

Lita's Love for the Alpha

Dry Ass Attitude

“Erica!” Cole snapped, the sound harsh and unforgiving. All pretense of being delicate fell away as he glared a hole in the side of Erica’s head.

What the hell did she mean about Stace? Lita wondered, looking across the table. And if looks could kill, the one Stace sent to Erica would have done just that. Gutted her alive and then burned the leftovers. There was something unspoken that Lita would have to ask about later. She realized she was developing quite a lengthy list of things to ask later.

“Sure, you don’t knock it,” Jaz rolled her eyes, clearly more pissed about what she said regarding Stace than herself, “Somehow you’ve just always got something smart to say though. What the hell was the point of saying that? We’re all grown, here.”

“That’s not true, you’re just sensitive, Jasmine. And maybe some of us are *more* grown than others…” nodding her head in Lita’s direction. She hadn’t heard anyone call Jaz by her full name and it sounded particularly gross coming out of Erica’s mouth. It was as if she spit it out. Jaz glared, but Stace nudged her to calm down.

“Erica, I think you’re being bitchy today… starting your pup cycle soon?” Stace asked calmly. Lita was still trying to figure out what the hell Erica meant, why she understood Stace being a bunny, but not Jaz. Lita didn’t like it at all, feeling the heat rising in her chest. Jaz was sweet, and she’d been so accepting of Lita from the second she met her. Stace was caring and strong. And she hadn’t iced her out for keeping the truth from them.

“You b—” Erica began before she was cut off.

“Maybe we should change the subject,” Cole growled, looking at Lita with hard eyes. He was definitely pissed, and she didn’t care one bit. Lita snorted. That was kind of funny, getting under his skin the same way he was getting under hers. And it was especially funny that he had the nerve to be mad as he sat next to his whole fucking girlfriend. Did he tell her he tried to finger Lita in the hallway a few hours earlier?

“I agree, this entire dinner is going to shit,” Mark laughed, “Though I’m always down for a cat fight. I could go get a bucket of water? Really make it interesting, ya know?” Everyone ignored him.

“Well, anyway, Lita, you look young, how old are you?” Erica wanted to further her point about Lita being a child.

“Nineteen.”

“See? A little young to ruin yourself that way, is all I’m saying. I wasn’t trying to start anything.”

“Ruin myself? I’m sorry I don’t follow. Are women not allowed to like and have sex while the men are?” Andres kicked her foot and Brody smirked down at her. He gave her a look that was hard to read, but it made her smile. Either way, Lita was getting really sick of everybody playing footsie under the goddamn table. They needed to man up and say something back. They were fucking these women, but they wouldn’t defend them at all? It was getting under her skin.

“I agree with Lita, it’s an unfair double standard,” Brody pointed his fork at Erica, “I don’t like slut-shaming.”

Lita looked at him, totally amazed. If drawn hearts could have popped out of her eyes like a cartoon, they would have. Finally, a man at the table. And he wasn’t even sleeping with anyone. In fact, it was odd that the one man not sleeping with anyone was the one to say something.

“Definitely,” Mark laughed, winking at Jaz, “A little skill goes a long way. No one wants a sack of potatoes. Personally, I don’t think losing your virginity ruins anything about a woman.”

“You just like taking the virginity, you clown. Well, I do too…” Alex laughed.

“I like the after part too!” Mark argued. “And when the hell is the last time you even dipped a toe in the dating pool? The stone age?”

“You fuck anything that moves. I’m selective, that’s all. It’s okay to want to wait for your *mate bond*, Marky-Mark.” As if he was only just realizing what he said, Alex froze, eyes shifting to Lita, then Cole. Even Mark made a face like Alex was about to get in trouble.

Erica shifted uncomfortably in her seat, confused by the sudden tension.

“How did we even get here?” Cole mumbled to himself, “I need a fucking drink.”

“You already have one,” Erica said gently, obviously not liking the direction of the conversation. “And the mate bone is an archaic way to live, Alex. Take me and Cole, for example—”

“Another one, then,” Cole grunted, draining the bottle and cutting her off. Erica wouldn’t be distracted.

“We don’t have a bond, but I think we’re honestly better without it. This way, you know it’s genuine, not something that’s manipulating your baser instincts.”

Stace cursed under her breath, then said it aloud, “Shut the fuck up, Erica.”

“Look, Stace, I didn’t mean to insult you. I get that you’re sensitive about—”

“Do *not* finish that sentence, Erica. I *mean* it,” Cole hissed, the tension growing between them. “Just fucking *don’t*.”

Lita stared at everyone in the room, trying to figure out the subtext in the room. Aside from feeling like Erica had just shit on their bond, Lita wasn’t sure what had Cole so furious. Or Stace, for that matter.

“Hmm, I’m not saying it that way, guys. It’s hard to explain. I just think a chosen mate is more natural,” Erica spooned some food in her mouth. She completely ignored the silent daggers aimed at her around the table. “What about siblings, Lita?”

Lita stared off past the table, her chest stinging with a fresh ache. “No.”

Someone’s glass cracked, and it sounded like it came from Stace’s direction.

“Jesus,” Alex muttered, downing his own beer.

Lita felt Brody nudge her foot under the table, but she shook her head. She didn’t want to cry. She wouldn’t give Erica her tears.

“I’ve got two older brothers, total babies though,” Erica laughed, “You’re probably lucky you don’t have siblings. Though they would have been able to explain what I was trying to say about the whole bunny thing. Especially if you had a brother.”

“Erica,” Cole banged his fist against the table, shaking every plate.

“Maybe,” Lita shrugged, interrupting whatever bullshit reprimand Cole was going to give her. Looking at Brody’s muscled arm just to have a distraction, Lita made herself say, “Or maybe you’re just an elitist bitch whose pussy is probably as dry as her attitude.”

Half the room dropped their silverware in shock. Lita was on the verge of smiling, but she kept her face neutral for the effect. Stace was bright red, trying to keep her composure, but it was obvious she wanted to burst out laughing.

“Ex-fucking-cuse me?!” Erica yelled. Where was all that maturity and composure? Lita leaned over to Brody.

“Did I say that out loud?” she asked, pretending to be horrified.

“What do you think?” he smirked, and she found he was suppressing a laugh as well.

“I’m sorry that was uncalled for,” Lita cringed, “Sometimes I don’t have a filter. Ya know, ‘cause I’m such a kid.” Erica looked like she was about to boil water and Lita loved it.

But once again, Erica surprised her by brushing it off. Lita suspected the woman was all bark and no bite. Surely enough of what they had said would provoke a proper fight. Even though Lita didn’t want to fight, it wouldn’t have been a surprise if they had.

“I can tell. It’s fine. Based on your face, I’d assume you’ve had that problem a lot,” she gritted her teeth, “Cole said you got beat up recently. I guess I don’t have to wonder why.”

“ERICA!” Cole growled, “In the kitchen, *now*!”

“Please make conversation with me,” Lita begged Brody, feeling her eyes sting.

“Uh, how do you like the female dorms, Lita? Nice right?”

“Haven’t seen them,” Lita shrugged, suddenly feel extremely self-conscious about her appearance once more. She probably looked like hell, “But I’m sure they’re nice, everything here is.”

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When Cole and Erica returned to the table, she had seemed to fix her attitude somewhat, and he looked furious.

“You haven’t seen them? Then where did you sleep? Please don’t say the gym.”

“Who hasn’t seen what?” Erica asked Brody, desperately trying to move the conversation past Lita.

“Lita hasn’t seen the dorms yet,” he said, with a confused edge.

Cole stiffened and Lita’s eyes instinctually fluttered up to his. They held all the hardness of someone telling her to be careful. Telling her to keep her mouth shut. And all that did was piss Lita the hell off. She hadn’t asked to be his mate. She hadn’t asked to sleep in his room. She hadn’t asked to sit at the table with his girlfriend, the person he planned to reject her for, and make nice. She hadn’t asked for any of the fucked up things she was dealing with. And yet, everyone expected her to just *take it.*

Lita calmly pointed up, as if to say upstairs.

“It can’t be in here with all these unmated males? Seriously, that’s… loose? I’m trying to say it nicely, since you’re young, you probably don’t understand.” Erica hadn’t checked her attitude at all.

“I probably don’t understand what, Erica?” Lita’s tone could have cut diamonds with how sharp it was. She felt the metal of the fork in her hand bending under the force of her grip. She felt like someone else, someone stronger. Someone who didn’t get beaten up by her boyfriend. Someone who didn’t take shit from bitches who couldn’t survive a day in Lita’s shoes. There was a well of rage spilling over and Lita let it.

“How it looks, you know? Look, I get that you’re a bunny bu—”

“Erica, seriously, that’s ENOUGH!” Cole slammed his fresh bottle down with enough force to spill most of the beer. She jumped, looking bewildered.

“I was just trying to help the girl,” she threw up her hands and pushed her chair back, “It’s not right!”

Thankfully, Dr. Morgan entered the house with a smile, “Ah, Miss Lita, I’m here for your next check up! Glad to see you up and eating. Shall we?”

“Yes, please!” She jumped up from the table, dropping her fork back onto her plate, “I suddenly just lost my appetite.” Andres and Stace looked at the fork and back at each other. It was bent and twisted, completely out of shape. How the hell did she manage that?

Dr. Morgan frowned, then motioned to the steps, “Is it okay if I use your room again, Alpha?”

“Of course, let me know if you need anything else,” Cole said, looking at Lita, but she wouldn’t meet his eyes, stomping up the stairs behind the doctor. She hoped they both got food poisoning.