

# Lita's Love for the Alpha

## The First Shift Is The Worst Shift

The elevator was blocked by a row of angry looking men. Their suits were just as out of place as Maxim's only they were wearing all black like they were at a funeral. Maybe they were just waiting for someone to die.

Lita flinched as Ace pulled them to a stop, "Shit we can't go that way." His head swiveled around the hallway, looking for an out.

The door they'd just come through burst open once more with Maxim and Erica stepping into the hall easily, eyes trained on Lita and Ace like mice in a cage. Lita felt anger return. She wanted to wipe that smug fucking look of accomplishment off of Erica's face. Permanently. That scared her a bit because it wasn't like her to be violent. To not only wish someone dead but to wish to be the one to do it, was foreign to her. Lita felt feverish, sweat soaking into her clothes, legs wobbling and unsteady. Her heart beat frantically against her ribs.

"Looks like someone's only got a mouth when she's around an audience, huh?" Erica smirked, moving towards Lita. It wasn't fear. Lita didn't know what the hell was happening to her but it wasn't fear. The cramps in her stomach turned harder, forcing her to the ground in agony. It was like her insides were in a vice grip, twisting and pulling against the constraints of her body.

Ace's hand was on her back, "Lita whatever it is, you need to fight through it. We have to go." His whispered tone was icy, gritted and as she focused on his words she could hear the fear. The deep, penetrating fear. They were in real danger.

They all stilled at the sound of a bell from the crack in the heavy door, the announcer yelling about a winner. Her mind flashed back to the disgruntled security guard who growled at her to shut the door. Where were the security guards? Could she make it to the lobby to get help? There was definitely no way she would make it through Maxim and Erica to get back inside the arena. Not in this much pain.

"Move away from the door, little dove," Maxim warned Erica as he stepped clear of it himself, "We're about to have company."

And he was right. Within two seconds of Erica moving, the door burst open and Cole appeared, panting and wild eyed, but controlled as he read every body in the room. He moved swiftly across the hallway to Lita. Behind him, Brody, Mark, Andres and Alex were tense, following the path Cole blazed. They eyed the men at the elevator and Maxim himself, paling slightly as they finally understood what was happening.

Though Lita didn't fully know what was happening herself. This was Cole's dad. But what did he want? Why was he here? And why did she have the distinct impression he meant her harm? The thought slipped away into a flurry of pain in her back and shooting agony in her gut. She was being torn apart from the inside and it took every ounce of self control she had not to scream.

"Lita are you hurt?" Cole crouched down to put a hand to her head. He hissed, feeling the hot skin and moved his hand to check her pulse. The sensation of his touch calmed the pain a little and allowed her to get back on her feet as he pulled her to him. She gripped his arm for dear life.

"What the fuck did you do?" Cole seethed, his eyes locked onto Maxim like he wanted to rip out his throat.

"Not a thing. She's a bit dramatic that one, making all this fuss over a few simple questions."

Cole tensed beneath her hands. Ace and the others had formed a circle around her, protecting every angle. She eyed the emergency exit door. The stairs would be hard to endure in this much pain but she could push through. She could make it to the lobby if fighting broke out.

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"What did you think would happen, hmm? Claiming a mixed breed, wolf-less bitch?" His tone wasn't antagonizing at all. Maxim was dead serious about every word, "And after I sent Erica after you. It's not very smart son. Not what I taught you at all."

"Watch your fucking mouth. I'm not a child anymore," Cole growled, gripping Lita harder.

"It's just the bond talking Cole. Don't worry, you weren't strong enough to sever it but I'll do it for you," he motioned to his men and they began to close the distance to the group, "Only I would be unlucky enough to have a dissenter for a son. Lord knows I've been too lenient with you. I should've raised you like my father raised me. But to mate \*that\*?! I won't tolerate it. I've made a lot of exceptions for you but not this. You won't corrupt our family line, boy."

Cole pushed Lita into Brody before she could register it, launching himself at his father. Cole shifted in the air, tackling Maxim into the door. Then there were two wolves. Then three. Then the room was filled with the sound of growls and claws on the concrete as the attacks spiraled out of control. Slivers of clothes floated about in the air as large wolves pounced and bit into each other.

The tournament audience had begun to bleed into the hallway trying to alert the guards and figure out where all the growling was coming from. Some had even shifted themselves though it wasn't entirely clear which side to take.

"Lita, run. Run and don't look back. If they catch you, they'll kill you," Brody yelled. It was the last thing he said before his body shifted, headbutting one of the two wolves attacking Mark. Her body froze. Cole told her not to run. He said a wolf's instinct was to chase. Lita glanced at Cole, pinned under Maxim's wolf as he tore into his chest without mercy. Cole's scream filled her with the drive to move. She needed to distract him. Perhaps the need to chase would give Cole an advantage.

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"Maxim!" she screamed, then bolted for the emergency exit. Her body felt like lead as she moved. Nothing about her was graceful or stable but she kept herself moving. Any second she'd expected to hear bangs or claws behind her but none came. Her body reared against her, muscles clamping down against the forward motion that she desperately needed. But she had to push past the pain. She felt like each step she took would rip off her legs, tear at her arms, dislocate her tendons. But nothing gave, nothing tore. She pushed harder, throwing her herself into the walls trying to catapult farther and faster than her legs would take her.

The fear gave way to drive. And anger. So much fucking anger. Why the hell couldn't she catch a break? From her parents to Brian to James to Cole and now Cole's father. What the fuck was wrong with her that everything had to be so damn hard? So painful? Was the whole wolf world out to fucking get her? Hell, for someone with no wolf it felt like everything in her life was about them, even before she'd known about them. What had she ever done to deserve the life she'd lived so far? Had she been a terrible person in a past life? Not prayed enough? Not paid enough tithes? It wasn't fair.

Lita felt molten, her body coursing with fire. The first crack was hard, splitting her shoulders from the sockets. She screamed hard, stumbling up a few steps. \*The first shift is the worst shift\*. Where had that thought come from? She wasn't a wolf... she wasn't a--the second crack was in her hips, leaving her on all fours just in front of the lobby door. The sound of feet on the stairs behind her pushed adrenaline into her veins. The fear long forgotten in the flurry to make it to the exit door. She tried to push herself up. A body hit her hard from behind, sending them both sprawling through the door and into the lobby.

The third crack was in her back, seemingly pushing her ribs wider until she thought she was going to burst from inside. Erica held her down, half-shifted, eyes glowing red, a second away from biting into Lita's throat. And the next crack sent Erica flying across the room.

She hit the wall hard, cracking the facing as she slid down into a lump. The cracks and splits of her body pulled Lita into excruciating pain. She couldn't think. She couldn't do anything but give in. There was no pushing past it. She couldn't even scream, the sound dying in her chest and turning into a whimper. An animal's whimper. Erica shifted and lunged for her again.

Lita wasn't conscious of what she was doing. The body wasn't hers anymore, covered in hair, claws scraping against the soft palate of flesh beneath Erica's jaw. The animal did what it wanted and Lita could barely comprehend. The sound of screams accompanied the feel of hot liquid against her body and maw. There was no room for any human thoughts in this new body. Or mercy, for that matter. Only survival.