

The Millennium Wolves Series Chapter 19

The Millennium Wolves Series Book Two Chapter: 05

Aiden

I'm in deep. There's no turning back now, not that there ever was for me.

Sienna had me on a leash. *Like a domesticated dog.* But did she hate me or have feelings for me?

I could never tell with her. If she ultimately chose to reject me...

Fuck!

I swiped my claws across my desk, knocking everything from stacks of signed documents to old sports trophies to the floor in a clatter.

Josh cringed especially hard as I scattered hundreds of Yule Ball invitations around the room, some of them hitting the ceiling fan and getting ripped to oblivion.

“That girl,” I snarled. “I can’t get her out of my fucking head. She’s completely taken over my every thought, and it’s driving me insane.”

“I’m sure it’s just the Haze,” said Josh warily, as he tried to recover what was left of the invitations.

The damn Haze. It felt never-ending. I teased Sienna relentlessly about her control, but the truth was I was barely holding it together. When I was in her presence, everything else felt blurred — I couldn’t focus.

But for me to be feeling this way when she wasn’t even around? It made me want to claw my eyes out.

“How the hell are you dealing with this?” I asked, pacing in circles. “Doesn’t Jocelyn distract you from your most important tasks, burrow into your brain like a parasite, and make you want to rip something in fucking half?”

“Uhhh—” Josh quickly pulled a vintage mural of my family tree out of my reach.

He paused for a moment to think about my question. “Actually, not really,” he said, looking a bit confused. “I mean Jocelyn is great and all, but I can’t say I’ve felt anything like what you’re describing.”

“Well, you’re lucky then,” I growled. “Because this is torture.”

11:32

My phone started buzzing in my pocket, and I pulled it out cautiously, knowing exactly who it would be.

Sienna Hey Aiden

Sienna Got your note

Sienna Hope you have a good day at work

Sienna Sounds busy

Sienna Maybe I can find a way to make your day less stressful

Sienna

I threw my phone across the room as my Haze started to ignite again, watching it shatter against the wall.

“Josh, I no longer have access to my planner,” I said without a shred of irony. “What’s on my schedule for the rest of the day???”

“Just the Pack lunch,” replied Josh. “Do you want me to cancel it?”

CC

“Hell no, that’s exactly what I need. A testosterone-filled room. No women and *especially* no Sienna.”

Sienna

I woke up to an empty house, but Aiden’s scent still lingered in the air. He left a note, held by a magnet on the fridge. It said he’d gone out for some alpha business and he would be in the Pack House all day and might not make it home for dinner.

For some reason a dumb grin spread across my face as I got dressed. When I looked in the mirror and pulled my red hair back into a ponytail, I saw my mark in a different light.

For the first time, it didn't annoy me or enrage me. I was actually kind of proud of it.

I decided to text Aiden and tell him to have a good day at work, maybe even flirt a little, but after a few messages, they stopped going through and he didn't reply. He was probably swamped with work and had to shut off his phone.

What if I surprised him at the Pack House for lunch? That seemed like a good idea, considering how he wouldn't have a spare moment otherwise, today.

I was practically beaming, and I wanted to smack my own silly smile off my face, but maybe this feeling wasn't so bad.

When I reached the gate, I saw the guard who'd been there the last time I tore through the Pack House. He took one look at me and turned white as a ghost. Without even a "hello," he opened the gate and ushered me through, trying to avoid eye contact.

"Sorry about last time," I said sheepishly, making him jump. "I might have some anger management issues.

Eyes wide, he smiled nervously, nodding like a broken bobblehead. *I might need to pay for his therapy.*

When I got inside, I caught Aiden's scent, but it was somewhat obscured by several other masculine scents. I wondered if he could

scent me or if mine was masked too? As I was sniffing the air, I nearly ran right into Jocelyn.

"Hey, Sienna," she said as she smiled. "What are you doing here?"

Damn, I kept forgetting how beautiful she was. "Hey, Jocelyn," I said, smiling tentatively in return.

I still wasn't sure if I could trust her or not. Michelle constantly told me she was shy, but Jocelyn was always kind and helpful to me. Usually I trusted Michelle's judgment, but this time I wasn't so sure.

Especially since the timing of Michelle's distrust in Jocelyn aligned with her dating Josh, who I'm pretty sure Michelle had a crush on, despite never having officially met him.

"Are you here for Aiden?" she asked slyly.

"Is he busy? I could always come back later."

"No, he's just in his Pack Lunch. *Men only*," she said, rolling her eyes. "Josh is there too."

"That sounds important," I said, starting to lose my nerve. "Maybe I shouldn't interrupt."

Jocelyn grabbed my arm, giggling. "I think that's exactly what you should do. Hold on try this."

She leaned in and pulled my hair down from its ponytail, tussling and messing with it till it had a sexy bedhead look to it. Damn, her beautiful appearance was one thing, but she also had a scent that could kill. It was absolutely intoxicating. She pulled down the shoulder of my shirt, exposing my mark.

"Are you sure about this?" I asked.

"Sienna, Aiden is crazy about you. And if what Josh has been telling me is true, then he might be literally going insane because of you. You're probably the most dominant she-wolf I've ever met, and you look sexy as hell right now. Embrace it! Go into that lunch and show him you're a force to be reckoned with."

She gave me a mischievous smile and placed her hand above my heart.

"Trust me...and good luck."

As she walked away, I felt I really could trust her implicitly.

A fiery dominance had begun burning inside me as soon as she touched me. It was as if

she'd activated some buried power deep within me.

Chin up and dominance radiating from my every pore, I burst through the heavy oak doors of the meeting room, striding toward Aiden and the other men with complete confidence.

They all raised their heads, dumbfounded, jaws dropping and eyes filling with lust, except Josh, who just scowled.

Aiden's Haze flared when he caught my scent, but there was a ravenous look of pride and possession in his eyes that had nothing to do with the Haze.

Arousing Aiden in front of his pack was one of the riskiest things I'd ever done, but I could tell it was working by the way he was sweating and digging his claws into the table

It was a bold move, but Jocelyn was the right target. Not just anyone could pull this off.

Aiden tried to fight his Haze, but for once, I didn't want him to fight it. I wanted it to completely engulf him. It wasn't exactly revenge—I wanted him too—but I was enjoying every sweet second of his discomfort.

I leaned over the table and licked my lips.

"I missed you when I woke up this morning. I started touching myself, but it just wasn't as much fun without you. Your fingers are so much more satisfying."

That was all he needed. Before I even knew what was happening, he picked me up and slammed me down on the table, causing the rest of his pack to jolt.

He crawled over me, growling in anticipation, while I lay sprawled out across the table in clear view of everyone else.

"Get out," he snarled at his pack without breaking eye contact with me. "Everyone get out NOW."

The Pack hastily got up from the table and made for the exit, but Aiden was all over me before they had even left.

He grabbed my breasts through my shirt, squeezing almost painfully. I kissed him back, but unlike him, I had control over my Haze now. I managed to tease his mouth until a

growl burst out of his throat, making his chest rumble.

I shuddered from the feeling of the vibration and laughed quietly. “Oh, someone’s angry,” I said seductively.

“You have no idea,” he growled and kissed me again. This time I let him kiss me as possessively as he wanted while I wrapped my arms around his neck and put my legs around his waist. I grabbed a handful of his hair and pulled it as hard as I could until he bared his fangs.

“Fucking bite me,” I commanded.

“What?” he replied, bewildered. “Since when do you—“

11:34

“What?” he replied, bewildered. “Since when do you—“

“Do what I tell you. Sink your teeth into me!”

Aiden picked me up and set me gently on the edge of the table, surveying me with concern. “Sienna, what’s this about?”

“What are you talking about? Don’t you want me?” I responded, annoyed.

“Of course I do,” he said. “But not like this.”

What was I even doing? Throwing myself at the Alpha? This was such a stupid fucking idea.

Doubt began to sink in, and whatever Jocelyn had done was fading fast. All of my insecurities came rushing to the surface.

“Do you even find my scent alluring?” I spat. “What if I weren’t your prospective mate? Would you even pay any attention to me?”

You’re an alpha, a different pedigree. I’m just a commoner, a girl that was abandoned by her parents. I’m nobody.”

I started tearing up. “I can’t be with someone who’s superior to me. I can’t be in a relationship where I constantly feel insignificant and burdened to live up to your expectations. This just can’t work.”

Aiden looked stunned, but he softly placed his hand on my cheek and stared straight into my eyes.

“Sienna, I don’t view you as a commoner that has to bend to my every whim.” He smiled. “I view you as an equal.”

Now, I was the one who looked stunned. *An equal?*

“Look, I can’t explain it, but,” Aiden said, furrowing his brow. “But lately, I feel connected to you, to what you want. I can sense your desires and your doubts like they’re my own. And I know you don’t want it here—in my office, on the conference table.”

Aiden started pacing now, clearly nervous, an emotion I hadn’t thought Aiden possessed.

This was weird as hell, and I sat back in complete bewilderment, not knowing what would come next in this one-man play.

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“What I’m trying to say is...” He turned to face me with a burst of confidence. “I think it’s time we go on a run.”

Oh. My.God.

