

Lita's Love for the Alpha

Imprisoned

When Lita finally opened her eyes, they were stiff and grainy, her vision clouded and spotty.

Nyx? She called out to her wolf. Something had been wrong with her wolf, Lita could remember that much, even before something smashed into her and left her brain scrambled. But Lita's wolf was dangerously quiet. She couldn't even sense her pacing behind her mental fence. That wasn't good.

What the hell was going on? Where the hell was she? Passed out behind the bar? Lita tried to sit up but she could barely move her neck. Pain lanced back into her consciousness with viciousness, speckling her vision red. She groaned, noting the sandpaper feel of her tongue, the thickening of her throat. She tried her shoulders, and they sluggishly responded, sending fire to the back of her head. Who hit her in the head with a sledgehammer? At least that's what it felt like, heavy throbbing, and something broken. She could feel the crust of dried blood on the back of her neck.

Lita tried to lift her hands and touch the damage, but her body resisted, shaking violently. Nausea washed over her and she only managed to roll to her side before vomiting. Her face on the rough stone floor had her eyes trying to focus. Where the hell was she? The alleyway? No, there wasn't nearly enough light to be the alleyway, even if it was still nighttime. There had been a large overhead fog light where she threw up, she remembered. Stace and Jaz would never have left her there anyway. They'd have taken her home, especially once Cole got there. Slowly her mind was coming back to her. Her vision swirled but began to clear too.

"Greg said she's a nice piece of ass... Heard she'd pretty banged up. You know I like the ones that don't fight." Lita heard a man's voice she didn't know, somewhere behind her and another voice she didn't recognize was answering him, "The boss would kill you, don't even think about it. Let's just do what the hell we're here to do and go. Did you ever send the doc in here to treat her head?"

"The fuck would the point of that be? I'd rather see how long she can go before she screams. So far she made it through the night," the violent one said. She shivered. Lita didn't want that one anywhere near her.

"For fuck's sake, ignoring the boss's orders are the fastest way to get your head permanently separated from your shoulders man. It's your fucking funeral."

"Boss doesn't give a flying fuck about bitches," the violent one spat, "His loss. All this ass around here and he never gets his dick wet. Why the hell would he care if she's a little banged up?"

Lita tensed, struggling to pull herself together enough to get into a defensive position. Two men she didn't know were coming for her. She needed to fight. She needed to scream. She needed to do *something*. But her body just wouldn't cooperate. She was hurt bad, almost as bad as when Brian went crazy on her. Fuck. What if he'd been the one to attack her?

Brian had never stopped texting her. Calling in the middle of the night while her phone was on silent. Stalking her old school. Cole said he'd dropped out after Lita did and when she finally changed her number, she'd always wondered what that would mean for Brian. Had he gone on to stalk whoever had her old number now? Had he given up finally? Had he lost his mind? Was he lurking silently behind the bushes everywhere she went? She often held that fear close to her chest, not even letting Cole know how truly terrified it made her sometimes. Even with Nyx and her training every day, she would sometimes still get caught up in those old memories. Fear was a hard thing to lose.

What if he'd finally found her? Finally gotten her back like he always said he would. What would he do? And if he had gotten her isolated...

A beep and clicking sound was followed by a metal scraping as the door behind her was pushed open. She tried and failed to raise her head, vomit still clinging to the side of her mouth.

"Ugh Jesus, scratch my earlier comment, smells like old vomit and sweat in here," the violent man stepped closer to her, edging her back with his heavy boots. She felt him nudge her twice with the steel toe, "Wake up!"

When she didn't move, another pair of boots walked around to her front, creasing as a man knelt down to her level and snorted, "Greg said a nice piece of ass huh? Looks like somebody lied..." He looked her over with hard eyes and let his lip curl up into a snarl.

Two sets of arms hefted her up, dragging her out of the room as her head exploded in agony. The men dragged her down a run down hallway, overhead lights sparking and fizzing as they passed the numerous metal doors. Cells, they were all cells and Lita could hear the distant scratching noises mixing with whimpers and screams as they continued to drag her. Each door had a number and a thin strip of metal that opened for food trays most likely. She shuddered, this place was a prison of some sort and she prayed that all those cells didn't all have prisoners in them. What the hell kind of place was this? Brian was cruel but not... not whatever this place was.

The two men continued the walk until they reached a set of double swinging doors where they promptly threw her inside and told her to wash. Her knees scuffed the ground, twisting the ankle that still wore a shoe in the process. Her hands smacked the ground to break her fall as she heard the sound of boots receding further away from her. Head throbbing, ears ringing, Lita managed to look back and see they'd disappeared back behind the swinging doors, no longer in any position to see her. She returned her attention to the room, no bigger than a girl's locker room and full of shower heads. Without stalls or curtains, she could see she was expected to wash out in the open. There was no way in hell she was going to do that.

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Lita carefully got to her feet, being gentle with her twisted ankle, pushing into her mind for any signs of Nyx but frustratingly found nothing. She stumbled over to a shower chair that held some folded clothes and a pair of thin slippers. She didn't trust it, but she also knew she couldn't stay in her club dress and half a pair of high heels either. That wouldn't do her any good when it came to fighting her way out.

Tossing a glance back at the doors, she peeled off her dress and slipped into the scratchy cotton clothes and shoes. Pressing the shower handle nearest her, she bent over and let the cool water rinse the blood from her hair. The second the cool water hit the open area on her scalp she nearly screamed, biting it back into a hiss of pain so searing she almost collapsed. She didn't pull back though, letting the blinding pain sting through her until it was only a hard ache. Scrubbing her face until it was clear of vomit and dried sweat, Lita felt a little more like a person again, even if she had no idea whose prisoner she was. She used her old dress to towel her face, noticing no one had the decency to leave her an actual towel and sat atop the plastic chair. She waited for the two men to return, never turning off the water.

And just as she suspected, the man who made sexual innuendos about her came storming in suddenly a minute later, while he thought she was still showering. He was triumphantly holding the towel she'd no doubt be searching for. The grin on his disgusting face slipped as he realized she was already dressed and waiting for him. He growled, yelling for the other man as they promptly took one of her arms and forced her back into the hall.

"Why are you doing this?" Lita asked, her voice still sounding like rocks, "Who are you?"

"Want to know who we are huh?" the disgusting man asked with a sneer, then leaned to her ear to whisper, "I can show you exactly what I am..."

"Don't talk to her Chris," the other snapped, shaking his curls out of his face. Chris only scoffed and made a show of tracking his eyes over Lita's body as he pulled away. The violent one was named Chris, she made a mental note to stay as far the fuck away from him as she could. The other man barked, "Boss won't like you getting close to her, keep it in your fucking pants."

"I don't fucking answer to you, Ren," Chris grinned violently, then shoved Lita harder, "Get moving bitch, the boss doesn't like to be kept waiting!"

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Her head was splitting in half, she was pretty sure of it and as she was pushed forward, her ankle wobbled then gave out. She couldn't bite back the yelp.

"Goddammit Chris, you're too fucking hard headed for your own good. Boss wants her in one piece man," Ren shoved him, scooping Lita up into his arms to clear the last few feet to a metal staircase. He wasn't sweet but he wasn't actively waiting to rape her either so, he was on her good list for now. Up they went, taking the stairs two at a time all the while Chris glared at her from behind Ren, looking every bit as lethal and venomous as a snake. Not that she was heavy, but with the speed and precision that Ren used to get up the stairs, Lita guessed he was a wolf too. But a wolf in whose pack?

Chris grinned a smile full of teeth and she tucked her face closer to Ren's shoulder blade. Lita didn't trust Ren either but dammit if she had to chose between the two, she'd rather have the one who was just doing his fucking job, whatever that was.

Another hissing click and metal groaning as it pushed open and she was carried into an elegant kitchen. Marble and glass and chrome. Two women hurried about the room, hunched over pots and chopping vegetable as Ren carried her quickly through. She didn't miss the way they avoided looking up at her and the men, though their jaw muscles twitched as if that had been a hard trained habit. What the hell kind of place was this?

Through the kitchen, they passed into a lounge of sorts then through another door, this one wooden and inlaid with gold. Lita saw it in detail as they passed it. The doorway opened onto a room with a painted ceiling and low hanging chandelier. She noticed Chris stayed at the doorway, not daring to step foot in the room. After a few steps, Ren deposited her in a soft velvet chair and stepped away as if touching her for even a moment longer than he had to was a great sin. She saw the fireplace ahead of her and the quaint table of food set before it. It had been set for two and her velvet seat was obviously meant to push into it. Though as she looked across to the other setting, the seat was empty.

"As requested sir, she refused to shower but changed her clothes," he said quickly and efficiently, bowing low before turning to leave. Lita had a moment of pause, wondering if he'd scented her filth or if he'd assumed she hadn't showered when he saw her dressed so quickly. Either way it didn't matter, she decided.

"Leave us," a man boomed from the far corner, drawing her eye. Ren pulled the door closed behind him, not bothering to cast a single glance more at Lita. Her eyes were glued to the tailored, broad figure in the room, a glass of dark liquid to his lips as his eyes danced with violence. He smirked as if seeing her there was a joke only he could hear. Her heart spluttered as she reached for Nyx again. That silence of her mind was gutting as she struggled to maintain a passive face. But the man before her scared her to her core.

It wasn't a learned fear, like Brian, but an instinctual one. One that said he was every inch a predator and he had enough blood on his hands for her to know he'd mince no words when dispatching her death. Maxim took several carefully slow steps in her direction before settling himself in the chair opposite her, "Do tell me, Lita, does my son miss me?"