

## Lita's Love for the Alpha

### Bonus Chapter- New Kink Unlocked

The hotel suite door beeped as it opened and Lita stepped around Cole, relishing the cool air conditioning that surrounded her. Somebody had thankfully left it on, even in spring, because in such close quarters, wolves were like furnaces. A chilled breeze flew down her arms and it helped cool her overheated skin, tense and crawling with unspent energy. The elevator was too small for so much tension and her emotions were too large. She'd suffocated the space with her erratic thoughts, oscillating between going back downstairs to knock her father out, and leaving the city for good.

Neither option would give her what she truly wanted—parents who gave a damn, who hadn't tried to use their children as bargaining chips. Lita had no doubt that had James not fled to pursue his own dreams, he would have been used by Diane and Rafi, too. \*Or perhaps not,\* Lita's blood ran cold at the sudden thought. For all the ways he disregarded their hopes for him and become a failure in their eyes, Diane and Rafi never seemed determined to make him yield.

Was it because he was \*theirs\* and Lita was not?

Tears stung the back of her eyes, something tightening her throat. Lita cleared the pressure away, shaking her head. She was still \*Diane's\*, and her mother had been pushing the issue the most. Lita, who made it a point not to give his memory her energy, thought of Maxim now. And of Ace's father, who she still knew nothing about. Even Jaz's father, who had gotten her mixed up in the wolf world. Was there an unwritten rule that forbade werewolves from loving their children? Did they just not give a shit about what happened to their offspring?

She shivered, the thought of one day having her own children dousing that idea with a bucket of ice water. She would never treat her children the way she'd been treated. And Cole? He would rather break the bones of anyone who suggested it than wish harm on someone he loved. Lita had no doubt that Cole would love any baby they created with everything he had.

"What are you thinking about?" Cole asked, stepping over the threshold behind her. "Your emotions changed."

"Nothing," Lita lied quickly, dismissing the idea of having any kids at her age. She wasn't ready, and they had years to start that journey. Conscious of the fact that Cole was reading her emotions, Lita thought of ripping out her father's throat, letting that anger coat her thoughts once more. If Cole got even a hint of her thinking about pups, she'd never hear the end of it.

"The more you think about punching Asher, the more I'm tempted to let you, baby," Cole said from just inside the door, closer than he was a moment before. "Your violent thoughts taste like cherries. I love it."

Lita wasn't sure if he was talking about her violence or the taste of cherries, well aware that, for wolves, all the senses intertwined through bonds. They were bonded on every level, and their bodies were constantly adapting to it. Not only could they occasionally isolate what the other was feeling, if the emotions were strong enough, they came with tastes or smells, too. Enough to trigger a basic bodily reaction. The way the taste of a favorite food triggered the body to relax. Or the indescribable scent of something from childhood could raise goosebumps. Sometimes they would come with a physical sensation like crawling under the skin, or blushing as the blood responded to the cues.

"Your violence tastes like dark chocolate, bitter but sweet, far smoother than it should be," Lita admitted automatically, a smile curving on one end of her mouth. "It should be wrong for something so vicious to taste so good."

Another flush of heat went down the bond, milky, hot chocolate bursting across her tastebuds, his fall air musk filling her lungs. "Trying to make me less angry by flirting isn't going to work," Lita said, flushed and frustrated for so many reasons. "So stop trying to cheat."

Cole's chuckle stretched the quiet space between them. "It's your own fault for saying I taste like chocolate. Of course, that's going to send my mind straight to the gutter. What kind of power do you think I have, baby? Definitely not enough to ignore the image of you \*tasting\* me."

"You have no self-control," she muttered, ready to punch him right then if it meant he would stop trying to distract her.

"She says with that perfect mouth," Cole said, and Lita could hear the smile in his voice. He sucked his teeth, "Mmm, I \*do\* love cherries. Think of hurting me again."

"For fuck's sake, Cole," Lita begged, annoyed that her body was responding as if he knew exactly which tone of voice to use and words to say.

"Careful, mate," Cole whispered, "Don't say \*fuck\* right now."

More heat flooded her and Lita groaned in frustration, moving further into the hotel suite and away from the over-stimulated wolf at her back. He could be impossible when he got an idea stuck in his head, and Lita knew that after sparring, there would be some much-needed relief.

Part of her was stretched like a bowstring, liable to snap at any moment. And another part was overheated, warmed through the flush of desire rolling down the bond from Cole. His lust hadn't been this palpable since early in their bond, and Lita couldn't figure out the catalyst. She looked down at her t-shirt and jeans, dismissing her clothes as the reason. She hadn't been overly flirty, and she hadn't even seen him for much of the last few hours.

Maybe he was just being a male. She shrugged one shoulder to herself. Men were weird. Who knew what gave them urges and what didn't? A breeze could blow too hard and suddenly his mind would be on sex. She could stub her toe and something about the way she cursed would put heat in his eyes. Lita snorted. There was sense in trying to understand it.

Lita looked across the room where she could see through to the expanse of windows along the far wall, and from them, Lita watched the sunset. Dark oranges and deep yellows washed over the other buildings, sun rays skittering between the glass windows of neighboring skyscrapers. She sighed, rubbing the back of her neck as she entered the main living space. With the curtains open and the lights off, the entire room glowed in a fiery aura.

Lita stepped down into the seating area, which was a depressed circular shape that butted the windows. Someone had already cleared the couches and chairs to the back edges of the space, leaving the center portion completely open.

"Someone's already been fighting," Lita said over her shoulder, putting the pieces of the scene together. She inhaled and snorted. "Brody and Mark, apparently. I thought I saw the hint of a black eye on Mark."

"Where were the others?" Cole asked, and Lita heard the click of the latch locking from the inside. "Tell me where you pick up their scents." Lita crossed her arms. Cole often found ways to train her wolf's senses wherever he could. Sometimes, while they were on runs, he would ask her to scent out a critter. Other times, he'd hide her favorite snacks around the house, laughing as she cursed him out while searching.

She inhaled again, attuning herself with Nyx, who was already on edge from the meeting. The wolf flooded her natural senses easily, flaring Lita's nostrils. "Stace leaned against that wall," Lita said, pointing to the column between two windows. "Probably betting on a winner. And Alex sat in that chair."

Cole hummed his approval, bending over. His shoes being unlaced and their breathing were the only other sounds in the room. "Andres? Ace?"

Lita cocked her head, looking back at her mate with an irritated expression. She lifted her shoulder.

Standing back to his full height, Cole stalked to her, following Lita into the depressed area and motioning to her shoes. Rolling her eyes, Lita bent down to unlace her tennis.

"Andres was in the back room. I know because the scent is still lingering near those doors. If you turn your head toward to air vent, you'll catch it. Ace and yours are the only scents missing, so he must have been downstairs with you at the time," Cole explained.

Lita kicked off her shoes and tossed her socks out of the area. Then she did as he said, tilting her head toward the air vent. Cole was right, of course, Nyx picked up the scent as soon as the air stirred.

"I've told you before, use air currents to your advantage. If you look for the breeze, you'll always catch things you miss."

"It doesn't always work," Lita snapped, looking at the ceiling.

\*Yes, it does. Our mate is very helpful, you should thank him\*, Nyx said.

\*I'd rather eat gravel than make that man's ego any bigger, thank you.\* Lita laughed sourly at Nyx. \*A lifetime is a long time to feed someone's ego, fluff. We gotta spread it out.\*

"Having a little chat with your wolf?" Cole's humor bled into his voice, and he gave her a knowing smile.

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"Can we just fight so I can punch that smug look off your damn face?" She snapped, making him laugh. It was a low sound, vibrating the air between them in time with the pulsing heat he fed down the bond.

"No need to wait for permission, mate," he chuckled. "And since you said I don't have to give you a free shot, expect me to defend myself. If you want to beg when I've got the upper hand, just make it pretty."

The Alpha bled in her veins sizzled, her body filling with power and authority. Cole cocked his head, a heated, almost dazed look of appreciation passing over his face. Her upper canines had extended, followed by the two smaller teeth in her lower row, forming a cage to hold and tear flesh. Her nails lengthened to claws, curving slightly at the tips. Then Lita's vision bled into red, washing the room in the color, sharpening all the surrounding features. She could time the pulse point in Cole's neck and track the muscles twitching in his arms.

Cole followed her into a half-shifted state, still looking love-drunk on whatever he saw in her.

Logically she knew her mate was goading her, and still Lita took the bait, eager to work out the well of feelings clogging her throat. He thought she would beg? Lita made a sharp sound in the back of her throat a second before she lunged. Her wolf's sense pushed out as far as they would go, fixating on a point on Cole's body to ravage.

She swung from his chest with inhuman speed, but the hit didn't land, stopped midair by his open palm. Tension radiated down her wrist and arms from his unflinching hold. His claws nicked the outside of her hand as he held her stiffly, then batted her away. Lita rebuffed, retracting her claws slightly to make a fist. She aimed for his temple, but he dodged, rib checking her with a quick, soft tap.

Just as fast, she absorbed the sting and threw a knee into his thigh. Cole grunted and stumbled a step, pushing her back.

Lita growled as they continued that way for a few minutes, with her attacking and him defending lazily. Sometimes her hits landed, but more often than not, they were deflected without a work. It was dismissive, and his lack of fear was pissing her off. Did he not see her as a threat because he'd been fighting for so much longer?

She threw two successive kicks to his ribs. The first landed with him grunting through the sting of it, but with the second, he latched those large hands around her knee, snatching her leg from the air to spin her away. Cole made sure to slap her ass as she went and Lita thought flames might come out of her ears with how angry she was.

She would break that goddamn hand.

"Fucking cherries," Cole groaned, sounding more pained from her emotions than he did from any hit she landed. "How have we never done this before?" he asked breathlessly, on the edge of a laugh.

"Glad you're fucking enjoying yourself," Lita growled, feeling like she might murder her mate. Yet somehow the fear of his imminent death didn't seem to be a deterrent. If anything, Cole looked like he might beg her to do it. His eyes were low and dilated, his breathing deep and erratic, nostrils flared and pink.

Lita elongated her claws again and swiped at his abdomen with the other hand. Those sharp points would have sliced the skin deeper, but he slid his hips back just in time, panting. He was beginning to sweat, a gleam of excitement in his eyes as those cuts bled through his shirt. Every time she got closer to overpowering him, Cole seemed to grow more dazed.

"And we've sparred plenty of times," she snapped, shaking off his hold to return some distance between them. Her body screamed, every fiber begging to show Cole exactly how powerful she was. Her nature refused to ignore his dismissals. That Alpha blood burned in her veins, Nyx's growling in the back of her head. Lita would show Cole that if she wanted to, \*she\* could be \*this\* Alpha.

High off that feeling, Lita jumped again, tackling Cole to the hard tile quickly. It would have knocked the wind out of any regular man, but of course, Cole shook it off like nothing. Letting her pin him for a moment longer than was smart, he grinned, "No, we've never sparred like this, baby."

Lita punched him in the nose, though he moved to the side enough to avoid breaking it. Lita didn't care about the effectiveness. She enjoyed the sound of something crunching, of seeing the thin trickle of blood from his nose. It satisfied some primal part of her that wanted to assert herself. That part enjoyed him underneath of her, delighted in him being at her mercy even if it was only for a moment or two.

Cole inhaled sharply. His pupils blew, the red of his eyes growing more brilliant, then he laughed before tossing her off him. "Don't tease me," he begged. "This is hard enough as it is."

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"What the hell is that supposed to mean?" Lita yelled as her back hit a nearby chair, sending a sting radiating up her spine. She was already expecting it, though, scrambling up to her bare feet in order to attack again.

"You can't be serious," Cole said, shaking his head as if to clear it. The thin trickle of blood coated his lips, coloring his teeth a ruddy color. "You don't feel it?" He waved his hands between them and the room as if there were some hidden aura she hadn't noticed.

"Feel what?" she growled, using her foot to propel her into the air, cocking her elbow back to land a strike. Cole cursed, absorbing the blow to his shoulder blade as he wrapped his arms around her back and slammed her into the tile below him. Lita groaned, all the air momentarily stunned in her lungs.

Cole lowered his weight onto her, his knees bearing down on her thighs, his forearms bracing her biceps. He leaned down to her parted lips, whispering the words as she begged her lungs to work. "You think I can't see what you're doing? What you're feeling?"

Lita's mouth opened and closed like a fish as she struggled to remember how to breathe. The weakness embarrassed her, even in front of Cole, and that sent lava through her veins, filling her throat with tingles that burned.

"You feel stronger than you ever have, right?" he asked, his eyes blazing a path from her face to her spasming chest. "You want to hurt me? Make me bleed. Bring me to my knees because some deep, dark part of yourself knows you're better than everyone else—better than me —" Cole pressed his nose to the underside of her jaw and barked, making a rough sound over her skin. The same skin he spoke to as he said, "And you want to see it written on my face, mate? The understanding that you could take my place and run this pack. Strip me of my title and take what I have made because you're just as Alpha as me—hell, \*more\* Alpha than me, right, baby?"

His breath burned her neck, making her sweat and sicken everywhere. Lita blinked, her lungs finally allowing her that desperate breath. How did he know? How did he know all the raw things she couldn't even put into words?

"Yes," she croaked, trying and failing to move any part of herself. All she succeeded in doing was bringing their chests closer together, pressing their bodies flush.

"Do you want me to move, Luna?" Cole growled, his voice dangerously low and strained.

"\*Yes\*," she hissed, bucking him again, to no avail. She knew Cole was using her title to prod her even further, and it worked.

Cole pulled back, staring down at her as if he would kiss her feet. "Then \*make\* me. You've already pushed these feelings further than you ever have before. Dig deeper. If you can't break me, \*bend\* me."

Lita ignored everything except his words and the pounding of her heart in her ears. Nyx prowled restlessly inside her head, angry and frustrated herself. Lita felt the sting just as deeply. Every moment of weakness she'd ever had crashed into her, building to a crescendo that leveled her. The tingling and burning in her throat intensified. The room grew even sharper, even warmer. Her flesh buzzed and tightened under Cole's touch, and Lita opened her mouth to scream.

"\*Get off of me!\*" she roared, her voice layered and rumbling, unlike anything she'd ever heard before. Cole blinked, looking at her as if she were his goddess, his body going lax as he rolled off her. In a blink, Lita had reversed their positions, staring down at Cole with bewildered eyes.

"\*What the hell just happened?\*" she hissed, her voice still layered but less forceful. Cole gave her a heated, almost sleepy smile, as if she'd satisfied an itch he couldn't reach.

"\*That—\*" Cole said, sending enough heat and milk chocolate down their bond that she felt like she was drowning in lust—"is how you dominate another Alpha, baby."

He sounded out of breath, and Lita smirked, realizing he was far beyond just dominated. He was turned on. "Between the two of us, mate," Lita laughed, feeling lighter than she had all day, "I think we may have unlocked your new kink."

She rolled her neck, relishing the lack of tension. Cole gave her a wicked look. "There's only one way to be sure," he insisted, eyes blazing. "You'll have to do it again." Then he sealed his lips to hers.