



Series

The Millennium Wolves
Book 4 - Chapter 2

Dark Mode



Chapters

SIENNA

Michelle's organs are failing...

The words were so plain, but I couldn't wrap my head around them.

"Wait—hold on! What are you saying?" Josh asked. He was gripping the wall like it was the only thing keeping him upright.

"I'm saying..." Jocelyn said, fingering the ornate silver bracelet she wore around her wrist, "she's not going to make it through the night."

Silence fell between us all. Nobody moved.

"But what about the machines?" I blurted.



"We have her on the ventilator for her abnormally rapid breathing," Jocelyn said. "But her kidneys and her liver are the real problem."

"She's demonstrating hypouresis," Healer Lowell said.

She glanced at our blank expressions. "She's not producing enough urine," she clarified.

My heart began to beat harder.

“Without her kidneys doing their job, eventually she will go into shock.”

“I don’t understand. Why is this happening?” Josh said.

“The trauma she endured caused a significant amount of internal damage,” Jocelyn said, her voice gentle.

“But... are you going to heal her or not?” Josh demanded.

“I have tried—” Jocelyn began.

“Then keep trying!” Josh snapped.

Healer Lowell shook her head. “I came here today to help perform a ritual with Jocelyn. One that requires two healers of great ability. But even then it was a gamble, and I’m afraid it was unsuccessful.”



“Unsuccessful?” Josh echoed.

“Michelle was attacked by a vampyre,” Healer Lowell explained.

“Your mate was essentially poisoned by him. Werewolf healing magic... it’s powerful. But we’re up against vampyre magic here.”



Josh made a sound of disgust.

“He was a nasty piece of work, this vampyre,” she continued. “Power like nothing I’ve ever come across. An old one, I am certain of it.”

Oh, God. Michelle.

“So, what are you saying?” Josh demanded, the hint of a quaver in his angry voice. “You can’t save her?”

Jocelyn widened her eyes. “There is one ritual—”

“No, there is not,” Healer Lowell cut her off, her voice suddenly cold.

“One ritual,” Jocelyn continued, “but it’s forbidden—”



“It is absolutely forbidden! It is dangerous, and it is against the Healer’s Doctrine. You’d be best to put it out of your minds. Now.”

Healer Lowell’s warm demeanor was now rigid and tense. She glowered at Jocelyn, who looked down at the floor.

Josh stared desperately from one healer to the next, willing one of them to suggest a new solution.

But I understood what Healer Lowell was saying.

“She’s going to die, isn’t she?”

Everyone turned to me. Josh’s face drained of color.

Then we all turned to look at Jocelyn.

She was shaking her head. “No,” she said. “I will not let that happen—”

“I’m sorry, but I don’t agree,” Healer Lowell countered.

We all stared at her, appalled.



She met our eyes earnestly, one by one. “I will not give anyone false hope. I’m not saying Michelle can’t make it through this... but right now, we have come up empty as healers.

“Jocelyn wants her to pull through—we all do,” she continued. “But what I mean is—for her—it’s personal.”

Jocelyn cast her eyes down.

Healer Lowell raised her palms, gesturing us into Michelle’s room.

“I think it would be wise for you all to visit with Michelle. To prepare yourselves. Maybe even to say goodbye.”

I bit back the sob that rose in my throat.

Goodbye? Michelle is only twenty years old.

How can her life be cut so tragically short?

Emily was only fifteen when she died.

Because I hadn't seen that she was in trouble until it was too late.

She had been raped by a violent, evil man, and had taken her own life only two days later.

And I'd been powerless to help her.



Just like Michelle. She'd been trapped and screaming inside her own mind, and I hadn't even noticed.

Konstantin had won, after all.

“No,” Josh gasped.

The healer's frown deepened as she regarded him.
“I'm very sorry, Beta Daniels. But I think you may

need to put your affairs in order.”

“We’re going to go make those calls now,”
Jocelyn managed, and she stalked down the hall.

With a brief, sad nod, Healer Lowell followed her.

The rest of us were left standing in the waiting
room, staring at each other.

JOSH

I gritted my teeth. I couldn’t let the Alpha and his
mate see the hatred in my eyes.

Couldn’t let them see that I blamed them—both of
them—for what had happened to Michelle.

My mate was in that hospital bed, fighting for her
life, hooked up to machines.

This was my fault. I hadn’t protected her.



But neither had the almighty Alpha of the East
Coast.

No, he had led that fucking vampyre right into the
Pack House.

“If my mate dies,” I said, “I deserve to die too.”

And I had to stand by hers.

“No one asked you!” Owen sneered at Sienna.

The cameraman stepped in for a closer shot.

Sienna’s face was a mask of grief.

I squared my shoulders. “Don’t yell at her,” I said, trying to ignore the camera. “She’s as much a victim as—”

“Bullshit!” Owen scoffed, then blanched when it occurred to him that he’d just said that to his Alpha.

I glared at him, and he looked away.



“I understand you may have been preyed on,” Irene said to Sienna, still glaring at me. “You needed protecting too. But Michelle is in a coma, and you look just fine to me.”

“Wow. Strong words,” Monica chimed in inappropriately before turning to my mate. “What do you have to say to these accusations?”

SIENNA

I felt a choking noise leave my throat.

What do I have to say?

Michelle's mother, who had given me milk and cookies after school for years, was accusing that Aiden and I of were responsible for her daughter's near-death condition.

It took every ounce of my self-control not to bolt from the waiting room.

My whole body shook, and then I felt Aiden's warm presence at my side.

"If you want to speak to my mate, you can schedule an appointment with our press secretary ___"

I looked up at him, then back to the cameras.



Say something. I need to SAY something.

I can't allow Michelle to just remain voiceless.

"No, it's okay," I said, stepping next to Aiden.

Summoning my courage, I turned to Monica and the Pearces. "You're right. All of you. It's not fair. I'm so sorry."

My whole body was shaking.

Aiden put his arm around me. “Attacking my mate is sure as hell not going to solve the problem,” he said, but I jumped in, fully aware that the camera was recording my every move. “*None* of this is helping Michelle.”

“Maybe not,” Irene scoffed. “But I don’t see anyone else doing anything useful.”

“Where is Konstantin now?” Owen asked. “In one of your dungeons? Or better yet, staked and beheaded?”

His incredulous tone suggested he knew exactly where Konstantin really was.

Out there. At large and probably growing stronger

A wave of nausea swept over me.



“You let Konstantin get away, didn’t you Alpha Norwood?” Monica Birch asked rhetorically. “And he’s out there now. Free to prey on the innocent members of the East Coast Pack.”

Everyone watched Aiden, waiting for the Alpha’s response.

I could feel his fingernails on my shoulder begin to sharpen into claws.

With a glance at me, Aiden sucked in a deep

breath.

“You’re right,” he said to Owen.

I looked up at my mate in surprise.

“I’ll find that sonofabitch. I sw—”

But Aiden was cut off by a high-pitched blaring sound.

Alarms.

Coming from Michelle’s room.

“What is that?!” Josh cried out. “What’s making that noise?”

The camera snapped toward the source of the sound.



I rushed to Michelle’s door. Aiden and the others quickly followed behind.

My hand went to my mouth when I saw my best friend.

Michelle was hyperventilating, her whole body shaking. The heart monitor was going wild.

Monica, wielding her microphone, rushed her

“What is that?!” Josh cried out. “What’s making that noise?”

The camera snapped toward the source of the sound.

I rushed to Michelle’s door. Aiden and the others quickly followed behind.

My hand went to my mouth when I saw my best friend.

Michelle was hyperventilating, her whole body shaking. The heart monitor was going wild.

Monica, wielding her microphone, pushed her way into the room.

“What’s... what’s happening?” I barely manage to cry out, but Aiden was just as speechless.



UNLIMITED

“Her vital organs...,” Jocelyn said, coming up behind us. “They’re shutting down.”

Next Chapter

