



Series

The Millennium Wolves
Book 5 - Chapter 4

Dark Mode



Chapters

Sienna

After I left Mom and Selene, all I could think about was what they'd said about the pregnancy haze. The *praze*, they'd called it.

My body was a mess of excitement and nervousness. Aiden and I already hazed harder than everyone else. He was an Alpha, and I was a dominant, which meant that our lust was already through the roof.

So what the hell is about to happen to us?

I parked in our driveway and headed to the front door, ready to unlock it with my key, but as soon as I jammed the key into the lock, something happened.

It was like a water balloon of electricity, somehow cold and hot at the same time, exploded in my sex.

And when it exploded, it left tingles coursing through every inch of my body.



I felt every single one of my cells pop to attention and every single hair on my skin stand up straight.

Goosebumps ran up and down my limbs.

My nipples stretched and hardened, getting even harder as they felt the tight lace of my bra around



harder as they felt the tight lace of my bra around them.

And my sex?

That was a whole other story.

I was wet, pulsating, aching for release.

And it had only been one goddamn second.

With a trembling hand, I pushed the door open. But I didn't move. I was scared what might happen if I caused any sort of friction anywhere, and my jeans were tight enough to be a threat.

"AIDEN!" I screamed, and a few moments later, he was walking toward me. The sight of him alone was enough to push me right to the edge.

As soon as our eyes locked, I could sense the shift.

It hit him.



Hard.

His pupils dilated, his lips clenched, his biceps strained against the fabric of his thin T-shirt. I watched as his muscles contracted, as his cheeks turned rosy.



Tight jeans or not, I couldn't wait another second.

I ran for him, lunging right at him, tackling him to the floor. And then we weren't mates—no, not anymore. We were armies. At war with each other.

It was a battle of who could tear their clothes off first, who could push their way on top, who could make themselves *feel* exactly what they had to feel at exactly the right time. Usually, I'm a pretty generous lover -

- but not now.

Now, I was focused on one thing and one thing only.

My own release.

He had forced his way on top of me, and I was spreading my legs as far as they'd go, pulling his hips into my sex, making his hardness rub me there harder.



Only the lace of my panties separated us, but still, it was too much.

So my hands left his back, where my fingernails had been scratching him, and moved to my panties. Without giving it much thought, I pulled the lace apart, until all that was left were fragments.

Now we were skin to skin, and he was rubbing against me, hitting my clit with every upward motion.

“FUCK!” I growled, needing more.

More.

More.

More.

Without warning, he thrust himself inside me. Filling me, pumping in and out with no sign of tenderness at all. I opened my eyes, watching his face. The expression on it was pure, unadulterated lust.

It was primal.

Raw.

And, still, he continued to pound me harder.



“AAHHHHH!” I screamed out as I felt my body nearing the edge.

The mountain kept getting bigger and bigger, and as my sex tightened and the pleasure increased, I was kind of terrified about what was waiting for me on the other side.



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I'd never climbed a mountain this big before.

I'd never felt so much tightness, so much pleasure, so much *need*.

"I wanna see you scream," Aiden growled into my face, droplets of spit falling onto me as he spoke. That was how intense he was speaking.

And it turned me the fuck on.

It pushed me right up to the edge of the final lookout.

Right up to the final jump.

And then, before I could make sense of my feelings, Aiden started pumping harder and rubbing my clit with his finger at the same time.

That was it.

I was flying.



Flying, flying, flying—down an endless drop, my entire body shaking with euphoria. It was the sweetest shot of sin, it burned me from the inside out, it set me on fire. I couldn't open my eyes. I couldn't make a sound. I couldn't breathe.

Would I be stuck like this forever?





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Caught in the free fall of a vicious, uncontrollable, incomparable release?

But then the orgasm started to subside, and I was able to catch my breath, able to move my arms and my legs. I wrapped my hands around Aiden's back as he slowed his pumping down and pulled out of me.

He'd finished too, but I'd missed it. Because I was so lost in my own free fall.

I brought my hands to his face and noticed they were red with blood. I lifted my head up and checked out his back, gasping.

I'd scratched his skin *right off*.



"Oh my God, I made you bleed! Does it hurt? Are you okay?"

But Aiden just laughed, rolling off me and collapsing onto his back. "I don't know *what* that was. But holy fuck," he said.

"Holy *fuck*," I repeated. And then I rolled my head, turning to face him. He turned his head to me too. "That's the praze," I informed him.

"The what?"

"The praze. It's the haze that only hits a pregnant

werewolf and her mate, so no one else feels—”

Suddenly, the same water balloon of electricity popped in my sex again.

My whole body was tingling, on fire, needing more satisfaction.

I looked at Aiden. His eyes were wild with the same passion.

Here we go again.

In the next second, he was carrying me to the couch, flipping me over, and entering me from behind. Pounding, pounding, pounding. Release.

We came down. Had a few minutes to breathe.

And then, BANG!

More electricity.

More fire.

We fucked in the kitchen, in the pantry, and on the dining room floor.

We fucked in the shower, in front of the mirror, and on the backyard porch.



I ate peanut butter off his abs, and he dripped candle wax on my chest.

Nothing was off-limits.

Nothing was too much.

Release was the only thing that mattered. It was a team sport, and we would both be winning MVP awards this season. Because we couldn't stop—not even if we wanted to—but every round, it was different.

The praise was staying the same, but we were getting better.

And goddamn if my mom and Selene weren't right.

I was feeling this enough for the whole fucking pack.

Josh



Michelle was staring at me like a crazy person. “Okay, fine, I’ll call. But I think you’re overreacting.”

“She hasn’t responded to my texts in three days! And I *know* Aiden’s been ignoring you too!”

“Maybe they’re busy with the pregnancy.”

“Maybe they’re busy with the pregnancy, Michelle.”

She put her hands on her hips and tapped her foot. “You better call him right now, Josh. I’m not playing here.”

I sighed, pressing Aiden’s number into my phone. I had no choice but to do what she said when she got like this. Otherwise, it’d turn into World War III.

And I did not want to go to war with Michelle. I didn’t have to be the smartest guy in the pack to know she’d take me prisoner.

“It’s ringing,” I told her.



She kept tapping her foot.

“You’ve reached Aiden Norwood, Pack Alpha. Leave a message,” I heard through the phone. I hung up.

“Voicemail.”

“See? Something’s UP! Let’s go by the house.”

“Michelle, you’re being crazy. It’s only been a couple days.”



“Aren’t you the one who’s scared about the vampyre coming to hunt us all down? What if he got them?”

I looked at her and realized she had a point. It was true. Konstantin could’ve found them. He could’ve attacked them. We didn’t know for sure.

I dialed Jeremy’s number. “Hey, Jeremy,” I greeted when he answered.

“Hey, Josh. What’s up?”

“Have you heard from Aiden in the past few days? Or Sienna? They’ve been pretty off the radar.” Jeremy started to laugh. “What?” I asked.

“Selene went by the house yesterday because Sienna wasn’t answering her texts. It seems that they’re deep in the throes of the praze. Selene didn’t even have to put her ear up to the front door to hear the animal sounds.”

I rolled my eyes. “Great, thanks, Jeremy,” I said, clicking off.

“Well?” Michelle demanded.



“They’re not being hunted. They’re hunting each other. The pregnancy haze has taken over, and they’ve been screwing like animals for the past three days. Are you happy?”



“NO! I’M NOT HAPPY!” she bellowed.
“THEY’RE EVEN FUCKING BETTER THAN WE ARE!”

Michelle

“...Are you happy?” Josh asked, after explaining what Jeremy told him on the phone. I looked at him in shock—*am I happy?!*

How goddamn stupid is he?

“NO! I’M NOT HAPPY!” I screamed at him, literally not believing he wasn’t understanding a word I was saying. “THEY’RE EVEN FUCKING BETTER THAN WE ARE!”

I couldn’t stand to see the look he was giving me for another second. He was looking at me like I was a crazy person. I was *NOT* a crazy person! If anyone was crazy here, it was him!

I stormed out of the living room, heading straight for our bedroom.

I slammed the door shut behind me, and that was when I noticed all the shit.

Everywhere.



Josh’s clothes, Josh’s papers, Josh’s briefcase—all of his stuff scattered all over the room.

“UGGGGGGGHHHHHHH!” I screamed, rage completely consuming now.

I started throwing all his clothes into a pile on the floor, I threw his briefcase against the wall, and then I slammed all of his papers on top of each other.

Being productive felt good.

My breathing was slowly coming back down, becoming normal again.

I kept cleaning—organized the knick-knacks on the dresser, straightened out my box of rings, and even went to put Josh’s watch back in the proper place. But as I reached to grab it off the surface, it fell between my fingers and landed on the hardwood floor.

Crack.



The glass face of the watch cracked.

Shit.

I crouched down, checking how bad the damage was. I reached down to pick it up and—that was when I saw it. This black tar-like substance, oozing out from behind the cracks.

The second it touched my skin, it seared

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The second it touched my skin, it seared me. “OW!” I hollered, dropping the watch immediately.

“WHAT THE FUCK?!”

But as soon as the watch hit the floor, some sort of fog began steaming out of it. And then a figure appeared in the steam. A figure with a face.

A figure with Konstantin’s face.



“AAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!”

Next Chapter