

## The Millennium Wolves Series Chapter 18

### The Millennium Wolves Series Book Two Chapter: 04

Sienna

The expression on Aiden's face as he sniffed me when I walked out of my bedroom in the evening was hilarious. His nose was wrinkled in dissatisfaction, and he growled, "Fuck," before returning to his own room and slamming the door.

Blood was an obvious non-issue for werewolves, but for some reason, period blood made the male ones run for the hills with their tails between their legs. And for that, I was thankful.

At least I could avoid any more sexual encounters for a bit while I figured out a new plan, not to mention the added bonus of messing with Aiden.

As I appreciated my small victory, my phone started buzzing

Michelle hey girl, are you coming tomorrow?

Sienna Coming to what?

Michelle sienna...

Michelle really?

Sienna I'm sorry, I really have no idea

Michelle *we're* going shopping for mia's mating ceremony dress

Michelle you've known about this for ages

Sienna Oh my god, I completely forgot

Sienna Things have been so hectic

Sienna Since, you know...

Michelle i've noticed...

Michelle u haven't been around much lately

Sienna

I know, I know

Sienna It's just

Sienna

Aiden

Sienna and the Haze

Sienna and this whole moving in together thing

Sienna I feel like I'm going crazy

Michelle

i get it

Michelle u have a lot going on

Michelle i'm fine by the way

Sienna What?

Michelle nothing

Michelle

so are you coming or not?

Sienna I'll try

Michelle

sienna

Okay, yes I'm coming

Michelle see u there

A human hostess served us champagne as Mia tried on different dresses in an admittedly cute boutique. Erica and Michelle fussed over her train, complimenting her style choices.

I was checked out in the corner, staring down my champagne flute as if it were some magical well that held all the answers to my problems.

“Hey, Earth to Sienna,” Erica called from across the room. “Are we boring you?”

“Sorry, I’m just a bit distracted,” I apologized.

Michelle clicked her tongue in annoyance and started chugging her champagne as if to keep her mouth busy so she wouldn’t say something she regretted.

“Come over here and help me out of this dress before I pass out,” Mia croaked, breathing heavily. “This thing is tighter than my sex before my first Haze.”

11:29

“You’ve been around the block, that’s for sure.” Michelle laughed. “Is there a man in this city that you haven’t sunk your claws into at some point?”

“Hey, I’m settling down now, okay?” Mia responded. “At least I can still live vicariously through you girls. Especially Sienna. You must be getting ravaged every damn night by that sexy Alpha. I’m so jealous, you have no idea.”

“You’re getting mated to your best friend,” Erica said reproachfully.

“Yeah, I guess that’s nice too. Just let me fantasize a little, all right?”  
Mia sloshed her champagne on one of the dresses.

They had no idea how uncomfortable all this sex talk made me, but I wasn’t about to reveal that I was a virgin to a group of tipsy, sex-crazed she-wolves.

“Tell me about it,” I tried to say convincingly. “There’s hardly a moment that Aiden doesn’t have me on all fours.”

“Oh my God, tell us *everything*.” Erica practically swooned.

Damn, I hadn’t thought that through. As Mia squeezed out of her dress, I noticed a unicorn tramp stamp garishly staring at me from above her ass. Oh, thank God for Mia’s poor decisions.

“No, Mia needs to tell me everything about that tattoo, and I need to know *now*,” I yelled, trying to change the subject.

Mia raised her eyebrows suggestively. “Hey, what happens at the county fair stays at the county fair. Maybe you and Aiden can get matching ones when you go together this year.”

*I’d rather die.* “God, Mia, you’re too much.” I fake-laughed.

“Why don’t you tell us why you left the club with Aiden during girls’ night without even saying goodbye,” Michelle asked, causing the whole room to go silent. Everyone looked at me expectantly like this was an inevitable discussion that was going to happen.

“I... I uh, I was...”

Dammit, I couldn’t tell them about how I was almost raped. I was already dampening the

almost raped. I was already dampening in mood as it was. And it would just bring up

other questions that I wasn't ready to answer. So, I guess my only option was to

“Aiden might be my mate,” I blurted out.

Erica's and Michelle's jaws dropped to the floor.

“Shut the fuck up,” Mia screamed. “Are you serious? Oh my God this explains everything, why you've been so distant and weird lately.

This is HUGE.”

“Yeah, I had no idea. That's a totally valid reason to ditch us,” Erica gushed as Michelle shot her a dirty look.

“It's all happening so fast,” I said, putting on my best Selene impression. “I thought I'd die

when he told me. We're still figuring it out though.

“Looks like you might be the next one down the aisle,” teased Erica.

“No way, that's definitely going to be Michelle,” I said, smiling, but when I looked over at her, she wasn't smiling back.

11:30

Michelle grabbed her purse and stood up suddenly. “You're really just living in your own world these days, aren't you, Sienna?” She stormed out of the boutique, leaving me totally confused.

“Michelle, wait!” I called after her. “What did I say?”

Mia and Erica exchanged looks with each

other,

“Michelle is a little on edge right now. She’s been having some problems with Ross,” Erica explained.

“Shit, I had no idea,” I said. “They’ll be okay though, right?”

Mia just shrugged her shoulders. “Maybe, but you can see why she’s mad. If you’d been around more in these past few weeks, you’d have known about what she was going through

Damn, was she right? Had I been so self-absorbed with everything going on that I’d completely neglected my best friend? It pained me so much to hide the truth from my friends, but I had to do this on my own.

Hopefully they’d understand at some point but now just wasn’t the right time.

\* \* \*

I was cooking dinner, thinking about Michelle, when Aiden came home from work, still sporting the same annoyed expression from that morning

“I thought you didn’t want to be considered a submissive woman who does nothing but cook for her man,” he commented dryly.

I shot him a glare. “Cooking is hardly a submissive trait. If you can’t make your own food, you’re the one being reliant on someone else.”

He grinned wolfishly. “Am I ruffling your fur the wrong way, Sienna?” he asked, a mischievous glint in his eyes.

Suddenly he was behind me, hands on my waist, pressed against my back. His lips were grazing my ear when he said, “Do you want to hit the big bad alpha?”

I did, but I'd restrain myself for now. "Get off me," I growled, but instead, he kissed me. This time the kiss wasn't as rushed as before.

His Haze was completely under his control, and he drove me crazy. I wanted him to press harder, to shove me against the island and devour me.

He teased my lips into accepting his, sucking and biting them.

When I shuddered and couldn't keep my mouth closed anymore, his slick tongue broke through and taunted my own, making me crazed with passion. Suddenly, he stopped and pulled away with a grin on his face.

"I think that's enough for tonight," he said, echoing my own words, which I'd used against him multiple times.

That asshole. So this is how he wanted to play this game? *Well, game on, bitch. He's not the only one who's got control over his Haze.*

"Sit down. Dinner is served," I said sharply.

"Well look at you, such a cute little homemaker. It suits y—"

Aiden let out a piercing howl as I dumped a pile of hot Spaghetti Bolognese in his lap.

"Oops, sorry, *dear*. Let me clean that up for you," I smirked.

As I grabbed a towel and pretended to clean up the food on his lap, I made sure to provide special attention to his crotch. I felt him getting hard, and his Haze flared up almost immediately.

I massaged him carefully as his eyes closed and a look of pure pleasure appeared across his face. I abruptly stopped touching him and threw the sauce-covered towel at his face.

“You’re a little messy down there,” I jeered. “You might want to clean that up. Wouldn’t want to touch you on your period.”

Aiden shot up, growling, and stabbed his fork into the table. We glowered at each other, asserting our dominance to the highest degree until –

My mouth fell open as Aiden broke into a huge smile. He started laughing hysterically, doubling over and holding his stomach. His laugh was a low, gravelly one, and it was so infectious that I burst into laughter myself. What the hell were we doing?

When the laughter subsided, we smiled at each other, and I could see his eyes softening. The silence after the laughter was the most comfortable silence I’d ever felt with anybody, and as we gazed at each other, smiling like that, it felt like everything fell into place.

Everything finally made sense. It was a surreal moment, but I wouldn’t question it.

We ate in the same silence, neither of us daring to break it. He seemed to love my cooking by the way he devoured the entire meal and came back for seconds.

Watching Aiden eat my food with such hunger, such satisfaction, it was a different kind of pleasure.

He looked up and met my gaze, eyes intensely piercing mine, and my heart skipped a beat. He stared deeply into my eyes, as if trying to read me, to appreciate me, and I found myself doing the same to him, trying to decipher his suddenly inscrutable look.

What was he thinking? What was he feeling? Maybe someday we’d actually understand

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He suddenly flashed a smile and returned to digging into his dinner.

“Bon appetit,” I whispered softly.

