

# Lita's Love for the Alpha

## Routine, Right?

"So where the hell'd you end up last night?" Lita asked Ace, changing the subject from her exam back to his escapades. She tried to ignore the small pokes and prods she felt all over as the doctor inspected her.

"Well, one or two ladies might have been kind enough to keep my company at the club after you left," Ace grinned, rolling his tongue over his canines. Lita giggled and shook her head.

"Jesus, you don't waste time."

"What? Not everybody's got a hot mate ready and waiting in their hotel room, sweetheart. I had to make due with what I could," he shrugged. She could tell he was joking but there was also the edge of something else in his voice. Something she knew not to touch with a ten foot pole. The heat between them was dampened, not extinguished.

The attraction between them hadn't completely died out but it was different. He was more like the funny best friend who just happened to be hot as hell. All she could think about was Cole and at this point, she was growing antsy. Lita couldn't stop her eyes from fluttering up every time a stranger walked by. Where the hell was he?

Something thumped against her knee to check her reflexes. It was odd, almost like the doctor was looking for something, some sign of an underlying issue but that wouldn't make any sense. Routine, she assured herself. She had been beat up pretty bad a month ago. It made sense that he'd want to verify everything healed properly. Lita focused back on Ace as people poured in and out of the doorway behind him.

"Oh that's what we're calling it now? Making due?" Jaz walked up eyeing daggers at Ace, "Thanks for clarifying..."

Ace immediately turned bright red, looking every bit as flustered as he must have felt, "Er shit didn't see you there, Jasmine....uh you look nice today..."

Jaz and Ace? Lita couldn't contain the shock spreading across her face, or the bemusement in her voice, "The way you say Jasmine sounds mighty... personal." She crackled her throat a little, stifling a laugh. Dr. Morgan walked back to his bag.

"Mhm once an asshole, always an asshole I see. At least you're good in bed," Jaz glared, turning her attention to Lita. The anger dropped into glee as she looked at her friend, "Bitch where the hell were you last night? You never came back to the room. Tsk, Tsk."

Now it was Lita's turn to turn red, "You know where I was... and speaking of it, has anyone seen Cole? I wanted to talk to him before his next fight..."

"Looking for Cole huh," Jaz glimmered with barely contained intrigue. She couldn't wait to spread the news, "He's in the back room getting ready. Saw him talking to some older guy a few minutes ago. He'll probably be out soon." It shouldn't have been awkward. They were adults. And the whole pack regularly had sex with one another but somehow what she and Cole did felt more intimate. It felt like she was airing her panties out in front of the whole world.

"I don't see any bites, Lita but your scent has changed so I assume you and Cole...?" The doctor cut in as he walked back over. Lita looked away awkwardly. He'd obviously missed the conversation the first time so now she had to be uncomfortable twice, "I only ask because the scent is so...uh... familiar? And I'm just trying to locate the mark... make sure it doesn't get infected." He choked on his spit. Ace's face lit up like Christmas morning.

"No fucking way... you two finally did it?! You let him mark you? Damn, I thought sexy time for sure but the full blown claiming? I did not see that coming," Jaz squealed a little too loudly, "Stace is going to be so happy to hear it. She gave him an earful yesterday! Lita got her maaark. Lita got her maaark." The singsong voice Jaz used almost made Lita's awkwardness go away. Almost. They were still talking about her having sex after all, and in the middle of the fighter's throughway at that.

Ace pouted, "Hey don't give Stace my fucking credit okay, I worked hard to get those two together yesterday. Damn hard."

Why was Ace in the middle of her exam again? Hell why was her exam in the middle of the staging area? The doctor had made it seem pretty urgent she get checked right now. The oddness of it all kept nagging at Lita's brain but she pushed it aside. She already had a headache. Thankfully, Dr. Morgan took her awkwardness and the others' banter as an answer to his question, continuing his investigation. She winced as he tapped the area under her breast. It was still terribly sore.

"Interesting—" he gave her a knowing look.

"ATTABOY!" Ace beamed at the obvious place of her mark, "I knew he wasn't the stick in the mud he pretends to be. That's fucking kinky. I'm proud!"

"Will you shove off?" Lita groaned, wishing Cole would come put an end to all this or someone else would come put her out of her misery.

"Everything seems all in order," the doctor mumbled, adjusting his rolled up shirt sleeves, "I just need a vial of blood and you're free to go. I'll give you a cream for the... uh... bite."

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"Fuck," she whispered to no one in particular, already feeling the panic sparking up. She hated getting her blood drawn.

"Scared of needles?" The doctor asked, tying a band around her arm, "How bout a story to distract you? Ace why don't you tell Lita something about a time you were scared?"

"Hmmm I'm pretty fucking fearless doc," he beamed, cheeky as ever, then his face sobered, "But if we're seriously trying to take your mind off it... Probably the most scared I've ever been was during my first shift."

"The first shift is the worst shift," the doctor and Ace said simultaneously.

"Damn when does it happen?" Jaz asked, turning a calmer face to him.

"It's different for everyone. I was sixteen. I think Cole was twelve. It takes a push, if you could call it that," he mumbled. Lita gave him a questioning look and he sighed, "it's usually triggered by rage. An uncontrollable rage that kind of takes on a life of its own. Then the change happens..."

Before anyone else could say a thing, Brody came bounding up to the group looking overjoyed.

"Quick, what's the first rule of fight club, Lita?" Brody wiggled the brow that wasn't stitched, giving Lita a desperately charming smile. He slid over beside the exam table and flashed a grin.

"You have to be the corniest person I've ever met," Ace shook his head in feigned disgust.

"Jesus how long have you wanted to say that?" Lita groaned, flinching slightly as Dr. Morgan drew blood from her arm. He held her firm even as she tugged away.

"Sorry," he mumbled, adjusting the needle depth.

Brody inhaled the air sharply and his eyes told her everything she needed to know. The look of disappointment was almost painful. She started to say something but thought better if it. She'd had enough awkward conversations about her sex life to last the year.

"Same, bro. Same," Ace played a tiny violin on his shoulder in typical form and Brody laughed, relaxing away from Lita and closer to Jaz.

As soon as Dr. Morgan finished gathering the vile of blood, two guards brought the fighter from earlier in, each of them holding one arm. Without another glance, she slid from the table, moving until they could hoist the unconscious man back up on the table.

Someone bristled past her, pushing between her and Ace. It was Cole. But he didn't stop to acknowledge any of them, his face pulled into a tight, hard line. What the hell was wrong with him.

"Cole?" she tried to pull at his arm but he tugged away easily, sliding straight through the door that led back to the rings. Something was definitely wrong.

Lita turned to Ace, "Did he lose a fight?" But he shook his head, "No. And he's not like that after a fight. He's usually only like that after... stick with Jaz, Lita." And just like that he was out the door, rushing after Cole.

"Lita... Can't say it's good to see you..." a voice came from behind.

Erica walked around the two women, sizing them up with her eyes.

"Oh for fuck's sake," Lita sighed.