

Lita's Love for the Alpha

Truth or Drink

Lita's stomach took that quiet moment between them to roar to life.

"And that, would be the sound of a hungry wolf," he mused, pulling back to kiss her forehead, "Come on, dinner's on the stove already.

"Shouldn't I... you know... clothes?" Lita motioned to her still naked body, covered in only a blanket.

"I for one, am not going to complain," his wide, predatory grin made her flush, "And it's only us anyway. But if you insist, there are some pajamas in the closet."

She did insist because there was no way she was sitting at a dining room table butt naked. Lita made a show of dropping her blanket and dressing in Cole's baggy pj bottoms and a t-shirt. Then she brought him a pair of sweatpants as he pulled out some plates.

"What do you normally wear under these? I didn't see any underwear..."

"Nothing," he huffed, rolling his eyes over her long enough to make her nipples appear through the shirt. He tugged on the pants with absolute delight. Then got back to the plates.

They settled down with their dinner, an assortment of fried food takeout that had Lita's mouth watering, not at the dining room table as she thought but before the fireplace over a soft rug.

"You're rich?" She asked at last, shoveling food into her mouth. His grunt was answer enough.

"Your father's money, I take it?" She lowered her voice a bit, suddenly finding the rug incredibly interesting.

Another grunt, "Blood money if you ask me. But yea. My inheritance was sizeable. I used a lot of it to buy the industrial park and few pieces of land like this... I make regular donations to youth fighting gyms in low income neighborhoods every year too. I guess I always think if I use it for good, it might take some of the guilt away."

What was that emotion in his eyes? She wondered if it was shame. Lita knew he hated his father, hated what he stood for, and yet he'd accepted the money, made a life with it. And perhaps that was a betrayal of some part of his self-worth. Did she feel that about her own money? No, she didn't. She had earned that money in every single piece of herself she sacrificed for those years. And the amount she had, would never come close to enough to even that scale.

Cole surprised her, though, in every sense of the word. When she looked at him, she could see the question he held close to his heart, the one he likely never said aloud to anyone. Was he like his father? That doubt, that nagging insecurity said more about his character and strength than anything anyone could have told her. It's not like she'd ever considered him to be some mindless brute regardless of how he'd tried to seem when they first met. But she hadn't known exactly how hard he'd worked to create that life she'd stumbled into. And he'd risked it all for her. Let her in despite the fact that she could have brought ruin to his doorstep. She considered it for a moment, what Brody had said. You are the only thing he's ever put ahead of the pack.

Lita thought back to that first time she saw Cole. That hulking dark form standing in the doorway. His harsh gaze. The bite and heat of every glance, every word from those early days. But he'd let her join. He'd let her train. He'd taken that chance because she needed it and that was who he was. He would sacrifice himself for others because it was the right thing to do. And even at the words he'd said tonight, she found it difficult to remedy those two people. But she loved them both. The one who was gentle with her and the one who would tear down her enemies at the risk of dying himself. Even his own father. There were two of her as well, though she was still trying to figure out who that other half would be.

"You're rich too, apparently, Brody told everybody he couldn't even count the number of zeros," Cole snorted at the memory, cutting into the quiet thoughts Lita wore clearly on her sleeve. She was thinking of the danger he was putting himself in where she was concerned. It was true, between his father's pack and her parents' pack, they had a hell of a fight ahead. He prayed it wouldn't be waged with blood but with words. He prayed there was reason to be had. The odds, though, leaned heavily away from their favor.

"Yea. Family inheritance... one I think my mother desperately hoped I'd never claim. Is that a common thing for wolves?"

"The upper class ones. Elitism at its finest, baby, keep the line strong." His tone was grim. Lita knew elitism well. Elegant charity balls, social circles, dinner parties and private schools. Horrible, fake people with claws ready to strike at all times. But she had a terrible feeling that they were not talking about the same kind. She didn't want to push him to explain more though, not yet.

They continued to eat in relative silence, enjoying the sound of the storm outside and the fake crackle of the fireplace. After they'd finished two plates of food and leaned onto their forearms, Lita carefully picked the conversation back up.

"You said your father's money was blood money? In what way?" Cole got up roughly, pulling a bottle of liquor and two shot glasses from the closet. He returned to the rug. It wasn't like she wanted to make him uncomfortable but she didn't know much about him. Really, they were still strangers with a tether of love between them. She wanted to know him, all of him, even the parts he thought made him terrible.

"Alright, let's play a game," he tentatively placed a glass in front of her, "Truth or drink."

Lita raised a brow, grabbing her glass, "Like truth or dare?"

"Yea. When it's your turn, you ask for a truth but the other person has the freedom to answer it or take a shot. Easy enough?"

"Easy enough," she shrugged, pouring herself a shot and setting it to the side. She tried not to think of the questions he'd been waiting to ask. Perhaps the liquor wasn't just an out to avoid painful answer but to steel himself for asking painful things as well. Things that perhaps he dreaded having the answer to. Her shudder was involuntary and that chill set heavy in her bones.

"I'll take the blood money as your first ask. The answer is... my father makes his money illegally. Always has. Trafficking, drugs, sex. He's always taken advantage of people he deemed beneath him," he swore, then swallowed down a shot as if to take the edge off, "And I'd rather drink than say more."

"Okay, your turn then."

Cole surveyed the room for minute, a devilish twinkle in his eyes, "How long have you wanted to get in my pants?"

"Someone thinks very highly of himself," Lita glared, "First week."

"Hmph, not the first day, huh?" his eyes simmered.

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"Cocky bastard," she rolled her eyes, "Favorite color?"

"Red. Not like a dark red. A light one. Yours?"

"So... pink? You mean you like pink?" Lita could barely hold her snort.

"No I mean light red," he glowered but his grumpy face gave way to a half smile. That damn smile. Lita lost her thought for a moment as she studied his handsome face like it was the first time all over. Dark, unkempt locks of hair hanging at his lips. He could easily sweep them back but she was always happy he didn't. That slightly wild, roughened look made her hot all over especially when he groaned her name like a prayer, when his dark, gleaming eyes found hers from under those straight strands. Even now, with the light from the fireplace glancing across his features, his hair seemed to shield his eyes from the light, making them dark and every bit predatory as they slipped to her mouth. As if he knew exactly where her mind had gone.

She cleared her throat, pouring herself another shot in preparation for his next question. As always he was clean shaven and she appreciated every dazzled inch of his strong, angular jaw. The one she liked to lick against with painfully slow strokes. The one that clenched whenever he first slid in, trying to bite back the curse of pleasure. Though he never succeeded.

"You're going to drink instead of telling me your favorite color?" he mused, still watching the twitch of her lips.

Lita swore. "Mine is blue, icy blue, frosty," she remembered at last what she was supposed to be doing. That had to be why his gaze dropped, how he knew exactly where her mind had gone. She'd never answered his question, "Do you have any siblings?" Shockingly, that question didn't raise any painful panic in her. James' memory just settled into her, a small, warm memory.

"Nope. Wish I did though. Ace was the closest thing I had to one growing up. Alex is like a brother to me now. James was too." He swallowed a shot.

"You already answered the question...?" Lita cocked her head, "Why drink?"

And then he was upon her.