

Lita's Love for the Alpha

Can You Feel The Heat?

Lita didn't even make it to the bathroom door. She was only two steps into an epic storm out that would have put all other drama queens to shame before he'd snatched her back to him, pulling her into a rough kiss.

Immediately heat exploded through her, sending shivers from her spine to the rest of her body. It was like waking up from a hibernation. Her body hadn't been fully alive until he touched her again and the electricity of his fingers on her skin brought her to the edge of a frenzy. It had been so damn long since she'd been touched like that, if ever. The warm weight of his hands on her waist made her dizzy. He smirked against her mouth, licking her top lip before pressing his mouth onto hers once more.

Cole wasn't entirely in control, lost somewhere between that dress and her scent, jealousy fueling his already raging hard-on as he pressed it against her thigh. She was his. She needed to be his. His mind was clearer about that than it had been in months. This scent, this taste, this body, he couldn't stand to watch Ace enjoy any part of it.

This was not playing it cool. He knew that. This wasn't talking it out either, which he knew they definitely needed to do but hard as he tried, he couldn't put out the fire inside of him.

He groaned loudly as he moved their bodies closer, in a tone that was almost wild, "You taste like fucking heaven." Wrapping an arm tightly around her waist, he backed her out of the bathroom into the bedroom, never breaking the kiss.

His body hummed against her, full of all that wolf energy she remembered too well but still his mouth was gentle. Cole pulled at her lips deeply, sucking and pressing her mouth wider until he could work his way inside, savoring the taste of her on his tongue. Lita couldn't remember for the life of her what she'd been about to do. Whatever it was, it wasn't happening now.

Especially not as he trailed scalding wet kisses from her jaw to her earlobe, biting and teasing it with his tongue, playing with her emotions. Gasping, she gripped his hair roughly until she'd brought his warm mouth back down onto her neck. One of Cole's hands slid up the back of her neck until it gripped her silky strands, pulling slightly to tilt her neck higher as he planted warm bites down to her collarbone. She didn't even try to stifle the moan.

Had the whole night been one long, drawn out foreplay? Was that Ace's angle? Passively work them both up all night and then light the fuse? That man might have been a fucking genius. She hadn't given him enough credit. That kiss was as much about winding Lita up as it was about pissing Cole off.

You'll probably thank me for what he'll do to you... That sly fox of a man, she smiled.

Lita ran her hands along Cole's shoulders, kicking her heels away as he continued pushing her backwards toward the bed. The height difference made it harder to reach his lips and she struggled on her tip toes. He made a frustrated sound and lifted her up, wrapping her legs around his waist. Letting his fingers explore under the hem of the dress, he found nothing but a thin piece of fabric covering her.

"Fuck, Lita, you might as well have been naked under this dress," he panted, pulling his swollen lips back from hers. She watched his red eyes catch in the light, reflecting. That sight, coupled with the erection pressed over her core, furthered the wetness between her legs.

Running her hands down Cole's abs to the top of his pants. He hissed, bringing them back up to his chest, "I'm already on the edge, Lita."

"So fall over already," she pleaded, returning to pop the button on his pants. That seemed to snap him out of the hunger. He sat her on the edge of the bed, prying his mouth away from her skin, as difficult as it was.

Kneeling between her legs to rest his head against her ribcage, he whispered "We need to talk, Lita. We can't just rush into this."

He collected himself, taking several deep, shaking breaths against her before pulling back to look at her. His eyes were still bright red and reflective but he seemed a bit more composed. Slowly her breathing returned to normal too, the flush leaving her face. She scooted back slightly, raking her hands through her hair until it fell over half of her face.

"You're the most beautiful woman I've ever seen," he admitted, letting that linger in the air for a minute before continuing, "I owe you an explanation. I know I do. I know I keep pushing you away and I really don't have a good excuse. I thought I did, thought I could blame my upbringing or my own baggage but I can't."

He took a breath, blowing air into his cheeks, "All of that is real but it's not the reason I keep putting things between us. The truth is I'm scared. Fucking terrified that this would be amazing, life-changing, the best thing I ever had. I wouldn't know what to do with that, Lita. I wouldn't know how not to fuck that up..."

"Honestly, I used to watch James and Stacey together. It was a beautiful thing. Shit, I was envious as hell for a long time. But I also saw her after he was gone. And I never want to feel that," Cole leaned back to sit on the ground, saying the last part more to himself than to Lita, "I'm not strong enough to survive that."

Lita looked at him for a while, trying to find the words to say that would make his fears go away. She wanted him to ignore his mind and just be with her. But the more she thought about it, the more she realized she shared those same fears. And probably even more. She was terrified this was another mistake. Yet another time she ignored all the signs in front of her face. Would he become something else as soon as she got comfortable?

"I probably don't know how to be loved," she admitted, feeling the tears welling, "I don't think I ever learned how. My parents never had a good relationship. Well, that's not entirely true, they never had a *real* relationship. More like two strangers who coexisted. I think I could count on one hand the number of times either of them ever said they loved me."

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Water streaked down her face, "And with Brian I ignored so many red flags. I made so many excuses until it was too late. I mean with him, I could really believe that a person might have a split personality. The second I let my guard completely down, he turned out to be a nightmare. I'm terrified of letting my guard back down, of being fooled twice."

Cole pulled her down to the floor, bundling her into his lap as if she were fragile. Then he hugged her so tightly she thought she might burst, "I would never. Ever. E-V-E-R hurt you like that or let anyone else touch you. Ever," he murmured into her neck. A strange sense of calm washed over her. She believed him completely.

"I can't promise not to die," she sniffled, "No one can. God, I wish my brother was here every single fucking day but, it doesn't mean I would take back a single second I had with him. Like, knowing him, loving him, is part of who I am. It's maybe the brightest part of my life so far and I wouldn't want to imagine what I would be like right now if I hadn't had him for as long as I did."

Cole inhaled sharply, rubbing her back, "And if he had one rule, it was always that I have to fight. I had to fight against things that weren't right and fight for the things I wanted."

She kissed his cheek then pulled away to look into his eyes, "I want you. There I freaking said it, you difficult, frustrating, irritating man. I. Want. You. And I don't want to pretend like I don't anymore. I'm willing to fight for it, if that's what it takes."

"Me too," he said quietly, grinning as he ran his hands up her arms.

"That smile is a thing of beauty," she laughed, adjusting into a better position on top of him.

"I'll have to make a note of it," he smiled harder, "Maybe I'll do it more often if it gets this type of reaction." When their lips finally met again, the heat wasn't consuming or distorting. It was warming, comforting, and fulfilling.