



Series

The Millennium Wolves
Book 4 - Chapter 4

Dark Mode



Chapters

JOCELYN

Mustering all of my strength and spiritual focus, I plunged my magic into Michelle's distressed body.

I had never performed the ritual I was now attempting.



No one I knew had.

It was taught only as a cautionary tale, because any healer who'd attempted it before had been harmed, both physically and spiritually.

It was a technique that allowed the healer to tap all of their magic at once and then flush the patient's system with it.

If successful, it could heal several points of trauma at once, and reverse systemic failures such as the one Michelle was undergoing.

But it took everything the healer had.

It drained them completely.

And if a healer gave more than they could spare, they died.

Even if they did survive, it was always with



irreversible damage.



But I had no choice.

I could not stand by and accept that Michelle's heart had stopped beating.

I could not turn to her parents and apologize for failing.

I would not allow her to die when I had this one last chance to save her.

The silver bangle on my wrist clinked gently.

I am a healer. My task is to heal.

Closing my eyes, I shot my power through Michelle's body. In my mind I saw it spread, arcing and splitting as fast as lightning.

My power found the lesions in her brain—she'd had several seizures that I could only now perceive.

Her heart had sustained damage too.

Her kidneys.

Her liver.



I pushed my magic as far as it would go,
wrenching every drop out of my body, drowning
her with it.

It filled her and snapped free of me.

Opening my eyes, I stumbled back.

JOSH

Jocelyn lurched away from Michelle and raised
her hands. Her eyes shot open; they were glowing
with an eerie light.

Then abruptly, the light went out.

I turned back to Michelle.

Please. Please don't be dead.

But Michelle's face was utterly pale and
unmoving.

It didn't work.

A ragged sob tore from my throat.

I never even got to say goodbye.



But don't worry, my love. Wherever you go, I'll be with you soon.

Her eyes opened.

Jocelyn collapsed.

For an instant, I was paralyzed.

Then my muscles unlocked, and I rushed to Michelle.

Her hazel eyes blinked and fixed on me, full of love and recognition.

SIENNA

I didn't know which way to turn—rush to Jocelyn, who was a heap on the floor, or to Michelle, who was awake.

Healer Lowell buzzed around Michelle.

I stood, frozen, watching.

Why did Aiden leave? Where was he?

I needed him. I was alone, utterly invisible.



Okay. Think. How can I help?

Jocelyn!

I dashed over to the healer, who lay collapsed on the floor.

Pressing a finger to her neck, I tried to find her pulse.

But there was nothing. Blood rushing in my head, I bent down over her face, tried to listen for any air coming from her nose.

“She’s not breathing,” I said.

Irene crowded closer to Michelle, with Owen just behind her.

No one noticed me.

“She’s not breathing!” I repeated, shouting now.

“My first responsibility is to Michelle,” Healer Lowell said. “Jocelyn knows that.”

My blood felt like ice water.

Had Jocelyn just killed herself to save Michelle?



How did this happen?

I crouched at Jocelyn's side, taking her hand in mine.

"Joce! Hey! Come on, Joce, come back to us," I said. "You did it! Michelle is awake."

A moment later, Healer Lowell was beside me..

She gave me a smile and took Jocelyn's hand from mine.

Come on, Jocelyn.

Come on, you have to be okay.

Jocelyn inhaled abruptly and began coughing. Her head fell to one side, her eyelids fluttering briefly.

A wave of relief washed over me.

But her eyes remained closed.

"We have to get her to the Healer's Retreat," Healer Lowell said.

I stood, backing out of their way.

Where was Aiden? I needed his solid presence

right now.



Looking around, what I saw both warmed and twisted my heart.

Josh was staring into Michelle's eyes; his own eyes were leaking tears as his mouth arced into a pained smile.

I smiled at her, but my heart felt tight.

"Hey," I said. "You're back."

She hesitated. Her face remained blank, and then she turned back to Josh and smiled.

Does she know what happened?

"Hey, baby," she said to him.

He pressed her fingers to his mouth. "I'm here, sweetheart. I'm here. I'll always be by your side."

AIDEN

"Thank you for coming so quickly," I said.

Sayyid Hamdi was a tall, muscular young man with short, dark hair. He stood facing the desk in my office.

I stood on the other side, unwilling to sit.



Sayyid was a member of the Mahiganote PD, but he also served as a Hunter when the need arose. I had known him since we were in school together.

“As you are aware, our pack came under attack by a powerful vampyre named Konstantin,” I said, swallowing back the guilt and anger that rose every time I was forced to speak his name.

He had possessed Sienna, hurt her. And I hadn't been there.

The only way I knew to help her, to quiet the nightmares that wracked her every night, was to hunt down the vampyre and kill him.

You left her again. She needed you at the hospital and you left.

Sienna is smart, she understands. She wants Konstantin gone as much as I do. More. It was her mind he invaded.

I felt sick, but gritted my teeth.

There was only one way to finish this.

“I'm forming a Hunter Squad,” I told him. “I want you on it. As captain. Pull whoever you need off their regular assignments.”





Sayyid gave me a nod. “As you wish, my Alpha.”

“Konstantin is extremely dangerous,” I said. “Not your average vampyre.”

I opened the book Josh had been given from the vampire colony in Maine.

“He’s likely what’s known as a ‘saint’ vampyre.” I jabbed at a paragraph within the book’s pages.

“It’s a designation for very old vampyres who’ve achieved special powers. Konstantin’s powers appear to be mental, primarily.”

I peered at Sayyid, maintaining eye contact.

“He is extremely dangerous. If he bites someone, he can dominate them. Do you understand? Do *not* underestimate him.”

“Yes, sir,” Sayyid gave me another curt nod. He was a man who didn’t like to mince words, and I appreciated that.

Now more than ever, when time was of the utmost importance.

I held up a manila file folder: “Everything we have on his recent stay in Mahiganote. I’ve also shared doc links to your e-mail.”





Sayyid took the folder from me.

“Find him,” I said. “Find him *yesterday*, you understand?”

Sayyid started to turn, but then said, “And when we do, my Alpha, what are our orders?”

I hesitated, considering what to say.

Sayyid was effective and trustworthy.

But Konstantin was dangerous, and we’d underestimated him before.

“When that happens, contact me,” I said at last.

“Do not take him on without me there.”

SIENNA

Michelle will be okay now.

It isn't like Emily. Michelle is going to LIVE.

And so will Jocelyn.

They'll take her to the Healer's Retreat. She'll pull through.



Everything is going to be okay.



Healer Lowell and two paramedics loaded Jocelyn onto a gurney.

I watched Michelle and Josh as they silently held one another. I could practically feel the love of their mating bond reigniting.

My heart clenched with guilt.

If it wasn't for me, Konstantin would have never been a part of our lives.

None of this would have happened.

As I watched their happy reunion, I suddenly felt at a loss.

Should I leave?

I didn't feel like I was needed here. I felt like I was intruding.

I missed Aiden. Watching the strength of Josh and Michelle's bond made me long for my mate.

But if I left, what message would that send?

"Can I get you anything?" I said at last. "Anyone? Does anyone need a glass of water?"



Josh peered at me over his shoulder for a moment, then fixed his gaze again on his mate.

“No one needs you here, Sienna,” he said flatly.

I cringed at his bitter tone, and the true words cloaked in it.

At least Michelle was back. That was all that mattered now.

Even if my friend could never forgive me.

Michelle leaned back into her pillow, closing her eyes.

She looked exhausted.

Now was not the time to fight over anything.

Once Jocelyn was secured to the gurney, they wheeled her out of the room.

Knowing that Michelle was in good hands, I followed behind.

The whole way to the pack’s private airfield, Jocelyn remained unconscious.





Healer Lowell continued to care for Jocelyn in the back of the ambulance, which was breaking all speed limits to get there as fast as possible.

Jocelyn's skin had taken on a grayish cast that I didn't like the look of at all.

"Is there anything I can...", I started, but no one was listening.

The healer was laying both hands on Jocelyn, sending in healing energy—from what I could tell—encouraging her cells to recover.

But nothing seemed to be happening.

She was still breathing, but that was the only consolation.

I reached out to smooth her hair, trying to tell her in some way how sorry and thankful I was for what she had done.

But Healer Lowell stayed my hand.

"Sorry, Sienna. We can take it from here," she said as the ambulance pulled up to the airfield.

A team of healers was waiting near a helicopter.

"Are you sure?" I asked.





Michelle was okay, but now Jocelyn would pay the price for my stupidity.

I had to do something.

“Yes, dear, I’m sure. Let us take care of her. You did wonderfully,” the healer’s words were soothing, but her tone was distracted as the medics began lifting Jocelyn into the helicopter.

“I’ll be in touch,” she said, following after.

“Please tell me she’ll be okay!” I cried.

But my words disappeared into the roar of the helicopter’s blades as they whirred to life.

My hair whirled around my face, and I backed away.

The aircraft lifted off the ground.

Fear and desperate hope washed over me as it pulled into the cloudy sky and out of sight.

When I was dropped off at the Pack House, I stopped outside the front doors and covered my mouth with my hand.

THOUGH WITH MY HAND.



Tears stung my eyes as I sat down on the front steps.

How had it all gone so wrong?

Michelle is going to be okay, I told myself.

And so is Jocelyn.

They will both be fine. They have to be.

I looked out over the Pack House grounds and took a deep breath. I nodded.

Everything will go back to normal.

Except me.

I won't go back to the way I was.

At that moment, standing alone and cold in the bitter winter air, I made a desperate, silent vow to any higher power that cared to listen.

I would do better. I would focus on others instead of myself.

I would be the best friend, the best mate, that anyone could ask for.



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No matter what.

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