

Lita's Love for the Alpha

Sense of Smell

Lita didn't wake up all at once, like she normally did after a nightmare. She awoke gently, to the smell of French toast, bacon, sliced strawberries and orange juice, specifically pulp free orange juice. How she knew all of that from one whiff as she cracked open her eyes, she did not know. Or care.

Immediately, her mouth watered. As much as she could smell it, the food had to be practically at her bedside. She groaned, stretching her limbs and sitting up until her rib shot pain through her. Lita slowly started feeling her whole body again, the pain somehow worse than before she went to sleep.

She leaned back down against the pillow. Where was she? Brian probably took her to his apartment to monitor her, which had happened more times than she wanted to admit. He could be really sweet and attentive sometimes. The only issue was that it always came after he was violent and cruel.

She sighed, at least there was food. That was a positive worth focusing on. But looking around, she couldn't find any food nearby. And she didn't recognize a single thing about the room. This wasn't Brian's apartment or hers.

Lita not knowing where she was, upset her, but not nearly as much as the lack of food. Which was odd. She was ravenous as her growling stomach told her. More hungry that she could remember being in months. Perhaps it was because she needed energy to heal?

Her eyes went back around the room. Not a single feminine touch meant she was in a man's room. That was more alarming. Where was she? Under the scent of the breakfast she couldn't find anywhere, there was another scent, something familiar. She inhaled deeply, firewood? Something smoky. And fall air? Where had she smelled that before? It was nagging her mind like déjà vu. And it was wonderful. If they sold it at Bath and Body Works, she'd buy their entire stock.

Oh my god, Brian's apartment was trashed. Her mind seemed to snap back in place all at once. The memory of Cole smashing everything made her whole body shiver. What was she going to do? Brian would be pissed and he would be jealous, too. Terrible things always happened when he was jealous. He would tell her parents about Cole. They would all find out about the gym. As soon as they knew what she was doing, they'd nullify the contract, and she'd be forced to marry Brian early. Her mind raced with how one series of unfortunate events had potentially destroyed her entire life and her plan to get away.

She couldn't stop herself from hyperventilating. What was she going to do? Where was Stace? Where was Cole? What happened to her apartment? What day was it? Her emotions ran away with her, a cold sweat breaking out across her forehead. This was bad, really bad.

They were wolves! The thought splintered everything else she was thinking. Lita was about to toss back the covers and jump out of bed in a rush, but Cole came into the room holding a tray of food.

"Oh good you're u—" he froze mid sentence, staring at Lita like a character glitch, "Y-your chest, Lita." He cleared his throat and looked away, as Lita looked down at her bare breasts.

"Jesus!" She snatched the large comforter up to her neck again. How the hell did she end up naked?

"Are you some kind of pervert? You don't just stop at destruction of property? You're into kidnapping and perverted shit too?!" she yelled, scooting as far away from him as she could go, wincing at the discomfort.

"Calm down will you," he grumbled, sliding the tray onto her bedside table, "the doctor stripped you to assess your wounds." His jaw clicked as if it angered him to think about it. "And fuck that asshole's property."

Lita eyed him carefully. He didn't seem like he was lying at all. But there was no way to know. The cold sweat intensified.

"I figured you wouldn't want me dressing you while unconscious?" Lita cut her eyes at him and nodded, "Exactly. You can get dressed as soon as you eat."

Lita exhaled hard, why did he seem to raise her blood pressure? He sat on the side of the bed, turning to her, "Seriously, eat. You need energy to heal." She snorted, knowing she'd just said the same thing to herself.

"What do you remember?"

Cole pushed the plate of food in her lap and, much to her surprise, it actually had French toast, bacon, and sliced strawberries. And when she looked at the bedside table, there was a glass of pulp free orange juice. How the hell did she smell that all perfectly through a closed door? She shook her head, must've been a lucky guess. Hunger did weird things to the body. Lita took the first bite and groaned at how perfect it tasted.

"I remember waking up. Showering. You," Lita's face involuntarily flushed, "um Stace. And you trashed Brian's apartment!" Lita couldn't help but glare at him. That temper of his seemed to rule him in a way she didn't like. It wasn't so hard for a man to go from destroying property to hurting a person, as she was already well versed.

"That's all?" he asked, studying her face for any signs that she was hiding something. What was she supposed to remember? That they were apparently shape-shifting creatures?

"Yea, that's it... why? Was there more?"

"Nope, just checking," he replied quickly. How could she not remember Stace telling her about werewolves? Cole couldn't believe it. Wouldn't that be the first thing someone would remember? Unless she hadn't really believed it. That might have made it easier to suppress. *Shit*. He sighed, knowing he was going to have to put new rules in effect with the pack until she got her bearings. Maybe he could reject her and be done with it all before she even knew about their kind.

"How long have I been out?" she asked between mouthfuls, then motioned around the room, "This yours?"

"You've been out for a couple of days. Doc said you'd wake up today, most likely. It's Sunday," he rubbed the back of his neck, "And yea, this is me."

"Sunday?! Well, fuck me," she mumbled, noticing the way Cole's eyes got darker for a moment, "Sorry to put you out of your room... but thanks for helping in your own way."

"Put me out?"

"Yea? What'd you sleep in a guest room? Or on the couch?" she asked, stuffing an entire piece of toast into her mouth like a slob. She didn't care though, her stomach wanted more.

Cole chuckled deeply, raising the hair on the back of Lita's neck, "I slept right there." He pointed to the other half of the large bed and Lita thought she was hallucinating again. Surely, he didn't mean he'd slept right beside her? Was he really some kind of pervert?

"Don't worry, I slept on top of the covers," he rolled his eyes, whispering something else very low under his breath, *as difficult as it was*.

"Why was it difficult, I wonder?" she smirked, forgetting she was supposed to be annoyed about the situation. Instead, she kept remembering that handful of moments in her closet.

"Y-you... you heard that?" Lita nodded. Cole gave her a strange look, but didn't push it any further.

"Anyway... no need to torture yourself anymore, I'm a big girl and I'm awake now. I'll get out of your hair," Lita swiped up the last of her bacon and gulped down the OJ. Cole immediately tensed at the idea of her leaving. Even though he should have been secretly happy, as it would make things a hundred times easier for him. Last night had been a slow torture, for sure. A torture he found himself more than eager to do again. He shook his head. He needed to reject her and get it over with.

"Where do you plan on going? I think you know you can't go back home... I could call your family, maybe? I saw your mom called a few times this morning on your cell phone."

"NO!" Lita jumped up, grabbing his wrist, "No—you can't tell any of them..." She felt her chest closing in, breathing deeply but not finding any air. She could try to smooth things over with Brian, but her parents? They couldn't know. They'd force her to marry.

"Lita? Lita?!" Cole grabbed her chin, snapping her out of the spiral of thoughts, "Where'd you go? It's okay. I've decided you're staying here for now, anyway." Her cloudy eyes seemed to clear as soon as she looked back at him.

"O-okay... yea... I'll stay here," she breathed. But Cole didn't let her chin go, staring darkly into her eyes. He leaned closer to her mouth. "Cole?" she swallowed, wetting her lips. That smell hit her like a punch in the gut. That firewood, smoky, fall air was Cole. It was the absolute best thing she'd ever smelled. Mouthwatering. Intoxicating. He dipped his eyes down to the comforter that was slipping lower and lower.

Then he caught a scent that made his skin flush, eyes hungry. He growled, pushing himself off the bed.

"Y-your black eye looks a lot better... uh, the doctor will be here soon to check you out again. I-I have to, uh," he stuttered, looked wildly around the room and bolted, shutting the door behind him.

Well, that was certainly not a boost of confidence for a girl...

That was just an unexpected turn of events. He spent an entire month being a distant, rude, dick. Laughing behind her back with Alex, calling her psycho fan or a ring unbet behind her back and to her face. It was like he'd hated her before she'd ever even said a word to him. How could she make a person upset without doing anything? Especially since they barely ever spoke.

Lita was convinced he would have put a lock on the outside of the gym to keep her out if he could. It was the look that first day that told her what he really thought of her. That dark, judgmental look. Especially when she'd signed the receipt for such a large sum. What had been meant to make her leave hadn't worked and instead of earning his respect, that sizeable sum must have told him she was an entitled princess.

So how the hell had they gone from that to an entire make-out session at her apartment? A session she wasn't entirely sure wouldn't have gone farther if she weren't injured. Had she wanted it to go farther? Lita's body felt hot all of a sudden, thinking of the things they could have done.

And now, he was sleeping beside her in bed and almost kissing her in the middle of standard conversation? What was she supposed to do with all that? What was happening between them? *Cole*... her body seemed to respond to just his name with heat. She ran her fingers through her tangled hair, what a complication he had really turned out to be.

She'd known it from that first day they nearly touched, when his body heat sent her head into a frenzy. His warm, muscular body, and that sexy fragrance he wore... He was fucking up her plans, and she wasn't even sure what those plans were anymore. Now that Brian was most likely in a rage and looking for her, she needed to lie low. Very low. Staying here was the only option next to staying at a Motel 6, anything nicer would require her card. She surely couldn't go back home. And she probably needed to trash her phone the first chance she got.

Lita thought about the pure rage that would run through Brian's veins the second he saw his apartment trashed. And then the way it'd fully explode once he realized she wasn't home, either. She took a few calming breaths. He wasn't here. She didn't need to be afraid here. Her mind went back to Cole again. He wouldn't let Brian touch her again, that much she knew. She couldn't help but smile, feeling that familiar protectiveness she'd get when she was with her brother. She never had to fear anyone.

Lita kicked her feet out, standing up to go to the bathroom. Realizing once again that she was completely bare, she groaned. He never showed her where she could get dressed.

"Cole!" she yelled, wrapping herself up in the comforter as she went out into the hall.

"Stay in the room, Lita!" He yelled, from somewhere but she didn't see him. Stepping into the hallway, there Cole stood, his head pressed against the wall right outside the door, shaking from head to toe.

"Are you okay?" she reached out to touch his arm, but he jumped away and hissed as if she'd burned him.

"Don't touch me, Lita," he growled, turning away, "Go back in the room. Please, dear moon goddess. Go back into the room."

"O-okay, calm down. I won't touch you. But you're not okay... what's wrong?" She drew closer to him.

"I'll be fine, if you go back in the damn room... It had almost passed..." he growled so low it sent heat straight between her legs. How could she find even his anger appealing now? What had almost passed? Was he ill?

"I'm not leaving you alone out here... you took care of me... I-I should do the same. O-or at least try to..." Lita insisted, reaching for his arm again and this time, when her hand touched his arm, she realized exactly why he didn't want them to touch. Hot electric currents of sensation shot throughout her body. Her thoughts seemed to go straight out the window and her body short circuited. She knew she needed to let go, but she couldn't. If anything, she gripped his arm tighter, pulling him closer.

"You're so warm..." she whispered, pupils dilating as he turned back to her, eyes dark.

"Please go back in the room Lita, you're ovulating a-and I-I can't be a-around you r-right now," Cole practically begged, moving closer to her mouth as if he couldn't help it. He inhaled sharply, eyes reflecting the light in the hallway. Ovulating? What the hell did that have to do with anything?

Her breathing ragged, Lita leaned closer, until their mouths met. It triggered a frenzy in him as he attempted to devour her, kissing and sucking on every part of her mouth and neck. *Mine. Mine. Mine.* He growled repeatedly as he sucked at her neck, pulling deeper at the skin every time. She couldn't stifle the hot breathy moans that clawed their way out of her chest. She gave herself over to the feeling of his hands finding her through the blanket. Her head rolled back, giving him more access to her neck, as if on instinct. She couldn't control her body at all.

Lost in the world of this story? Make sure you're on [Novel5s](#) to catch every twist and turn. The next chapter awaits, exclusively on our site. Dive in now!
"FUCK!" Stace yelled, rounding the corner on the hallway as if she was looking for them, "OFF! ALPHA OFF! SHIT ALEX, HELP!" And suddenly Alex was there too, as if he'd been summoned to that spot as well. His eyes burned bright blue.

Stacee grabbed Lita's shoulders and Alex grabbed Cole, dragging him down the hall, kicking and growling the whole time like a wild animal. Lita felt like she was on autopilot. What the hell was happening to her body? What the hell was happening to Cole? Why didn't she want whatever it was to stop?

Stace dragged her into the bedroom once more, stripping the blanket from Lita, "Cold shower!" She shoed her into the walk-in bathroom and forced her into freezing cold water. Lita shrieked and tried to run with how much it felt like burning acid against her skin. But Stace held her still. After a few moments of pain, Lita's heat dissipated and her racing heart returned to normal. She started to catch her breath. What the entire hell was happening to her?

"Alright, whew, lord, that's better, you can get out," Stace sighed, helping Lita out of the shower, "Jesus, you two trying to fight this is like watching a fire trying its best not to spread."

"W-what do you mean?" Lita asked, still catching her breath, "Fight what?"

"Your clothes are all here," Stace said, motioning to the large closet and ignoring Lita's question, "I cleared out your apartment. Furniture is in storage. Everything else is here." Lita just nodded, as if she wasn't really processing anything.

"What's wrong with Cole? He looked like he was in pain..." Lita couldn't shake the wild, pained look in his eyes.

Stace sighed, sitting on the side of the bed while Lita pulled on some clothes. This was hard to explain to someone who didn't know what they all were. Cole had already linked and told her Lita didn't remember their conversation. How could she explain it without explaining that they were wolves? She couldn't stifle the hot breathy moans that clawed their way out of her chest. He gave herself over to the feeling of his hands finding her through the blanket. Her head rolled back, giving him more access to her neck, as if on instinct. She couldn't control her body at all.

Stace twiddled her fingers, "His was just lightened right now, that's all. And you um... specifically you ... how do I put this... make his senses go wild... if you know what I mean...?"

Lita blinked, her face flushed, "Surely you don't mean I make him..."

"Incredibly horny? Yea, that's exactly what I mean," they both laughed, "Like he would break you in half." A deep laugh bubbled up between them, a laugh Lita really needed.

"I thought he didn't like the bunnies," Lita giggled.

"Guess you're the exception," Stace smiled.

"Well, that's good to know, I guess," she gasped, wiping the tears away as her laughter died, "Do you know where my phone is?"

"Yea, here I brought it with me," Stace tossed the device on the bed, "So aside from all the excitement, how are you physically?"

"Still banged up, but alive, so that's something, right?" Lita shrugged, pulling on her jeans and a fuzzy sweater.

"And emotionally...?"

"I don't really know yet," Lita admitted, "I'm just taking it second by second..."

"I get that. Talk to me when you're ready. You're stuck in this room for a few more days, doctor's orders, but after that, we can get back to training. If you want?"

Lita nodded, smiling. The sound of buzzing caught her attention, and she went for the phone. Her heart dropped immediately. She slid the bar to answer and took a deep breath, "Hi mom."