

## The Millennium Wolves Series Chapter 24

### The Millennium Wolves Series Book Two Chapter: 10

#### Sienna

We were nearing the Ferris wheel, and I was trying to shake the image of the purple-eyed woman from my head. Aiden clearly hadn't seen her, and if I brought her up again, I was sure he would sign me into a psych ward or something

"Come on," I said, pulling Aiden up to the teenager manning the Ferris wheel ticketing booth.

I dipped my hand into my purse to buy us both a ride, but the teenager just held his hand up.

"Alpha, man, you're good," he said to Aiden.

Then he nodded to me. "Her too."

*Huh.* It seemed traveling with the Alpha had some perks.

The teenager escorted us past the line— I turned back to gauge Aiden's reaction and he just shrugged— and then we were stepping into our own private car. I slid across the bench, and Aiden came to sit right beside me. The teenager helped us bring the bar down, making sure we were secure.

"Enjoy the Love Wheel," he said with a wink, and then he disappeared back into the crowd.

"It wasn't called the Love Wheel last year," I said to Aiden, feeling a blush spread over my cheeks before I could stop it.

"Maybe something's different this year," he said, and his hand laced through mine. Before I could read too much into that, we started moving. Our car rose quickly until we were right at the top of the wheel, looking down at the town beneath us.

“It’s beautiful.”

“It is.” I looked at him as he said that and had an overwhelming feeling that he wasn’t talking about the view. I looked down into my lap. I still wasn’t comfortable with all the attention.

“Who’s Emily?” At the sound of her name, my head whipped up. “I heard you say her name when you were sleeping. You kept repeating it.”

His eyes searched my face for answers, but I wasn’t ready to talk about it. I hadn’t talked about it with anyone before.

“I can’t...” I said, not wanting to lie to him.

He sighed and looked out at the view, and I thought I’d lost him. But then he started

talking

Aiden

I’d heard Sienna whimpering in her sleep last night when I was holding her in my arms. I could feel her body trembling, and I couldn’t see tears in the darkness, but I wouldn’t have been surprised if there’d been some on her

cheeks.

She’d called for an Emily, over and over again, loud enough that I’d been woken up. I didn’t mind, of course. Maybe it was the Alpha in me, but I liked being needed

I hugged her to me tighter and smoothed her hair until she stopped whimpering, and then I fell back asleep.

I was fairly certain that she’d been deep in slumber through the whole thing, but I knew that that kind of unconscious emotion didn’t just come from some arbitrary character in your imagination. There was more to what she was whimpering about than I knew, and my

curiosity got the best of me.

So when we were locked into our Ferris wheel car, looking down at the fair, all the way down, I brought it up. Something immediately shifted in her. She inched a little away from me, but I don't think she did it on purpose. I think her instinct, when someone asks her something personal and important, is to create space.

Being Alpha, I'd learned a long time ago how to put those around me at ease. Something my dad taught me when I was young was to never expect anything for free. "Give something to get something," he'd say, and that notion had stuck with me.

So in the Ferris wheel, I prepared myself to give something

"I had a brother," I began, looking out into the distance. I could feel her gaze fall on me almost immediately. "His name was Aaron."

"Was?" she choked out. I looked at her now, nodding

"He was older than me. By a few years. He'd always known I'd surpass him as an Alpha, said he could sense it the whole time we were kids. But he didn't care. He'd tackle

were kids. But he didn't care. He'd tackle me and throw me around anyway." I smiled, remembering the times we'd had together growing up. It had just been the two of us and our parents, so we'd always been close.

"What happened?" Sienna whispered.

"He met his mate," I said. "Her name was Jen. She was a human. A scientist. Beautiful and smart, she was his perfect match. I'd never seen him as happy as when he was with her."

It was true. Seeing them together, that was what gave me the inspiration to keep my hope intact—the hope that, one day, I'd meet my mate too.

"Then one day, in the lab she was working in, there was an explosion. It was at the station over from hers, a mix of chemicals that shouldn't have been together. An accident. Human error, they said. But it was too late. She was gone."

I saw Sienna's eyes fill with tears. She was waiting for me to finish, silent.

"You know what happens when we lose our mate. Aaron's heart couldn't take it. It broke into pieces, disintegrating day after day, until there was nothing left. And then he was one

there was nothing left. And then he was gone,

*too.*"

Sienna wrapped her hand around mine, pulling it into her lap. Then she looked at me, her eyes somehow providing me some kind of relief. Like she was soothing my soul without saying a word.

"I'm sorry," she said after a moment. And then she took a deep breath, like she was getting ready to stick her head into a new world. One she hadn't been to before.

Sienna

I took a deep breath, and her face filled my head. Something about the way Aiden had been so open with me, so raw, had let all of my memories free. Like he'd somehow been able to tell them that it was okay—we didn't have to be afraid, not anymore.

The last time I'd seen Emily, it was the day after. I hadn't known why she'd been so cold that morning, why she was hesitant about me coming over.

She'd had a big date the night before, with the guy she'd been into for awhile.

She was nervous, sure, but we were fifteen. What girl wasn't nervous to go on a date? I'd helped her get ready, made sure her outfit was sexy enough to catch his attention.

I had even brought over Selene's glitter lotion, the kind that, when rubbed in, left a trail of sparkles behind. I helped Emily rub it onto her neck and chest and then gave her an approving smile.

"You look good enough to eat," I'd said, laughing. And then I sent her off.

She had texted me a few times when I was at dinner with my family, saying he was being too touchy, too aggressive, but I didn't think anything of it. I was a dominant, so I'd always thought everyone else around me should be, too.

I mean I couldn't imagine a submissive mate. In my mind, that was the worst possible option.

I fell asleep early, and when I woke up the next morning, my phone showed I had four missed calls from her. Again, I didn't think

anything of it. I thought my friend had wanted to gush about how she'd had her first kiss or how sexy he was. And I hadn't had so much

as a crush on anyone yet, so I wasn't that upset to have missed the calls.

But then I showed up to her house, like I did every Saturday. And her mom greeted me at the door, saying Emily wasn't feeling so well. But I went into her bedroom anyways, saw her tucked under the covers, last night's makeup all over her face.

"What's wrong? I asked, running over to her.

"Nothing." Her voice was clipped, and her eyes looked vacant. But then they flicked over to me, and she pushed the blankets off her. My eyes moved over the glitter across her chest, but I also saw the claw marks, the trail of dried blood.

"Emily!" I cried, grabbing her hands. "Are you okay? What happened?"

"He thought..." she started, and her eyes welled with tears. "He thought I looked good enough to eat."

I had let my best friend go out with a guy who wanted one thing. And when she didn't want to give it to him, he took it anyways.

"She was raped." I got out, finally looking at

Aiden. I'd described the details of my memory aloud, for the first time. "I encouraged her to go out with the guy who raped her. And I wasn't there when she called for help."

He reached out to wipe a tear that had fallen away. “It’s not your fault,” he said. “That piece-of-shit werewolf is the one who should be crying.”

“She killed herself. Two days later.” I looked right at Aiden, wanting to see how he reacted. It was something I’d kept inside for so long, and I didn’t know how sharing it would make me feel

He inhaled sharply, his eyes closing. When they opened again, they were red. Like he was experiencing the pain right along with me.

“I get it,” he said, and he brought my hand to his lips. He kissed it gently, so gently that I wondered if, had my eyes been closed, I would’ve felt it.

“What?”

“Why you’re keeping your virginity. It’s sacred, and it should be respected. I’ll respect it, Sienna. I’ll respect you.”

it, Sienna. I’ll respect you.”

They don’t write textbooks for these kinds of conversations, but if they did, that would be the answer that every kid should memorize.

I felt ease surge through me, like all the stress I’d been nervous about feeling the first time I had the Emily conversation had vanished. And it was because of the man sitting beside me, clutching my hand.

The Alpha

The Alpha made my heart beat slow, made me feel at home in a car a hundred feet off the ground. And as the wheel started to turn, as we were lowered back down to where we belonged, I couldn’t help but think that Aiden...

Aiden might just be my mate.

