

Lita's Love for the Alpha

Mated

Without an ounce of reservation left between them on that hotel room floor, Lita took Cole's strong, calloused hands, leading them softly against her shoulders until the straps of her dress fell. It was a slow, torturous motion that left her breathing hard, nipples firm. She pulled those same hands to her rear, urging him to pull her closer, which he did, making a strained sound in his throat as their centers met. If at all possible, he wanted her even more now than he had twenty minutes earlier.

Her wet core to his firm one, she took her time placing gentle, chaste kisses along his neck. Slipping her hands under his shirt, she felt him shudder under her fingers. He was so incredibly warm to the touch as she tugged his shirt up over his head.

Now bare, she could really see the way his chest heaved and fluttered every time she stroked at his skin. He was so responsive to each touch of her hands, just as she was to his. Trailing her hands down his abs in featherlike grazes, she finished what she'd started, opening his jeans fully. She stroked him against his briefs, feeling his damp tip rising to meet her hand. Hungry and unrestrained, Cole suddenly stood, taking her with him.

"I'll replace it, I promise," he panted against her chest. Lita didn't even have time process what the hell he was talking about before he ripped the back of her dress open, roughly sliding the pieces away from her with almost lethal precision.

He laid her onto the bed and stepped back, drinking in the sight of her in nothing but the thin strip of soaking wet fabric between her legs. Watching him pull off his jeans, then his briefs, Lita didn't think she'd ever been more turned on by anything in her life than she was when he stroked himself, tip dripping and ready. Moving around the bed like a predator stalking his prey, Cole hardly looked like himself. His jaw muscle tense, nostrils flared, eyes a deep, penetrating red, canines sharp and peeking over his bottom lip.

"Don't worry, I'm still me," he soothed, crawling towards her in bed, "Your arousal just makes me a little more...intense. You're not afraid are you?" She was staring straight between his legs.

Lita shook her head no, mouth parted, possessed by the sudden need to have that length hitting her cervix. His need for her was pushing him to the limit of his control and that was a potent aphrodisiac in its own right. He pulled her thighs apart, cursing under his breath as he pulled the thong down and tossed it elsewhere.

"Fuck my smile, *that* is a thing of beauty." Pressing his thumb to her clit, Cole stimulated and teased it until her body arched off the bed.

"Please," she begged, clenching the sheets around her, "Cole, I need more." He chuckled darkly, sucking her off his thumb. Making room for himself, he slid against her opening before nudging his tip in. Lita squirmed in closer, bursting with anticipation, her whole body nearly coming apart at the seams. Their moans melted into a deep kiss as he pushed further until they were one.

Then he was moving inside of her, thrusting as he raised his hips to hit different angles. She bucked and matched his stroke, pulling his mouth from hers so he could take her nipples. The wet, urgent sounds of skin on skin pushed them higher. Lita wasn't in her right mind, between the pressure inside of her and Cole's scent. It was a musky fall air and firewood smell that somehow grew more potent and sexy the closer she got to her limit.

And he was no better, plunging into the soft, wet heaven between her legs until he felt himself nearing the end of his control. He pressed his mouth against her neck, kissing and sucking firmly but he couldn't find the perfect place. Moving in a trance he tried the other side but none of her neck called to him. He went lower, swirling his tongue over the base of her throat, continuing lower until he was at her perfect breasts once more.

He didn't want it somewhere anyone could see. It was personal, between only them. He licked and kneaded the flesh of her right breast until he found the place he wanted to sink his teeth. Lita's sounds grew rushed, jumbled and every bit as urgent as her thrusts were. Just as they were tumbling over the edge into ecstasy, he sank his teeth into the soft flesh below her breast, forcing a hard, almost painful pleasure to surge through the both of them at once.

And at the split second he pierced her flesh, once again her eyes raged red, bright and volatile as she rode a wave of pleasure so high she never thought she'd come down. So spent and exhausted in every way, they collapsed into each other, just as they were, panting and smiling like fools. Cole rested his head on her chest as Lita's eyes slowly died down to their natural color.

He traced her skin with his fingers, "Tomorrow, I'm taking Ace out to fucking dinner."

"You and me both," Lita laughed with him until a comfortable silence put them to sleep.

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Lita woke to a warm hand nudging her softly. So softly, she thought she was imagining it.

"Mm?" She murmured, barely opening her eyes. Cole crouched next to the bed, smiling that beautiful smile he used so sparingly.

"Hey, baby, I didn't want to leave without saying anything," he gently pushed hair off her face, "The tournament starts soon so I have to go. Sleep as long as you want, come down when you're ready. I'll leave my extra room key on the table."

Lita sleepily nodded her head. *Baby*. He called her baby as if it was the most normal thing to him. Pressing a kiss to her temple, Cole turned and left for the tournament. Lita lulled herself back to sleep.

A few hours later, it was the sun on her skin that woke her up. The warm, tingling feeling of her body wouldn't be ignored. She'd done it. Her eyes shot open, sliding her fingers over his bite on her skin. She'd fucking done it, let Cole claim her. And it felt exhilarating. It felt sublime. For all of one minute before her mind caught up to her body.

Panic settled in her bones first, a terrible, crushing panic that she'd made a mistake. What was she doing? What did this mean? How would this change her entire life? She took a breath. This wasn't a mistake. She was happy. Logically, she knew she was happy. Or at least she had been up until her mind started unraveling all the satisfaction she'd had.

Brian. As much as she never wanted to think of him again, especially not coming down off the high of last night, she couldn't ignore the piercing fear that stabbed through her. She would never be his. And that might as well have been a death sentence. He didn't share. He didn't forgive. And he didn't forget.

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I know where you are, Lita. And who you're with. Lita felt the world spinning around her. What was she going to do about Brian? He could be bluffing. He probably was bluffing. And it made her angry that she was giving him control of her mind again. In one night he'd gone from sweet, I love you texts to menacing, alarming ones. That was his nature. And she needed to stop giving him power over her.

Lita threw back the covers, feeling nausea overtake her. Her head pounded, the room tilted. She bolted for the bathroom, retching up everything still in her stomach. What was wrong with her? Food poisoning? Her feelings? She hadn't missed her pills as much as she did right now. Her head felt like it was splitting. It usually took a nightmare about her brother for this type of emotional reaction. One so strong it would make her sick. Brian couldn't hurt her anymore. She knew that. Logically she knew her pack would protect her. *Her pack*. That was such a revelation. She wasn't just a visitor anymore. She wasn't a guest but a full-fledged member. Cole's mate.

She shook her head. Her life was changing already, even in the way she thought of the world around her. Even in the way she felt physically. Her body hummed with energy, like she'd recharged all her batteries and slept for days. Long gone was the frail, lifeless Lita that Brian knew. There was no reason to let her fear of him overpower her happiness.

Maybe her anxieties were just heightened because of what happened with Cole. The whole night had been emotional. She'd cried and cum in such a rapid succession it was bound to screw up her mind a bit. But she could temper that. How many times had she tempered her emotions over the last month without her meds? This was no different. She just needed to take control of herself.

Rinsing her mouth and turning on the shower, Lita tried to wash away her negative feelings and replace them with positive ones. She tried to focus on Cole. On his reassuring words from the night before. On the way he made her feel, not her anxieties. Soaping and rinsing herself, she slowly began to calm and by the time she'd dried off and thrown on some of his clothes, Lita felt completely fine. Maybe even more than fine.

She'd mated with Cole.

Author's Note: Hey lovely readers, so happy you're all loving the story so far! I've been working like a madwoman to write this story as quickly as possible because the response has been so overwhelming! That said, I won't be posting tomorrow, 2/3 because I have two other stories to post for. I'll see you guys again on 2/4 and daily after that! Love you all! xoxoxoxoxoxoxoxo

Follow my Instagram [@the_unlikelyoptimist](#) and shoot me a dm if you want to chat, I love talking to you guys <3