

Lita's Love for the Alpha

Maxim

That stare made her self conscious but it also made her wet. She felt bad, guilty like she'd done something wrong but she also felt prickling heat and a sense that she'd enjoy him working his anger out on her later. She shook the thought away. This was a whole other bag of crazy. But she couldn't help the way she felt.

She was hurt by being brushed off. Yes, and she was pissed too because she was sure she hadn't done anything to deserve it. Moreover she was confused and the more unclear things were the more tense she felt. But she was also attracted to him. And she felt something else for him too but she didn't know what. It was a hard emotion to place because it was more than like and less than love. Some kind of attachment had formed between them after last night and it pulled at her heart.

Even if he was giving her the cold shoulder, she wanted to see the best in him. She wanted to believe things weren't as they seemed.

Cole tore his eyes away from her so slowly it looked like it actually hurt. He briefly scanned the crowd once more, this time more frantic than the last. He was looking for someone else? But the bell rang and he was forced to focus solely on the fight though he let his eyes find her one last time before returning to Bedlam.

All of Lita's thoughts disappeared as soon as the fight began. She focused on watching Cole dominate the ring. He was a force of nature, moving nimbly despite his imposing size. Lita switched her gaze back and forth between Cole and the very large man he fought. Adrenaline rushed through her like she was the one in the ring. All of that time spent practicing in the gym had paid off. He was sure of himself and focused, dealing strong hits and dodging his opponent. She couldn't help the way her heart fluttered every time he outmaneuvered a punch or kick. This was what had the crowd so addicted.

Lita scooted farther forward, nearly on the edge of her seat with admiration and pride. His movements were sure and viscous, as if he were going in for the kill. Cole wasn't concerning himself with points. He wanted a knockout and he wanted it quickly. His punches were urgent, almost rushed.

"He's something special isn't he? Midnight, I mean," a man asked, scooting into the bleacher seat beside her. He'd been sitting there for a while but she hadn't acknowledged him. Lita turned, half distracted, to respond, "Mhmm, very impressive."

She was in the mood for mindless chit chat but how was she supposed to tell a stranger, *fuck off because I'm going through an existential crisis*. It sounded insane.

"It's been a long time since I've seen him fight," the man reminisced, "But it's like no time has passed. Makes an old man proud to see such fine genes." Okay? The dude was weird as hell but he sounded harmless.

"Do you know him well?" she asked, finally meeting his gaze, clear blue eyes locking onto hers with a scathing scrutiny. Damn, and she had thought Cole's stare was piercing.

He wasn't at all what she expected: a handsome older man in a neat business suit and dress shoes. Nothing about him screamed be afraid but her intuition was pleading for her to tread carefully. His straight, angular face was pinched tight as if he smelled something foul but it didn't diminish his well groomed appearance. His handsome features reminded her of someone but she couldn't place the face. He just felt familiar in a way she couldn't put her finger on.

Lita looked at his perfect attire once more then she glanced around them at all the casual clothes, bordering on wash-day attire, before returning to the man that looked out of place. Was he an owner? A financial backer? His aura certainly screamed authority.

"After a fashion," he smiled, but it was forced and Lita found the action made her more uncomfortable than his straight face had. She decided to drop the conversation, returning to the fight. How quickly could she change seats without making him upset? Perhaps if she just got up and stood near the ring...

"Can I ask you something?" Dammit, he wasn't going to take the hint and let their conversation die.

"Hmm?" she was hardly paying attention, watching Cole try to submit Bedlam, hoping that he'd back off as he realized she didn't care anymore. The long pause of silence gave her hope.

There was something so sexy about that bare-chested man covered in sweat. Without even trying, Cole had roped her thoughts back in. It was like gravity. He would always pull her in. Her hormones felt all over the place, her emotions too. One minute she was pissed, the next depressed, and the next horny. It was giving her whiplash and she didn't pretend it made sense.

"I was just going to ask what you are?" Fuck, he was back. She groaned a little, shifting uncomfortably. Was he making a pass at her?

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"Uh, human," she still hadn't turned back to him, looking for another seat or a clear opening beside her so she could slip away. Her intuition was having a full blown fear response and she couldn't understand why. He hadn't done anything. Really, he hadn't said anything. It was just his aura. Something about him made her skin crawl.

"No, not that, I can tell you're human. Obviously you don't smell like a wolf," he shifted forward in his seat a bit until they were shoulder to shoulder, "I meant racially. You know, you look a little exotic, if you don't mind me saying."

"Oh that," she mumbled, rolling her eyes. It was a classic pick up line she'd heard often. *What are you mixed with? Are you foreign? Where are you from?* Though when he said it, somehow it didn't feel sexual at all. It felt icky, like slime under her skin, like he was asking for an entirely different reason. "I'm half white, half Cuban."

Lita could hear someone calling her name but she couldn't make out the person or where it was coming from.

"Sounds like someone doesn't want you talking to me, Lita."

"How the hell do you know my name?" she snapped her head back, moving to her feet to seize that opening of space she'd been eyeing.

"Lita, come towards me now!" Ace yelled from behind her. She didn't need to be told twice. The man sneered over her shoulder and his eyes seemed to deaden further right in front of her. Who the hell was this guy?

"Cole must be awfully scared of our little chat if he sent you," the man's smug voice grated on her ears. Ace pulled her firmly, using her arm to leverage her off the bleachers. One large tug backwards and she was on the ground, enveloped in his warmth.

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"It's been a long time, Ace, thought you would've been lost to alcohol or drugs by now. What with who your daddy was," the man cleared his throat, "Does Cole know about you two?"

"Who the fuck do you think you are? Don't talk to him like that," she didn't want a fight. Hell, she'd even pulled Jaz away from fighting Erica but she didn't like this man one bit. He was bad. His soul was black. She just felt it. The longer she sat with him and talked to him, the more she felt he wasn't right. Call it a sixth sense but she just felt it as she looked in his eyes, he was disturbed.

Lita could feel the room getting smaller and the people around them closing in tighter. It was an illusion in her mind but the distortion was enough to make her hot and anxious. There wasn't enough air. There wasn't enough room to breathe.

"Hey calm down, it's okay, I'm here," Ace whispered into her ear, pulling her a few more steps into the crowd, "Don't provoke him, okay? We need to leave."

The man stood, thumping down off the bleachers like it was nothing. His aura shifted darker if that was even fucking possible. How hadn't Lita understood it before? He was dangerous. Maybe even evil...and he looked just like an older version of Cole. All her nerves were screaming it. Her whole body was practically begging her to run but she'd been too stupid to listen. If there was one thing she believed, it was that Cole was traumatized by this man and there was a good fucking reason.

"Hmm, it's at least good that you have some fight. I'd hate to add weak to the list of things I hate about you, human."

Ace pulled her again, backing them up frantically until they were into the hall. Lita caught Cole's eyes just as Ace pulled her through the doorway and there was no other way to interpret that look. He was going to kill someone.

"Who the fuck is that guy?" Lita yelled as they raced into the empty hallway, all the lights overhead buzzing and casting a strange yellow haze on the tables of food. Her tight muscles roped themselves together like a wall. Her body, with or without her permission, was preparing to fight.

"His name is Maxim," he sighed, the lines on his face getting more defined with every passing second. And he's Cole's dad. We need to get the fuck out of here."