

Lita's Love for the Alpha

Doctor's Orders

Hearing him say her name like that sent a shiver up her spine. It was so serious, his eyes so intently focused on her, like she was alone in the world. Cole said, *he would give it back times ten.* God, her heart thudded hard in her chest, but she shook the sensation away. She couldn't get the gears of her mind to work properly, but she certainly would not let him get mixed up in her shit.

What was she supposed to be doing? Those eyes. That smell of firewood and fall. His jawline, the hard outline of his muscles through his tee shirt. She'd fully turned around to face him now, her body as haywire as her brain. Why did he have to stare at her like that, flitting his eyes from hers to her lips as he stepped closer? He almost looked like a man possessed. She felt the first beads of sweat building at her nape and Lita prayed it was a fever. She could deal with a fever, welcomed it because at least it wasn't some anxious attraction. She *couldn't* deal with whatever fucked up thing it said about her to be thinking of anything sexual at a time like this.

Brian covered her in bruises, thoroughly convinced her that her was life crashing down around her. Attraction had no place in her head. And *still*, she couldn't stop her body from reacting to Cole.

"You're not wearing anything under your clothes," he whispered, swallowing hard. Their bodies were nearly touching when he palmed the back of her head. His eyes dropped to her chest in an agonizing drag that confirmed they were both behaving out of character. This kind of attraction and heat at a time like this made less than zero sense. And Lita didn't care.

The rough palm to the back of her head should have made her squirm. She should have been screaming, or at the very least, triggered by last night. Those would have been normal reactions. But she leaned closer instead, solidifying that nothing about this was normal. She'd expected the meeting of their lips to be rough, with that hungry look in his eyes, but it was gentle, impossibly gentle. If it weren't for the heat of his skin, she wouldn't have even known his hand was there. He leaned down to her, inhaling the air like she was a drug.

Some part of herself yelled that she needed to get a grip. Half her body was the color of an eggplant, and more than that hurt like hell. Still, Cole's gentle hands were fiery brands on her skin, making her impossibly aware of every part of them that touched. And they soothed. Damn, did they soothe everything ache the alcohol didn't?

He leaned in to ghost another kiss over her mouth and she made a pitiful sound.

"Tell me to stop," Cole sounded like he was begging. He sounded like a man that needed to be pushed away because he would not stop himself. This was the complication she didn't need. *He* was the complication, and more specifically, the way she reacted whenever she was around him. She needed to pull the plug before things went too far. But Lita stayed silent, losing herself in his almost black eyes.

And when his lips touched hers again, it felt like she was floating. Or flying. Or literally no longer inside of her own body. Every pain left her. Weightless and high as a kite, she embraced the strange euphoria that drugged her. And then she slammed back into the heat all at once. His lips were soft and warm as he pulled her deeper into the kiss, their bodies pressing close. His gentle hands applied only a whisper of pressure. Enough to move her, but not enough to hurt. Lita ran her hands up his arms, starving for more.

True insanity was Lita jumping onto his hips, ignoring the stinging everywhere as he gently pressed her against the doorway, working his way into her mouth with his tongue. Her whole body felt alive with sensations. She couldn't stop herself or pull away.

What the hell were they doing and why the hell were they doing it? Lita's mind couldn't form thoughts. Her hands were in his hair, tugging at the roots. As he slid his hand up her shirt, she moaned, leaning back to allow him access to her neck. His feverish hands erased every bruise, working wet, deep kisses down her neck to the unblemished parts of her. He stayed there for a while, growling as he licked and sucked the area.

It would be another bruise and even so, she didn't care.

He was a personal painkiller until his hand grazed her bruised hip a little too harshly and she yelped, pain pulling her out of the lust-drunk state she'd just been in. Cole shook his head, suddenly doused in ice water as he removed his hand and let her down, his expression unreadable and dark. He looked like he couldn't believe himself.

"Tell me," He leaned into her neck, not kissing or touching her but just breathing her in, "Tell me who hurt you."

"What the hell Alpha?! I said give me five minutes to park the damn car. You can't go around breaking down people's do—" Stace stopped hard in her tracks as soon she saw them pressed against the closet door, "Oop never mind me... Didn't see a thing" She backtracked her way into the living room, holding her hands up in surrender.

"Jesus, Lita, why is there blood all over your living room? Who died?" Cole felt Lita slump into his arms before pushing away. They silently left the closet, exchanging a confused look at whatever had just happened, but silently agreeing not to inspect it further. Stace looked up at Lita standing in the doorway and covered her mouth, "Lita... who? What?"

"That's what I'd like to know," Cole growled, moving past Lita to sit on the couch. He scowled at her nose neighbors, glancing in through the busted door as they walked by. Leaning forward to perch his elbows on his knees, Cole flashed his canines at the neighbors.

"Can I help you?!" he boomed, scaring them back off down the hall. He sighed, got up to wiggle the door back against the frame, and sat back down. It wasn't closed, but at least it blocked the apartment from view.

"Lita seriously... what happened to you?" Tears ran down Stace's face as she ran to hug Lita, "Was it the ex?"

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"WHAT EX?" Cole snapped.

"I-this—it's not as bad as it seems," Lita winced, pushing away to head for the kitchen. She needed something to do with herself because the attention was making her skin itch.

"Has it been worse?" Stace asked, her eyes betraying all the horrible thoughts that flashed through her head. Lita hated that look above all. That look that made her feel small and weak, something to pity. Even though all those things were true, it still hurt. The silence on Lita's end was deafening. Cole and Stace exchanged a hard look.

"Where is he?" Cole asked so low that she almost couldn't hear him.

"East coast. I don't know when he's coming back. Look, there's a lot more to this than it seems. I appreciate your concern but... I don't want anyone else involved. People get hurt that way..."

Cole laughed, "Yea, him. Go pack a bag, you're not staying here." He inhaled the air, and seeming to catch a scent, he looked at Stace and left the apartment, leaning the door back against the frame.

"Where's he going?" Lita asked, worried, but Stace didn't answer. Lita huffed, feeling lightheaded.

"Stace," Lita's voice cracked, "I'm so embarrassed."

"Babe, you have absolutely nothing to be embarrassed about. And whoever did this better pray he never comes back, because that man—" Stace pointed at the door—"Is over two hundred pounds of someone's worst nightmare. So, babe, tell me the truth," Stace walked right up to her, her pretty, glassy eyes dead set on Lita's own. "Is this why you joined the gym?"

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It was, and it wasn't at the same time. But so many secrets had come out already, Lita couldn't survive another. Especially the one about James. She nodded carefully, pulling a cheese stick out of the fridge, hoping the spinning visual simply meant she needed to eat.

"Lita, why didn't you say anything? I know you don't know us, and Alex has been hard on you, TRUST ME now that I know what's been going on, he's going to get an ear full for how mean he's been. But I like to think we were I don't know... *something*. Hell, even if we weren't. Even if we were strangers, you could've told me..."

"I've only ever told three people and one of them is dead now..." Lita said gravely, not really wanting to broach the subject but not wanting Stace to think she was intentionally trying to shut her out, "And the other two told me that sometimes people show their love in physical ways... so... I'm sure you can imagine why I keep things to myself."

"Lita," Stace pulled her into a hug, trying not to squeeze too hard, "I'm so sorry to hear that... especially after what happened the other day with Cole and Alex. This is too much to handle."

"What happened to Cole and Alex?" Lita wracked her mind, looking for a memory she didn't have, "It was something that had to do with me?"

"Yea... I mean, didn't Cole tell you? He was supposed to come here and apologize for almost taking your head off. Our fucking werewolf sides are really possessive..." Stace kept talking, but Lita wasn't processing any of it. Werewolves? What was she saying? That those big ass wolves were real, and they were actually *people*? That Lita actually *knew* those people? There was no way. She couldn't handle it.

Then she heard a loud boom that sounded awfully close to Brian's apartment. *Shit.* Lita moved as fast as she could through the apartment, beyond the battered door, and out into the hall. She recognized that sound. Cole's boot smashing down a door. Lita stood at the doorway of Brian's apartment, stunned into silence as Cole raged around the whole place, breaking and smashing everything in sight.

"Fucking piece of shit," he roared as a crowd grew around them. Lita's world was spinning. She couldn't breathe. Everything stood still, as if her brain stalled in the middle of a rotation, and she couldn't move it forward.

"Lita?" Stace reached for her, but the closer she got, the further Lita fell, until she hit the floor, blacking out.