

# Lita's Love for the Alpha

## Bonus Chapter- Rings and Things

"I can't, I can't, Cole, I can't," Lita chanted from the pillows, her head thrown back to arch that tempting throat up for him. She buried her hands somewhere he couldn't see, but the sheets were hardly on the bed anymore. One or two bits of foam floated off the edge, and he chuckled against her. She shivered through the sensation, and Cole did it again. His poor, pleasure-drunk mate had shredded the mattress trying to endure his talents. He swiped a sensitive spot with his finger and she bent her back into an impossible angle. It pleased the primal part of him that needed submission, complete mindlessness, just as he'd appealed to hers earlier in the night.

His mind wandered back to those minutes. Cole had never been able to let go before. He had never trusted another person enough to let his guard down. Hell, he hadn't even known that being dominated was a personal kink until he'd seen her Alpha tendencies taking over. Lita and violence were an aphrodisiac he hadn't expected.

With an expert swipe of his tongue, Lita's body twitched again.

Cole's gaze burned that soft, marked up skin, feeling a deep sense of satisfaction when he looked at the bruises his teeth had left over every inch of her. Even now, hours later, he wanted to tenderize her skin. Sizzling heat went up his spine, another thrum of arousal waking him up. He seemed to never tire of this. Cole groaned at the force of his desire, and Lita made a sound he'd never heard, something not altogether human, but just as delicious. The way he felt was so similar to how hard his instincts rode him during their mating. Only then, she'd been so much more breakable than she was now. He'd had to be careful.

Lita's legs shook as he pressed her clit hard with his closed lips, sliding two fingers along her inner walls until she gasped and made a wet mess of his hand.

For all things moon-touched, she was beyond beautiful—and sensual, strong, resilient—and on top of all of those things,\* his\*. His mate. His Luna. And soon to be his wife if he could stifle his lust for long enough to say the words. Those fucking Alpha commands had snapped something open in him and he hadn't been able to close it. Wave after wave of crushing arousal seemed to course through his veins and he couldn't be sated. Cole clamped down on her hips, dragging her center closer to his mouth until she was practically suffocating him. He'd lost track of how many orgasms he'd ripped from her, but she was nearly spent. He could see it in the tremors of her thighs, the panting breaths that seemed to grow raspier every minute.

With a final cry, she dove over the edge of a final orgasm and he felt his arousal ease. Wet sucking sounds filled the room as he pulled his fingers free. Those sounds would be the death of him, but he didn't care, riding her through the throes of her pleasure with soft nips before pulling away. He kissed a path up her shaking limbs and gave Lita a soft peck on the lips. Lita hummed, her face a perfect picture of satisfaction and bliss as he scooped her up.

"Another bath, my love?" he asked gently, stroking a thumb along the back of her knee. "Or can you stand for a shower?"

Lita laughed, the breathless sound making him grin down at her. "My love? That's a new one. Bath, please. Unless you plan to hold me up the entire time."

Cole sat her on the side of the large basin and began running the water. Lita slumped against the wall, watching with a goofy smile on her face as he set the temperature and sprinkled the bath salts.

"Something funny?" he asked, washing his soaked hands in the water stream with a heated smirk. Lita flushed and rolled her eyes.

"You're just a crazy contradiction, that's all," she laughed softly. "Cruelly giving me more orgasms than I can handle, only to be sweet enough to run me a bath after nearly killing me." She bent her knee, exposing all of the flushed, wet skin he'd just had his mouth on.

Cole scoffed. "You survived." Then he leaned over to kiss her bent knee, "you beautiful—" and reached over to kiss the palm of her nearest hand—"wicked tease." He winked. "And those aren't contradictions. My love for you drives both."

"Love, huh?"

"Lust too," he gave her an unapologetic shrug and helped her into the hot water. "It's not my fault that I cannot get enough of you." Lita's sigh of relief filled the entire bathroom and Midnight preened at how well they were taking care of their mate. Under all that attitude, the wolf loved nothing more than doting on his mate. Lita slipped further into the water, leaning her head against the lip. Cole seized the opportunity, managing to slip away without drawing Lita's attention, and he used those few moments to grab the small box he'd stashed away.

His hands were shaking when he returned to the bathroom. It was strange to feel those nerves again, as if he was about to confess that she was his mate all over again. They were already bound and mated—already married in every way that mattered to wolves and themselves. But Cole swallowed hard anyway. He wanted them to be bound in a way that humans recognized as well.

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Without another sound, Cole went to the edge of the tub and silently got down on both knees, a thing he would never do for anyone else. He didn't care about his nakedness, or his own exhaustion, only caring about making Lita happy, and about claiming her in every way that he could. Cole took in the sight of her resting in the tub, her closed eyes and small nose. He loved the curve of her lips and the post-sex flush of her face. Again, he studied the love bites he'd left on her skin, and everything before he ever met her seemed to vanish. The gnawing cold of his father's compound. The rage that swallowed Midnight for a long, long time. Every empty moment he spent chasing his dark thoughts away. Everything faded until all he knew was this.

Cole opened the box and waited for the half-sleep woman that consumed his every waking thought to look at him. Sensing his attention, Lita hummed, rolling her head along the back of the tub until she was facing his direction. She blinked her eyes open, a question in them as she sat up slightly to look at the ring.

The reflected diamonds glittered in her eyes.

"Will you marry me?" Cole asked, his voice a quiet rumble in the room. The only other sound was trickling water as Lita sat forward in the tub, the water just tall enough to cover her breasts.

"What—we already—"

"I know," Cole agreed. They had already done every kind of joining except this one. And he found that he wanted it as much as he wanted the others. "I want to marry you, anyway, because I'm yours in every way that I can be."

When Lita said nothing, her eyes filling with tears that were barely contained, Cole's heart stuttered. Had he done it wrong? Had he forgotten something? Cole went through a flurry of thoughts, trying to understand that heartbroken expression on her face. And then he went completely rigid, realizing how stupid he'd been. What kind of mate would propose marriage when his other half had been nearly forced to marry a monster? It hadn't been that long ago that Lita had endured a contract. Cole choked on the realization. The fucking thought of marriage probably terrified Lita, probably made her sick to her stomach because her parents had treated her like property to sell and because the last man to offer marriage had been horrible.

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Cole's fingers flexed. "Shit, I'm so stu—"

"Yes," Lita said, tears running down her face even as she managed a small smile. She pulled her gaze from the ring to his face, her eyes shining with an inner light. He couldn't make sense of it.

"What?" Cole croaked.

"Let's get married," Lita agreed with a small shake of her head. "I thought... I don't know, I guess I just thought about where I would be right now if I had never gone to the gym or met you—any of you. And imagining that future made me realize that I would be married and miserable right now. I might not even be here, you know, \*alive\*. Brian would have abused—" Lita shivered, and the water rippled. Cole's whole body swelled with rage as if he hadn't just spent the day breaking that Alpha's bones—"Anyway, I realized that those things never came true and that's because of you and this pack. I love you so much. I think if I even tried to say no right now, my heart would explode. So... yea. Yes." She gave him a brilliant smile and snatched the ring out of the box before he could stop her.

"Wait—I'm supposed to—" Lita ignored Cole, giggling as she put the ring on her own finger. She turned back to him, a mischievous smile on her face before she grabbed him by the shoulders and hoisted him into the water. The movement sent water everywhere, splashing across the floor in a wave.

"You know," Cole muttered when the water settled, switching their positions so she was lying on top of him, chest to chest, "if I was a weaker man, that might have damaged my ego."

He nosed her hair, running his hand down her neck and down the notches of her spine.

"Good thing you're the strongest man I know," she whispered, and kissed his chest.