

Lita's Love For The Alpha Chapter 2

Lita's Love For The Alpha Chapter 2

By / September 18, 2024

Lita's Love For The Alpha Chapter 2

Negotiations

“Oh, are we negotiating now?” He played it cool, but Lita could tell he perked up. The gym could obviously use the money to work on the exterior, she assumed. This was the pressure point she'd already planned for. Her parents were expecting her to pick an upscale gym anyway, they wouldn't even bat an eyelash at the price, whatever it was.

“I want to join the gym—the fight club—and I'm willing to pay for it. Money's not an issue.”

Lita really hated to play the money card. It wasn't like she was one of those socialites that only cared about shopping and Instagram. And she wasn't a snob like her parents. But money had its uses. It inevitably opened a lot of doors that would have otherwise remained closed for her. Especially when men wouldn't take her seriously and that had happened more times than she could count. She often had to find ways outside of her temper to get things done.

“I don't negotiate with terrorists, lady,” he smiled like he'd caught a fish on a hook. He didn't see that he was the fish.

“I have done nothing. All I did was step foot in the gym and already I'm a terrorist?”

“You step foot in here and disrupted half the workouts—” he nodded his head to the larger gym and Lita saw that most of the men were watching. Some laughed, some nudged each other. But no matter what they were doing, it was clear they had all stopped working.

“The attention span of a man is not my problem,” Lita said plainly, “I'll pay double the yearly membership fee upfront if you let me train here. C'mon, every gym has beginner classes. Or at least personal training?”

“Not us,” he shrugged, “This ain't the place for beginners and this ain't the place for a clueless girl with as much muscle as a chihuahua.”

That stung, and Lita didn't suppress the flinch. He saw the reaction and softened a fraction, “Look, I can recommend another gym if you let me write it down.” He turned toward the desk outside the office area and Lita followed.

“No, I have to train here.”

He spun, his face scrunched like she'd said something suspicious, “Why? Why are you willing to pay so much? Why do you really want to train here?”

“I just... used to follow the social media news about your famous fighter, James Dillard. He trained here, right?” Lita had to think on her feet, and she wasn't very good at it. As soon as he'd applied a little pressure to her reasoning, she'd gone and said the last fucking name she wanted anyone to know about. James was her reason for being there, but not in the way they thought.

“So... that's how you got the address? You're one of those?”

“One of what?” her stomach clenched. Did he somehow know the truth? Was her plan going to fall apart before it had even come together?

“One of those psycho fans, looking for a connection with a dead fighter?” he spat the words as if it disgusted him. That made two of them. “Or... are you something else?” he accused. “Some kind of ring bunny?”

What was a ring bunny? She wondered who she could ask about that. She was sure from his expression she wouldn't be asking him.

“You look more like a crazy fan than anything else, and I don't like crazy. Even if you are rich,” his face went hard, his disdainful tone shocking Lita. Apparently, he didn't approve of whatever he thought of her. But the suspicion melted from his eyes once he labeled her, “Triple the yearly fee. Man, I thought your kind moved on to the next best thing a few months ago.” His tone told her he resented the idea. She did too. There was no moving on from James as if he'd never existed.

Lita took a deep, shaky breath. She shuddered to think of James. Saying her brother's name out loud had nearly brought her to tears. She couldn't believe it had been nearly a year already since she'd last seen him. She lightly fingered the tattoo as an automatic reaction. She didn't care what this gymhead called her. Or what he thought about her. She had to do this. Time was running out.

“Triple is fine,” Lita shrugged, “So what's it to be, do we have a deal?”

Lita had been sure Gymhead was about to agree when suddenly two more giant men came waltzing from the back. Their laughing banter died as soon as one of them saw Lita. That man turned to face her and immediately it felt like he overshadowed everything. She forgot about the gym, about her reason for being there. Lita even forgot about the annoying conversation she'd just had with Gymhead as she shifted her gaze to this new man's piercing dark eyes.

The man took her in from head to toe and his eyes hardened, nostrils pinching angrily. It was apparent that he didn't like her, though, for the life of her, Lita couldn't say why. She stole a brief glance down at herself and came up empty. Yea, she looked like shit, but nothing about her should have been offensive.

The man was tall, taller than the Gymhead by another half foot. She could see the bulk and definition of his body—every bit built for fighting—even in a long-sleeved shirt and jeans. She made another mental note to cross-reference him with the photo as well.

His hair was a little unkempt, but his face was shaved and fresh. No hard lines or dark circles like Lita. This man was all rugged beauty. Lita watched his face tighten as he glared at her, rubbing the side of his jaw in what seemed to be confusion. He made her palms sweat with an unfamiliar heat. This wasn't good. She couldn't let him break her concentration or disrupt how far she'd gotten with negotiations.

"Do we have a deal?" she asked, her voice shakier than she would have liked. She turned to Gymhead and waited. Lita started getting more anxious. She couldn't lose focus. Not for a second. Gymhead turned around to exchange a silent look with the other man. His expression seemed to harden as well.

"What part of this ain't a gym, it's a fight club, don't you understand? You ain't a fighter. And we don't do beginners. So, you've gotta go." Gymhead grumbled as he turned his attention back to her, trying to backtrack his way to the original point: Lita wasn't one of them and she wasn't welcome.

"Then I'll learn on my own! All I need is a place to do it." Lita was determined to see this through. She hadn't been sure about the absurd idea when she sat in the parking lot and there was a tiny petty part of her that wanted to just give up. But now that she was inside, she knew coming here was the right decision. Something about the place calmed her, drew her in, and made her want to stay close.

She glanced back at the menace behind Gymhead. No, he definitely didn't make her feel calm. In fact, he made heat grow at the base of her spine. Definitely not calm, but he was one man. It wouldn't be hard to avoid him. However, being surrounded by these other muscular men helped her emotions. She felt safer than she had in a long time. Like that familiar presence of James in her life once more.

"You'll learn what, exactly? 'Cause we sure as hell can't be talking about fighting. You weigh what? 90... 100 pounds soaking wet? Not gonna happen, honey," he shook his head. Another fucking pet name. Lita couldn't help but steal another glance back at the man in the doorway. This was his fault. His eyes were like beacons, they kept pulling her in and now he looked as if her very presence disgusted him. If he cost her this opportunity, the feeling would be mutual.

"Aren't there any other ring bunnies here? Couldn't I train with them?" Lita faked a desperate tone. If Gymhead believed she was like those women, whoever they were,

maybe he'd concede. It didn't matter what the truth was. A moment passed, and she swore she heard an animal rumble. She glanced around for a dog anywhere but came up empty. She returned her focus to Gymhead, watching him mull it over for a minute, turning his head slightly toward the man behind him.

"What do you think, Alpha?" Gymhead asked, startling Lita right out of her mind. That was the owner? Suddenly, her body felt too hot, too tense. She pushed up her sleeves just to get a bit of air on her flushed skin. Lita wasn't sure if her gamble would pay off. It was as if the two men were communicating with each other, but neither of them spoke. Alpha's eyes flickered down to her forearms and froze. She followed his gaze and cursed under her breath, tugging her sleeves back down. She tried to play it off with an awkward smile, but he'd already seen the fingerprint-sized bruises.

It was apparent in the way he continued to stare at them, as if he could see through her shirt. How could she forget why she wore this outfit? Lita wanted to bolt, to say never mind to the whole idea and run. She'd already made a handful of grave mistakes in only a few minutes. How would she last through the school semester without making an even bigger mess for herself?

"Five times the membership fee, upfront. Don't get in the way and don't be weird. Don't ask anyone here about James. And yea... we can have a fucking deal," Gymhead said sharply, breaking her thoughts.

"Agreed." She didn't need to think about it. She'd already chosen this path before she left her apartment.

"Fine. Hit the mats. Let's see what we're working with."

"What?" she balked, assuming she misunderstood. But the way neither man blinked a second time told her that Gymhead had meant every word.