

## Desert Nightmare Chapter 3 - Tips

{Michaela's P.O.V.}

I was in my room having my latest boy toy go down on me. The feeling of his tongue and his fingers filling me up with ecstasy was making my brain turn to mush. I was frustrated that I hadn't gotten a second chance mate yet, but I figured with time, the moon goddess would finally give me one. Though, I couldn't deny that I somewhat regretted rejecting Jedediah, or, J.D. as I like to call him.

It's been several years now, and he still hasn't accepted my rejection, and I get the feeling that's why I haven't gotten a second chance. But a part of me also hopes that he doesn't accept it. Knowing that someone loved me the way he did, made me feel good, but not enough to be with him. I couldn't be with him. He wasn't ranked, and I needed a ranked wolf to be my mate. I am an Alpha's daughter after all.

I was too caught up in my thoughts of J.D., that I hadn't realized my boy toy put his d!ck inside of me. He started to fvck my brains out, and it felt so amazing.

"Yes, fvck me just like that!" I shouted. I heard his s\*\*\*\*l growl of gratification, but suddenly, he stopped, and the sudden sense caught even me off guard at the loss of a pack member.

"What the fvck? Did we just lose a pack member?" he asked.

"What? Who would leave?" I asked and pushed him off. We both got dressed and went down to the living room of the packhouse. I could see that some people were confused, and some were even sad. Whoever left the pack was someone of great importance, but not enough to be a ranked member. I figured I would go speak with my father, but as I was making my way there, I felt a sudden pain in my heart that made me fall to my knees. I grabbed my c.hest and felt the wind being s.ucked out of me. Then I heard a voice in my head,

"I, Jedediah Brinkley, accept your rejection, Michaela Scanlan,"

It was J.D., he's the one who left. He left our pack and accepted my rejection after leaving. I could literally feel my heart-shattering. Was this what he felt when I rejected him all those years ago? Did he feel it when I slept around all

these years with every unmated male other than him, my actual mate? Why would he leave? I thought he loved me. I couldn't help the tears that shed from my eyes. The physical pain of rejection was almost too much to bear.

I forced myself to my feet and held the wall as the tears fell and made my way to my father's office. I didn't even bother knocking.

"Michaela? What's wrong?"

"Dad is it true!? Did J.D. leave!?"

"Yes, it's true,"

"WHY!? WHY WOULD HE LEAVE!?"

"He left because of you Michaela,"

"What?"

"You rejected him six years ago, and you slept around after doing so. You broke his heart once by rejection and continued to do it again by being selfish. So, he came to me a few days ago and asked for a leave of absence to find a new pack to join, and he did. He just called, and I released him,"

"Daddy how could you do that!? He was my mate!"

"You rejected him, and you moved on! This was his way of moving on. You couldn't honestly expect him to stay here watching you have your fun, and potentially end up happy with someone else while he suffered heartache did you?"

"Daddy, I...I..."

"There's nothing you can say that will change his mind. I'm guessing by the tears in your eyes, Jedediah has finally accepted your rejection. Live with your mistake Michaela, you lost out because you cared more about rank than you did the blessing of having a destined mate," He said to me and walked out of his office leaving me alone. I started to sob uncontrollably and clenched my chest. I never thought it would hurt this much. Why was I hurting so much when I was the one who rejected him in the first place?

"J.D.,"

{Jedediah's P.O.V.}

After accepting Michaela's rejection, I felt a sudden weight lifted off of my shoulders. I decided to stay in one of the townhouses on the west side of the property since I had no reason to stay in the packhouse. Mikey was able to get ahold of Amos, the team leads for one of their team of trackers, and he was more than happy to meet with me during morning training for the introduction. Even though I just joined the pack, Dorian wasted so no time in telling me that I started first thing tomorrow.

After getting settled into my new townhouse, I went back to the packhouse to get something to eat since I had missed dinner. Allie was more than gracious enough to cook me something really quick. I wasn't sure what she was cooking, but it definitely smelled good when I walked through the front door. I followed the smell to the kitchen, which was exactly how I remembered, other than the giant dining room table horizontally laid out that could fit twenty people.

"Oh, Jed, you're back," I heard Allie's voice.

"Damn, what are you making? It smells amazing,"

"Just something quick and easy," she replied as I saw her flip something in the wok.

"Allie, I would have settled for a sandwich and some chips,"

"Nonsense, you're a new pack member, which makes you a new family member. That means you can eat my famous sandwich later, tonight, I give you gourmet Allie," she said with glee in her voice.

"You're one lucky son of a b\*\*\*h you know that?" Dorian said coming into the kitchen. We both sit at the island and watched Allie cook.

"Is she always this generous?"

"When she wants to be," he replied. I watched as Allie turned off the stove, pulled out a plate, and placed something really delicious. She brought me the plate, and I was surprised to see homemade pork, veggie, and noodle stir fry.

"Damn, you made this!?" I look at her in awe

“Sure did,” she said with a smile. “What do you want to drink? Water, soda, lemonade, sparkling water, beer?”

“Lemonade will be fine, thanks,” I replied and took a bite of the food. “Ohhhhh...myyyyy...goddesssss...” I moaned as I swirled the deliciousness in my mouth.

“Haha, I’m going to assume it’s good?” she said and placed a glass of ice-cold lemonade in front of me. I didn’t even swallow my first bite before taking another.

“Holy sh!ttt...Dorian, you get to eat stuff like this all the time?” I asked in envy.

“No, Mrs. Johnson cooks about 95% of the time, but the menu is primarily chosen by Allie. I would say though about half of the stuff we eat are Allie’s recipes,”

“Ohhh...Mrs. Johnson, that sweet lady’s cooking is too die for. Though I have to admit, Allie’s cooking is a close tie,”

“I’m going to take that as a win,” Allie says with a smile. “There’s plenty left for seconds,”

“Sweet,” I said and got up.

“Nah uh, sit down, I’ll get it,” she said and took my plate. She filled it up once more and brought it back to me. She even refilled my lemonade.

“This is like Michelin star restaurant service right here,” I say cheerfully and scarf my food.

“Don’t get used to it, I’m doing this because you’re new, and I know your townhouse has no groceries,” she said with a smirk. She went back to the wok and packaged up the rest of the stir fry that was left into a container for me to take to go. “Since you live on your own, you have to grocery shop on your own time, and cook for yourself, or you can participate in our packhouse meal plan,”

“Meal plan?”

“Yeah, so we found that there a lot of unmated males living on their own that don’t know how to cook, or even mated couples who can’t cook for sh!t. So,

about a year ago, we decided to open up a meal plan to those pack members. You can either pay through a payroll deduction, or you can pay upfront to Sin. It's a bi-weekly plan where one of the kitchen Omegas will go grocery shopping for you and will make a week's worth of meals for you every Sunday. Most can be frozen and reheated via microwave or oven, and we have over 150 menu options to choose from,"

"Whoa, that's crazy,"

"Every Saturday you will choose the meals you want, from breakfast to lunch, dinner, and even dessert,"

"Who pays for the groceries?"

"Your payment plan does,"

"Do the Omegas get paid extra?"

"They do. They get a small incentive every month," she replies and smiles.

"I mean, I can cook, but that sounds like a good option too. I'll definitely think about it," she nods and goes to clean up. I finish off my plate and take it to her, and she washes the dishes.

"Oh, and just FYI, the one caveat to the meal plan is that you do the dishes when the Omega is done,"

"What!?"

"Yup," I look at Dorian who just shrugs his shoulders at me.

"You're lucky she's not making you do the dishes right now man," he says. "Normally, when Allie cooks, she doesn't do the dishes, but since you're a new pack member, she's letting it slide,"

"Whattt... Come on," I look at him like he's pulling my leg, but he just gives me his signature 'I'm not sh!tting you' look. I can't help but laugh and just shake my head.

"Jed, as another welcome to the pack/family gift, I will pay for your kitchen supplies. You know, pots and pans, plates, cups, utensils, and all that jazz. You go buy everything, and then bring me the receipt, and then I will reimburse you on your first paycheck,"

“What? You don’t have to do that man,”

“I want to do it, and it’s something I do for all new pack members. As long it’s kitchen related. I know that stuff can get expensive, so it’s the least that I can do. Just as long as you’re not buying sh!t that costs several hundred dollars,”

“Nah, I’d never do that,” I reply with the utmost sincerity. Even though Red Mountain was an amazing pack that treated me with respect, there was just something about Desert Moon that screamed love, affection, and family. Something I haven’t had in a while. I knew at that moment that I made the right decision to switch packs.

After I ate, I sat around chatting with Dorian and Allie a bit longer and realized what an amazing person Allie really is and what an amazing couple they were. They were literally finishing each other’s sentences, and they complimented each other so well, despite the incredible size difference. After chatting for a few hours, we called it quits, and I went back to my townhouse. I put away the leftovers that Allie had packaged for me and decided to take a shower before making a list of everything that I was going to need.

I knew that it was going to cost a fortune to buy everything brand new, but I didn’t have much of a choice. Knowing that I didn’t have a bed, Dorian was kind enough to lend me an air mattress until I got one of my own. I knew I was going to need to go to the furniture store to pick new furniture, but it was going to be money well spent. While I was making my list, I let the air mattress fill up. Once it was done, I finished my list and finally called it a night.

Even though I was only going to get a few hours of sleep, I didn’t care. I was looking forward to training in the morning. I just hoped the two trainers weren’t going to k!ll me on my first day.

I made my way to the back of the packhouse not-so-bright and early at 4:55 A.M. and was surprised to see that Dorian and the others already waiting.

“Good morning!” I said as I walking over the ranked members. Although they greeted me kindly, I was met with odd stares and evil glares from other pack members. “Uhhh...Did I do something wrong?” I asked.

“What?” Dorian asked looked and around. “Oh, no you’re fine. They’re just wary of new pack members in the beginning. Once they get used to you, those looks will fade into smiles or blank stares instead,”

“Good to know,”

“Jedediah,” Mikey came up to me, and two people were with him. “This is Amos, the team leader of the tracker team I mentioned,”

“Good morning, it’s a pleasure to meet you,” I say and shake his hand.

“Whoa, that’s a tight grip you got there,” he said with a smile. “This is Amy, my second in command,”

“Jedediah, it’s nice to meet you,” she said sweetly and shook my hand. I took a quick look and saw that she was marked. Dammit. Another hot girl that was already taken. Getting laid was going to be hard if all the good looking ones already had mates.

“ALRIGHT! GATHER UP!” I heard a male voice boom. I turn around and am met with two other people. The girl was hot as fvck, but I saw the diamond ring on her finger and knew immediately to back off. “So, it looks like we have a newcomer,” the guy said. “Whoever you are, would you be so kind as to introduce yourself? Your name, age, where you came from, and why you’re here?”

“Good morning, my name is Jedediah Brinkley, but you can all call me Jed. I’m 30 years old and I came from the Red Mountain pack in Colorado. I’m here because I needed a change in my life, and having gone to college with the Alpha, I figured that a pack as strong as Desert Moon would fit me well. And the Alpha and Luna were generous enough to grant me membership last night. I look forward to the many new memories and friendships,”

“Well Jed, welcome to Desert Moon, my name is Lucas Hardwick, and this is my mate and wife, Sam. We’re the head trainers of Desert Moon, and that right there is Sully Magnus. He is our backup trainer if Sam and I are ever unavailable. Our training is a ten-mile sprint in human form, 200 push-ups, 200 sit-ups, one-hour sparring, and a five-mile run in wolf form, that is unless you get your a.ss gets kicked in sparring and you end up in the hospital. Do you think you can handle that?”

“I can try,”

“Alright then, as part of your welcoming, you’re going to spar with my wife today,”

“Um, isn’t that kind of unfair. I mean, I get she’s the head trainer, but she is a woman, and I’m double her size,” I say cautiously. Everyone gasps and Lucas lifts an eyebrow at me. I get the feeling that I made a horrible mistake.

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“That’ll teach you to question my size,” Sam says to me after dislocating my shoulder and fracturing a few of my ribs. If I weren’t a werewolf, this would take months to heal.

“Alright, those that are still standing, shift, and head out! Brandon will take the lead today!” Dorian shouted while I stay laid flat on the ground. “I could have sworn I told you last night that Sam was one of our best fighters, and not to make fun of the female’s heights,” Dorian said to me while helping me to my feet.

“It thought you only meant the ranked females,” I said holding my shoulder. “Damn, she can fight,”

“She holds three black belts and is trained in mixed martial arts. Why do you think she’s a team lead and the head trainer you dumba.ss?” he says to me and shakes his head. “Come on, let’s get you to the pack hospital to get that reset,” I nod my head, and he escorts me to the pack hospital.

As soon we walk in, I’m surrounded by beautiful and se.xy nurses, and can’t help but fantasize, but everywhere I looked, there are marks and wedding rings. Damn, just my luck. Dorian gets me into a hospital room, and a woman possibly in her late fifties early sixties walks in.

“Well, who we do have here?” she asks.

“Dr. Quinn, you remember Jedediah, my old college roommate?”

“Ahh, yes, the one who took a last-minute turn and crashed into our wall and needed twenty st!tches on his forehead,”

“What? How do you that?” I asked her. I don’t remember meeting ever meeting Dr. Quinn.

“I wasn’t the one who patched you up that day, but this is my hospital, and my nurses talk, quite loud in fact,” she replies.



“Great,” I mutter and they both chuckle.

“So, what seems to be the problem?” she asks.

“He made fun of Sam’s height at morning training, so she kicked his a.ss,” Dorian answers.

“Well, I’m sure you’ve learned your lesson. Samantha is not someone to mess with,” she says to me and looks me over. “Well, the good thing is your shoulder can be reset quite easily, and it appears that your ribs are only sprained. You’re lucky,”

“You call this lucky!?” I exclaim.

“Yes, Sam could have easily broken your face, but she didn’t,” she replies, and I look at her in shock. “This is going to sting a little,” she says as she grabs my shoulder. She counts to three and resets it. “Your shoulder and ribs should heal before the end of the day. You will be bright-eyed, and bushy-tailed by tomorrow,”

“Great, Sam can just kick my a.ss again,”

“Tomorrow it won’t be Sam,” Dorian says. I look up at him. “Tomorrow it will be Lucas,”

“Ah fvck,”

{Allie’s P.O.V.}

After morning training and the pack run, everyone went their separate ways, and Dorian had taken Jed to the pack hospital. That dumba.ss was told not to make fun of our size and he did it anyway. I laughed to myself and went to my room. I took a quick shower, and mind linked the girls to make sure that they were ready to go to Lacie’s dress fitting. Ben and Eleanor offered to watch Meredith while we were gone, and Lacie was so grateful. They were leaving tomorrow along with the rest of the parents for their one month cruise. Lacie was upset at first, but they all promised they would be back in time for the wedding.

I quickly put on my favorite yoga pants, a knit sweater, and my new knee-high boots. I went to the nursery to check on the twins with the nannies and gave them my love. Although Daisy wanted to tag along, Sam brought up Keegan

and that shut her up instantly. A few seconds later, Leah brought up Danica, and all was right in the world. We said our goodbyes to the pups, and we all headed out.

Simba and Nick were driving us today per usual. We got to the bridal shop, and Shane, the bridal consultant that I had was working.

“Oh my gosh, is this not Allison Shaw!?”

“Oh wow, hi, Shane!” I squealed. He gave me a big hug and even hugged Leah, Sin, Sam, and Dani. He remembered Simba and gave him a handshake.

“Why are you here today?” Shane asked. “Are you getting married again!?”

“Hahaha! No, silly, we’re actually here for my best friend and assistant Lacie. It’s her final dress fitting,” I replied.

“Oh well, darn, I was hoping we could re-do that simple Justin Alexander dress you picked out last time,” my jaw dropped at his nonchalant insult to my wedding dress. “Come on back, and let me go find that dress for you, Lacie. What’s the last name?” he asked her changing the subject to Lacie, making my jaw drop even more.

“Hamilton,” Lacie replied trying not to laugh at me.

“Perfect! If you will all follow me to the dressing room,” all of us ladies went with him while Simba and Nick stayed behind. He put Lacie into the room while the rest of us sat on the bench right outside of it. Shane came back a few minutes later with Lacie’s dress and a female associate. Shane handed the dress off, winked at me, and left. We waited for about another ten minutes, and the door opened, revealing Lacie in her finalized wedding dress.

“OH MY GOSH!” I exclaimed.

“DAMN!” Sin, Lean, and Dani shouted.

“Lace you look amazing!” Sam exclaimed.

Lacie’s dress was from Morilee accented by a plunging v-neckline. It had crystal beaded, embroidered appliques that cascaded onto a dreamy and flounced tulle skirt highlighted by a ball gown silhouette. With Lacie’s long and

slender body, even after having given birth a few months ago, she looked amazing and her b00bs didn't overflow either.

"Lacie, you look fabulous, Aries is doing to die when you walk down the aisle!" I exclaim.

"I don't want my future husband to die, Allie," she said and smiled. "Eek! I can't wait to become Mrs. Aries Callaghan," she squealed and twirled in her dress. She turned around so we could see the train and this thing was long. Not as long as Leah's was, but still long.

"Mmm...I think the train could be longer," Leah said right on cue.

"Leah, not everyone wants to have an obnoxious train the way you did," Sin tells her. Leah gives her a smug look and crosses her arms. Even though Leah's train was in fact obnoxiously long, her dress was beautiful.

"Lacie, are you happy with the alterations?" the female associate asked.

"Yes, it's perfect,"

"Alright, let's get it bagged up," the associate said. Lacie changed back into her clothes and got her dress. We all decided to get lunch at an all you can eat Korean barbecue place that was only two streets over.

Even though everyone was still on edge not knowing where Heather is, or who has been helping her. Everyone was on the same page as Dorian was. They weren't going to put their lives on hold, and Lacie was not going to put off her wedding, just like Leah didn't want to put off hers. I was really the one that put their life on hold, and I didn't realize that until Dorian said something. I was letting my hatred for Heather and the fear of the unknown dictate my life. Well, no more. I'm going to live my life, and when the other shoe drops, it drops, and I will be waiting.