

Lita's Love for the Alpha

Stack Attack

Lita expected a lot of things to be strange about a congregation of wolves but at the penthouse suite of the hotel, it was just like any other bar & club combo she'd ever seen. The whole floor of the hotel had been renovated to open up the space. It accommodated a dance floor, two large bars on either wing of the room, several gambling stations and pool tables, and a lounge area that savored every square inch of the wall to wall windows that looked out over the city.

"Damn this is beautiful," Lita marveled, awestruck.

"It ain't the only thing," Ace wiggled his brow playfully, tugging her along into the crowd until they reached the bar.

"Heyyyyy Vinnie!! Donnie!" Ace exchanged body shots and insults with two men posted up at the bar. They were attractive and definitely built but neither of them looked nearly as dangerous as Cole or Ace. She assumed they were a lower weight class.

"Hey man, how you doing? Who's the brick house?" The man named Vinnie eyed her hungrily.

"Hell yea, total stack attack," the one named Donnie agreed, showing all his teeth.

"DON'T even think about it, Vin," Ace warned, his eyes losing all the carefree life they'd had a moment ago, "You either Don! This is Lita and she's here with me. Hands off."

The other men chuckled then waved and lifted their drinks as a goodbye before heading off to another part of the room.

"What's a brick house?" Lita whispered as soon as the men were out of earshot.

Ace leaned down to push some hair away from her shoulder, "It's you doll. Fully stacked, you know?" When Lita made no signs of understanding he laughed, running a calloused thumb along her jaw, "Body built by the gods? Something us mere mortal men could only ever dream of? Unless you're that lucky bastard, Cole, that is." He enjoyed her red face and flustered movements as he put some distance back between them.

"Oh," was all she could manage, struggling to swallow against a suddenly dry throat.

"Payback's a bitch isn't it? All that fucking slurping and sucking at your damn pasta," he eyed her evilly, watching her bite her lower lip.

Damn. She adjusted her dress, that was a good play. Her clothes felt unnecessarily hot all of a sudden and she desperately needed some air, "Can you grab me a rum and coke? I'm gonna head out to the balcony..."

They were just playing a role but it felt good to be wanted like that. She hadn't felt more like a woman in the last year than she had in that half a minute with Ace. She missed it. She fucking missed being in tune with her own body, not hiding it. Wanting sex not dreading it. Craving someone's hands on her, not shying from it.

Lita brushed past a few people on her way out into the night air and breathed deeply. When was the last time she felt so alive? That deep well of sadness ached a bit as she wished her brother were here to experience it all with her but, in the end she couldn't let it dampen her night. She smiled into the breeze, chilly but welcome as a familiar hand came around her, offering her drink.

"I probably pushed that too far," Ace murmured as he took up a spot beside her on the guardrail, "I feel it too, you know, how easily it could stop being a game between us? I won't push it again..." His throat worked as he turned to watch the city lights.

Lita nodded, gulping her drink and leaning her face into the breeze as it whipped her hair around her head.

"Lita..." Ace's voice was low, not quite angry but hardened slightly, "What happened to your back?"

The gasp was involuntary, she hadn't thought about her scars all day. She hadn't tried to hide them once but the fact that someone had seen them, made those nasty little anxieties swell back up in full force. She pulled her hair down and tried to turn away but his hand caught her.

"Hey," his tone softened, "Nothing's going to happen, alright? It's just you and me, just your old flirt Ace asking his best friend's mate, what happened to her back, okay?" His finger massaged the wrist he held, "It's okay. Just tell me."

Lita finished her drink in one swallow. Fuck it, she needed to rip off the band aid sooner or later, "I was in the car."

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"What car?"

"THEE car... James' car... that night... when he died." It was like all the sounds around her went out the window, giving way to that pulsing heat of her heartbeat. All she could hear was blood rushing to her head.

Ace hid his surprise well but the pity was harder to mask. He hugged her and didn't say a thing. Then they just stood there, watching the city move below them as the weight of her words kind of floated in the air around them.

"Thanks," she whispered as the noise around them slowly filtered back into her, "I didn't realize how much I needed to just say it." He placed a reassuring hand on her shoulder. She wasn't crying. The grief hadn't come back to swallow her whole. She just existed. A girl who'd watched her brother die and lived. The memories didn't have to kill her. But what about the guilt?

"It was my fault," she blurted.

He started to say something but thought better of it, leaning further over the guardrail as he waited for her to continue. She hadn't meant to ruin whatever fun they were having. She hadn't meant to take her baggage wherever she went but there it was, the crux of her: her fucking guilt, her fucking misery. If no one had seen that bruise, her brother would still be alive. Lita just started talking, unsure of why or what her goal was but once she started she couldn't stop.

"I had a boyfriend. Another wolf, though I didn't know it at the time. James always hated him apparently but I was young. Still in high school actually and he was older, probably older than he should have been. But I didn't see any of the signs for what they were, didn't listen to any of the red flags," Lita rubbed at her arm, grabbing his drink and downing that one too, "Anyway when James came back in town to visit, he heard about the bruise I was hiding on my ribs."

She felt Ace flinch, beside her, instinctually wrapping an arm around her waist to run his hand along her ribs.

"When James saw it he flipped his shit, determined to beat the guy's ass. And I followed, trying to convince him not to. We were speeding down the highway, arguing about the whole thing. He didn't see the car come over the divider until it was too late. And if he hadn't been trying to do right by me, he wouldn't be dead, you know. It's my fault. I'm the reason we were even there."

"No," Ace finally spoke, turning her back to face him, "Just... no."

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He didn't say more but he didn't really have to. The force of his words said it all. Lita understood him perfectly, shaking her head as she studied the ground.

"Hey," he pulled her face back up, "I can tell what you're thinking. Nothing's ruined. It's okay to be a little fucked up. Bad shit happened. Happens to us all. Do you want to go?"

"No! I-I was having fun before, you know, all this," she shrugged apologetically.

"And nothing's ruined. C'mon, I'll take your mind off it. Let's have more fun," Ace set their drinks down and they retreated back into the main room, heading for the gambling tables.

"Two rum and cokes," he called out to the wandering bartender. He made a motion to the tableman and the dice ended up in his hand, "Lita, blow on these for good luck okay?" She rolled her eyes, laughing a little as she blew on the dice just before he tossed them.

"WINNER!" the tableman yelled as applause erupted.

"Well, shit, now you can't stop," Ace smiled, dimples on full display, "My little good luck charm."

They stayed at the tables for a while, gambling and laughing. Lita threw back rum and cokes like they were going out of style. She saw Jaz and Stace across the room, leaving nothing to the imagination on the dance floor. They waved and sent her thumbs up. She absent-mindedly thumbed her phone, wondering when Cole was going to arrive. Her and Ace had been at the party for at least two hours and still nothing. And the drunker she got, the harder it was to find the line between an act and reality with Ace.

Her phone lit up at midnight but it wasn't Cole. She stared at the message icon from Brian as if she were standing on the edge of a cliff and any movement would send her over the edge. She hesitated to open it but her anxiety got the better of her. It was always better to know than to not know, right?

I know where you are, Lita. And who you're with.

That was it, all it took to send her mind spiraling away from her. Was he there? Was he going to find her? Take her back? Kill her? Those familiar feelings of dread filled her like they had never left, cold sweat breaking out over her brow. What was she going to do? What could she do?