

Lita's Love For The Alpha Chapter 7

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Ring Bunny Business

Lita headed for her last class, slipping through throngs of students in the quad. She felt fully alive for the first time in a long time, still thinking over her professor's lessons in her last two classes and mentally making a note of what to do for her homework. In a week she'd have to start a research paper in Economic theory, write a creative essay in her romantics' class, and who knew what advanced statistics would hold.

She peered down at the building name and room number of her class once more, double checking she was on the right side of campus. Things had actually felt okay again. Maybe a little better than okay, now that she met Stace. When was the last time she had a female friend? Junior high? Lita swallowed the lump of loneliness and kept walking.

Finding the room, she slipped into one of the back rows and saved the first seat at the end of the aisle for Stace. Drawing her hair up into a ponytail, she didn't notice the feeling of two eyes on her skin as the class filled with people. The professor struggled to get the input on the projector correct and Lita arranged all her note-taking tools neatly on her workspace.

As if completely on cue, Stace slid into her saved seat, exactly five minutes late. "Alright, so what's your name? I realized you never said it and I wasn't smart enough to swipe it off your schedule. I'm always happy to meet a fellow enthusiast..."

Lita smiled, already electrified by Stace's amiable nature, "Lita. Enthusiast of what, exactly? Math?" Stace laughed and then looked around sheepishly, knowing she was drawing too much attention. She visibly relaxed to see the professor still struggling with the projection equipment.

"C'mon you know," she wiggled her brows playfully, "A ring-the-bell-bunny? A rope-hopper?"

Lita's blank face made Stace giggle. "A bedspread? A bag bitch? A towel topper? A—"

"Ooooh okay okay, I get it," Lita laughed and shook her head, "Are there a lot of bunnies at the gym?"

"No, we're the last. I've only been in the lifestyle for a few months and Jaz has only been with the pack for a couple of years." Lita noticed that strange wolf language again,

but she brushed it off. People could be as weird as they wanted, as long as they were nice to her.

“You came at the perfect time,” Stace insisted, “Not too much competition. Easy-going men who aren’t sleazeballs. They’ll ease you into it. The bigger circuits are a lot dicier than here. But we haven’t been back to the main circuit for a while. And the last time I was there, I wasn’t a bunny.” Lita didn’t miss the way her eyes went sad. Alex had said her kind had dried up a few months ago. Everybody who came to the gym for James. That name sliced through her heart again, and she winced.

Stace cleared her throat. “We’ll be first-timers together this year.” Stace shrugged, forcing a smile that didn’t make it to her eyes. “Anyway, you, me and Jaz makes three. So, the pickings are solid as long as you’re not greedy. There’s really nothing like all that aggression in the ring. And then you get to go home and tap that too. Or if you’re like me, you’ll get riled up in the ring itself.” Her face told Lita she was having a flashback.

“You fight?”

“I’m trying to get in the competitive weight class, yea. I’ve been building my technique for a while but this past year... let’s just say I’m on plan B of my life, so I figure, why not hang on to something I love and respect, ya know?”

Lita nodded, understanding completely what it was like to be on plan B when plan A went to shit.

“Anyway, let me introduce you to the options,” Stace was back to smiling and the two dimples on her right cheek were so adorable, Lita couldn’t help but find her extremely attractive. Tall, athletic, with pleasant features and pale blonde hair that Lita knew wasn’t a natural color.

Stace cut in, “I know. It’s too pretty not to stare. Plus, Alex’s boring brown buzz-cut could never. And that’s why my damn stylist gets to charge me my unborn babies every time I go.”

Lita laughed hard, covering her mouth as the professor cut his eyes to them. He seemed to be finishing up with the screen so class would start any minute. Lita looked back at Stace. Those kinds of girls never talked to her in high school, but this was college. High school Lita could kick rocks.

Stace pulled out her phone, checking back in with the professor to see he had the TA up there with him, trying to unplug and re-plug the devices. She thought about mentioning the TA to Lita, but she’d do it when she was finished. She swiped into Instagram and showed Lita the first one.

“Okay, this is Andres, extremely hot, right? 10 out of 10 in bed too, my gosh. Gimme your number real quick and I’ll text you the IG info. So he’s a middleweight with pretty good chances of taking home the title belt this year. Get ready for him... and—”

“Can you two shhh?” A woman hissed from a row away. She turned back to glare at them and before Stace could say anything, Lita’s anger surged and snapped, “Why don’t you shhh, nosey, before I tell the professor you’ve got a vape in class.”

Lita raised her brows and looked at the vape clenched under the desk. The woman’s face tightened, pinching hideously before she turned back around with a huff. Stace smacked Lita’s shoulder, “Okay, see that spunk is exactly what I need in a new best friend! You’ll keep up with Jaz and I just fine as long as you call us out on our shit.”

“So, like I was saying, Andres...”

“Wait, if you’ve already slept with him, are you sure you want me to keep an eye out? Isn’t that like poaching... your turf?” Lita couldn’t help but blush. She wasn’t a virgin, but damn if she didn’t know people could be so free with their sexuality. It was kind of empowering. Brian had never given more than he’d taken and there hadn’t been room to have a conversation about it, either. Lita hadn’t found it abnormal at the time because there was so much slut-shaming at her private school for anyone to feel this comfortable talking about their sexual partners. But maybe she would enjoy being open about what she wanted with someone.

“Oh, girl... please, I’ve had them all... me and Jaz share all the time. We’re all clean, you know. And as long as I don’t have a problem with you, you get tested regularly, and you don’t start drama, you can share too. But I think it’s adorable that you asked. I was like you when I first got into the life,” she nodded sadly, her eyes glazing a little. “But I was running from my problems, so it was easier to accept. And if things get a little serious... you can always call dibs, but only on one at a time, okay? Don’t get greedy. We all need a little love.” Stace’s face only soured for a moment. Lita felt like she was getting inducted into a secret society. There was so much more behind the scenes than she thought.

“So anyway,” Stace continued, “there’s Mark, a featherweight. He’s cute. Agile as fuck, if you know what I mean. More than what he seems, ya know? He’ll get on your nerves in public, but he’ll make up for it in private.” She winked.

“He’s probably not going to be a serious contender for a few years at least, still perfecting his ground game. And there’s Brody, a welterweight. Good for oral, but that’s about it because he’s against sex before marriage. I know, I know, oral is definitely sex, but who am I to deprive myself when the man himself doesn’t think so? Any if maybe the right person could catch his eye and open that box for the rest of us,” she playfully nudged Lita, “You definitely have good girl vibes, and he’d dig that for sure. I don’t know how good he’ll do this year. He just broke up with his high school sweetheart a few months back and he’s still in a funk over it.”

“Then there’s Alex, but please god, don’t tell me if you sleep with my brother,” she made a disgusted face, “He’s in the light heavyweight class and he’s supposed to be fighting locally this weekend, if you’re down to come. He’s great and everyone thinks he’ll win the title this year. But I’m his sister, so I’m biased. Anyway, and then there’s Alpha, well Cole is his name, but he’s not really with the program, you know? So, I wouldn’t even bother. I’ll send you his Instagram, anyway.” With a few clicks of her fingers, Stace had sent Lita a link to each of their profiles and diligently watched as Lita added them as friends.

“What do you mean, not with the program?” Lita kept saying his name in her head. Cole. Why did it sound so good?

“I don’t know if now... is the best time to discuss it,” she gritted her teeth, glancing behind Lita’s head.

“No, come on, I’ve met him like twice. He’s kind of a jerk, but it wouldn’t hurt to tell me, anyway.”

Stace tried to stifle her smile and repeated her quick glance backwards down the row. What the hell was she looking at?

“He hates ring bunnies,” Stace rolled her eyes, whispering, “He’s nice to me because I’m Alex’s sister and that’s his Beta, but otherwise, he’d be a dick to me too. He’s a cruiserweight and 225 pounds of aggression on a stick. But he’s hot, and he knows it. He’s an ass, but he’s by far the most desired in the bigger circuit. From what I hear, he even gave James a run for his money... shit...” Stace got uncomfortable again, turning away from Lita for a second, who was feeling the sting in her chest, too.

“Hey, um, I probably shouldn’t ask but... Alex said you’re a psycho fan? Or like you were... a fan of James?” Stace mumbled under her breath. Lita didn’t make a move or say anything.

“Well, I should tell you that none of us talk about him, so don’t ask. Alpha especially. Me either. Don’t even bring up his name. Sometimes I slip up, but I’m serious. It’s a no-go zone, okay? If you want to stay, it’s the biggest rule.”

Lita nodded sharply. “Why do they use those titles? Alpha... Beta? What’s it mean?” Lita asked to change the subject.

“It’s complicated...” Stace answered quietly, “Just think of it like rankings, okay? You won’t ever need to know them, anyway. I just texted you all the info and I’ll introduce you to Jaz tonight at the gym. You’re coming right? I noticed you stopped coming in the morning... and most of the fighters I told you about come at night to the exclusive class with Alex and Cole. You kind of have to be in the pack, but I’m officially inviting you, okay? I used to run the class for the other bunnies, but now it’ll just be us three.”

“Oh, okay yea, I’ll be there. Anything to get out of Alex training me,” Lita cringed. Her body felt exhausted every day, “I’m on board as long as you can help me avoid Cole. I guess he just gives me a weird vibe,” Lita shrugged and Stace’s face turned beet red as she looked behind Lita again. This time Lita followed her gaze to none other than Cole himself, whose eyes cast that same dark heat she’d felt that night at the gym. Shit.

“I should’ve probably mentioned he’s the TA for our class... huh?” Stace stifled an obnoxiously loud snort, “But the way he’s been staring a hole in the back of your head, I might have been wrong about if he was with the program. Maybe he was just waiting...”

Lita laughed, turning away from his heated glare, “He’s hated me since day one, so I guess I made a terrible impression. And it doesn’t matter anyway, you’ve listed more than enough men for me to be fine blowing that one off the roster.” Lita forced a laugh, internally frozen at the thought that Brian might hear her bullshitting. He wasn’t in this class. He probably wasn’t even on campus anymore for the day and yet, the fear remained. If he wanted to keep tabs on her, he would. And he often did. It was another reason she kept the gym such a secret.

“Okay, well if you’re cool with it, we can hit the mall real quick before training tonight? I’ve seen what you wear and, no offense or anything, but if you intend to catch the eye of the guys I mentioned, you’re gonna have to dress the part.”

“Alright class!” The professor called out, “We’re finally up and running. Let’s get to work, shall we?”