

# Lita's Love for the Alpha

## Well Here Goes Nothing

The bottle was heavy as she took it from Cole. So was her heart. It wasn't like she thought they'd avoid the conversation forever but she hoped by the time he brought it up, she'd have some sort of closure. Lita drank quietly for a few minutes and Cole didn't push her. She let out a shaky breath, "What do you want to know?"

"I already know who is he and what pack he belongs to. I already know where he lives. I know about his job, the one he inherited from his father, and his friends. I know he wants to be elected as his pack's alpha after the current one retires. I know he's been looking for a way into the more prestigious circles of their pack to look for backing and funding for his campaign. I know your parents support his campaign, and as the beta couple of the pack, their opinion holds sway."

"I know where he takes his dry-cleaning. I know about the women he takes home and about how they look when they leave. I know about the series of properties he owns on both coasts and about the hefty medical bills he's been accruing. All women. All 'accidents'," Cole looked over to find Lita's mouth hanging open. She hadn't realized how much digging he'd already done. She didn't even know most of that information.

What was he planning to do with all that knowledge, she wondered? Some part of her already knew. She knew what she would do with the information. She would make him suffer like she had suffered. But it hadn't been all bad had it? Maybe the last few months but before that... it was like trying to remember where *deja vu* came from. A slippery memory more feeling that anything. She had felt happy with him once. She just couldn't remember why.

"But what I want to know... what all the surveillance files Andres compiled won't tell me... is what he did to you, Lita," his voice had dropped into a near whisper as if he were apologizing before she'd even begun. As if he really didn't want to make her remember but he couldn't help it. She could see the hard lines of his forehead. Lita already knew what he was remembering. Her apartment. The blood. Her battered body. She shivered as he stroked a thumb along her cheek, "I want to be there for you. You've never talked about it. I let you act like it never happened but... you have to come to terms with it sooner or later. Especially--"

"Especially what?" her pulse jumped.

"Especially if it wasn't the only time, Lita," his throat bobbed, the anger palpable in the air, "I need to know everything, or at least, as much as you'll tell me because--"

"BECAUSE WHAT?" Lita was getting agitated. It was bad enough he was making her think of things she'd rather not consider but then to be vague about his intentions? It was grating on her nerves. She took another gulp of alcohol to soothe her nerves.

\*Calm down\* Nyx nudged her, \*you're making our blood pressure rise.\*

\*So? I'm angry... so what?\*

\*So... the point is high blood pressure makes me more agitated too...\* her words had more bite to them all of a sudden, as if she'd been trying really hard to hold herself back. \*It forces me out. The more upset you get the less control you have over the shift. You're still learning. We both are. I don't want to force shift. It hurt you pretty badly last time and I'd rather like to live a bit longer if you don't mind.\*

\*You're one to talk\* Lita snorted \*You have to be the angriest out of the two of us. Maybe you should calm down. If you killed Erica and you barely knew her... what would you do to Brian, hmm?\*

The silence spoke volumes but for once, they were on the same page. Lita might have been just as willing on this front. Her anger had hidden under fear for a long time but it was there, ready and waiting for her to let it out. And Brian's head would most likely roll the second she did.

Cole pursed his lips, "Did you hear anything I said?"

Lita snapped her eyes back to him, "No sorry... Nyx was telling me to calm down."

He looked worried for a flash, "If your wolf had to step in, then you really should calm down. Maybe it's too soon to talk about this." He was angry with himself. He should have known it was too soon. She hadn't had a good grip on her emotions ever since she woke up from her coma but time was of the essence. Still, he shouldn't have said anything yet.

"No," she shook her head fervently, "What's the reason for bringing this all up now? Tell me. I can hear the worry in your voice."

Cole growled, furious for letting that 'because' slip, "There's a showcase in New York in a few weeks... I was- it's a good opportunity for the gym and the pack is going... but if you can't- I mean I would understand if you can't go but I thought you might want, I don't know... closure about everything?"

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"What kind of closure?" His voice hadn't been as gentle as he's intended. Instead it was hardened, edged with a violent promise she didn't like.

"Whatever kind of closure you need... or I need..."

"Cole why the hell would you need closure about anything concerning Brian?"

"BECAUSE HE HURT YOU!" Cole roared, stumbling off the bed, closing his eyes to reign in some more control. When he spoke again, his voice was lower, though still gruff and angry, "He hurt \*you\*. My mate. And I love you. I can't- it's not- I don't" he was struggling to find the right words.

"What I saw. I can't \*un\*see it Lita. I can't \*un\*feel that anger, that rage. He hurt you. Do you understand what I'm saying? Someone I love...\*you\*. I would kill anyone who intentionally hurt you. \*Anyone\*. My father. Hell even Ace or Alex. Anyone. Do you understand me? I know you might not be ready but I've gone about as long as I can without doing anything about it..."

Lita sat there, stunned, shocked even at the depth of feeling he was trying to convey. Cole wanted to kill Brian solely because of what he'd done to her. She was surprised to find that she wasn't afraid of that anger. She was drawn to it. In a strange way, it felt like a declaration of love. An admission that she was more important than anything else. He'd avenge her at all costs. Protect her at all costs. Love her hard and without limit. Tears slipped down her cheeks.

"I-I'm sorry, I didn't meant to make you cry baby," he whispered pulling her into his arms.

"I'm not- it's not like that," she sniffled, "it's- I- I'll tell you whatever you want to know because you deserve to know and because I trust you. But you have to promise me you won't do anything to him."

Cole looked like he wanted to object but she raised a brow, waiting for him to decide, "it's my decision Cole. He hurt me. I should be able to decide what that closure looks like, okay?"

"O-okay," he grumbled, pulling her closer, "you can start whenever you're ready..."

Lita leaned back against the bed, her head swimming with alcohol, her senses dulling with every passing second. She could do this. She could talk about it. She could do it for Cole. She could do it for herself. She could. \*Well here goes nothing.\*

"Come sit with me," she sighed, leaning forward so he could scoot in behind her. The television clicked off and he rested his head against her shoulder.

"I'm here," he promised, feeling her heart race. He slid his hands around her waist.

"I told you how things started between us. I was lonely and he was so charming. I'd known him most of my life in one facet or another because our father's worked together. And of course, like any high school girl, I'd always had a crush on the older boy that used to come to the house."

"When he finally started showing me some attention of course I thought it was some sort of fairytale. That was the sign things were going to be better for me. No more parents. No more missing James. His presence seemed to change everything."

"My mom started loosening my restrictions. She'd let me go out as long as it was with him. She didn't mind if I spent the night. Honestly, she seemed to be pushing for it. Happy about it. So it just felt right. Everything felt right. And so I lost my virginity to him. To-to someone who loved me who I loved back. Like I always thought it was supposed to be." Cole tensed slightly then forced himself to relax again. His anger wasn't going to help her right now.

"The first time he was ever violent with me, it was such a stupid situation. I'd gotten his coffee order wrong and he twisted my wrist so hard it sprained. It was so strange because I don't remember being angry with him. I remember feeling guilty. Horribly guilty for putting him in such a bad mood. For making him mad enough to lose control. I hadn't realized his coffee order was so important to him. I remember thinking it was all my fault. I'd been inconsiderate and careless. I remember thinking I needed to do better. He apologized so much I thought he'd never stop. I never...and I mean \*never\* thought he'd ever do it again."

"Which wrist?" Cole whispered into her neck. Lita raised her left hand and he took it, moving his head until he was free to plant gentle kisses along that wrist, his warmth sending something like reassurance through her. "Keep going," he insisted, massaging her wrist as if trying to soothe away the memory.

"Of course... he \*did\* do it again."