



Series

The Millennium Wolves  
Book 4 - Chapter 3

Dark Mode



Chapters

## SIENNA

My stomach dropped at the alarms blaring from Michelle's room.

"No," I breathed.

Josh rushed into his mate's room, and we all followed.



"Get out!" Aiden roared at the news team, who were trying to squeeze in behind us. They were gone before he repeated himself.

Inside, the beeping of the heart monitor was going way too fast.

Michelle seemed to be struggling against the ventilator. For a moment, I thought she was awake.

But her movements were too uncontrolled, like she was having some sort of seizure.

Josh grabbed Michelle's left hand, pleading. "Come on, baby. It's okay. Come on. You have to get through this!"

As I watched, Michelle's body loosened and stilled. The beeps on the heart monitor were slowing.



Jocelyn was working rapidly—doing what, I had no idea. But her expression was grim.

The heart monitor continued to beep erratically even as Michelle's body remained at rest.

Her heart rate would spike and slow.

Spike and slow.



I pushed past Irene to Michelle's other side, grabbing her right hand.

"Michelle, we're all here. We love you, Michelle. Hang on," I pleaded.

"Get away from her," Irene snapped at me.

I staggered back in shock.

"You let that vampyre get close to her, Sienna. You were supposed to be her friend, and you didn't even notice that he was possessing her."

She turned away, fixing her wide hazel eyes on Michelle. "Please, just... go. Let me be with my daughter. For the last time."

Numbly, I made my way back to where Aiden was standing against the wall.

I realized that all the while, the staring eye of the camera had captured it all.

Monica waited just outside the hospital room, her cameraman taking in everything.

Filthy vultures.

I pressed my hands to my cheeks, my eyes stinging.



Irene was right. Anyone could see it.

*It is my fault Michelle is here.*

Fighting for her life.

And losing the battle.

Shaking my head, I watched as the monitor chirped in a rapid series of beeps again.

I had known something was the matter.

I could tell something was off.

The way she'd acted.

The way she'd spoken.



I should have seen it. The thousand ways in which Michelle had cried for help.

But I had been too blind. Too wrapped up in my own selfish problems.

Oh sure, I'd said something to Jocelyn about it, but nothing useful.

I'd made it sound like this ridiculous concern—not to be taken seriously.

I'd failed to help her.



Failed her completely.

A long pause in the beeps suddenly drenched the room in an oppressive silence. I held my breath, and then they started again.

And in that moment, I reached out for any divine power out there.

Anyone. Anything.

*Please, I prayed.*

*Save Michelle.*

*Do something. Anything.*

*I can't lose my best friend.*

*Not again.*

## AIDEN

The room was too crowded.

I wasn't family, and Michelle and I had never been particularly close.

I backed out of the room, trying not to draw attention to myself.



Until I nearly collided with Monica Birch.

“Excuse me, Alpha Norwood!” she said, glaring.  
“But you’re blocking the shot.”

I rounded on her, all my useless anger at not being able to help Michelle rising to the surface.

“Clear out of here. Now!” I growled.

Instead of jumping to obey, however, Monica turned to look at me, her eyes bright and sharp.

“Any thoughts on the tragedy, Alpha Norwood? If Michelle Daniels does not pull through, that brings the total number of deaths in the Konstantin tragedy up to three. That is, three that we know of



“Michelle will be fine!” I pushed back, more emotional than I intended. “She’s going to pull through.”

“But if she doesn’t—”

“It’s not going to happen! Not on my watch!”

Enraged, I turned on my heels and headed back into the hospital room.

“And get off Pack House grounds before I have you thrown out!” I called back. “We have press passes for a reason!”

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Inside Michelle’s room, everyone was standing in a tense circle, a few feet away from the bed so the healers could work.

Jocelyn had her hands on Michelle’s chest, performing CPR.

Healer Lowell was moving around, feeling different spots—her wrists, her belly, her feet, shouting out things that were incomprehensible to me.

“Abdominal rigidity in the lower right quadrant.” She ran something I couldn’t see along the sole of Michelle’s foot. “Upward response of the hallux.”





Jocelyn gave her an alarmed look.

Owen covered his mouth with his hands, backing away from the bed.

I couldn't stand to watch this all play out.

With a glance at Sienna—who was frozen, staring at her dying friend—I hesitated.

If Michelle died, Sienna would need me.



*But what does that even mean?*

*Doesn't being there for Sienna mean focusing on defeating outside threats?*

*Or does it mean sticking next to her when she's lost and frightened for her friend?*

*What is an Alpha supposed to do when torn between duty to his pack and duty to his mate?*

I stood in the hospital room, battling with myself.

*The best way to help Sienna—to help everyone—is to kill Konstantin.*

I nodded at my own thoughts.



If Michelle died, it would be a devastating blow to Sienna, and I couldn't abandon her to that.

But if I didn't get out of here and start *doing* something about the vile murderer who had already done so much to harm me and my loved ones, I was going to lose my mind.

There was one thing I could do, but I had to do it quickly so that I could return here as soon as possible.

I left the room.



## MONICA

I watched the grieving family of Michelle Daniels as the young woman flailed and bucked on the medical bed.

I knew then that my instincts had been right.

This was it. The story that would solidify my place on the A-list.

“Sh—should we stop filming?” my cameraman, Curtis, asked, glancing at me from the corner of his eye. “The Alpha has just ordered us out of the Pack House.”

*How could I bear to cut the cameras now, just as the Beta's little mate is knocking on death's door?*



It was television gold.

But if Aiden Norwood saw us on the grounds after telling us to leave, it might interfere with my larger plans.

*And that wouldn't do at all.*

“Wrap it up. Let’s get out of here,” I said decisively, already turning to leave.



“But what if she dies?” Curtis asked, lowering the camera from his shoulder and following behind.

My spike-heeled shoes echoed loudly on the stairs as we left the medical bay and headed out onto the lawn.

I shrugged. “If she dies, she dies. We’ll find a new angle.”

*There’s always a new angle.*

“Shouldn’t we talk to the head office about this? We don’t really have permission to be here.” Curtis sounded nervous, and I rolled my eyes.

If he didn’t grow a pair—and soon—I’d have to find myself a new cameraman.

Which would be too bad because Curtis wasn’t terrible in bed

terrible in bed.

“Stop being such a pansy and trust me. The Norwoods are our ticket to the big leagues.”

My news van was waiting. We climbed inside and headed off to compile the day’s footage.

The guys at Pack News were going to love me.



And soon, so would the world.

*When this was all said and done, Aiden Norwood would remember me always.*

## JOSH

My heart thudded hard against my ribs as I watched Jocelyn and the other healer—Lowell—move around Michelle.

I was vaguely aware of Aiden backing out of the room, and then down the hall.

*Where is he going?*

*To hunt Konstantin at last?*

*I should go too.*



*But how could I?*

I couldn't tear my eyes off Michelle.

The monitor was still going crazy.

“We need the room!” Jocelyn barked. “Please, everyone, clear the room!”



“Over my dead body,” I roared.

*No. Way.*

They'd have to carry me out kicking and screaming.

“She needs a CT scan and possibly an MRI,” Healer Lowell argued. “We have to move her out of the Pack House to a surgical hospital!”

“She won't last that long. We have to stabilize her first!” Jocelyn snapped.

“You don't have the resources here, Jocelyn. We have to transfer her to an outside facility immediately,” Lowell insisted.

Jocelyn shook her head. “I can't stop, or she could go into arrest!” she said again.

“No one is going anywhere until Michelle is

“No one is going anywhere until Michelle is stabilized!” I yelled.

Healer Lowell whirled to face me. “You don’t understand, Beta Daniels. Jocelyn can only do so much. Michelle is showing signs of a very serious brain injury.”

My breath caught in my throat.



I dug my hands into my hair.

“Jocelyn is trying to stabilize her heart rate,” Lowell continued, “but if the problem is originating in her brain, what Jocelyn is doing won’t save her.”

*I don't understand this.*

*I don't understand why this is happening.*

“But if I stop long enough for us to move her, she could go into arrest as soon as I remove my hands,” Jocelyn argued.”

“Can’t you go in and...fix whatever is wrong with her brain?” I asked, grasping at straws.

Lowell pursed her lips and shook her head. “There isn’t enough time.”



The finality of her words clanged through my head.

I was about to watch my mate die.

“Can’t any of you *do* something?” I asked, forcing them to meet my eyes.

Jocelyn’s eyes narrowed.



“I can,” she said.

Healer Lowell and I both turned to look at her.

“No, you can’t,” she said.

“What?” I demanded. “What are you talking about?”

“The ritual.”

“It is forbidden for a reason, Healer White. I will not have this discussion again. Nor will I participate.” The other woman looked furious.

Just then, the heart monitor spiked with a shrieking series of beeps, then flat-lined.

“Maybe so,” Jocelyn said, her voice shaking. “But I have to do *something*.”







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“It is forbidden for a reason, Healer White. I will not have this discussion again. Nor will I participate.” The other woman looked furious.

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“Maybe so,” Jocelyn said, her voice shaking. “But I have to do *something*.”

“No!” The older Healer leapt forward, but it was too late.

Jocelyn closed her eyes, pressing both of her palms firmly into Michelle’s chest.

Healer Lowell flinched back.

For a moment, nothing happened.

Then the room was engulfed in a blinding white light.

Next Chapter

