

# Lita's Love for the Alpha

## Bonus Chapter- Miss Me?

“Tom,” Lita said stiffly, discreetly wiping the rest of her tears and her running nose. “Why am I not surprised you’re skulking about? Are you hoping that if you hang around enough real wolves you’ll become one yourself?”

She relished the startled silence that followed, turning to meet those sharp eyes head-on. He wanted to throw her off but she could dish it too. In a simple pair of slacks and a button-up in a horrible pattern, he screamed spectator. A \*sleazy\* spectator at that. His hair had grown since the last time she saw him, the ends swept behind his ears in a cheesy gelled look. He stroked his beard and Lita wanted to vomit.

Tom forced a tight laugh, “I remember you were always funny. You always had a terrible sense of self-preservation too.” He shrugged like it was nothing to drop a gentle threat. There was a time that would have worked on her but that time was long gone.

He tucked his free hand into the slacks that were a size or two too tight. She wondered what awful mafia movie he was trying to emulate. It wasn’t working. Tom flashed her a sneaky grin, “I wondered if I would see you here. Shocking you’d come along after ousting your mother so publicly.”

Lita internally recoiled but she pretended not to care. Tom had money, not the kind of family money Lita or Cole came from, but the kind Brian came from. More than enough to be comfortable but not enough to make a difference with the wealthy. That drive to become wealthy was what kept him in the pocket of every wolf in power. Her mother and Brian’s father included.

“Let me guess, Brian’s been crying on your shoulder? And you walked over here to \*what\*... Remind me of how awful you are? Remind me how much I hated to see your pathetic face following Brian like a lost puppy? I hope you don’t think I’d look to you for protection from him? Don’t make me laugh.”

Tom looked down at her, tensing as her words struck home. He forced a tight smirk, playing it off like her words meant nothing.

“Was I really so awful? I remember a moment there when you trusted me enough to ask for my help.”

“And I distinctly remember you refusing that help like the scum you are. So no thanks. You can take whatever you came over here to say and shove it wherever that lack of help went.”

His eyes burned, studying her like he had cornered something new and unexpected. Lita despised looking up at him. He didn’t deserve any sign of submission, not even an accidental one. His size was a natural gift, not one he cultivated with hard work like Cole or Ace. Tom’s broad shoulders and height had intimidated her for years just as it had with Brian. But now, Lita knew it was only a symptom of being an Alpha male. She had yet to meet one that didn’t tower over her but she took heart in knowing that genetics wouldn’t save him. She’d put him on his ass if he touched her. She almost dared him to do it.

\*I’d love nothing more than to submit another Alpha\*, Nyx huffed, scratching her paws in agitation. \*Midnight earned Maxim’s wolf but this one...\* Nyx chomped several times, \*this one would do nicely whining at our feet.\*

For once, Lita didn’t bother curbing Nyx’s bloodlust. Tom wasn’t worthy of the restraint.

“I didn’t come over here to upset you,” Tom waved his hand in the air as if she’d be able to see his sincerity in it. “I came to see if you were in need of assistance again. I’ve learned from my previous mistakes regarding Brian.” He turned his head in the direction Ace went, “If you’ve found yourself in more trouble since leaving, you only have to say the word. I could have you escorted to your mother’s residence within the hour.”

\*Tag me in for the kill\*, Nyx growled happily, all the violence of her wolf spreading out into Lita. She subtly widened her stance and squared her shoulders. \*He smells as rotten as they come.\*

“Oh my knight in shining armor,” Lita snapped. “You would offer to rescue me by sending me home to the person that chained me? How noble.” Lita’s mouth felt full of gravel. Her blood boiled at the implication.

Tom was one of Brian’s oldest friends and the male embodiment of a gossip. He knew everything about anyone of importance. So it didn’t surprise her that he’d found out what happened since she left. It didn’t even surprise her that he’d crawled up under her mother as his newest play. What did surprise her, was how quickly that shift had happened.

He’d always taken a sick sort of fascination in Lita’s predicament. She never missed his interest in her body, or the gleam in his eye every time he noticed a new bruise. Lita could give him the bruises now. And she just might.

\*To hell with might. Let me out, I’ll snatch those beady little eyes out of his head\*, Nyx barked. \*We can send them home to mommy dearest in a doggie bag.\*

“I suppose I deserved that,” Tom said, giving her a once-over that lingered as usual. “Maybe you don’t need my help, after all, you’re certainly looking better than the last time I saw you.” He turned to run his gaze over the wall too before he said anything, “Ah, I did hear you weren’t able to pay your respects...”

Lita scowled at him, wondering if he knew exactly what kind of wolf she was now. If he did, he didn’t seem concerned that she’d wipe the floor with him. He probably did know she was an Alpha and he probably still thought his maleness would give him the upper hand. She’d make sure to show him how wrong he was.

“From what I remember, you never paid your respects either.”

“Well, I was sorry to hear about James, of course,” he fixed his face with a false seriousness, taking a step closer to her. “But it was a delicate subject. What with the car being found nowhere near your home but conveniently within ten miles of Brian’s house. Almost enough to make a man wonder if James had been on the way to make a mistake.”

Lita clenched her fists, “It would have been Brian’s mistake. Alpha blood won’t protect a coward in a fight.”

His face lit with surprise, if not a little offense. If he was expecting the weak little Lita he’d known, Tom would be sorely disappointed. That girl was dead.

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“Grew some claws while you’ve been away?” He asked warily as he crossed his arms. Good, Lita thought, he should be wary.

“Teeth too,” Lita smiled, flashing them like a weapon. She stepped away from the wall. If things came to blows, she’d hate to ruin the shrine. Nyx growled, letting her own extended canines show. She rolled her paws, rising from her stomach. Lita let the natural adrenaline from her wolf bleed over.

“No need to get testy,” he said calmly, “I saw you cuddling with your new Alpha. Very heartwarming to see that you’re so happy. And in such short order no less.”

Lita had to fight her natural urge to correct him about who her true mate was. Just because Ace had hugged her while she cried, didn’t mean they were together. And if even that barest sign of human decency made Tom believe that, he was as stupid as he was weak. Tom held his hands up with that testy little smirk of his. Lita wanted to wipe it off his face. “I admit, asking if you were looking for a new master was childish. But, it’s a little funny, isn’t it? That you’re finally free and the first thing you do is run and find a new Alpha? Almost makes me wonder if all this aggression is for show. If in the end, you’re still just a scared pup latching onto something strong.”

“Feel free to come find out,” Lita snarled quietly, letting her body take on an attack pose.

“I have no desire to see what those claws can do—well maybe a little—” his eyes gleamed. “But wait until a little birdie tells Brian where you are...that’s a reunion I can’t wait to see. He’s been so broken up about how everything went down. Did you know he was stripped of everything because of you? Just like your mother. Imagine how upset he’ll be to know that you’re happy.”

“Is this guy bothering—?” Lita heard Ace’s voice but Tom was already gone, swept out from in front of her in a blink. He went from standing a foot away to being pinned to the opposite wall by the neck. The choked grunt sounded like music.

“Cole,” Lita exhaled his name, in question and relief. How had he gotten so close without his scent tipping her off? Normally Nyx could scent Midnight from across the room.

“Threaten my mate again. I didn’t hear you well enough the first time,” Cole growled quietly, his body exuding violence as he pressed Tom harder into the wall. The metal groaned beneath him, threatening to bend against the force. She inhaled the air, looking for his telltale scent, the smell of home she now knew better than her own.

“W-whoa m-misunderstanding,” Tom choked, barely managing to keep his toes on the ground. “O-old friends-s.” All that stature meant nothing against a real opponent, Lita noted. All the times she’d been afraid of him and in an instant, her mate had reduced him to a sniveling pup. She inhaled again, deeper this time. Cole’s scent was there, she could detect it if she focused, but it was masked beneath soap and heavy fragrances. Almost buried under counterfeit smells. Why?

“I doubt that very much,” Cole said, leaning in to whisper something into Tom’s ear so low that even Lita’s wolf senses couldn’t catch it. Whatever was said made his face go pale all over. Tom’s wide eyes seemed to refocus on Lita with newfound understanding. She didn’t care about Tom or what he thought as she focused on Cole. His hair was wet, still curling at his nape, as if he’d just gotten out of the shower. And in jeans and t-shirt like her, the heavy cologne made no sense. She cocked her head to the side. He was...hiding something?

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Ace walked up beside her, his voice gruffer than usual, “Well at least I don’t have to do it.”

“Please, you’re always looking for a reason to kick someone’s ass,” Lita elbowed him. “And where are the tissues you promised me?”

Ace coughed, “I might have gotten distracted at the fajita table. He ran a hand over his neck, giving her a sheepish grin. “In my defense, I’m now able to tell you that they are worth the fifteen-minute wait.”

Cole dropped Tom, who landed on his knees at Cole’s feet. It gave Lita immense satisfaction to see her mate dominate the poor excuse for an Alpha. But something else rose in her. Indignation. What if she had wanted to handle Tom herself? Nyx paced in her head. She heard Tom’s words echoing in her head. \*You’re still just a scared pup latching onto something strong.\*

How was anyone going to take her seriously if every time she had a conflict, a male showed up to handle the situation for her?

Tom coughed harshly, getting to his feet to glare at Lita.

“Don’t look at her,” Cole snapped, his tone sending heat down her spine. Irritated or not, his dominant voice always stirred her baser instincts. “You want to look at someone, you look at me. Though you might not like what you see.”

Tom swallowed and broke eye contact. He submitted his head as much as his dignity would allow and turned away toward the rest of the room.

“Remember what I said, runt. I’ll be seeing you soon,” Cole said under his breath. “I hope you’ll be ready.” Lita didn’t know what that meant but it was going to be unpleasant for Tom.

He paled again, skirting between them all to leave the alcove. She fought every instinct she had to make him submit to her. It was easy enough for him to submit to Cole. But Lita was the one who had been wronged.

Cole took a few deep breaths, straightening his t-shirt before he looked up at Lita.

“Seems like you’ve been busy, Lita. Did you miss me?”