

# Lita's Love for the Alpha

## The Pits

Lita pushed her shaky feet forward through the hallway, urging herself to balance and settle her mind. She tried not to seem too interested in the cells alongside her own but the screams she'd heard in the night were hard to forget. They were the screams of women who were filled with genuine fear. Not screams of pain necessarily but certainly terror. Maybe from being startled or unsure of what was happening but she couldn't tell. Listening to the sounds through the metal door and stone walls made it hard to tell exactly what was happening, which probably made it all the more terrifying.

She could still hear the laughing of the men in her head. Unlike yesterday though, the hall was completely silent now. Had she imagined it? Had it been some medicine-induced hallucination? Had they moved all the people away from her or were the cells temporary? There were too many thoughts to keep track of them all.

She tried for Nyx again but there was still silence on her end. Though Lita thought she could feel a small stirring in the depths of her mind. She had hope that her wolf was just suppressed. She'd find a way back out. Lita didn't have room to doubt it.

Chris clicked his tongue and she automatically picked up her pace. Hate was a strong word in her book and she could really only think of two people who had ever earned the moniker from her but... for Maxim... for keeping people in cells...

Up the stairs they went, passing the same two women in the kitchen, who still didn't make any move to acknowledge anyone in the room. She'd have believed they were deaf if it weren't for the stiff set of their shoulders and the way their eyes purposefully avoided her own at all costs. It was a learned behavior she recognized, knowing she did something similar when she was with Brian. Never look another man in the eyes. That was her silent mission. She'd do anything to avoid getting herself into trouble with him though it rarely made much difference. These women were scared into submission too, that much was clear.

As soon as Lita cleared the back door through the kitchen with Chris close at her back, rain pelted against her in heavy sheets. From the basement, she realized she couldn't hear the weather outside. Again she thought of the fleece-lined clothes she should have put on. She could barely make out the stone steps leading down, let alone the surrounding area. The rain turned the world into a blur of gray. She tried to glance further on either side but Chris squinted against the storm and pushed her forward, "To the left, down the walkway."

"We're going outside in this?"

"Just fucking walk, don't make me get rough with you."

Lita gritted her teeth but started walking. Slipping down the last two stone steps, she narrowly missed twisting her ankle but she managed to follow his directions to the left. She was almost positive that when the doctor ordered her to get air, she hadn't meant going outside during a monsoon so she could catch her death. That seemed a bit counterproductive. But like the other women she saw in the compound, Lita figured the doctor didn't have much say in anything in this world.

There wasn't much chance of her scoping out the compound in a torrential downpour so she kept her head down and focused on not falling into the mud that lined the path. Over the roar of the rain she started to hear shouting and thumping. Men's voices were raised nearby and her heart began to race. Where was she being taken? What the hell were the pits? Should she be worried?

The longer that she walked in the rain, the more she regretted not putting on the warmer clothes. Aside from being freezing cold and shivering all over, Lita was also soaked to the bone, her thin clothes basically translucent and indecent. She crossed her bare arms and angled her head away from the smacking rain that had lightened a bit. It seemed like there might be a break in the raging storm at the exact moment they were due to reach their destination.

"Scared yet, Lita?" Chris asked, his head far too close to her ear for comfort. She steeled her spine and locked her eyes straight ahead to the sight before her. Even in the few moment she'd spent around the men in this world, she knew better than to show weakness. It would only add to their enjoyment. But even though she pretended to be strong in front of Chris, inside she was well and truly terrified.

The pits consisted of a large concrete rectangle that had been fitted into the dirt like a house foundation. Only it had nothing on top, no more than an open concrete box. Inside, there was packed dirt and men fighting. This wasn't the kind of skilled fighting she'd come to enjoy at the gym. No, this was an all out brawl between about thirty different men. A free-for-all. She watched one man fight three others who then turned on one another as soon as that fight ended.

She shuddered at the three feet or so of muddy water that had pooled around them in the rain. Chris nudged her forward until she was standing just at the edge, teetering her boots. Lita blinked up to see there were at least the same number of women standing around the pit as the men inside of it. Each woman seemed dressed similarly to what Chris had handed to her in the cell and she was struggling to understand their purpose.

Lita shifted to take in the other men who were milling around the pits, watching the fighting. Some looked like they were betting on the carnage. Others appeared to have been involved in the fighting and were resting on the ground with ice packs as women bandaged their wounds. What the hell kind of place was this?

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"It's how we solidify our positions in the pack," Chris answered her questioning gaze, "We're all higher ranking wolves by blood, no standard male wolves are allowed to stay. So the pits are how Maxim chooses his leadership." He hadn't needed to tell her that to convince Lita to hate Maxim. She'd already grown to have a special spot in hell for him.

"Be a good slave and hold my shit," Christ grunted, handing over a bag of items for her to carry, "You have one job. The pits are built like this for a reason, so no one can easily get out of them once they're in. The only way out is to have someone help pull you up. That's your job, and theirs too." He motioned to the other women standing around the opening. They were all staring intently at the men below, as if they needed to be ready to anticipate them.

Chris grabbed her jaw hard until she looked at him, "When I reach my fucking hand out, you pull me up. Got it? Fail and I swear to god I'll make your death look like a fucking accident." Ice. Real genuine ice slithered down her veins. There was something well and truly wrong with these men. They didn't know how to have regular conversations. Everything was a threat of violence or terror. Lita could feel the distant thrum of Nyx's claws in her mind and she clung to that sensation. She needed her wolf now more than ever.

Seemingly pleased with her reaction, Chris winked and jumped into the opening. He seemed focused on one specific man, edging through the wild pack of fighting men until he was near enough. He got thrown into a fight when a man was pushed into him though so he began dealing with the sudden opponent.

"I see Chris really has no sense of self-preservation," a deep voice neared her. She looked over to find Ren holding an ice pack to a fresh blackening eye.

"He said he had to bring me here."

Ren grunted, "He likes to show off. And you're the new toy everyone's been talking about. Anyone who pulls Maxim's attention is the talk of the town here. This type of shit will get him in trouble if Maxim finds out, though. You're definitely not worth that, girl. I don't care how good you might look, especially not with your dirty blood."

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What the hell did that mean? This bloodline obsession ran deep here. They really seemed to care about her lineage. And she had to admit all the people in power, looked like Cole. Same skin tone, well built, strong genetic markers like they were all the exact same race if not the exact same familial group. And the women they called slaves were all manner of other ethnicities. They were varied skin tones with varied features. Suddenly she wondered where they kept all the women they planned to settle down with? They would never sully their bloodlines with the women from the basement cells. So where were the mates? Where were the wives? Where were the kids?

She was sure now, that the women who had been screaming last night were lined around this concrete structure with her. They likely all suffered at the hands of the elitist pigs that fought below and yet, they were being forced to participate for their benefit. Lita could feel the curious eyes on her, now that people were realizing who she was. Did they know who her mate was? Did they understand why Maxim was so interested in her? Why he hated her so much? Did they realize how close her and Cole were to destroying their racist principles? A small bead of courage went through her at the thought of Maxim's mixed little grand-pups. A giant middle finger to their entire way of life. Fuck this place. Fuck these men.

"Shit, looks like you're up, girl," Ren nodded towards the pits and sure enough, Chris was glaring daggers at her head, arm outstretched. She swept back over the bodies to find the man he'd wanted to fight but he had disappeared. Maybe they used the pits to settle personal scores as well. Chris clearly already had his position, so there was no other reason for him to fight. Ren walked off to talk to another group of guys, seemingly bored with her.

Lita reached her hand down to pull Chris up but instead of jumping towards her, he tugged her hard. Down. She went over the edge and tumbled towards the muddy, flooded ground. Her head smacked a rock the second she went underwater and it took everything in her to keep her mouth from opening. Gasping, she tossed her head up, sputtering and coughing against the muck. She cupped the wound on her temple.

Chris stared down at her, laughing, a hard glint in his eyes. She was quickly realizing that his distaste for her might not have been personal. He might have hated every woman he ever met. Or he might have actually hated that he found himself attracted to her when she stood for everything he was supposed to reject. His eyes were fire and cruel coldness she'd never seen before outside of Maxim. But even Maxim had a controlled look about him. Chris was wild. Reckless. Scary in the fact that she couldn't predict what he might do next.

Droplets of dirty water clogged her lashes and she scrubbed at her face, "What the fuck is wrong with you?"

"Good luck, Lita," he winked, hopping up to grasp the concrete edge and pull himself out of the pit. He had at least half a foot on her, there was no way she could reach that edge. Panicked, she looked around and finally realized exactly where she was, realized exactly where he'd left her. In the middle of a pit of men fighting like animals. She was injured, half starved and with no wolf.