

The Millennium Wolves Series Chapter 25

The Millennium Wolves Series Book Two Chapter: 11

Sienna

“Sienna, can you grab the champagne??

I looked across the dining room at Aiden, who was bringing a platter of cheese and crackers to the table. I almost pinched myself. It felt surreal. We were throwing a dinner party, our first dinner party, as a couple. Not a mated couple, of course, but a couple for the season.

The whole mated thing... that would take a little more time to figure out.

I still hadn't had the ah-ha moment I was looking for, the one I'd always assumed would come when I saw my mate. Selene had said that sometimes it takes longer to realize.

Like with Mia and Harry. They were best friends for years before they mated. But I needed to be sure that Aiden either was my mate or wasn't before I decided anything drastic. I was waiting for a sign.

“Sure,” I called back to him, walking into the kitchen and pulling a bottle of champagne from the fridge. As I walked it back into the dining room, the doorbell rang.

“Here we go,” he called out. And then he opened the door.

There were hugs and kisses, exclamations and laughter, and by the time the door shut again, there were four more familiar faces in the room.

“Sienna, honey,” Jocelyn greeted me. “You look beautiful.”

I hugged Josh hello and then kissed Mia and Harry on their cheeks. “Guys, thank you for coming!” I exclaimed to the newly mated pair.

“We wouldn't miss it,” Harry said, and I couldn't help but feel overjoyed for my friend. Harry was such a good guy, and I knew they were really meant to be. Just then Erica grabbed my arm, forcing me to swivel, and I saw she had located the champagne bottle.

In one swift motion she'd popped it, handing us each a champagne flute, and poured a healthy dose of bubbly into the glasses.

"Cheers!" she said, and we brought our flutes together. I eyed Mia, and we shared a look. Ever since Erica had been the only one of us to go without a real catch for the season, she'd been drinking a lot more. I didn't think it was cause for concern, but I was still hoping she'd find someone. I looked over Harry's shoulder and found Aiden talking to Rhys, one of his oldest friends.

"Hey, Aiden, we have champagne over here!" I called out and watched as their little group came to merge with ours. Introductions were made, as per my plan. Aiden had mentioned Rhys was single for the Season, so I wanted him and Erica to chat.

"Erica, I think Rhys wants a drink."

"Do you?" she asked him. He smiled at her, grabbing a flute off the table and then holding it out for her to pour. *Good.*

I felt a tap on my shoulder and turned to find Mia. "Where's Michelle?" she asked.

"I don't know. I thought she was coming with you guys."

Mia shook her head. "She was supposed to come with Ross. I tried to call her before we left, but she didn't answer."

"Weird. They'll probably be fashionably late. You know how they are when they're together."

together."

"Can't go five seconds without..." We looked at each other and erupted into giggles. Something about the champagne and having all my friends together, with Aiden, it kind of made me giddy.

Michelle im outside

Sienna

??

Sienna Come in silly

Michelle

can u come out

Sienna

Mich

Sienna What is goin on

Michelle

ES GW

please sienna

Michelle

i need u to come

I snuck out of the dining room as everyone was taking their seats at the table, closing the front door gently behind me. “Michelle?” I called out softly, not wanting anyone inside to get worried.

I didn’t see or hear anything at first. But then, a few seconds later, I saw some movement by the edge of the lawn. Michelle stepped out from the shadow of a tree.

“I’m here,” she said, and I could tell she’d been crying. Immediately my mind went to the worst—to what had happened to Emily and how I had been too late for that, too.

I ran over to her. “Are you okay? What happened?” I asked so quickly the words were incoherent.

“He... he...”

“Shhh, come here. Take a deep breath,” I said, guiding her to the big rock beside the driveway. We both leaned on it as I rubbed

driveway. We both leaned on it as I rubbed her back. I watched as Michelle, usually my hyper–

confident, badass, outspoken friend, brought a trembling hand up to wipe the tears from her cheek. "Did he hurt you?"

She looked at me, her eyes filled with pain, but a different type of pain than Emily's had been on that day.

"He dumped me."

"What???"

"For another girl. He said she's... she's hotter. And better in... in bed." I could barely understand her through the sniffles, but I knew that was the worst possible thing Michelle could hear. She was used to getting her way, especially with boys, and Ross had been a guy she trusted.

"I'm sorry. I'm so sorry, Mich," I said, hugging her. She hugged me back. Then she pulled away

"I don't think I can come inside..."

"Stop that. Of course you're coming in."

"I'm a mess."

"If you go home, he wins. You need to have a fun night. You deserve that."

She smiled at me. "I've missed you, Si," she said. "I'm sorry we've been..."

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"Yeah. Me too," I said, grabbing her hand. "Can we not fight again? Like, ever???"

"Promise," she said, and we both laughed. Then she stood, rolled her shoulders back, and took her hair out of her ponytail.

"How do I look?"

"Perfect," I said. And then we headed back inside.

Aiden

It didn't feel like I'd known Sienna for only a few weeks. Looking around the dining room, seeing all our friends mingling with each other, it felt... normal. And nice.

"Hey, man, this gouda is *gouda*," Josh

said, slapping my shoulder as he chewed a mouthful of cheese. I couldn't help but laugh. Some things changed, but others... they never would

"You want another drink?" I asked Josh.

"Beer," he responded, so I got up to grab us some beers from the fridge. Josh was my oldest friend, my best friend, and, now that we'd made a few things clear this past week, a Beta I could trust.

I mean he'd always been a guy I could trust. He knew everything that had gone down with Aaron, how messed up it made me for a while.

But now, with all the weirdness happening around the Pack—what with the incident with the unknown threat and now the Alpha of the Millennium's appearance—I finally felt like I'd be able to lean on him in a transparent way for work-related issues, too.

He was smarter than his frat-wolf demeanor let on, after all.

I pulled a couple beers out and brought them back to the table. We brought the bottles to our mouths—part of being a werewolf meant

you never needed a bottle opener, and fastened our teeth around the cap.

Josh had his open in less than a second, but for some reason, mine wasn't budging.

"Come on, bro, what's happening?"

I waved him off, trying to wiggle the cap, but still nothing. People were starting to notice.

"He's gone weak!" Josh bellowed from the seat next to me, and now everyone at the table was watching me squirm against the cap.

“Come on, Alpha!” Rhys hollered from the other end.

“Alpha versus cap! Alpha versus cap!” Josh chanted, pounding his hands against the table.

Now I was pissed. I grabbed the cap between my back molars and ripped it off, spitting it out across the table. Josh clapped me on the back.

“There ya go, buddy. Thought you were really losing your power for a second.”

I shot him a look before he went any further. Sure, we weren’t on the job or at the Pack House, but I was still his goddamn Alpha. He retreated back into his seat.

“It was a busted bottle,” I muttered.

“Yeah, or maybe she’s not your mate.”

Before he could go further, I was at his throat. “What’d you say to me?”

He eyed me, kind of nervous, and then his gaze shot around the table. Rhys had not iced, but everyone else was still deep in conversation. I backed up, not wanting to cause a scene.

Josh leaned in. “I’m just saying, if she was your mate, you’d have all the strength you’d ever had. You would know.”

Before I could answer, Sienna was walking into the room, her friend in tow. And I realized I hadn’t seen her in awhile, that she’d been out of the room.

Where had she gone? Why hadn’t I noticed?

And just like that, Josh had gotten into my head. Making me question myself in ways I never had before.

Sienna

I led Michelle into the dining room, watching as she changed back into the girl I knew. The one who held her head high in every situation, who refused to take any shit from anyone.

I locked eyes with Aiden. I knew I should've been used to his looks by now, the way his scruff illuminated his striking jawline and how his mouth curled into the little smile that sent my butterflies dancing.

But I wasn't. He still gave me goosebumps.

"Michelle's here," I said to everyone at the table, and all turned to see. And then something I couldn't quite explain happened.

It was like a wave of electricity shot through the room, but it hit only two people.

The air became thinner, all noise went mute, and Michelle and Josh were connected by some other—

worldly current. Their eyes were locked on each other with such a

distinct intensity that everyone in the room immediately knew what had happened.

Michelle and Josh, the first time they'd seen each other, had mated.

I couldn't help but be happy—

somewhat selfishly, as I was the one who'd convinced Michelle to come inside, and now I'd be a part of their mating story forever. I looked around the room, wanting to share my elation, but then my eyes landed on Jocelyn.

Shoot. Jocelyn.

Slowly but surely, everyone aside from Michelle and Josh—

whose eyes were still locked—

shifted their attention to her. She knew what was happening. She wasn't in the dark. Not at all. But instead of the reaction we were expecting, one with tears or screams or dramatics, Jocelyn just stood up.

She took her champagne flute in one hand

and lifted it into the air. "A toast. To the two new mates," she said, her voice as elegant as a dove. Michelle and Josh had snapped out of it, and Josh ran around the table to bring Michelle a glass of champagne.

"To Michelle and Josh," Aiden said, and everyone lifted their places around him

a dove. Michelle and Josh had snapped out of it, and Josh ran around the table to bring Michelle a glass of champagne.

“To Michelle and Josh,” Aiden said, and everyone lifted their glasses, echoing him

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I shot another glance at Jocelyn after we’d all sat back down, and I couldn’t help but wonder if there was something less elegant beneath the surface. She was smiling and saying the right things, sure, but the man she’d been with for the season had just fallen in love with another woman, a woman he didn’t even know ten minutes ago, right in front of her.

Jocelyn might be a healer, but one thing my mom always told me was that you can’t fill

someone else’s glass if yours is empty. And if Jocelyn’s glass was empty, I was wondering when she might notice.

I was hoping it’d be before it cracked.

