

Desert Heat Chapter 1

{Allie's P.O.V.}

"SIN!!!" I screamed from the living room. We were both going to late to work again because of her.

"I am coming!!" she screams back.

"You have to be fvcking*g kidding me!! We cannot be late again this month!!" I shouted banging on her door. She finally opens it and gives me a dirty look. "You good?" I ask her

"Yes! Now come on!" she grabs my arm. We run down the stairs from the fourth floor of our condo and jump in the car. We shared a vehicle and just requested to have the same shift. Even though our manager was a total jacka.ss, he had no problem with it.

Pool season just opened for the summer and Sin and I are bottle girls for a beach club. We normally worked as drink girls for one of the bigger named casinos, but during the summer, we worked as bottle girls for one of the stand-alone beach clubs off the str!p because we made more money that way. The drunker people got, the more tips we made. It came at a price though. Groping, touching, and the constant hara.ssing to come back to guys' hotel rooms. Gross! Sin and I were roommates and we met while working the casino floor a few years back.

She and I had bonded over the fact we were both orphaned at young ages and moved to Las Vegas for a clean slate. My parents moved to the United States from South Korea to New Hampshire. They died in a car accident during a bad storm and I survived only because I was protected in my car seat. I had no family in the states and my grandparents on both sides in Korea wanted nothing to do with me. They blamed me for my parents' deaths, so I ended up in the foster system. I was never adopted.

Sin had it the worst though. Her mom was a drug addict who died from a heroin overdose while she was in her playpen. She was not found for two days after her mother's death until a social worker came by for a wellness check. Her dad was a three-strike criminal who ended up with a murder one charge on his record. With the wrap sheet he already had, he is now serving three consecutive life sentences in prison. Sin also had no other family willing to take her, so she ended up the way I did.

We both worked at Kane Beach Club as bottle girls and we knew it was going to be a busy day. It was one of the hottest days on record and we needed to get there fast. Luckily, Sin has a lead foot, and what would normally take twenty minutes only took us twelve. We were already dressed in our uniforms which basically very revealing bikinis that left nothing to the imagination. The club had three different kinds of uniforms depending on your position, the ones we had to wear were the most revealing and specifically for bottle girls. About six of us had to wear these because of our body types. We were all lean, fit, with cup sizes that ranged from full C to double D and asses that would make most girls jealous. Not to toot our own horns, but bottle girls at Kane Beach Club were se.xy as fvck.

We were all of different skin tones and races, so it made it at much diverse. I was Asian, Sin was Latin American, Dani was caucasian, Maxine was Italian and the others were Irish and Cuban respectively. Sin and I maintained our bodies all year round so we could keep our jobs as bottle girls every summer. We both hated our uniforms, but we s.ucked it up. We only had to wear them for three and a half months out of the year. So it wasn't too bad.

We ran through the employee entrance and clocked in with two minutes to spare. I shot her a glare.

"We were almost late again because of you Sin!"

"Sorry! I couldn't find my bottom!" she shouted.

"I told you to put your uniform on the chair last night did I not?"

"I'm not prepared the way you are Allie!" I rolled my eyes at her comment. I loved her like a sister, but we were definitely polar opposites when it came to organization.

We made it to our briefing right as it was about to start.

"Alright, ladies and gentlemen today is going to be a pretty busy day. There are already about 300 hundred people waiting in line to come into the beach club and it will only get busier as time goes on. Be prepared and respectful to our guests. Any questions?"

"No, Sir!" we all shout to Jake the club manager. He was such a d!ck. It was his idea for the uniforms Sin, I, and the other girls had to wear. Our bikinis covered maybe one-tenth of our bodies. It seriously left nothing to the

imagination, but it is what it is. Sin and I were the shortest girls, so we were always in four-inch wedges or higher when we worked. We became accustomed to the pain of aching feet that it no longer bothers us to stand around for eight to nine hours. We do get to sit now and then and get breaks.

We made our way out and sure enough, people were already being let in once the clock struck 11 o'clock. Music was blaring and people were already at the bar ordering drinks.

“Only in Sin City!” Sin shouted in my ear. I smiled and got to work.

We all had assigned cabanas and lucky for me, I had only had two at the time while Sin and the others had four each. They were running around and panicking already while I was able to take my time. It didn't take long for the grabbing and touching began. I knew it was going to be a long-a.ss hot summer day.

After a couple of hours, the club was jammed packed full of people, and I ended up with a third cabana. Luckily, it was just a bunch of girls who were super chill and friendly. It was a bachelorette party and they were just having a good time. They were more here for the music and the wave pool. They were handsy with me but in a girly kind of way. I didn't mind. I was chit-chatting with them for a few minutes and then all of the girls stopped laughing. They were all mouths open, jaws on the ground drooling and looking towards the entrance. I turned around saw what they were ogling over.

A group of about ten guys walked in. Bodies built like the Greek gods. All of them were at least 6ft or taller. All of them had tattoos, some more than others, and all of them were nothing short of perfection. I had been working here for three summers along with Sin and had never seen a sexier group of men.

“Girl,” Sin said in my ear. I had no idea she was even behind me. Almost every girl in the club was staring, even girls who were here with their boyfriends and husbands. I just nodded at her one word. I ended up locking eyes with the tallest one, he looked to be about 6'5 or 6'6, he was ripped as can be, and almost his entire body was covered in ink. His whole body was a work of art. He had a man bun, pitch-black hair, clean shaved face, and green eyes. After a minute, he moved his eyes and glared at me and they sat in the private VIP cabana.

“What was that all about?” Sin asked.

“Why did I get a dirty look? Everyone is staring,” I said and turned my attention back to the girls. “Alright ladies, I will be back with your bottles and I will put your food order in now,” I said and walked off.

{Dorian’s P.O.V.}

We pulled up to Brandon’s beach club in Vegas. This was our first time at this location because we typically went to the one in Reno. Fewer humans went to that one, but Brandon insisted on this one this time. I personally hated coming to these clubs. I was sick and tired of girls trying to sleep with me and I was sick of sleeping around in general. I wanted to find my mate. I needed my Luna to help me run my pack. Brandon was an amazing Beta, there was no doubt about that, but something always seemed to be missing.

My dad told me that it was because I had been Alpha for almost ten years and had no mate. He gave me the pack as soon as I turned 18 and gained my wolf. By the time I turned 24, I had grown our pack by double and ran the most profitable security firm that specialized in the supernatural. I had some of the most lethal hitmen in the country working for me. If we didn’t have someone, I would contract external resources. By that time, I had slept with every unmated she-wolf in my pack, and none of them were my mate.

I stopped sleeping around once I realized that no one could satisfy me. I even had trouble getting it up at one point. So, I finally turned to my dad for advice. I was too young to be having trouble with my libido. He said it was because my wolf wanted our mate and not some random slut in the pack. I have been frustrated for the past four years now because no matter where I go or look, I still have not found my mate.

Brandon always kept a low profile. He was the pretty boy in my pack and the girls wanted him, but he was actually smart to wait. He may not look like it, but he was a still virgin. He waited and is still waiting, but he is also just as frustrated as I am.

“Come on man,” Brandon said while pulling my arm.

“fvck this, I hate clubbing. You know that!” I shouted

“We needed to get away, plus, it’s a beach club, and I know you like the water,” he said. We made our way through the private entrance specifically for

us. Most people did not know Brandon was the owner and just assumed we were VIP, which we were. As soon as we walked into the pool area, it was like time froze. All eyes to us, at least all female eyes were on us. A dozen werewolves walking in a group was something new for these people, especially those who were human.

As we walked to the VIP Cabana, I locked eyes with an Asian girl. She was the most beautiful girl I had ever seen. She was wearing the most revealing bikini that made me either want to rip it off and fvck her or cover her up from all the men in the room. She looked to be about 5'6, but then I saw her shoes. She was wearing four or five-inch heels which meant she just was over 5ft without them. She had light brown hair down to her mid-back that was curled, light brown eyes, plump lips, the sexiest toned body, natural breasts, and an ass that was nothing short of perfect. I felt it, my dick twitched in my shorts and my heart was beating as if it was about to jump out of my chest.

Mate! Shouted my wolf Bandit. I had finally found her, but then her scent hit me.

fvck! She's human!

Who cares! She is our mate!

This made it more complicated. I had to tread lightly. I broke my gaze and without realization glared at her. Her eyes were hurt when she saw this. I cursed to myself, and we walked into our cabana, but I never once stopped looking at her. She bent over and I could see her ass perfectly. I saw her smile at the group of ladies she was serving and she walked away.

Go get our mate!

How about we get her name first.

"Brandon!"

"What's up?"

"Bring me the manager,"

"Got it,"

{Allie's P.O.V.}

As I was gathering bottles for the bachelorette cabana, Sin came up to me.

“Allie, that group of guys that just walked in! Girl, I have never been so we.t!”

“Sin! Calm down, they are just guys,” I laughed as she was fanning herself.

“Yeah, se.xy godlike guys! Every girl in this place was staring. You should have seen their boyfriends and husbands. Some have even started arguing and left.” She laughed. The other girls and I giggled while shaking our heads. Even with her past, Sin loved men. She was friendly to everyone and loved to fl!rt.

“Allie!” Jake called my name.

“Yeah?” I responded.

“When you’re done delivering those, I need you to pass off your other cabanas to Sin and the others,” he said to me.

“What? Why?” I was shocked. I needed my tips.

“Don’t worry, you’ll get your share of the tips that come from them. But you’ve been requested as the permanent bottle girl for the VIP cabana,” he explained.

“You, lucky b***h!” Sin and two others yelled when they heard this.

“Jake! Only one cabana for six hours!? I am not going to make anything out of that!” I was livid. Even if the girls shared the tips from my other cabanas, one cabana was not going to make enough for the day. Sin and I lived upscale since we split the rent, so we were okay when it came to bills, but we still had to try and make a few hundred each per shift to make ends meet and be able to save. We wanted to take time off and travel since we both never got to do that growing up.

“Allie, they have already ordered twelve bottles!” he yells.

“TWELVE!?!” We all yell back.

“Do these guys plan on walking on out of here alive?” Sin asked.

“I do not know, and I do not care! Get them their bottles. Here is the order, and you stay at their cabana until they need something else, got it!?” He handed me their order and walked off. I had no say in this. I looked down.

“These are all top shelf!” I shouted. Sin and the girls circled me as we read off what they ordered.

“Some of these bottles cost two to four thousand each,” Dani said from my left.

“The cheapest one they ordered is \$900,” Maxine said from my right.

“Look, Jake wrote ‘OT’,” Sin said pointing to the bottom corner.

“Open tab!?” we all shouted.

“You, lucky b***h!” They all shouted.

“You asked didn’t you!?” Maxine asked clearly jealous but in a cute way.

“No, I was happy with my other three cabanas. I would have gotten at least a grand in tips and commission from them today. I was perfectly fine with that!” I defended. As bottle girls, we each made a 2% commission off the total sale of a tab per cabana and kept all our tips. The only time we share tips is if we shared a cabana or had to pass it off like in this case.

“Wait, Jake said you were requested,” Sin said.

“That means they asked for specifically,’ Dani said crossing her arms.

“You, lucky b***h!” they all shouted again.

“Stop!!” I shouted and we all started laughing.

Why would they request me?