

Lita's Love for the Alpha

You'll Probably Thank Me

A little over an hour after the first knock, another came. Jaz had already thrown on her outfit and was in the middle of doing her hair when she pulled the door open. Cole looked relieved but jumpy, "Hey Jaz is Lita here? I just want to talk to her if that's cool."

"Uh she's not here, actually," Jaz shifted awkwardly at the door, "She's out on a date..."

"A WHAT?!" Jaz jumped nearly out of her skin, clambering onto the door for support.

Cole couldn't help the yell that tore out of him, taking a breath, he tried again, "Sorry, Jaz, Jesus." He pulled her up by the arm to stabilize her once more, "I meant to say, a date with whom?"

"Uh...I don't think...I didn't really get a good look at-"

"She's on a date with Alpha Ace," Stace crossed her arms, moving Jaz out of the way, "That doesn't bother you does it?"

Cole's fist tightened, why the hell did that man always have to start his shit? "No, should it?"

"Honestly Alpha? Yea, it should," she tugged him into the room and slammed the door, "What's your deal? Are you going to reject her? Are you going to be with her? Because at this rate you're just stringing her along and even if you don't think it's a big deal, the girl hasn't had closure on ANYTHING so far, least of all you. If you don't want to be with her, let her go! I say this as your friend, not your subordinate..." She tapped her foot expectantly, waiting for him to acknowledge what he'd heard.

"And what if I do want to be with her?" he asked awkwardly, feeling physically pained by the conversation. He didn't talk about his feelings but with Lita he felt like he'd dug himself into a rut he couldn't get out of. Did she hate him? Would she ever believe he'd changed his mind?

Stace jumped excitedly, "And if you do want to be with her, then I suggest you pull your head out of your ass and TELL HER, respectfully of course, Alpha." Jaz snickered.

"Because the way she looked when she left for that date, it'd take a blind man to not act on it..." Stace smirked, knowing she was riling him up. But it's what he needed. He could be a right stubborn ass and Lita wasn't going to stick around forever while he figured it out.

"Thanks for that," he growled, palming the back of his neck.

"If I were you, I'd be dressed and ready to sweep her off her feet at the party later because whether or not Ace is just trying to make you jealous, doesn't matter. Lita is what matters and what if she decides there's plenty of other fish in the sea? What if she decides it's a waste for her to sit around waiting for the one person who doesn't want her?"

Cole pulled out his phone and sent a text.

Lita spooned the Crème Brulee in her mouth slowly, savoring the sweetness on her tongue. She withdrew the silverware just as slowly, fluttering her eyes ever so slightly with a small moan. She had Ace's full attention and she knew it. All through the dinner, as he tried to explain his reasoning and his intentions, she'd taken small liberties. Subtle moans and groans as she enjoyed her food or drink. Simple actions like letting the strap of her dress begin to slide down until he brought it to her attention. Even so simple an action as wetting her lips or licking away the remnants of the sangria, were enough to disrupt his thoughts for a moment or two.

"Alright! I get it," Ace huffed, obviously flustered, "This wasn't the best idea and I'll admit I could have gone about it another way! But dammit will you STOP doing that with your tongue before you get us both in trouble?!"

Lita sat back with satisfied grin, "You could have just told me what you were planning from the beginning. I'm not above petty jealousy tricks and clearly neither is he, since he brought Erica over for dinner my first night at the compound." She returned to her dessert, this time eating it normally.

"Well, in all honesty, I wanted to see what kind of person you were. You'll be pleased to know, I find your spitefulness to be refreshing..."

"And you'll be pleased to know, I haven't decided to murder you, yet," she smiled sharply, "But that could always change."

"Listen I get why you're annoyed with Cole. He can be a bit backwards but he's good people," Ace nodded, "We helped each other out a lot when we were growing up and his situation wasn't easy."

That caught Lita's attention, "In what way?"

Ace rubbed his chin, drinking more sangria, "It's not really my place to talk about his situation but my dad wasn't much of a dad, but he was my alpha and he was definitely an alcoholic. Violent. Cole's dad is a shit alpha too but for different reasons. They say alphas are the most hot blooded of all the wolves and I'd say that's probably true since Cole and I were always looking for something to take our anger out on. That's how we got into fighting for sport."

"So both of your dads were alphas too?" Lita asked, returning to her drink, "I don't think anyone's explained how wolf genetics work."

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"It's not complicated, it's like making a matching set. Two alphas- one man and one woman, make an alpha. Always. Same for any of the other bloodlines. One you start mixing them up, it gets murky. But two wolves of any bloodline almost always make a wolf. Like ninety-nine percent of the time. When you throw in human blood in the mix it drops to more like a one in four chance of having a wolf pup."

"My mom's an alpha, but I don't know about my dad..." Lita wondered aloud, "Did you know my brother? James Dillard? He was a beta..." She didn't know when it had gotten easier to think of him or say his name but it had. It didn't feel quite so heavy anymore, as if she didn't have to keep that part of herself locked up so tightly.

"James was your brother? Damn... that explains a lot more now. So how is it you don't know anything about wolves?" Ace pondered, spooning some of Lita's dessert for himself, "By the way, I'm sorry for your loss."

Lita nodded, "Apparently bad parents are like the norm because mine suck too. Though they never physically hurt me. They didn't raise me with any knowledge of this world." She shrugged, "I guess because I'm the one percent."

"The Dillards are pretty prestigious in the wolf community so I can tell you pretty confidently that your dad is the beta to a prominent pack. All of their kids would be betas or lower. It's really odd for you not to have a wolf at all... those are two very strong bloodlines. Maybe if your parents were both average wolves...but still."

"Let's change the subject," she cut in quickly, "I thought I was ready to talk about it, but I'm not."

Ace nodded, motioning to the waiter for the check, "Then let's head to the second part of my two step plan."

"You don't even know that part one has worked... how do you know he'll show up at my hotel suite?"

"Simple. You're his drop dead gorgeous mate and he knows I'm interested. That's reason enough. Go on, check your phone. I bet he texted..."

"Doubt it."

"Bet."

Lita tried to stifle her smile, "You bet what? What do you get if you're right?"

He looked every bit up to no good as he flashed another smile, "I don't know yet, wildcard pick."

She shifted and pursed her lips, "Fine, if I win, same thing."

"Deal," he opened his palm for her phone.

"No fucking way, I'll check myself thanks," she unlocked the device and sure enough she had a text from him.

We need to talk. Meet me at the party later.

"I won didn't I?" his smug expression made her instantly regret the bet, "Well, what'd he say?? Don't keep me waiting..."

"It just says 'We need to talk. Meet me at the party later'..."

"And that brings in part two of my plan," he stood, reaching for her arm and gently circling her waist once more.

"Which is...?"

"We're going to the party and I'm introducing you to everyone as my mine," his eyes twinkled wickedly and for a moment, Lita was terrified.

"He's going to kill us..."

"Wow he really has you convinced with that moody loner act huh? He's got bite to him, don't get me wrong. But he'd pull his punch for me, plus he'll work off his anger tomorrow at the tournament and for you?" he looked her up and down once more, "You'll probably thank me for what he'll do to you..."