

Lita's Love for the Alpha

Definitely Worth It

"Cole usually gets to things like this around midnight. You ready?" Ace nudged her shoulder and she stumbled slightly. Maybe she was a little more sauced than she thought. The action pulled Lita out of her troubling thoughts about Brian though, so she was thankful for that. He would protect her. Cole would protect her. She didn't have to be afraid anymore. There would be people to help this time. She turned her attention back to what Ace had said.

"I don't even know why I'm bothering, honestly," Lita rolled her eyes, "He's got a whole girlfriend, last I checked. Mate bond be damned. Plus, he said he's rejecting me."

"It's so strange that your jealousy sounds whiney. I've never heard you sound whiney before," he laughed, "It's kind of cute. In an annoying way. And anyway, that's dead. They broke up. She knows about you and that kinda put the flames out on that. And I know you don't still think he's planning to reject you after two months? C'mon you're smarter than that, Lita."

Lita didn't know what to say back to that. She had to admit the thought had crossed her mind a time or two. What reason did he have to reject her after two months with no problems. Even if he didn't want to be with a human, it seemed odd to drag it out so long. And even Brody had said it wasn't normal to drag the process out. Maybe there was some kind of hope for her and Cole after all? She didn't hate the thought of it, remembering those steamy kisses.

She grimaced, "Couldn't you have just let me think he was an asshole and leave it at that? Now you've gotten my hopes up just to have them crushed again."

"Nope," he popped the p hard, flashing a smile as he downed his drink, "Like I said. Head up his ass right now but he's good people and he going to claim you. He just doesn't know it yet."

"Yea yea, I remember," Lita started feeling antsy, "I don't even know what to say when he gets here."

Ace sent her another loaded look, "Don't worry, you won't have to say anything."

"The hell does that mean?" she was positive she didn't want to know.

"Are you having fun?" Ace asked, avoiding her question.

"Yea I was actually," she smiled, wrapping her arms around his neck. He was surprised by the contact but he didn't push her away, "More fun than I've had in forever."

"I'm really glad to hear it. I enjoyed telling people you were mine for a little while too," he said softly, pulling her back from the table a bit, "Because..."

"Because what?" she cocked her head to the side, trying to figure out what expression he was making.

He brushed her hair gently with his fingers, "Because we've reached the end of part two of my plan, lovely Lita..."

She was truly confused now. What was he saying? Was Cole here? She started to turn her head to search the room but his hand pushed against her jaw, "Don't look, he's already watching."

Her stomach fluttered all over the place. Was it working? Would this actually make him jealous? Did she really want that? To make Cole so jealous he'd try to kill them both? She shuddered a little with both fear and excitement.

Ace continued to brush against her jaw, moving his cheek along hers until he was whispering in her ear, "Wildcard pick."

"Mmmm?" she felt like dazed. Drunk and certainly enjoying this far more than she should be.

"I'm cashing in on our bet," he smiled menacingly, pulling back until their lips were touching. Outside of Cole, nothing felt quite as exhilarating as Ace's warm, liquored mouth against hers. His lips were soft and gentle as they coaxed hers to part and let him in. He toured the inside of her mouth for a little before pulling back. He was panting slightly, eyes dilated, "Damn that was definitely worth it." He licked his bottom lip.

"Worth what?" Lita barely got the words out before Cole had pulled Ace into a punch. Then the two were brawling on the ground at her feet. Was she supposed to break it up? She didn't even know which one she was supposed to root for. Neither? Both? No, if she was being honest with herself, despite the great time she'd had with Ace, her heart only tensed at the thought of Cole hurt. Whatever their complicated relationship, she was tied to him, completely. She rubbed her forehead. When had things gotten so real for her? Maybe it was the stupid ass plan Ace had that finally roped her in. She wanted Cole to care. And here he was caring the hell out of Ace's perfect face. She cringed as he landed another punch.

She thought back to Ace's words from the restaurant, *he'd pull his punch for me*. Lita looked down again, really assessing the men fighting on the ground. They were both trained fighters. Good enough to have drawn more blood from each other than they did. Both barely had more than a busted lip and a few scrapes.

Ace had been right. This wasn't a fight. It was a conversation. Cole was telling his friend he'd gone too far. Lita snorted. Ace knew full well he was going to get decked for kissing her and he did it anyway. Because it was worth it to him and somehow that was the nicest compliment anyone had ever paid her.

"Cole, come on, get off, he gets it," Lita pulled at his arms. She could see Ace smiling from under the hulk of a man on top of him. Stubborn at first, he eventually relented and pulled her behind him as he stalked off, back through the club. Jostling through some people who had just arrived, he pulled Lita into the open elevator.

Neither of them spoke for the entire ride down to the correct floor. Lita shifted uncomfortably, glancing over at Cole who kept wiping the blood under his nose, licking his slightly busted lip. She didn't really know what to say. Ace said she wouldn't need to say anything but that's not how she felt. She felt like she needed to explain. Only she couldn't find the words. She slumped against the wall in defeat.

The elevator doors dragged open with a cheery beep when they reached the right floor and Lita waited to see what Cole would do. He reached for her, pulling her behind him once again like a silent horror movie where the heroine knows she's a goner. She was almost joyful when they reached her room but they kept walking, passing Alex and Andres' room as well until they stopped at his suite door. He slid the key card against the door, only releasing her arm long enough to push it open before dragging her inside.

She awkwardly stood at the door as he went into the main living area, tossing his key card onto the table and pouring himself a drink. Then he came back for her, dragging her into the bathroom.

"Sit," he growled, pointing to the side of the tub. She didn't really know what else to do but oblige. The moments stretched on as he used a tissue to clean up the blood under his nose, spreading a thin layer of Vaseline across the scrape. Then he took a heavy swallow of liquor, hissing as it hit his open lip. He leaned closer to the mirror as he cleaned and sealed that cut as well. Then he turned his body back to her, arms tense as he crossed them.

She could finally see him now that he faced her and she couldn't help but stare. He wore a black graphic t-shirt that fit tightly over his arms. The dark wash jeans cinched perfectly around the massive member she'd felt against her outside his room. Had it already been a month since that happened? The way her pulse felt, it could have been yesterday. He was clean shaven and he'd worked his hair into a loose, sexy tousle. She tried not to drool.

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"Did you enjoy yourself? Ace can't help himself, he's childish like that but you? I expected more from you!"

Lita's jaw dropped. She couldn't even remember how to pick it up off the floor. She was too shocked. The severity of his tone pissed Lita right off. She didn't know why she went straight to anger. After all, she'd just been thinking of the best ways to apologize but there was no way in hell he was going to hold her to a higher standard than he held himself. The audacity. The fucking nerve. There was a zero fucking possibility of her apologizing now.

"Excuse me? I'm sorry, maybe I missed something, DIDN'T YOU PARADE YOUR WHOLE FUCKING GIRLFRIEND AT DINNER LIKE AN HOUR AFTER CALLING ME YOUR FUCKING MATE?! And she was REAL fucking charmer, that one!"

Cole clenched his jaw, looking at the wall. He hadn't actually thought his irritation through. Just the sight of someone else kissing those lips made his blood hot. He couldn't think straight. Couldn't see straight. All he could think about was how those pretty lips tasted.

"AT LEAST I'M NOT ACTUALLY FUCKING ACE," Lita screamed, surprising even herself. Cole tightened his grip on the sink edge until his knuckles turned red. Her tone was driving his blood pressure higher. Emboldened by her own anger, she wasn't scared little Lita and it was making the room feel smaller and smaller.

"I'm not fucking Erica," Cole rasped so low, Lita almost didn't hear it, "This wasn't supposed to be so fucking complicated. You just-" He stopped himself from saying anything more and somehow pushed Lita over the edge. Fucking hot and cold all the time. Desperately wanted to talk to her and then didn't have anything to say. Flirting with her over texts then giving her the third degree in person. It was baffling and infuriating all at once.

"You know what, Cole? Yes. I fucking enjoyed myself. I had a grand old time! Ace damn near kissed my panties off! You happy now? All you do is push me away every chance you get but as soon as anyone else gives me a little attention YOU LOSE YOUR FUCKING MIND!"

He opened his mouth but no sound came out. She'd had it through the roof with his shit. He'd miss her when she was gone, of THAT, she could be sure. Fully prepared to make a break for it, she pushed herself up off the tub rim.

"You know Ace said all you needed was a push but the kind of push you would need, I don't think I'm capable of giving, Cole. I'm done holding my breath."