

Lita's Love for the Alpha

...You Seek...

Lita ducked into the guest room closet, pressing herself along the back wall. Though in an empty closet, there wasn't much to hide her no matter where she stood.

You can run love, but you can't hide! When Cole's voice boomed those words through the house, it nearly had Lita on her knees. The force and the roughened edge of it were intoxicating. It was taking everything in her to build up the tension when all she really wanted to do was go downstairs and jump him at the front door.

She sucked in a shaky breath. Elise was right, she hadn't been sending the right signals. It wasn't like she was trying to push Cole away, but there was too much shit making a mess in her head. She just wanted him to take charge when all he probably wanted was for her to tell him what she wanted. He wanted whatever she wanted. Lita almost laughed at the irony.

Cole had been searching for ten minutes now. She heard him upstairs in their bedroom for a while before he went back down the kitchen. She heard doors opening and closing softly. Her heart raced wildly in her chest as Cole's footsteps sounded on the stairs again. The mix of stomps and soft slips left her breathless as she tried to predict where he would stop.

Glee shot through her when she heard hit footfalls stop on the third-floor landing. Then there was a long pause with no sound at all. Her ears strained to catch the smallest shift but even with Nyx's help, her pulse thundered too loud for her to hear anything. He was somewhere on this floor...

The thrill of playing hide and seek in the dark had her body more sensitive than usual, nipples tightening under her short corset. Cool air tickled against her bare mid section. And her thighs shivered under lacey boyshorts that were a size too small, most of her hanging out. What good was being caught if it didn't yield the proper result? Lita bit her lip.

Elise suggested that they practice a trust exercise. And for Lita this was trust. They had perfect night vision outdoors with all the ambient light around but inside, in the pitch black, they would both struggle. They would both have to trust their instincts and one another. But she was planning to take it a step farther. She would push the bounds of her comfort zone because it was a barricade she needed to break.

Her breathing froze as the floorboards creaked in the guest room. Her body went hot and cold all over, flushing and shivering with anticipation. Forcing a choked breath, Lita pressed her palms flat to the wall, scooting as far into the corner as possible. She'd left the door slightly ajar, just like she'd found it. And in the dark of the room, she didn't think he'd be able to catch sight of her even if he opened the door all the way.

Her scent would be trickier. She'd spent the hour before he came home rubbing herself against walls and doors. Touching blankets and clothes, all in an effort to confuse his sense of smell. But with her blood pumping and the sweat breaking out on her neck, she knew her pheromones were elevated. As long as he didn't come into the closet she'd probably be fine.

Which he did at that exact moment, removing all doubts of whether she wanted him to find her or not. Her body might have combusted from the scent of him alone. All male. All mate. With a barely-there wisp of sweat. That had her hands stiffening until they ached. She always loved the smell of him after a run. Trees and earth. In his wolf form he never sweat so once he shifted, all that remained was a whisper of male musk. She could bathe in that smell—all warmth and pheromones.

A deep, rattling huff escaped his lips. Any second now, he'd scent her. She tightened herself. Her legs tingling, core twisting in silent torture. She could feel the heat of his body from the corner. Already the small space felt 10 degrees warmer. Faintly, she could see the outline of his shoulders. Lita could hear his fingers sweep the walls. One step. Then another. Her heart was threatening to pull out of her chest. A sharp inhale from his shadowed form had her core turning molten, her breasts heavy and tender.

If Cole only knew how much therapy would improve their sex life, he would probably go to see Elise himself. Cole moved toward her, ghosting over the opposite closet wall. Energy seemed to crackle in the air between them and she was sure that any moment, he would pounce. Only, he didn't. He made a low sound in his chest and continued to feel his way around. The sound of his calloused palms against the drywall was maddening. *Fuck* those hands on her skin. Just a bit closer... She tried not to breathe.

Cole let out a deep sigh as he moved back a step, then another, slowly tracking his way back out of the closet. Her heart dropped, disappointment smacking her hard in the gut. She wanted him badly enough to put an end to the game and reach for him. But in a flash, Cole had swept back in, clumsily pinning her body with his own. He fumbled to find her wrists, clamping them to the wall with a firm grip. Her back pinched into the corner, his chest brushing hers. Cole flexed his shoulders, a move that she felt in her wrists where he tightened his hold. He ran his nose along her throat in one blissful stroke.

"I've been looking for you everywhere," his voice was gravel, roughing over her skin in a delicious way. Warm breath against too-sensitive skin felt almost painful. The tip of his tongue touched the bottom of her jaw. "Your scent is too sweet to miss."

"That's the whole point," she laughed breathlessly, twisting her hips so they could be closer. "I've been waiting for all that Alpha blood to pay off." Cole slid a knee between her thighs, applying enough downward pressure on her wrists that she arched into him.

"Funny words for an Alpha that couldn't stay hidden," he smirked against her cheek, rolling his stubble in a way that sent shivers down her spine. Nuzzling might have been one of her favorite things.

"In my defense, I've only been a wolf for a few months," she released a strained breath, "What's your excuse for keeping me waiting?"

Nipping the skin of her earlobe as a punishment, before tracking soft kisses down to her collar, Cole ignored her snark and whispered, "And what exactly was my Luna waiting for? I wouldn't be doing my job if I didn't fulfill all your needs."

Lita didn't answer, letting him rub his scent over hers. Enjoying it. This was something human Lita would never have found much value in but now, as a full-blooded Alpha wolf, she craved it. The way their scents mixed and claimed one another. If the whole pack wasn't already aware of their status, his scent was always a declaration.

Suddenly her mark grew hot, begging to be touched. Kissed. Everything about their bodies touching felt right, and long overdue. She tensed as his tongue darted out to run along her collarbone. In this heavy dark, it didn't matter if her eyes were open or closed, the sensation was a hundred times more satisfying. Warm and wet. Imagines of his ravenous face filled her mind. Seeing his desire would be amazing but imagining it based on touch and sound alone? That had her grinding on his knee, eager to be touched more.

He stilled over the strap of her corset, running his lips back and forth over the lace. He plucked at it with his teeth, letting it snap back with a sting.

"And what—" Cole ground out, "Are you wearing? This would be the perfect time for the light switch to work." He groaned when Lita laughed, pushing the corset cups against his chin.

"If you could see it, Alpha, then it would defeat the purpose of being able to feel it, wouldn't you say?" Lita pushed herself forward enough to feel the rigid outline on her thigh. His pleased rumble made all the words fly out of her head. He slipped against her harder, adjusting until her legs were wide enough for their cores to line up. His grip on her wrists lessened, then dropped completely as those hands slid up her waist. His thumbs pressed over the corset cups, circling the raised nipples he found there.

"Are you trying to tell me something, mate?" Cole kissed her jaw, the corner of her lips, opening slightly to give her a soft, deep kiss on the lips. "Because I've won this little game of yours. Now I'm wondering if you had something else in mind." He ran his hands over her bare cheeks, where the lacy underwear had ridden up. Legs trembling, Lita couldn't speak. Maybe she couldn't go through with the full plan. Maybe she didn't need to. Her heart sputtered, kicking around her chest. She wanted him naked. Both of them. Skin on skin. Mouth on mouth.

She ducked forward to take his lips but he avoided her. Her small growl had him chuckling.

"Aht, Aht, sweetheart, you'll need to use your words this time. I don't enjoy guessing games." Cole paused. A tremor went through him. "Tell me what you want so I don't do the wrong thing, Lita. I don't want to—mess anything up."

Lost in the world of this story? Make sure you're on Novel5s.com to catch every twist and turn. The next chapter awaits, exclusively on our site. Dive in now!

The sincerity of his words hit her hard, smacking all the doubts away. It cooled her lust enough for her to think straight. He sounded so vulnerable. Like he wasn't sure if the moment would shatter. That chink in his armor hurt. Cole had probably been thinking the worst this whole time. That she was upset with him when in truth, she was upset with herself. And the dead men who were haunting her dreams. Lita whimpered on instinct. Hearing Cole's pain, made her miserable. She didn't just want him, she needed him, needed him to understand just how much she valued him and their bond. Nyx nudged her mind in agreement.

"Say something, baby," Cole pleaded, "Tell me what you want. Help me." Lita clasped her arms around his neck, pulling them so close their noses were touching. It was a miracle she hadn't jabbed her nose into his eye.

"I want you to make me yours," she insisted, leaning forward to bite his shoulder enough to sting. She could feel the vibration of Cole's surprised laughter and the way he grew impossibly stiff between them. "Remind me of the dark promises you made me. Something about screaming so loud I'd be happy there weren't any witnesses."

Cole sucked in a sharp breath. Then his warm mouth pressed hers. Gently at first then feverishly. The wet heat of his tongue zipped straight up her spine. It wasn't enough. She needed more, needed him to be so sure of her love and trust that he would never doubt it again.

"How would you have me, my queen?" He said between kisses when he could manage a breath. His hands roamed over every part of her, cupping and digging in with his calloused fingers. For a moment she wished she wasn't wearing anything over the mark he'd given her. Just a swipe of his finger would have her undone.

"Alpha's choice," she whispered, "Whatever you want. Just make me do it—Whatever it is." Lita wondered if she would have to be more specific. Elise's words echoed through her again. A trust exercise. She could do that because he would never abuse it, would never abuse her. Every day since they'd solidified their bond had proved it. Lita could give him her ultimate trust.

Cole had just reached around to grab her ass when the words finally sank in. He stilled, cocking his head to the side hard enough that she could still tell in the dark. Lita couldn't see his expression but she swore he was probably confused.

She took a deep breath. "I want you to use your Alpha tone on me. I know Alphas, I know *I* can fight it but I won't. Because I trust you, completely. Cole, I love you." Lita searched for a second then held his cheek, leaning in, "I want to prove that to you. Make me do whatever you want."

He went impossibly still, the only sound the steady inhale and exhale. He was stunned, she could tell that much. And even in the dark, she knew he was likely as white as a sheet.

"*What?*" The sharp cut of his shock almost cleared her of all her lust. But Lita didn't let up, running the heel of her palm down his hard-on. He hissed but didn't pull away. She did it again, looping a leg around his hip. She wasn't going to back down.