

Lita's Love for the Alpha

Memories

"It's not that simple, James, I really wish it was," Lita said with a frustrated huff. She was trying to think of any way she could get this series of events to end, "He's not all bad. H-he says he loves me." That didn't sound convincing, even to herself. She tried again, raking her hands through her hair.

"I love him! He's a work in progress but we're getting better. Mom helped me understand that I just need to work harder," she insisted, clutching her jacket tighter to her.

That at least sounded believable but it wasn't true either. Whatever it was she really felt about him, it wasn't love. Fear? Need? But she would tell James whatever he needed to hear to get him to turn the goddamned car around. She didn't want anybody to get hurt. As much as she always loved that her overprotective brother came swooping in to save her, this was one time Lita wished James would let it drop.

"And you believe that? Bullshit, you do! Mom's helped you with fuckall. Don't lie to me Lita. Lie to everyone else, not me," he glared from the steering wheel, raising his eyebrows to let her know he was serious, "How did this even fucking happen? I swear to god I never understood an older guy wanting a girl in high school. That shit is twisted, especially not a w- nevermind."

"A what, James? A wife? You think he's married?" Lita began to panic, "I mean, mom would've said something right? Or dad? They wouldn't be pushing for this if he was..."

"No, just forget it, Lita, it's not a fucking wife. Not that I would put it past him. And what the hell do you mean pushing for this? Are they forcing you?"

"It's not f-forcing James, it's just. I don't know, they really want our families to merge. You're so strong so it's hard for you to understand but I can't say no. Every time I try, I just can't. Maybe if I was stronger like you..."

He shot her another look, this one was probing, trying to see how much of the bullshit she actually believed, "Lita..." He paused again. Searching for the right words, maybe wondering if it was the right time.

"Lita there's a lot you don't know okay? It's not your fault. You're not weak. They are. They always have been and Brian is not any better. For starters he's abusive which makes him a pussy. He's three times-" he snuck another look at her, "no four times your size. You're not weak for being in that position. You're a kid, Lita a goddamned kid and our parents are supposed to protect you! Hell, I'M SUPPOSED TO PROTECT YOU!"

His eyes snapped closed and when they opened they flashed bright blue before going back to brown, "And I've never liked that family. I mean I know dad does business with them but they're social climbers from a smaller pack. I could always tell they were looking for a foot in with the upper echelon. I didn't like the way he looked at you when you two were younger, even back then it wasn't a good vibe. Fucking Brian, if I knew it would've turned into this...I'd have fucking killed him simply for staring. Which leads me to my next question, Lita, how the hell did it start? We've known their family for years, why now?"

James reached into the center console, dragging out a pack of cigarettes and a lighter. He looked at her hard, still expecting an answer. Clearly worked up and on edge, he was hoping to use the nicotine to calm down. He held one between his lips and lit it as he inhaled.

"It's a long story, James," Lita leaned into the window, letting her head fall against the cool glass. For a second she imagined herself back on that deck, looking out at the dark water just before her world tilted off balance.

"We've got a long drive. I want to know what happened to my baby sister when I left."

Lita leaned up, grabbed another cigarette from the pack, for herself, waiting as he lit it from her lips. He gave her a disapproving look but in light of what was currently happening, smoking seemed small. She took several shaky, deep drags before cracking the window.

"You know that stupid charity fair mom and dad made us go to every year?" her hands were shaking and she wasn't sure why.

"Yea, obviously," smoke billowed from his partially opened lips as he gripped the steering wheel.

"Our parents were off somewhere talking with their friends, had to be a few months after you left, and I was alone, staring out at the crowd of people wondering why nothing felt right anymore. You know, I'd never been popular but at least, when you were there I could feel close to someone."

James flicked his ash out the window, refusing to make eye contact again and Lita assumed he was hurt. He'd probably never realized how much she depended on him. And it wasn't his fault. He deserved to live his life as he saw fit. He was grown. He was attractive. He was a renowned fighter. Being tied to his little sister for life wasn't what he needed and Lita never resented him for it. She just missed him, desperately wanting to close that crater in the center of her chest.

"Anyway with our parents busy I was pretty much on my own there and he just sort of popped up. Rode the rides with me. Played the stupid fair games. Ate fudge until we both got sick. It was really simple and I appreciated it. We exchanged numbers. It was all so harmless and friendly. I mean obviously I was attracted to him but I never thought anything would come of it."

She sighed, taking another drag. "A few days later he called and we ended up hanging out a lot after that. It was like, fuck I know it's corny, but he felt like a knight in shining armor. He just came in when I was low and helped me back up. Somehow he just never left, James. It was great, I mean so incredibly amazing I almost couldn't believe someone so smart and talented and attractive wanted me. And I felt lucky because he said I looked so much older than the other girls, so much more mature and things just sort of happened, you know?"

James snorted, angrily, she suddenly felt defensive, "What?"

"You don't. Lita I'm looking at you right fucking now and I'm telling you, you don't look grown. That's just something assholes like that say to make you feel special." The venom in his voice was potent and sent shivers up Lita's spine. She'd seen her brother mad. She'd even seen her brother fight. She knew he had a temper. But she'd never seen that kind of raging disgust on his face before.

"Just keep going, Lita, ignore me." Ignore him. How? How was she supposed to ignore his raging disposition? Shakily, she sat back up to finish her thought.

"Anyway it was great until it wasn't."

"So it started a few months after I left?"

Lita nodded, flicking her ash out the window, "He was waiting for me to leave. They both were. Fuck Lita if I knew, I would've- I don't know. I would've stayed."

"Both?"

"Yea mom too. Dad doesn't do shit without her approval. When it comes to the family. And it's no way she would've been fine for a twentyn something year old talking advantage of a seventeen year old. I mean at the time you were still in high school going into your senior year. There's no way a parent allows that. Unless they had something to gain from it."

"What? What the hell could mom and dad have to gain from me being with Brian?"

"It's hard to explain," James looked uncomfortable again, tossing his dead butt out the window and rolling it back up.

"Try." Lita tossed hers too.

"Alright I will, but first you need to show me your side. I want to see it for myself."

"James..."

"Please. I'm your brother. Just show me."

Reluctantly Lita pulled her Jean jacket off and turned away from him, gingerly lifting her shirt. The sharp intake of air echoed through the car as James just stared at her side. Snapping his eyes back and forth from her side to the road.

"Lita..."

"I already know," she whispered. And she did. The bruise was deep, an angry dark purple almost black. Radiating out from a center point right over her ribs where it was darkest and ebbing out to a light yellowish green at the edges. You could clearly see it was made by a hard, flat impact. A foot. Or a boot, actually, if she remembered correctly.

"I'm going to kill him," James said with a finality that made Lita cringe. She turned around and started snatching her jacket back on.

"You can't do this James. Well handle it an- and then the sound of tires skidding and the flash of red brake lights mixed with white headlights. Everything happened in slow motion. And then everything stopped.