

## Her Burning Desire Chapter 11 - Tips

0 7 minutes read

Melony

I woke up about an hour ago. I decided today was a new day and I wouldn't let the events of the last few days get in my way of enjoying and exploring my new home. After waiting for Theo to return to my room last night, I must have dozed off to sleep while waiting. I wanted to make sure he was okay because, whatever it was Todd came to my door for obviously upset Theo quite a bit. I remember hearing the sound of the vase smashing outside my door and deep, dangerous growls that would only come from an Alpha. When I got up to make sure everything was okay, the only thing left outside my door was the broken ceramic of the vase. I was going to crawl out of bed and find Theo to ask about last night, but before I could, I received a message from Olive.

Hey Girl! Be ready in an hour. We're going to the pool today!

I sent Olive a quick reply using the eyeroll emoji. She knows I don't really like swimming. Instead, I figured I would use this time to work on my tan and just relax. If I was going to go outside the pack house I wanted to make sure I looked good also. Only a few people know who I am, but I don't want to make a bad first impression either. I settled on wearing my black one-piece bathing suit. It is practically 2 pieces though and gives me the best tan. I hate having tan lines that are visible when I wear my normal wardrobe. The bathing suit shows off all my best features, which is only an added plus if I happen to run into Theodore on my way to the pool. It is strapless and has built in support for my girls on the front, almost as good as my push-up. as it comes down over my belly, it is cut open on the front and only has a thin piece of material that runs down my sides to the bottom portion of the suit. The back isn't the most modest. My shoulders and back are pretty mostly all exposed and my bottoms have a very narrow cut, giving my b.uttocks a very perky look to it. I decided I was going to go with a messy bun today, with a few tendrils of hair hanging down around my neck and the sides of my face. I did my make-up very lightly today, only using gloss and mascara. I have my white Ray Bans on and my white strapped wedges. I grabbed my towel off my stand and walked out of the room to meet up with Olive.

As I walked out my door I ran into a wall, a wall that was chuckling. My glasses twisted on my face and I held myself on the wooden stand in the hallway by my room. I fixed myself up and looked at the wall they call, mark,

the body guard. I gave him a huff and turned on my heel to head to the stairs. It wasn't long before I could sense Mark had caught up with me.

"Luna, I think we should go back to your room to grab a robe or cover up for you... If the Alpha sees you like this... none of us males will have eyeballs anymore." Mark pleaded.

"Nonsense. I am wearing this and that is that. It's not a big deal. I am sure other she-wolves will be wearing worse than me anyways." I just continued making my way down the steps.

Mark mumbled under his breath with a sigh of defeat, "Rest in peace eyeballs, it was nice knowing ya." I couldn't help the giggle that escaped me, trying not to let Mark hear me. I saw Olive ahead and rushed to her side. She was wearing a navy blue one piece that covered her very well. She also had a see-through white cover up on. Usually Olive wears her two-pieces very proudly. I am a little shocked to say the least. I raised an eyebrow at her and dipped my sunglasses. "What happened to you? Where is the usual suit at?" I asked, confused.

Olive stomped toward the pool, she let out a big sigh, "Todd happened. Todd is what happened to me. He went all possessive Beta male on me. He literally locked me in our closet until I changed. I look like a dang grandma and even this was too revealing for him!!"

I found myself snickering at her distress. Olive has always taken fashion and her appearance very seriously. The fact she let Todd talk her into changing at all just simply amazes me. It kind of makes me envy her also. I haven't seen Theodore since last night in my room and as much as I love being all hot and steamy with him, I don't know if he would be as jealous as Todd over me. I am not exactly sure where we stand with each other. Maybe I will hangout at the pool with Olive for a while and then I will go and find out the answer to that question. Theodore is going to answer all my questions today.

"Mark, why don't you grab a lounge and relax with us. If you have to be stuck babysitting me, at least rank in the benefits of it." I nudged him with my elbow.

Mark just smiled at me and shrugged his shoulders and pulled up a lounge with Olive and I. This place is honestly gorgeous. The pool is so large it could easily fit 300 people or more. There is a stone wall around the pool area that separates it from the rest yard. wooden picnic tables are stained dark, scattered all around, and about 50 loungers are lined up along the edge of the

pool. There aren't too many people here today; a couple of mothers with their children, a few teens enjoying the rest of their summer, and us. A few warriors would walk by every now and then, giving Olive and I flirtatious looks. Mark would let a small growl in warning and they would scurry off. We were all lying there resting when I asked Olive if she would possibly want to go to the mall later with me. I would like to pick up a few new outfits. Before Olive could respond, Mark answered for both of us.

"Sorry Luna, but that is not possible. You have to stay here on the packs lands, you actually aren't supposed to go outside the packhouse. I let it slide since I am with you though." Mark finished looking very proud of himself. What does he mean I can't leave the packhouse?!

I flung my legs over the side of my lounge to face Mark and raised my glasses to sit on top of my head. "Mark, what do you mean I 'can't leave the packhouse'. Who told you this?"

Mark was still leaned back in his chair resting. I don't even think he could see that I was getting irritated by the passing seconds. Nonchalantly, Mark responded, "Alphas orders Luna, You are not to leave and I am to make sure of that and watch your every move." I believe Mark could feel the rage just flying off of me. He opened an eye to look at me and then you could see the quick worry in his face. I was mad, down right furious, and I was about to go and show Theodore exactly how mad I was. Mark fumbled out of the chair, and before he could reach me, I was already inside, stomping my way to Theos office. When I got there I didn't even waste my time knocking. I just barged right through the door, interrupting what I assumed was a meeting. Oh was I wrong... so very wrong. If I wasn't seeing red before, I was now.

Sitting behind the desk was Theo himself, but sitting ON his desk was a very beautiful blonde she-wolf. She seemed to be very cozy with her placement also.

I'm going to k!!! this bimbo! Harper roared.

Don't take all the fun away, let me have a piece of her also. I demanded her.

Before I knew it, I was growling and my claws and teeth started to elongate. Just as I was getting ready to pounce on her, Mark came flying in and tried to restrain me by wrapping his arms tightly around my waist. "I'm... I'm sorry, Alpha, I accidentally spilt the news that she wasn't allowed to leave the packhouse. Before I knew it, she rushed up the stairs. I tried to stop her but

she is insanely fast. Like faster than anyone or anything I have seen before. She wasn't this mad though. I'm assuming your current position with Jessica is adding fuel to this fire and I can't promise I can hold her back any longer." Mark rolled his eyes.

Theodore quickly noticed his position with the blonde bimbo I now know as Jessica and flew up out of his seat to stand. Then the stupid blonde t\*\*t had enough courage to grab his hand and try to pull him back down. That's it!! I am going to show this she-wolf exactly what she is messing with!

I let out a terrifying growl. Twisted myself away from Mark. As I stalked my way over to Theodore's desk, the she-wolf started to fidget in her seat. I could see the sweat beads forming on her forehead. I was only inches from Jessica when I decided to turn my attention to my mate.