

Lita's Love for the Alpha

A Luna for Life

Lita held the mug under the flush of water, running her fingers around until all the soap rinsed free. She had been holding her breath for several long seconds before Rafi broke the silence.

"So, I heard you're planning a Luna ceremony?" His voice was painfully upbeat, an almost physical assault on the rhythmic spasming of Lita's chest.

She nearly dropped the mug, pinching her eyes closed long enough to pull herself together. She cut the water and set the mug on the drying rack. One breath. Two. Inhaling, she dried her hands on the dish towel and turned to face her father.

"That's what you've come here to say? Years of lies. The fucking bombshell of me being a werewolf and an Alpha wolf at that? Mom's ex-communication from my home pack... the fact that I even *have* a home pack?! The fact that you were all werewolves for my entire life and kept it hidden from me... Or maybe that I was abducted and imprisoned by a psychopathic monster no less than two weeks ago... Or how about that you were ready to sell me off to Brian no matter that he was abusing me and that I had just lost my brother... *your son* ALL OF THE THINGS YOU COULD ADDRESS AND YOU ASK ABOUT MY LUNA CEREMONY?!"

Lita was breathing too rapidly, her pulse a mess of adrenaline and anxiety. She wanted to deck him hard. She wanted to use her Alpha tone to put him in his place... on his knees beneath her where he belonged. She wanted to scream and cry and she wanted a fucking hug all at the same time. It was all so fucked up.

Fuck! She cursed herself as the first few tears spilled down her cheeks. She snatched her hand over them, desperately trying to push them away. "Get out. I'm sorry I agreed to see you. I'm sorry I thought we could talk this out. I— just fucking get out."

She spun back around to the counter, taking up the clean mug. Re-soaping the sponge, she cut on the water and began to wash it again. Lita could feel the tremors tracking up her arms.

"Baby girl—"

"Don't call me that."

"I'm so sorry. I— what do you want me to say? That I'm a fool? Done. I am a fool. You want me to say I'm a piece of shit? I am. I made decisions based on power and influence and yes, money." Lita could hear him pacing behind her as she made small circular passes over the mug. She needed the simple task to center her.

"When I met your mother, I saw a business deal, okay? What she did, having you outside our marriage with our fucking Alpha, no less, wasn't much of a blow. I didn't have her exiled. You have to care to do something like that. Alpha Asher did that to keep her quiet, I suspect." Lita dropped the mug, ignoring the sound of it cracking in the sink.

"What?"

"I didn't know... I mean I guess I still don't really know who your real father is but based on the exile... I have to assume it's Asher." Rafi shrugged like it didn't matter.

"I'm sorry WHAT?! How can you act like this doesn't matter? So fucking cavalier about who my biological father is. Is he— is he the one that sent the pack to help Cole rescue me?"

"First of all, don't speak to me that way—"

"FUCK YOU! I'LL SPEAK TO YOU HOWEVER THE FUCK I WANT... DAD! AND IF YOU HAVE A PROBLEM WITH IT, I'M MORE THAN HAPPY TO LET NYX HANDLE IT!"

Lita's rough inhale burned her nostrils, burned all the way down to her chest. She felt like she was on fire. "You are here to talk about what I want to talk about. Nothing more nothing less. I thought, for one stupid moment that I might have been wrong about you. Maybe mom had been pulling the strings but no, I wasn't was I?"

"Asher married for power and influence just like your mother and I did. Who the hell knows what he does in his private time? Yes, he agreed to send the men but *I'm* the one that made the request. I'm the one that begged, on my goddamned knees mind you, for him to help because despite the fact that our lives were far from perfect and you clearly fucking HATE me, you're still my daughter and I wasn't going to leave you there to rot. Or worse."

"Oh, so you're the good guy in this story? Mom cheated. Lied to you. And you're just the guy left picking up the pieces?"

Rafi growled, turning away to wring out his hands, "No. I have some culpability. Obviously, I agreed to keep you in the dark because I thought you were a dud. A human. No werewolf capabilities at all. Why would we expose you to a world you could never belong to?"

"Humans integrate into Cole's pack just fine."

"That's his decision. At home, no wolf equals no pack. Period. And as far as Brian was concerned... yes, okay I ignored your complaints because at the end of the day, his family and influence would keep you safe and taken care of for your entire life! I mean, an Alpha, wanting a wolf-less girl was unheard of... it was a major boost to your reputation and standing. He's the one who would be able to change rules for you. Create the kind of pack that would welcome you."

"And you didn't give a shit if I was happy?"

"NONE OF US ARE HAPPY, LITA!" Rafi roared, taking several intense steps toward her, "None of us are happy. We're comfortable. We're successful. Isn't that enough for you? It's enough for me!"

"I hate you," Lita whispered. She hadn't really said it aloud but there it was. The final severing. "Your life is fucked. You made decisions you thought were right at the time..." She looked into his eyes, "But I don't care. I don't want an apology. I don't want understanding. I don't even fucking care who my real dad is. It doesn't matter. I want you to leave my pack and go home. I never want to see you again. We can keep the peace but... anything else is off the table."

Once the words started she couldn't stop.

"I don't know what you have convinced yourself recently, but when James died, you both acted like he never existed. I couldn't understand how parents could care so little for their kids. But neither of you do. I don't know if you were trying to get in Cole's good graces because you—" Lita suddenly couldn't breathe, the truth of what was happening hitting her like a truck at full speed.

"That's it, isn't it? You think Asher fucked mom so you want out? But you have no other pack to latch onto, do you? So you thought—" Lita laughed too loudly, too hoarsely— "Fuck you thought if you made nice, I'd let you come here?"

His silence was every answer she needed.

"Get out. I hate you and I truly, truly wish you the worst. Tell mom I said the same." The words came out all at once, like a flood of words she had been wanting to say forever. By the time she looked back up, Rafi was gone, the front door hanging open. And it was like she'd always known, her parents didn't love anyone but themselves.

Lita stared at the open door for a long time. Longer than she should have after everything that had happened. But finally, she let the air out she'd been holding, shed a last tear, and locked it closed.

Looking down at her thin, white dress, Lita had a momentary hesitation. Maybe she should have chosen the other option. Stace gripped her arm reassuringly, "You look beautiful."

Lita laughed, "You're a mindreader. You know that?"

"Just you wait until we can link," she winked and rubbed Lita's arm, "Seriously, everyone loves you. There's nothing to worry about."

"And those who don't love you yet will have no choice but to come around because you're going to be the best Luna they've ever seen," Jaz chimed in on her other side, rubbing her back.

"Stop before you two make me cry," Lita whined, letting them tug her along the grass path. The woods smelled of spring and sunlight as they stepped from the path and into the clearing. Finally, Lita could see what Cole tried to show her before their fight. How stupid that fight seemed now, she wished she could go back and finish the surprise. But this was how it was supposed to go all along, she told herself, mimicking Elise's words. Everything happened for a reason and all those terrible moments brought her here...

With the way her heart pattered in her chest, those few short weeks felt like a lifetime ago instead. The life she'd had before Cole no longer existed, or mattered.

"The makeup is waterproof... and now you see why," Stace nudged her forward. Lita gasped as she took in the scene. The entire pack had formed a semi-circle around a lake. It was beautiful, still water, glowing with the colors of the sky. Someone had dressed the water's edge with bouquets of white flowers and lanterns. Even in the low, evening light, everything was bright and welcoming. In the center of that semi-circle, stood Cole.

In a pair of white pants and a loose-fitting cotton button-up, he looked more handsome than ever. Younger than he'd ever seemed before. Not a single inch of his face held that dark, brooding exterior she'd first met. And yet, the best thing he wore, was his smile. It beamed from across the clearing as he ran his gaze over her from head to toe.

Somehow Lita found herself across the clearing. Somehow her hand ended up in his, the warmth like a soothing balm that promised to banish every chill. She hadn't realized she was crying until he wicked away a tear and kissed the path, leaning in to whisper in her ear.

"You look—you're everything I could never have imagined for myself," Cole said, his voice thick with emotion. "You're sure?"

Pulling back to survey her face, Cole waited for her to say something. But she only placed a hand over his heart and nodded. Perfection.

Cole had Ace, of all people, give the speech. Lita laughed at his terrible jokes and lack of social decorum. But then she cried at his kind words about how much Lita had changed Cole's life for the better. By the time he was finished, she was seriously testing out the effectiveness of waterproof mascara. Stace and Jaz said some words next. Followed by Alex and Andres. She looked around to see that many other women were crying as well, touched somehow by the brief bit of her life Ace had shared.

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!

There was comradery in the eyes of her pack. People who had often felt cast aside and unwanted themselves. People who knew trauma and misery as intimately as she did. Elise caught her eye and held, her arm suspiciously threaded through with Alex's. Lita quirked her brow but Elise turned away, blushing being the only answer she could muster.

By nightfall, it came time for Lita and Cole to join hands and do their part.

"We ask now that everyone tuned themselves to their Alpha," Ace said in his serious voice, "As we prepare to welcome our Luna completely... Into this pack, our lives and our hearts."

Cole kissed her knuckles, his eyes dark in the glow of the lantern light. He mouthed *I love you* and she reciprocated it.

"I, take you, Lita Dillard, to be my mate and Luna. To guide this pack at my side and walk with me always, in this life and the next. With the moon goddess' blessing, I vow it."

"I, take you, Cole Tollison, to be my mate and Alpha. To give me the family I have always needed and to walk with me always, in this life and the next. With the moon goddess' blessing, I vow it."

"Are you ready?" he asked, looking to the pot of coals that held the tiny branding irons. Lita shuddered but she stood tall, "For you, always." And in the presence of their newfound family, Cole and Lita branded their wrists with each other's initials and the new pack name, *Novus* the latin word for fresh. It was a simple middle finger to Lita's past pack and a nod to their new, fresh start. When the wounds had been dressed and soothed, Cole put both hands on Lita's head, "Remember what I said, that linking is like chasing a rope back to it's anchor?"

She nodded, nervous energy coiling in her chest. "Anchor to me," he said. Lita did, feeling the familiar sensation of Midnight. Of being home. Slowly, she felt more things. More wolf presences coming out of the shadows. Nyx stood at attention, watching as each new pack member latched on to the anchor and held. Suddenly, she could feel more than just Cole's love. She could feel the mess of emotions around them. They were all stupidly happy.

The realization almost made her dizzy. She laughed, bright and deep. The pack was happy to accept her. She grinned up at Cole, blinking away the fresh tears, "I have a pack, now." She said it with so much wonder and small joy that Cole almost forgot the last part.

"To welcome and celebrate this union," Ace thundered, "We run!"

Mark and Brody began to howl and others joined in. Soon there was a chorus of human and wolf howls alike as they all stripped down for their run and shifted. Lita could feel it all. The joy, the excitement. The happiness.

"Is it always like this?" she asked Cole right before they shifted, "I don't even have to hold the connection open."

"No, just during the first bond, after that, it'll be like talking to me. You reach for the anchor and it's there. I expect the connection will wear off in an hour or so."

"Good," she laughed, "I wouldn't want everyone knowing exactly what happens when we get home."

"Baby, if I'm doing my job right," Cole leaned in to kiss her, deep enough that it promised heat later, "They'll know anyway."