

Lita's Love for the Alpha

Soothing Touch

Lita fell back against Cole's chest. The feel of his lips on her skin momentarily drowned out the pain of remembering. He was warm, comforting. Something she never thought was meant for her. How many nights had she longed to be held just like this? To have her pains soothed?

"The day I saw you... tell me what happened," his voice was a balm to the back of her neck and somehow it didn't scare her to remember. Cole was there to chase away the sickening feeling that crawled up her chest. He aimlessly stroked her shoulder with one hand and rested the other against her stomach.

"We had a date night," she stopped, unexpectedly feeling the cold tear trail down her face. She'd never cried that night. And she hadn't cried about it since which seemed so strange now that she thought about it.

"Well, he called it a date but he didn't give me much choice in the matter. Play nice or feel pain. Those were the only two choices I ever had. In order to understand that night, you have to understand why he was angry," one of his hands moved to stroke the side of her ribs, his breathing slow and controlled at her back, "We'd been broken up since James' accident not because anyone gave a shit what I wanted, but because I was literally wrecked. My body covered in bruises. Broken bones. Unstable in more ways than one."

She took a shaky breath. It had been so long since she thought of the day they all signed the contract, "But Brian wouldn't let them keep me in the hospital. He wanted me home, said he *needed* me with him, promised he'd take care of me. I knew he wouldn't but I was so used to saying yes. So shattered inside after James that I left the hospital with him anyway. I thought at least he wouldn't hurt me more, even if he wouldn't take care of me."

Lita laughed but it was anything but humorous, "I thought wrong about that, like I did about a lot of things in my life. I was back in the hospital the same day all because I couldn't give him what he wanted. I mean, who would even want that with how I looked? Covered in gauze and bruises, splints. It was fucking laughable, except it wasn't. And anyway, I tried to--but I was too sore. Broken bones and all that."

"I might as well have been talking to a wall though. The punctured lung he gave me was serious. He didn't understand that the bones were already broken, so easy to travel. I almost died in that car alongside my brother. I almost died when he kicked the bone loose and again when they were trying to fix it in surgery. It's strange to think I'm already on my fourth life... so strange..." Her words were barely a whisper.

Cole's hands tightened to fists on either side of the bed, bunching the sheets until his knuckles were white. Lita could feel his chest expand and harden as if he were holding himself back. She ran her fingers over his, playing along the lines of his knuckles. She wasn't alone, she kept telling herself. And she wasn't with Brian.

"That was the only time I've ever known my mother to come to my defense. My father too. And Brian's father. They all came together to force us to sign the contract saying he had to stay away from me physically for a year so I could grieve my brother's death. And we all knew what it meant. He needed to let me heal or I'd die and it wasn't hard for me to sign it and agree. But he'd been practically forced to by his father. It ate at him, having to keep his hands to himself."

"He signed a contract to stay away from you physically? As in--" Cole's voice was gravel, knives, claws. Lita nodded, "I've heard of wolves doing it before... I've never seen firsthand why though."

"It never made sense why the piece of paper mattered. I never understood why he couldn't move on to someone else."

"Because we're territorial," his voice like cold death, "Because he couldn't stop himself from taking what he felt was his. He *couldn't* let you heal. It happens sometimes in weaker males, the possessiveness. It's lead to dead she-wolves more times than it should. You would have likely been a casualty. So his father had to *make* him stop. Contract him to stop or he'd lose the inheritance, that's usually how it goes. His whole livelihood would be gone. And I'm sure it had nothing to do with keeping you safe, for obvious reasons, it had to do with protecting whatever deal Brian's father struck with your parents."

Lita could almost taste the bitterness in his voice.

"Back then I didn't even think about why. I only thought about being free and about James telling me to fight. I'd just started putting the plan of escape in place in my head. Coming here to California. Having an apartment. Getting free. And that all crashed down like a cage when I found out he was coming with me. And that's how I ended up at the gym. I was just looking-- looking for anything really. Anything."

Cole's right hand released and stroked her hair back over her shoulders, "That night he tried to force me so I bit him and he reacted the way he always did. It wasn't the worst he'd ever done but it was close... he didn't you know, *take* it while I was unconscious, though, and he wasn't there when I woke up. I think he knew he wasn't supposed to do what he did. I think he lost control. He breached the contract. And I think he got scared."

"Yes, as he should be." Silence cracked through the room violently. It was such a familiar feeling, that calm before the storm. She reflexively curled away from him towards the middle of the bed, thinking that he was ready to kill her and not Brian.

At her flinching, he spun her around, capturing Lita halfway under him as he knelt over her. His eyes wild and red, teeth long and angry, "I would- *never.*" His throat caught, working hard, "Never."

"Don't ever be afraid of me, Lita. Please," his voice bottomed out into a wince, "I couldn't handle it. Not for you to look at me like that," her legs slid between his as he lowered her arm, letting her land softly against the bed. He kissed her wrist again, trailing the feather soft presses of his mouth up her arm. The then other.

"I wish I could-- I would take the memories if I could," she almost couldn't hear him as he slid the shirt up. She tensed and she wasn't sure why. He wasn't Brian. He wasn't going to force her. She knew that. She *knew* that. And still she couldn't move. Her mind was swimming and he was aware of it because he didn't move to any intimate areas, he kissed her ribs. Cole brushed his soft mouth against each one, slowly, like he was apologizing for something he hadn't even done. Then he went to the other side and did the same.

Lita's head lightened, her muscles loosened. Those irrational, learned, fears melted to the heat on her skin. She was grateful he was here. She was grateful to have found him. More tears and she didn't wipe these away. He kissed her collarbone, her cheeks, around her eyes. There was no pressure there. No sexual tension, he wasn't even hard beneath his sweatpants. He didn't want anything from her. Cole only wanted to give some comfort in any way he could.

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Gentle hands rolled her, lifting her shirt over head until she was on her stomach, flush against the bed. A calloused finger over her shoulders, along the scars of her back. And he kissed those too. Nyx wasn't there when she looked inside, disappeared off to some dark corner of her mind. Lita reached for the link to Cole and opened herself up to it. Pain, sadness, anger, regret, guilt. He was surrounded in so many emotions. So many things her confession made him feel. And above them all was love. So bright and unfailing in the dark of his other thoughts that she gasped. The small sound made him freeze, looking up to her eyes, "I'm sorry, did I-- is it too-- do you want me to stop?" He was scared.

She pushed up and he moved away so fast he fell backwards on the bed, startled. But Lita was just as fast, straddling him to pull his lips to hers.

"I love you," she promised as he swore against her mouth, kissing away everything before she ever met him. Her hands were everywhere as he gripped her thighs. She felt him coming to life beneath her and she reached her hand down to free him, a groan forced into her mouth from his. One of his hands weaved into her hair while the other stroked the bud between her legs. She slid onto him, joining them deeply as she released a breath.

"Cole," she begged and she didn't know what she was begging for. All of him. Everything. Anything to contain the feelings bursting from her veins.

Cole moved to her hips, guiding the slow, deep rhythm that filled the air with his curses and her sounds so gravelly and aching she nearly blushed. His mouth, warm and wet, danced along her breasts and ribs as he sat up to meet her. He licked her mark and she his as he shivered beneath her. She thrust downward, squeezing him inside of her as every part of her accepted what she felt, loved.

"You're mine," he panted, streaked with sweat, tensed with pleasure, "Forever."

"I am," she bit softly onto his thumb, drawing him into her mouth and sucking.

"Lita," he begged and it was unclear what he was begging for either, "Fuck, please." The words were a whisper, a pant, a declaration, an explosion. It was enough to ruin her, send her gushing around him as her sounds matched his until they both fell against the sheets. After a few deep breaths, she rolled and he went with her, now caging her between his arms. He was still breathing heavy and damp but his eyes were red. Her baser self rose to the surface as well and in a flash of movements they were entwined again with Lita well aware that this was not a night for sleep.