

Lita's Love for the Alpha

Ace

Cole had the bags sent up to the rooms then made his way to the basement for tournament check-in. Several other competitors lined the hallway as he rounded the corner. He saw a few familiar faces of people he'd trained or people he'd fought at one point or another. They exchanged slight nods. Then he suddenly noticed a very familiar face.

"Ace! Man long time no see," Cole slapped his hand and punched him in the shoulder. Ace had been a good friend in the fighting circuit since Cole first started out. Early on, even when they were still in high school, he and Ace would sneak out of the teen fighting tournaments to watch their favorites over in the real division. It had been such an escape for Cole, he'd never looked back and it was the same for Ace.

"Thought you stopped competing, dude. Damn it's good to see you," Ace laughed, playfully putting up his fists to fight, "You came to take my title huh? I ain't gonna hand it over easy!"

"Maybe," Cole shrugged, mimicking the fighting stance, "Heard you got rusty with no competition."

"Hey! Save it for the ring you two," the announcer yelled, "Didn't think I'd see this rematch any time soon!" He leaned in to put a hand on Cole's shoulder, "I'm really happy you're back. We all missed you. Missed you both." His tone turned somber for a second before he shook it off.

"Who am I signing in for the tournament?" The official asked, walking over to Cole, handing him the clip board. Cole filled in each name and weight class. He felt nostalgic. How long had it been since he was in a ring for a real fight? Almost a year? Not since James. He couldn't ignore the pulse of excitement that went through him. It felt good to get back to what he loved.

He just wasn't even sure he was ready yet. Cole had been training hard, eating well, working on his form and technique but the fear of failure was still there. He'd left on top. Would he return to find himself at the bottom? What would that do for the gym? The turnout was already down so much since James died not only because he lost his star fighter but because he hadn't been able to coach through his grief. Of course he understood his fighters couldn't wait for him to get it together, they needed to take their careers seriously but he was ready to recruit again. Step one was proving he could still hold his own.

"Any additional guests go in the bottom box..."

Cole scribbled down Lita and Jaz before clicking the pen and returning the clip board.

"Perfect come get your numbers before you fight. I'll send out the matchups later tonight. You coming to the welcoming party later?"

Cole immediately thought of Lita. He didn't want her anywhere near a party full of wolves she didn't know. Or more importantly, wolves who didn't know she was his, "Uh we'll see how I'm feeling. Might just focus on the fights tomorrow." The official nodded and headed off to another group of wolves, "No problem. Same place as usual if you choose to come," he called over his shoulder.

"Damn man, let's grab a workout! Haven't seen you since...shit well a long time," he gave a sideways smile, "We gotta catch up!"

Cole nodded. Lita was making it hard to concentrate. He just kept thinking about that look in her eyes when she talked about James. The low whimper of her voice. He ran his fingertips over each other, remembering the feel of her cheek.

"Yea let's grab a workout, I need to get my mind right," Cole assured, following Ace's lead towards the gym.

"I know I should have told you but, it just never seemed like the right time..." Stace sat on the edge of the bed, "You had so much going on already and with Cole being such a dick about your mate bond it just didn't feel fair to you. Are you mad?"

Lita shook her head, slowly finding her way into Stace's arms, "it's all so much to handle," she cried into her chest. Lita wanted to feel close to something, anything in that moment where she felt so far from her brother. She hadn't even known him, not really. He was a wolf. He had a wife. Those details she didn't know seemed to crush her.

"Shhh, he wanted to tell you. He wanted to tell you everything. That's why he was back in New York that weekend. Not just to see you, but to tell you the truth."

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!

"It's like I never even knew him. Was I a terrible sister? Was I selfish?"

"You were a kid, of course not. He loved you and you loved him, there's no reason to beat yourself up, Lita. It's why I didn't tell you," her voice dropped like she was crying and Lita glanced up to see the drops falling.

"We're a fucking mess."

"That we are," Stace cracked a half-hearted smile.

"What's it like? The mate bond I mean?"

"It's like...", Stace sighed, looking up towards the ceiling, "Sunshine? It's like the best day you've ever had, but all the time. Every day. Does that make sense? I mean before him I was fine. Regular. Happy. But with him it was like...more. More life. More colors. More feelings... all feelings." Her sly smile didn't go unnoticed.

Lita imagined what that relationship felt like. The heat between her and Cole could be more? It could be even better than it already felt? She shook her head. There was no point comparing her situation. It wouldn't be a situation much longer. He was going to reject her. But when, she wondered? Thirty more days had come and gone since he told her. Each one of those days she started the morning expecting to be rejected. But he never did it. What did that mean?

"I know what you're thinking about, Lita. And the answer is yes. It would be just as intense with you and Cole."

"I was ACTUALLY wondering how you became a bunny?" Lita moved so she was sitting beside her on the bed.

"It's hard to explain if you haven't felt it but feeling that happy, that GOOD all the time, is irreplaceable. I'll never have it that good again, Lita. Your brother was one of a kind in too many ways."

"After I crawled out of that depression, I promised myself I would try to resume my life. I'd never have my love again but I still needed to live. It's what he would want. I still hear him sometimes, telling me to keep fighting."

"Me too," Lita whispered, running her finger over the tattoo on her wrist.

"And the bunny life kind of came to me. All of them left after James died. It's fucked up to say but they did, left to follow the next hottest fighter in the circuit. It's not like they knew about the behind the scenes anyway. Most of them were humans just working the fighter circuit. The wolves were more respectful about it but eventually they left too. Even the fighters. Cole wasn't in a good way and he couldn't train anyone to save his life. It was just a bad time all around."

"Anyway, I met Jaz and she became my closest friend, my rock. She was already into the life and she showed me I could still be a woman. Even if my husband was dead. It was icky for a while, weird even, trying to see anyone else that way, especially in the pack. But eventually, the longing won out. And here we all are."

She looked at Lita, "I'm happy again. I know I'll never be able to replace him. And in this lifestyle, I never will. It's just sex. Two people meeting each other's needs. I think that's enough for right now."

Lita sat quietly, trying to digest what she'd said. As much as she knew she shouldn't, she couldn't help but think about Cole. It could be amazing. It could be fire. But it could also gut her forever, ruin everyone else she'd ever meet. Did she want that? What if he died. Would she survive losing her world twice? She didn't think she'd really survived it the first time.

Jaz came in the room wrapped in a towel, "Gym sesh? Oh shit, you two look like you finally had the talk? Everything good?"

"Yea were good," Lita insisted, "Gym sounds great. I've been meaning to show you guys how much I've improved."