

Lita's Love for the Alpha

Sense of Touch

The body that wasn't hers, eyed their surroundings for other people in the lobby and for more possible threats. Lita was a wolf. The thought had barely registered in the forefront of her mind. It certainly didn't make sense and that was probably the brunt of her difficulty. There was a zero percent chance that she was a wolf.

And yet she *was* a werewolf. She couldn't be a wolf. She was a human. It was a lifetime of living one way, only to find out it had all been a lie. But what else was new? Her wolf was irritated, pacing the room impatiently. They didn't speak to each other, not directly, but they understood each other nonetheless. Not quite as clear as reading each other's mind but more like reading intentions. Reading between the lines of each other's emotions. A shared connection that just sort of translated things for them.

Lita's wolf was exhausted. That much was clear through the connection. The first shift was apparently the worst shift for them too. Her senses were in overdrive though, looking everywhere for some threat. But there was no one around. Lita had passed out at some point after the initial shift, her consciousness slipping off into the back burner of her wolfy body and that gave her a small rest. Her wolf, however, had been in a fight. A life and death situation. Lita had only seen a split second of Erica before giving in to the darkness.

Apparently while she was passed out, the whole lobby had cleared, Erica too, and the only consolation she had was that this was a wolf establishment. There was no risk of exposing anything to anyone.

Why did she even give a shit about the optics of the situation? This was the single most insane thing that had ever happened to her and somehow she was more worried about protecting the wolf-world's image, than herself. Technically it was her own image now. Because she was a wolf. She was a fucking werewolf. Her wolf blew air from its nose. Obviously her obsessive thoughts were annoying her animal side.

It was then that she realized they were standing in something slippery and thick. Blood. Her paws moved in and out of it like wet paint, trailing it around the room. Lita panicked, seeing that there was blood everywhere and no sign of Erica. Erica. Erica? Her mind was blank. No matter how hard she tried to remember, she couldn't recall what happened. A fight. Danger. Then what? Blood? But no body?

Her wolf bristled. But Lita refused to accept that answer. There was a lot she could accept, but that wasn't one of them. Her wolf was wrong. Or she'd misunderstood the meaning. Either way Erica wasn't dead. She hadn't killed anyone. Lita blocked that part out until she could talk to someone else, someone who could help her make everything logical again.

Lita's wolf agreed. Then she watched from the background as her wolf took the lead, nudging the emergency exit door open with her muzzle and heading back down the stairs. There was no sense of how much time had passed since they ran. They reached the bottom landing in a few short strides, regardless of how exhausted the wolf was. She was strong as hell, regal and capable. Her bounds made easy work of the same steps that had nearly killed Lita. She pushed the door to the basement open.

The sight was chaotic. Blood. Bodies. Strips of fabric. Shaky, slanted lights casting eerie glows over the people. Guards. Naked people who had once been wolves. Her pack was mixed in with the sights and smells which were all too strong and overwhelming. Lita didn't know how to process all the sensations bombarding her at once and her wolf was no better.

The lights were too bright, scents too strong, sounds too sharp. Lita just wanted to find Cole. Where was he? How was he? Her nose was searching for him. Her eyes. Her ears twitching to distinguish his sound. Every part of her wolf was searching for him because her mind rebelled against the sight of Maxim slashing his torso open. He was fine. Everything was okay she promised herself.

Laying down, on the verge of collapse, Lita's wolf closed her eyes with a whimper, barely keeping them both awake and aware. The voices seemed to grow louder, the movements grew more frantic around them as others took note of the new wolf in the room.

"Cole! Cole, get over here now!" Voices surrounded her. Familiar but not the one she was looking for.

"Oh god, is she hurt?! There's so much blood in her fur." Hands checked her.

"No, it's not her blood. Alex, check upstairs. Follow the trail." Still the only voice she wanted to hear wasn't among them.

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Then a deep, rumbling voice broke the chaos of noise around her and she recognized it immediately, though it had never sounded quite so wonderful and compelling, "Lita? Oh my god. Oh my god. Oh my god." Cole's words repeated in her head like a lullaby, his probing hands sending sparks across her fur. A disturbing yet endearing reminder that nothing would ever be the same again.

"Lita..." the sound was painfully smooth, vibrating against her ear as Cole whispered. Still there was no sense of time as she floated in that dark space between sleeping and waking. How wonderful would it be to live there? Calm, painless and without thought. Did she want to go back to the room of faces? To the unsightly body parts? To the things her wolf said they did?

"Lita, wake up baby," Cole tried again, "Please it's time to wake up." A nose in her neck, breathing hard. The warm breath a mix of heat and moisture hell bent on awakening every single part of her body to flames. A hand resting on hers. The familiar weight and callouses of the man she loved. Loved. It was there like a giant weight on her chest. The single most poignant thing her wolf passed over the connection was love. Eternal, undignified, love even in decay or destruction. Love at all costs.

The animal side of her seemed to pull that emotion with her, trampling over every doubt and insecurity Lita had been harboring in her soul. Every pain seemed dulled against the aching power of loving her mate. 'Til death do they part. For-fucking-ever and a day past that. Even if she didn't really know him. Even if she wasn't sure he loved her back. Though if he had a wolf even half as persistent as her own, he did. Deeply. Unequivocally.

Even if the world was ending around them, the love would stay. Ironclad and unwavering. The feelings resonated deeper than anything she'd ever felt. Before her shift, she felt something unique, maybe even strong. But now? It was like she felt nothing but him. Every inch of her was his. Even the tiniest touches to her skin made her flutter and he kept touching.

"That's it, I can hear your heartbeat spiking baby, wake up. You can do it," A stroke, once, twice against her forehead. Shivers under her skin that traced the contact. A scent so deep and penetrating that she could scarcely breathe it. Yet it was the only air she wanted. To live and die breathing in his scent as oxygen until the very act of breathing was long gone. Her eyes tensed, clenching and softening as she tried to pull the lids apart. They were stubborn. Glued into position like she'd slept for days. It couldn't have been that long could it?

A hand on her lower ribs, an ear over her chest, fingers threading through her hair. Each touch sent a need burning and buzzing through her until at last she managed a movement. Her hand traced against the one he held over her ribs.

Inhaling sharply, Cole relaxed, "Thank god. Come back to me okay? Open your eyes."

And finally, she did. The blurred flashes of light and movement as Cole hovered over her face, made her queasy. But she fought through it, desperate to see his face. When they'd finally focused once more onto those normally dark, brooding eyes, she saw tears? Lots of them. Streaked and staining his face, welled in the lid. Tears. It was bewildering because he hadn't seemed capable of such emotion. Always the angry, disgruntled man. Short-tempered, ill-mannered. But not emotional.

Her hand brushed away another sweeping current of liquid on his cheek.

"Thank god," he hugged her hard, sinking his head into the crook of her neck. The words seemed to lift a heavy burden from his shoulders. She took in the room around them as she peered beyond his head. No one else was in the room. They weren't in a hotel room but it was familiar... it was...his room? Home? They were back home? How? Why?

"H-how," her voice cracked and grated against her throat like it hadn't been used in a very long time. She swallowed and tried again, "H-how I-lon-ng?"

"Months," he hugged her tighter, "You've been unconscious for months, baby."