

Accidental Surrogate

Chapter 286: Home as Fast as we Can



Ella

The minute Hank gave his assent, Sinclair was moving, gathering me up into his arms and striding for the clinic’s door. We drew quite a few eyes on our way out – a gigantic man carrying a little pregnant woman bodily out of the doctor’s office, and her laughing with glee all the way. But I didn’t care. I ignored them all, pressing myself close to Sinclair, eager for his warmth and his comfort and his love.

We don’t say a word to each other on the ride home. Instead, I stare out the car’s windshield with Sinclair’s hand grasped in my own, my breath coming in short pants. My mind wanders back and forth between the thoughts of my child and my pregnancy, and the thought of my mate –

My mate his hard–muscled body, which I’ve wanted for weeks but haven’t even dared *to* touch outside of the dream space, for fear of losing control. Of his mouth, hot on mine, of his thick, hard cock, pressing against me, slipping inside me and

“You have to stop,” Sinclair growls, glancing at me as he speeds through traffic, weaving in and out of slower cars with expert grace. “I can feel what you’re thinking – I can smell it – and if you don’t stop I’m going to pull this car over right here

“Do it,” I dare, smirking at him, squeezing his hand hard. “Pull the car over, Dominic.” Then, I let his hand go and lean forward, slipping my hand onto the soft wool of his suit pants, moving it slowly upwards.

“God damn it, Ella,” Sinclair growls, snatching my hand away and glancing a glare at me. “We didn’t come this far to die in a car crash.”

I just smirk, settling back in my seat and closing my eyes, pressing my legs together against the steady ache that’s growing there. Then, I lean my head back and let my mind wander, thinking about all the things I’m going to do to him the moment I get him in bed...

Sinclair’s snarl rips through the car.

The door to our house bangs open and I see one of our housemaids start in surprise as Sinclair storms through it, me in his arms. I barely manage to shoot her an apologetic look before Sinclair heads for the stairs, taking them two at a time. He moves with an agile grace, faltering only when I lean forward to press a kiss to his neck. He gives me a dirty look for torturing him, one that makes my stomach twist in anticipation, and then kicks our door open, heading straight for the bed.

Things slow down as we get there, though. Sinclair takes a moment to hold me close, lifting my face to his and kissing me deeply, as if never wanting to put me down. I wrap my arms around his neck and kiss him back, letting him feel my joy at being able to hold him again, to be with his body the way that feels right to me, to let him feel my hunger and my desire. After a moment, though, Sinclair kicks the door shut behind us and lays me gently on the bed.

Then, he strips off his shirt and I get a good look at everything that I’ve been missing.

My eyelids drift low as I take in my mate, the rippling muscles of his pecs and abs, the broad shoulders and the tight, tapered waist. God damn it, but I want to run my tongue over every tortured inch of him.

“So, Alpha boss,” I tease, leaning back on my elbows and pressing my legs primly together. “What do you want to do now?”

Sinclair becomes a feral thing, a predator looking carefully at his prey, deciding precisely how he wants to pounce. He grips his belt, tugging it loose in a single jerk and pushing the waist of his pants so that they fall to the floor, his shorts going with them. And then he’s standing naked before me, his proud cock rigid and eager.

Then, he moves, coming forward onto the bed, crawling over me as he did the last time we were close like this, making his body a cage over me, one from which I have absolutely no desire to escape. As he closes the space between us, I feel my pulse rachet up even further, watching him move with unending slowness above me.

And suddenly, I realize that this is his game, and I smirk. I tortured him in the car, and now he’s paying me back, making me wait while he lingers above me. The wolf in me rises to the bait, giving a snarl as I pull his face down to mine, claiming him. Mine mine mine.

He melts, then, giving in, his arms almost collapsing as he gives his body what it desires, which is to be close to me, with me, now. I twist to the side, not wanting him to crush me beneath him, and Sinclair lands next to me on the bed as I opening my mouth to him completely, letting him explore me with his tongue as I gasp and moan.

Sinclair’s hands move fast now, quickly moving to my hips to shove my stretchy leggings down. He breaks his mouth away from me for a moment to tug the fabric free of my legs and ankles, and then briskly pulls my shirt and my bra up over my head in a flash. I laugh as he works, as eager as he is to be free of these materials, to feel him on every inch of me instead of the cotton that I’ve had pressed against my skin for weeks.

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He growls through clenched teeth as he tosses the clothing away and I press my body fully against his or, at least, as close as I can get, with my gigantic stomach in my way. But I feel absolutely no shame or hesitation, which surprises me. I had always thought that I wouldn’t feel s*xy pregnant, with a big belly and swollen ankles making my body feel unfamiliar. But with the way Sinclair runs his hand along the length of me now – cupping my fully breast eagerly in his palm, moving his hand over the expanse of my body and dipping around my back to grip my ass – I feel so alive, and womanly, and desired. (1)

The hard, eager throb of Sinclair’s cock against my leg only confirms this feeling, deepening it, as Sinclair repositions me, turning me so that my back is to him while I lay on my side.

“I can’t wait any more, Ella,” he murmurs, pressing kisses along my shoulder and neck, taking a moment to run the edge of his sharp teeth against my tender skin and making me shiver with anticipation. “I can’t not be inside of you right. f*cking. now.”

I press my backside against him, letting him know I’m ready, and he slips a hand between my legs, my assent confirmed by the wetness that coats his fingers as he strokes me, making me ready for him. “Good girl,” he murmurs, and I shiver with pleasure as he moves his hand to his cock to spread my wetness there. “I’ve been starving for you for weeks.”