

Lita's Love for the Alpha

Ask and You Shall Receive

"Where do you want to start?" Cole asked, pulling on a fresh pair of sweatpants after their shared shower. The one that was cold by the time they'd actually gotten to the washing part. Lita sat criss-crossed in the center of the bed, wearing nothing but one of Cole's large t-shirts.

"Where is everyone?" Lita wondered, enjoying the sated feel of her body but realistically knowing they'd been loud as hell. Especially in a house full of wolves with impeccable hearing.

"I linked them as soon as you took a shower," he scratched the back of his head, embarrassed, "I knew the chances were high we'd be a little... loud... so I kicked everyone out. There's no one in the pack house but us."

"How am I not surprised?" she smiled, "That would have been really embarrassing at breakfast tomorrow."

"There's nothing you could do to me that I'd be embarrassed about in the least," he leaned over to kiss her temple and scooch in beside her, "And if those pink cheeks are the reward for your embarrassment, I'd gladly do it again with everyone standing right outside the door." He chuckled as Lita absent-mindedly fiddled with her hands. She knew she needed to just rip the bandaid off and ask her questions. But she wasn't sure she wanted the answers.

"Are you hungry?" he asked, reading her reluctance to start the conversation, "Your diet's been only liquids for a long while." Her stomach answered for her.

"Alright, come on then," Cole tugged her to him and they descended the stairs into the kitchen, "It's been a long time since you've had food on your stomach. Probably best to keep it light for now."

Cole got to work warming a bowl of broccoli cheddar soup. Then he cut two slices of crusty bread for dipping and poured her a glass of water. She ate quietly for a few long minutes, nothing but the sound of silverware and crunchy bread filling the room. She took a sip of water and sighed, "Okay. I'm ready."

He nodded, leaning back against the counter, "Okay. I'll answer everything I can."

What did she want to know first? There were so many questions swirling around in her head, she couldn't make up her mind. Her wolf nudged her, "I'm a werewolf."

"That's not a question, baby, but yes you are. Much to everyone's fucking surprise."

"How?"

"I assume the same way we all are, your parents are wolves and they made you," he seemed frustrated, "I just don't know how no one sensed a wolf in you. It's just... that's not how this works, Lita. Even if you haven't shifted yet, your wolf is still in there, under the surface. You can feel it. Communicate with it. Other wolves can scent it out in your smell. But you had nothing. No inkling whatsoever."

"How is it possible?"

"If you mean to ask why your wolf never appeared, or why you were human for most of your life, I don't have the answer. Dr. Morgan explained his theory to me once but honestly, it didn't make any sense to me. I don't know a single wolf that made it through their high school years without shifting. Of course, it's happened but it's so rare. That's just hormones, you know. They don't call them raging for nothing. First love, first heartbreak. Friends who become enemies. Parents. You should have shifted."

When she didn't respond, he continued, "And even the late shifters still had communication with their wolves. They knew what to expect up to a point, their bodies had been subconsciously preparing for the shift long before it ever happened. Yours... I mean your shift was so forced, so sudden it nearly ripped you apart. That's not how its supposed to be. I don't know why it was like that for you."

Lita blew a frustrated breath, slurping another spoonful of soup. She didn't want to remember that pain. It felt like she was coming apart from the inside. White hot shooting pain. "Hey," Cole rounded the island, to wrap his arms around her back, "It's okay, Lita. Everything I don't know, someone else will know. And anything we don't collectively know, we'll find out okay? I promise you."

She took another sip of water, "Okay, so my wolf is a late bloomer since I'll be nineteen next mon- shit, I'm already nineteen..." Four months. She'd spent four months knocked out.

"It's February?" Cold nodded against her shoulder, "Well, yea. I'm nineteen now."

"When was your birthday?" He sounded almost heartbroken.

"December 26th. So my wolf is a late bloomer and Dr. Morgan has a theory, got it. I'll ask him next time I see him. What about Maxim. What happened? Is he alive?"

Cole tensed, "Yes, unfortunately my father is alive. Maxim is back in my home pack. He ran off with the men that survived. When the tide of the fight turned to him losing."

His voice was strained but clear, "He's maimed though. And he'll be dead soon enough, I can promise you that. I was too preoccupied with taking care of you. I couldn't leave your side. But his days are numbered."

He clamped tighter around her, "I should thank you by the way. When you screamed his name and ran, it gave me the opening I needed. You probably saved my life so smart thinking." He kissed her hair.

"What do you mean maimed?" She turned back to run her hand over his chest which had healed as if he'd never been shredded that day, "You're healed."

"Our wolf blood can heal almost anything without even leaving a scar. But we can't regrow things we lost and we can't heal massive body trauma," his eyes twitched as he reminisced about the fight, "I took a few fingers and one of his eyes too."

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"Damn, that's kind of hot," she smirked, trying to loosen his suddenly dark mood, but then she remembered they were discussing his dad, "Shit, I'm sorry, he's still your dad... How come I couldn't ever heal, even though I was technically a werewolf?" Her mind went to the night of the accident. Her recovery had been painfully slow and her back had scarred. It was her biggest insecurity because she never wanted to explain why.

"You mean your back. I noticed they're your only scars," he stiffened, "I've been meaning to ask but I just didn't want to make anything worse for you. I mean...I know h-how hard it must be t-to..." Cole's jaw clenched hard as he pulled away. "I-it must be difficult... after... everything you've been through."

What was pushing his wolf out? Lita looked at his dark, reflecting eyes, his hands in fists, his teeth elongating, "Sorry it j-just...ughhh...the bond is s-stronger and it make me more protective. I don't like- I can't-him hurting you..."

She went to him, "It wasn't Brian, calm down. I mean yea, Brian left his mark a few times but they always healed... even when they took forever. The only scars I have are the one's on my back. I'm surprised Ace didn't tell you?"

His eyes shot down to her, hardened in a way that made no sense, "Ace didn't tell me what, Lita? What does Ace know that I don't, hmm?" Lita's wolf stood up, ears twitching. He couldn't have been jealous?

"Excuse me? I don't want to *overexaggerate* but... that kind of felt like a loaded question?" Lita tried to keep her tone even but her wolf's irritation was leaking through. It was hard to read Cole when he was like that. Hadn't she already shown she was totally his? This egotistical bullshit got under her skin.

"I just want to know what you've told my best friend and not me?" His eyes were going in and out of their red, wolfy shade and Lita was livid about it. Did having a wolf all of a sudden make someone into an asshole? Seemed unlikely.

"First of all, it was when we weren't even speaking, at least FOUR FUCKING MONTHS AGO APPARENTLY! Second, I don't owe you a fucking explanation about jackshit I do or say where another man is concerned because I HAVEN'T GIVEN YOU ANY REASON TO BE JEALOUS, you prick. Third..." Lita almost got angry. Almost. It was on the tip of her tongue and that hot rage from her wolf was fueling it but she really didn't want to fight, "You know what, why don't you go ask him asshole. I'm going to sleep."

Lita stormed slowly out of the kitchen. She hadn't used her legs in a while and the worst part of this would have been storming out just to face plant on the way up the stairs. Lita half expected Cole to chase after her but in all honesty, she wasn't sure what she would have done if he had.

Cole was out of fucking line and the days of taking it on the chin were over. If there was one thing her wolf had done, it was strengthen her backbone. It wasn't even a conscious effort, but her wolf was strong enough for them both if she wasn't. A subtle nip or growl would help steel her resolve again. It was strange but comfortable and she couldn't believe she thought she'd wake up to an easier way to go, it seemed that would never be the case.