

Lita's Love for the Alpha

Lita vs. Stace

"Son of a bitch!" Lita hissed, cupping her groin. The searing pain had Nyx up on her feet, ready to snap Ace's neck. He was too busy howling to notice her anger, laughing so loud it was making her see red.

"In his defense," Stace coughed her laugh away, "I did try to tell you that getting kicked in the groin hurts us too."

"Not. Now. Stace," Lita gritted out, entirely too close to throwing up in the middle of the training grounds, "If you broke my pelvis, Cole's going to rip off your head."

"Ewwww can you not remind me you two... you know?" Ace grimaced, getting back to his feet, "I'd prefer to never have that image in my mind thanks."

"Oh like you described you and Jaz the other night?" Lita dry heaved, disgusted at both the details of his sex life and her own injured vagina.

"Point taken. No more sex in idle conversation," he shook off a disgusted shiver. Despite how desperately she wanted to pummel him into the dirt, Lita could take a moment to appreciate how happy he seemed to be with Jaz. There was enough PDA to make her want to barf but the smiling, laughing and date nights were what actually warmed Lita's heart. It was clear as day to anyone with eyes how perfectly suited to each other they were. Both smart assed jokesters, both caring and kind, both disciplined and fiercely loyal.

Selfish or not, Lita found herself thanking the heavens that Ace *had* ended up happy with Jaz, otherwise it might have been awkward for them all. Before all that, there had been a moment she and Ace shared. Either an unconscious understanding or a feeling but it had been there nonetheless. She never forgot the wild look of rage in Cole's eyes when he took Ace to the mat over her.

"Alright, enough petty bullshit," Stace cleared her throat, "Let's head to the ring." She sidestepped Ace's body, still full of laughter, and brushed past Lita towards the gym.

Lita groaned, "Aw come on, you still expect me to fight with a crushed pelvis?"

"Stop stalling!" Stace called over her shoulder, "It's not very Luna-like." The taunt was enough to get Lita moving that time, slight limp and all. An arm slinked around her shoulders, "Ohhhh stop being a baby!" Ace teased, "You don't even have balls."

"But I *do* have bones you insufferable..." Lita ground her teeth.

"Be nice," he quipped, pulling open the gym door and holding it open for her. Lita rolled her eyes.

Cool air hit her first, swirling around her in eddies from the circulator fans in the ceiling. In the few short months since she'd found this place, Cole had found a way to make it look even nicer. And after the tournament, he'd installed even more training equipment. He even had contractors come fix up the interior walls. Lita thought back to what it meant to be a Luna. She needed to find a way to be of service to her pack. How could she help them? What could she give them? What insight did she specifically bring to the table?

Those thoughts had been rattling around in her head for the last week but she still didn't feel any closer to the answer. Stace tossed her a pair of gloves as she ducked under the ring ropes. Lita didn't bother with a mouth guard or headgear. Neither did Stace.

They hadn't made a fuss upon entering, casually closing the distance to the ring without much talk at all. In fact, Lita had even stopped limping, but the attention of all the wolves in the gym seemed to shift immediately. Whatever training they'd been doing, whatever exercises or conversations, their eyes all sliced to Lita, their Luna. The smattering of humans flicked their eyes over to the ring as well, simply following the path the wolves had already blazed with their eyes.

She saw Cole near the office door, still having a deep, strained conversation with Dr. Morgan. Alex stood nearby, equally as irritated, judging by the way he clenched his arms over his chest and heaved. Their eyes slid to her as soon as her leg slipped under the rope. She groaned. All this attention made her skin itch and the idea that she'd get her ass handed to her on a glorified stage had her heart sputtering. Ace had been kicking her ass every day for a week but at least it was only between the two of them. This was different. This was Lita, the pack's Luna and Cole's mate, fighting for the first time in front of everyone.

If she embarrassed herself, she would be embarrassing Cole. Maybe even embarrassing the whole pack. She hadn't spent enough time talking with the other pack members to know how much or how little her status mattered to them. Andres was the one who always treated her special as if he found her new title to be reverential. He barely called her Lita at all anymore, only Luna. This was too much pressure. She felt torn between vomiting and soiling her pants but if she had any hope of keeping her dignity, she wouldn't do either.

Nyx, there are humans here. No force-shifting.

Ha! It's not always my fault you know. You've forced our shift a time or two yourself...

I won't this time.

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Nyx didn't respond, just shook away her hackles and stared lazily at the walls of Lita's mind. She could be so stubborn, her demeanor silently telling Lita the truth still remained to be seen.

Stace snapped her gloves together with a smile, "Ready?"

Lita couldn't feel her own hands as she stuffed them into the fingerless gloves and velcroed them closed. Snapping them together as well, she mouthed *yep*. Ace rang the bell and Stace charged. Lita hadn't seen her tournament fight but it wasn't a surprise she'd won. Stace was an aggressive fighter not a cautious one. She charged Lita and forcibly maneuvered her into a corner.

Fuck. How many times had Mark knocked her clean out as punishment for letting herself be cornered? And what did she manage to do thirty seconds into her first fight? Lita didn't have time to scold herself, she didn't even have time to sigh. Instead she immediately positioned her elbows tight against her ribs, where Stace was already keeping a punishing barrage of punches.

Every left punch, there's a slightly longer delay, Nyx insisted, *take the opening and hit hard.*

Right, left, right-- when Stace threw her left again, Lita slammed her fist into stace's ribs hard and used the momentum to slip out of the corner. But Stace recovered quickly, smirking as she closed in on Lita once more.

Block, strike, block, block, strike. Lita could barely keep up with the speed and aggression of Stace's fighting style. She was studying the form, trying to remember Mark's words about the stand up techniques. Then in a flash, she was on her back. One well-placed fist to the jaw sent her down.

Stace clambered over her, taking body shot after body shot. Lita dropped her hands into a guarded position around her head, tucking her elbows in tight so all Stace could hit was forearm for bicep. It was only going to buy her seconds before the pain was too much. Her form would falter fast after it started to hurt.

She struggled to recall Brody's training. Ground game... *how do you get out of an unfavorable position?* The question rang in her head. Along with the images of submission holds, maneuvers her body could do to throw her opponent off balance, ways to make herself difficult to hit. A sharp pain radiated through her ribs. It was now or never.

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In a tumble of motion and sound, Lita had reversed their positions. Stace let out a whoosh of air as Lita came in hard against her jaw. Left, right, left, right, change position, grab the limb and lock it in place. Her mind was a blur of instructions and movements as she tried to remember the correct way to execute the submission.

Then Stace tapped once, twice, and Lita released.

"Well hot damn, Luna," Ace whistled, "You might even survive our next training session after all."

She gave him the finger, gripping her bruised ribs with her other hand while she turned back to find her friend. Stace was lying prone, groaning about a hot bath and how if anything was broken she was going to sue Cole. Lita laughed, grabbing her arm to haul them both to their feet.

"You hit like a fucking mack truck," Stace whined, laying her head against Lita's shoulder, "Having all that Alpha strength has to be cheating..."

"Oh no, don't worry, my ribs *enjoyed* being shattered too," Lita snapped playfully. The second they were out of the ring, Lita could see all the smiling faces. All the pride. Her pack was proud of her? She'd succeeded in not only winning the fight but in not humiliating herself.

She smiled, releasing Stace to Alex, letting the pack fall back into a blur as she took in Cole's face. He slipped his arm under hers with ease, letting her lean against him as they walked back towards the pack house.

He kissed her temple gently, "I'm so proud of you."

"I could probably kick your ass now," Lita snorted, tossing her head back so she could look at him.

"Well let's not go spreading that rumor around the pack okay?" he nipped at her ear, "Though I'm more than happy to let you *try* to kick my ass, baby."