



## Michelle

“Hi,” I said, looking right at Gregory Grantwell. Even though I was in a mental asylum, even though the man across from me looked every part the crazy inpatient he was, I felt no fear. I didn’t feel anything, really. “My name is Michelle.”

“Ugh,” he grumbled.

“The bite on your neck. It was a vampyre.”

“Ugh,” he said again, but this time in a way that made it sound like, *yeah*.

“Was the vampyre a man called Konstantin?”



At the sound of the name, the man’s face changed. His eyes narrowed and then opened again, showing new life behind them. He licked his lips and cleared his throat. And then his fingers stopped drumming on the table.

“Konstantin,” he whispered in a hoarse voice.

“Yes. Konstantin. Where did he find you?”

“Where?”

“Yes, where? At the orphanage?” I asked, leaning forward across the table. I needed to get this man

to open up, to tell me everything he knew.

That was the only way.

That was the only way Josh and I could complete the mission—to defeat Konstantin and save ourselves.

“The orphanage,” Gregory repeated like he was trying to remember. After a few seconds of his eyes on the ceiling, they floated back down to me. “The orphanage. I worked there. I worked there three years.”

“What was it like?”

“Sad. Sad children. Sad babies. Nowhere to go. I gave them love. I helped them.”



“How did you help them, Gregory?” I pressed, needing more. I knew he had it in him. I knew he had answers. I just needed to dig until I found them.

“I gave them attention. No one else wanted them. They were abandoned. Like trash. Like trash!” he exclaimed, jumping out of his seat.

“I understand.” I nodded at him, my voice comforting. Or at least, I hoped it was. “I understand. Come on, sit back down, Gregory. Tell me more. Why did Konstantin find you?”

“Why?”

“Yes, why? Why did he want you? What makes you special?”

“I’m not special,” he declared, shaking his head back and forth. “But he is.”

“He?” I asked. “Who’s he?”

“The baby.”

“What baby, Gregory?”

“The baby. Konstantin came. He wanted to take him. I said no. I tried to protect him. I tried... I TRIED!” he screamed, jumping out of his seat and throwing his arms into the air. “I TRIED I TRIED I TRIED!”

His face distorted with rage—or pain—or something else just as visceral. My heartbeat started to speed up now. This man was big, he was strong. He could tear me apart if he wanted to.



And I was all alone.

In a mental asylum.

“Gregory, it’s okay.” I tried to soothe him. “Please, sit back down. Let’s just talk—”

“NO MORE TALKING!” he thundered, lunging toward the table. “I DON’T TALK TO BITCHES LIKE YOU. COLD BITCHES. TRYING TO ROB ME! TRYING TO ROB ME OF EVERYTHING!”



## Josh

As soon as I'd realized Michelle was gone, as soon as I'd seen the back of her turn the corner down the hallway, I took off after her.

"Hey! Hey, man, I said you can't go—*fuck!*" I heard the front desk guy call from behind me and then heard his footsteps come around from the desk and pick up speed.

So I broke out into a run too.

He was chasing me, and I was running down the hall, turning the corner, and then I was stuck.

There were five different doors in front of me, leading to different hallways. I didn't know which one Michelle had walked down.

But the front desk guy was right behind me. "HEY!" he screamed.



So I picked one, and I ran.

I kept running for what felt like an hour, in and out of hallways, of doorways, of rooms.

I couldn't find her anywhere.

I couldn't even tell if I was traversing new ground or if I was running through the same places over and over again. Everything looked the goddamn same.



The same linoleum floors, the same scuffed-up white walls.

Sterile and disgusting at the same time.

But I kept running, kept my eyes alert. And that was when I heard the screams.

They were a man's screams, and they sounded deranged.

*Follow them*, I instructed myself.

As I got closer and closer to the screams, I felt panic start to consume me. Michelle, pregnant Michelle, could be alone with an insane monster. An insane monster could be screaming at my pregnant mate.

I burst through the doors, finding some crazed-looking bastard screaming at Michelle, who was covering in a chair. "I DON'T TALK TO BITCHES LIKE YOU, COLD BITCHES, TRYING TO ROB ME! TRYING TO ROB ME OF EVERYTHING!"



I didn't stop.

I didn't think.

I just sprinted across the room, tackling the motherfucker to the ground.

He hit his head pretty good against the floor, and I



could see the confusion in his eyes. I took that as our chance to get away.

I jumped off him, grabbing Michelle's hand and pulling her back through the hallway, back through all the rooms, until we were back in the lobby. Then I pulled her through the asylum's doors.

**Jocelyn**

Hi Aiden

**Jocelyn**

Sorry I missed all your calls

**Jocelyn**

I left my phone in the pack house

**Jocelyn**

I'm back now



**Jocelyn**

I'd love to see you, if you can come now?

**Aiden**

Thank god you're okay.

**Aiden**

We were so worried.

**Aiden**

Of course I can come.



Aiden

See you soon.

## Aiden



As soon as I got the texts from Jocelyn, I ran into the bedroom. Sienna was lying on the bed, her eyes staring at the ceiling. “Jocelyn’s back. She’s at the pack house—”

Sienna was flying out of bed before I could even get the sentence out. “Let’s go,” she instructed, heading for the door.

We were in the car and on our way a few seconds later, nothing but silence filling the space between us. I pulled into the parking lot and parked in my spot, and both of us clambered out of the car.

But before we started for the pack house, Sienna grabbed my hand. “Hey,” she started. “I’m sorry I’ve been in such a mood. Just... all this uncertainty and the baby shower... it’s a lot—”

“I know,” I told her, gently lifting her chin up and planting a kiss on her lips. “You don’t have to apologize.”

We walked into the pack house hand in hand, and for the first time all day, I finally felt the strength of our mating connection. We were back to the warm, open, loving mates that we’d always been.

*Screw those pregnancy hormones, I thought as we*



walked through the hallways. I almost laughed at that, too, but what was up ahead of us stopped me.

In fact, it stopped everything. My feet from moving, my brain from thinking, my eyes from blinking. Because there, thirty feet down the hallway, sitting beside Jocelyn on the bench outside my office, was the rogue wolf.



The rogue wolf who'd lied her way into the pack house, who took advantage of Jocelyn's need to nurture, who manipulated all of us and intended to cause us harm.

Before I could stop myself, I tore down the hallway. The sight of the bitch alone consumed me with rage—the kind of rage that scared me because I couldn't control it.

**“WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING HERE?!”** I thundered at the rogue, causing Jocelyn to jump up from the bench.

“Aiden, stop! Nina's with me, okay? She's not here to cause any harm. She's here to apologize —”

“I don't want her fucking apology!” I snapped. “And you... you brought her here?!”

Jocelyn put a hand on my arm, trying to calm me down.

It wasn't working.



“She wants to make things right, Aiden. I know you’re just protecting the pack, and you should be, that’s your job. But people change—”

“Lying, cunning, malicious people don’t change, Jocelyn. They never change. And this bitch just came back to the wrong pack.” I was seething, certain that flames were about to shoot out of my nostrils.

But Jocelyn just grabbed my hand. She gave it a warm squeeze, and my eyes left the rogue for a second, going to meet the healer’s.

“Aiden, Nina’s here to make up for what she did. She wants to make it right,” Jocelyn explained softly, and this time the words actually seeped into my mind. “She wants to do this the right away.”

## Josh



As soon as Michelle and I had gotten back to the car and had a few minutes to catch our breath, we turned to each other.

“That’s it,” I said. “We’re going home. It’s too dangerous—”

“ARE YOU KIDDING ME?” Michelle screamed, her reaction surprising the shit out of me. “I was just almost torn apart like a rag doll! If we go home now, that will have been for nothing!”

“You want to keep doing this? Michelle, that



“You... want to keep doing this? Michelle, that guy could’ve killed you—”

“Exactly! That’s the whole damn point, Josh!” She looked right at me, and I swear I fell more in love with the crazy behind her eyes. “We’re on the right track. We know we are. We know where to go next. We can’t just give up.”

“But you’re *pregnant*.”

Michelle reached down and pulled her boot off, aiming it heel-first at my mouth. “I told you what would happen the next time you used that against me.”

I smirked—I couldn’t help it.

My mate was batshit crazy.

And so fucking sexy.



“You really wanna keep going?”

She leaned into my seat so our faces were inches apart. “I wanna keep going until we find the motherfucker who’s responsible. And I wanna watch you kill him.”

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