

Lita's Love for the Alpha

Dead Ends

"Tell me you have something on her, *anything*," Cole's eyes burned like rubies in the dimly lit gym. The *please* went without saying. His voice was hard but edged with a desperation that Alex could barely stand to hear. He didn't know what it felt like to be in Cole's shoes but to see his Alpha and friend, brought so close to breaking... he hadn't seen it since Cole left his old pack. Alex shook his head, if Lita really was with Maxim, there was no telling what he'd do to her.

Cole began pacing, chest swelling in deep, chaotic breaths as he waited for Alex to say something worthwhile. His body rippled back and forth between shifting. One minute his face was human, the next Alex was staring at Midnight. Another blink and it was Cole again but the elongated teeth and claws remained.

Alex didn't say anything. He knew Cole's statement was rhetorical in nature because if any of them had any leads, he would've been the first to know. They certainly wouldn't be standing here doing nothing. The mats were shredded to ribbons behind Cole and their remnants fluttered as he paced. Alex raked his eyes around the room, taking in the cracked concrete facing in several places. The sand littering the ground under gutted punching bags. The door to the back room was barely hanging on its hinges. He took a breath. His Alpha was destroying all their hard work.

"Cole you need to fucking run. You need fresh air, the goddamn rain, hell, you need just need to go outside," Alex growled softly, gently edging his Alpha towards the gym's back door, "You haven't let your wolf out in days. A feral wolf won't help anyone. You need to be strong for when we find her..."

Ace strategically strode through the front door so he and Alex were working in tandem moving Cole towards the rear. Ace stuttered mid step as he noticed the state of the gym then smoothed his face into indifference. They were crowding into Midnight's space, a risky move trying to force Cole outside. But even if he shifted, at least he'd be running outside. It gave them a better edge to bring him back to himself.

Cole growled and Ace secretly thanked the empty space. If he lost it, at least no one else would get hurt. All training had decidedly ceased until they found Lita so the gym was empty. No one outside of Alex and Ace would even step foot in Cole's space. He had taken to sleeping in the back office for now, unable to stomach his room smelling like his mate. After thirty minutes of smelling and howling, he forced himself to leave their shared closet, retreating to the gym.

He hadn't left since. And Midnight was too volatile to be around others, too unpredictable without his mate. He told Cole he couldn't even feel the bond between him and Nyx. It had gone dark the night Lita went missing and he was half-crazed with worry. It was driving Cole over the edge because she was in his father's hands.

"If I let him out he'll kill something!" Cole's voice was almost entirely snarling, "Tell me we have something useful!"

"You're going to fucking kill something as it is, man let him blow off some steam!" Ace held up his hands as if in surrender, "You know we don't have anything new... And you know I hate to tell you that." Cole's roar shook the lights.

"We tracked down your leads on the backgrounds your father used when you were a kid. There's been no sign of anyone living there for years. We don't know where he set up his new home but we're not giving up," Alex's voice softened further, "We're not going to give up on Lita. We just need a lead. Everything had been nothing but dead ends."

"Everyone is restricted to the dorms until they're released. It's only us man..." Ace's eyes flashed red, pleading Cole to listen. Alex shifted beside Ace, his own eyes burning blue.

"Let your wolf get some of it off his chest, Cole," Alex's features were twisting into his wolf form, trying to coax Cole to follow suit, "You're not hurting your mate my letting your wolf out. It's not... selfish."

"I don't even know what's happening to her and you expect me to what? Just run free when she's probably in *chains*?" he hissed the word, choking on everything he couldn't bear to say. They all looked away from each other, swallowing down whatever emotions they felt.

"You need to stay strong for her, Cole. It's not fun. It's exercise. It's necessary. It's keeping yourself in shape so when the time comes to rip off your father's head, you're strong enough, okay?" Ace couldn't meet his eyes.

Midnight snarled something vicious in his head over and over again. The saddest howl reverberating in his skull. *Mate*. He was saying mate in a mantra like he was losing his mind. They were right, keeping him locked up wasn't helping either of them. He needed to hunt. He needed to kill something.

"I'll let him out at the cabin. He needs to..." Cole grabbed his head like it was splitting, his chest aching, "he needs to shred something."

"Deal," they said in unison. Alex shifted back as they herded Cole out to the nearby SUV.

Cole settled into the back seat, his mind racing like it did every second he was awake. Every day since she'd been taken. Flashes of memories from his childhood raced around his head. Maxim would kill her. He would make Cole come home to save her, and then he would kill her anyway. His stomach bottomed out.

"Get the hell up, pup! We've got all day to play!" the loud bellow was cut off by the unholy splash of freezing water over her body. Lita yelped, scrambling off of whatever she lay on, landing ungracefully face first on the rough, stone ground, she peeled her swollen eye apart to see where she was. Her cell from yesterday, she'd only fallen from the new cot the doctor had brought in.

She shivered, the chill hadn't changed at all, nor the coldness of the wet stone at her feet. Everything still ached but the pain had lessened significantly. Even her swelling had decreased that she could roll her neck without nearly as much agony.

The night before, the doctor had barely been able to pry her split eyelids apart to squirt a cleaning solution in. Then there was an ointment for eye infections rubbed into the open cuts Maxim's rings had caused. Then her body had been cleaned in a freezing bath, hair too. Her skin was treated for bruises and scrapes. The doctor had injected the wound on her head with something that made her numb all over. And then she'd slept, deep and dreamless.

Lita coughed, getting to her knees to glare at the asshole who'd doused her. It was Chris. He stood at his full six foot height, in a fresh set of tactical clothing and boots she could see had steel toes. God, she hoped he wouldn't kick her. He sent her a grin of steel, stepping further into the room to throw clothes down at her feet. They settled into the puddles of water before she could stop them. Scrambling, she snatched them up and tossed them on her cot. She tried not to wince as those boots thumped closer.

Gone was the cocky, rapey vibe from the day before. Now, a vision of malice stood before her. The type of man to see horrors and laugh. She knew he could likely scent her fear but there was no way she could stop her heart from racing. She hadn't been this terrified in a long, long time. That was the problem with abuse, it had a tendency to numb the victim. She'd certainly felt numb as time went on with Brian. As the days went by, fear was harder and harder to *truly* feel. Emptiness replaced it. A feeling of desolation.

That's how it had been when Cole rescued her. Desolate. But since then, she'd lived well. She'd felt safe. She'd felt love and loved in turn. She hadn't tasted fear, at least not fear like this, in far too long. And it made the fresh kiss of it nearly unbearable. She was nothing more than a pulse and shaking limbs. She was a high school kid all over again. She was weak.

Chris eyed her from head to toe as she glanced around him. Where was Ren? At least he was all business. She didn't want whatever Chris had in mind. His eyes didn't heat like they had the day before. They didn't play or tease at her expense. His eyes were assessing her like a mechanic would diagnose a car.

Hadn't Maxim said she'd have two days to recover? Had that much time already passed in sleep?

"I can see your brain working stupid pup. Relax. Doctor's orders are you have to get outside for fresh air while you heal." Okay... that sounded okay? She could get an idea what kind of place this was. She could scope out exits and maybe even escape to a main road if she could find one? Lita nodded dumbly.

"Don't get your hopes up, it's just for today and tomorrow. Then you're officially back on Maxim's dinner menu, pup," his smile was nothing but teeth and promises of bad, bad things to come, "Anyway, can't leave you alone so you're coming to the pits."

The... pits? Jesus that didn't sound good. Lita pushed up onto shaky feet and went for the clothes as Chris dropped a pair of worn boots at the edge of her cot. He leaned back against the door, crossing his arms.

"I have to change," Lita all but whispered.

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"So do it and let's go," he made no movement but his eyes glinted with emotions she had no intention of figuring out.

"Turn around."

"No."

"Please?" The word tasted like rot on her tongue but she pushed through.

"N-O, and hurry the fuck up," he growled in frustration. She cut her eyes to the wall. Fucking prick. Sitting on the cot, she pulled on the fresh socks and the pair of boots, lacing them quickly. She eyed the other clothes and sighed, they were much warmer than the scratchy cotton clothes she was wearing. It looked to be a heavy sweater and a pair of fleece leggings as opposed to her thin, threadbare cotton top and matching pants.

She was tempted to change. Obviously she was going outside and these clothes were suited to the weather... but... she'd rather go to the pits looking like a drowned rat than to strip in front of him. And some part of her knew the second her clothes left her, he'd pounce like a predator in wait. She'd been brought low by a man before. If it was to happen again, she'd at least put up a fight.

"I'm ready," she grumbled, standing.

"You're going like that?" he smirked, "Even better." And without another glance back, pushed the cell door wide open.

Author's note:

Hey guys! Glad you're all still with me. I've decided to stop making chapter promises as I don't think my good intentions matter much. The reality is, sometimes the inspiration just isn't there to write a new chapter and life gets in the way. I don't want you guys paying for something that's not good so I don't want to rush and put out a bad chapter. So from now on I'll promise 1-2 chapters updated in a week and that's it. I'll also be taking weekends off to rest. If I do more, yep, if not, sorry in advance. As always, feel free to tell me what you think should happen next or leave me some love! xoxoxoxoxoxoxo