

Lita's Love For The Alpha Chapter 3

Lita's Love For The Alpha Chapter 3

By / September 18, 2024

Lita's Love For The Alpha Chapter 3

Dinner Date?

Lita could barely make it up the stairs to her apartment, drenched in sweat with every muscle in her body screaming. Gymhead, who turned out to be named Alex, had insisted she run a set of circuits so he could evaluate her. To say she was weak was to state the obvious. And he intended for her to know it, in fact, he seemed to intend for everyone to know it by making her do the circuits in the middle of the room, for all to see. She didn't care what anyone thought about her, but she could feel those dark eyes from across the room.

She struggled badly on the circuits. Being weak and sweating like a sauna, she dropped the weights a lot and after only two iterations of the circuit, Alex had demanded she stop embarrassing herself. It was only then that she felt the penetrating gaze of the mysterious man leave her. Alex's satisfied expression said it all, he wanted Lita to quit. She'd already paid and now all he wanted her to do was go, and to never set foot in the gym again. But she had no plans to concede.

She fished into her bag for the apartment key, suppressing the groans she felt in her throat at the muscle movement. Suddenly, the door to her apartment burst open, and the angry face of Brian stared back at her.

"Where the hell have you been? And why do you look like death warmed over?" he growled, pulling her roughly into the apartment. Lita felt the familiar cold shivers down her back. She was in trouble. Brian had been her boyfriend for the last year and a half. He was a family friend, the son of a wealthy business partner in her father's firm. And during her last year of high school, he'd come in and swept her up in his mystique. But they were on a break, not that it stopped him from exercising his control over her every second of every day. She mentally counted the fresh bruises on her forearms. The ones Alpha had seen. Brian's touch seemed to only ever spell disaster anymore.

When they both got into Stanford: her in undergraduate and he, in the master's program, Lita's parents put her in the same apartment building as him. They gave him a key to her apartment for safety, one of the many safeguards they'd put in place to monitor Lita while she was away from home. She would tolerate it if it meant she could finally leave the nest.

“Where the hell have you been all day?!” he hollered again, edging her closer to the island with his imposing form. She turned to slink away, depositing her purse onto the island, readying her lie for him.

“I joined a gym because my therapist said it would help my mood. I had my first personal training session today, that’s all,” she made herself as small as she could. That always seemed to lessen his anger. His face seemed to soften at the mention of her therapist. But Lita couldn’t place the emotion.

She had once grown so used to the idea of being with Brian forever. He was handsome, clever, rich, and older. Old enough to be more established in the world and old enough that all the girls in school had gushed when he would come to pick her up. She felt wanted and desirable and lucky. God, she felt so lucky because he was a catch and her mother pegged him for Lita’s future husband. In fact, everyone solidified how lucky she felt.

Oh, you’re so lucky he doesn’t mind about your figure, honey.

What a lucky girl to snag such an eligible bachelor, and with your looks, too.

Well, I wouldn’t have thought he’d be interested in you, dear. Aren’t you just lucky to be here?

But she hadn’t been. She hadn’t been lucky at all.

“C’mon I thought we could have dinner,” Brian offered, ignoring her hesitation and smiling in a way that made Lita pause, “You have to eat, Lita.”

The way he said it had a clear edge. He was warning her not to say no. She hated it, hated the way it made her feel insignificant and scared. What she wouldn’t give to never feel scared again. She hesitantly pulled at her clothes. Not that she wasn’t hungry, she was famished beyond belief after the gym. That wasn’t why she couldn’t have dinner with him.

And Brian wasn’t unattractive. He was very much anyone’s type, with a moderate build, perfectly cut short brown hair, friendly eyes, and strong, symmetrical features. She’d always had a crush on him growing up. Sometimes, when he’d show up to her parent’s house early in the morning, with his messy hair and glasses, she would feel like a puddle of hormones. And spend the next week or two obsessing over their fantasy wedding.

So, his looks definitely weren’t the reason she couldn’t have dinner with him. It was her resolve. They were on a break and she intended to keep it that way. She wasn’t innocent and idealistic anymore. Now she really knew him. Now she was thankful he gave her a year to grieve her brother. And she never wanted that break to end.

Even as Brian stared at her now, displaying his magnetic blue eyes that seemed to deepen the longer he stared at her, she couldn't let herself get caught up. These moments weren't the dangerous ones. These were the nice ones. When he looked at her as if she were the only girl in the world. When he made every fiber of her being believe that he could change. And maybe he could. But she couldn't be the one to wait around and find out.

Every time she felt herself weaken to him, she pushed back. No dinner. No movies. No dates. A year off was a year off and she needed every minute because the second she let her guard down, word would get out to Brian about what she was planning, and her life would end. All the lengths she'd gone through to get out would have been for nothing. She had no allies, and she didn't have the stomach to look for new ones. Not since her brother James.

"Some other time, Brian," she assured, sounding like a broken record for how many times she'd pushed him away, "I just want to shower and sleep. The year will be over before you know it." She forced a smile.

"You know every day you tell me no, makes me wish I'd never signed those fucking papers," he growled, clearly irritated at being rejected. As he stepped towards her, she immediately jumped into a defensive position and waited. But the strike never came. She glanced up to find him smirking at her, unbothered by her fear. In fact, he seemed happy about it.

"Just as long as you don't forget who it is you're telling no, love," he sneered, backing out into the hall, "I put a salad in your fridge. Just make sure you eat..."

Lita could slide the chain lock on the door fast enough. She was shivering uncontrollably. Fight, she whispered to herself. James said to fight. So you have to fight.