

THE MILLENNIUM WOLVES by SapirEngland

Chapter 1: CHAPTER 1- The Alpha By The River

All I could see was sex.

Everywhere I turned, there were bodies shuddering. Limbs shifting. Mouths moaning.

I ran through the forest, panting, trying to escape the carnal phantoms around me, which seemed to be summoning me. Saying, join us...

The deeper into the woods I ran, the darker and more alive the forest became.

Some trees swayed like lovers dancing in the moonlight. Others, with gnarled roots and spindly branches, looked like predators ready to devour me. Closing in on me. Chasing after me.

Something out there in the dark was chasing me. Something very inhuman.

Suddenly, the mouths weren't moaning. They were screaming.

I saw grotesque looking orgies everywhere turning violent, bloody, life-threatening.

Any second now, the darkness was going to catch me.

The sex was going to strangle me.

As I felt a root snake its way around my leg, I tripped and fell down a gaping hole at the center of the forest. Then I realized it wasn't a hole.

It was a mouth with very sharp teeth and a very long black tongue, licking it's lips, about to swallow me whole.

I tried to scream but I had no voice.

I fell.

Farther.

Deeper.

Until I was one with the violent, sexual, madness, completely consumed.

I blinked. What the hell was I drawing?

Sitting by the riverbank, sketchbook in hand, I looked down, disbelieving, at my own work. I had drawn a very disturbing and sexual vision.

That could only mean one thing: The Haze was coming.

But before I gave the haze or my drawing another thought, the sound of nearby giggling distracted me. I

turned to see a group of girls, surrounding him.

Aiden Norwood.

I'd never seen him here before. Not at the riverbank where I go to draw and clear my mind. You don't find a lot of our kind hanging out around here.

Why? I don't know.

Maybe it's the calm when we're always expected to be wild. Maybe it's the water when everyone of us burns with a fire within or maybe it's just a spot I've only ever thought as my own.

A secret place where I'm not one of the pack. Where I'm just me, Sienna Mercer, a nineteen-year-old red-headed self-taught artist and a seemingly normal girl.

The Alpha walked towards the water, ignoring the gaggle of girls following him. He looked like he wanted to be left alone. It made me curious. It made me want to draw him.

Sure, I knew it was a risk to draw the Alpha but how could I even resist?

I began to outline him. Towering at six feet five, with disheveled jet black hair and golden-green eyes that seemed to change color every time he turned his head, Aiden was the definition of mouth-watering.
1

I was just beginning to work on those eyes when he turned his head and sniffed.

I froze, mid-pen stroke. If he were to see me now, if he were to see what I was drawing...

But then, to my relief, he looked back out at the water, becoming lost again in some dark reverie. Even surrounded by others, the Alpha looked alone. So I drew him alone.

I had always watched him from afar though I had never been this close. But now I could see how his biceps bulged from his shirt, how his spine curved to accommodate his transformation.

I imagined how quickly he could shift. He bent over, eyes searching like a feral animal, he seemed in this instance, already half-way there.

A man, yes but even more so, a werewolf.

His beauty reminded me once again that the Haze was fast approaching. It was the time of the year when every werewolf from the age of sixteen and older goes mad with lust, the season where everyone, and I mean everyone, fucks like crazy.

Once or twice a year, this unpredictable hunger, this physical need would infect all of us in the pack.

Those of us who didn't have mates found a temporary partner instead and fooled around to their heart's content.

In other words, there was no one in the pack older than sixteen who was a virgin.

Looking at Aiden now, I wondered if the rumors swirling around him were true, if that was one of the reasons he was here, ignoring the girls, brooding by the riverbank.

Some said it had been months since Aiden had taken any woman to bed, that he was distancing himself from everyone.

I wondered why. Perhaps, a secret mate? No, the pack gossips would have sniffed her out by now.

Then what was it? What was to become of our beloved Alpha if he had no partner when the Haze struck?

It's none of your business, I chided myself. What did it matter to me who Aiden screwed?

He was ten years older than I was and like most werewolves, only interested in someone his own age.

To Aiden Norwood, the Alpha of the second largest pack in the United States, I didn't exist. Putting off my school-girl crush, I knew I was better off that way.

Michelle, my best friend, was dead-set on finding me a fuck-buddy for the season. She had already paired up in advance, as was common among unmated wolves before the Haze.

She had tried to set me up with three of her brother's friends, all of them seemed perfectly decent and they had been blunt that they thought me fit for a good time in the sack. Michelle could not understand why I had turned down each and everyone of them.

"Ugh." I could almost hear Michelle's voice reverberating in my head.

"Why are you always so damn picky, girl?"

I had to be picky because the truth was, I had a secret.

At the age of nineteen, I was the only she-wolf in our whole pack. I had been through three seasons, and no matter how sex-crazed I became, I had never given into my carnal desires.

I know, I know. Very un-wolfy of me to care about "feelings" and "first times", but I cherished mine. I wanted it to be special.

It wasn't that I was prude. In our society, there was no such thing but unlike most girls, I refused to settle for anything less until I found my mate.

I was going to find him.

I was saving my virginity for him.

Whoever he might be.

I continued to sketch the Alpha when I looked up and saw, to my surprise and sudden dread that he wasn't there anymore.

"Not bad." I heard a low voice beside me say.

"But the eyes could use a little more work."

I turned to see, standing right next to me, looking down at my sketch was ...

Aiden.

Fucking.

Norwood.

Before I could catch my breath, he looked up and our eyes met. I got tensed up realizing that I was making direct eye contact, and immediately looked away.

No one in their right mind dared to look the Alpha in the eyes.

It could only mean one of two things: You were either challenging the Alpha's dominance AKA a death wish, or, you were inviting the Alpha to have sex.

Since I didn't intend to do either, my only option was to look away before it was too late and pray he didn't misinterpret the meaning of the glance.

"Forgive me," I said quietly, just to be on the safe side. "You took me by surprise."

"I apologize," he said. "I didn't mean to startle you."

That voice, even saying the most polite words imaginable, they sounded loaded with menace. It was like at any second, he might rip my throat out with his bare human-form teeth.

"It's okay," he said. "Really, I don't bite, at least most of the time."

I was so close I could reach out and touch his rippling muscles and golden skin. I lifted my eyes and chanced a second look.

A brutal, jagged face that should not be handsome, but was. Thick eyebrows that looked coarse to the touch, like a hint of his werewolf form and a nose, even though it was slightly crooked no doubt broken in some past scuffle that still didn't interfere with his so-sexy-it-hurts looks.

The Alpha took a step closer as if to test me. I could feel every hair on my body rise up in trepidation, or was it temptation ?

"Next time you want to draw me, come closer." Aiden said.

"Oh, Okay." I sputtered like a complete idiot. 1

And then, just as quickly as he had appeared, Aiden Norwood turned and took off, leaving me by the river, alone once again. I sighed, feeling every muscle in my body ease.

It wasn't an everyday event to see the Alpha out of the Pack House, the headquarters for all pack business. Mostly, we saw the Alpha at gatherings or balls. Always something formal.

What had happened today was extremely rare.

I could already see, from the jealous looks of Aiden's adoring fans who had followed him here, only to be ignored, that this could quickly spiral out of control.

Even a whiff of interaction with a female, especially a young commoner like myself, would be enough to send the horniest bitches into a frenzy, tearing down the Pack House's walls just for a taste of him.

An event of such magnitude was sure to stress the Alpha out and a stressed Alpha meant a dysfunctional Alpha, which meant a dysfunctional pack...you get the picture.

No one wanted that.

I decided, with the little light that was left of the day, I would finish drawing to clear my mind. Just me and the river in peace.

But all I could see were Aideen Norwood's eyes and how very wrongly I had drawn them. The Alpha was right. I could do better.

If I could just get...closer. But when would I ever be this close again?

I didn't know then what I know now. That within a few hours, the Haze was about to begin.

That I was about to become a sex-crazed beast and that Aiden Norwood, the Alpha of the East Coast Pack, was going to play a very prominent role in my sexual awakening...

It was enough to make a girl howl.

COMMENT

1 comment

VOTE

Chapter 2: CHAPTER 2- The Haze

(Text Messages)

Mom: Dear Sienna, Where are you?

Sienna: Mom, how many times do I have to tell you that you don't need to start msgs with dear.

Mom: But it's more special that way! Like a letter just for you.

Sienna: 😊

Mom: Hurry home! Your sister is here and she brought Jeremy. You know what that means...FRESH GOSSIP.

Sienna: Err...cool? I'll be back home soon.

Mom: Great. Love, Mom.

SIENNA's POV

You don't get to decide when and where the Haze hits you.

Driving, better pull over as fast as you can or you'll end up causing a fifty-car pileup.

At work? Punch the clock and run for the hills or you and your boss may become a lot more than colleagues.

As I sat down to dinner, I prayed it wouldn't hit me while I was with my family - the worst possible place, in my mind.

As I helped set the table and served a plate of homemade lasagna to Selene, I eyed the back door, in case I had to make an impromptu escape.

I sat down to eat with the whole family, who were already in the middle of a lively conversation.

"What is it, Jeremy?" My mom asked, nodding to my sister's mate. "You have barely said a word since you walked in. How's work?"

"You don't have to answer that counselor," Selene said, shooting mom an amused glare.

"Well," Jeremy laughed, "if you're asking for gossip about our leadership, Melissa, you know I can't divulge that kind of information."

"Not even a nod to confirm or deny?"

"Mom," Selene said. "He's the Pack's head lawyer. His job is to keep their secrets."

"But," Mom sighed. "I don't need to know anything of consequence. Just a little charter. Like...is it true that our Alpha and Jocelyn are no longer an item and now she's dating his beta, Josh?"

"Mom," Selene and I said in unison.

Jeremy grinned. "I plead the fifth."

"Oh, you're no fun, any of you."

The woman acted more like a teenager than both her daughters combined but we loved her more for it. Most of the time.

"You could ask me about my work, you know," Selene said.

"I did, didn't I?" She asked through a mouthful of lasagna. "I'm sure I did."

Selene rolled her eyes. Mom had always wanted Selene to pursue a more stable career. Fashion, my

mother thought, wasn't an occupation. It was a hobby.

"One day, something is in, the next day, something is out," She would say. "That's true with clothes and the whole industry, Selene. Think long-term."

Well, now Selene had succeeded in proving years of mother's advice wrong, and was actively working at one of the top fashion design firms in the city.

Selene just always let mom's insults roll right off her shoulders. On every level, she was the prettier, smarter, more successful version of me.

Whenever I said this out loud, which I did often, Selene would shove me gently and just say, "You're still young, Si. Give it time."

But when it came down to my dreams, to my future career as the world's greatest artist, I had never been patient. One day, I was going to open my very own gallery.

One day soon, I promised myself. I didn't care what mom said. Selene had proven that she wasn't right about everything.

"That's all right, Mom." Selene said, changing the subject. "Gossip's more interesting anyway. Speaking of which..."

Selene's eyes flicked to me. I gave her a silent head shake. Please. Don't.

"Any idea who might be your partner for the season, Si?"

"Ooh yes," Mom said, turning. "What, or should I just say, who is on the menu this year?"

"A she-wolf never reveals her secret," I said, playing coy.

For a second, my family actually seemed like they would move on.

I had a way of doing that, steering conversations, taking control, keeping the attention on anyone but me. Although I was the youngest, I had always had that authoritative ability. 1

But my mother caught herself.

There she goes again. "Our little dominant, always making us submit to her whims. C'mon, Si. Tell us. Is there a boy?"

"Some of us like to keep our private lives private, Mom." I said.

Mom shrugged. "There's nothing to hide. I know your father is certainly looking forward to this year's Haze, aren't you, darling."

"I'm counting the seconds," Dad said, holding up his glass of wine smiling mischievously.

"Guys. PLEASE. So gross!"

It was gross, sure. But that wasn't the reason it bothered me so much. My mom had always been a sexually liberated creature. No, what I didn't like was the lying.

When I said my virginity was my secret, I meant it. Not even my mom knew which was weird because we had always been so open with each other about everything. She'd never kept the truth from me.

Not about how she met Dad, not about how the two of them had their one and only daughter, Selene and certainly not about how they found me.

They're not actually my biological parents.

I was discovered in an abandoned carriage outside the hospital where my mom worked, not that it mattered, Mom had always said.

I was about to change the subject to anything, anything other than the Haze when it happened.

I froze. A slow, pulsing molten heat ignited within my core, making my body feel as if it were on fire.

Breathing became impossible, sweat covered every inch of my skin, and before I could resist, the seam of my jeans pressed tight into my groin.

I quivered with sudden, unbearable longing and desire.

FUCK.

A harsh gasp escaped my mouth before I could stop it, and when I opened my eyes, which I couldn't even remember closing, I saw that everyone else in the dining room except from dad had the same reaction as me.

No, no, no.

Not here.

Not around family.

The way my sister stared at Jeremy. The way my mom rose out of her seat , leaning towards my dad.

I couldn't bear it, I ran from the room as fast as my feet could take me.

The kitchen.

The hallway.

The front door.

And out into the cool night where I collapsed unto my knees.

The Haze crawled through my body like a venomous snake. My nipples hardened and my stomach shuddered, tightening with pent up sexual needs.

My throat was clogged and I fought to breathe. Even in the windy night, my clothes stuck to my skin. I wanted them off, there and then.

I wanted someone's hands on my breasts, on my belly, on my sex...

Oh, God. The Haze had never been this strong before.

It was probably an accumulation of every pent up sexual need and frustration I had repressed throughout the past three seasons.

I should have expected it. Of course this was going to happen. What had I been thinking? I wasn't and now I was paying the price.

I looked behind me at my home, a place where I'd normally find safety and comfort but not right now. No way. My parents were no doubt probably already making the most of the Haze.

The thought of Selene and Jeremy wasn't much better either but at least they acted more like people, less like wolves- respecting boundaries, privacy, societal norms.

They would probably make it back to their apartment downtown before they finally acted upon the urge.

I put them all out of my mind and ran for the trail towards the woods.

I passed humans, totally oblivious, minding their own business, and some wolves who were, like me, in the first stage of the Haze and trying to figure out their bearings.

It was quite easier for them. They weren't virgins. They'd had lots of sex during previous seasons but not me. I was hazed out of my goddamned mind.

At the entrance of the woods, I stripped. I didn't care if someone saw me. I needed to shift.

Right here.

Right now.

Normally, I am in complete control whenever I shift but not when the Haze was taking over. No. I couldn't stay in this human form any longer.

I closed my eyes and felt the bliss shifting.

Usually, I would feel every bit of the change: The limbs stretching, the muscles tensing, the body growing tall, the red fur matching my human hair that sprouted from my skin, covering me whole.

But not now. Now, I felt nothing but the Haze.

I breathed and my voice was a growl. My fingers, now charcoal-black claws. Through the eyes of a wolf, everything was more aggressive, more violent.

Especially now, when the Haze was just beginning.

Now in my full wolf shape, I raced deep into the woods.

The cold wind blew over my fur, the hard ground was moist under my paws, and the scents of the woods filled my nose.

Howls resounded in the woods, the unmated kind. The kind who were looking for a partner.

I cursed inwardly. In my Haze, I had forgotten to think of the implications.

Going into the woods at the beginning of the season was like begging to be fucked. These woods were like a college bar. All thirst and stupid impulses.

Any second now, a wolf was going to get a sniff of my scent and recognize I had no attachment. They would stalk me until I yielded. More than one, I was sure of it.

A game, a challenge, for who could win the unpartnered she-wolf first.

Even if my body begged to differ, I wouldn't give in so easily. These wolves could have as much sex as they wanted. I wasn't judging but I was waiting.

Waiting for that moment, that instant, that sudden indescribable look of recognition when two weres make eye contact and know they're mated for life.

I couldn't wait for that to happen to me.

But out here in the woods at the start of the Haze? It was unlikely, to say the least.

I became hyper-aware of the male wolves, their every moment, their scent.

I ran brazenly, releasing pheromones into the air, luring them closer and soon I knew they would have me cornered.

Five of them, all hungry male wolves.

My body liked it. Oh, did it ever.

For a second, I wondered if this would be the year.

Would I finally cave? Would I give into these five males, taking them all at once. Would I finally lose my virginity, right here, right now in the middle of the forest?

As the Haze took over and all my desires to wait for my mate began to melt away, I asked myself, what was stopping me? Honestly? I wanted it.

Or did I.

COMMENT

1 comment

VOTE

Chapter 3: CHAPTER 3- An Invitation

SIENNA's POV

Never in my life had I wanted to fuck so badly.

I didn't just scent the five wolves surrounding me now, I could see them.

A large blond wolf, a strange sight if you didn't know that he was a blond in human form, rounded a tree, slowly stalking towards me. He was big, but that didn't make him a dominant.

His eyes, like most wolves, were a bright gold. I was an exception; mine were as icy blue in my wolf form as they were in human form.

From the appreciative looks the blond wolf gave me, he recognized their uniqueness as well.

I saw the other four circle around me from the corner of my eyes, making me feel claustrophobic. One of them came so close that I could feel his nose on my butt, sniffing my stimulation.

The two to my right were snarling with visible lust-filled eyes, the one to my left was licking his lips, and the big blond in front of me crouched down in anticipation, ready to pounce on me.

Most werewolves preferred having sex in human form, but these five were Hazed beyond reasoning and wanted it now.

I was about to close my eyes and give in to this violent, animalistic orgy.

My body moaned as the wolf behind me began to lick my hind legs. I wanted these males to taste me, to fuck me into oblivion...until I remembered her face.

Emily's face.

Only a flash and it was enough to knock me back to my senses. Like a bucket of freezing water spilled over my body, I snapped out of my Haze. It was only but a dull heat deep in my core now.

I had control.

I growled at them as loud as I could, making sure these wolves knew I wasn't interested. But typical males, they didn't like following orders, much less from a female. They kept on licking their lips and moving closer.

Tired of this shit, I growled again. The kind of growl that said, "Lay a paw on me, and I'll make sure you lose it."

The blond wolf before me could see from my expression that I wasn't fucking around anymore. He

backed away slowly and turned around retreating. The three other wolves to my sides realized it a second later and backed off.

The only one who seemed to have a problem reading or rather scenting signals was the one behind me. The one who had licked me and who'd gotten a good whiff. He leaned forward again.

That's it, I thought. I had had enough.

I turned around with lightning speed and sank my sharp teeth into his neck. I clamped down hard, making him bleed.

He growled in pain, struggling to back away now but I didn't let go. This wolf would definitely learn his lesson today.

Only when I felt that I was about to tear his jugular did I release him. The wolf didn't stop to stare.

He knew who was in charge now, turning and hightailing it out of there. When I looked back, the other four were long gone.

Satisfied, I ran farther into the woods. I could scent the sex in the air.

My Haze began to creep back up, and I kept running, trying hard to repress it. I couldn't let it out this time. Not again.

When I returned to the spot where I had ditched my clothes, I started to shift back into my human form.

This time, I felt every excruciating detail, the bones thinning, the neck turning slender, the hind legs stretching, the arms folding and unfolding.

Then it was over and I was human again.

I took a deep breath, getting my bearings, just standing there, as naked as the day I was born. Thanking Emily for coming to my aid...as painful as that memory was.

I wasn't about to go there. Not now, no. What mattered right now was that I had resisted the Haze.

My virginity was still intact. Saved for the wolf that I would call my mate, even though the Haze was just beginning.

"My goodness", I sighed deeply and quickly put on my clothes.

I hear the familiar tone of a messages entering my phone. I grabbed the phone to see who it was.

(TEXT MESSAGES)

Selene: Coast is clear, sis.

Selene: Kind of surprised how short it was tbh, from what I could hear.

Sienna: Eww

Sienna: Tmi

Selene: You're such a square. I'm glad mom and dad still... 🍎 🍎

Sienna: STOP! PLZ.

Selene: 🍎 🍎 🐾

Sienna: Thx for that

Sienna: You didn't go home ?

Selene: Leaving now.

Selene: You find your partner tonite? 😊

Sienna: None of your business.

Selene: I have this feeling you're gonna meet your mate this season.

Selene: Call it a she-wolf's instinct

Sienna: Doubt it

Selene always had a way of seeing the future. Some sort of animal sixth sense thing that she had. But I didn't see how this future could be possible at this moment.

Me finding my mate? I had been out all night and hadn't found a single wolf who fit the description. There was still time of course. A whole season.

When I finally arrived home, my parents had already scratched their itch for the night.

My father was sitting in the living room, watching the local news, my mom on the other hand was doing the laundry.

"You barely got to eat, huh?" Dad asked.

"I'm fine." I said, heading for the stairs.

"I bet she's got her fill." Mom smirked.

"Mom! Disgusting..."

Again, I felt the twinge of guilt I've felt every day since I was sixteen for not telling my mother the truth. About my virginity. About everything. But I shook it off.

"Why did Selene and Jeremy rush off like that? They just got here." I asked, like I hadn't just been texting Selene moments ago.

"Oh, Jeremy was called in for an urgent meeting at the Pack House," Mom said. "It makes you curious,

doesn't it?"

I thought again of the Alpha, our meeting that afternoon at the riverbank still fresh in my mind, replaying over and over again. How dark and glowering his eyes had been. What was going on that they needed to involve Jeremy, the pack's lawyer?

"I wonder, I wonder," My mom said, as if hearing my thoughts, her eyes twinkling. "Do you think the stories are true? About the Alpha's love life? Maybe that would explain why he's been so remote lately."

"Mom. Stop meddling in other people's lives."

"Oh, but it's so fun. You should try it sometime."

When it comes to Aiden Norwood, I had to admit, the urge to gossip, to meddle, to know everything there was to know about him made my imagination run wild. The very thought of him made the Haze rise up again. Blushing, I continued heading up the stairs.

"I'm going to bed, goodnight mom."

"Sweet dreams, my dear," Mom called out.

"Hope they're extra sweet... If you catch my drift."

I rolled my eyes and couldn't help but laugh. But when I locked my door, turned off the lights and collapsed onto my bed, all I could think of was Aiden Norwood, he filled my thoughts, his sweet & woody scent, the way the light made his gorgeous golden-green eyes shine like gold, the way his biceps bulged, his lips, what those lips could do to me.

This was torture. Falling asleep, I prayed I would never have to see the Alpha again.

I woke up the next morning to the sound of my phone.

(TEXT MESSAGES)

Michelle: OMG. DID YOU HEAR ...

Sienna: Hear what?

Sienna: ????????

Sienna: You can't send a text like that and not follow up.

Sienna: MICHELLE!

Sienna: HELLO???

Michelle: alpha's inviting ppl to the pack house.

Sienna: 😬

Sienna: No way

Sienna: But there's no ball or anything

Michelle: It's a lottery!

Michelle: Invitations are already out.

Sienna: Oh, so like 5 fams get to go and that's it

Michelle: U never know...

This? This was one of those articles you didn't even read, just scanned over as you continued to sip your coffee and put off going to work or school.

Who cared that the Alpha was having some random families invited to the Pack House?

Sure, it was out of the ordinary, but it was just a way for the leadership to show they cared about everyone in the pack once in a while.

It was politics, I figured. That was all it was.

Nothing worthy of a 7 AM text.

Awesome, I thought. Now I couldn't get back to sleep even if I tried. Thanks Michelle, she just had to bring up the Alpha.

Aiden and the Haze, not a good combo.

I got up and made my way downstairs. I was surprised to find Selene, Jeremy, Mom and even Dad considering he was never up this early, around the kitchen table, all looking at something.

"What's going on?" I asked, rubbing my eyes, still feeling a little groggy.

"Oh, nothing," Selene said. "Just standing here with our Jaws on the floor for the fun of it."

"What are you talking about?"

"Come take a look dummy!"

I walked over, looked at the center of the table, and stopped in my tracks.

No way.

It couldn't be.

This must be some sort of prank.

It was an invitation to the dinner at the Pack House.

"But why...why us?" Was all I could manage.

"You know how it works," Selene said.

"It's a lottery. That or maybe Jeremy rigged it."

"I would never," Jeremy said with a laugh.

An irrationally stupid thought occurred to me then. A silly suspicion that couldn't possibly be true but that for just an instant, felt so real that it had to be.

What if, I wondered...

What if Aiden Norwood rigged the lottery just to see me again?

Come on Sienna. Who was I kidding? There was no way the Alpha even remembered me let alone going to these lengths just to see me again.

I was just some girl he had caught drawing him. Right?

But when I looked at Jeremy, there was something I couldn't read in his expression. Something suspicious. Like this was all related to me somehow.

But how?

I didn't have time to overanalyze Jeremy's look because mom grabbed me and Selene by the shoulders bursting with excitement.

"Can you believe it? A private audience with the Alpha!"

"Not that private," Jeremy reminded.

"There are a few other families coming."

"Oh, what's the difference! This is going to be so much fun. Who knows how hot things might even get," She declared fanning herself with the invite.

Fun? Was my entire family nuts? No, it was not going to be fun.

We had just begun the Haze for crying out loud, and while my parents and sister had a partner to, ahem, you-know-what with, I didn't.

A fact that would be obvious to every other unmated werewolf within my scent's radar.

Don't get me wrong. I wasn't anti-sex. I was all about it if I could find my mate. But to think I would find him at the Pack House of all places? Please. A hazed virgin she-wolf can only take so much.

I didn't know about the other families who were attending the dinner party, but I did know one person in attendance who was unmated and very much on the prowl for the season.

I gulped. This was going to be a disaster.

COMMENT

8 comments

VOTE

Chapter 4: CHAPTER 4 -The Dress

AIDEN's POV

Parties!

God knows how much I hate parties. Don't get me wrong. I knew how important they were. Giving the pack a chance to meet their leader? To know and respect and fear their Alpha?

It was essential. But, normally, we had to worry about only two events per year. The Yule Ball and the Summer's Solstice. This dinner was all my beta, Josh's idea.

And while I loved the blond spiky-haired bastard, the last thing I was in the mood for was extra party planning.

"So, do we want the raised platform or not?" Josh asked, pacing, looking over his clipboard. "On one hand, giving you a seat above the commoners will further cement your superiority. On the other hand, being leveled with them, will make you more relata--"

"Josh please," I growled, shaking my head and cutting him short.

Josh stopped, put down the clipboard, and looked me squarely in the eye.

He was probably the only werewolf in the whole pack who had balls enough to make direct eye contact with his Alpha.

But that was only because, when Josh gave me a look, it was never as challenger. It was as my best friend. I knew the difference.

"Normally, you want to go over every single detail."

It was true. I sweat the details. I wasn't a micro-manager, but if you're the Alpha, you have to be decisive at all times. About every single thing.

But right now?

"I am just not feeling it today, Josh," I said. "Is that all right?"

"Of course. It's just...I think tonight will be good for you. Most especially for the morale of the pack. And, who knows, maybe for some lucky lady..." He grinned mischievously.

"You're playing matchmaker on me, really Josh? Or was that Jocelyn's idea?"

I noticed Josh's body stiffen at the mention of his current partner. She had been mine the previous Season, but there were no hard feelings. We were both adults after all.

And Eskimo brothers, I supposed.

Josh sat down across from me, and I knew from the crossed arms, I was in for one of his trademark "pep talks." Great...

"Look Aiden," he said, waving his arms animatedly. "I know you've been through a lot lately, man. The East Coast Pack has faced a lot of challenges the past few months. Now you're in another Season with no mate. Hell, you haven't even picked a partner to shack up with."

I felt my lips quiver and curl. Josh must have noticed because he looked down and quickly changed the subject.

"The point is," Josh continued, "you haven't been yourself lately. I am saying this not just as your beta but as your friend, man. I'm worried about you, if you don't find a mate soon... If your love life is off-balance, then..."

I looked aside. Josh was right to be worried about me.

When Alphas didn't have a partner during the Haze, even just a reliable fuck-buddy, their leadership suffered.

But eventually, all alphas had to find their mate or else their powers would slowly weaken and they'd be replaced by a stronger Alpha.

But Josh didn't know everything.

I had a secret worth keeping this Season. A reason to wait.

"Your concern is noted, Josh," I said, turning back to him. "But don't butt your nose into my private life, understand? I am speaking now as your Alpha."

Now, I starred Josh down. There was palpable tension between us. For a second, his gaze lingered. And not just as my friend.

Did he dare challenge my dominance ?

But, finally, Josh looked down and nodded.

"Of course, my Alpha," he said quietly.

"Good," I said, already feeling better.

I stood up and stepped around the table to consider Josh's clipboard, taking a look at the seating arrangements, an idea beginning to take form.

"If we're still talking details, there is one small adjustment I'd like to make..."

TEXT MESSAGES

(BFFs Group Chat)

SIENNA: Okay guys.

SIENNA: Confession time.

MICHELLE: U got invited to the pack house, everybody knows.

SIENNA: What??? How???

ERICA: 🌸🌸🌸

MIA: Yasss bitch

MICHELLE: sorry, babe. u know I can't keep a secret.

SIENNA: You are the worst, Michelle.

MICHELLE: 😏😏😏

MIA: So, since we're dropping 🌟🌟🌟s

MIA: Harry and I

MIA: We may have just...mated

SIENNA: WHAAAATTT?!?

MICHELLE: ❤️❤️❤️

MICHELLE: congrats girl! (totes saw it coming)

SIENNA: So happy for you, Mia!!!

ERICA: Yay mia!

ERICA: why am I the only one ever with no news

MIA: Thanks guys.

MIA: But, sj, u better send us updates tonite.

MICHELLE: Especially if it's about our sexy alpha...

SIENNA: 😏No promises.

SIENNA's POV

I know I should have probably been distracted with the event at the pack house tonight, but all I could

think about was Mia and Harry. I couldn't believe it.

Mia mated with Harry-fucking-Milton.

For years, the two of them had been best friends. One hundred percent platonic.

The fact that now, all of a sudden, the two were not only hooking up...but they had actually mated?

It was almost unheard of.

Usually mates knew the first time they looked into each other's eyes. They recognized the connection on some deeper, animal level.

This was true of my parents, Of Jeremy ad Selene, of almost everyone I knew.

Even people who turned out to be mates after years of being lovers were even more common than what had happened to Mia and Harry.

Lucky bitch, I thought.

I admit I was a little Jealous. It was a dream, finding a mate who already knew everything there was to know about you, who you trusted. It sounded so beautifully simple.

Unlike my no-sex, no-mate, all-haze situation.

I opened my closet and searched for something to wear to the dinner. I didn't have anything nearly elegant enough.

Just then, a knock at my bedroom door grabbed my attention.

"I knew you were hopeless, Sis," Selene said, stepping inside. "Which is why I came prepared..."

In her hands was a very beautiful evening dress, made of light green silk, so long that it seemed to never end. I only need a single glance at it to know it was perfect.

"How did you.." I started.

"I bought it for the Yule Ball two years ago, but with my complexion ? It just didn't work. I never even wore it. So I saved it for a rainy day."

I could see why it wouldn't have worked. Selene was a platinum blonde. Green called for red hair. Like mine.

"Well," Selene pushed, "are you going to stare at it all day or try it on?"

I didn't hesitate. Never shy about being naked around my sister, I stripped all my clothes off and slipped into the dress. It felt like it had been made just for me.

Even though Selene and I were very different sizes. She was tall and waifish, whereas I was more curvaceous.

So how was it that this dress made me look as if my body was poured into it?

"I tailored it, just for you," Selene said, winking, as if reading my mind.

I took a look in the mirror and couldn't believe the reflection that starred back at me.

The dress ended gracefully at my ankles, with the generously open back tapering just above my butt and the front accentuating my cleavage.

I was right about the color. My red hair and bright blue eyes made the green positively pop.

"Dad's going to have a heart attack." Selene laughed. "You look amazing...But..."

Yeah. I could see what Selene was saying. The dress was undeniably very sexy. But right now, I didn't care. Nothing had ever felt more right in the world.

"It's perfect," I said.

Selene beamed and gave me a hug.

"C'mon, let's go show Mom."

It didn't take long for both Mom and Dad to have their predictable reactions.

"You. Look. DELECTABLE!" Mom said.

I grimaced. That word choice could not be worse.

"Uh, yes," Dad said, looking anywhere but at me directly. "Very...beautiful...I just..."

"That's all right, Dad." I laughed.

"You know," Mom said, stepping towards me, "looking at you in this, I can almost forget for a second that you're only nineteen. It makes me wonder...If a certain Alpha would feel the same."

"Mom," I said, rolling my eyes. "This is just a chance for locals to meet their leadership. Can we move on?"

Again, my conversational sway over the family seemed to be working.

They were already asking Selene what she would be wearing. But then my mother shook it off, remembering her favorite topic: gossip.

"Sienna," She said, "your meddling mother did hear a little rumor, though. That the reason our beloved Alpha is inviting all these strangers into his Pack House is to find himself a lover for the season."

And just like that my happy bubble got burst.

The last thing in the world I needed was Aiden Norwood looking for a lover tonight and settling on me. Especially after our chance meeting by the riverbank.

I wasn't going to be any wolf's side piece, Alpha or not. I wanted a lifetime mate.

I scowled at my mother. "Really, Mom? Just for once, could you not..."

"I'm just saying!" She said, hands up and looking defensive. "He doesn't have a partner for this Season. Is it so wrong to fantasize a little, Sienna?"

Yes, Mom. It was wrong. And it wasn't a fantasy. The idea of me and the Alpha was ridiculous. We had already made eye contact and nothing had happened. So there was no way he was my mate. If anything, he just wanted to...

FUCK. Now, I was thinking about us fucking.

Just the idea alone was enough to spark my Haze again. It had been dormant until now, exactly as I had hoped to keep it for the whole evening.

I couldn't show up to a Pack House full of hungry wolves...like this.

"I need to go change," I stammered, turning and running out of the room.

"Wait, Sienna," my mom called after me. "I was just teasing!"

I ran into my room and slammed the door, trying to take off the dress. But it was so tight. And I needed to be unzipped.

And...

And...

"Sienna." I heard Selene's voice on the other side of the door. "Don't let Mom get into your head. Just be yourself. It's going to be great. Like you said, it's perfect. Right?"

"...right." I said, calming my breathing. "Thanks, Selene."

I grabbed a shawl, to cover my shoulders at the very least and minimize the dress's sexiness.

I only hoped by the time we arrived at the Pack House my Haze would have subsided.

As we drove up to the enormous mansion, far from the activities of our town, the sole source of illumination in the quiet evening of the countryside, and my family chatted busily, buzzing with excitement, it happened again.

The Haze pulsed and prodded and penetrated every corner of my being. As if it knew, just from seeing the Pack House, that what awaited within...was worth waking up for.

Please don't do this, I begged my body. Please not here. Not now.

But as I was about to discover, my body had other plans in store for me...

COMMENT

4 comments

VOTE

Chapter 5: CHAPTER 5 - The Party

TEXT MESSAGES

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 mothers would KILL to get inside the pack house

MICHELLE: what's wrong?

SIENNA: This dress is overkill

MICHELLE: 😏

SIENNA: And with the Haze...

MICHELLE: gurl stop. you're so fucking hot. go in there and have fun

MICHELLE: u may even find a partner for the season!

MICHELLE: what's the worst thing that can happen ?

SIENNA's POV

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

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

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

I wanted to turn around and sprint all the way home.

Yes, even in my heels. I was that desperate.

"Oh, this will be so good for our social standing in the Pack," Mom said, oblivious. "I can't wait to meet the Alpha. I swear if only 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 had tried to repress it, but now... Now the Haze decided it was a good time to strongly try and take ahold 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 harder. Ugh, I was having conversations with my body now. It was just wrong. Damn Haze.

A very tall blond 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. Definitely not a bunch of commoners like us.

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

Coincidence? I remembered Jeremy's strange lingering look when we'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 ever compare to them.

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 woman loudly '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.

Unlike them, I actually stood for something.

Somewhere out there there was a mate worth waiting for. Someone who would look into my eyes and really see me. Someone who, upon first sight, would truly 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 that one of the boys at another table was eyeing 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 with the grace of a queen, not a werewolf.

"That's her!" Selene whispered. "That's Jocelyn, Aiden Norwood's ex girlfriend. 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 for long because, the next thing I knew, Selene and Jeremy were taking me by the hands and leading me over towards them.

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

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

"Sienna," I managed.

I knew, from that touch, that Jocelyn was definitely 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, entering 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 mere 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 he had said. 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 lips 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 the both of them.

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

Speaking of, 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.

The gaze, wherever it was coming from, had a very 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 then 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 dining 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 hall.

I knew it was 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 right 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 had masturbated many times before this. It was the only way to get through every year's Haze without losing my mind. But I had always done it in the privacy of my own 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, beating loudly.

Just when I was about to yell at whoever had decided to enter into 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.

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