



Series

The Millennium Wolves  
Book 4 - Chapter 7

Dark Mode



Chapters

## AIDEN

Josh came into the Pack House around five o'clock to check in with me.



“How’s Michelle?” I asked, knowing she’d come home that day.

My Beta had a goofy look on his face that I recognized well.

My own haze was simmering in my veins, but Sienna seemed so withdrawn lately that we hadn’t been enjoying the season as much as we usually did.

Still, I was pleased for Josh. He and Michelle had been through a lot lately.

To say the least.

Relief hit me as well. If Michelle was healthy enough for more... rigorous activities, maybe she really would make a full recovery.

*One less death on my conscience.*

I passed Josh a copy of a briefing summary from Delta Nelson and sat back while he skimmed the pages.

Josh flipped a page, reading.

A call came in on my office line.



“Sayyid Hamdi on line 1 for you, my Alpha,” Felix announced.

With another glance at Josh, I put the phone on speaker.

“Sayyid,” I said.

“We have a tip about a vampyre hunter who may have had some dealings with Konstantin,” he said with no preamble.

“Vampyre hunter?” I echoed. “A Divine Hunter?”

My heart kicked up a notch.

The Divine Hunters hated werewolves and were widely considered a terrorist organization.

“No, though he is a human,” Sayyid said. “Bobby Turner, white guy, age fifty-seven. No priors against werewolves, though, just vamps. He’s suspected of killing at least two.”

“Huh,” I said. Vampyres were rare enough. And usually pretty tough, though most didn’t compare to Konstantin. As a human—and one pushing



retirement age—this hunter had to know what he was doing.

Sayyid went on, “He was last sighted at a biker bar in Crescent Grove.” A rustling of pages. “Sonny’s Bar.”

## JOCELYN



“Good to see you up on your feet again, Jocelyn,” Sharon Lowell said as I entered the healer’s room.

I’d only recently been able to get on my feet again. Being bed-ridden for as long as I’d been was far more exhausting than I could have imagined.

As I shut the door, Sharon gestured toward the examination table. “Please, have a seat.”

I fidgeted with the bracelet on my wrist.

“That trinket is important to you,” the healer said.

I nodded. “My mother gave it to me when I was accepted as Healer for the pack. She said it would always bring me strength.”

Healer Lowell nodded, her face becoming serious. “You will need your strength now, Jocelyn.”

My blood went cold. “What do you mean?”

“It was a miracle that we were able to revive you after your stunt last week.”

My eyes flicked to hers. “How is Michelle?”

“Recovering well,” Sharon said, raising her eyebrows. “Thanks to your folly. You were very, very lucky, Jocelyn. You survived, with your mind intact. I don’t think I’ve ever seen anyone come through that ritual as well as you have.”

“... But?”



“What you did went against nature, Jocelyn,” Sharon said. “If Michelle could not be saved in that moment by approved healer means, then it was her time to die.”

I shook my head. I couldn’t accept that.

“It is not a healer’s right to prolong life beyond what we have the gift to heal. Jocelyn, what you’ve done—despite your resilience, the consequences are grave.”

I met her eyes. “What do you mean?”

“I’m sorry to have to tell you this, but you’ve burnt yourself out.”

A rush of dread filled me.



“I don’t understand,” I said.

Sharon pressed her palms together, almost as if she were praying. “I can detect no spark of healing power within you, Jocelyn. It’s gone.”

I took a deep breath.

*I knew the risks. I’ll accept the consequences.*



Nevertheless, a choked sob left my mouth when the healer spoke again.

“And I’m very afraid that the loss is permanent.”

## JOSH

Sonny’s Bar. I knew that place all too well.

It had been one of my dad’s favorite haunts. It was the one place we knew he’d be when he wouldn’t come home from work.

Slumming it with humans.

Ignoring his family.

*Piece of shit.*

I gave Aiden a nod and left him to wrap things up

I gave Aiden a nod and left him to wrap things up with Sayyid.

Then I headed for my truck. My hands were shaking with cold as I fumbled a flask out of the glove box and took a deep swig.

That moment I'd shared, earlier in the day, with Michelle in her bath...

It had been great.



And I knew she was thrilled with how people were reacting to her interview.

But underneath all of that, she wasn't okay.

I could tell—could *feel* it. She was my mate.

She had agreed to that interview out of fear. I'd wanted to say something but hadn't known how.

After all, I had failed her.

Michelle was working so hard to prove to everyone—especially herself—that she was perfectly fine.

But she was afraid. I could feel it, simmering under the surface, ready to bubble up.



I wanted, more than anything, to make her feel safe again.

*So go home to her. Hold her. Enjoy the haze.*

*Help her to heal.*

But I couldn't. I couldn't sit back and pretend everything was okay when it wasn't.



Konstantin was still out there.

And as long as that filthy vampyre was alive, Michelle would never truly be okay.

There was only one thing to do:

Destroy Konstantin.

Make him pay.

Make it so he'd never be able to harm anyone ever again.

Sucking down more whiskey, I started the Bronco.

*I'm drinking too much.*

But the alcohol offered some much-needed warmth as my foot pressed down on the gas pedal

But the alcohol offered some much-needed warmth as my foot pressed down on the gas pedal.

I had another gulp as I drove downtown.

*Should I wait for Aiden?*



Maybe. But at the same time, I wanted answers, and I wanted them *now*.

Besides, I hadn't forgotten the Alpha's role in all of this.

The way he'd defended that bloodsucker...

It took every ounce of energy to keep a cool head.

I let out a sigh.

Better not to rely on Aiden again. Or anyone but myself.

I cut the wheel and turned into the Crescent Grove neighborhood.

Rundown storefronts gave way to large, boxy buildings covered in graffiti.

As Beta, this area was familiar to me. It was riddled with crime and petty violence.



Sonny's was the only bar within three blocks.

The line of motorcycles parked outside made it easy to spot.

Making sure to lock my truck, I sauntered to the door of Sonny's Bar, finishing a second flask as I did.

The sharp, yeasty scent of spilled alcohol hung in the air like a fog.

It reeked of failure and broken promises.

But also of possibilities.



This was a place where you could get answers—provided you knew how to ask.

The interior was like a scene from a '70s movie.

Dark lighting.

Neon beer signs on the walls.

A scuffed pool table with stained red felt.

The dudes who stopped what they were doing all looked the part as well—lots of overgrown beards and sweaty tattoos.



Humans, all of them.

My lip curled as I surveyed the room.

One of these unwashed assholes knew about Konstantin.

Maybe he'd been hunting him. Maybe not.

But whoever he was, he'd encountered Konstantin —and both he and the vampyre had survived.

And that made this Bobby Turner suspicious in book.



“I’m Joshua Daniels, Beta of the ECP,” I announced to the room. “I need to talk to Bobby Turner. He comes quietly, and y’all can get back to doing whatever it is you do best.”

My eyes scoured the scene, not giving an inch.

You had to dominate in a place like this.

“Bobby’s not available,” a lanky black man said, leaning on a pool stick.

I tried to look around the bodies that stood in the way. “You know Bobby Turner?”

He eyed me with disdain. With disrespect.

He eyed me with disdain. With disrespect.

Like he wasn't scared at all.

Did this loser seriously not know that I could tear him limb from limb?

"I told you, Bobby ain't available. So why don't you just get fucked."

The man pressed the tip of the pool cue into the center of my chest.

I clenched my fists.



*So that's how you want to play it.*

## AIDEN

I could hear the sounds of shouting and breaking glass as I pulled up to Sonny's Bar.

This was not where I wanted to be right now— I had barely spent any time with Sienna in days, but Josh had taken off without me, and I was only now catching up.

Cursing my Beta's lack of self-control, I climbed out of my new BMW just in time to see a man crash through the bar's front window.

*Goddammit Josh.*

Only a werewolf would have the strength to throw a man like that. And not just any werewolf.

The fallen man, who was dark-skinned, scrambled onto one of the bikes, and then another man, a white guy with a bushy beard, joined him. Together they roared away.

My eyes trailed after the bikes fading into the distance.

Then the sound of bottles shattering turned my attention back to the bar.

Peering inside, I spotted Josh fighting off two huge humans. He swung a pool cue like a quarterstaff.



*Lord help me.*

With a sigh, I dove into the fight, tearing through the suit I wore as I shifted.

I let out a snarl.

Josh noticed me and shifted into his pale-golden wolf, shredding his jeans and T-shirt.

A few snaps of my jaws later and the men in the bar were ready to back down, holding up their



Josh noticed me and shifted into his pale-golden wolf, shredding his jeans and T-shirt.

A few snaps of my jaws later and the men in the bar were ready to back down, holding up their palms and grumbling.

Shifting back, I made no move to cover my nakedness.



“Which one of you is Bobby Turner?” I demanded.

“He and Raul just hightailed it out of here,” a bald man with skull tattoos grouched.

I heard Josh’s bellow of rage, and my lip curled in anger.

My Beta had just cost us our best leads.

The two men who’d ridden off on the motorcycles.

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