

Lita's Love for the Alpha

Make it Better, not Worse

"I didn't mean that the way it sounded." Cole was frozen where he stood, a look of horror spreading across his face as he let his words sink in.

"Shit, Lita I really didn't mean it like that! I know how fucked up it all sounds, I know! Especially with you." Lita still didn't answer. She really didn't have the words. Did she actually think Cole viewed her as a possession? No. Absolutely not. Nothing he'd ever shown her, outside of those early incidents at the gym and that time he insulted her in his bathroom. But those were before. Before they'd shared their bodies and hearts. No, she didn't think he meant those words.

"Fuck Lita, that was a bad choice of words. I-I don't even know why I said it. Or where it came from. I don't own you but you *are* mine. And I'm yours. We're each other's. That's all I meant..."

Again, she knew he hadn't meant those words. What bothered her was how little control he'd had over himself when he said them. It's like some deep, primal part of himself snapped out before he could reign it in. She could remember Cole saying sometimes Alphas let their primal sides get the better of them when it came to ownership. Only that time he'd been talking about Brian. She didn't like the idea of those two sharing any traits. That was fucked up to think. Cole wasn't Brian. He wasn't. In her heart of hearts she knew that. But... they both had the same primal instincts. And that was a problem.

"I..." Lita couldn't quite figure out what to do now. A few moments earlier she'd been over the moon. Now, she was careening for earth at a break neck pace. She started again, "I'm not mad, Cole..." Yes, that was a good start. And it was true. She wasn't mad at him. "I don't think you see me as a possession..." Better. That was also true. Lita could feel Cole's tension visibly lift. "But..." At the single word he went rigid once more, already moving closer to reach for her arm. She took a step backwards, speaking more firmly, "But... I won't pretend it didn't upset me."

"Lita," his voice cracked, "I'm not him... I'll *never* be him."

"I know. I do, I really do. But you sounded like him..." She couldn't look at his face, not when she knew those small, true words would find their mark. He would feel it like a wound. Hell, it was a wound. For both of them. She didn't like the comparison any more than he did but at that moment, it rang true. Cole dropped his outstretched hand.

"I'll give you some space..." he mumbled, sounding every bit as upset as Lita felt, "For what it's worth... I am fighting it. I'll always fight those instincts with you." Then the sounds of bones crunching and rustling trees came on the wind. Lita looked again and saw only a pile of tattered clothes.

"Fucking YIKES," Jaz and Stace said in unison, flitting through yet another rack of items as they all stood in the middle of a popular clothing store. Lita cringed, nodding her head as if to say, *fucking yikes and then some*.

"Um, are we defending him? Giving you advice? Talking shit? Or just listening?" Jaz asked, pulling a satin dress out and holding it up to her chest, "Because you know I'm down for any of them..."

Stace scoffed, "As if you're not going to talk shit regardless." Lita laughed.

"Can we do all of them?"

"Abso-fucking-lutely," Jaz chirped, "In fact, that's my favorite combo!"

"But first, before we start in on Cole," Stace raised her hand and a serious face, "I just want you to know that I officially really hate your parents and if I get the chance, I'm kicking your mom in the vagina."

Lita held a serious face for all of two seconds before bursting out laughing loud enough to draw the ire of the employees, "Bitch, now that I know how much that shit hurts, you're not kicking her before I do!"

"As a human, I might not be able to fight her, but I can definitely key her car," Jaz pointed a finger at Lita, "I'll fuck up Brian's shit too."

"I appreciate your anger guys," she sighed, "I don't even know what to feel about that yet..."

"Yea, your shit is... chaotic... but I love you anyway, don't you worry," Jaz assured her with a careful smile. One that said, she didn't want Lita to dwell on her parents too much.

"Anyway! Back to Cole's annoyingly handsome but stupid self!" Stace announced, "Let me first start by saying that's the dumbest fucking rule I ever heard. I hated it when Alex told me. I hated it when James told me and now I SUPER hate it, when Cole told you."

She took a breath, gearing up to really lay into her case, "Of course it was made by stupid ass men. Oh yea, he can fuck anything and completely skate. You fuck someone and you're destitute or dead?! And yet, if we were to say it's sexist they'd call us bitter..." Stace seethed, "I don't know how many times I've called Alex an asshole over his views on this very subject. Men think dicks somehow translate to power. I mean, I could do without their shit, but could they do with pussy? I think the fuck not..."

"I couldn't do without their shit..." Jaz mumbled under her breath.

"Traitor!"

"I'm just saying... Ace does this thing with his pinky-"

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"OH god ewwwww," Stace and Lita turned away in unison, disgusted.

"Give a girl one good dick and she trades teams like it's nothing," Stace rolled her wrist in emphasis.

"Oh, I'm sorry, let me tow the party line some more... I swear men think they own every goddamned thing on this earth, including us," Jaz followed up with a grin, "That better?"

"MUCH!" Stace pushed her shoulder.

"I just feel like, why the hell would he say that, you know... if it didn't come from somewhere real?" Lita couldn't help the way she felt, "And if it came from somewhere real... what's to say it wouldn't get worse?" What Cole said hurt her, even though she had already forgiven him for saying it. She just couldn't move on from the feelings yet.

Jaz moved over to another rack, "Because he's an asshole. All men are. Stupid too but don't let them hear it or they get all caveman. I told Ace if his dick wasn't always hard maybe he'd let some blood get to his brain..."

"Jesus Jaz, fucking gross, I do NOT want to hear about your sex life," Lita shivered, sticking her finger in her mouth like she was puking.

"In his defense, though, it can't be easy to control all that Alpha male shit," Stace moved on from bashing Cole to defending him. They really were capable of doing all of those things at the same time.

"Yea, about that... why don't I have any Alpha female shit to control? I mean, in that logic, I should be just as possessive right?"

We do. Trust me, we do... Nyx grumbled.

"Maybe you are," Stace shrugged, "But nothing's hit that nerve yet. Honestly, I know I was possessive as hell over James. Sometimes it made me do and say stupid shit." She cringed in embarrassment.

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Bingo. Nyx yipped and Lita ignored her wolf.

"Oh like that time you punched the Starbuck's chick for touching James' back when she asked him to move?" Jaz teased, "Didn't you get community service for that?"

"Shut the hell up please... last week you almost pushed an old lady in the street for gawking at Ace."

"She slipped... and she wasn't an old lady... she was like a young fifty," Jaz crossed her arms, "Young enough to fucking know he was *with* me."

"All that shit aside... what the hell am I supposed to do now? I think comparing them obviously hurt his feelings but... what he said hurt mine, so I'm kinda like fuck it... but I also kinda feel bad? He's been texting me ever since we got here but I ignored it... Should I just answer him?"

"Jesus, it's your first fight as a couple, let him simmer for at least a little while longer," Stace laughed, "Make him at least tuck his tail before you accept his apology. Maybe he'll get you an apology gift. God apology gifts are the best." They'd seamlessly moved on into the advice segment of the conversation.

"And make up sex only works if you drag out the experience. Anger is always better than sadness when it comes to the bedroom so make him mad," Jaz added, "Don't answer yet. I wouldn't. Does he even know we're here?"

Lita shook her head, "I just took off without saying anything so he would stew... I'm not super proud of that."

"Well, shit I am! Lita-1, Cole-0," Jaz tossed a dress over Lita's shoulder, "If you're having a fight and you want epic make up sex, plus an epic apology, you have to add a little jealousy... My advice? Come out with us and we'll take some pics to get his blood boiling... that's what I would do at least."

"I should be above those tactics," Stace pinched her mouth, "But I'd do it too..."

"UGHHHHHHH I'm trying to make it better guys, not worse," Lita sagged but smiled a bit.

"You are making it better... by making it worse first," Jaz and Stace cackled, dragging their trio back to the fitting rooms, "What else do you have planned anyway?"