

Lita's Love for the Alpha

Breakfast of Champions

The next day Lita woke up feeling refreshed. She'd felt Cole shift the bed late last night and early that morning but she didn't make a single move to acknowledge it. That time she and her wolf had spent in their subconscious did something to her. She didn't feel any of that nagging self doubt or fear that had plagued her so completely. Lita's wolf was confident, sure of herself and honestly, she had a bad temper. That left Lita feeling absolutely no responsibility over how last night ended. There was no need to smooth over something she hadn't caused. If he wanted to apologize, he would. And she'd be willing to listen. Especially once he talked to Ace and realized how wrong he was. Until then, she'd let him work himself even deeper into the hole.

Lita took a deep breath. Even the air felt better in her lungs. Brushing her hair out of her face, she stretched all the muscles she'd worked out on Cole yesterday and headed to the closet. Avoiding the baggy section of her closet altogether, Lita opted for some skinny jeans and a thin swoop neck sweater. Dressed and ready to take on the day, Lita headed down to see what had become of her pack and her life in the four months she'd been gone.

Stace was the first one to see her, "LITAAAAAA!" She squealed, rushing to crash her arms around Lita, "OhmygoshIcan'tbelieveit!!!! I've missed you so much!" The moisture on her shoulder, told Lita Stace was crying. She pulled back.

"Stop crying, Stace! You're making it weird. It feels like I just saw you yesterday and then boom, four months have passed," Lita nudged her to turn around, "I'm starving, can you help me out?"

"Say less... EVERYONE can I have your attention, please?" Stace pulled her into the dining room where an extra table now sat to accommodate another fifteen or so people. Cole sat at the head of the main table, drinking in her appearance as he swallowed his bite of food. Then he pursed his lips in an uncomfortable, almost apologetic way. Lita panned away from him to look at everyone else. There were a handful of faces she'd never seen both women and men. Plus the usual suspects: Alex, Brody, Mark, Andres, Jaz and Ace? Was he a part of the pack now?

"I'd like to introduce--"

"I believe that's my job, Stace," Cole said gruffly, sliding his hand across Lita's lower back. When had he managed to get over here? Lita found his speed annoying. She was caught. If she did anything, it would make a scene and there were new pack members present. She didn't want to tarnish their image of him. She rolled her eyes and let him introduce her.

"O-of course, Alpha," she bowed slightly and scurried over to her seat beside Alex.

"Everyone, this is Lita, my Luna. Your Luna. A lot of you haven't met her yet but thankfully, she's back with us and I couldn't be happier for you all to meet her." He smiled at her genuinely, rubbing her back gently before leading her to the seat beside him. What was a Luna?

Without a single pause, she spooned eggs and sausage onto her plate and poured some tea for herself. Cole nudged her leg but she ignored it, smiling and talking with Jaz and Alex while Ace refilled the pitcher of water at the table. She made small talk with the others as well and scouted out which new people she needed to meet later.

"You joined the pack, huh?" Lita asked Ace when he finally sat back down.

"Yup, this annoying emotional train wreck made me settle down... or whatever the hell she said," Ace motioned to Jaz and Lita felt a happy flush of emotion. It was odd, like their happiness made her happy. She could feel the soft warm bubble in her chest.

"Shut the hell up," Jaz playfully pushed him, "I told him to join the family and stop playing the lone wolf card." Yea, that sounded more believable.

"I'm happy you two have each other," Lita smiled. Cole nudged her again but she ignored it again, "So guys, I'm lost... what's a Luna?"

"Cole didn't explain it last night?" Alex had a knowing look, "Too much time doing one thing, you forgot about the other, huh?"

"First of all, please don't talk about my sex life, it's gross," Lita faked a heavy shiver, "And second, he got pissed halfway through the night so no, he didn't explain it. What's a Luna?"

"L-listen, I'm sorry," Cole didn't look directly at her so it wasn't a very good start to an apology. She chose to ignore it.

"A Luna is the female equivalent of an Alpha. Not every female is a Luna or even could be a Luna," Alex answered, daggering Cole with his eyes, "Usually only the Alpha and Beta leaders of a pack have Lunas. It's like a rank in the pack more than a sign that you and Cole are together or even something special about your bloodline. If that makes sense."

"Ohh okay, what am I supposed to do?"

Alex shrugged, "I'm sure you'll find something to contribute to the pack. You just woke up yesterday. Take it easy on yourself..."

"Lita, we can discuss what duties you might want later," Cole attempted to talk to her again but she brushed him off.

"Seriously how the hell do you manage to get your mate mad at you already, Cole," Alex glared, "It's like a fucking superpower at this point."

"Will you drop it?"

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"Have you asked Ace?" Lita smirked, knowing he hadn't or he would've been groveling at her feet. She took a few sips of tea and another spoonful of fried potatoes.

"Can we do this privately, please?" he asked in a hushed tone as Ace shot his head over.

"You brought it up, I was just eating," Lita shrugged, "Minding my business."

"Lita got a wolf and an attitude and I'm here for it," Jaz grinned.

"Ask me what?" Ace swiveled to Cole.

"He wants to know what happened to my back," Lita collected her silverware on her empty plate, "Apparently I shouldn't have told you before I told him..."

"You fucking idiot," Ace sighed, "She's been in a coma for four months and you can't go twenty four hours without putting your foot in your mouth. Damn!" She had no desire to stay for the ass-chewing Cole had coming his way.

Lita excused herself to the kitchen to put her dishes in the industrial washer before grabbing a bottle of water and heading back up to the bedroom. She needed to find her phone so she could play some music and check her messages. She had a feeling Brian hadn't just dropped his obsession overnight but he might have dropped it within the last four months. And plus, she needed to find something to occupy her time.

She rummaged through the dresser drawers to no avail. Then she checked her bags in the closet. Still nothing. Hands on her hips, she tried to remember what the bag she took to the tournament looked like. The sound of the door opening distracted her. As did Cole's pathetic face in the doorway.

"I'm still so sorry, Lita," he groaned, having spent the last half an hour groveling and begging for forgiveness. She couldn't deny that what he'd said made sense. His wolf had fueled his jealousy. It was irrational and inexcusable. Especially knowing what he knew now. She couldn't fault him for that. Her wolf had gone full blown psycho killer at the tournament and Lita still couldn't come to terms with it.

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"Like I've said fifty times already, I forgive you for being an idiot but don't let it happen again."

"How... what was it like for you? Do you want to talk about it?" Cole wrapped his arms tighter around her waist as he knelt.

"I don't want to talk about that right now," she honestly didn't. Thinking and talking about James made her vulnerable and altered her focus. But she still had so many questions and not nearly enough answers, "When are you planning to kill your father?"

Cole inhaled, moving from his knees to the edge of the bed. He sighed and pushed his hair back, "I don't know."

"I'm sorry, I'm sure that's a complicated feeling...? You don't *want* to kill him, obviously. Maybe he'd let it go. Maybe you don't have to..." Lita didn't give two shits about Maxim but she did care about Cole. What had happened with James was scarring for her and she hadn't even killed him. It didn't stop the guilt though. And she imagined Cole killing his own father would have a worse, if not disastrous effect.

"Don't apologize. He would've killed you if he got his hands on you. I can tell you that with certainty. Nothing complicated about it. If it's a choice between you or him, it's you. So fucking obsessed with his hatred," Cole absent-mindedly started rubbing his leg.

"But there doesn't have to be so much hate, right? You just want me safe. And the pack. Why does that have to mean he dies? Why can't you two just agree to disagree?"

"Because he'd never let it go. Not this. Me being with you is spitting in the face of who he is as a person. And who he raised me to be. It's not simple and god I wish it was." He put his head in his hands as Lita stroked his hair. She didn't like to see him so upset.

"He hates humans that much?"

"Among other things..." he avoided, "I doubt his opinion of you would be amended knowing you were actually a wolf. An Alpha strong enough to kill another Alpha on your first shift. I know men who wouldn't have managed it, even if it was only Eri--" He paused, looking up at her apologetically. He'd been talking to himself more than anything and he hadn't been trying to bring her up.

"You can tell me, Cole," Lita insisted calmly, though inside her stomach churned, "I can handle it. And I need to know."

"She's dead," he sighed, "But you already knew that."