

Accidental Surrogate

Chapter 287: Weeks to Wait

“Liar,” I murmur, glancing at him over my shoulder as he positions himself against my center, running his head up and down my s*x, teasing me. “You haven’t been starving. You’ve been f*cking me in my dreams. Wasn’t that enough to keep the hunger at bay?”

He chuckles lowly, bringing his cock back to my center and slowly beginning to press into me.” You tell me,” he says, gasping as he goes. “When I f*ck you in your dreams, does it feel anything like this?”

And suddenly I’m gasping too as he starts to fill me, my vision flooded with stars as I press my eyes shut and moan into the fabric of my pillow. Every inch of him stretches me, feeling like an unending fullness as I feel the swell of his head making room for the rest of him on its path deeper inside me. The sensation rips through me like a storm, the pleasure of it and my hips buck against him, urging him on, needing more

Sinclair gives a rough shudder as he finishes seating his length deep inside me. Then, he rocks his hips back, making me groan anew to feel him pull out an inch, and then slam again home. Sinclair wraps himself closer around me, one hand finding my breast as he repeats the action again and again, a rough, feral pounding over which neither of us have control. The sensation builds in me as his other hand slips over my hip, pressing against my swollen and greedy clit, and I cry out as he presses me there, increasing his pace as he does.

“I’m sorry,” he grits through his teeth, completely undone by the intensity of this after months of wanting, and abstaining, and holding back. “F*ck, Ella, I’m sorry – I can’t last – you’re so f*cking

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And then he gives a final spasm and a cry and I feel him spill loose in me, the sensation warm and thick and rich, and the thought of it – of him bursting thick spurts of hot cum inside of me – makes me spill over, my orgasm making me rock my hips back hard against him, forcing him deeper against that favorite place inside of me that makes me shake and shiver.

We lay there for awhile, spent, my back pressed against his chest, panting quietly. “Ella,” he whispers after a moment, my name barely audible on his breath. “Are you...are you all right?”

I nod my head, my eyes closed, letting my body feel the afterthought of the shivers that still run through me from head to toe.

“No,” he says, shaking my shoulder a bit. “I mean...the baby.”

My eyes fly open at the idea and I look down at myself, quickly assessing...

But...

“No,” I groan, suddenly disappointed. “No, no change, Dominic,” I whisper, turning to give him a little pout. “He’s still...in there. Determined never to come out.”

“Well then,” my mate growls, turning my face further to him and giving me a feral grin. “We’ll just have to keep trying.”

I sigh as I smile and can tell that Sinclair understands my emotions. It’s so wonderful to be able to be with my mate like this again, but if the point of all this is to somehow shake this baby loose? “I don’t know, Sinclair,” I say, running a hand over my stomach. “I’m not feeling anything like labor. I think we’re going to be in this for the long haul.”

He gives a little happy shrug, unperturbed at the idea. “Fine by me,” he murmurs, beginning to kiss his way down my body. “Just gives me more time to enjoy these s*xy curves, while you’ve still got them.”

I laugh a little, awash with happiness as my mate kisses his way down my body. I suppose he’s right though – even if we do have weeks to wait, at least we can give the term “bed rest” a better definition.

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We both go to bed a few hours later, sated and content after a long afternoon of being pressed close to one another. It’s not all s*x – though, of course, some of it is. But a great deal of our time is spent just holding each other close, letting our bodies fall into their old rhythms together, our breath and heartrates aligning in a way they haven’t been able to do for weeks.

I drift off into my dream space feeling totally comfortable, not needing to invite Sinclair in tonight because I know he’ll be there waiting for me when I wake up. It’s not that I don’t want him there tonight it’s just...a peaceful beat, where he dreams his dreams and I have mine to myself, separate but together. My body at ease, I eagerly drift off, anticipating my first night of deep rest in a very long time.

So it surprises me, a few hours later, when I wake to a deep ache in my lower back. I give a little moan of discomfort, twisting my aching muscles to ease them, but I only feel the ache grow deeper. I gasp a little as a sharp pain runs through me, starting in my middle and then radiating through my body. I frown down at my belly, running my hands over it, wondering what’s up. Is it something I ate?...

Because of all things, it feels like...well, like I’m very gassy, maybe? Or starting my period? 1

The pain fades, though, and I drift off to sleep for a little while longer.

I’m wrenched almost to a seated position, however, about ten minutes later when the ache begins again, this time deep and echoing through my muscles. I give a little gasping cry as the pain continues through my back and travels down the inside of my thighs.

Sinclair wakes next to me, sitting up and putting a hand on my shoulder. “Ella?” he asks, worried.

“I’m okay,” I murmur, giving him a look over my shoulder, rubbing my stomach. “I just think that

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“What?” he presses, worried.

“Well,” I say, turning and smiling at him. “Maybe that our afternoon wasn’t such a waste after all.” I give him a big smile and let him press his hands against my stomach.

“Really?” he breathes, staring down at my abdomen, fascinated. Then he looks up at me, curious. Did you ask the baby?”

I laugh a little and shake my head, the ache and the pressure in my lower stomach fading a little. “No,” I say. “I didn’t think to.” Then, I close my eyes and reach for the baby. I can tell, immediately, that he’s uncomfortable and eager for change. Not in a bad way, just...

“Wow,” I say, my eyes flying open and taking in Sinclair’s serious face. His eyes are closed as he too reaches out to Rafe, trying to figure out how he feels. Then, Sinclair’s eyes open and he gives me a big smile.

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“I think you’re right,” my mate whispers. “I think he’s ready.”

My face breaks into a big excited grin. I expect my mate to return it but he leaps suddenly from the bed, rushing to the closet. “Where are you going?” I ask, confused.

“I’m getting the hospital bag!” he calls to me. “We have to go!”

I laugh a little at his panic. “Sinclair,” I call, holding out a hand to him as he comes out of the closet, the bag in his hand and a look of panic on his face. “We have time – the contractions are still far apart.”

“How far apart?” he asks, suspicious.

“I don’t know,” I say, looking down at myself. “But they just started, and they don’t hurt a lot yet. It takes some women hours

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“You’re not a human, Ella,” Sinclair says, coming to my side. “Wolves are different.”

“Are they faster?” I ask looking up at him, suddenly worried and wishing I’d thought to ask Hank about this.

Sinclair runs a hand through his hair, glancing anxiously towards the door. “I don’t know,” he responds. I lean over and take his hand, pulling on it, dragging his attention back to me.

“Let’s time them,” I say, a little excited. “And we’ll text Cora and Hank. I’d rather be here, after all, comfortable in my bed, if it’s going to take a whole day for the baby to come.”

“Ella...” he hesitates.

“Please, Dominic,” I say, smiling up at him. “It’s just a few minutes to time the contraction. What’s the worst that can happen?”