

Lita's Love for the Alpha

Talk About Fight Club

The elevator dinged as Lita reached the basement floor. After a quick pitstop at her shared room, she'd changed into a casual v-neck tee and jeans. Her body still felt abuzz with emotions and odd sensations she couldn't place but she brushed them off, determined to allow herself at least one good day following that salacious night.

She eyed the breakfast cart on her way down the hallway. Muffins, fruit, bagels, drinks in a mini fridge. Lita knew she needed to eat, a mild hangover and barf session early in the morning didn't bode well for the rest of her day but her stomach lurched as soon as she smelled the muffins. She'd just have to have an early lunch, she promised herself, heading down the hall towards the large doors.

It was odd how quiet the hallway was, and empty too, as if she were headed somewhere dangerous, somewhere unreal. This was it, she was really about to be witness to an entire subculture of human life. She smiled. Claspng her hand hard around the door rail she tugged until the sliver of an opening released a whirlwind of sound so loud she almost screamed. It was startling, almost terrifying with how loud and sharp it all felt. Ahead she could barely make out three sets of rings in the distance and a mass of bodies in and outside of the bleachers. The people bled around the room like a living organism, undulating and unpredictable.

Hooting and whooping swirled around her as people cheered on their fighters. She struggled to make sense of it. The large room looked like something out of a rocky movie. But one that had no semblance of order or rationality. Barking and growling stirred around her as she took simple, calming breaths. This was what she wanted. To be a part of the family. This was what it meant to be *in*.

She caught the glare of nearby security guard, nodding slightly towards the door as if to say *shut that fucking thing, girl*. The burst of light into the room had brought more than a few disgruntled looks her way and the sound blasting into the hallways couldn't have been any better for the lobby one floor up. Pushing herself further in she realized the room was soundproofed. There was no other explanation for the hard split between silence and sound. Sound so heavy and rowdy that it made her eardrums wobble. A dull ache panged against her temple but washed away as quickly as it came.

Bodies jostled against hers as she let the door swing closed behind her with a hard *swoosh* sound, slinking her eyes away from the security guard. The chaos seemed amplified at the far caged ring where two fully shifted wolves lunged and bit at each other. Now that was something to see. Part of her felt frozen, still unable to remedy that werewolves were real but the other part felt energized, she wanted to get closer. She wanted to see the beauty and ferocity that danced around that cage.

Where the hell was her pack? She smiled, fingering the tattoo on her wrist not for courage this time but for the happy memory. It had been an eternity since she last felt like she had family and yet here she was, in the middle of James' secret life, warmed by the prospect of love. She missed him but even gone, he'd given her such a gift. A place to make a new life. He'd gotten her out just like he promised. All she had to do was continue to fight to keep it.

Wiggling her way through the crowd, she spotted the nearest set of bleachers and decided to take her chances. Working around all the palpitating bodies wasn't easy, an elbow or two hit her hard but eventually, with enough strength to push forward, she reached the bleacher stand just in front of the center ring. Lita panned her eyes over the audience, looking for a single familiar face. The jumpy motions and flailing limbs made it hard to catch every face but she was pretty sure she didn't recognize anyone.

"Miss Lita?" someone yelled loudly over the raucous, pulling her attention towards the ring.

"Dr. Morgan?" she cocked her head to the side. He was waving from behind a barricade, stethoscope draped over his neck. Lita realized the barricade was in place to keep the crowd from rushing the ring. It was likely the same for the other two rings and judging from how aggressive these spectators seemed, it was a genius idea. She only studied the man for a moment before she was then swiftly pulled over the barricade into the inner sanctum of the ring. The guard who did it, nodded to the doctor and went back to patrolling the area.

"I was wondering if I might see you here this weekend..." his eyes twinkled a smile but also, some deeper reservation she couldn't place, "I've been meaning to come talk to you about your meds... about what I've come to believe but the timing just never seemed right. Anyway I'm glad you decided to join them." What did that mean? She decided he would tell her if he wanted her to know. There was no point in pushing to have a full conversation in the middle of madhouse.

"Wherever they go I go, I guess," she shrugged, feeling her head spin a little, "Why are you here?"

"All the pack doctors volunteer around the country to sit in during tournaments. The men beat themselves up to shit sometimes," he laughed then sobered quickly whispering to himself, "You look pale..." She'd never thought a man so straight laced would curse. She puzzled as he grabbed her arm, pulling her closer the the bench with his medical bag. Her eyes couldn't help but flit between him and the pulsing, sweating bodies above them. She glanced back to the cage match further away. Thrill and anxiety mixed in her.

"Don't be scared," he tossed over his shoulder, as he packed up his bag, "This fight is just standard boxing. We only allow wolf fights in the cage." That was a relief she hadn't known she needed. Lita rubbed her arms, this was all still so new to her. Knowing and seeing were two separate things. This world, worried her a bit. But in a deeper part, a more guarded part, it excited her.

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"Come," he motioned lightly. It was easier to hear him in the gap of space before the ring and Lita found herself not straining quite so much. A sudden flush of nausea hit her but she swallowed it back. That broke a bit of her spectator syndrome. She was supposed to be trying to find Cole.

"Doc have you seen Cole? Or any of the others? I was supposed to meet them here," she winced.

"Yea I'll take you behind the scenes. They're all in the back rooms. Cole fights Bedlam next right here and I think Mark has a mild concussion so he's resting on the cots. Brody had to get his split eyebrow stitched. Stace fights soon too."

Lita nodded, pushing her uneasy stomach knots away. She was excited for them, excited to see them fight and cheer them on. Her stupid body just didn't want to cooperate. The fight above them ended with a single punch. The loud crack of sound stopped whatever she'd been about to say as a man the size of a small tree fell flat against the ring. The bell rang and the man still standing shot his arms into the air.

Dr. Morgan made a motion to the refs by the ring and pointed to a door, "Come on, we can head back now. They'll bring that guy back in a minute for me to look at. But uh... speaking of looking at... I was wondering if you'd let me do another exam on you?" Once again his eyes held that strained reservation to them but she had no reason to refuse. His thoughts and feelings were his own to have, as were hers. It's not like she was telling him that she felt sick to her stomach or like a tree had been swung against her head. She nodded with a smile as she followed. They eased through the door and to her relief, everyone was inside. They crossed over to an examination table with wheeled carts surrounding it. Her friends were in various states around the large room and they all smiled but Ace was the first to approach her. She didn't see Cole anywhere.

"How's your nose?" she asked, genuinely worried about the bandage and split taped to his face. He looked like he'd just had surgery.

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"Well hot damn that's a cold shower," he smirked, scrunching his nose, "My nose will be fine by the time I fight again. We heal fast, cupcake."

"What the hell is that supposed to mean?" Lita jumped up on the doctor's table, "Hello to you too... thank you for being concerned for my health... I'm glad you're not angry with me... any of those would have been fine..."

"It's supposed to mean you smell downright unappealing, like a big ole bag of Cole's balls," Ace laughed, pretending to pinch the bridge of his nose. Lita's mouth dropped. And the twinkle of his devilish eyes told her he was just trying to gauge her reaction.

"You lying sack of shit," she playfully punched him in the arm, "I almost believed you."

"Yea, okay I'm lying," he teased, "But you do smell different. Way less sweet. More like... if roses were in thrown in the fire. You're welcome... or is congrats the better term?" He pretended to shine his nails up against his shirt. Ever the fucking drama king.

Before she could shove that smart comment right up his ass, Dr. Morgan strode back around the table, "Open." Lita did, letting him use the popsicle stick to shift her tongue around. Then his gloved fingers pushed at her lips, exposing her canines. He made a disappointed sound as let her top lip fall back before stepping away to grab another tool.

Ace looked at her strangely but Lita only shrugged, "My guess is as good as yours."