

Previously on The Millennium Wolves...

Sienna and Aiden were trying their hardest to find their normal again. They were even thinking about starting a family! But with Michelle in a coma, and Josh going crazy by her side, tensions were high.

And it didn't help that Pack News Reporter Monica Birch had her eyes set on the Alpha — she thought he was her ticket to stardom.

After convincing the couple to star in Real Mates of the East Coast Pack, Monica managed to catch all of Sienna and Aiden's drama on camera — leaving their relationship rocky.



Meanwhile, Aiden and Josh took off to hunt Konstantin down, and when they found him, they destroyed him. And Jocelyn, who'd been keeping comatose Michelle company, decided to use forbidden healing to bring her back — dropping unconscious as a result.

At the Yule Ball, Sienna outsmarted Monica and found a way to air her dirty secrets instead, ridding her and Aiden from the Pack News once and for all.

But with Jocelyn recovering in the Healers' Retreat, Sienna and Michelle's friendship on the line, and Josh's stubborn belief that the real Konstantin is still out there, there are tons of unanswered questions. And that doesn't even include Sienna's missed period.



So let's get to the answers...



Sienna

Unlike the last time I missed my period, this time Aiden and I were on the same page with the same amount of information.

He'd seen my pee stick, for God's sake!



Granted, that Alpha brain of his wasn't able to figure out what the sign meant, but still...

It was the thought that counted.

But after the family dinner and the pregnancy test and the excitement that filled our house, I realized something didn't quite add up.

Sure, Selene had told me the pregnancy test was pretty accurate—that she and Jeremy had even used one when they couldn't reach Jocelyn—but

something inside me was unsure.

I needed confirmation.

And I needed it to come from the only healer I trusted the most.

So I paraded myself into Aiden's office, causing him to look up from the pile of documents on his desk. "What is it?"

"I don't trust the pee stick."

He sighed. "Sienna..."



"We have to go see Jocelyn. Now."

I could see he was opening his mouth to fight back—he clearly had a ton of work to do—but I just rubbed my stomach and gave him a stern look. "The maybe-baby and I are going. With or without you."

A few minutes later, we were piling into the car and starting the drive to the Healers' Retreat.

Jocelyn had been there for a week now, and she was the only person—other than Aiden and Selene—who I trusted with the pregnancy information.

There were other healers we could go to in town for confirmation, of course, but there was only one

Jocelyn.



And besides, I missed her.

This was the longest I'd gone without talking to her since we'd become friends, and I couldn't wait to see how she was doing.

Aiden had heard from the Retreat a couple days ago. A counselor there had called to give him an update on Jocelyn's recovery. She'd said that Jocelyn was healing faster than the norm and that she was taking well to the Retreat.

Hearing that made me happy. But also, it didn't surprise me one bit.

Of course, Jocelyn is healing faster than the norm—the girl was special. She was as talented a friend as she was a healer, and sometimes goodness was rewarded with goodness.

As it should be.

A couple hours later, we were pulling up to the Healers' Retreat. An attendant came up to the car. "Are you checking in?" he asked.

"No, we're visiting," I explained through the window.

He directed us to the visitors' parking lot, and after we parked, we started for the main doors. We

after we parked, we started for the main doors. We went right up to the front desk, and the lady sitting behind it looked up.

“How can I help you?”



“We’re looking for Jocelyn, the East Coast Pack healer. I’m her Alpha,” Aiden introduced.

“Hello, Alpha.” The lady nodded at him. “Come with me please, right this way.”

We followed her through the foyer and to the elevator bank. When the elevator doors opened, she pressed floor seven for us.

“As soon as you get to the seventh floor, turn left and continue straight until you reach room 210. She’ll be in there.”

“Great, thank you,” I said, smiling at the woman.

The doors closed, leaving Aiden and I alone again. He grabbed my hand and squeezed it, somehow reassuring me without saying anything at all.

When we got to Jocelyn’s room, I knocked on the door.

A few seconds later it was swinging open, and Jocelyn, clad in head-to-toe white linen, stood in front of us. Before I could take in how angelic the girl looked, I was throwing my arms around her

girl looked, I was throwing my arms around her.

“Jocelyn!” I squealed. “It’s so good to see you.”

She squeezed me, and I could feel positivity radiating off of her. “You too, Sienna. Wow, it’s incredible to see familiar faces.” We let go of each other, and she hugged Aiden. “Hi, Aiden.”



“Jocelyn, you look great,” he greeted her, letting her go after a few seconds. “This place looks like it’s been good to you.”

“It really has.” She nodded. “Come inside, please. I’d offer you something to eat, but we’re not allowed to cook in here.”

“No, that’s okay. We don’t want to interrupt anything you’re doing—”

“Don’t be silly. The two of you are never an interruption. Sit,” she told us, pointing to a small couch against the wall.

Aiden and I sat.

“Now tell me, what’s going on? I can sense something is taking over both of your minds.”

I looked at Aiden, and his eyes met mine. He gave me a slight nod, and then I turned to face Jocelyn, cradling Aiden’s hand in my lap.



“I’m late. A week and a half this time, Jocelyn. I took a pregnancy test, but I won’t believe it until you... well, until it comes from you.”

Jocelyn smiled—but then she sighed. “I’m not supposed to do any sort of healing rituals while I’m inside here.”

Disappointment clouded my face before I could stop it, and I knew Aiden had the same expression on his face without even looking at him.

We’d driven all this way, and Jocelyn was the best.

The kindest.

We wanted her to be with us every step of the journey.

“We understand,” I said softly. “We don’t want to get you in trouble or interfere with your recovery.” I stood up, pulling Aiden up with me. “I’m sure there’s a suitable healer in town that can help—”

“No. Stop, sit back down,” Jocelyn said, her tone certain and strong. “It’s an easy one, this ritual. Sienna, if I could actually have you lying down on the bed...”

As soon as I was on my back with my shirt rolled up, Jocelyn had her hands on me. “Well?” I asked after a moment. My impatience was bursting right through me.



I had to know, and *now*.

She looked at me, her eyes glimmering.

“Well?” Aiden demanded from behind her.



Aiden

A month had passed since Sienna and I had found out from Jocelyn that we were really, truly, undeniably having a baby, and holy *shit* was it the month of a lifetime.

Four weeks of nothing but tender sex, hopeful talks about the future, and connecting with Sienna in a way I'd never before imagined possible.

And today it was our two-year mating ceremony anniversary.

Sienna kept trying to get ready—applying her makeup, putting her top on—but I kept distracting her.

I couldn't help it.

The girl was easily the best-looking thing I'd ever seen.

Everything from her long red locks to her full breasts, from the curve of her hips to her long

legs, I couldn't just look at her.

I had to *feel* her.

She was spraying her hair when I grabbed her from behind, backing her up to the bed. We collapsed onto the mattress, her giggles filling the room.



“Aiden, I swear to God, if you don't stop this, we're never going to make the reservation!”

“What reservation?” I asked innocently.

“Oh you know, just our anniversary reservation,” she responded.

“Let's skip it.”

“Aiden, *no*. Two years is a long time, and we need to *celebrate!* Besides, I'm starving.” She tried to get up, but I kept a tight hold of her, keeping her pressed to me.

“Let me go,” she demanded.

“Never.”

“Aiden, come on. No. No—” she ordered, feeling my hardness underneath her. I was giving her the look —



the *I-am-going-crazy-and-need-you-now* look.

“Aiden Norwood, control yourself.”

“It’s impossible when I’m around you.”



She narrowed her eyes and lowered her face until there was nothing more than a centimeter between our lips.

“Let go of me and I’ll kiss you,” she said softly, her sweet voice turning me on even more.

Immediately, I unwrapped my arms from her back, but instead of the slow, passionate, long kiss I was expecting, Sienna just pecked me and then jumped up, slipping a pair of heels onto her feet.

“Come on, slowpoke. I don’t want to be late.”

I groaned, and then I stood up, straightening my sweater. “You’re killing me,” I told her.

“Good things come to those who wait,” she responded with a smile, grabbing her purse and walking out of the room.

Sienna

“I’m so ready for this meal. Just you and me, a quiet table, a bottle of—well, not wine—but

something..." I trailed off as we drove to the restaurant.

Aiden nodded along with me. "Mhm, a quiet dinner. For sure. Can't wait."



"Aiden Norwood," I said, turning to him. "Tell me you made the dinner reservation for us and us alone, like I asked you to."

"Just us." He nodded quickly, keeping his eyes on the road. "Like you asked."

"Somehow I'm not so reassured."

"Sienna, baby, would I ever do anything to go against your wishes and force you to do something you weren't prepared for?"

I looked at his profile again, this time noticing his smirk. "I don't know, would you?"

We rolled up to the valet, and Aiden opened his door, climbing out and handing the keys to the valet attendant.

I sighed, taking his lack of response for an indication of what I was about to walk into.

My wishes for a quiet night with my mate dissolved as I climbed out of the passenger seat, walking over to take Aiden's hand.



He wouldn't look me in the eye, which meant only one thing.

My dear mate was afraid of getting caught.



I leaned in to kiss him, and I could tell he was surprised by how high his eyebrows shot up.

As soon as I pulled away from his lips, I whispered in his ear, "I know you're up to something, Alpha." And then I took off, walking ahead of him into the restaurant.

As soon as I stepped foot inside the doors, a chorus of "SURPRISE!" rang out from all over the room.

Even though I knew something other than a quiet reservation for two was coming, I had no idea it would be a whole goddamn surprise party!

I squealed with delight, taking in the faces of everyone I loved around me.

My mom and dad ran over to hug me first, followed by Selene and Jeremy, who was holding little baby Vanessa.

Next came Michelle and Josh, and after them were Mia and Harry, and Erica, each of my old friends waiting patiently for their turn to say "Happy Anniversary."

I looked over my shoulder at Aiden, who wasn't even trying to hide how pleased he was with the surprise—or with himself.

“I got you,” he told me. “You jumped!”



“I did *not*,” I replied, crossing my arms in faux-anger.

The truth was I was ecstatic. This beat having a quiet old dinner any night.

After we all took our seats at the long table, servers started bringing us food. It seemed like an endless stream of platter after platter, all filled with our favorites: antipasti, carpaccios, and enough pasta and pizza to last a lifetime.

I caught Aiden's gaze across the table after I'd sufficiently stuffed myself with carbs and bubbly water.

His eyes sparkled at me, and I could see the mischief behind them. He had something other than food on his mind, and him looking at me with *that look* was turning me on.

He darted his eyes to the hall where the bathrooms were and then looked back at me.

I nodded, understanding immediately.

And then I turned to Selene beside me, saying,

And then I turned to Selene beside me, saying, “Excuse me,” as I pushed my chair back from the table and stood up.

I walked down the hallway to the ladies’ room and once I was inside, I called out. “Hello?”



There was no response. It was empty.

Perfect.

A few moments later, there was a knock on the door.

I opened it, and the second I did, Aiden was all over me.

He pushed me against the wall, kissing my lips first then my neck, scraping his teeth against my skin.

My eyes closed in bliss.

He was lowering himself down, massaging me everywhere as he descended—my breasts, my waist, my hips—and then he was at the waistband of my jeans, unbuttoning them.

“Wait,” I told him.

“Lock the door.”

He stood up and went to the door. “There’s no lock,” he said. “Stall.”

It took us less than a second to get to the first stall, and then we were going at it like teenagers.

Worse, like werewolf teenagers.



It was all limbs, all over the place. He was rubbing me through my panties, and then his fingers swooped under them and touched me without anything in their way.

“Oh, God, Aiden,” I moaned.

“You’re so sexy,” he growled into my ear. “I’m so excited to start a family with you.”

“You’re gonna be the hottest dad ever,” I murmured back, his fingers moving faster and faster.

I was losing it, completely on the edge, ready to explode.

“Oh, fuck, oh, FUCK!”

I flew off the edge, my body spasming against the stall door. Aiden held me tight, but he kept moving his fingers, slowing them down little by little as I came down from my orgasm.

“Jesus,” I said softly, catching my breath.

“Happy Anniversary.” He smiled at me, bringing his fingers to his mouth and sucking them dry.

Michelle



I waited until Sienna and Aiden had finished their little fuck-session in the stall next to mine before I walked out of the bathroom, giving them a few minutes for a head start.

But as soon as I got back to the table, I picked up my glass and tapped a knife against it.

I wasn't acting out of anger. Don't get me wrong, I was happy for them.

But how *dare* they keep a secret like this?

How *dare* they not tell the people who love them most that they're about to have a fucking baby?

“Excuse me, everyone, I'd like to make a toast,” I called out to the table, standing up from my chair. All the chatter died down, and all eyes were on me.

“Happy Anniversary to my dearest friend and her lovely mate. Sienna and Aiden, I love you guys so much.”

“Excuse me, everyone, I’d like to make a toast,” I called out to the table, standing up from my chair. All the chatter died down, and all eyes were on me.

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“We love you,” Sienna called back.

“And I’m so excited for everything this new year is going to bring for you two! Sienna, I’m glad you ate all that spaghetti, because—everyone, listen close when I say this—now she’s eating for two! Congratulations, you guys!”

If I could’ve snapped a picture of the look Sienna and Aiden exchanged, I would’ve.

The shock, it was priceless.

I sat back down, waiting for the chaos to unfurl.

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