

Accidental Surrogate for Alpha

Chapter 325



#Chapter 325 But Why Would You Want To?

Cora

I drop my hand from the doorknob, suddenly, making a split decision and not letting myself think too hard about what I'm doing and why. Then, I strip my wet shirt and leggings from my body, grabbing a dry towel off of the shelf and wrapping it around myself. My skin is grateful for this, wanting to be free and dry, but my anxiety rises as I tuck the towel into itself above my bra so that it will hold itself together.

I close my eyes as I grasp the door knob again, exhaling a deep breath and then pushing it open, striding back into the room.

A little pulse of satisfaction runs through me as I see Roger do a double-take at my appearance. He has laid himself back on the bed in the same position he took before – shoulders against the headboard, one leg casually bent at the knee and propped on the mattress, the other foot on the floor. He watches me steadily as I swiftly cross the room, coming to the other side of the bed and primly sitting myself down on it, my whole back against the headboard. I pull my legs up, wrapping my arms around my knees and staring steadily at the blank television screen.

"Does the tv work?" I ask, my voice shaking a little despite myself.

"I...don't know..." Roger replies, his tone curious. "Do you want me to try it?"

"Mmmhmm!" I say, my hum an octave higher than it would usually be. Slowly, Roger stands up and moves to the TV, treating me to the opportunity to scan the broad muscles of his back, which sweep downward to a trim waist. He even has two little dimples on either side of his spine right above his perfect ass...

I grit my teeth to keep from making any noise, giving him any indication of what seeing him undressed like this makes me want to do to him. Roger reaches out and twists the dial on the TV, but there's no reaction from it. He tries the other two, but the tv stays stubbornly dark. Then, too slowly, Roger turns to me,

I inhale, sharply, when I see the way that he looks at me beneath his lowered brows. His face is serious, and a muscle in his cheek flickers, letting me know that he's clenching his teeth, holding back from...something. But the darkness in his eyes, the intensity there...

"No such luck," he purrs, dropping his hand from the television and focusing his entire attention on me. It falls on me like a real weight on my chest and I feel my breathing deepen, fighting

"Oh," I say, something in me screaming at the lameness of that response.

Roger doesn't say anything. He just begins to prowl back across the room, heading – my breath catches to see – not back to his side of the bed, but to mine. He stops about three feet from me, slowly lowering himself to sit on the mattress next to me. He puts a hand out to rest on the sheets, a few inches from my feet, and leans forward towards me.

Roger doesn't touch me at all, but he doesn't need to. The space between us in this moment is thick with electricity, with a palpable intensity that may as well be his wolf's tongue licking up the side of my throat for all it's doing to me right now. I realize, suddenly, that I'm panting as I see his eyes move to my parted lips, as I hear the growl beginning to resonate in his chest.

He reaches out then, slowly, as if to a startled hare, but I don't move. My body is fully pressed against the headrest, every inch of me tensed as if to run, but I don't. move. an. inch.

Roger's hand is moments from my face, reaching for me, every inch of it a plea as much as a craving to just touch me, just once – when suddenly, a spark – a literal spark – flies between us – from his thumb to my lower lip, just-millimeters away.

And I jump suddenly at the unexpected pain of it, my hand flying to my mouth, stunned.

Roger blinks and pulls his hand back, looking at it. "What the," he says, looking at his fingers as if he somehow willed this thing between us to take form to become actual lightening

But as he looks at his hand, my entire reality comes crashing down on me.

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My mind flashes through memories in an instant – first I see him, Roger, crying in my arms when he thought his brother was dead – and then to me, running out to check and see if he had left on that mission to the expression on his face as he held me safe to those days on the ship, when he hadn't touched me, but had let me know every day with his eyes, with his steady presence, that he was mine, waiting for me, as soon as I wanted to claim him-

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And then my heart wrenches when I remember, again, the absolute heartache in the weeks after when he didn't call – when I'd stay up at night, staring at the blackened screen of my phone,

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waiting for him to reply to my texts when I'd cried myself to sleep night after night realizing that whatever magic had been between us was gone –

And then Hank! I actually groan when I remember Hank, and I put my face in my hands, my shoulders hunching with shame. Hank, who has been so sweet and patient with me. I know that he knows something had been between me and Roger – and he gave me so much space to figure it

Hank, with his soft lips, who turned out to be so surprisingly good in bed –

But even when I'd been with him, I'd thought of Roger's mouth on mine at the moonlight baptism

– of everything that passed between us –

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And suddenly, my groan becomes a sob ripping from my throat. Barely a moment has passed since Roger reached out to touch me, and despite my face buried in my hands I can feel his heavy attention on me again.

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"Cora!" he whispers, his voice shocked. "What's what's wrong –"

"I can't do this," I bawl and suddenly I'm on my feet, past him, headed inexplicably for the door that leads outside to the parking lot –.

"Cora!" I hear behind me, hear Roger stumbling over his own feet in his surprise to see me gone so fast-

But I'm already gone, already out the door, which hangs open behind me, banging against the wall of the motel in the wind. I'm running now I have no idea where running, and crying, my tears

lost to the streams of water that fall from the sky. My body pushes itself, responding to something in me needs to be out in the storm. – that matches it, that seeks some clarity within it. And so I

run, my body pumping almost in time with the thunder rumbling above me, my lungs gasping like the rain pounding against the forest floor where I'm running. I need this space need the

water running down my skin – I need to be somewhere else where things make sense –

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Where I make sense, where I'm not totally and devastatingly in love with a guy who abandoned me after making me feel like I had his heart, who wants children I can't give him – who is somehow

now, back who comforts me, and flirts with me, and looks at me like that – but who hasn't made.

—

me any promises –

Suddenly, something grabs my arm, pulling me almost off my feet as it yanks me backwards. I can't stop the scream that tears from my throat. (1)