

Lita's Love for the Alpha

Truth or Drink (cont'd)

Cole's lips weren't gentle, but hungry and urgent, claiming, "Just a taste," he breathed into her. Lita loved it, pulled in tighter as he pressed against her, the push and pull of space between them feeling like an erotic dance. He licked and bit at her soft lips, hands already pawing at the bit of midriff that opened to him as she tumbled back against the rug. "Fuck patience," he growled low against the inside of her mouth, "Let's finish what you started earlier..."

Breathless, burning, Lita let him trail the curve of her chin with his mouth, "And what exactly did I start?"

"Oh I think you know well," he nipped the column of her neck, tugging one shoulder of her shirt down to lick the bare skin, "I nearly shifted at the sight of your bra." He panted, licking the goosepimpled flesh of her shoulder once more, "Knowing you were there, hiding somewhere in nothing but underwear." He moved lower, sending his hands pressing up her shirt, kneading at the taut muscles he found there. Cole felt his own muscles straining at the the need.

"I could barely control myself," His growl vibrated through her bones, "And the fucking scent of you, the goddamn scent on your underwear..." His lips ran over her nipple, once, twice, the sensation like pleasure and pain at the same time as electricity sizzled through her spine. Lita's skin was so sensitive, just the press of lip on the pebbled nubs sent liquid straight through her. She didn't even notice his fingers fumbling under the lip of her pants, probing and searching for the wetness he knew was there. And he found it.

A sharp intake of breath was all she heard before fabric tore. Hot, open-mouthed kisses on her stomach, her thighs, the crease of her hip bone. He tried to move lower but she grabbed his head, dragged him back up, "No. Shower. Dirty" Lita's chest heaved with the force of the words she had to say, trying to express a thought she could hardly keep track of in the swells of their bodies. It was so hard to think, with his bare torso pressed against her, with her shirt hardly covering anything at all, pants ripped from her trembling legs. Open. Everything so open and exposed between them.

He was so, so close to her. Cole's dark eyes drank her in, surveyed the slickness on her thighs, the tension in her waist, the aching fullness of her chest. And if acting as a spell broken Lita's words finally registered. They both remembered the run, the mud, the grass, the dirty rain water. Casting one last glance, as if to calm himself, Cole pushed up and took her hand, leading her to the upstairs bedroom.

"It's better anyway," Cole said, turning to drink her in as he threw open the bathroom door, "the waiting. The anticipation. The release is infinitely better... we've never done this before..." His voice didn't seem to match his words, as if he weren't entirely convinced, but rather thick and dripping with hunger.

Right, Lita remembered, the game they were supposed to be playing. The game of patience. The game of chicken she inevitably started the second she ran naked through the forest. How long could they go before breaking? Not very long, if the heated events of the living room were anything to go on. It was a point for her. He broke first and she liked it, this new thing between them, seeing him so desperate and consumed with needing her.

The shower was on and hot before she could even put her head back on completely straight but she knew she wanted to keep playing with him. So once she'd tugged off her shirt, she gently pushed them apart to step into the glass enclosure of the shower. He stayed just on the other side of the glass, eyes darkened. Excitement thrummed through her as she made him watch. Lita washed herself slowly, savoring each scrub her bare skin. She spent exorbitant amounts of time on her breasts, between her thighs before she washed her hair. Cole's face was practically savage, more animal than man ran under the surface of his eyes.

As she rinsed under the stream of water, it was his turn to seduce her. He slipped his fingers under the waist band of his pajama bottoms until he'd stepped clear of them, eyes scalding as he watched her study his bare body. Then he was in the shower as well, stepping closer into her space until he was also under the stream. Lita backed away, gulping for air until her spine hit the slippery tile of the wall. This was the moment he was going to give into his baser instincts and wreck her.

But to her surprise, he simply flashed her a knowing look and backed out of the water to begin his own torturous cleansing. And she was burning. Pure yearning and craving so deep it winded her as she observed the soap sliding down each tight ridge of him. Her mouth watered. Her muscles clenched. Her heart was out of her chest. The scent of him, the look of those eyes seemed to tell her he knew exactly what she felt. She probably looked as half crazed as he did. Cole rinsed and reached out. Lita stilled, trembled in anticipation, as he closed the distance to her mouth. She couldn't help it, her body just moved, crashing their lips together. But he only smirked, pulling back as he licked away her taste from his lower lip, and cut off the water before stepping back out of the shower. Shit. That was a point for him.

Ten minutes later he was coming back through the bedroom door in a pair of boxer briefs and a new bottle of liquor. Lita sat on the bed in one of his large t-shirts, flicking through the channels of the tv, "Should we go back and get all our stuff?" she asked, not bothering to look over.

"From the paintball place? Nah, they're closed tomorrow. Lucky you," he laughed, climbing into bed. Lita settled on an action movie she'd seen a million times for background noise and turned to Cole, finally noticing the bottle.

"We're back to truth or drink?"

"We are," he rolled his neck, "I got distracted earlier but I have my reasons for bringing you here, for starting the drinking game." His voice lowered. He was nervous.

"You're giving me anxiety, what's up?" She bit the inside of her mouth, feeling more twitchy than usual.

"I have questions to ask... things I want to know... things I need to know... and you'll probably want to be drunk for it."

Lita's stomach dropped. She didn't need to ask what they were going to discuss, she merely snatched the bottle and untwisted the cap, "Well, I guess that makes two of us." She took two heavy gulps and watched as Cole did the same. Her body still felt warm from the shower and the tension between them but the alcohol made her feel like she was in a sauna. She didn't care. That meant it was doing its job.

"Alright," he said quietly, "Let's start small... how old were you when you first started taking the medicine your mother gave you?"

Lita shrugged, "I don't know exactly. It feels like forever. When I was maybe seven or eight I guess. I'd started to get pretty emotional around that time. Trying to make friends and failing, trying to make them proud of me. Trying to fit in. And my mom said it wasn't good to be so volatile. So she just came home one day and said the pills would help."

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Cole nodded unhappily.

"How did you get away from your father?"

"I wish I could say I ran away when I was young, after my first shift, or that I fought my way out when I was overwhelmed with everything I saw him do. I wish I could say I fought for the people he hurt," he sighed, rubbing his neck before taking another swig of liquor, "But I didn't. I was a coward. The reality is I was a grown man when I left."

"You weren't a coward Cole. You were a kid."

"Anyway, I asked for my inheritance and said I wanted to build something on my own. My father was thrilled, thinking it was my chance to build something like what he had built. Start my own following, my own pack where I would further all the things I was taught. But I didn't tell him where I was going, what I was doing. And by the time I'd started my new life he had no idea where I was. I hadn't seen him in years when he popped up at the tournament." His eyes glazed over.

"I'm sure he's known what city I'm in at least for a while, probably from Erica or from information gleaned at my matches. Either way, he never reached out and neither did I. I would have been happy to never see his face again. But I guess I'm not that lucky." Lita kissed him. She didn't know what else to do to pull a bit of that sadness and anger out of his eyes. It was just comfort. She was giving him comfort. She pulled back and watched his eyes soften.

Cole offered her the bottle, "Tell me about Brian."