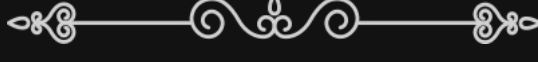


# Accidental Surrogate for Alpha

Chapter 323



## #Chapter 323 – Cheap Roadside Motel

Cora

I’m gasping as we burst through the door of the motel, Roger quickly turning to force it closed behind us as the wind batters us, making his job hard. I pant, looking around, my eyes settling on the startled eyes of the gnarled little man sitting behind the front desk. I work hard to give him a polite smile as Roger grunts, finally forcing the door shut behind.

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“Nasty weather out there, ain’t it,” the desk attendant says, giving us a toothless grin.

“Bit of an understatement,” Roger murmurs, straightening and looking anxiously over his shoulder as he moves forward to the desk. I follow him, my hand pressed to the papers under my shirt. Some of them the outer ones, I think – are probably ones feel dry against my stomach...

– are probably ruined, but the inner

“Well, you’ll be good and dry here,” the attendant says, giving us a happy little nod. “You lookin’ for a room?”

“Sure,” Roger says, shrugging and glancing at me. I nod and shrug back. We could wait it out in this lobby, I guess, but as I look around and take in the patchworked chairs and the musty smell...honestly, being able to sit down somewhere a little cleaner sounds good to

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“We got room six,” the attendant says contemplatively, turning to point at a set of keys on the wall. “That’s our best room, but you gotta go out into the storm to get to it.” He points to a set of keys labeled “12” next. “Twelve ain’t as nice, but it’s just in the back of this building,” he says. “So you can stay inside, if you don’t want to get wet...” he turns back to us then and grimaces a little. “Or, well...wetter.”

“Twelve,” Roger and I say in unison, our faces serious. The attendant smiles at us and hands over the key. Roger nods and takes his wallet out of his back pocket, sliding some cash out and pushing it across the counter to the man.

Seeing the line of green bills left in Roger’s wallet, the attendant’s eyes light up. “Will you be needing any room service on top of that, then?” he asks.

“No,” Roger replies firmly and I’m grateful for it, thinking about what kind of delicacies a place like this might serve up. My stomach turns over a little at the thought of it. The man nods and tosses the key to Roger, who catches it in the air. Then, he takes my hand and

a polite smile and he returns it with a naughty little wink which makes me realize –

Oh my god, I think, as Roger leads me firmly down the hall towards the rooms at the back of the main building. That guy thinks we’re a couple... that we’re going in here to...

And then I realize that... that I’m actually in a sleezy motel with Roger Sinclair. And that we were going to go into a room, alone. With beds. To wait out this storm. Suddenly my heart. begins to pound as I follow Roger down the hall. Roger, perhaps hearing the change in my heartbeat, or smelling some physical change in my body’s scent, looks over his shoulder at me with a little smirk. I return it with a glare, but he just tightens his grip on my hand as the numbered rooms pass.

When we arrive at twelve, he deftly puts the key in the lock and twists it, pushing the door open to reveal...

“Oh my god,” I murmur, all ideas of scandal wiped from my mind as I go rigid at the sight of the water-marked ceiling, the rug with the mysterious stains, the television that looks like it might actually be the first television ever created. A ceiling fan whirls at the center of

the room, wobbling with an ominous threat that it might just give up at any moment and

come plummeting to the ground. There are windows at the far side of the room next to a

door that leads to the parking lot outside and a set of woods beyond that. The window is

slightly fogged, but it clearly shows that the storm outside still rages.

“Actually, I kind of like it,” Roger murmurs, looking around, his eyebrows up.

“What?!” I gasp, appalled.

“Sure,” he says, looking at me with a little grin. “It’s very true crime, very ‘will they or won’t they get murdered.’ I like a motel room with a little bit of an edge. Keeps things exciting.”

I somehow manage to roll my eyes and glare at him at once, dropping his hand and sweeping into the room. Roger laughs behind me as he closes the door. I quickly approach the slim bed in the center of the room, leaning over to take a good look at the stained.

blanket on the top.

“This is...not sanitary,” I murmur, grasping the very corner of the blanket between my fingers and then quickly whipping it off the bed and tossing it to the floor, revealing what actually looks like a set of crisp white sheets beneath. “That’s better,” I say, surprised and standing up straight.

“So eager to get between the sheets, Cora,” Roger says as he crosses the room and sits on a wooden chair by the window, pulling off his soaked shoes. “I always took you for a girl

“Don’t be gross,” I murmur, pulling the papers out from under my shirt and placing them, along with my phone, on the bedside table. Then I turn my back to Roger and sit down on the bed, working at my own shoes then, wanting very much to be dry and warm Roger just chuckles and says nothing, though I feel his weight on the other side of the mattress as I pull my second shoe off and work at my soaked sock. I turn then, honestly surprised that he came to the bed, and freeze when I see him pulling off his shirt as well.

“Wha “I gasp, my eyes going wide, my forgotten wet sock still dangling from my fingers. I can’t help myself, though, from glancing at the contours of his abs, which I haven’t seen. since that night when he cried in my arms. My mind flashes suddenly to that moment, the intimacy of it – but that’s all wiped away when I realize that Roger right now isn’t wearing any pants –

“Oh my god!” I say, jumping up and turning towards him. “Where are your clothes!?”

“Over there, Cora,” he says simply, a little frustrated, gesturing to the heap of his pants on

the floor and tossing his shirt on top of them. “They’re soaked. I’m not sitting in wet

clothes all afternoon until this rain stops.” He smirks at me, then I think pleased to see how much he’s unsettled me with his nearly-naked body. Then, to my shock, he leans back. against the headboard, lifting one leg lazily onto the bed, bending it at the knee and looking completely relaxed. “Besides,” he continues, smug. “I don’t see you complaining.

And I hate him, in that moment and myself, a little bit as the first thought that pops into my mind is that he looks like a damn underwear model, laying there like that, his gorgeous tan set off nicely by the crisp white sheets.

“Complaint registered,” I growl, and, frustrated, I whip my wet sock at him, which smacks. wetly against his abs. Roger just laughs, brushing the sock away as I stalk towards the bathroom and slam the door shut behind me.

I take a few deep breaths, then, looking at myself in the mirror. I close my eyes and listen to the storm raging outside separated from me only by a few inches of brick and drywall. My stomach drops when I think about it as I wonder about why the hell it’s here, and who sent it, and why. Because I know and I know Roger does too – that there’s nothing. natural about this storm

But somehow despite that insane, horrible realization all I can think about is the rain- slicked werewolf laying on the bed on the other side of that door. I grit my teeth and press my eyes shut, leaning against the sink and wishing to the death of me that he was just

Just....

Ugh, just a little less hot.

Or that his particular brand of swaggering arrogance, mixed with occasional

thoughtfulness, didn’t sing to me as enticingly as it apparently does.

“Cora?” Roger calls with a gentle knock at the door, making my eyes fly open. “Are you all right in there?”

“Fine!” I call back, my voice a little too shrill. “Just...splashing some water on my face!” I reply.

“All right,” he says, his voice a little worried. But I hear him move away.

I turn to face myself in the mirror again. “Come on, Cora,” I growl, taking a deep breath as I stare into my own eyes. “You have to control yourself for one afternoon. Just one afternoon. You have a boyfriend, after all. You can do this.”

But even as I nod to myself, my face set with determination, as I turn towards the door and put my hand on the knob?

Something inside of me nudges me, laughing, and whispers no, baby. No, you can’t. But why would you want to?