

Desert Heat Chapter 13 - Tips

{Allie's P.O.V.}

"ARE YOU fvcking*g KIDDING ME ALLIE!?!?" Dorian screams at the top of his lungs and growls. He was furious with me. Lying about knowing who assaulted me this entire time. I knew I was going to get yelled at, but not to this extent. I cannot even imagine how much more pissed off he will be when I tell him she is working with Devin.

"You have known this whole fvcking*g time, and you have been lying to all of us!? We could have gotten her and taken care of her a month ago," he says to me while I sit on the edge of the bed still in a towel and him pacing back and forth in the room.

"Baby tell me your logic in lying because for the life of me I cannot fvcking*g understand why you would do this. You know how hard we have been working to try and find the fvcker who hurt you, and you have kept it a secret. Why baby? Why!?" he grabs my shoulders.

"OW! You're hurting me Dorian!" he lets go immediately. I grab my arms and wince from the pain.

"I'm sorry Allie, I didn't mean to,"

"I know," I mutter under my breath. I was so ashamed. Who would have thought that so much sh!t could happen in a relationship built on the faith of a 'mate bond' in such a short period amount of time?

"Allie! Do you realize how hypocritical you are? You asked me not to lie to you when you asked about Devin being a werewolf, yet here you are, having lied to me for over a month about your attacker," He was 100% right. I was hypocritical. I had nothing to say to that. "Allison! I am waiting for an explanation!" He used my full first name. fvck.

"I lied because I wanted to witness her punishment," I said under my breath

"What?"

"I wanted to be able to see her punishment!" I shouted. "She assaulted me, Dorian, all because I walked away from her. I turned my back because I was the bigger person and she attacked me for it!" he stood back. "She told me I

was worthless, said that I didn't deserve you and that I would never be good enough while she choked the life out of me," he dropped his arms and looked at me with pity. "She punched me twice, choked me, and broke two of my ribs Dorian! She tried to k!ll me because she wants you! I was temporarily deaf Dorian! My mouth was wired shut because her last punch broke my jaw! Do you know what that is like? Of course, you don't! You're a fvcking*g werewolf who can heal rapidly. You would have healed from those kinds of injuries in a matter of days or even hours. I was in the fvcking*g hospital for a month Dorian! A fvcking*g month! So, yes, I lied. I want that b***h to pay for what she did to me, but if you k!lled her while I handicapped in the hospital, I would have gotten zero satisfaction from it. Why? Because I would not have seen it! I want to see her pay for what she did to me, Dorian! I want to watch you k!ll that fvcking*g b***h right in front of me so I can get the satisfaction of justice!!" by now I am full-on crying and my breathing is getting hard because of my bruised ribs.

Dorian lets out a heavy sigh, "Allie,"

"Do you know how much it hurts to hear that you're worthless, not once but twice? Or being told you're not enough, not once but twice? Or to beaten nearly to death not once, but fvcking*g twice, just for being yourself?"

"You're right, I don't know what that is like. But do you know what it was like for me seeing you lying in a hospital bed beaten like that?" he kneeled down, and I looked down at him. "Baby, I felt helpless and worthless. I promised to keep you safe, and you were attacked in our own home. I felt like I failed you and this pack. I failed as an Alpha and as a boyfriend,"

"I don't blame you for what happened though," I replied

"You may not, but I do. It is my job as the Alpha to protect this home and everyone who resides in it. That includes you, especially you. You are the future Luna of this pack Allie, regardless of the fact that you are human,"

"I'm sorry Dorian. I really am. I just hate her so much and I want the satisfaction of seeing her pay for her crimes,"

"I hear you, and I understand, but baby if this ever happens again, just tell me the truth, and we will work out a solution together. I can't guarantee I won't go def con four on someone, but I need you to trust me to make the right decision when it comes to your protection," I nod my head. Dorian stands up and hugs me.

“Um, there’s one more thing…”

“What?”

“I think she is working with Devin,” he pulls away halfway and looks down at me

“What? How do you know that?”

“The last thing she said to me before I lost consciousness was Devin says hello,”

“Are you sure you heard her correctly?” he asks. I nod.

“That was another reason why I want to wait to kill her, I want them to die together. If they want to work together, and then they can die together,” I said while leaning into his chest.

“That actually gives me an idea,” he says with a perky tone.

“What?”

“Nothing,”

“Dorian,”

“I will tell you when I am positive about my plans, but right now we need to go to bed. It is late, and you are still naked in a towel,” he helps me slide down from the bed and takes me into the closet. I take out one of the lingerie negligee’s he got me.

“Are you seriously going to wear that to bed?” he asks. “Are you trying to torture me?”

“Come here and help me put it on,” he stands behind me and helps me put it over my head. As the negligee comes down, I drop the towel. I reach into the drawer and pull out a cheeky. I sit on the chair in the closet and carefully pull it up. I hear a low growl come from Dorian.

“You are the sexiest creature I have ever seen,” I smile as he pulls our bodies close from behind. He picks me up bridal style and takes into the bedroom. He gently puts me on the bed. I scoot over and use a body pillow as support while Dorian spoons me from behind.

“Are we good?” I ask him

“We are perfect,” he says while kissing my shoulder. “Remember what I said in the bathroom, even if I get mad, I will always love you,” I nod my head and grab his hand that is over my hip.

“Good night, I love you,”

“I love you too,”

It did not take long for me to drift off into dreamland. I honestly felt that he would be more pissed off at me for lying to him. To say that I was surprised he did not blow a gasket would be an understatement. This experience allowed me to gain the perspective of trusting him more and having faith that he would do right by me.

I was sleeping peacefully when I was woken up to the sound of an alarm clock.

“Wh..what?”

“Shhh, go back to sleep,” Dorian whispered to me. I look out the window

“Dorian, it’s still dark outside, where are you going?”

“Morning workout with the team, we werewolves have to keep in shape,” he says and kisses me. “Go back to sleep, I will be back in about three or four hours,”

“That is a long workout,” I grunt from being half asleep yet still coherent

“You’re so cute when you try to fight your sleep,” he says while putting the covers back over me. “What do you want for breakfast? I can tell Mrs. Johnson to have it ready by the time I come back, and we go down together,”

“Mmmmm...Belgian waffles with agave syrup and fresh fruit...pretty please,”

“Okay,” he kisses on the lips and walks out the door. I hug his pillow that is covered in his cologne and fall right back asleep.

After what felt like an eternity of sleep, I woke up with the warm feeling of the sun on my face. I rubbed my eyes and turned over and saw it was just past

8:30 in the morning. I slowly sit up, and take in the morning and try to stretch, only to shout out in pain from my bruised ribs.

“Ah sheebar!!! Ah, jja jeung nah jinjja,” (Ah fvck! Ah this is annoying,) I slowly scoot to the foot of the bed and use the small stairs that Dorian got for me, and go the bathroom, before I open the door, I can hear the shower running. Hmm, maybe a peak can't hurt I think to myself, wanting to catch a glimpse of Dorian n.aked. I slowly crack open the door and see that he is facing in the other direction away from me. I knew Dorian was ripped but seen his full backside and his muscles just made him that much se.xier. His body was sheer perfection, and his a.ss, god his a.ss.

I just kept staring and bit my bottom lip. Images of him n.aked on top of me started to take over my mind. I decided at the moment to be a little bold. I slipped off my negligee, my panties, and did my best to throw my hair into a messy bun. I tread lightly into the bathroom and open the shower door. Thank god it pulled out, and I was able to squeeze in through a small space without too much water spraying out. I looked in the mirror and saw that his eyes were closed. I slowly put my hands on his hips and around to his abs,

“Allie!?” he jumps at my sudden touch

“Don't turn around,” I told him

“What are you doing?” with a shocked yet excited tone

“What does it look like I'm doing? I am getting a feel for my man's body,” I respond as I rub my hands slowly. They were perfect, solid, and evenly placed.

“Mmmm, baby,” I moved my hands upwards as far as my arms will let me and reach his chest. Slowly I start to bring my hands down while making sure I touch every inch of his torso. Then, I make my way down to his hips and then his pelvis. He had a defined V line that led to this groin and I get my hands just right above his manhood. He had some pubic hair, but nothing too drastic. Just enough for it to be se.xy.

“Dorian,”

“Yeah,”

“Turn around,” I say while grabbing one side of his hip to turn him to face me. He has his eyes closed and slowly opens them to see me naked in front of him.

“Damn,” he says while rubbing my sides with his large werewolf hands. I look down and see his little friend, who is not so little. I lift an eyebrow and just stare at it. Wondering if when I decide I am ready if it would even fit. “Like what you see?” he asks with a seductive tone. I look up and meet his eye and nod. He grabs my waist and brings me close to him, his friend poking me in the stomach. Dorian takes a few steps back and leads me to the bench in the shower. He sits down and I stand between his legs. His height sitting was almost exactly my height standing, it was ridiculous. I knew I was small but had no idea that I was this small until I met Dorian. Devin was about 5’8 or so Dorian made him appear small. Devin also was not this fit, he was more like a dad bod, so my assumption that all werewolves looked like Dorian was thrown out the window.

Dorian took his time feeling my body, but he never once did anything inappropriate. He kept his hands on my back, shoulders, stomach, and sides. I loved him even more for being respectful even though my boobs were in his face. I look down and I could see him getting a hard-on.

“Um, I think your friend there wants to play,” I say to him. He lifts a brow sits me on this lap. His friend poking me right under my thigh.

“You like teasing me, don’t you?”

“Maybe,” I giggle

“You are beautiful Allie. I cannot wait to make you mine,” he says while moving my bangs out of my face.

“And how you would go about doing that? Other than having sex?”

“I have to mark you,”

“Mark me? What does that mean?”

“I would bite you, right here,” he says while rubbing a small area between my neck and my chin.

“Will it hurt?” I ask little concerned

“Yeah, it will, because I will actually be sinking my canines into your neck. It will draw blood, but once I am done, I will lick the spot and my saliva should seal the wound,”

“That sounds both scary and erotic,” I say with a thinking face contemplating if that was something I wanted. “When would you do it?”

“When you give me consent and during intercourse. The pain from the bite coupled with that of an orgasm makes the sex that much more intense for both of us,” my mouth drops, and I feel a sudden warmth take over my body and immediately I feel myself getting wet. Dorian takes one look at me and lifts an eyebrow. Could he sense my arousal?

“What would the mark stand for?”

“It tells everyone that you are off-limits,” he responds and kisses me.

“What if I want to mark you, could I?”

“No, because you’re human,” I immediately pouted. The thought of me walking around basically branded and him walking as if he was single hurt my feelings. As if he knew what I was thinking, he lifted my chin and kissed me again. “There is a way to fix that though, I just don’t know if you would be up for it,”

“What?”

“I could always turn you into a werewolf,” I stared at him with wide eyes. Did he just say he could turn me into a werewolf? I did not even know that was an option. Could that be an option? I love him, and I want to be with him. If he marks me, I essentially belong to him, which I am okay with. Fuck Devin. Fuck Jessica. I made up my mind in the hospital that I want to stay with Dorian. But at what cost?

Me? A werewolf?