

Lita's Love for the Alpha

Let's Play

"We're paint-balling?!" Lita squealed. She hadn't realized how much she missed the outside world until Cole dragged her out of the house. Her lighter mood lifted once more to enjoy the love she felt for her mate. The smell of paint mixed with the scent of the trees made her nostrils flare.

The paintball area was large, bins and false walls covered in splotches everywhere. The chaos of it was exciting. Hay bales, mesh and chicken wire, pits dug in the ground like real old school battlegrounds. Where would she hide? Already Lita's mind began to plan her strategy, to find the joy and danger in this game.

She had never been paint-balling but it was something she always wanted to try. The forest surrounding the battleground set up was calm, full of thick tree trunks and dense overgrowth. She supposed it was meant to act as a barrier for sound and for people. Lita looked at Cole, eyes sparkling with anticipation.

"We are," he stifled a laugh, "But...there's a twist..." Cocking an eyebrow, Lita hesitated at the table of guns just as her hand had reached out to graze one.

"I bought this place out for the whole night so...first you and I are going to play," she didn't miss the heated dual meaning to his words, "and then... you're going to let your wolf out," Cole cringed, knowing how sensitive Lita was about letting her wolf out. Ever since she'd found out what she'd done at the tournament, she hadn't wanted to shift at all. The thought alone terrified her. He braced himself for the anger, her temper so quick and unruly these days, but none came.

"No I-I, you know I can't Cole," Lita's chest started moving faster. It wasn't anger that consumed her. It was fear.

"Listen, calm down. It's only you and me here. No pack. No one else. Your wolf won't hurt me, babe, and you've got to let her out. Otherwise she'll stay rabid." When Lita looked away he continued, "Just for a second imagine what it's been like for her, trapped deep down in your subconscious. No one to talk to. No one to interact with. No release. Of course she went a little crazy when she finally got out."

Cole had already explained how wolves went rabid. Too much time locked inside a person's body, not enough freedom or interaction. It sounded bad. Especially if she'd had a wolf all along. If her wolf had endured years of isolation, the damage was probably irreparable. There was probably nothing that could be done to improve her state. But Lita had to try right? Cole tilted her chin.

"I don't want her to lose control again and neither do you," he put his hands on her shoulders, "So let's help her, yea? Let's not put her back in a cage. You're not cruel enough for that, love," Lita was terrified. There were a lot of ways this could go terribly wrong. She was scared of her wolf. Not for herself but for what she was capable of doing to others.

Though, Lita admitted, Cole was far stronger than Erica had been. He could actually fight. He was in sync with his wolf whereas Erica had been banking on raw Alpha strength alone. Her wolf wouldn't hurt Cole and most likely couldn't hurt him even if she tried. That alleviated a bit of her discomfort. Lita nodded her head yes but inside that pit in her stomach turned again.

He showed her how to work the gun and let her practice a few times before they put on their protective gear. Cole's eyes glinted with all the ways he planned to push Lita and she knew it. She let his excitement overrun her fears.

"Alright, so grab a gun and I'll give you a fifteen second head start." His smirk was so devilish Lita almost kissed him but instead she darted into maze of objects, looking for a place to hide.

"First landed shot wins!" he cried out and she could hear the laugh in his voice.

Cole easily won three games in a row and though it only took one tag of paint to win, he'd still shot a few extra for good measure. Lita growled, stalking the maze of objects for the fourth time in a row looking for a way to outdo his heightened senses. She realized almost immediately how outmatched they were because he could scent her out anywhere whereas she was still struggling to use her nose effectively. Lita's senses were easily distracted, a sniff of paint, the scent of the trees, a rabbit rustling nearby, the impending storm dampening the clouds with moisture, her own heavy breaths covering any small movements she might have heard.

He, on the other hand, used his senses with precise clarity as he stalked her out amidst the foliage and shielding. Lita crouched behind a wall of wood and rusted metal as Cole counted to thirty, a demand she'd wagered in exchange for sexual favors because the fifteen seconds hadn't been enough. And if she were honest, she hadn't needed much of a push to offer those favors and he hadn't needed much push to willingly accept. She smirked at the growing restlessness between her legs.

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Ten... Eleven... Twelve...

The counting brought her back to the game. Her heart raced. She needed a way to distract him, to manipulate those sharpened senses. She peered around the wall, looking for something, anything to use. Hot, and frustrated, she peeled off the athletic jacket she'd been wearing. Her own scent filled her. Her scent. It was most of what he used to track her. She understood she couldn't neutralize it but if she could use it to her advantage, that would be enough.

Twenty... Twenty-one... Twenty-two...

She laid the jacket against the ground and snapped out of her hiding place to the long tire tunnel. She beamed at her own smarts as she slid out of the athletic tank and stuffed it near the far side of the tunnel. Lita tugged off her leggings, stuffing into the maze-like rows of metal drums she'd hid behind two games ago.

At last she perched herself behind a concrete wall on the far edge of the battleground, waiting for his count to end. She'd have to be smart, wait for the signs that he was near any of her objects, drawn into her trap. His footsteps were always soundless, even in heavy tennis so she'd need to focus on another way to detect him. Smell could work, if she ignored all the others that often overwhelmed her. Sight wouldn't work at all, the second he saw a flash of movement, he'd be upon her.

Thirty. The count stopped and the air buzzed with electricity as she waited for him. Lita inhaled deeply but so many different scents came in, she couldn't make sense of it. She tried again, willing her nose to peel away the fragrances that didn't matter: grass, rainclouds, dirt. Eventually all that remained was the hot, burning fall air and leaves. The scent was so much richer than she remembered. It smelled like toasted marshmallows, fresh cut pine, damp leaves, hay bales, cool sunlight, crisp air, flames.

Lita understood what they were really doing the second she'd really latched onto his scent. Sure, it was fun, incredibly fun and she hadn't laughed quite so much this last few hours than she had in years maybe but Cole was also doing this to push her to test her new senses. She needed to learn to control herself if she was to have any hope of controlling her wolf.

She studied to location of Cole's smell, waited until she knew he was near her jacket before she snuck a shot. It missed. Lita spat a flurry of curses in her head as she heard his deep chuckle.

"That was almost a good shot," he mused, "And the trap didn't hurt." She looked back around the rough concrete to fire again but he was gone. Lita waited a small eternity before she could smell him nearing the area with her shirt. This time when she fired, she didn't miss. He hissed, reaching for the small sting of a welt on his back.

"Lita," the low rumble of his voice sounded hungry, "It's a naughty little game to strip off your shirt. You've won, come out and let me see you..."

"Find me first," her low whisper floated on the wind, as chill bumps rippled over her in nothing but her undergarments. Lita moved in a flash to crawl under a concrete arch nearby. She had given up her small sanctuary the second she spoke. The sound of Cole's paint bullet splatting against the concrete wall filled her heart with glee. He hadn't found her yet.

"Cheeky..." he rumbled nearby, but made his way back towards the center of the field, where she'd hidden her pants. Lita knew the second he'd found them because the gasp of air was loud enough, even if she hadn't had his scent. Another shot against his back and she ran in a fluid motion until she slid into the crater of earth a few feet away, ducking under the dirt.

"You're getting quite good at this," his voice was a purr now, pleased and heated all at the same time, "Running around like a minx in nothing but underwear?" The rough sound of his voice sent more heat through her, flushing her face. Lita unhooked her bra, leaving it at the bottom of the ditch before crawling out toward the tower of tires. She could hear him walking now. Cole wasn't as composed as before, making more noise against the dirt, walking with more urgency. She risked a glance around the tower to see he'd even lowered his weapon. She glimpsed the rough red of his eyes, feeling the dampness sneak out of her without warning.

Frustration was getting the best of him, making him fallible. Peeling away her final layer, Lita slipped the underwear between two tires and silently ran to the metal fence near the forested edge. He found the bra first and had suffered a hard shot to his chest. Then the underwear which he inhaled greedily, nearly taking them in his mouth. She watched him fist them into his face. By that point his face was contorted with hungry need and Lita marveled at the desire apparent beneath his nylon track pants. She risked a further glance but he captured it, jerking hard at the movement, a broad, sexy smile appearing on his face. Then she raced into the forested area, laughter licking away from her like water.