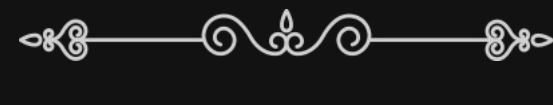


## Accidental Surrogate for Alpha

Chapter 327



#Chapter 327 – Away from the World

Cora

I want him right now – immediately – so I impatiently sit up to fumble at the top of his boxer briefs, to push them downwards –

Roger glares at me a little again, at the challenge in my voice, and I glare right back.

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“Fine,” he snarls, rolling briskly away from me so that he’s sitting on the bed next to me, pushing his shorts down and kicking them off. I barely have a moment to look at him, my eyes widening at the sight of that thick, hard cock – before he grabs me, hauling me bodily on top of him so that my chest is pressed against his, my legs straddled on either side of his hips, my oh my god, the slick center of me pressed directly against the mass of his cock

“Fine, Cora,” Roger snaps, looking directly into my eyes, his temper riled, just how I like him.” Then let’s fucking do it.”

Without a word, still holding his gaze, I shift my hips upwards and reach one hand between us, feeling the proud length of him against my palm. I pump him once, twice, my mouth falling open as I realize the full size of him, Roger shuddering hard at my touch. And then, slowly, delicately, I position the tip of him directly at my entrance and then lower myself down.

I can’t help the noise that crawls from my throat as I lower myself fully onto Roger’s cock, the moan that turns into a cry as he slowly fills me far beyond the point I thought I could be

stretched. Roger groans deeply, his head falling against my shoulder, panting as I take all of him

in until my body is pressed flush against his.

“Fuck,” he whispers, and I feel the word as breath against my skin. “Fuck, Cora...”

My body starts to shake a little as I adjust to the feel of him inside of me, my face turned up to

the ceiling as my hips start to pulse of their own accord, wanting to feel him moving against my

inner walls.

“Fuck,” Roger says again, more definitive this time, and then he curls his back, pressing his hips.

upward, sinking more completely into me, making my whole body rock forward at the sudden

intensity of it. And then he’s pulsing, pounding up into me, and it’s all I can do to cling to his

shoulders and weather him as he holds my hips steady with his hands, pounding his thick dick,

deep into me stroke after stroke.

I feel my climax building quickly and I welcome it, wanting it, angling my body so that Roger’s

Until –

I’m gasping, suddenly, everything in me spilling over and clenching hard against Roger as I wrap my arms around his neck, pressing my forehead to his shoulder as everything I am comes to pieces, as the tension snaps and pleasure sweeps through my body. Roger holds me through it, wrapping his arms tight around me, and something in me is aware of his hips pulsing three more times, harsh, before he cries out, his whole body going still as he sinks all the way into me, spilling himself into me as I lay my head against the curve of his neck and pant against his shoulder.

We stay like that for a long time, Roger with his arms wrapped around me, pressing me tight against him as I tremble lightly and I catch my breath.

“Cora,” he whispers, his words thick, his throat raw. “Do you want it?”

“Huh?” I ask, pulling my head up so that I can look at him, my eyes still a little bleary with intensity, with the afterglow.

“Do you want it,” he asks, raising a hand to my cheek, brushing my face with his thumb and looking at me with such – such love in his eyes – I catch my breath at the sight of him. “Do you

want my mark? You can have it –”

“Oh,” I say, my eyes going wide as I realize what he’s asking me – and the significance of it. It’s such an incredibly intimate moment – Roger is still pressed inside of me, his arms wrapped around my body, his face just millimeters from mine, so close that our lips brush as he talks.”

Roger,” I say, suddenly afraid, pulling away a little bit. “Can – can humans even take a wolf’s

mark?”

He knits his brows together for a moment, frowning, and I can see that he also just doesn’t know

“Roger,” I say, leaning back a little so that I can take his face in my hands, feeling him groan as I

shift against his new newly-sensitive cock. “Roger,” I say again, waiting for him to focus on me. “I

want it. I do,” I say, nodding, making sure he understands me and waiting until he nods to let me

know he hears me. “But...can we wait? Until we know how my body is going to react?”

He pauses for a moment and then pulls me a little closer so he can rest his forehead against

mine. “Yes, Cora,” he breathes, and then, laughing, he twists in the bed so quickly that I shriek

with surprise and then laughter as my back hits the mattress and he pins me down against it with

the weight of his own tanned, muscled form.

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“But know this, little mate,” he growls, looking me in the eyes and then lowering his head to drag his teeth down the length of my neck to the soft, tender space where my flesh arches down into my shoulder. “I’m going to mark you right...here...” he says, pressing his sharp teeth against it. I gasp a little at the sensation, at the preview of what he’ll do.

“I’m going to do it,” he continues, flicking his tongue lovingly over the spot, “as soon as we know it won’t make you like. Explode or something.”

I burst into laughter at this, rolling with it, and Roger’s body shakes along with mine as he pulls me tight against him, not wanting to let me go. I let him, not wanting to be separated either, until

my laughter fades and I find us both lying on our sides, our faces close together, our noses nearly

touching.

“I love you, Roger,” I say, quite simply, surprising myself. Because...well, I’ve never said it to

someone before. And I always thought it would be hard or scary. –

But somehow, in this moment...it’s just the simple truth, as easy as observing that it’s still

raining outside, or that he’s beautiful.

Roger pauses for a long second, I think because he knows how big of a step that is for me. And

then he closes the distance between us, kissing me thoroughly, recklessly, his whole heart in

every movement of his lips. I’m out of breath when he pulls away and I blink my eyes open to find.

him already staring at me.

“I’m very much in love with you too, Cora,” Roger sighs, shaking his head a little. “Though we

didn’t make it easy for each other, did we?”

“No,” I murmur, moving my body closer to him, if that’s possible. “But,” I say, with a little smirk, ”

it wouldn’t be very us if we did, would it?”

“No,” he agrees, shaking his head and smirking at me. “But the rest,” he says, nodding urgently.”

The rest let’s make that simple. I love you, and I always will, and that’s the only thing that

matters. All right?” (1

“All right,” I say, sighing and allowing myself to rest against him.

And, deep inside, I hope very much that that will be true.