

## Lita's Love for the Alpha

### Don't Get Mad Okay?

A few hours later, just after the sun had set on the city and Lita was lazily relaxing in the hotel room, letting her tired muscles rest, a text came through her phone.

\*Sorry I was rude. You look...different.\* Cole was giving her whiplash. One minute he was being the way he was in the hotel lobby, the next he was ignoring her and being rude. And now he was back to texting her? A month of radio silence broken by a flurry of texts. Lita didn't know what to make of it.

\*That didn't feel like a compliment.\*

\*...it was. Believe me.\* That made her smile. Was he flirting? Lita couldn't help but feel frustrated. She liked Cole. There, she'd finally admitted it to herself. But she didn't like the way his behavior fluctuated. Hot and cold. In and out. What happened to being rejected? He was just making everything between them so complicated and it was driving her crazy!

\*Stop flirting via text if you can't do it in person. Mr. Alphas-don't-mate-humans.\*

Three dots appeared then disappeared. She grumbled, fucking complications.

Then a sudden knock came at the door. The others were in the bedroom, picking out outfits for the party later that night so Lita answered it. She pulled it open, surprised to find Ace on the other side, looking freshly showered and positively sinful in a ratty t-shirt and more sweats. His muscles still glistened slightly and they were completely visible under the thin fabric.

He cleared his throat, happy to have caught her staring, "I was wondering if you have plans already for dinner... maybe with, Cole?" Cole? She was trying her best not to think of Cole and yet the universe kept jamming him down her throat.

Lita shook her head, "Why would I have plans with Cole?"

Ace's face flashed disappointment for a split second, "I don't know, I just figured with the way he stared at you, he'd have manned up by now. Guess not." The last part he'd said under his breath.

Lita couldn't help but be confused. He was talking to her about Cole, when he looked like a hot sex god in a muscle tee? Her emotions were all over the place where Cole was concerned but this felt simple. He wasn't wishy washy or vague, telling her one thing then doing another. She could do simple. Hell, she could probably do complicated if he smiled at her again.

"So, anyway, if you're free, will you allow me to take you out to dinner? Uh, maybe in an hour?" He flashed another dazzling smile and she felt like there was no way she would say no. She hadn't been out with a man other than Brian in...ever? Certainly not one that looked like him.

"Yea, okay, an hour." She shifted nervously. She couldn't remember the last time she had butterflies or good old fashioned nerves. With Cole there was always heat. It hit her so strong and sudden, it clouded her judgment but in front of Ace, she felt clear headed. Excitement thrummed through her.

He seemed nice and easy going. His confidence was through the roof, probably because he was sex on a stick and he knew it. But it didn't come off too strong. He was just forward enough to make her feel like the sexiest woman in the room, all just from the way he was looking at her. Cole looked at her like that too, but then he'd follow it up with iciness for a month or his damn girlfriend. Ace nodded happily and tossed a wave over his shoulder as he headed back down the hall, "See you in the lobby!"

"Who was it?" Jaz came out of the bedroom with a few dresses still in her hands as Lita shut the door.

"Uh...i-it was Ace, he's coming to take me out to dinner in an hour." Lita sounded shocked and a little scared because the second the door closed, reality set in. What the hell was she doing? This was messy. Really messy. Ace and Cole were friends.

"Holy shit! Hell yes," Stace came running into the room, pulling Lita back into the bedroom amidst the storm of clothes, "You have to be so hot he doesn't have an appetite for anything other than you tonight!"

Lita gulped, she wasn't exactly sure what she got herself into.

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!

---

"Shit," Ace swallowed hard the second he met her in the lobby. Stace had forced her into a skin tight pink satin dress that cinched tightly at her waist, accentuating her hourglass shape. She couldn't wear a bra with it but the underwire of the dress held her chest up nicely.

The heels actually leveled out their height difference enough that she could at least look him in the eye. Not to mention they made her legs look like they went on for days. And Jaz wouldn't let her leave without putting some waves in her hair. Lita applied her own light make up.

Ace seemed like he stopped breathing for a second as he took her in and she couldn't help but feel the same. He was in a form fitted dress shirt with two buttons opened at the top and slacks that outlined his length whenever he put his right hand in his pocket. She felt her face heat. He'd put product in his hair that made it shiny and luscious as it fell slightly over his right eye. His eyes heated for a second but then his look softened as he flashed that signature smile.

He took her hand, using the momentum to circle his arm around her waist, "you're not going to make this easy," he whispered into her ear." For a second, their faces were dangerously close, but he pulled back and led her outside the hotel to the car service waiting in valet, "After you." He stood back while she slid into the backseat then seamlessly followed.

During the ride Ace sat as far away as he could while they made small talk. He liked dogs, fought at cruiserweight like Cole, and volunteered as a big brother every week. They both preferred Italian and enjoyed re-riding all the attractions at the fair until they felt sick. The conversation was easy and gradually Lita found herself getting more and more comfortable with the idea of being on a date. She'd catch him watching her out of the corner of her eye, but overall he seemed to be keeping his distance which she appreciated.

When they pulled up the restaurant, he helped her out like a perfect gentleman and kept his hand hovering just at her lower back until they were seated. The place was nicer than she'd expected it to be. After all, he didn't know her and they hadn't discussed attire so how had they both come fully prepared to be at a fancy dinner? Clearly they weren't going to struggle with being on the same page. After the initial drink order, when they both agreed to a pitcher of red sangria, he put down his menu and leaned back in his seat a bit, studying her.

"What?" Lita laid her menu down too, meeting his gaze. Ambient lighting brought out the little flecks of green in his blue eyes.

"What do you mean, what?" he smirked, twirling his wine glass a bit.

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!

"You look like you want to say something?" Her brows curved up.

He chuckled to himself, "You probably drive him crazy." Then put a finger to his temple, shaking his head.

"Who?" Lita sat up straighter, sensing he was about to say something she wouldn't like.

"I'm going to come clean, don't be mad okay?" Ace ran his fingers through his hair, brushing it until nothing was in his face, "I know you're Cole's mate... and I know he's fighting it. So I'm just here to give him a gentle nudge in the right direction, okay?"

Lita opened her mouth, bewildered, then closed it back. She had no idea what to say back to that but she could feel her blood pressure rising.

"It's not that you're not attractive... because fucking look at you....," he took a heavy drink from his glass, "I mean I thought you'd come downstairs looking nice not like a fucking present giftwrapped just for me..." He shook the thought out of his head and cleared his throat.

"But he's like kin to me and I wouldn't do that to him, or you, for that matter. You should be with your mate... is that a mildly annoyed face or a plotting my murder and body disposal face?" He tugged at his collar a little, worried.

Lita didn't even realize she was scowling until he mentioned it. Her blood was practically boiling. One. Two. Three. Four. Five. She inhaled sharply. Men were idiots. All of them. Fucking attractive, respectful idiots.

"That's what you meant when you said, 'you're not going to make this easy'?" A wicked gleam in her eyes made Ace sit up a little more, "And why should I do that? Hmm? You came up with this terrible idea, maybe I should make it fucking hard... on you?" She didn't miss the bead of sweat that formed on his temple, or the nervous look on his face. Lita had come out expecting to have fun and that's exactly what she planned to do.