in, I began scrolling the #MurderAtThePackhouse stream.

Every time a new yip of Selene came up, I flinched.



“Sienna?”

It was Aiden, handsome in his deep purple cashmere sweater and gray trousers, standing in the kitchen doorway.

I glanced over at him, the horror and numbness packed around the lump in my throat, closing down my voice box.

“Sienna, what happened?” he asked, stepping closer.

I squeezed my eyes shut and shook my head.

“It’s just awful,” I whispered, my eyes still shut.

It was a relief, I realized, not to gaze at the screen.

The nasty comments.



The pictures.

The accusatory articles.



I felt, rather than saw, Aiden come around to my shoulder.

The air around his body was warm, and I leaned back against the cashmere covering his chest, rubbing my face with my own cold hands.

“What? What the fuck?” I heard him growl.

I opened my eyes to see what he was reacting to. That awful photo?

No. The blog article.

“Who the hell does this ‘Chamic’ person think he is?” Aiden fumed.

He moved away from me, and I felt the loss of his nearness like I would fall into the emptiness he left behind.

“I should shut that goddamn blog down!” Aiden continued, clenching and unclenching his fists.

In better days, I would have argued. I would have urged him away from censorship. But I couldn’t find the will this time.

My eyes pulled back to the screen, drawn like reluctant magnets. I tapped the button to look at my own timeline.



I shook my head, glancing over at my mate. People criticizing Aiden was nothing new, and he had always allowed it—more than many Alphas would, in fact.

But I had a feeling Aiden's largesse would not weather Selene's murder so well.

I, myself, felt like reaching into the screen and clawing the Curtis Paul's and the like, who were spinning this to attack the East Coast Pack's Alpha.

Aiden would no doubt feel the same.

“Have you heard of him?” Aiden asked, turning back to me.

For a moment, I wasn't sure who he was talking about. Then I glanced back at my screen. Oh. The blog author, of course.

“I don't know anyone named Chamic. You know I avoid those kinds of blogs anyway.”

“Some up-and-comer,” Aiden said, bitterly. “Trying to make a name for himself off

Selene. Vermin.”

His hands were fists at his sides, and he took in a deep breath, releasing it slowly.

Tears pricked my eyes, and Aiden noticed. He closed the distance between us, holding out an open hand to me.

“Hey,” he said. As I took his hand, he drew me out of the chair and closed the laptop. “Hey, it’s going to be okay. I’ll find this Chamic and shut him down.



“He’s some nobody. *Pack News* can go through the proper channels if they want to write articles about it. This guy, we’ll get rid of him.”

I went into his arms and Aiden held me close. “It’s all so unreal. I feel like I’m floating,” I whispered.

“I know. I keep expecting to wake up.”

With a deep breath, I pulled away enough to meet his eyes. “Have you heard anything from Jeremy?”

Aiden shook his head. “I’m really worried.”

“You don’t think he...”



Shaking his head again, Aiden said, “No. Not yet. I’ve never heard of it happening so fast. We have to find him. Maybe there’s a way...”

I suppressed a grimace. Who was I to argue with Aiden’s hope? But I’d never heard of a mate surviving his partner’s death.

The thought of Jeremy... suffering.

Dying.

My eyes blurred, and I wiped away tears.

How can this be real?

How can things be so awful?

I took in Aiden’s face. His deep green eyes. His grizzled jaw. Cool morning light from the kitchen window illuminated his cheekbones and the smooth line of his brow.

I would die, I thought. I would just die. Right away.

Aiden seemed to know what I was thinking. He grabbed my hands and gripped them tightly, pressing them to his chest. I could feel his heartbeat underneath.

He let me know his heart was still beating.



He let me go when his phone began to buzz.

For an instant I considered suggesting we turn off hand-held devices and bury ourselves in bed. But Rowan would be up soon. There was no escaping this day.

I felt a headache starting behind my eyes. Everything was too bright.

Aiden, standing a few feet away, murmured into his phone. He felt my look and met it.

He was giving me a smile that shone just his gaze, not in his mouth. It was a warm look, and I felt a little less adrift.



“Okay, I’m on my way,” he said, ending the call. “I’m heading out.”

“Everything alright?”

“Yeah,” he said, his eyes lingering in a way that almost lit the warmth of the haze within me.

Almost, but the flame guttered and went out as soon as it flickered.

How could I let myself feel any pleasure when Selene was dead?

“Jocelyn and Nina are out looking for

Jeremy, and Josh is trying to follow up on his Hunter Squad collaborating with the PD, so he's not at the Pack House. I should get over there. Maybe I can do some digging about that blog," Aiden continued.

Aiden headed out of the kitchen and into the living room, crossing to the front door.

"You know you don't have to go anywhere or do anything today," he said as he checked his wallet and tucked it and his phone into the inner pocket of a gray blazer he'd thrown on.

"I think there's a five-year-old who might beg to differ," I said, trailing after him.

Aiden quirked a small grin and turned to the door, opening it.

The reaction outside was instantaneous.

We were blinded, and I stepped back.



Flashing lights. Barking reporters. Black cameras swinging to capture us.

A sea of paparazzi.

We were trapped.



MICHELLE

As I pulled into the end of Sienna and Aiden's driveway, I could only get a little way in because there were so many cars and vans there already. My heart started to race.

The flashes. The lenses pointed at me. People calling questions.

This is what I was born for.

I parked and smoothed my navy skirt, taking care as I opened my door to display my legs to their best advantage.

Flashes rewarded me as I eased myself out of the Audi. Last year's model, unfortunately, but it would still make an impression.

"Michelle! Michelle!" the reporters called.

Music to my ears.



"Michelle, is it true the Alpha suspects that someone in his own pack is responsible?"

"Michelle, how is Sienna? Has she had a breakdown?"

"Michelle, where is Jeremy?"

I gave them all a gracious smile, but this was not the moment to say anything.

I presented them with a couple of nonchalant photo ops as I made my way up to the house.

I'd barely made it to the door when it swung open, and Sienna yanked me inside.

Sienna was a mess, I saw.

Red-rimmed eyes and splotches on her cheeks.

Rumpled batik tunic that had *really* seen better days.

Leggings.

Still, who could blame her, under the circumstances?



“Hey, Si,” I said, giving her a hug.

“Oh, Michelle!” Sienna said, her eyes shiny. Her voice was hoarse. She must have been up all night crying.

“How about we start with a shower and some clean clothes?” I suggested. Not that she stank. Much.

“But what about those—those people?” she asked.

I took Sienna’s hands. They felt cold and brittle. “Tell you what. Maybe I go out there and get them to unblock the driveway. Give them a little press conference?”

Right then, Aiden entered and gave me a wave.

“What do you think, Aiden? Shall I be your unofficial press secretary? Beatrice is out on maternity leave, right?”

Aiden squinted at me. “I’m not sure, Michelle,” he said. “Bea has a whole system. She knows which reporters to talk to, and which to shut down...”

“I mean, I know you’ve been at the magazine for two years now—”



“Hello, three,” I said, but I kept my voice lighthearted.

Aiden never paid much attention to me or my professional endeavors, and that was irritating, but this was not the time to show annoyance.

“Okay, three, but you’re an ad sales agent —”

“Ad sales *manager*.”

“Sure. It’s just not really a job that interacts with the press...”

“I interact with all *sorts* of people,” I said. “I have to be assertive, and firm, and diplomatic...”

Aiden sighed.

Sienna cocked her head at him, leaning in my direction.

Thanks, Si. Good to have your support.

“Aiden, I can do this,” I said, raising my eyebrows and giving him a little smile. “Let me do this for you guys.”

Aiden sighed. “You know what? Sure. I wouldn’t mind delegating press stuff to someone, with Bea out.”



“Then it’s settled,” I said, a thrill going up my spine. Things were pretty bleak right now, but at least I had one thing I could do to make a difference. “I’ll handle it.”

I left them and walked out onto the Greek style porch of the Norwood mansion and gazed out at the faces and lenses shining my way.

Tossing my wavy brown hair over my shoulder, I gave them my best “serious and measured” smile.

“Michelle! Michelle!” they all started up again.

I raised a palm and the reporters settled down.

“Good morning, everyone,” I said. “I hope you’re all well. As I’m sure you can understand, this is a very difficult time for the Norwoods. I myself am shocked—devastated—over Selene’s murder.”

I had them in the palm of my hand.

An unexpected flush spread through me.

I caught my breath in surprise.

Pleasure.

Arousal.

Lust.

The haze!

Now?!



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“It’s true that Jeremy Gibbs is missing,” I managed. “Alpha Norwood has put his best people on it. We are all very concerned and welcome information from the public.”

I looked straight at the largest TV camera. A stronger rush of desire coursed through me, making me feel hot.

Shit, this is not good.

Next Chapter