

# Lita's Love for the Alpha

## Hell or High Water

The man's evil grin showed a few missing teeth, probably knocked out and floating in this murky water. He had an old slash over one eye and several bruises blooming across his cheeks. He seemed exhausted, maybe hoping to take on an easier target as a break. From what Lita had seen, once a person started fighting, they were expected to continue without stopping. Tap, knockout or death. Those were the only options for stopping. Chris had been the only exception she'd seen and she was sure most of that had to do with his position as one of Maxim's trusted. If her being thigh-deep in freezing rain was any measure, he probably hadn't done good things to earn that position.

He lunged fast, tagging her in the chest twice. The hits were firm enough to make her stumble but hardly full power. Was he playing with her? Figuring the longer it took him to put her down, the more time he had before a \*real\* opponent. Or was he thinking she was like the other women? Could he not tell she was just as trained as he was? If not more so. His hits were sloppy, she knew but she couldn't tell if that was because he was exhausted or not.

Lita then realized something that should have been obvious from the start. None of these men knew her. None of them knew she could fight or that she was an Alpha herself. Not Chris, not Ren. Hell, it was likely Maxim didn't even know the full truth of her. That's why he'd been so concerned over dinner. Why he wanted to know if the reports about her wolf were true.

They all just saw a weak girl, injured and alone in the fighting pit. They saw prey, an easy kill. And she'd be damned if she'd give them what they wanted. What Chris wanted. What this man before her wanted. She wasn't prey anymore.

The man brought his fists up to jab her again and without thinking, she swiped his legs. He went down hard, splashing water over himself as she climbed over his body. \*Never give them a chance to retaliate\*, Ace had said. How many fights had he proved just how effective that tactic was? And she wouldn't waste the knowledge, holding the man's head under with everything she had. It was him or her, kill or be killed.

Icy water licked her rib cage as he thrashed below. His face came up to spew water as he attempted to push her off and her fist slammed into his jaw. She didn't bother wicking away the liquid he spat. If she released even an ounce of pressure, he'd be on her. The best thing she had in her favor was the water and his exhaustion because she surely wasn't in premium shape. She could already feel her muscles rebelling against the strain. And she was missing most of her power with Nyx down but she could feel it slowly returning.

The man came up once more, using his hips to dislodge her as he threw wild punches. She pressed her knee into his chest, dodging his fists though on skittered across her shoulder. He went below the water again, his fight lessening. The next time he forced his face up, she cracked his nose and that time he went down and didn't come back up. She didn't move until she felt his chest still. And even then, she didn't have time to feel bad about it. Couldn't feel bad about it. Not here, not now. Maybe later, when she was alone. When she was back home with Cole. But not now.

Lita eased off his body, only to be grabbed around the neck by a forearm. Another man held her from behind as she tried to kick away. Her wild eyes briefly met Chris's bemused ones overhead as she was dragged towards the middle of the pit. And his grin sent heat through her. He was enjoying this, watching her fight practically naked. Watching her kill for his amusement.

She was already injured but healing. Faster than she had been, and if her estimates were right, it meant Nyx was getting closer and closer to the surface. Just judging from her flexibility in kicking away from the man, she was regaining her range of motion too.

"Try not to kill her too fast," Chris called to the man behind her. Her rage spiked. Didn't he care that Maxim wanted her alive? Were they all really this unstable? Unpredictable? The man's arm tightened enough to cut off her air. And she grimaced. Ace said never to let anyone get the drop on her. But here she was. Brody had taught her submission technique. How to immobilize. How to neutralize. She didn't hesitate.

Elbow to the ribs, hands wrenching and twisting the man's arm until the shoulder was hyper-extended. A boot to the joint and it dislocated. In a manner of seconds she had the roles switched, pressing her forearm into his neck as she wrapped her legs around his midsection. He threw them backwards into the water, trying to scare her into releasing him. So they both went, and her head dipped under. Her back smacked hard against the concrete below, his bodyweight forcing the air out of her lungs. Ice flushed through her nose, choking her as she struggled not to take a breath. But she didn't let go. They were both underwater. She just had to outlast him.

When he tapped her calf she hesitated. Would he honor his submission? Were these men even honorable? They seemed barbaric. Like they wouldn't give a damn if she tapped and begged for her life. She could drown him now and be done with the doubt. But she would likely drown herself trying, so she slowly let go.

He kicked away the second her grip loosened and she shot up, hacking at the water in her nose and swiping away the snot. When Lita's head rose, she locked eyes with several pairs looking back at her.

There were only a handful of men left and four had their focus trained on her. The others were still fighting but apparently, the cluster of men nearest her, were all ready to gang up. There was that male weakness rearing its ugly head again. She swiped at her eyes, wicking the water off her lashes.

Out of the corner of her eye, she could see the man she'd almost drowned, getting pulled out of the water by two women. At least he'd kept his fucking word.

There was no way she was going to beat a four on one in this condition. Her eyes reluctantly shot up to Chris who had now crouched down to get a better view. His eyes held nothing of light in them. Only guttering darkness.

A loud splash on her left had Lita swiveling her head fast to find Ren rolling his neck, the water surrounding him sloshing heavily. The black eye she'd seen earlier was all but healed, leaving a faint, darker shadow.

What threw her was his dark look, like he was ready to rip someone in two. Only that look wasn't cast in her direction, it was cast overhead to Chris. Whatever silent conversation passed between them, Ren's face was pure murder as he pulled his eyes away.

When he met Lita's gaze again, his face said it all but he decided to put it to words anyway, "Don't get any fucking ideas," he growled, "I'm just covering my own ass. If Chris wants to hang himself pulling shit like this, he can go right ahead. I like my head attached to my fucking body."

She balked, nodding, "Don't worry, I hadn't planned on thinking you were decent at all. Enemy of my enemy and all that." Following his attention back to the four in front of her, she braced her stance.

"I've got Niko and Cain," Ren insisted as if she had any idea which of the men, those were. But judging by the nasty leers two of the men gave him, she could figure it out. By process of elimination that left her with the two smaller ones. She could've cried tears of joy for the help. And if she made it out of here, she certainly would.

The fighting was brutal. One second after Ren called out his opponent, the men charged, splitting themselves apart to separate Lita and Ren. Limbs were flying everywhere, taking every ounce of skill and concentration Lita had to dodge. But she took some hard hits to the sternum anyway and a couple kicks to the shins. It was the punch to her temple that did it though, sent her railing into the concrete, sent her sinking into the muddy waste water again. If she never saw dirty water again, it would be too soon.

Her head swam further and further away from consciousness as boots crashed down around her, looking for her. She could feel tension under her skin, stretching, expanding like a balloon ready to burst. Was she dying? God if she had been at a hundred percent, if she had Nyx ready and waiting... They'd have been nothing but wet smears on the walls. She felt fire rushing through her veins.

A rough rug of her shirt, brought her head above water again as Ren leaned her against the wall so he could get back to fighting. It was three on one, now. Ren had taken one out but he still had both of Lita's to contend with on top of his own. More fire flushed through her veins.

Yelling, the biggest fighter tore his shirt off, then his pants as the savage sound warped into a howl. His eyes flashed yellow for a second before his body exploded, replaced with the heavy panting of a large, gray wolf.

And for Lita, she might as well have been staring at the grim reaper because those yellow eyes were marking her for death.

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Author's Note:

I'm 90% the next chapter but I still have to edit it so I'll be posting it tomorrow because I'm sleepy <3