

# Lita's Love for the Alpha

## Sense of Sight

“Listen!” Lita yelled, finally wrangling hold of her emotions as she plopped onto the living room sofa between Stace and Jaz, “Before I say another damn thing, somebody better explain what the hell is going on?! What are Alphas? Are you saying I come from a family of werewolves? I mean, I’ve known my parents my whole life and I can ASSURE you, they’re not fucking wolves. Because that’s CRAZY! Nothing you all are saying makes any fucking sense...”

It was impossible. There weren’t giant fucking wolves in the middle of cities, just living like normal people. And even if there were, they definitely couldn’t turn into freaking animals without someone noticing. And even if they could, they certainly weren’t her parents. Her non-nonsense upper echelon parents that hosted dinner parties and were pillars of the community.

She was really sitting in her aggression now that the sadness had waned. These people expected her to be free flowing with information while they made weird insinuations and vague “I’ll explain later” promises. They needed to tell her everything. And someone had better have a good explanation about what the hell she’d been hearing, or she was leaving the first chance she got. Lita didn’t need anymore crazy in her life than there already was.

“Do you trust me?” Cole asked, studying her from across the room.

“I don’t really trust anyone... but I guess I trust you more than most, why?” He smiled, exchanging a look with Alex and Andres, who immediately cleared away the furniture in the center of the room.

“What are you doing?”

“I’m going to answer your questions, but you won’t believe it. Not really. Not unless you see it for yourself,” He promised, pulling his shirt up over his head. Lita’s eyes couldn’t help themselves from taking in the sight. She remembered that day at the gym, but this was different. They’d already made out twice, and she felt him rub up against her core. His nude torso meant something completely different now. Fucking ovulation was making a mess of her. This wasn’t the time or the place for this but her hormones didn’t give a crap.

He unbuttoned his jeans and growled lowly, “Stop looking at me like that, Lita... I can promise it’s going to make this a hundred times more uncomfortable for us all in another thirty seconds.” His rough voice conflicted with his words, making her body relax into a drugged state.

Stace’s poorly veiled laughter pulled her out of it.

“Shut up, will you?” Lita snapped, punching Stace gently in the ribs.

“Nobody told you to eye fuck him like that,” she whispered, and from the quiet laughter around the room, it hadn’t been that much of a whisper. Either that or they had impeccable hearing. “Wolves,” Lita said to herself.

“Alright, Alright” Cole blew out a tense breath, his muscles rippling, “Lita, are you ready?” She turned her head and in a flash, amid a flurry of tearing and popping sounds, Cole went from man to wolf. Lita inhaled her spit and coughed. Wide-eyed and fighting for her life, Lita crawled over the back of the couch and put her back to the wall on the other side. She hacked up the lungs that refused to work properly. There was a giant black wolf standing in the middle of the room, eyes red and trained directly on her. She couldn’t be positive but it felt like the same wolf that tried to chase down her SUV. \*That was Cole?!\* Her mind rebelled against the thought. Lita stood perfectly still for one singular moment, admiring the fact that if it wasn’t so terrifying, the wolf might have actually been beautiful to behold. It filled the room with the scent of damp leaves and warm fur. Lita inhaled, shivering, before she rejected the entire idea. Alex must have seen it on her face.

“Shit, Lita, don’t run,” Alex begged, but it was too late.

She screamed, making a mad dash toward the stairs, up them, and down the second floor hallway. The sound of claws gouging the floor behind her sent warring sensations through her body. It was exhilarating and terrifying at the same time. She couldn’t fucking believe her eyes. A man just turned into a wolf right in front of her face.

She’d barely cleared the door to Cole’s room when he burst through it behind her, scratching up the wood floor. It dominated the room, looming over her with deep, warm puffs of air steaming from its nostrils.

Lita squealed, falling into the corner of the bathroom, “Oh god, please don’t eat me! I don’t think I’d taste very good!” She covered with her hands over her head. Then, oddly enough, she heard the bedroom door shut before bare footsteps stopped in front of her.

Cole grabbed her roughly by the arms, panting. He snapped her attention to his wild eyes and strained face. “Lita, listen to me, NEVER run from a wolf! This is the second time you’ve run from me, and it’s a bad fucking habit.” Cole cursed, shaking his head several times as if knocking a thought loose. “I should have told you not to. I should have warned you how dangerous it was.”

She couldn’t even think straight, just staring at the man who had just been a wolf. Dark eyes, wild hair, tense jaw. His lips were flushed and damp, opening and closing as he spoke even though she didn’t hear the words. He was too perfect, too delicious not to touch. What was \*wrong\* with her? Why couldn’t she wrangle her emotions around him?

“Do you hear me, Lita? NEVER run from a shifted wolf! I can’t always curb the need to chase, okay? You could get hurt...” She nodded, blankly, and he released her, stepping back to the doorway.

Cole looked her over, taking in the slightly hunched, shivering ball she was curled into and joked, “And as for me not eating you—” His teeth gleamed as he gave her a genuine smile, shocking the fear right out of her—“Oh, I don’t know, I think you’d probably taste amazing.” Cole stared at her with that familiar dark look over a breathtaking grin.

He was no longer a wolf, but a very naked man, and that fact just seemed to sit in her head. Her mind didn’t know what to process first, the fact that he was naked, the fact that he was a wolf one second earlier, or the fact that he was staring at her like he would still actually eat her.

The laughter came out of nowhere. It didn’t make any sense, none of it. She was clearly losing the little bit of a mind she had left. Werewolves weren’t real. Men who looked like Cole weren’t real. The shit she’d gotten herself into wasn’t real. Cole cocked his head to the side, “That bad, huh? I’ve experienced a lot of reactions to...” He looked down at himself and of course Lita followed his gaze, “But never laughter.” Her laughter only got louder, so much so that she it brought tears from the strain on her stomach. Because he was so big she was \*sure\* this was a dream. None of it could have been possible. Maybe Brian really did kill her and her mind had created this alternate reality?

“I’m sorry but this is ridiculous!” she gasped for air, “Well, not that...” She motioned to the monster between his legs, “But the rest is crazy. You are not a wolf. That’s just...”

“Crazy?”

“YES!”

“You’ve said that already. A few times now,” he smirked. “I’m sure it’s hard to process. I can’t imagine.”

He shifted again, staring at Lita from behind his big red eyes and a wolfish grin. Those gleaming teeth had sharpened and elongated, mocking her fear. He opened his mouth and snapped it closed as if her fear was funny. The wolf walked closer, his paws softly padding the floor and she scooted as close to the wall as she could until his snout was just in front of her face. He licked her cheek, the hot, rough sensation confusing every fucking braincell she had. This was weird as hell. Almost taboo... and \*good\*? The wolf nuzzled his nose into the crook of her neck and breathed, blowing hot air down her back. Lita knew it felt good, comfortable. She felt calm and completely safe. What had at first been absolutely petrifying, now felt right? Perfect? His warm breath tickled the underside of her ear. She took a breath and hesitantly reached up to pet his coat.

He was as soft as a stuffed animal, his fur light and clean. She ran her fingers through the scruff under his jaw, scratching it. He made a content sound, nuzzling her harder. His wet nose pressed to the side of her temple and she smiled. God help her, she smiled at the cute wolf that was easily the size of a horse and strong enough to eat her whole.

After a few seconds of petting him, she felt her shoulders relax, and he finally pulled away to shift back. Giving her a confused, almost pained look, Cole left the bathroom and when he returned, he was fully dressed.

“So... it’s real, you’re a wolf... and the others?” It was hard, but Lita was putting the pieces back together. Her mind was forcing her to.

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“Alex is my Beta, the second in command if something was to happen to me. Andres is the Delta, in charge of the community, living quarters, necessities, securing the premises. Mark, Brody and Stacey are all regular wolves and they help where they’re needed. Jaz is like you, a human who knows what we are. She grew up around wolves though she didn’t know it and she’s in the inner circle because, like you, she accidentally saw something she shouldn’t have. Maybe she’ll tell you about it someday.”

Cole ran his hand over the back of his neck, “That’s why we only train after the gym closes, to avoid more accidents happening. Obviously, some people will always find a way.” He rolled his eyes and sighed, obviously talking about Lita’s unexpected trip back to the gym.

“And that would make you the Alpha?”

He nodded, leaning against the bathroom doorframe.

“So you’re the leader?” Again, he only nodded, “But my mom’s an Alpha apparently and I don’t think she’s a leader. You said she was a Beta or something.”

Cole sighed, rubbing his jaw, “There’s a lot that won’t make sense and too much to explain all at once but Alphas aren’t just chosen by their pack, they’re from a bloodline. Your mother is from that bloodline, even though she married a Beta and they are second in command to their pack Alphas. The titles are power positions in the pack and \*also\* markers of bloodline or the type of strength your wolf possesses.”

He groaned, looking at Lita’s confused face. “You’ll have a lot of questions over the coming days. Just try and be patient while you adjust.”

“And we’re mates? What does that mean?”

His jaw visibly clenched, “You heard that part, I guess?”

“Yea, what does it mean?” Lita stood, rubbing her shoulders.

He huffed, “Uh... it’s like you know how two puzzle pieces fit perfectly together?” She nodded, mesmerized once more by his eyes.

“Well... you’re supposed to be \*that\* for me. I’m supposed to be that for you. I know it’s corny, but it’s like a goddess blessed match.”

Lita’s eyes grew wide, “I-I’m supposed to be your person? Your wife? You don’t even know me...”

“Yea, well when you put it like that it sounds really crazy but, I don’t have a choice in who my mate is, obviously. And it’s not a requirement. Just a suggestion. A chemical signature that says you’ll be a good fit together. Wolves can choose to embrace it, or reject it. They can wait for that bond, or choose one of their own. Your parents aren’t mated, I don’t think. Alphas are almost always destined to other Alphas. Plenty of wolves marry who they want, mate with who they want.”

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“So... it’s like an attraction? A natural instinct that says we’d be good together? And it doesn’t have to mean anything?” Lita asked, trying to understand. She understood attraction, it was often a temporary thing if not fostered. It was temperamental. She could wake up attracted to him today and it could be gone by tomorrow. That didn’t seem so scary.

“Exactly. Except most of the time, if a wolf comes across their mate, the pull is so strong they accept it and mate. Sometimes it ruins relationships they already had. Sometimes it ruins lives. But either way, you don’t have to worry, I don’t plan on acting on it. I-I’ll just reject you, okay? I mean, Alphas don’t mate with humans, it’s absurd. Most likely none of my children would even inherit the wolf gene, like you and that’s a risk I can’t take. It’s my job to continue the line. It’s what Alphas \*do\* you know?”

Cole took a breath, realizing in horror that he’d just rambled that entire string of thoughts he hoped would stay in his head. He looked at Lita, who looked back at him, and nothing but silence stretched between them.

“EXCUSE ME?!” she yelled, “Why the fuck did that sound super PREJUDICED against HUMANS?”

“I- uh- it’s... well?” He did not know what to say. He was just repeating the same trash that his father had spoon fed him all his life. And yet, saying it to Lita felt particularly wrong. It made him sick to his stomach.

“I’m sorry, just to be clear, you’re saying that I’m your \*perfect\* match and you don’t want to be with me \*because\* I’m human? Literally no other reason?! What if I said I didn’t want to be with a DOG?! How the fuck does that sound?”

“Lita,” he growled a warning. Midnight hated being compared to a dog. Lita didn’t appear to have any control over herself anymore though, anger changing her face.

“Have you seen my medicine?” she asked, frantically moving past him to rummage through the closet.

“What? Those pills you take?”

“Yea asshole, I need them. NOW,” she was hyperventilating. \*One. Two. Three. Fuck!\* Her hands were shaking. The calming exercise clearly wasn’t working.

“Lita, seriously, what’s wrong. Calm down,” he pulled her out of the closet.

“Oh thanks, now that you’ve said calm down, I’ll stop having a panic attack, THANK YOU!”

Cole took a step back. Lita had been more agitated in the last few hours than he’d ever seen her in the last month. She had a temper, a smart mouth and an attitude problem. After having been a mute mouse for the better part of a month, he was confused as hell. She was acting like a raging she-wolf.

She finally found the pill bottle in her duffel bag and popped three pills without water. She took several deep breaths as she knelt in the closet. With her back to Cole, neither of them saw the bright red gleam in her eyes. After a few tense moments, the medicine worked to calm her down and when she finally turned back to Cole, her eyes were back to their normal color.

“Don’t ever say anything to me about mates again, or so help me. I will punch an Alpha in the face.”