

Accidental Surrogate for Alpha

Chapter 326



#Chapter 326 – Finally. Finally.

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I cry out as I'm pulled backwards – surprised more than hurt and suddenly I'm pressed against him in the pouring rain. Roger holds me tight, one hand around my upper arm, the other wrapped firmly around me, pressing my body to his

And the feel of him, of his skin hot against my own – my towel is gone, I have no idea where — I cry harder at the feel of him and rest my forehead against his chest, because I know I can't have it – I can't-

“Cora!” Roger shouts, above the wind and the rain. “What – Cora! What the hell are you doing?!”

“I can't!” I sob. “I can't do this, Roger! I can't be with you like this, not if you'll....you'll never love me! I can't have you in half measures!” I look up at him then, into his face, realizing the truth of it in that moment. “I can't do this if you can't take me for who I am! Human! Broken! Complicated, difficult! Confused, and jealous, and mad pretty much all the time! If you can't take me like that,” I shout, begging now, “then let me go, Roger! Because I can't –”

I glance back in the direction of the hotel, my sobbing breaths tearing at my lungs, “I can't have half of you. I can't have – just.... lust. It will kill me! It will break my heart, and I'll never survive it!”

With the last words I pound my free hand against his chest, my palm slapping wet against his skin.

Roger stares down at me as I confess everything to him- my whole heart – listening to every word. And then, when I'm done, when the words stop pouring from my mouth and all that's left is my panting breath, he tightens his arms around me, giving me an angry little shake. He clenches his jaw and I can tell that he's mad – but I have no idea why.

“God damn it, Cora,” Roger growls, glaring down at me. “You're my fucking mate.” 5

And then he sweeps me up in his arms, the gesture not at all sweet or romantic – but possessive, and conclusive, incensed. “All I've ever wanted is all of you – my whole life, I've been waiting for

1. it. And I was an idiot” he continues, his voice breaking, “I hesitated, and I'll regret it until the day I die because there was no denying that all I want – all I'll ever want is this –”

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And then he kisses me, his mouth hard on mine, and my body reacts instantly, my back arching and pressing myself harder against him. My arms are around his neck, pulling him closer to me, my mouth open to him as every piece of me – every molecule – gives in.

He's mine. Mine, something in me screams to the universe. And god damn it, if I can have him

And the universe responds, lightening cracking above us, the rain pouring around us as Roger presses me fervently too him and ravages my mouth with his kisses me like the world is falling to pieces around us, which it very well might be. The water rushes around his ankles, threatening to sweep us away. But Roger is adamant against it and something fierce within me sings that he and I can weather it, that I've been a fool to run from this. That we can face this storm, and whichever ones comes next.

My hand is on his face when Roger pulls away from me. “Come on,” he growls, his skin shivering against the cold rain. Thunder cracks again as he turns back towards the safety of the motel. “I'm getting you inside. Now.” Then he shakes his head at me, frustrated, and mutters “you idiot.”

I nod fervently, ignoring his insult, tucking my head against his shoulder and breathing hard as I let him carry me back to the motel. Barely above the sound of the storm, I hear him growling more frustrated words with every step, something about insane women who run naked into storms and how he should have known better, because he's met my sister, and madness is frequently genetic... 1

I'm shocked to find myself smiling, laughing a little and wrapping my arms more tightly around his neck. Because Roger is about to find out precisely how crazy I can really be.

The door to our motel room is hanging open, blowing in the wind, but Roger ignores the rain water pouring through it as he strides through the entrance, kicking the door shut behind him, not bothering to lock it as he moves steadily towards the bed. When we get there he throws me. down against the mattress, a little angry and not bothering to be gentle.

And, god damn it, but I laugh again – laugh, a little recklessly, as I bounce against the tired springs of this worn out motel bed. Laugh, because he's so fucking mad at me, and me at him, and we're both so mad at ourselves and I want to tear him to pieces, and I know he wants to do the

same to me –

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“Shut up,” Roger growls, ‘swiftly lowering himself to the bed and covering his body with mine. I grin as the corners of his mouth turn up, as he lays his cool wet skin against mine, as he wraps his arms around me, one low behind my waist, the other tight behind my shoulders.

“Make me,” I snarl back at him, my eyes narrow and teasing.

And, god damn it, he does.

His mouth is on mine again, hard and fast, and I press my eyes shut, opening my mouth to him and sliding my leg up the outside of his thigh, wrapping it around his hips, pulling him closer. I

There's nothing delicate or hesitant about us anymore – no more games, no more testing, no more pulling back. Instead, his hands are eager against my body as his tongue sweeps through my mouth, as I lean my head back to give him access to my throat, where he laps the rain water off my skin like he's been thirsty for weeks.

His hands work quickly now, unsnapping the clasp of my bra and then moving lower to grasp my panties, yanking them down. He pulls away for a moment, trying to make space between us so that he can slide the panties off of my legs but I moan in protest, pulling him back, not wanting him away from me for a second –

“God damn it, Cora,” Roger snarls, sending me a quick glare as the fabric is again trapped between us, stopping him from – “would you just let me do this?”

I laugh then, again, realizing my mistake, and I unloop my leg from its place around his back so that he slip the fabric off of me and toss it somewhere on the ground. An instant later he's back, his face pressed against my stomach as he kisses and licks his way up my body. I tear my bra off and toss it away, clearing the path for Roger to move up my chest and bring his face back to mine.

He groans, a little, as he kisses me and moves a hand to capture one of my breasts, softly squeezing it in his broad palm. “Fuck,” he moans, his body clenching so that he has to pull his mouth from mine at the intensity of it, “fuck, Cora, I've wanted this for so long

“Then fucking do it Roger,” I pant, impatient, wanting him now.