

# Lita's Love for the Alpha

## Bonus Chapter- Ask Nicely

Lita had the urge to bite.

The points of her lower teeth hadn't receded yet, and every scrape of Cole's tongue made her want to score his flesh "hard". Either with her claws or her teeth, she didn't care which, and she couldn't shake the thought loose. The hot press of her mate's mouth and rich chocolate scent of his hunger tunneled her down into desire so thick she thought she might burst.

Sex with her mate wasn't new. But this, the rampant need she felt to take more and more of him—to make him mindless and needy beneath her—this was new. It heightened everything beyond normal wolf-senses, beyond normal urges. It was as if power vibrated from her skin. Her body exuded an aura that sucked the air from the room and rippled between them. Every touch burned hotter, every kiss between them growing wetter, until that moisture could be felt between her thighs.

As if he already knew it, Cole hummed, moving just enough to press the dampness and stroke against it. His touch felt electric, sensation zipping through her nervous system until he coaxed Lita into rubbing him back. Cole's body seemed to crave it, muscles bunching beneath her hands and thighs, small rough sounds escaping between their clashing lips.

Though something about it still irked her. He was beneath her, but he hadn't fully lost control, or surrendered himself. He'd kissed her first, starting everything between them, and now her body was moving against his only because Cole had coaxed it. Lita didn't hate it, of course she loved anything her mate did, but it wasn't what she wanted... there was something more she needed.

Cole's lips were always working her into a frenzy with the barest pressure. Now, they were slick from how deeply he kissed her, opening his mouth to pull each of her lips into his. His hands palmed her ass, grinding her down on him even harder. Slowly, he sucked one of her sensitive lips in, teased it with his tongue and released. Then he repeated with the other.

A delicious tease. But she wanted more of him—all\* of him—and to scratch that pesky itch, whatever it was. She chased the irritation, following its call to the more primal parts of herself.

Lita nipped his busy tongue, shivering from the top of her spine down to her toes as the hot metallic taste of him filled her mouth. Her mate tasted like magic—like hot springs in the moonlight or the damp aura of a dense forest, reminding her of those murals along the basement walls. She moaned around the flavor. Flicking her eyes up to his, Lita saw he was already watching her, his chest rumbling at whatever expression he saw there.

"Close," he huffed against her mouth, eyes drinking her in as one of his thumbs came up to run under her eye. "So close."

Close to what? Lita didn't know. Cole radiated a primal masculine energy she could never quite put to words. It made her knees weak, her pulse rocket, and her body respond. "Hers". He was hers. And with the way he was looking at her now, Lita wondered if he could feel the same primal energy coming from her. If he was feeling weaker for her as they held eyes. Or if he was feeling his pulse in his throat and if that pulse was also throbbing between his legs like hers. Was he thinking she was "his"? Was he awed by that fact—by how lucky and impossible it all felt to be mated?

Cole cursed into her mouth, gripping her hard enough to bruise as she turned the kiss feral. Lita drowned Cole's noises out with her own needy growl, letting the taste of him coat her lips.

"Do that again\*", Nyx growled, and Lita complied, sucking the fresh bead of taste from a new nick on his tongue. That time, she felt him shiver and stiffen. Was she hurting him? What the hell was wrong with her? Lita huffed, pulling away to shake her head.

"Nothing is wrong with us\*", Nyx made a sound similar to a laugh, "Look at his pupils. We're a perfect match for our mate. He loves us like this... the only one who can put our Alpha in his place is his Luna.\*"

Sure enough, Cole's eyes were glassy, his pupils lust-drunk and endless. The bit of blood on his tongue had only egged him on, and he clearly wanted more. Lita swiped her thumb across his damp lower lip, his words from earlier replaying in her mind.

"What are you close to?"

"Not me," Cole chuckled, a small smirk on his face. "You—you're close."

"To what?" Lita asked, even as Cole's widening grin told her he wouldn't answer. His eyes flicked back and forth between hers, the points of his teeth peeking out as he bit down on his lower lip in excitement.

Dominance was still riding her hard, the primal urges wrapping themselves around her throat like a grip and his disobedience wasn't helping. She wanted to sink her teeth into him, not to claim as she'd already done during their mating, but to control. To clamp her sharp teeth around his throat like pincers until he yielded his neck—until he stopped trying to take the lead in everything.

As if to prove the point, Cole tried to pull her back to his mouth. Lita laughed, resisting the pull. He implied he wanted her to be in charge, but words were easy. Actions were harder. Hadn't her life up to that point taught her that?

"So help him\*", Nyx snapped in the background of Lita's mind.

"Stay out of this before I shut you out," Lita said, and for once, a staggering power followed the words. Nyx's ears perked up, her maw opening as she licked her teeth. Their wolves could be invasive when they were excited, so Cole had already taught Lita how to put Nyx to the back of her mind. And if there was ever a moment to banish her nosy spectator, Lita figured it was when she was about to ride her Alpha hard enough to see stars.

Nyx huffed, "no need to kick me out. I need a nap anyway.\*" Her voice faded away, leaving Lita alone in her mind.

"Everything okay?" Cole asked, his voice rough and breathier than it had been before the kiss. She ran a claw-tipped finger over his lower lip and pitched forward, mashing them together while she braced a hand on the floor behind Cole's head. He would take her direction, not the other way around, and she would reward his submission.

With her other hand, she grabbed his jaw, pressing his head down against the floor. Lita pulled away, panting through the ache in her gums, the burn in her throat, the tension in her bones. She ground down over the hardness between them, and he bucked to meet her.

Lita clicked her tongue, thrusting his head against the ground again. "Your pleasure is mine to give," she growled, "not yours to take. \*Stay still\*."

Her voice, layered and honey thick, left him sucking in a breath, a slight tremor in his hands. He nodded, though, his hooded gaze tracking her movements.

Giving him a sultry grin first, Lita leaned back on her knees and slowly slid her hands under his t-shirt. She walked her fingertips up each of his abdominal muscles, enjoying the way his stomach quivered at her attention. She brushed against the thin scratches her claws left over his abs, glimpsing her knuckles between the rips in his shirt. His jaw ground against itself as she moved. Strategically, she pushed her hands higher, up over his broad, firm pectorals, and past his small, rounded nipples. Lita explored every inch of his chest until her claw-tipped fingers curled under the collar of his shirt and tore it down the center.

The motion shocked them both, but Lita laughed in a wild, husky way. And then she tore the sleeves free too.

"Touch me," Lita said, her eyes roving the exposed torso. Cole didn't move for a moment, just staring at her face as if he were looking for something. It irritated her. He shouldn't hesitate. If she told him to touch her, that's exactly what he damn well needed to do. A lick of heat flooded her face and neck, spiraling down her back and through the rest of her body.

"I said, \*touch me\*," Lita commanded, her voice leaving no room for thought. She was the Alpha between them now, and there was no room for anything else.

He shuddered, his eyes closing for a moment as her command sank under his skin. When he opened those eyes again, they burned for her. He cupped Lita's face, running his thumbs over the apples of her cheeks, staring at her in reverence.

"There you are," he whispered in a heated, scratchy voice. "Finally free."

His words were no clearer than they had been before, but suddenly Lita understood. Her Alpha side had fully emerged. Suddenly, everything made sense—the dominance, the aggression, the tone that could bring Cole to his knees. Unlocking her full potential had been a goal for Lita and Elise. They'd been picking apart her trauma and healing her wounds.

How many years had she thought herself too weak, too small? How many times had she thought she would never overcome her own hang-ups?

Now, with that coarse power rolling through her, Lita realized that she accepted herself completely. No matter what her parents felt. Or anyone else, for that matter. No matter what she'd been through. Lita accepted herself—the scars on her back from the crash. Her fears. Her insecurities. She accepted it all, even the impossible reality of being mated to a man so perfect.

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Cole gave her a filthy look and slid those warm fingers from her face to her knees, along the curve of her hips, and then under the hem of her t-shirt. She saturated herself with his musky scent. Large, warm palms slid up her stomach to cup Lita over her bra. The tips of his claws curved over the cups, massaging and pinching the skin there. With a brief sting of pressure, the straps snapped, making her gasp. She growled, narrowing her eyes, "That was one of my favorites."

A moment later, those claws tore through the band, leaving little scratches behind, stinging her skin. "Cole," she growled the warning for her clothes, her body throbbing in time with his touches. His lips parted, a now-healed tongue swiping out to swirl over a canine. Before she could read the expression, Cole had reduced her shirt to ribbons, floating down over her hips to the floor.

How would she punish him? She wondered. Lita couldn't ignore disrespect or disobedience—not when her body felt like this.

"\*Hands off\*," Lita snapped, bare chest heaving. Cole's eyes tracked each swell, zeroing in on her peaked nipples before trailing down to where their hips met. His hands slid away immediately, hovering with open palms just shy of her skin—a ghost caress that made goosebumps appear. Of course, her skin burned for him, wanted his calloused palms to touch every part of her. But he hadn't earned any grace by being a brat. Studying him closely for a moment, Lita smiled.

"\*Hands on the step and don't let go\*," she commanded, watching with a deep sense of contentment when he slowly grabbed the lip of the stair behind his head.

"Baby—"

"Shhh," she cut him off, running her hands over his stretched chest, thinking up the perfect torture for her stubborn Alpha. She suspected that he would enjoy it just as much as he would hate it and some part of her loved that she could fulfill a secret desire. How long had he waited for her to come into her full Alpha aura? Never pressuring or mentioning it, never think less of her for not being confident enough.

Lita hummed a pleased sound as she trailed her claws down to the button on his jeans, then popped it open. "\*Hips up\*," she said, laughing as he obeyed without hesitation. The commands added a cinnamon finish to his lust and over the bond, she felt as if she were being fed dessert. Lita wiggled the material down over his hips until they were at his ankles, then on the floor. When she had him stripped down to his boxer briefs, she stood, stepping away.

Cole's chest rumbled, his teeth gritting through the panic in his eyes. Lita smiled, running her fingers down to her own jeans, popping the button and slowly slipping them off. Panic turned to anticipation in Cole's eyes. It was exhilarating, being able to control him that way—to make him crave her. Her underwear dropped next, leaving her completely bare.

Lita gave him a long look, fixating on the erection straining his briefs. Tapping an ankle with one foot, Lita arched a brow. "Spread these wider, Alpha. \*Make me some room\*."

Cole's lips parted hungrily, his legs opening enough for her to crouch between them and lower to her knees.

"It's probably inconsiderate to do this in the common space," Lita laughed to herself, toying with the edge of his boxers.

"Don't care," Cole grunted. "You're their Luna, you do what you want. They'll live." Lita stared at him, shocked and moved by how quickly he insisted that she was his equal. It wasn't a surprise, but it was a welcome reminder that Cole wasn't like any other man she'd ever met.

"I'm going to make such a mess of you," she promised darkly, tugging the waistband down until he sprang free. "What did you say earlier, mate? Something about me tasting you?"

Cole groaned and Lita heard the grate of his claws digging into the tiled step, gouging a path for more grip. She didn't hesitate or tease any longer, licking the drop of pre-cum that slid down to her fingers as she took him in hand. Her mouth slid down the tip, sucking gently while curling her tongue.

"Oh, \*fuck\*," Cole gasped, abs tensing as he turned his face into his bicep and let out another string of curses. "He hummed her approval around his cock as she swallowed more, taking pleasure in how quickly he was coming apart. Lita pulled away, stroking him roughly before applying pressure with her mouth once more. She did it again and again, working him up, only to stop when he was too close to coming. Holding his pleasure in her hands was intoxicating. It fueled the primal part of her that wanted him at her mercy, even as her own body begged for its own relief.

His body was slick with sweat, his jaw working hard. Lita even caught him biting into his own bicep a time or two to curb his frustrated sounds.

"Lita—," he growled, vibrating her hands with the force of it. She couldn't count how many orgasms she'd ruined for him so far, but his expression was dark, hungrier than she'd ever seen it as he bucked up and tried to stroke himself using her hand. If she released her command of him, he would lunge in a heartbeat and all her fun would end.

Lita gave him a coy smile, releasing him as she crawled up his muscular body. She playfully nipped at his stomach, his tense chest, one of his prominent collarbones. His body vibrated, his claws punching deeper into the tile as she teased his lips with her tongue. He followed her mouth, arching up to take a kiss. But she pulled back, wagging a claw-tipped finger.

"What's wrong?" she pouted, then snorted at his show of teeth as he grunted. "If you want relief, you only have to beg for it... say please and maybe—"

Cole snarled, rolling his neck, corded muscles straining down his throat. "Or I could fight off your compulsion, \*mate\*," he snapped. "Enough games."

Lita cocked her head, all her power pulsing inside of her like a physical force. "You wouldn't dare. Break my commands and \*all\* the fun stops, \*mate\*." Her voice had taken on the layered sound again, illustrating just how seriously she took his obedience. Cole tensed, nostrils flaring, but eventually he relaxed back down to the ground. All the angry fire left his eyes and his gaze softened.

"Good Alpha," she purred, running a claw over a nipple. She kissed him deeply, sliding her slick center over his cock as she teased. "Now you know what you have to do to get relief," she said between hot kisses.

Cole made a strangled sound as she slid against him again, his body shuddering. He went completely slack, surrendering beneath her before he begged, "Please\*, Luna, it's torture. I need you."

And with his words, that itch finally settled inside of her. Her relief burned like a hot light, and Lita felt full of it. She rocked back, notching him at her hands, that itchy and bearded down. Desperate relief raced through them both as he slid home, filling her completely.

That first joining was always heavenly, as if she were finally whole.

Again, Lita gave her exactly what she needed, arching his hold back in submission. She rocked back, slamming down as length chased her own relief. A chunk of the step cracked, splitting apart from the force of Cole's hold. They both laughed, and Lita licked his throat before releasing.

"Shit," he gasped, groaning as Lita used him to hit a spot they both felt all the way to their toes.

"\*I release you\*," Lita panted into his chest, then yelped as he sat up. His hands were on her immediately, cupping and squeezing everything he could. He lapped at her throat, sucking and biting over her neck.

"Only for you," he panted, using her hips to slam them together faster. "I would only give you my throat, Luna. I hope you know that." He moaned around her nipple, biting down enough to sting as she bounced and squeezed. His words were making her body spiral as if his cock wasn't making her half-crazed.

"Oh fuck, oh fuck—" Lita chanted when he bucked up against her. And a minute later, when she went over the edge, Cole followed, shouting through the skin of her neck as he clamped down with his teeth.

Lita leaned her head forward, resting on his shoulder. She couldn't even think straight. All she knew was that he'd sated every single part of her. And based on how he collapsed back down onto the floor, dragging her overtop of him, Lita would assume she'd done the same for Cole.

She listened to his deep breathing and the fast thrum of his heart, feeling her eyes growing heavy. Cole jostled her arms with a chastising chuckle.

"Don't even think about sleep, Lita," he huffed. "I'm nowhere near done with you yet."