

Lita's Love for the Alpha

Taste, Triggers, and Trust

"You heard what I said," she nudged her forehead to his chest. "I want you to do it. Take me. Make me yours. Make me forget every time I felt weak because I have you and you make me strong." Taking his mouth again, she licked the seam, waiting for him to open for her. She said to those lips, "You're the only man I would give my free will to. You would never betray that. I fucking trust you. My mate—" she tightened her leg hold. "My Alpha. My love."

Cole lost all sense of reason at her words. Midnight howled his feral pleasure so loud Cole thought his head would split. Did she understand what she was saying? Of course, she did. Her mother had used that tone to control her for years. She knew what it was to give that fight up. His chest ached, wobbling in an unfamiliar way. Her trust in him was humbling and sexy. The thought of her glistening, thoroughly kissed lips asking him to make her his...

Lita's complete submission called to every deep, dark Alpha male part of his being. There was no coming back now. He was still reeling as she kissed him again. Blood roared in his ears then flushed down to his cock, making him lightheaded. His mate was giving him everything... all he had to do was take it. She *wanted* him to take it. Wrapping his hand around the back of her neck, he took over the kiss, fighting her tongue with his. He won, opening her up as his need to consume her grew. *So fucking soft* he thought as he sucked each lip and delved back in. How long had it been since he tasted her?

Too long. His hands itched to undress her, to bury himself inside her in a single thrust. Unable to see a thing, Cole should have been frustrated but all he felt was excitement. The thrill of knowing what he felt for his mate.

Pulling his mouth away, Cole took a step back. "Remove my shirt." His Alpha tone reverberated in the small walk-in closet, momentarily jarring until the magic of it settled in his bones. The air shifted as Lita stood straighter. He heard her gasp, scented the kick of adrenaline. For a second he worried he'd made another mistake but alongside the adrenaline, there was another scent. The sweet musk of her arousal. Her palms brushed over his torso, the sensation so sudden in the dark he almost jumped. Instead, he clenched his jaw as she felt him up. She searched for the hem of the material, probably more than she needed to. Her soft fingertips dragged across his abs as she raised the shirt over his head.

Lita purposefully grazed the mark over his nipple with one of her nails, eliciting a rough sound.

"Remove the rest," he said gruffly, tingling with dominance and throbbing through his shorts. She did as he commanded until he was bare. Taking her by the shoulders, he spun them around until his back was against the wall she'd just been pressed against. It was still warm. He hesitated to tell her what he wanted. It was strange removing her free will even if it's what she asked for. Cole knew she was enjoying it, the smell of her soaked panties making him desperately hard.

But even though his wolf was reveling in the dominance, his human heart was having a hard time letting go. As if she could sense his reservations, Lita leaned in to kiss her mark, nibbling his nipple gently. Her hands caressed his chest, then his abs, ghosting over his thighs in a circular motion.

"On your knees, mate." Cole could hear her heart rate spike as she lowered. He didn't give her any other commands, seeing what she would do on her own.

The first pass of her tongue made Cole throw his head into the wall. He felt the drywall give but he didn't give a shit. He'd patch it. Lita was purposefully leaving her hands off him so he couldn't anticipate where she was. When she closed her lips over the head, sucking the precum away, every doubt disappeared and his hands reflexively went to the back of her head. Threading his fingers roughly, he gave himself permission to take complete control.

"Open," he growled, kicking his legs out slightly for leverage against the wall. "Wider." His harsh inhale burned as she took him. Lita's hands slid up the back of his thighs, gripping his ass as she took more.

"Fuck, baby," he hissed, the exhale somehow even sharper than the inhale had been. His chest burned. The more she worked him over, the more tense his muscles grew. Lita was relentless, finding a deep, soul-sucking rhythm that had him hanging on for dear life. A tingling heat built at the base of his spine as she slipped him in and out of her perfect mouth.

He groaned long and hard, gasping as she hit the back of her throat, her blunt teeth raking over his sensitive skin. "It's too fucking good, baby. Relax your throat and don't move." His command felt like electricity running over his skin, raising the hairs on the back of his neck. Taking over, he bottomed out. The feel of her lips kissing his pelvis with each choked thrust had his balls drawn tight. *Fuck* it was all too much. Lita's nails dug into his skin, the scent of her making him crazy as he came hard, not giving a shit about the sounds he made.

Cole pulled out, slumping against the wall as he struggled to remember his own name. His heart threatened to leave his chest. His legs were weak and unsteady. Had ever cum that hard in his life? Lita still knelt on the ground. Still submissive and unable to move. Even in the dark with his eyes completely blown, he could tell she trembled with desire. Micro-movement in the air told him how badly she wanted to release.

Without another second of hesitation, he hauled her up on the opposite wall and stripped her bare, "I release you, baby."

Lita gasped, her body spasming as she regained control of herself. She moaned when his fingers slicked between her legs, "Cole." Shaking her head, Lita ground herself against his hand. He was losing himself again, going to some distant, dominant part of his brain and he lifted her thighs onto his shoulders and went to his knees.

Licking down her thighs and around her pelvis, he blew cool air over the warm, wet flesh. "You are not allowed to come until I give you permission." His voice sizzled in the air. Lita's core went tight, pulling him closer as she whimpered.

He twirled her clit with the lightest touch of his tongue and she bucked off the way. She rolled her hips, grinding herself over his mouth. Whatever teasing he'd been about to do, went out the window. Cole descended between her legs like a man starved, licking and sucking every inch of her sensitive flesh.

The sounds, *the fucking sounds*, she made were almost sweeter than her taste. She clamped his shoulders with her thighs, grasped his hair with both hands, pressing him tighter against her core. He loved the fact that he could make her come apart so completely. A weaker man might have tried to breathe but Cole just chuckled against her folds, if he died between her legs, it would be a good way to go. She trembled. Her whimpers turned to gasps, then turned rougher, primal.

He flattened his tongue against her clit, pressing and pulsing the rough tastebuds on her until he felt her leaking against his hands. What Cole wouldn't give to see that ecstasy on her face but he could tell by the way her abs tightened and twisted, she was desperate to come apart.

Nibbling her lips, he skimmed two fingers into her molten opening, pressing against her g-spot.

Slowly, sucking her clit between each word he said, "You. Have. My. Permission. To. Come."

The next stroke of his fingers had her coming apart, gushing around his hand.

"Holy," she gasped, breathing like she's run a marathon, "Fuck." She huffed, gulping air. "Cole, holy fuck."

Lowering her back to the floor, he licked up her chest until he reached her mouth.

"I really..." Lita sighed, leaning her head against his, "Have to do trust exercises with you more often."

Cole laughed, his chest sticking to her sweat-slicked breasts. "Well," he kissed her gently, teasing with the tongue that had just made her fall apart, "It's only fair I show you how much I trust you."

Heat flared to life between them all over again. "Cole," Lita groaned, "I still can't feel my legs."

"Fine," he breathed, "Bath and food first? Then you can make me yours." He didn't miss the hitch in her breathing, running his nose over her jaw. "Come on, let's get the power back on." He made himself pull away before he took her right there on the floor.

Lita handed Cole half of a turkey sandwich, swishing the water as she moved. The bathtub he'd chosen for the master was large enough for three and she appreciated the space for her numb legs to stretch out. "Elise suggested that I do something nice for you." She laughed hopelessly, throwing her head over the bath edge as she bit into a half sandwich herself. "I should have cooked something. I got too caught up in the sex part of the evening."

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"Babe, I'd say what we just did was better than nice. Or do I have some more work to do?" he leaned forward, nipping at the free foot she pressed to the wall near his head.

"Aht! Food first," she scolded, feeling the fingers of his free hand wrap around her submerged ankle. "I'm still deciding what I'll have you do for me. There are so many options and so little time..."

His eyes lit with humor then darkened in lust, "It's settled then, I'm taking off work tomorrow and staying in bed with you."

"You won't hear me complaining," her skin pimpled in the cool breeze.

Though they'd turned on the power for the hot water heater, neither of them had turned back on the lights. Instead, they sat in the steaming tub with the window open to the cool, early spring night. Moonlight curled around Cole's jaw, gently illuminating the swell of his pecs.

"You are the most handsome man I've ever seen," Lita sighed, "And you do the most wonderful things with that mouth."

Cole barked a surprised laugh, "Exactly how horny were you, Lita? You've never been so..." He studied her skin in the same moonlight, losing his thought as their eyes locked.

"Have I told you I love you today?" he asked.

"Not in the last hour at least."

"I love you," his lips tipped up in the corner. Such a soft gesture he only reserved for her.

"If you're hoping to get in my pants," Lita grinned, "That's exactly how you do it. Quick study."

Cole finished off his half sandwich in two bites and reached for another. He made a soft sound and stroked her ankle again. "Thank you."

"Lita rolled her neck to the side so she could see him better, "For what?" He didn't answer, only looked at her with a million things in his eyes. Her heart sputtered, threatened to stop altogether.

"I want to do the Luna ceremony." She hadn't meant to be so blunt about it. In her head, she'd practiced saying it sweetly. But his expression had been so open, her heart already wobbling and tight with her own emotions. She couldn't wait.

"W-what?" he bolted up, splashing water over the edge. "Y-you don't... there's no rush, Lita. I love you, I would never make you—"

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"I want to do it. It's like wolf marriage right?" she smirked, "The description sounds better than a flimsy slip of paper. But—" Lita ran a wet hand through her hair, "I also want Jaz to be there."

She rushed to say more before Cole could tell her no, "I know she betrayed us but I've been thinking about it a lot. Elise and I have talked it over and honestly, I forgive her. I don't know what I would have done in her situation. I mean, I lived under my mother's thumb for years. Then I lived under Brian's. I mean how am I to judge her emotional state?"

Cole didn't say anything, just studied her quietly. "I just think she was telling the truth about stopping after we became friends. And I—I don't blame her for doing what she thought she needed to. I don't know what I would have done if you hadn't come to rescue me when you did. I mean, I forgive her. I don't know what I would have done in her situation. I mean, I lived under my mother's thumb for years. Then I lived under Brian's. I mean how am I to judge her emotional state?"

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She looked at Cole's furious expression, assuming the worst. But then he said, "I hate thinking about what might have happened to you in my father's compound. It eats at me. I— I want to go back and kill him all over again, Lita. For you. I don't even care about what he did to me, anymore. But what he did to you?" Cole's jaw tightened. She smoothed a wet hand over his cheek.

"Hey, I'm alright now. I'm home. I'm here with you. I love you." He closed his eyes, taking a deep breath.

"I think—" he opened his eyes, all the love coming back into them, "I think forgiving Jaz is the right thing to do as well."

"Really?"

He nodded, "I've had similar thoughts myself but I didn't want to make the decision for you. I know how close you were. We can bring her back into the pack first thing in the morning. But she needs to see your therapist, yea?"

Lita nodded feverishly, "Yea, makes total sense. We don't want any more surprises."

Cole exhaled deeply, "And the full-time pack therapist was a brilliant idea for the she-wolves in Maxim's pack. I was worried I would never get them to open up but I've heard reports that you're not only training with them in the middle of the night, but now you're giving them a safe space to talk..."

Cole grinned, actually grinned wide enough for her to see all his teeth as he scooted forward and kissed her. "Lita. You're already an amazing Luna."

"Alpha," she teased, "You're going to make all these compliments go to my head."

He kissed her again. "You're sure? You're still young, I would under—"

"You're only a few years older than me, ass," she rolled her eyes, then softened, "I'm sure. I'm... happy."

"If you're happy, then I'm—" Cole swallowed, gave her a smoldering look as he took her half-eaten food away, moving the plate of sandwiches off the tub ledge, "I'm going to worship every inch of you, tonight."

"Well, there goes my appetite for food."