

# Lita's Love for the Alpha

## There You Are

Getting drunk turned out to be a very different experience with a wolf. She'd been drunk a few times with Brian when she was still in high school but it was never like this. And hell, she was surprised she was allowed to drink at all but Stace knew the bartender and he never asked Lita for ID.

Lita felt like she was on fire, burning from the inside out. She already shed her light jacket down to her strapless black mini dress an hour ago. And she'd strategically bunched it closer to her middle so she could get a breeze on her exposed thighs. She was definitely sweating.

Lita hadn't been drunk with anyone except Cole since letting her wolf out and if alcohol once let her guard down, it now practically let her wolf run free. Everything seemed turned up, not down. Colors were brighter, music louder, her body stronger and more in tune with itself. Dancing with her friends had felt like an out of body experience, especially when she stopped feeling the pang of her heels cutting into her toes. She could dance all night like this. Probably fuck all night too. That sent a wicked little shiver down her back. She couldn't wait to get back home.

She hadn't seemed to notice it when she was with Cole in that cabin but out on the town with Jaz and Stace? Nyx was so close to the surface she could practically cut her teeth on her own canines. And it thrilled her. The wolf was a busybody and a threat all rolled into one and as it turned out, she was a fucking party girl. Nyx had screamed shots in her head until she finally broke down and took some.

And her eyes? Well they'd stopped being a normal color about an hour ago if her estimate was correct. About the same time she lost track of her purse and jacket. About the same time she stopped checking her texts from Cole. They were all very apologetic anyway, the kind she didn't really need to read to get the gist. He loved her. He was sorry. Etcetera etcetera. She peered up at the foggy mirrored wall behind the bar. Even drunk, she could make out the sizzling ruby of her pupils. What the hell was she going to do about that?

"Are those contacts?!" The rowdy guy two seats down from her asked. He'd been eyeing her since she stumbled over to the bartop but she hadn't noticed his gaze on her in the mirror. Nyx immediately wanted to fight. Lita had to dig her nails into the smooth wood beneath her hands just to curb the urge. Damn, she needed to stay with the others.

The lounge wasn't that packed in other areas but at the bar, the seats were nearly all full. And at the moment, at least four different guys were watching her with little smirks. The "contacts" guy, was nice enough looking: brown hair to his chin, shaggy but not messy. A semi-cultivated goatee drew her eyes to his mouth which seemed fine, all his teeth in tact, all the skin smooth. He was even in a nice thin sweater that looked expensive with dark colored pants in the exact shade as his shoes.

His face was actually really growing on her, but she wasn't interested. She watched him motion the bartender for two shots of something in a brown bottle. What was she here to do? Right! Get the drink, she reminded herself. She wasn't here for hot guys at the bar. Or at least, Nyx wasn't interested if the wild growl in her head was any measure.

\*Don't even fucking think about it!\* Nyx growled.

Lita cringed at the rough, grating sound. She couldn't even study the other guys because Nyx scratched at her mental cage. She already had someone and the longer she spent surrounded by other men, the more she just wanted to go back home to Cole. That was clearly Nyx's vote too.

Lita tried to remind herself she was here to make Cole jealous. Make up sex. Apology gifts. Sexy Alpha wolf. Those were the things Stace and Jaz said she wanted. It was important to make him grovel and beg or something like that. What better way to do it, than to post all the fun they were having at the lounge? It didn't help that Nyx just wanted to sink her teeth into everyone who looked her way. She'd been lucky to get in a few dances before she got too drunk.

Lita sighed, she should avoid the guys altogether but... she hadn't managed a single photo that wasn't of the three girls sharing drinks. That wasn't liable to make Cole very upset.

She didn't know what other photos the girls had posted though. Their cameras were flashing nonstop while they were on the dance floor. Where even was her phone? When her eyes slid back up, she saw the guy was still waiting on an answer, lopsided grin and all. He had two shot glasses, one in each hand.

She smiled, showing a little more teeth than necessary as a warning, thanks to Nyx, and gave a noncommittal gesture with her arms. Lita spied her friends three tables behind her. As Jaz and Stace flagged down an empty high-top table on the restaurant side, Lita waited for their next round of drinks at the bar. She needed food badly or Nyx was going to come out and play for real. She shuddered as an image of a bloody floor flicked across her mind.

No Ericas tonight. Apparently her eyes were full on Alpha now and she was past the point of friendly conversation. At least in the pulsating colored lights, it just appeared to be an illusion. She blinked and the guy was a step away now, holding a glass out to her.

"You wear those often?" the guy tried again, motioning that they should take a shot together. It was clear he wanted more than just an answer about stupid ass colored contacts and Nyx already had her claws out, hollowing out the bar top. Clearly the wolf part of her mind took mating extremely fucking seriously if her rage was any sign. How the girls thought she was going to manage fake flirting... she had no idea.

Lita shrugged, avoiding eye contact in case Nyx was planning to bite his head off, "It's all the rage on the east coast!" She yelled over the music. This was killing her fucking buzz. She smiled and threw the shot back. He nodded vigorously, raising his glass in a mock toast before

downing his, "Cool as fuck! Sexy too!" Something vibrated her chest and she jumped. Then patted her chest until she felt the cool metal outline of a phone. Well, fuck, that was smart of her. She checked her phone to find a few more messages from Cole.

\*I'm sorry.\*

\*Where are you?\*

\*Why aren't you home yet?\*

\*Why the fuck did Stace just post you at a bar?\*

\*Who the fuck are you dancing with?!\*

\*Seriously, get back here NOW\*

\*Got the location tag. Don't fucking move.\*

That wasn't very good... or maybe it was? Her mind rocked back and forth a little. He was supposed to be angry, right? That's what she wanted right?

"Boyfriend seems mad," the guy said with a smirk, looking over shoulder.

Thank the lord the bartender put her drinks up so she could get away from whatever this was. Scooping up the drinks, Lita shot the bartender a grateful smile for rushing her order and stumbled her way back those three rows to her friends, now cackling like hyenas over their phones. She didn't bother saying goodbye to the guy.

"What in the h-hell is so f-funny?" Lita hiccupped, messily sliding the glasses onto the tabletop. She might have already sipped from all three and that last shot sat funny on her stomach.

"Alex commented on my pic and said 'Bad move, busybody'," Stace cackled, "They are soooo pissed."

"What photo is it?" Lita burped quietly, "Fuck that liquor is giving me indigestion."

"It's the one of you twerking on me," she bellowed, "And I might not have cropped out the guy in front of you staring at your tits..."

"Well shit... maybe Cole didn't see it."

"If Alex saw it, Cole saw it babe! And Ace said 'someone needs a spanking' under mine" Jaz wheezed, "I'm so ready for that spanking too. You have no idea. His hands are so big." More giggling.

"Let me see yours," Lita sighed, looking over Jaz's shoulder to see a picture of them taking shots with a bunch of random guys, "When in the hell did that happen?" She genuinely could not remember.

"Fuck if I know," Jaz shrugged, "The caption didn't help I'm sure. 'Single ladies do it better' with a winky face."

"Remind me again, were we trying to make Cole mad or murderous?"

"Same thing really," Jaz elbowed her.

"Hey! That one's mine!" Stace yelped as Lita helped herself to another sip of Stace's blueberry drink.

"Yours is better than mine! Shareeeeeee," Lita whined, flashing a big, pleading smile, "ohhhh this is my fucking songggg!"

"Ah ah! You're not dancing without us and we all need food you messy drunk!" Jaz reprimanded, barely grabbing Lita's forearm in time.

"You're the one that got me liquored up! Amaretto sours taste like fucking juice," Lita slurred, sliding back towards the table, "I just want fries..."

"Yes!! Fries—oh f-fuck," Jaz hiccupped, "Ace got the fucking geo tag from my last post! Oopsie we-we're probably gonna get yelled at." She seemed anything but worried as she took a hefty gulp of her drink.

"Yea Cole texted and said he's on the way so I guess our night is going to be cut pretty short," Lita smiled, "So can I dance now? Before they get here???"

"Jesus!" Jaz jumped, looking over at Lita's face, "How long have your eyes been like that? Did anyone notice?" She eyed the bar and the room to see if any faces lingered in their direction. Her face sobered slightly. Stace looked worried too.

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"My guess? Like an hour, that's when I really started to feel the last round," Lita shrugged, sliding onto her bar stool, "Guy at the bar asked if they were contacts. I think I'm g-good!" Lita stomach felt like it was going to turn itself inside out.

"Fuck on second thought guys, I think I gotta throw up," Lita put her hand over her mouth, scooting off towards the bathrooms.

"You go, I'll stay with the drinks," Jaz yelled to Stace, "Make sure she makes it back in one piece."

"Lita wait up!" Stace yelled from behind her but Lita was moving too fast through the crowd, sliding past dancing couples and moving under arms, in between bodies. Stace was hitting those bodies like walls. It was causing the gap between them to grow and Lita was too sauced to hear Stace yelling to wait.

Lita found the hallway to the bathroom but the line was too long to wait. She needed to barf now. Her stomach felt like a blender. Everything was spinning and pulsing towards her mouth. Nyx urged her forward, pushing her past the girls leaning against the wall until they were at the service door. Her wolf's directions were clear enough but they lacked bite. Was she feeling as miserable as Lita felt?

She shoved the door open and barely made it to the side of the dumpsters before she was tossing up everything she'd had to drink. Everything burned on its way up and it was all a strange color, red-tinted and chunky. What the hell did she eat? This wasn't liquor sick. This was food-poisoning sick. Or something just as serious. Her whole body felt clammy and drained.

Her head spun a little as she spit to clear her mouth of the bitter taste, leaning her head forward against the wall of the building. Jesus she felt like she was getting a fever.

"Ughhhh not my shoes," she whined, looking at the red chunks on her suede shoes, "Fuck! I just got these!"

She never got trashed like this. But she had to admit she was a bit of a lightweight too so it wasn't entirely shocking. There hadn't been many opportunities for her to develop a tolerance to liquor. It just sucked that Cole was going to get here and see she'd thrown up on herself. How embarrassing. Maybe they could leave before the guys got here?

Lita was so busy trying to scrape the vomit off her shoes and figure out to make an escape before Cole saw her, she didn't hear the feet on the pavement or the slow roll of tires in the alleyway. Nyx was swaying and making strange noises in her mind. It was yet another distraction.

\*What's wrong?\*

\*I'm not- not sure.\*

\*Are you just drunk like me?\*

\*Wolves d-don't g-get dr-drunk, something's wr-wr\*

Something slammed into the back of Lita's head hard, knocking her face into the wall. Liquid exploded across her mouth.

"There you are..."