

Lita's Love For The Alpha Chapter 10

Lita's Love For The Alpha Chapter 10

By _ / September 18, 2024

Lita's Love For The Alpha Chapter 10

freak

“Please never say that again,” Stace begged, putting on her serious face. “Ok Lita, you’re going to learn to fight against the punching bag. Wouldn’t want you to get knocked out on your first day of real training, right?”

Stace and Jaz slid over two large punching bags that hung from the ceiling and Jaz immediately got to work on her kicking technique with the one in front of her. While Stace positioned the other one in front of Lita. As they got set up, the overhead lights flicked off, dimming the room with ambient light. And a colorful array of neon lights flickered on around the room. For the second time, Lita really loved the atmosphere of the gym at night. With all the lights everything felt exciting, and since she’d never been to a club, she enjoyed the experience that much more. As if on cue, someone cut on the music overhead, the bass making Lita’s pulse jump in excitement.

“Plant your feet here. Right foot there and left there,” Stace insisted, ignoring the club-like ambiance the lights created as if it were totally normal. Lita moved exactly as Stace motioned. “Good. Square your shoulders like this. Bend this knee. Mmhmm, perfect. And you’re going to make a fist like this.... not like that. You’ll break your damn thumb like that. Okay good, yea, like that.”

After a few minutes, Stace found Lita’s position suitable enough to learn her first motions.

“Okay. This is a fighting stance. A basic fighting stance. Now throw a punch.”

Lita struck out at the bag, which had no reaction at all to being struck by her. She caught Jaz’s stifled laugh out of the corner of her eye. Damn, she really was a weakling

“Jesus. Terrible. Never been in a fight before at all, huh? Keep tension here,” Stace placed a hand on her stomach and wiggled the skin, “Abs tight, tighter, good. And hold your arm firm, not loosey goosey like that. Looks like a noodle hitting a wall. See, watch me... Tension in the gut and throw a controlled strike like you’re punching through the target.” Stace pulled back and landed a powerful hit on the bag, which pitched away from them before creaking a swing back to meet them once more. Lita’s mouth fell open and Jaz mumbled something about showing off.

Stace mimicked the motions a few more times so Lita could see the proper execution before telling Lita to try again. "And remember to follow through with the motion, okay? Don't just stop when you hit the bag. That way, you'll keep the most power in your punch as you connect."

Lita continued to practice. And as her right arm felt as if it would snap off, Stace had her switch to the left until she stood with two noodles at her sides.

"That really wasn't as terrible as I thought it would be-

"Wait until tomorrow. You can't feel your muscles right now," Jaz groaned. "Just wait for it."

introduce her, Jaz. What do you think? Wanna take

Stace interrupted Lita excitedly. "Oh great, look, the fellas are all finished their workout too, let's go in bets on who's gonna bite first?"

"Mark" they said in unison over a burst of giggles and shoves. That man was a gift to a woman's vagina, Jaz assured her.

Trying and failing to come up with any reasonable way to get out of meeting everyone, Lita steadied herself and followed behind the ladies towards the weight training area. Lita needed something to do with her hands. Why the hell was she a ball of nerves? She just kept hearing that husky voice in her damn ear. Are you okay? She was letting him get under her skin. Thankfully, as she glanced around Jaz's shoulders, she could see he wasn't with the others. She internally thanked whatever gods were listening.

"Hey fellas!" Stace exclaimed with an easy wave. The men were in various states of stretching and cleaning up the area. Lita was trying to place faces

names as she they all seemed to drop whatever they were doing and give the women their attention. Lita stood behind Jaz and the men hadn't seemed to catch wind of her vet. Do something with your fucking hands! Lita begged herself, suddenly aware that she was standing with her hands awkwardly pressed together over her stomach. If anyone saw her, it would look like she needed to go to the bathroom.

Lita quickly reached up to undo the messy bun sitting on top of her head as the others made simple conversation.

So... everyone meet our newest bunny... Lita!" Stace squealed as she and Jaz sharply parted ways to allow the men full view of Lita just as her wavy black hair tumbled down over her shoulders. She couldn't help but realize they were all as muscular and attractive as the online photos had made them seem. And they were all staring at her with wide eyes. She waved in a nervous and jerky motion that drew every wide eye.

Hi," she said in a small voice, dread pooling low in her gut. Why were they looking at her like she had something on her face? And then two of the men shared a secret look before turning back to Lita. The third man looked squeamish, like he might throw up, and Lita tried to pretend it didn't make t feel like shit.

o, we finally get to meet the infamous psycho bunny?" one of them said before bursting into a loud laugh.