

Lita's Love for the Alpha

New Body, Who's This?

Cole spotted Ace as he bench-pressed three hundred pounds like it was nothing. The two weren't working too hard, aware they needed to keep themselves injury-free for the fights tomorrow. It was just enough to work up a healthy sweat and it was supposed to be enough to clear Cole's head but it wasn't working. Fucking Lita was all he could think about. Her scent, her face, the damn hour she spent sleeping on Brody's shoulder on the way here. He tensed. It wasn't fair for him to be jealous. He had to keep reminding himself that and yet it hadn't gotten any closer to becoming true.

The last month spent avoiding each other had kept his feelings in check where Lita was concerned. Aside from sudden bursts of emotion at night, things were settled between them. But they were back in each other's space once more. He was finding it harder and harder to ignore her or the effect she had on him. Ace grunted, resting the bar back onto its holder, "So tell me, what's going on? You've had something on your mind since we got here. I can tell. Is it Erica?"

Cole switched places with Ace, readying himself for his own set of presses. Pulling the bar free, he blew out a breath, "That's dead and buried."

"Yea what's this the hundredth time you two have broken up? Two hundredth?"

"No," Cole pressed and pushed more air out, "It's permanent this time. I told her I found my mate... didn't go over too well... but it is what it is."

"No fucking way! You? A mate? What's she got, a hunchback? One eye?" Ace laughed, holding his stomach, "I definitely feel like fate would fuck you over like that. You're good at everything as it is! Your mate can't be pretty too, that's too unfair! Fate should even your shit out."

Cole grunted out a smile, repeating his mechanical motion of the bar, "She's...fuck it, she's perfect. But..."

"But what?" Ace had gone back to taking his spotting position seriously, his hands hovering just under the bar.

"But she's human. And she's... complicated," Cole breathed, pushing the bar back into its holder. He wanted to explain more. Then he could really get Ace's opinion but the stuff with Lita was private. It wasn't the kind of thing he should repeat without her knowledge. So he let it go.

"And... what does that mean? Are human mates less fun in bed or something?"

"It dilutes the alpha bloodline, you know that. You know how much my father instilled that type of shit in me..." Cole got up, wrapping a towel around his neck to dab his forehead.

"Yea, but I also know you need to let that go. He was a bastard. I, for one, am glad he's not in your life anymore. Let that fucked up alpha bloodline die with him for all I care. Good riddance! Take your chances with the sexy human mate and have pups that come out however the fuck they come out," Ace shrugged, his eyes flashing with seriousness.

"I never said she was sexy, you ass," Cole rolled his eyes.

"Didn't have to. I can see that look. Plus, fate isn't as cruel as it should be."

"Look, as much as I want to move on, the shit with my dad is hard to ignore. You know that better than most. And anyway in the heat of the moment, I kind of already told her I was rejecting her," Cole pursed his lips, knowing now that had definitely been a bad play, "And I would have already done it if my wolf wasn't being so stubborn."

"Is that so?" Ace asked, "How long have you known?"

Cole grimaced, knowing what Ace was getting at, "Two months..."

"Hmmm," he paused, gathering up his water bottle and towel, "Two months spent not claiming her and not rejecting her... sounds like you're waiting for someone else to force your hand..."

"Ace," Cole growled, looking him dead in the eye, "This isn't high school..."

"Then claim your mate," Ace shrugged, "Snooze you lose, buddy, you know that by now."

Ace was pretending to play it cool, but inside he was angry with Cole. He was letting his father win and even now, when he'd successfully broken away from that man's hold, he was still letting him decide his future. Cole wasn't able to see it that way yet, but it was true. If he couldn't see that truth for himself, Ace would have to help him. That's what friends were for, to push each other even when it's uncomfortable.

This wasn't the time to hash out a conversation like that, so instead, Ace asked, "When do I get to meet her? What's her name anyway?"

"Sometime this weekend, I'd expect," Cole wiped his face with the towel, "It's not like she's locked in my basement or something. But Ace, seriously, don't start your shit... her name is Lita."

"ME? I would never..." he pretended to be offended, putting his hands up as if he were shocked.

Stace and Lita sparred in the ring while Jaz worked the bag, music blasting from the nearby speaker. Lucky for them, this part of the gym wasn't very crowded. The training facilities consisted of three rooms, each connected to the other so one had to walk through the first two, to get to the last one.

First was the cardio room, then the equipment room with all the rings and bags, and lastly the weight room. The weight room was hectic and so was the cardio room, but the rings only had one or two other groups sparring. They were the only women though and that fact didn't go unnoticed. Jaz had made one or two fleeting passes of the other groups, sizing up her prospects.

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"The blonde in the corner is definitely sending interested vibes," Jaz whispered loudly, "Brunette with the nice ass too."

Stace hit Lita squarely in the abs but the heavy material of her clothes kept the force from landing.

"Fuck, Lita, this is crazy," Stace growled, "I can't fight you while you're wearing five layers of hoodies... Take this crap off!"

Lita sulked, "But..."

"No buts! Aren't you dying under all those clothes? I mean you look like a damn Eskimo! OFF!"

"Fine," Lita huffed, bending to get back out of the ring. She went for the bench full of their stuff and started to strip down her double layer of bulky sweatpants.

"Are you worried about tomorrow at all," Jaz asked Stace, as they waited for Lita. Stace moved to hang over the corner of the ring as Jaz walked up to stand underneath, "You've honestly never been in better shape."

Stace grinned, "Yea I've been working these babies hard." She slapped at her arms like they were prized possessions, "There's not as many competitors as the men but I think I'm ready!"

"You'll wipe the floor with these bitches," Jaz smirked, bumping their gloved fists together, "So... what do you think of the prospects?" They began whispering the pros and cons of the two men fighting in another ring as Lita focused on what she was doing.

Lita tugged at the two hoodies until they fell at her feet and she couldn't deny the relief she felt. She had been sweating like a sauna, noticing the trickles of sweat she felt roll down her abs. She wasn't even sure why she kept hiding out in all these clothes, as if it would protect her from her own emotions. It wouldn't. Nothing would. She kicked the material at her feet under the bench, then began pulling her arms through two sweatshirts and a tank top.

Ace and Cole jostled each other as they walked through the doorway into the equipment room. Cole spotted Stace and Jaz first, moving toward them, "What's up ladies? Sparring before your big debut Stace? I hope you're not nervous, you're going to do great!"

"Hey Ace!" Jaz grinned, eying him like a hungry wolf, "always good to see you." He winked as she moved closer to him, leaving a gap of space behind her. From that angle, the men had a premium view of Lita tugging off the last of her clothes. She turned back towards the ring, twisting her hair up into a bun.

"Actually, Jaz was working the bags, I was sparring with Lita but she's wearing ten pounds of clothes," Stace rolled her eyes in Lita's direction as Ace followed her gaze.

"Lita huh? THEE infamous Lita?" Ace's voice caught in his throat as he finally noticed her. Then his eyes went to Cole and back to Lita, "You alright buddy?" Ace nudged Cole's rib when the man froze in place. He might not have been breathing anymore with that look in his eyes.

"Reject her my ass..." Ace mumbled under his breath, beaming from ear to ear.

Cole's brain had already stopped working as he watched Lita work her hair into the elastic. In nothing but a sports bra and spandex shorts, her body wasn't the same as when he last saw it. Pushed up and on display, her chest looked amazing, more than a mouthful each and his immediately watered. She had a thin, toned four pack with defined oblique ridges. Her hips flared out just below her waist in an hourglass shape and he could see the firm but full definition between her butt and thighs. He blinked hard a few times trying to make sure he wasn't seeing things. That was under all those clothes?

He's seen a little of her figure that day she met the pack but it was much thinner and not nearly as shapely. This was more in every way. He swallowed. She'd clearly been working hard, maybe putting in hours at the gym, to achieve that body. And yet he couldn't remember a single time he saw her there in the last month. His mind struggled at the sight of her. What was he supposed to be doing?

Walking up to the group, Lita bounced on her feet slightly as she waited for Cole to introduce her to his friend. Her friendly smile began to falter the longer she waited. Cole was staring at her and she was staring at the stranger. Stace and Jaz were staring at each other, on the verge of bursting with laughter. They could already tell Ace was planning to cause trouble this weekend and they were ready for every minute of it.

Lita studied the man. He was strong and muscular just like Cole. A tall, hulking figure but he had softer light blue eyes and longer hazel hair that grazed his jawline. He didn't mind openly staring at her from head to toe but it didn't make her uncomfortable. Surprisingly, it just made her feel attractive.

His smile enchanted her with its perfection and the two dimples that formed on either side. She could tell he smiled easily, unlike Cole who seemed to live in a perpetual scowl. She didn't even know why she was comparing the two. Her eyes trailed over his bare arms then down to his incredible abs. He was wearing a cut off tank with gray sweats and it took everything in her not to look lower.

"Sorry, hi sweetness, I'm Ace," the man smiled, extending his hand, "Excuse Cole, he's probably still trying to remember his name... that's a testament to just how gorgeous you are." His eyes wandered over her again.

She laughed, shaking his hand, feeling her stomach flutter a little. What the hell was happening right now? "Uhhh, thanks," she blushed.

"Damn beautiful smile too," Ace took a step closer, still holding her hand.

"We have to go," Cole grunted rudely, grabbing Ace's arm and breaking their handshake. Cole practically dragged him out of the room.

"See you later, lovely Lita!" Ace waved from the doorway before being dragged harder.

Author's Note:

Gave you guys a longer chapter since it's a bit late <3 love you xoxoxoxoxoxo