

The Millennium Wolves Series Book one Chapter: 05

Sienna I don't think I can do this

Sienna I can't go inside

Sienna I'm losing it, Michelle

Michelle

?!?

Michelle u serious bitch?

Michelle everyone and their mother would KILL to get inside the pack house

Michelle whats wrong?

Sienna This dress is overkill

Michelle

Sienna And with the Haze...

Michelle gurl stop. youre so fcking hot. go in there and have fun

Michelle u may even find a partner for the season!

Michelle what's the worst that can happen?

Sienna

The worst that could happen? Oh, Michelle. *You have no idea*, I thought.

We

had just parked and were making our way toward the towering front doors of the Pack House.

Everyone was dressed to the nines. With every step, I could feel my doom approaching

I wanted to turn around and sprint home.

Yes, even in heels. I was that desperate.

“Oh, this will be so good for our standing in the Pack,” Mom said, oblivious. “I can’t wait to meet the Alpha. I swear if I were a few years younger...”

“Mom, please.” I begged. “Stop.”

Luckily, my mom quickly became distracted again and I didn’t have to explain why I needed her to shut up so badly.

The Haze was doing a number on me right now. All day, I’d tried to repress it, but now... Now the Haze decided it was a good time to try and take hold of my body.

Just as we were attending the dinner party. *Please*, I once again begged my heating body. *I don’t have time for this.*

Fuck you, my body snapped back. Ugh, I was having conversations with my body now. It was just wrong. Damn Haze.

A human receptionist greeted us and led us into the dining hall.

Chandeliers, old portraits of former Alphas, and a dozen tables, set with silver cutlery fit for royalty. Not a bunch of commoners like

1. us.

When we sat down, I noticed our table was closest to the Alpha’s table.

Coincidence? I remembered Jeremy’s strange lingering look when he’d brought the invitation to our home.

But I disregarded it. Yes. It was a coincidence. It had to be.

From my seat, I finally had a good vantage point to judge the other ladies in attendance.

I was definitely *not* the best—looking, that much was for sure. There were other young women, about the Alpha’s age, in their late twenties, who were simply exquisite.

With their long, slender legs, their full, pouting lips, and sparkling golden eyes, I knew there was no way I could compare.

I was curvy, my fire—red hair fell wildly across my back, and my icy blue eyes were less...traditional I guess. But what I lacked in sophistication, I know I made up for in raw intensity.

Nobody in that room burned brighter. For better or worse.

“...what is a girl like *that* even doing here?” I heard one of the women whisper to her friends. They snickered.

Catty bitches.

It wasn't like they were royalty either. They just clearly thought of themselves that way.

I knew exactly what I was, and it wasn't some she-wolf on her hands and knees, begging to be ridden by an important Pack House wolf.

I actually stood for something.

Somewhere out there was a mate worth waiting for. Someone who would look into my eyes and really see me. Someone who, upon first sight, would love me. And I, him.

Here in the Pack House? There was nothing to see.

I'd almost considered leaving right then and there when I noticed one of the boys at another table eying my cleavage. I couldn't explain why, but I was flattered.

Just then, a woman strutted through the door, and the boy's eyes flicked to her immediately

Everyone, even the women, stared at her. Tan, tall, with a swan-like neck, she wore her red gown with the grace of a queen, not a werewolf.

“That's her!” Selene whispered. “That's Jocelyn, Aiden Norwood's ex. And there's her new man.

Beside Jocelyn was a blond spiky-haired hunk everyone knew. He was the Alpha's Beta, his number two. Josh Daniels. He kissed her on the cheek and took his seat next to the Alpha.

I wondered if he and Aiden could still be friends since Josh was dating Jocelyn now.

The thought didn't linger long because, the next thing I knew, Selene and Jeremy were taking me by the hand and leading me over.

What?!

Why?!

I hadn't asked to be introduced to anyone.

"Jocelyn, you're looking radiant as always," Selene cooed.

"Oh. Selene, you flatter me. You look

absolutely stunning in that dress," replied Jocelyn. "And who's this gorgeous girl? Your sister?"

Jocelyn grabbed my hand, and I suddenly felt full of the warmest, most healing energy imaginable. So much so that even my Haze was tempered

"It's good to meet you." She smiled. "I'm Jocelyn."

"Sienna," I managed.

I knew, from that touch, that Jocelyn must be a Healer. Despite her beauty, she was twice as nice as most of the girls in here.

But before we could continue speaking, we were interrupted by gasps all around.

I turned to see the life of the party, Mr. Aiden Norwood, Alpha of the East Coast Pack, enter the dining hall.

He wore an expensive tux with a dark green tie, which made the green in his golden eyes all the more evident.

His raven hair was tousled, like he'd just gotten out of bed. His jaw was clenched in an aggressive grin.

I had to admit... the sight of him alone was enough to make a girl wet.

"Welcome, my pack members," he said, unable to conceal a bit of the snarl in his throat. "Dinner will begin shortly, so please take a seat."

Although his statement was simple, gentleman-like even, I felt a threatening undercurrent laced within every word. It made me tense. It made me hunger.

It made the Haze rise within from its temporary slumber.

With a lopsided grin, the Alpha turned toward his seat. I couldn't take it.

Flares trailed down my body, colliding between my thighs. My throat dried, my cheeks flushed with renewed heat, and I had to bite my lip to keep myself from gasping.

Get a grip! I screamed inside my head. *You're not going to lose it in front of everyone, understood?*

Aiden sat down beside Josh and Jocelyn and, to my surprise, chatted warmly with both of them.

So the rumors weren't true. That was not what tortured him. Then what? .

I knew a thing or two about torture right now. The Haze was quietly tearing me apart.

During the Season, it was common knowledge that an unmated werewolf could scent out if someone nearby was Hazing.

If I wasn't careful, if I let my Haze take over, those unmated men would start to scent me.

Anything but that, I mentally begged. *I can't bear the humiliation.*

Being Hazed in public was like giving the world an invitation to screw your brains out.

As the first course was served, the unmated werewolf who served our table took a sniff of me, and his eyes lit up, which meant I'd started giving off the Haze scent.

Face aflame, I narrowed my eyes in warning and held his gaze, showing him I wasn't interested

He was cute, don't get me wrong, but I wasn't saving myself for some waiter at a dinner party.

He backed off at once—*smart guy*— distancing himself from me.

I was about to let out a sigh of relief when I felt someone's eyes on me.

I didn't dare look up.

That gaze, wherever it was coming from, had a powerful pull.

It seemed to be intensifying the Haze, magnifying it. Making me burn even hotter, if that was possible.

I squeaked, unable to bear it. My panties were suddenly damp, and my stomach clenched, making every other muscle in my body tense as well.

"Aren't you going to eat?"

I almost jumped when Mom spoke. I turned to give her a strained smile and nodded, gritting my teeth.

“In a minute.”

Mom, oblivious to my pain, shrugged and took a bite of her salmon. It looked delicious, but my hunger was fixated on

something other than food.

The eyes were still on me. I could feel it. And, worse, now I could feel others eyeing me as well.

My scent was wafting all over the hall, drawing every unmated wolf’s attention, demanding to be eased.

I had no choice.

I had to get out.

Now.

I stood up and murmured a strained “excuse me,” leaving my shawl on the table, and walked as fast as I could out of that damn dining room.

I knew

it went against the rules to excuse oneself in the middle of the meal, especially in the presence of the Alpha. It was akin to an insult to His Royal Highness.

I didn’t give a shit.

I practically sprinted to the restroom. Thankfully, it was empty. I locked the stall door and leaned on its wall, breathing

heavily.

The slim layer of silk that covered me was too much. My panties were too much. Everything was too much.

Before I could

stop myself, I pulled the hem of the dress up to my waist. I slid my hand under my panties, and at the touch of my finger on my clit, I almost exploded.

I started massaging, and I couldn’t stop. The heat was everywhere. Inside and out, consuming me.

I'd masturbated many times before this. It was the only way to get through every Haze without losing my mind. But I'd always done it in the privacy of my bedroom.

Never around so many hungry wolves.

Never in the bathroom of the goddamn Pack House.

I couldn't hold in the moan that escaped my mouth at the touch of my wet lips.

The tension, the need, the fire, it was agonizing. I was going to explode—for real this time.

But then I heard it. The door to the restroom opened, and footsteps echoed off the tiled floor. Not the sharp click of women's heels. The flat, low thud of...men's dress shoes.

I froze, and my heart slammed in my chest.

Just when I was about to yell at whoever had decided to enter the restroom and tell them to leave me the fuck alone, a deep, gravelly voice beat me to the punch.

"I can scent your arousal, woman."

My breathing stopped. *Oh. Fuck.* The Alpha was standing right outside my stall.