Choosing between an Alpha and a Rogue / Chapter 15 Chapter 15 Kylie's POV It's freaking hot. My exposed shoulders are getting baked from the sun and my lips are dry as I run my tongue over them to try and keep them moist. And I just cannot stop sweating. It is beyond gross. I throw my arm up to swipe away the sweat on my forehead. The staff buildings come into view just up ahead, not too much further, thank god. If it weren't so outrageously hot, this walk could have been enjoyable. The view is gorgeous as I wind along the golf course, passing several club members as they play. Some give me a friendly smile as I walk by. A lot just ignore me. One woman, in a teeny-tiny and very tight plaid golf skirt, even asked me if I could bring her another drink, while she lifted her empty cup with a pink umbrella in it and jiggled the ice at me. Sure thing. Let me get right on that. Rolling my eyes at the memory, I swipe at my forehead again. Man. It wasn't this hot earlier today...but it's practically unbearable now. Is this what the rest of the summer will be like here? I'm rubbing my face when I smell it. I know that scent...it's Alec's cologne. Eagerly, I spin around to look for him. But I must have moved too quickly, or my body must be overheated, because the sudden movement makes me light-headed, and I close my eyes as my world starts to tilt sideways and I reach out to thin air for something to steady myself on. No use. I'm going down... My legs crumble beneath me, but something catches me under my arms just before I hit the ground, then I'm lifted upward, almost as if being tossed, and I'm against something hard. Something hard...and wonderful. I keep my eyes closed for a moment longer, leaning my head against his broad chest, inhaling Alec's scent, and wondering what kind of cologne he uses. "Here. Have some water." Opening my eyes, I see a water bottle being thrust at me and I take it obediently. After chugging half the bottle, I move my eyes upward to Alec's face. This is the second time he has saved me from a fall. He sure seems to be in the right place at the right time a lot. And look at those arms...no wonder he can lift me so easily... My body starts misbehaving again. Thoughts of tearing away his clothes and wrapping my legs around him start racing through my mind. Where the hell is this coming from? Alec shifts me in his arms and his eyes meet mine briey. Am I just imaging it, or are his eyes turning darker? He clears his throat and looks away from me. "Where is your golf cart?" "Dean, my roommate, has it." His eyes narrow and his lips go tight. He gives a little grunt of disapproval. "Well, I didn't need it because I was riding with Staci, but then she left me at Mil-, I mean, Mr. Kinston's boat, and never came back for me, so I had to..." But my nervous, defensive blabbering trails off as I see his expression change. A ash of anger crosses Alec's face and his grip around me tightens. Then he is calm and cool again in an instant. Almost as if it didn't happen. But it did, right? "Can I give you a ride?" I nod, feeling confused. Why the anger? Was it at me? Dean? Staci? Did I imagine it again? He turns to place me, again with that surprising gentleness you wouldn't expect from such an intimidating man, inside the golf cart. When his arms slide away from me, my arms give a small, involuntary reach to grab them and pull them back around me. Alec is polite enough to pretend like he didn't notice, but that man doesn't miss anything. I try to play it off as if I were about to pull at my skirt instead and make exaggerated movements to tug it down and smooth it out. Alec walks around the cart and I bow my head and watch him discreetly, admiring how his body moves. He climbs in next to me and my heart starts racing again as he looks at me. "Are you okay?" "Yes." My voice sounds all weird again and I give a little cough. "Yes, I am ne. I think I just got overheated." His eyebrows pull together. "How are you feeling now?" I take a second to take stock. Actually, I feel ne. Maybe I just needed water, since my entire body temperature seems to have cooled down. I give him a smile. "I feel ne. I think I just needed that water. Thank you. I'm lucky that you came along when you did. For the second time!" I reach out as if to touch his arm in gratitude, his eyes watching my movement, but then hesitate. It feels slightly inappropriate to touch this man, as much as I really want to. Swallowing, I pull my hand away with some diculty, and try to keep smiling as his eyes move back to mine. He turns forward and starts moving the golf cart towards the staff buildings. We ride in silence. I keep stealing glances at his handsome prole. With a jolt, I remember the meeting with his father just a few hours ago. I can see where he gets his intimidation from, but not his good looks. With another, bigger jolt, I wonder if Alec is as dangerous as his father seems to be. Nervously, I turn away and watch as my building gets closer. My 'meeting' with Alec's father starts to replay in my head. Does he really know anything about my past? Does Alec? Should I try to get closer to him? I steal another glance to see his eyebrows pulled together in a frown. Could I actually get closer to him? He seems pretty shut off to the idea...or at least he gives off that vibe. I would like to get closer to him, much closer. But why would he want to get close to me, a barely eighteen-year-old staff member with no money, when he is older, wealthy, gorgeous, buff... Glancing at his muscular arm, I think of how good it feels to have those strong arms wrapped around me, and how it might feel to have them do so in a more intimate way, versus a 'helpful' way. I tear my eyes away from his arm to glance at his prole again and his eyes meet mine. Shit. Whoops. I give him a small smile and quickly look away, feeling my cheeks burn. Alec pulls the golf cart to a stop in front of my small house. "Thank you." I begin to climb out, then hesitate. Wait. How did he know which house was mine? Glancing back at him, I see he is getting out of the golf cart too. Both feelings of fear and eagerness mix together as I watch him walk around it towards me. When he comes around, he gestures toward the house. "You said Dean was your roommate. I knew where he lives." Oh. I guess that makes sense. Dean does seem to know a lot of the staff members on a more personal note somehow. I suck in my lower lip as I glance at the house. I don't want him to leave. "Um, do you...want to come in?" Oh my god! Why did I ask him that? I twist my hands together nervously and stare at the house, feeling foolish for even asking. Of course, he does not want to come into a staff member's house! I feel my cheeks ame again and can't quite look at Alec's face. "Sure." Shocked, I gape up at him, and he gives me a grin that makes my knees go weak. "Oh! Um, great!" I am suddenly very aware of how damp with sweat my clothes still are, and how my hair must look... My hand pauses on the doorknob as a new thought occurs to me. What if Dean is home? "I saw Dean starting a golf lesson on my way here." I glance over at Alec, who looks nonchalant, like this casual statement just popped into his head. Even though sometimes, it really does seem like he can read my mind. Almost like I was reading Mike's mind earlier. I shake my head to get rid of that ridiculous thought. Stupid. People can't read each other's thoughts. I certainly cannot read anyone's thoughts. Excitement builds up inside my chest as I push open the door and step inside to make room for Alec to follow. My palms feel sweaty as I watch him close the door behind him and swipe them discreetly against my skirt. Sweaty, but twitching to touch him, to feel those crazy tingles whenever his skin makes contact with mine. Alec's eyes lower to meet mine and it's like we are frozen. Neither of us move. Wild thoughts chase after each other in my mind. What the hell am I doing? Why do I want to run and jump into his arms? He cannot possibly be feeling the same attraction that I am. But...he came inside...he is standing right in front of me. Staring at me. He tilts his chin down and his eyes seem to smolder into mine as he takes a step towards me. My heart races so fast that it hurts a little as I reach my hands out blindly for something to steady myself and I clutch at the back of the couch, feeling like I could swoon. Swoon? Who freaking swoons? Nobody actually swoons. Mr. Van Kerr takes another step closer, and I get a strong whiff of his cologne. I might swoon. Not able to look away, he stops inches from me and lifts his hand to place a nger under my chin. Briey, I close my eyes at the wonderful, unreal, sensations that burst from just the touch of his ngertip. When I open them, he is lowering his face towards mine. There's a big height gap between us, and without thinking, I raise onto my toes, placing my hands lightly onto his hard torso to steady myself, and lift my face to meet his. For a tiny moment, disappointment washes over me as he buries his face into my neck instead of placing his lips on mine, but it is just a very brief moment. Alec seems to inhale the scent of my skin before he gently presses his mouth against my neck and then moves slowly upwards, dropping those ever so soft kisses that create little explosions of pleasure each time they connect with my skin. Oh god...how does he do this to me? I can feel his washboard abs against my hands, and I want so very badly to move my hands under his shirt, to rip away his shirt, but that's pure madness. His own hands move to the sliver of exposed skin between the hem of my tank top and the top of my skirt. Mmmm. Another mad desire for him to put his hands under my shirt burst over me. Madness. Finally, nally, his lips are kissing my jaw...my chin...oh my god... His lips nd mine and my knees go weak again. It's bliss. How is this man, so intimidating, so hard...such a gentle, tender kisser? I feel like he is quite literally making me melt into him. An overwhelming desire for more comes over me More. I need more. Ah, screw it. I move my hands down and under his shirt, then, with my ngers splayed, roam them greedily up his incredible abs. He is so incredibly hot, his touch is so electrifying, that I cannot help a tiny moan escaping against his mouth. His body seems to tense for half a second before his grip around my waist tightens and he pulls me close, lifting me up so that I wrap my legs around his hips without thinking and he pushes me against the couch so that my bottom rests against it. One of his arms is wrapped tight around my waist, the other slides up my back, my neck, and into my hair to pull out my ponytail and wrap his ngers around my hair as it falls around my shoulders and down my back. His lips press harder against mine, deepening the kiss. Moving my own hands upwards to his shoulders, his shirt rides up and I fumble slightly with it before I yank it over his head, then he releases me to pull it the rest of the way off because I cannot reach that far. What am I doing? My thoughts seem jumbled. Incoherent. It's like I am under a spell that I cannot break. That I do not want to break. Am I really doing this? With Alec Kinston? What about Dean? The thought lingers in my head longer than the others, guilt spreading through me...but then Alec parts my lips with his tongue and I wrap my hands around his neck and push my breasts against his bare chest. Alec's hand moves to my thigh wrapped around him and slowly moves upward towards the bottom of my skirt. The movement is lighting my entire body on re with need for him, and I feel like I do need him, and soon, or my body is going to quite literally, explode into a ba-jillion pieces. He pulls his face back to look at mine and I realize that I could totally lose myself in those deep, dark blue eyes. I reach up to touch his cheek with my ngers, he lays his hand at on mine, then pulls it away, briey touching his lips to my ngertips before leaning in again. But then he pauses. His entire body goes tense, and I look at his face. His eyes are almost cloudy looking, far away, disconnected. What...? "Are...are you okay?" His eyes go clear again, but his lips get tight. He gives a sigh and straightens up, helping to tug my skirt back down as he steps back. My feet give an oddly loud thunk, as I half jump, half fall, from my seat on the couch, Alec's hands around my waist. He gives me a regretful glance as he withdraws his hand and runs one over his head. "I have to go." "Now?" My voice sounds all high and squeaky in response to his deep, authoritative, and sexy as He gives a curt nod, his eyes roaming downward to my top. I follow his gaze and am surprised to nd that the top two buttons are undone. When did that happen? I meet his eyes again and I am pleased to see that he doesn't look like he wants to go. "Can I see you again?" His hand grabs mine and he runs his thumb in circles on the back of it. I nod dumbly before croaking "Yes". His lips twitch upward just slightly. Then he is striding towards the door...then, he is gone. I stare at the back of the door for a full minute, then slide down the back of the couch, my feet out in front of me, and sit on the oor. What. The. Hell. Was. That? Was I just making out with Alec Van Kerr? I mean, we never even talked, really. We just... went for it? Grinning, feeling giddy, I bring my legs up against my chest and place my forehead onto my knees. Can't lie. That was hot. Alec is hot. And I can't wait to see him again. Funny, I have never even kissed a guy before. Now I have made out with two men on the same day... Oh boy... I grab my face with both of my hands and bounce my forehead against my knees. What am I doing? What about Dean? What about Alec's creepy dad? Oh s\*\*t...what about my job? I scramble up and rush to my bedroom to check my tablet to see if there are any new reservations that I might have missed for lessons. With a huge sigh of relief, I see that my schedule is grayed out until tomorrow. Probably because of Milo. Closing my eyes, I toss the tablet on the bed and fall backwards onto it. Is this my life now? Just making out with all the hot club members. Well, one club member and one staff member technically. I start to feel hot again as I look up at the still ceiling fan. I should shower. Get all the sweat from earlier off. I grab my tank top and tug it off, about to toss it aside, but I catch a sniff of Alec's cologne and I bring it up to my face instead. Why does he smell so damn good? Why does Dean smell so good? I bite my lip nervously. Dean... How could I make out with Alec right after I did with Dean? Especially because I really do like Dean, a lot. Does that make me a cheater? Shaking my head, I roll off the bed. I need to take that shower, then maybe I will go to the staff rec room to clear my head and get some distance from everything. Grabbing a change of clothes and my toiletries, I go inside the bathroom to take a long, cold shower in Dean and my shared bathroom. The shower is much like a lot of other things around here, disproportionately large, just like all the people here, except for me. The doors, the showers...it's almost as if they knew that only tall, beautiful people would ever be members or staff here. And then there is me. Coming up to everyone's belly buttons and super awkward. Okay. Maybe not belly buttons... The cold water feels soothing on my burning skin, which, miraculously, doesn't actually look sunburnt. It just feels sunburnt.

Odd.

Oh my god.

I am dying.

To explode out.

I am dying.

Then I die.

There is no other explanation.

amazing guys who seem to like me...

But at least I shouldn't die in the shower.

but then another burst of pain, and everything goes black...

Dying!

makes me double over.

Pushing my hair back under the running water, it hits me again...a huge cramping pain that

Giving a groan of agony, I feel as if there is something inside of me trying to get out.

I nally escape from the foster system, nd a job, a place to live, and not just one, but two,

Clutching to my stomach, I use my other hand to push myself halfway out of the shower,

Dropping to my knees, the water hitting my face, I gasp for air.