

Lita's Love for the Alpha

Sense of Touch (cont'd)

"T-that's not...that's...not..." her brain sputtered and couldn't get going, couldn't make those words knit together a coherent thought.

"It's true," he pulled back, the worry lines suddenly visible all over his face, "Dr. Morgan put you under that night, so your body could heal. That forced shift, after being dormant for years, tore your body practically apart. When you were finally human again, damn near everything was popped out of place, torn or broken. It was--I thought--I've seen a lot of things in my life but you... like that... I thought you were going to die. It took hours and three doctors to set and splint all of you back in place." He shivered, swallowing the memory away like it was too painful.

"Put...me...under..." she whispered, "Anesthesia?"

"Yea. You had a bad reaction and he couldn't get you to wake back up. You've been out for four months. No one knew when or *if* you would ever wake back up..."

"Max-?" Lita tried to speak but he put his thumb to her lips, "Don't. You don't have to be afraid. We'll figure everything out later. I promise everything's okay now that you're awake. God, I'm just so happy you're back."

"Please tell me you haven't sat at my bedside every day like a soap opera?" she laughed, his words had worked to calm her down.

"Well since this is my bed..." he smiled, pressing their foreheads together, closing his eyes "I missed you so fucking much. Everyone's going to be so happy to see you, I swear it's been like a funeral around here."

His touch was starting to get to her again. A mixture of warmth and prickles over her skin. And his words sent her heart racing. He'd missed her. The feeling was mutual because the more she looked at him, the more desperately she needed to be closer. It felt like ages since she'd last seen his face or felt his touch. Lita hadn't known she could crave another person so deeply but it was true.

"Are you okay?" Cole looked down at her, "Your heart's rac-"

She leaned up to press their lips together, instantly melting under his soft mouth. His stubble scratched against her chin and she smiled.

"Am I still healing?"

"Mmm? No," his eyes studied her face, glazing over in lust.

"Then," Lita pressed another kiss, "I need a shower and after...you."

The force of their eyes meeting nearly knocked the wind out of her. He looked like he wanted her right then and there, jaw set hard, nostrils flared, but Cole relented, backing off the bed and offering a hand to help her up. Pushing herself across the bed took more effort than she wanted to admit. Lita's body ached in places it shouldn't have ached, like the arches of her feet, the space where her hip met her groin, the webbing between her fingers. What had she expected from a forced hibernation that had lasted for months? Her wolf stirred as well, stretching and yawning in the back of her mind.

That was something she hadn't come to terms with. She had an entirely separate entity sharing space in her body. Her wolf had different feelings, different inclinations, different thoughts. She did things Lita would never do. Like what happened with Erica...though she wouldn't dwell on it.

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Wrapping his arm around her waist, Cole helped her to the bathroom, staying until she could comfortably stand on her own. "I'm just outside the door, okay? If you need anything, just holler," Cole promised, closing the door behind him.

The steam from the shower filled the room as she brushed her teeth then dug in the cabinets for a razor. She didn't even want to think of the four months of hair to shave. She groaned, snatching at her toiletries before entering the hot shower. Washing over her like a healing elixir, the water relaxed her body and mind alike, allowing their functions to return.

What had happened to Maxim? And the pack? Was everyone safe? Was Ace okay? Had the tournament continued? What had everyone done for four months? She imagined everything was different now. Lita took a shaky breath. She wouldn't be sad about it. Cole was the same, his feelings for her were the same. Everything else would fall into place wherever it could.

She cringed thinking about Erica again. The flashes of claws dragging down her throat. The sensation of blood spilling around her teeth. The screams. Perhaps the wolf was mistaken. Perhaps there was some other explanation for all that blood. Perhaps she wasn't...maybe she didn't... Lita got to work removing the hair from everywhere it didn't belong until she was smooth once more. Then she washed. Exfoliated. Moisturized. Put serums on her face. Everything she could think to do to chase those thoughts of Erica away.

Finally totally transformed into the self she remembered, Lita slid her butt up onto the counter, still completely naked.

"Cole! I need help," she called out, letting the butterflies gather in her stomach. He rushed in.

"With what?" he gulped, finding himself standing between her legs without warning. Cole slid his hands along the sides of her thighs until they cupped her hips, "Damn, you're soft. Smooth as silk..." His voice trailed off as he took in every slope of her naked body. She met his touch with her own as she ran her hands across his chest then gripped the material of his shirt to pull him closer.

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"I don't have the capacity to be teased right now, Lita," his voice husky and aroused, "I won't be able to stop."

"I missed you too, Cole," she kissed his neck, sucking and nipping at the skin. Her wolf was fully awake now, pacing excitedly as they thought of the mark and where they would leave it. Using his hand against her jaw, Cole pushed Lita's head back until she touched the vanity mirror. In that position, her breasts were offered to him like gifts he hungrily accepted. Swirling and sucking at the sensitive skin of her nipples, Lita released a moan. And then another, losing herself to the heady feeling of his fingers at her entrance. She wanted more.

She tore his shirt clean down the middle, surprising them both as she sat upright and ripped the shreds off. She couldn't stop, eyes vibrant red and pulsing with need. Her mouth cool and wet against his warm skin sent a shiver up his spine. She worked his sweatpants down, then his briefs, freeing him hot and hard against her palms. He stepped out of his pants, tossing them anywhere.

Wrapping her legs around him, she slicked her entrance against him repeatedly until his groans were vibrating her chest. Then he sank inside, filling and pressing her walls. He stilled for a second, trying to wrangle in his own desire. His eyes were just as red and reflective as her own. She couldn't stay still, the wolf wanted more. Hers and his wanted each other so completely there was hardly any room for gentle.

It wasn't slow or romantic but it was love. Hard and fast against the sink base and mirror. She drenched them both, the slippery sound of their skin slamming into each other, filling the whole room. His sounds of pleasure and hers were loud, strained and unruly. Nothing else mattered but this. They were totally lost to each other. Lita bucked forward into every stoke, matched every nip, reciprocated every scratch he left on her body. And as her orgasm reached higher, almost mind-numbing levels, she searched his body for places to bite down. Cole's fingers grazed his mark with his thumbnail, eliciting a throaty, savage sound from Lita.

Cole's grip on her hips moved to her ass, pressing her hard against him as he neared his release. Lita leaned forward, sucking at the spot beside his nipple as as they crashed down into each other one last time, she sank her canines into the muscle of his pec, screaming against the wild, thrashing of her pleasure and his.

It took minutes, though she couldn't be sure how many before they could unpeel themselves from one another. Gradually her grip on his hair loosened, his grip on her waist as well. And finally they could breathe, pulling apart with panting breaths as he slipped out of her.

"I didn't think it could get better," he whispered against her shoulder. Neither did she but it had.